

"The best of life is still before us"

THE BRIGHT SIDE

LITTLE EXCURSIONS INTO THE FIELD
OF OPTIMISM

Arranged by

CHARLES R. SKINNER, A.M; LL.D; LITT. D.

Former State Superintendent
of Public Instruction, New York

NEW YORK
FRANK D. BEATTYS & CO.
225 FIFTH AVENUE

D. V. CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

A793600

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY
CHARLES R. SKINNER

THE DE VINNE PRESS

CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

**TO
MY WIFE AND CHILDREN**

Whatever with the past has gone,
The best is always yet to come.—LUCY LARCOM.

* * * * *

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out,
To show the lining.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

Why are not more gems from our great authors scattered over the country? Great books are not in everybody's reach; and though it is better to know them thoroughly than to know them only here and there, yet it is a good work to give a little to those who have neither time nor means to get more. Let every bookworm, when in any fragrant, scarce old tome he discovers a sentence, a story, an illustration that does his heart good, hasten to give it.

COLERIDGE.



Yes, do you send me a book for my birthday. Not a bargain book, bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress—peculiar, distinctive, individual: a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy, written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over.

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH IN A LETTER TO COLERIDGE.

What Is Good Is Worth Repeating
PLATO.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

THERE's a bad side, 'tis the sad side—
Never mind it!
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—
Try and find it!
Pessimism's but a screen
Thrust the light and you between—
But the sun shines bright, I ween,
Just behind it!

JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN, IN "THE CIRCLE."

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine.

EMERSON.

KEEP your face always toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.

M. B. WHITMAN.

KEEP THE BRIGHT SIDE OUT

THE sun may have its troubles,
But it keeps the bright side out;
The lark may have misgivings,
But she hides away her doubt;
Poets praise the sun for shining
And the lark for never pining—
Man has joys from bird and planet, since they
“keep the bright side out.”

The orchard pink with blossoms
Gladly puts its bright side out;
The lilacs have no trouble
That they ever grieve about,
And the world is prone to treasure
Up remembrances of pleasure
In the name of Him who ever tries to “keep the
bright side out.”

S. E. KISER, IN THE CHICAGO “RECORD-HERALD.”
Published by permission.

HE that brings sunshine into the lives of others
cannot keep it from himself.

I AM going to walk on the sunny side of the road
as long as I can. J. S. C.

WHEN things come to the worst they will mend.
SCOTT.

OPTIMISM

GET all the good there is today,
Don't fret about to-morrow.
There's trouble 'round us all the time,
What need is there to borrow?

Look on the bright side every time,
Don't waste your time repining
When any cloud looks dark and dull,
Turn out the silver lining.

SOMERVILLE "JOURNAL"

OPTIMISM is one of the signs of good digestion.

THERE'S never a trouble that comes to stay;
There's never a grievance but fades away;
Forget the heart-ache and bravely lend
A helping hand to some sadder friend.

AND now the mists are lifting—
The tides are rushing in;
'Tis sunrise on the mountains—
Lo! Life is yet to win!

WHAT do we live for, if it is not to make life less
difficult to others? GEORGE ELIOT.

WHAT'S the use in living if you can't help a fellow
once in a while? J. E. S.

ALL THINGS COME RIGHT

ALL things come right, and be it soon or late,
All things come right at last to compensate
For all the petty heartaches of today,
For all the little failures on our way.
And all our seeming sorrows it appears
Are really blessings in a mask of tears.
So if success be tardy at our call,
It is to test our courage, that is all.
And in the end each heart will seek its rest
Beside the one it always loved the best.
The darkest hour holds the brightest light.
And all things come right.

REYNALE S. PICKERING, IN "THE READER."

Used by special permission of the publishers,
The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light:
It is daybreak everywhere.

LONGFELLOW.

LET us be of good cheer, remembering that the mis-
fortunes hardest to bear are those which never come.

J. R. LOWELL.

BEHIND the night there is plenty of light, and
things are all right—and I know it.

NOTHING is ever so bad, but that it might be worse.

MORNING

THE year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

BUT ONCE

I SHALL pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.

A. B. HEGEMAN.

ONE day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme;
A good one to live by,
A day at a time!

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

AN aim in life is the only fortune worth the having; and it is to be found in the heart itself.

NOW

If you have hard work to do,

Do it now.

Today the skies are clear and blue,
Tomorrow clouds may come in view,

Yesterday is not for you;

Do it now.

If you have a song to sing,

Sing it now.

Let the notes of gladness ring

Clear as song of bird in spring,

Let every day some music bring;

Sing it now.

If you have kind words to say,

Say them now.

Tomorrow may not come your way,

Do a kindness while you may,

Loved ones will not always stay;

Say them now.

If you have a smile to show,

Show it now.

Make hearts happy,—roses grow,

Let the friends around you know

The love you feel before they go;

Show it now.

CHARLES B. SKINNER.

KEEP A-GOIN'

If you strike a thorn or rose,
Keep a-goin'.

If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin'.

'Taint no use to sit an' whine,
When the fish ain't on the line,
Bait your hook an' keep a tryin',
Keep a-goin'.

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin'.

When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin'.

S'pose your out o' every dime,
Gittin' broke ain't any crime,
Tell the world your pullin' fine,
Keep a-goin'.

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin'.

Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin'.

See the wild bird on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,
When you feel like sighin', sing,
Keep a-goin'.

FRANK L. STANTON.

From *Songs from Dixie Land*. Copyright 1900.
Used by special permission of the Publishers.
The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

THE LITTLE WORD

If any little word of mine
 May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
 May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
 And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
 To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
 May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
 May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
 The burden of another,
God give me love and care and strength
 To help my toiling brother.

NOBLE deeds, generous and persistent acts in the interests of our fallen humanity, with unselfish efforts to elevate and improve the race, recorded in the eternal world, are far, very far, more valuable and lasting than inscriptions on the costliest marble, or the most enduring granite.

BEWARE of despairing about yourself.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

A LITTLE MORE HEART

A LITTLE more heart in the things we do,
 And the sun will shine softer, the skies will be blue;
 A little more heart in the words we say,
 And the lives will be sweeter we live by the way;
 A little more heart in the help that we lend,
 And the chains will be stronger that binds friend
 to friend;
 A little more heart in the toil that we take,
 A little more striving for only love's sake,
 A little more heart in life's song and its prayer,
 And the roses will hide every ache and each care!

BALTIMORE "SUN."

I HAVE so much to live for,
 I can't give up just yet—
 I'll face the world with courage
 And not with vain regret.

POLITENESS is to do and say
 The kindest thing in the kindest way.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much
 where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.
 To reach the port of Heaven, we must sail sometimes
 with the wind and sometimes against it,—but we
 must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

INSPIRATION

IF I could climb to heavenly heights,
And beg one gift from the white-winged choir
I would not ask a greater boon
Than the power to inspire,
To lift by timely words and acts
The weak from day to day,
To point them to a higher life
To brighten all their way.

LET us do our duty, and pray that we may do our duty here, now, today: not in dreamy sweetness but in active energy; not in the green oasis of the future, but in the dusty desert of the present; not in the imaginations of elsewhere, but in the realities of *now*.

F. W. FARRAR.

HIS WEALTH

DEY tell me I's unlucky
'Cause I hasn't got a cent,
Ceppin' now an' den a little
Foh a payment on de rent;
But de road is long an' shady
An' de leafy woods is free,
An' I somehow can't help feelin'
Dat dey all belongs to me!

De blossoms in de summer
 An' de gold leaf in de fall—
 I doesn't ax permission
 An' I shore enjoys 'em all!
 An' de singing in de branches
 An' de sunshine on de sea—
 I couldn' hardly notice
 Dat dey don' belong to me!

WASHINGTON "STAR."

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

Is life worth living? That depends
 Upon the objects, aims and ends.
 If through the world we grov'ling go
 Seeking things sordid, mean and low,
 If arrogating all to self,
 The pride of birth, the pomp of pelf,
 Scant kindness we to others show—
 Is life worth living? No, no, no!

But if, though born in humble sphere,
 We try some drooping heart to cheer;
 If we the generous impulse know
 Of friendship's ever genial glow,
 And if all other things above,
 We know the joys of mutual love;
 In these we all the world possess—
 Is life worth living? Yes, yes, yes!

THOMAS WILSON BROWN.

LIFE'S MIRROR

THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

For life is the mirror of king and slave;
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

WHO is dumb? He who does not know how to say
kind things at the proper time. HINDS.

SHOW me a man who makes no mistakes and I will
show you a man who doesn't do things.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

S M I L E

If you think you've missed the mark,
 Use a Smile;
 If your life seems in the dark
 Why, just Smile.
 Don't give up in any fight;
 There's a coming day that's bright,
 There's a dawn beyond the night,
 If you Smile.

O P E N T H E D O O R

OPEN the door, let in the air;
 The winds are sweet and the flowers are fair;
 Joy is abroad in the world today,
 If our door is wide, it may come this way—
 Open the door!

Open the door, let in the sun;
 He hath a smile for every one;
 He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems,
 He may change our tears to diadems—
 Open the door!

Open the door of the soul; let in
 Strong, pure thoughts which will banish sin;
 They will grow and bloom with a grace divine,
 And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the
 vine—
 Open the door!

Open the door of the heart ; let in
Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin ;
It will make the halls of the heart so fair
That angels may enter unaware—
Open the door!

REAL LIFE

To know that there are some souls, hearts and
minds, here and there who trust us and whom we
trust:

Some who know us and whom we know:

Some on whom we can always rely and who always
rely upon us, makes a paradise of this great world:

This makes our life really life.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

KEEP YOUR GRIT

HANG on! Cling on! No matter what they say,
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way,
Sitting down and whining never help a bit—
Best way to get there is by keeping up your Grit.

Don't give up hoping when the ship goes down ;
Grab a spar or something, just refuse to drown,
Don't think you're dying just because you're hit ;
Smile in face of danger and hang on to your Grit.

Folks die too easy, they sort o' fade away ;
Make a little error and give up in dismay ;
Kind o' man that's needed is the man of ready wit
To laugh at pain and loss and keep fast hold his
Grit.

LOUIS E. THAYER.

LET us sometime live—be it only for an hour, and though we must lay all else aside—to make others smile. The sacrifice is only in appearance; no one finds more pleasure for himself than he who knows how, without ostentation, to give himself that he may procure for those around him a moment of forgetfulness and happiness.

CHARLES WAGNER.

As in a game ov cards, so in the game ov life, we must play what iz dealt tew us, and the glory consists, not so mutch in winning as in playing a poor hand well.

JOSH BILLINGS.

AFTER every storm the sun will smile, for every problem there is a solution, and the soul's indefensible duty is to be of good cheer.

WILLIAM R. ALGER.

THE mintage of Wisdom is to know that rest is rust, and that Real Life is in Love, Laughter and Work.

ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE SPRING CLEANING

Now open up the windows of the heart,
And let the sunshine penetrate the gloom;
Clear out the fears and doubts that grimly start
Like ghosts within the mind's dim haunted room.

Brush out the cobwebs that your malice wrought,
And sweep away the grudges that you bear;
Replace each petty and ungracious thought
With one that is forgiving, true and fair.

And when the task is finished, you will find
That happiness is destined to remain
Within the sunlit rooms of heart and mind,
And know your work has not been done in vain.

REYNALE SMITH PICKERING.

BUILD A LITTLE FENCE

BUILD a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the place with loving deeds
And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

I.

THE world is wide
In time and tide,
And—God is guide—
Then do not hurry!

II.

That man is blest
Who does his best,
And—leaves the rest,
Then do not worry!

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

DAY BY DAY

I HEARD a voice at evening softly say,
Bear not thy yesterday into tomorrow,
Nor load this week with last week's load of sor-
row.

Lift all thy burdens as they come, nor try
To weigh the present with the by and by.
One step and then another, take thy way;
Live day by day.

Live day by day.

Though autumn leaves are withering round thy
way
Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee.
Push straight ahead, as long as thou canst see;

Dread not the winter whither thou mayest go,
But when it comes, be thankful for the snow.
Onward and upward. Look and smile and pray;
Live day by day.

* * *

It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live—
“God make me worthy of my friends.”

F. D. SHERMAN.

BE STRONG

Be Strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift.
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be Strong!

Say not the days are evil—Who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be Strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,

How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! Tomorrow comes the song!

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK.

From *Thoughts for Every-Day Living*: Copyright
1901 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SAY SOMETHING GOOD

PICK out the folks you like the least and watch
'em for a while;

They never waste a kindly word, they never waste
a smile;

They criticise their fellow men at every chance
they get,

They never found a human just to suit their
fancy yet.

From them I guess you'd learn some things, if
they were pointed out—

Some things what every one of us should know a
lot about,

When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around
the loving cup—

Say something good about him if you have to
make it up.

* * *

It's safe to say that every man God made holds
trace of good

That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he
could:

The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating
there,

Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that
dare
To show the best that's in them; and a universal
move
Would start the whole world running in a hope-
ful, helpful groove.
Say something sweet to paralyze the "knocker"
on the spot—
Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man
or not.

* * *

The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a
brother holds,
The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets
and fumes and scolds;
The hands that bruise the fallen, though their
strength was made to raise
The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting
of the ways—
All these should be forgiven, for they "know not
what they do;"
Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser
ones like you,
So, when they scourge a wretched one who's
drained sin's bitter cup,
Say something good about him if you have to
make it up.

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN."

CLEAR THE WAY

WORLD is doin' mighty well,
 An' I reckon she'd do better
 Ef day by day
 We'd clear the way,
 An' only let her!

ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION."

CHEERFULNESS

If you'll sing a song as you go along,
 In the face of the real or fancied wrong,
 In spite of the doubt, if you'll fight it out,
 And show a heart that is brave and stout;
 If you'll laugh at the jeers and refuse the tears,
 You'll force the ever-reluctant cheers
 That the world denies when a coward cries,
 To give the man who bravely tries.
 And you'll win success with a little song—
 If you'll sing a song as you go along!

If you'll sing a song as you trudge along,
 You'll see that the singing will make you strong.
 And the heavy load and the rugged road
 And the sting and the stripe of the tortuous goad
 Will soar with the note that you set afloat;
 That the beam will change to a trifling mote;
 That the world is bad when you are sad,

And bright and beautiful when glad,
That all you need is a little song—
If you sing the song as you trudge along!

R. MCLAIN FIELDS (“THE BROWN BOOK”).

It's part of my religion to look well after the cheerfulness of life, and let the dismals shift for themselves, believing, with good Sir Thomas More, that it is wise to be “merrie in God.”

L. M. ALCOTT.

Now don't forget, when things go wrong,
To try the magic of a song.
A cheerful heart, and smiling face
Pour sunshine in the darkest place.

BE CHEERFUL

BE cheerful. Give this lonesome world a smile.
We stay at longest but a little while.
Hasten we must, or we shall lose the chance
To give the gentle word, the kindly glance.
Be sweet and tender—that is doing good;
'Tis doing what no other kind deed could.

JOYOUSNESS is nature's garb of health.

LAMARTINE.

THANK God for the man who is cheerful
In spite of life's troubles, I say;

Who sings of a bright tomorrow,
Because of the clouds of today.
His life is a beautiful sermon,
And this is the lesson to me—
Meet trials with smiles and they vanish;
Face cares with a song and they flee.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY

ARE you worsted in a fight?
Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles—
Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter—
Laugh it off.

HENRY R. ELLIOT IN "THE CENTURY," NOV. 1906.

By permission of Century Co.

COMMON sense, in an uncommon degree, is what the
world calls wisdom. COLERIDGE.

LET US SMILE

THE thing that goes the farthest toward making
life worth while,

That costs the least, and does the most, is just a
pleasant smile;

The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves
its fellow men

Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the
sun again;

It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly
kindness blent—

It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a
cent.

There is no room for sadness when we see a
cheery smile;

It always has the same good look—it's never out
of style;—

It nerves us on to try again when failure makes
us blue;

The dimples of encouragement are good for me
and you.

It pays a higher interest for it is merely lent—

It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a
cent.

A smile comes very easy—you can wrinkle up
with cheer

A hundred times before you can squeeze out a
soggy tear.

It ripples out, moreover, to the heartstrings that
will tug,

And always leaves an echo that is very like a
hug.

So, smile away. Folks understand what by a
smile is meant,

It's worth a million dollars, and doesn't cost a
cent.

BALTIMORE "AMERICAN"

ALWAYS laugh when you can ;

It is a cheap medicine.

Merriment is a philosophy not well understood.

It is the sunny side of existence.

BYRON.

WHY in the world do you want to carry

Things that annoy and harass and harry?

Stop them and drop them, a new day is here,

Squeeze a laugh from it instead of a tear.

HERBERT KAUFMAN.

THERE is no medicine equal to a merry laugh—
well mixed with fresh air.

HUBBARD.

A LAUGH is worth a thousand groans in any market.

CHARLES LAMB.

PASS IT ON

HAVE you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heav'n the deed appears—

Pass it on.

* * *

Did you hear the loving word,

Pass it on;

Like the singing of a bird?

Pass it on;

Let its music live and grow,

Let it cheer another's woe;

You have reap'd what others sow,

Pass it on.

* * *

Be not selfish in thy greed,

Pass it on;

Look upon thy brother's need,

Pass it on;

Live for self, you live in vain;

Live for Christ, you live again;

Live for Him, with Him you reign—

Pass it on.

REV. HENRY BURTON.

It is not always the doing well
That measures the fame of a man ;
The hero is he, who the world can see
Is doing the best he can.

BEAUTY

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts! None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

RUSKIN.

THOUGH you travel the world over to find the beautiful, unless you carry it with you, you find it not.

EMERSON.

THE true order of going is to use the beauties of earth as steps along which to mount upwards for the sake of that other beauty.

PLATO.

BEAUTY is lasting only to those who have planted it in their hearts.

To feel beauty is a better thing than to understand how we come to feel it.

NEVER lose an opportunity to see anything beautiful. Beauty is God's handwriting.

KINGSLEY.

IF you get simple beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents; that's somewhat; and you'll find the soul you have missed within yourself, when you return Him thanks.

BROWNING.

FOR every beauty there is an eye somewhere to see it; for every truth there is an ear somewhere to heed it; for every love there is a heart somewhere to receive it. But though my beauty meets no eye it still doth glow; though my truth meets no ear it still doth shine. But when my love meets no heart it can only break.

WOULDEST shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glance toward the past,
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new born;
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

GOETHE.

TODAY AND TOMORROW

TODAY

Unsullied comes to thee, new-born;
Tomorrow is not thine.
The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.
Be earnest then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope and peace. Thy duty heed
Today.

JOHN RUSKIN.

TOMORROW has a rare alluring sound;
Today is very prose; and yet the twain
Are but one vision seen thro' altered eyes.
Our dreams inhabit one: our stress and pain
Surge thro' the other. Heaven is but today
Made lovely with tomorrow's face for aye.

RICHARD BURTON.

If fortune, with a smiling face,
Strew roses on your way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?
Today, my friend, today!
But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,

When shall we grieve if grieve we must?
Tomorrow, friend, tomorrow!

THANK the Lord,
If today has sorrow
We can live in hope
Of a bright tomorrow!
And still find peace
When the storm is hummin',
An' sweet release
In the good time comin'!

ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION."

FINISH every day and be done with it. You have done what you could; some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; you shall begin it well and serenely and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense.

EMERSON.

I BELIEVE that today is better than yesterday, and that tomorrow will be better than today.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

THERE are two days about which nobody should ever worry, and these are yesterday and tomorrow.

R. J. BURDETTE.

OUR todays make our tomorrows.

SAVAGE.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED?

HE left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor woman's door,
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street and square, mountain and moor.
That was his deed,
He did it well;
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

* * *

He had great faith in loaves of bread
For hungry people, young and old,
And hope inspired, kind words he said
To those he sheltered from the cold.
For we must feed
As well as pray.
What was his creed?
I cannot say.

* * *

He put his trust in Heaven, and he
Worked well with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.
Let us take heed
For life is brief.
This was his creed,
This his belief.

THE JOURNEY

You's gotter hab some trouble in dis rough ol' world ob ours,
 You's gotter fight de bumble bee, sometimes to pick de flowers;
 You's gwinter fin' a heap o' roughness in de rocky road,
 Befo' you gits wha' you kin rest an' lay aside de load.

But be humble, an' don' grumble,
 'Case you sometimes slip an' stumble,
 An' seems to drap behin' de res' ob all de hustlin' throng,
 Don't stop an' staht a-whinin'
 An' a-whimperin' an' a-pinin',
 But pick yoh feet up, honey, an' go travellin' along.

You may hab fears o' troubles dat'll hit yo' hard some day,
 But dar's wusser boun' to ketch yo' if yo' halts along de way.
 You's gotter keep a-movin'. Some is fast and some is slow,
 But all dat's looked foh from you is to do de best you know.

So don't you wait an' worry,
 Ef you falls down in yoh hurry,

An' never mind the chaffin'
 An' de hollerin' an' de laughin',
 Jes' pull yohse'f together as you hums a little
 song,
 But pick yoh feet up, honey, and go travellin'
 along.

WASHINGTON "STAB."

ABSORB the sunshine of today; it may be cloudy
 tomorrow.

SOME days must needs be full of gloom,
 Yet must we use them as we may;
 Talk less about the years to come,
 Give love, and labor more, today.

ALICE CARY.

SUNSHINE MAKING

PUT a bit of sunshine in the day;
 Others need its cheer and so do you—
 Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
 Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

Give the day a streak of rosy dawn;
 Give it, too, a touch of highest noon;
 Make the ones about you wonder why
 Sunset crimson should appear "so soon."

Sunshine-making is a blessed task ;
Cheery hearts, like lovely, wide-blue sky,
Banish weary gloom and give fresh hope,
Check the rising tear or thoughtless sigh.

Put the golden sunshine in each day ;
Others need the cheer that comes thro' you—
Need it most when outer sky's dull gray
Leaves the sunshine-making yours to do.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Joy is the sunshine of the soul,
Grief its showers.
The blending of the two in one
Makes perfect flowers.

If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could
cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a
friend, that would be giving as the angels give.

GEORGE MCDONALD.

AND where we love is home,
Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts ;
The chain may lengthen, but it never parts.

HOLMES.

It is the surmounting of difficulties that makes
heroes.

KOSSUTH.

THE IDEAL

WE are unsatisfied, and know not why ;
We seek for the ideal of our dreams,
And strive to reach it builded by the beams
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,
We struggle on ; but when the prize is nigh
We find that it eludes us, and it seems
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.
With eyes blind to the glory here below,
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,
We see no beauty around us, and the worth
Hidden in humble things we never know.
We grope and pass unheeding on the way
The good that we are seeking day by day.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

GOD hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.

COLLYER.

THE ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are.

WE are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because

we have within us the beginning and the possibility
of it. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

It is just as well that some of our blessings come
in disguise; otherwise they would never catch us.

PUCK.

HOLIDAYS

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows.
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as the cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land, we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

LONGFELLOW.

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
Lend a hand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

HEARTS only thrive on varied good;
And he who gathers from a host
Of friendly hearts his daily food,
Is the best friend that we can boast.

HOLLAND.

THE SUN WILL SHINE

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain;
Too much sun would wither thee,
'Twill shine again;
The clouds are very thick, tis true,
But just behind them smiles the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain,
In sorrow sweetest things will grow
As flowers in rain;
God watches, and thou wilt have sun,
When clouds their perfect work have done.

MARY FRANCES BUTTS.

WE were made to radiate the perfume of good cheer and happiness as much as a rose was made to radiate its sweetness to every passerby.

A TROUBLE either can be remedied, or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it. If it cannot be, dis-

miss it from your consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing.

LILLIAN WHITING.

LIFE is short and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are travelling the journey with us.

THIS little world of ours is not growing worse to the men and women who are doing their best to make it better.

THE NEGRO FUNERAL

RECITED BY LEW DOCKSTADER

WHILE strolling in Savannah past a church decayed
and dim

There slowly through the windows came a plain-
tive funeral hymn.

A sympathy awakened and a wonder quickly grew,
And I found myself environed in a little Negro pew.
In front a colored couple sat in sorrow almost wild,
On the altar was a coffin; in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him while living; kinky hair, protrud-
ing lips,

I'd seen perhaps a thousand on my hurried South-
ern trips.

Yet no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of death

That had fanned more flames of sorrow with its
little faltering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy
profound
Than in that chain of tear drops that enclasped the
mourners round.
Rose a sad old colored preacher at his little wooden
desk
In a manner grandly awkward and with counte-
nance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian
face,
And the ignorance, yet wisdom, of a crushed un-
dying race.

SERMON

Naow, naow, don't you be a weepin' over this yer bit
of clay,
Fer the little boy wat lived yere's done gone and
runned away.
He was doin' mighty fine yer, and he 'preciated your
love,
But his sure 'nough father wanted him in the big
house up above.
He—he didn't give you this baby, not by a thousand
mile,
He jest tought you needed some sunshine, so he
lent him for a while,

And he let you keep and love him till your hearts
was bigger grown,

And the silber tears you's sheddin's jest the interest
on the loan.

Here's all your udder pretty children; now don't be
makin' it appear

Dat your love wuz sort o'monopolized by this little
fellow here.

Don't be piling too much sorrow on dem little kindly
elves

So's to get 'em all a wondering that they're no
account demselves.

Des you think, ma poor dear mourners, trabling 'long
o'er sorrow's way

What a blessed little picnic this yer baby's got
today;

Wy his grandfadders and grandmudders jest crowd
the little fellow round

In the angel-tended garden of the big plantation
ground.

Dey ax him "Is your feet sore?" den they take off his
little shoes,

And dey wash him and dey kiss him, and they say
"Naow what's the news?"

And the lad done cut his tongue loose, and the little
fellow say,

All the people in the valley tries to live the heaben-
ly way.

Den his eyes dey brightly sparkle at the pretty things
he views,

Den a teardrop an' a whisper, "but I wants my
parents too."
Den the angel's chief musician teach the little boy a
song
Sayin' if only dey'll shore be faithful dey'll soon
be comin' 'long.
So ma poor dejected mourners in Him above let your
hearts rest
And don't, don't be criticizing to one wot knows
the best;
He has given so many comforts He had de right to
take away;
In Him be praise and glory, now and ebber:—Let
us pray.

THE MAN WHO DOES

THERE are two kinds of persons in the world: those who think first of difficulties, and those who think first of the importance of accomplishment in spite of difficulties. If a thing ought to be done the presence of severe obstacles to its doing is only a further reason for bringing it to pass. The trait of instantly showing why a thing cannot be done is keeping down more young men, and older men too, in business, than any other factor in their lives. Anybody can point out difficulties; it calls for brains and courage to look beyond difficulties to the end. If you want to stay just where you are in the procession, or fall steadily

behind, give obstacles a first place in your life. If you want to count for something more than the "average," let every obstacle be a fresh incentive to action.

I do not know
Where falls the seed I have to sow
With the greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below
Sometime—somewhere.

THE best and highest thing a man can do in a day is to sow a seed whether it be a word, an act or an acorn.

JAMES BOYLE O'REILLY.

LITTLE BY LITTLE

LITTLE by little the world grows strong,
Fighting the battles of right and wrong;
Little by little the wrong gives way,
Little by little the right has sway;
Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals.

FLOWERS never emit so pleasant and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.

RICHTER.

LIFE is God's gymnasium. He takes the measures; we do not know what they are. He puts us in our places and tenderly disciplines us.

THE man leans back upon his oars, satisfied. We may come to that mood in spiritual things as surely as in temporal. Some men practically retire from religion, much as they retire from business, because they think they have accumulated enough to live on. That was not Paul's way.

PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.
Zion's Herald.

GIVE HIM A LIFT

GIVE him a lift! Don't kneel in prayer,
Nor moralize with his despair.
The man is down, and his great need
Is ready help—not prayer and creed.

One grain of aid just now is more
To him than tomes of saintly lore;
Pray if you must, in your full heart,
But give him a lift—give him a start.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise, and preaching nice;
But the generous souls who aid mankind
Are scarce as gold and hard to find.

Give like a Christian—speak in deeds.
 A noble life's the best of creeds;
 And he shall wear a royal crown
 Who gives 'em a lift when they are down.

LIFE is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.

SIR. H. DAVY.

THE one sin in the world is selfishness, the one virtue is love. In these two rest all the theology and philosophy of the ages.

OLD-FASHIONED PHILOSOPHY

SCORN not the homely virtues. We are prone
 To search through all the world for something new;
 And yet sometimes old-fashioned things are best—
 Old-fashioned work, old fashioned rectitude,
 Old-fashioned honor and old-fashioned prayer,
 Old-fashioned patience that can bide its time,
 Old-fashioned firesides sacred from the world,
 Old-fashioned satisfaction with enough,
 Old-fashioned candor and simplicity,
 Old-fashioned folks that practice what they preach.

J. A. EDGERTON, IN NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

A LITTLE work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good-day!
A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!
A little fun to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

GEORGE DUMAURIER.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must fight it out or perish. And if that be so, why not now, and where you stand?

SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

I AM thinking of you today because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall wish you happiness; and soon clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy. But it makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense, and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean, in the Spirit of Christmas.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

From *The Spirit of Christmas*; Copyright 1905 by Charles Scribner's Sons.

BLESSED are the happiness makers.

BEECHER.

GOOD NIGHT

SLEEP sweetly in this quiet room,
 O thou, whoe'er thou art,
 And let no mournful yesterdays
 Disturb thy peaceful heart.
 Nor let tomorrow scare thy rest
 With thoughts of coming ill;
 Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
 His love surrounds thee still.
 Forget thyself and all the world;
 Put out each feverish light,
 The stars are watching overhead,
 Sleep sweetly then. Good night.

Good night! Good night!
 Far flies the light;
 But still God's love
 Shall flame above,
 Making all bright.
 Good night! Good night!

VICTOR HUGO.

BEAUTY OF WORK

THE beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it. Whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes with the

sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will keep us delightful company all day, and who will make us feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.

LUCY LARCOM.

YET ere we part, one lesson I can leave you

For every day . . .

Be good . . .

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;

And so make life, death, and that vast forever

One grand sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THEN take this honey for the bitterest cup :

There is no failure, save in giving up ;

No real fall so long as one still tries,

For seeming setbacks make the strong men wise.

There's no defeat, in truth, save from within ;

Unless you're beaten there, you're bound to win.

A RHYME OF THE SEASON

TAIN' no use complainin'

While you's travellin' along.

Keep yoh voice in trainin'

Foh to sing a little song.

Tain' no use o' sighin'

In a melancholy style.

You kin weep wifout half tryin';
It's some credit when you smile.

So we'll celebrate Thanksgivin'
As we've often done befo'.
Thankful dat we's livin'
If we ain' foh nothin' mo.

NEVER to tire; never to grow cold; to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart, to hope always; like God, to love always—this is our duty.

AMIEL.

It matters little where I was born, or if my parents were rich or poor; but whether I live an honest man and hold my integrity firm in my clutch, I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can—it matters much.

EMERSON.

BETTER stop dis kickin'
Doesn't help a bit
Kin' o' weather what you has
Is all you's gwinter git.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE

THREE ounces are necessary, first of patience,
Then of repose and peace; of conscience

A pound entire is needful:
Of pastimes of all sorts, too,
Should be gathered as much as the hand can hold;
Of pleasant memory and of hope three good drachms
There must be at least. But they should moistened be
With a liquor made from true pleasures which rejoice
the heart.

Then of love's magic drops a few—
But use them sparingly, for they may bring a flame
Which naught but tears can drown.
Grind the whole and mix therewith of merriment an
ounce
To even. Yet all this may not bring happiness
Except in your orisons you lift your voice
To Him who holds the gift of health.

Written by MARGARET of Navarre in 1500.

RULE FOR HAPPINESS

SOMETHING to do,
Some one to love,
Something to hope for.

KANT.

HAPPINESS is a fact, not an attainment.

THE GAMBLER.

CHARACTER is the basis of happiness, and happiness is the sanction of character.

WE should tell ourselves once for all that it is the first duty of the soul to become as happy, complete, independent, and great as lies in its power.

MAETERLINCK.

WHETHER any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.

GEORGE L. MERRIAM.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

THE moment we set about the task of making every human being we come in contact with better for knowing us—more cheerful, more courageous, and with greater faith in the kindness of God and man—that moment we begin to attain the third purpose of life—personal happiness.

Would you possess the magic secret of the alchemist which transforms all things to gold?

It is unselfishness—or, to use a better word, selflessness.

He who goes forth bent upon being always kind, always helpful, in the little daily events of life, will find all skies tinted with gold, all his nights set with

stars, and unexpected flowers of pleasure springing up in his pathway.

And all his tears shall turn into smiles.

To have joy one must share it.—
Happiness was born a twin.

BYRON.

IF you ever find happiness by hunting for it, you will find it as the old woman did her lost spectacles, safe on her own nose all the time.

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

GENEROSITY is the investment from which we clip the coupons of happiness.

FOUR TRACK NEWS.

IF I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life,—my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing. My optimism rests on a glad belief in the preponderance of good and a willing effort always to co-operate with the good, that it may prevail. I try to increase the power God has given me to see the best in everything and every one, and make that best a part of my life.

To what is good I open the doors of my being, and
jealously shut them against what is bad.

HELEN KELLER.

To be truly happy is a question of how we begin
and not of how we end, of what we want and not
of what we have.

STEVENSON.

WE communicate happiness to others not often by
great acts of devotion and self-sacrifice, but by the
absence of fault-finding and censure, by being ready
to sympathize with their notions and feelings, instead
of forcing them to sympathize with ours.

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

SPEAKING of happiness, Joseph Jefferson once
said: "My boys sometimes get discouraged and I
say to them: 'Go out and do something for somebody.
Go out and give something to anybody, if it's only
a pair of woolen stockings to a poor old woman, it
will take you away from yourself and make you
happy!'"

AND there are hearts like richest wines,
That sweeter grow with Time's caress,
Till he who softly opens, finds
A hidden store of happiness.

E. H. KEENE.

HUMOR A GOOD BUFFER

ON Sept. 9, 1909, President Taft sent the following greeting to the American Press Humorists' Association at Buffalo:

"Please convey to the American Press Humorists in convention in Buffalo my warmest greetings. Tell them for me that they can be engaged in no better vocation than making people laugh. Humor is like the buffer between two heavy railroad cars. It relieves the jolts of life. It is a shock absorber. It makes the journey through the years easier, and brightens the pathway all along the route. We Americans could not get along without humor."

HAPPINESS is purely a matter of reciprocity. He who is happiest is he who gives the most happiness.

THE man who gets most out of life is the man who takes advantage of every opportunity and neglects no chance to enlarge his field of observation and extend his experiences. The more mosaics we work into our allotted years the nearer our life will be worth living.

FOUR TRACK NEWS.

ABILITY is of little account without opportunity.

NAPOLEON.

OPPORTUNITY

THEY do me wrong who say I come no more,
 When once I knock and fail to find you in;
 For every day I stand outside your door
 And bid you wait, and rise to fight and win.

Weep not for precious chances passed away,
 Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
 Each night I burn the records of the day,
 At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
 To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
 My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,
 But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
 I lend my arm to all who say "I can";
 No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep
 But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
 Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
 Then turn from blotted archives of the past
 And find the future's page as white as snow.

JUDGE WALTER MALONE.

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life.

RUSKIN.

AGE is opportunity, no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress:
And, as the evening twilight fades away,
The stars are seen by night, invisible by day.

LONGFELLOW.

IT takes a live fish to go up stream. Any dead one can float down.

EDUCATION should be a training to take advantage of opportunities.

TRUE success is not excelling or equalling someone else, but making the most of your own capacities and opportunities.

KNOWLEDGE that does not aid in overcoming difficulties is not power.

GOD'S best gift to us is not things, but opportunities.

ALICE W. ROLLINS.

MANY men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.

SPURGEON.

VIGILANCE in watching opportunity, tact and daring in seizing opportunity,—force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost of possible achievement:—these are the martial virtues which command success.

SUCCESS

SUCCESS? What is this thing Success, I pray?
Is it to stand forth in the glare of day
As one who wins great battles in the marts
Without regard to human souls and hearts?
Is it to strive in blindness of the right
Toward and to achieve some goal of might
Wherefrom vast riches pour, huge stores of gold,
Into the coffers of the keen and bold?
Is it to win through trickery of phrase
And nice word polishments the Poet's bays,
Or laurels of the Masters of Romance,
Not by endeavor, but by stylist's chance?
Is it to trample by sheer force of will
O'er plodders for the right, o'er halt and ill?
To snatch some high position in the State,
To principle and honor runagate?
Is it to climb from lowly place to high
Regardless of the rungs of misery?

Or is it his who lives his mortal span
In all things striving to become a man?
To live as God hath willed, to use his brawn
To help another to some joyous dawn?
To use his strength, his valor and his wit
Shall say of his achievement small "Well done!"
So that, though riches small may come of it,
His fellows when his sands of life are run

Here falls a man we never knew to shirk;
The world is brighter for his modest work!"
Ah, give to me not that Success that comes
Mixed in with others' tears, with sounding drums,
But better far the laurel that depends
Upon the love and honor of my friends.
Those bays the more securely e'er will rest
That come from those who understand us best;
The only ones are they that really bless
And form the measure of the true Success!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Used by special permission of the author

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronious,—we'll deserve it.

ADDISON.

THERE is only one real failure possible; and that
is, not to be true to the best one knows.

CANON FARRAR.

HE that has kept clean hands and stainless heart,
He that, in climbing, bore no brother down;
Whose vision sees not God and man apart—
He has not failed! To him the victor's crown.
—FLORENCE A. JONES in *Watson's Magazine*.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling but in
rising every time we fall.

GOLDSMITH.

“THAT is best which most inspires
 And fills the soul with high desires.
 Not wealth, but welfare, is success;
 Beneficence life’s crown must bring
 For nothing lives but righteousness,
 And character is everything!”

IF you wish success in life make perseverance your
 bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution
 your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.

WEBSTER.

IS IT SUCCESS?

Is it success to climb to eminence
 Upon the ruins of another’s hopes,
 To gain the topping height at the expense
 Of one condemned to slave on lower slopes—
 Is it success?

Is it success to lose in wealth’s pursuit
 The consciousness of right and self-respect,
 Nor care, so gold become our labor’s fruit,
 How many noble principles are wrecked—
 Is it success?

Is it success before the world to bear
 A banner that is seeming free from spots,
 And simultaneous in the bosom wear

A heart made hideous by secret blots—
Is it success?

SUSIE M. BEST.

STRENGTH is success. Strength to be, strength to do, strength to love, strength to live. It is not happiness, it is not amusement, it is not content. These will come but they are not the object.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

SUCCESS does not consist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one a second time.

SHAW.

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

LONGFELLOW.

ACT THE MAN

BE strong, my boy, and buckle in—
When disappointments come;
Choke down adversity and grin,
Don't act morose and glum.
Your heart received a knife-thrust there
Which wasn't in your plan,
But hold your head up in the air—
Be brave, and act the man.

What if the blow was cruel, lad?
 What though it cuts you sore?
 'Twas no worse than we all have had,
 And there'll be dozens more.
 Stand firm and true for what is right—
 With God's help, lad, you can;
 And when reverses come in sight,
 Be brave, and act the man.

E. A. BRININSTOOL, IN LOS ANGELES "EXPRESS."

THE king is the man who can.

CARLYLE.

WE find in life exactly what we put in it.

EMERSON.

PLUCK WINS

PLUCK wins! It always wins! though days be slow,
 And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go.
 Still pluck will win; its average is sure,
 He gains the prize who will the most endure;
 Who faces issues; he who never shirks;
 Who waits and watches, and who always works.

CHARACTER

FOR what a man has he may be dependent on
 others; what he really is rests with himself.

LIFE is a quarry out of which we are to mould, chisel and complete a character.

GOETHE.

ONE must, in life, make his own observations, frame his own inductions, and apply them in action as he goes along. The habit of finding out the best thing to do next, and then doing it, is the basis of character. A strong and efficient character is built up by doing, not by imitation or by feeling, or by suggestion.

THE workshop of character is everyday life.

CHARACTER is the fabric the individual himself must weave from the threads of his own effort.

CHARACTER is the result, not so much of trying to be good, as trying to be better.

CHARACTER is a combination of many virtues.

NO USE GRIEVIN'

Ain't no use in grievin'
Over these hard times;
Ain't no use in weavin'
Of your mournful rhymes.
Ain't a bit o' good in it;

Neither bread nor wood in it;
But the way to do—
Roll your shirt sleeves higher up;
Loose the brakes and fire up—
Then, go steamin' through!

ATLANTA "CONSTITUTION."

WHEN the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

It's the song ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere.

RILEY.

THE worst of our enemies are those which we carry
about in our own hearts.

THOLUCK.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be
loved.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

ONE KINDLY THOUGHT

MAY every soul that touches mine
Be it the slightest contact—get therefrom some
good,
Some little grace—one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt, one bit of courage
For the darkening sky,—one gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,

One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering
mists,
To make this life worth while
And heaven a surer heritage.

THE new religion will not teach that character
can be changed quickly.

It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but
with joy and life.

DR. ELIOT.

SORROW loses half its terrors if we have some kind
heart to help us bear it.

HOPE is the life preserver which keeps us from
sinking in the sea of despair.

ALL one's life is music, if one touch the notes right
and in time.

RUSKIN.

THE man who borrows trouble will never lend
smiles.

SAY little, serve all, pass on.

KINDNESS is the first element in the modern hero.

A SWEET temper is to the household what sunshine
is to trees and flowers.

THE world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come again.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"I'VE noticed," remarked Uncle Allen Sparks,
"that the man who is always hunting for trouble
finds it some day where he isn't looking for it."

CHICAGO "TRIBUNE."

BUT this one thing I do, forgetting those things
which are behind, and reaching forth unto those
things which are before, I press toward the mark for
the prize of the high calling.

ST. PAUL, Phil., 3-13.

THE whole secret of remaining young in spite of
years, and even of gray hairs, is to cherish enthusiasm
in oneself, by poetry, by contemplation, by charity,
that is, in fewer words, by the maintenance of har-
mony in the soul.

AMIEL.

WHATSOEVER things are True,
Whatsoever things are Honest;
Whatsoever things are Just,
Whatsoever things are Pure;
Whatsoever things are Lovely,
Whatsoever things are of Good Report;

If there be any Virtue, and if there be any Praise
Think on these things.

ST. PAUL, Phil., 4-8.

To each one of us the night of sorrow and trouble comes, and our eyes are oftentimes so filled by tears that we cannot see the stars that still shine above us; but we must never forget that the light is there, shining true and steadfast to lighten us on our way.

“TO-DAY’S MAGAZINE”

MY SHARE

If any round about me play,
And dance and sing in glad array,
And laugh and cheer,
May it be mine to see and hear.

If any toil at noble things,
And strive the higher levelings,
—To reach and win,
May it be mine to join therein.
And tears fall like the summer rain
From troubled skies,
May it be mine to sympathize.

In all that makes the round of life,
Be it of pleasure, peace or strife,

Joy or despair,
May I my proper burden bear.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Used by permission of author.

THE only hope of preserving what is best, lies in the practice of an immense charity, a wide tolerance, a sincere respect for opinions that are not ours.

HAMERTON.

LIFE'S race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest.

'TIS not what a man does which exalts him: but what a man would do.

BROWNING.

THE THINGS THAT COUNT

Not what we have, but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

The things near by, not things afar;
Not what we seem, but what we are—
These are things that make or break,
That give the heart its joy or ache.

Not what seems fair, but what is true;
Not what we dream, but good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars, in Fortune's diadems.

Not as we take, but as we give;
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after Time shall cease.

CLARENCE URMY in the "OUTLOOK".

Used by special permission of the author;

THAT best portion of a good man's life—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

WORDSWORTH.

THE test of your Christian character should be
that you are a joy-bearing agent to the world.

BEECHER.

NOTHING is so strong as gentleness,
Nothing so gentle as real strength.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

SYMPATHY

'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,

May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarian juice
 Renews the life of joy in happier hours.—

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense, yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
 Like choicest music.

From "Ion"—SIR THOMAS TALFOURD.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming,
 In doing, each day that goes by,
 Some little good; not in dreaming
 Of great things to do by and by.
 For whatever men say in blindness,
 And spite of the fancies of youth,
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
 And nothing so royal as truth.

ALICE CARY.

WE often do more good by our sympathy than by
 our labors.

CANON FARRAR.

I WANT it to be said of me by those who know me
 best that I have always plucked a thistle and planted
 a flower in its place wherever a flower would grow.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

COURAGE

COURAGE is a virtue that the young cannot spare;
To lose it is to grow old before the time;

It is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer
a thousand reverses than to run away from the battle;

Resignation is the courage of old age; it will arrive
in its own season, and it is a good day when it comes
to us.

Then there are no more disappointments, for we
have learned that it is even better to desire the things
that we have than to have the things that we desire.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

DAILY NEED

ABOVE all, that I may not be a coward! That I
may have courage—courage to be unmoved by the
uncertainties of life, and without dread of loss,
whether of friends, of health or of fortune. That I
may come with a firm and tranquil mind to the work
of this day,—fearing nothing—ready to meet
bravely, failure or deprivation.

JOHN BRISBIN WALKER.

I HAVE learned that mistakes can often be set right,
that anxieties fade, that calamities have sometimes a
compensating joy, that an ambition realized is not
always pleasurable, that a disappointment is often

of itself a rich incentive to try again. One learns to look over troubles, instead of looking into them, one learns that hope is more unconquerable than grief.

ARTHUR C. BENSON.

LIFE, like war, is a series of mistakes, and he is not the best Christian nor the best General who makes the fewest false steps. He is the best who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes; organize victory out of mistakes.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

IF it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

WORTH THINKING OF

IF we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

Not what I am, but what I do, is my kingdom.

MERRIMAN.

A HOME BLESSING

THE beauty of the home is Order: the blessing of the home is Contentment: the glory of the home is Hospitality: the crown of the home is Godliness: the foundation of the home is Love.

From the GERMAN.

Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
As long as ever you can.

JOHN WESLEY.

THE HEART'S DOOR

OPEN the door of your heart, my friend,
Heedless of class or creed,
When you hear the cry of a brother's voice,
The sob of a child in need.

All the fadeless flowers that bloom
In the realms of song and art
Are yours, if you'll only give them room:
Open the door of your heart.

To the shining heavens that o'er you bend
You need no map or chart,

But only the love the Master gave:
Open the door of your heart.

E. E. HALE.

So long as we love we serve; so long as we are
loved by others I would almost say that we are in-
dispensable; and no man is useless while he has a
friend.

STEVENSON.

LET nothing disturb thee;
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth.

LONGFELLOW.

LONG live the man whose heart is fresh
Who smiles beneath the darkest skies;
Who to this weary world reveals
The humor that around us lies.

W. H. WILSON in "FOUR TRACK NEWS".

THE WORLD WITHIN

As thou hast made thy world without,
Make thou more fair my world within;
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt;
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sin;
Fill, brief or long, my granted span
Of life with love to thee and man;

Strike when thou wilt the hour of rest,
But let my last days be my best!

WHITTIER.

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living,
ever-working universe; it is a seed-grain that cannot
die.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

“HE who lives for himself alone, lives for a very
mean fellow.”

“IF you’d help the world a bit,
Do as you’d be done by:
If you’d help to brighten it,
Do as you’d be done by;
If you have a blessing, let
Someone share it; don’t forget,
Selfishness will bring regret;—
Do as you’d be done by.”

WHAT think you the earth will be like when the
majority of men and women in it learn that to be
simple and honest and true is the part of wisdom,
and that to work for Love and Beauty is the highest
good?

THE STRUGGLE

FOR the right against the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For the poor who’ve waited long,
For the brighter age to be.

For the truth 'gainst superstition,
 For the faith against tradition,
 For the hope whose glad fruition,
 Our waiting eyes shall see.

It is not by regretting what is irreparable that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are.

It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and where we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing; and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the tale of Orpheus; it moves stones, it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

BULWER.

It's faith in something, and enthusiasm for it that makes a life worth looking at.

HOLMES.

Be a friend to yersel, and ithers will.

SCOTCH PROVERB.

THE BEST DAY

THE calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for
Some good that was sought.
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear,
And "each day is the best day
Of somebody's year."

Each day finds a hero,
Each day helps a saint,
Each day brings to some one
A joy without taint;
Though it may not be my turn
Or yours that is near—
"Each day is the best day
Of somebody's year."

LIVE for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year; you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

CHALMERS.

LIFE is a work—begin it,
Life is a battle—win it.

Life is a pure heart—shield it.
Life is a sceptre—wield it.

Life is God's lesson—learn it,
Death is His good rest—earn it.

WHAT I LIVE FOR

I LIVE for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For the human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

* * *

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too ;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE L. BANKS.

YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY

FOR hearing before judging, for thinking before speaking, for holding an angry tongue, for stopping the ear to a tale-bearer, for disbelieving most of the ill reports, for relieving the distressed, for being kind to everybody, for doing good to all men, for asking pardon for all wrongs, for speaking evil of no one, for being courteous to all.

FAR away there in the sunshine are my highest aspirations. I cannot reach them, but I can look up and see their beauty, believe in them, and try to follow where they lead.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

A NOBLER WAY

To live and learn, to ever think the thought
That gives a richness to the soul's ideals,
Is better far than letting self, when sought,
Become supreme in all one thinks and feels.
To rise above the sordid quest for gain,
And strive to use in nobler ways the soul,
Which finds its bent, its true, divinest aim
In pressing upward, never downward, towards its
goal.

REV. JAMES ALLISON BARNES, in the "RELIGIOUS TELESCOPE".

I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

LINCOLN.

IT is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy. You can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

BEECHER.

THERE is always something to worry about, if you only take the trouble to find it. And some people never think of anything else.

SOMERVILLE "JOURNAL".

LIVE IT DOWN

"HAS your heart a bitter sorrow?

Live it down.

Think about a glad tomorrow

And live it down.

You will find it never pays,

Just to sit, wet-eyed, and gaze

On the grave of vanished days——

Live it down.

Have you made some awful error?

Live it down.

Do not hide your face in terror,

But live it down.

Look the world square in the eyes ;

Go ahead as one who tries

To be honored ere he dies.

Live it down."

To work, to help and to be helped, to learn sympathy through suffering, to learn faith by perplexity, to reach truth through wonder,—behold! this is what it is to prosper, this is what it is to live.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

DON'T waste life in doubts and fears ; spend yourself on the work before you, well assured that the right performance of this hour's duties will be the best preparation for the hours or ages that follow it.

EMERSON.

LIFE is a good deal of a puzzle ; but if we were more resolute in our determination to enrich it by worthy service than we are in our desire to solve its mysteries, we should be happier. If we put more into it, we should get more out of it.

"EPWORTH HERALD."

S O M E B O D Y

SOMEBODY did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live;"
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right.

Was that somebody you?

UNCLE EZRA says: "It is doubtful ef the man who hez a good deal to be thankful fur would be any more thankful ef he hed a good deal more."

BOSTON "HERALD".

IT is worth a great deal to have the companionship of people whose whole atmosphere is one of helpfulness and good cheer, who help us to keep our ideals high, and who will not let us trouble our thoughts with petty worries or with the things that are unworthy.

COURTESY is the cheapest thing in the world, and goes the farthest.

C. R. S.

LIFE is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

EMERSON.

LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

WHY is it that we so easily forget that the little things of life are what make it easy or hard? A few pleasant words, a warm handclasp, a cordial letter, are simple things, but they are mighty in their influence on the lives of those about us, adding a ray of hope to many disconsolate hearts, giving a bit of courage to disappointed, weary ones, and helping to make our own lives sweeter at the same time. Few people realize how much the little attentions of everyday life mean to their associates in the home, the church, the business place. Remember that the little things in life, whether good or bad, count for more with those who love than we ever know, and we should be watchful of our actions and our words.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you;
A hope for me and a hope for you.

REFLECT upon your present blessings of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes of which all men have some.

DICKENS.

“Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are gone. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you meant to say when they are gone, say before they go. Send flowers to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them.”

LIFE is too short to waste,

* * *

'Twill soon be dark ;
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God speed the mark !

EMERSON.

THACKERAY'S CREED.

(On re-reading his letters.)

A WILLING kindness,
A ready trust ;
A bit of blindness
To moth and rust.

A balm of laughter
For anger's heat;
A brave heart after
A sore defeat.

A glad hope, cleaving
To each new day;
A patience, leaving
No stony way.

A warm faith, summing
All life worth while—
Yet, at death's coming
A fearless smile.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set;
To draw hard breath over plowshare or spade;
To read, to think, to love, to pray,—these are the
things that make men happy.

JOHN RUSKIN.

“'Tis being and doing and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which mankind partake;
To be what God pleases, to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart, is the way to be blest.”

LORD BYRON.

LIFE

LIFE is too short to fuss and fret,
 To waste the hours in vain regret,
 To fancy slights, to bother why
 This listener gave a vague reply,
 Or that one made some jesting threat.

And though dull cares our ways beset,
 To court indifference, and let
 Each proffered bit of joy slip by—
 Life is too short!

But, put the world for mirth in debt,
 And strive that odds be gayly met;
 Humor in every cross espy,
 And no least plea for cheer deny—
 Then, for the happiness we get,
 Life is too short!

CHARLOTTE BECKER in N. Y. "SUN".

A RECIPE FOR PESSIMISM

LIVE in the passive voice; be intent on what you can get rather than on what you can do. Live in the subjunctive mood, meditating on what might be rather than what actually is. Live in the third person, finding fault with other people instead of setting your own affairs in order, and prescribing their duties

rather than attending to your own. Live in the plural number, following the opinions and standards of respectability of other people rather than your own perception of what is fit and proper. Keep these rules faithfully, always measuring the worth of life in terms of personal pleasure rather than in terms of growth of character, of service, of high ends—and you will be a pessimist before you know it.

PRESIDENT HYDE OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

BE sure and look ahead.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

IT is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

RUSKIN.

CREED WORTH BELIEVING

A CHURCH prints on the back of its program of services these words:

I will not worry.

I will not be afraid.

I will not give way to anger.

I will be kind to every man, woman and child with whom I come in contact.

I will be cheerful and hopeful.

I will trust in God and bravely face the future.

DON'T LET THE SONG GO
OUT OF YOUR LIFE

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Though it chance sometimes to flow
In a minor strain, it will blend again
With the major tone, you know.
What though shadows rise to obscure life's skies,
And hide for a time the sun;
They sooner will lift, and reveal the rift,
If you let the melody run.

* * *

Don't let the song go out of your life;
Ah! it never would need to go,
If with thought more true and a broader view
We looked at this life below.
Oh! Why should we moan that life's springtime has
flown,
Or sigh for the fair summer time?
The autumn hath days filled with paeans of praise,
And the winter hath bells that chime.

KATE R. STILES.

WE live in deeds, not years: in thoughts not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

BAILEY.

WILL NOT GROW OLD

It was an old distorted face
An uncouth visage rough and wild,
Yet from behind with laughing grace,
Peeped the fresh beauty of a child.

* * *

Behind gray hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts on
Each as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides and is not gone.

* * *

For while the inexorable years
To saddened features fit their mould.
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old.

SOMETHING EACH DAY

SOMETHING each day—a word.
We cannot know its power;
It grows in fruitfulness
As grows the gentle shower.
What comfort it may bring,
Where all is dark and drear!
For a kind word every day
Makes pleasant all the year.

Something each day—a deed
 Of kindness and of good,
 To link in closer bonds
 All human brotherhood.
 Oh, thus the heavenly will
 We all may do while here,
 For a good deed every day
 Makes blessed all the year.

“SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN”.

THERE is a destiny which makes us brothers,—
 None goes his way alone;
 All that we send into the lives of others,
 Comes back into our own.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

DON'T WORRY

WHEN things go contrary, as often they do,
 And fortune seems burdened with spite,
 Don't give way to grieving all dismal and blue—
 That never set anything right!
 But cheerfully face what the day may reveal!
 Make the best of whatever befall;
 Since the more that you worry the worse you must feel,

Why waste time in worry at all?
 We all have our troubles, some more and some less,
 And this is the knowledge we gain—
 It's work and a brave heart that lighten the stress

Of a life's share of sorrow and pain.
Then face with this knowledge fate's cruelest deal
Too plucky to faint or to fall;
Since the more that you worry the worse you must feel,
Is it wisdom to worry at all?

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

JUST TO BE TENDER

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through,
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful with faith like a child,
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet,
Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song,
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right,
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in His promises ever to rest—
Just to let love sound its sweetest key,
That is God's will for you and for me.

DUTY

THIS truth comes to us more and more the longer we live—that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty—matters very little, or even

what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure—only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

CONTENTMENT

LET us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

DAVID SWING.

MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all

bravely, await occasions, hurry never; . . . in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common,—this is to be my symphony.

WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING.

SOWER AND SEED

A KINDLY word and a kindly deed,
A helpful hand in time of need,
 With a strong, true heart,
 To do his part—
Thus went the sower out with his seed,
Nor stayed in his toil to name his creed.

* * *

Feeling for others, bearing their pain,
Freeing the fetters, undoing the chain,
 From sorrow and tears,
 He wrought the bright years—
Still unknown to rank, and unknown to fame,
In letters of light God writeth his name.

“HOME CHAT”.

THE little things which you may do for those about you will fall back upon your heart as the summer dews fall upon vineyards. Who knows what a cloud of darkness one kind word may dispel? Wear a smile and make others happy. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed.

LOOK PLEASANT

* * *

AND it pays every time to be kindly,
 Although you feel worried and blue;
 If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
 The world will soon smile back at you.
 So try to brace up and look pleasant,
 No matter how low you are down,
 Good humor is always contagious,
 But you banish your friends when you frown.

To You, my cheerful friend!—To You! who seem to be an exquisite architect, forever building up the castle of happiness out of all the losses and crosses and wrecks and ruins that fate may throw about you:—to you who can always see the silver lining to every cloud, who can conceal your sorrows and share your joys and laugh and sing, and be content, and still keep up the fight till life's rugged journey ends. Here's to you!

JOSEPH D. HOUSTON.

YOUR KINGDOM

THERE is some place for you to fill,
 Some work for you to do,
 That no one can or ever will
 Do quite as well as you.

It may be close along your way,
Some little, homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

Or it may be that daily tasks,
Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
For you, and you alone.

Be brave, whatever it may be,
The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
And you have conquered fate.

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY

Do something for somebody, somewhere,
While jogging along life's road;
Help some one to carry his burden,
And lighter will grow your load.

Do something for somebody gladly,
'Twill sweeten your every care;
In sharing the sorrows of others,
Your own are less hard to bear.

Do something for somebody, striving
To help where the way seems long;

And the homeless hearts that languish
Cheer up with a little song.

Do something for somebody always,
Whatever may be your creed:—
There's nothing on earth can help you
So much as a kindly deed.

REV. J. S. CUTLER in "UNIVERSALIST LEADER".

A HELPFUL TOUCH

As we meet and touch each day
The many travellers on our way,
Let each such brief contact be
A glorious, helpful ministry;
The contact of the soil and seed,
Each giving to the other's need;
Each helping on the other's best,
And blessing each, as well as blest.

"FORWARD".

THE BEST FAITH

I DEEM his faith the best
Who daily puts it into loving deeds,
Done for the poor, the sorrowing and the oppressed;
For these are more than creeds,
And though a blinded reason oft may err,
The heart that loves is faith's interpreter.

EDWARD PAYSON POWELL.

HARMONY CLUB OF AMERICA

AN independent organization of earnest people everywhere, who want to make the most of life and to be happy while doing it. The aim is: To harmonize people with themselves, their surroundings and each other; to prove the efficient value of a smile and song in everyday life; to establish the perfect unity of body, mind, heart, and spirit; to investigate, formulate, and demonstrate the scientific laws of Happiness; to enunciate the principles of wholesome, triumphant, sincere living; to maintain a brotherhood of individuals, where sympathy is the only bond; to promote free discussion of every subject that makes for clear understanding of life. Literature mailed on request. Headquarters at 30 Church Street, New York City.

HARMONY CLUB RESOLVE

To create happiness in myself and others.

I will keep a strong body for the work I have to do; a loving heart for those about me; a clear mind for all truth, whose recognition brings freedom; a poised, unconquerable soul for the ideal whose champion I declare myself

And I will possess a faith mighty enough to rout anxiety, ride over difficulty, challenge hardship, smile

through grief, deny failure, see only victory, looking to the end; by which hopeful assurance now attuned, I am at peace with myself, the world, and the Infinite.

“HARMONY at the center radiates happiness throughout the whole sphere of life.”

OUR content is our best having.

SHAKESPEARE.

FOR every happy smile, the world
Whirls on its way with less of care.

TO LIVE

MOST of the things that worry us
Don't matter much.
Too many of us fret and fuss
At every touch;
There's nothing that's of great concern,
Except to live, and love, and learn.

Suppose the world don't go our way,
What of it then?
We have the better chance to-day
To act like men;
And still insist at every turn
We're here to live, and love, and learn.

It isn't doing what we would
That counts for most;
It's being brave and kind and good,
Amid the host;
For better than to crave and yearn,
Is just to live, and love, and learn.

We make too much of feast and joy
And sordid gain;
The things that vex us and annoy,
The toil and pain,
And every malady we spurn
May help us live, and love, and learn.

And there is nothing else to fear,
Of good or ill,
Than just the failure of good cheer,
And honest will;
No loss need fright us if we earn
More power to live, and love, and learn.

TRUE wisdom consists not in seeing what is immediately before our eyes, but in foreseeing what is to come. TERENCE.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him. LOWELL.

WHAT shall I do to be forever known?—
Thy duty ever. JOHANN VON SCHILLER.

SERVICE

ONLY a word of warning,
Spoken in fear;
Only a prayer at the dawning,
Only a tear.

Only a pencilled letter,
Written in pain;
Only a sad one encouraged
To start again.

Only a bright "Good morning"
To those we meet;
Only a lame one assisted
Across the street.

Only helping a school boy
His task to learn;
Only showing a stranger
The way to turn.

Only reading a chapter
To some one blind;
Only leaving a sparkle
Of light behind.

Only shading the window
For some one ill;

Only an offer to keep
The bairnies still.

Only placing some violets
Beside the bed;
Only the pillow turned
For the aching head.

THEODORA PLEDGE, in the LONDON "CHRISTIAN".

NOTHING worth doing can be done with doubt and despair in the foreground. The slightest undertaking is helped by a sure faith in its success. If you do not feel that you can win in what you set out to do, this lack of faith itself may cause you needless defeat. In periods of gloom it is well to remember that no two days are just alike, and that, as Richter says, "Laughing cheerfulness throws the light of day on all around."

LOOK AT THE BRIGHT SIDE

LEARN to look at the bright side, the good things in life. Do not let the shadow of discouragement and despondency fall on your path. Never doubt for a moment that everything will turn out for the best in the end. If you believe firmly in yourself you will be given the strength to do some day what may now seem to be impossible. Your effort and success will accord with the amount of faith and hope

you put into your work. Do not anticipate trouble. Cut out all anxiety and advance fearlessly and bravely. Take the road and it will lead you to the goal, though strewn with difficulties. Don't fret and give up in despair if you don't "arrive" as soon as you would like to; all progress, of the best kind, is slow; but to him who works faithfully and in a right spirit will be given the reward in good time. Hold up your head and look the world in the face; hold your ground and march bravely forward, over all obstacles, and the world will make way for you. "They can who think they can."

GEORGE F. BUTLER, A. M., M. D. in N. Y. "GLOBE".

FOR an empty crown is a bauble,
And he is a sovereign alone
Who lives to bring joy unto others,
And to make their trouble his own.

LUCY LARCOM.

MY CREED

You ask me to what church I pin my faith.
To none, and yet I love God's temple, and
My life is shaped and molded to a creed
So simple that a child may understand.

I love the living Source of all that's fair
And beautiful on earth and sky and sea.

I love my fellow being, and I try
To do as I would have them do by me.

I think if we reach out a helping hand
To those who faint and falter by the way—
If by our sympathy and kindly aid
Some sorrowing heart finds happiness each day.

And if we ever carry in our hands
The mantle of sweet charity and grace
To shield the weak and erring ones of earth
And lift them up to a securer place,

Then I believe if our incautious feet
Should wander out where thorns and thistles grow,
He still would follow us with boundless love
And lead us where the living waters flow.

BOSTON "TRANSCRIPT".

IT MAY BE MINE

"It may be mine to miss abounding health;
It may be mine to miss the clue to wealth:
I may be blind to much I long to see.
My hand be numb to what is offered me.
I may be deaf to music's sweetest chords;
My life may lack endeavors' high rewards;
It may be mine to walk life's way alone;
It may be mine to die unfamed, unknown.

And back will come sunshine and love true and dear
 Your blessing to double.

Suppose you try smiling.

All places are open to those who are glad,
 Too many lack courage, too many are sad;
 Those near you need cheering.

So sing with your burden, the way is not long,
 And if you look upward your heart will grow strong.
 And skies will be clearing.

Suppose you try smiling.

D O N ' T W A I T

If you've anything good to say of a man,
 Don't wait till he's laid to rest,
 For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
 Is an empty thing at best.
 Ah, the blighted flower now drooping lonely
 Would perfume the mountain side,
 If the sun's glad ray had but shone today
 And the pretty bud espied.

* * *

Don't wait for another to bear the burden
 Of sorrow's irksome load;
 Let your hand extend to a stricken friend
 As he totters adown life's road.
 And if you've anything good to say of a man,
 Don't wait till he's laid at rest;

For the eulogy spoken when hearts are broken
Is an empty thing at best.

S. E. KISER in CHICAGO "RECORD-HERALD."

Published by Permission.

IF you have a friend worth loving
Love him.—Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

HAPPINESS

IF thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee, but keeping thy divine part pure, if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this.

MARCUS AURELIUS

LIVES of great men all remind us,
We may make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us,

Footprints on the sands of time:
Footprints, that perhaps another
Travelling o'er life's solemn main:
Some forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

LONGFELLOW

POLITENESS is like an air cushion. There is nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

WHAT is the work I have done today?
Have I left a mark upon the way,
A kindly word, or a cheery smile
That has lingered in some heart awhile;
Straightened a path or a crooked road,
Lightened the weight of a weary load,
Into the shadow of some one's night
Sent even a tiny ray of light?

MAXWELL'S TALISMAN

SOMEWHERE

'Tis always morning somewhere, little heart;
Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue,
No night can wrap in darkness all the world,
Some rift the sun is ever shining through.

There's always happiness somewhere, sad heart;
Somewhere are always love and hope and cheer,

No sorrow can forever hide God's smile,
No life is toil and grief from birth to bier.

Look up and bide with patience, then, dear heart,
The sacred promise of the dawn is true,
Beyond the cloud a glad new day shall rise,
And what of joy is yours will come to you.

JESSIE C. GLASIER

REST is not quitting
This busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of life to its sphere.

GOETHE

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

LEIGH HUNT

MY GOAL

I MAY not strive to reach the heights,
My place is lowly and obscure;
But if at night I can recall
One helpful deed, however small;
If some bright word I may have said
A soul has cheered and comforted;
If I have tried, at least, to share
The burdens that my neighbors bear;
Then I can count my day well spent,
And sleep with calm and sweet content.

My name and fame may not be known in the
High places; on my head
No laurel wreath may ever set,
No bay leaves crown my brow, and yet,
If but one traveller on life's way
Will pause beside my grave and say,
"She did her best the world to make
A better place for mankind's sake,"

Then I shall feel my rest well earned,
Life's lessons not all vainly learned.

And when before the Great White Throne
I stand to meet the Master's eye,
I may not have a tale to tell
Of noble deeds and work done well ;
But if one child shall speak, and say,
"She carried me when rough the way,"
If he to whom I brought, in need,
A cup of water, will but plead
My cause, I know, 'twill yet be won,
And I shall hear the sweet "Well done!"

HELEN COMBES

HARD TIMES

HARD times will try to down you
If he gits a decent show ;
He likes to ketch you nappin'
When you're handicapped with woe.
Don't let him see you're frightened,
But jest look him in the eye ;
He'll tire of bein' hoodwinked
An' will leave you by an' by.

Hard times may try'n' surround you,
An' load you in his cart ;
Don't let him e'er confound you,

But sing him from your heart,
Hard times can't stand your singin',
Your music makes him smart;
Jest keep your bow a-swingin',
An' play him from your heart.

BOSTON "HERALD."

If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes by toil and not by self indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

RUSKIN

THE best things are nearest:

Breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you.

Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life.

IN COMMON THINGS

SEEK not far for beauty. Lo! it glows
In dew wet grasses all about thy feet;
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,
In stars, and mountain summits topped with snows.

Go not abroad for happiness. For see!

It is a flower that blossoms by thy door.

Bring love and justice home; and then no more
Thou'lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.

Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought.

The simple duty that awaits thy hand

Is God's voice uttering a divine command:
Life's common deeds build all that saints have
thought.

MINOT J. SAVAGE

HALF the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and in serving others.

HENRY DRUMMOND

LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE

A HEART without a trace of guile,
A countenance with sun in it,
A merry song, a merry smile,
And quip with lots of fun in it.

Gloom, you know, is sure to come,
Pain, and all the rest of it;
I have known it—all have some—
Let us make the best of it.

Then keep ahead of all your care,
They're fools who walk abreast of it.
So give the fling to fell despair
And always make the best of it.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK in N. Y. "SUN."

RESTLESS HEART, DON'T WORRY SO

DEAR restless heart, be still; don't fret and worry so;
God hath a thousand ways His love and help to show
Just trust, and trust, and trust, until His will
you know.

Dear restless heart, be still, for peace is God's own
smile;
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile;
Just love, and love, and love, and calmly wait a while.

Dear restless heart, be brave; don't moan and sorrow
so;
He hath a meaning kind in chilly winds that blow;
Just hope, and hope, and hope, until you braver
grow.

Dear restless heart, repose upon His heart an hour;
His heart is strength and life, His heart is bloom and
flower;
Just rest, and rest, and rest, within His tender power.

Dear restless heart, be still, don't toil and worry so;
God is the silent One, forever calm and slow;
Just wait, and wait, and wait, and work with Him
below.

Dear restless heart, be still; don't struggle to be
free;
God's life is in your life, to Him you may not flee;
Just pray, and pray, and pray, till you have faith
to see.

EDITH WILLIS LINN

GOOD TIMES

Good times they are comin',
Don't stand in their way;
Git onto the curbstone,
An' give 'em full sway.
Don't block up the traffic,
Don't hinder their pace;
Good times they are comin',
Make way for the race!

Good times they are comin',
Push, push on behind;
Don't scowl at the pageant,
Be cheerful an' kind.
Encourage the drummin'

With smiles on your face;
Good times they are comin',
Make way for the race!

BOSTON "HERALD".

SMILE

"SMILE, and the world smiles with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the good old earth has need of your mirth,
It has sorrow enough of its own."

OLD ENGLISH CLASSIC

DO NOT WAIT

Are there duties left undone?
Are there laurels to be won?
While the new year has begun,
Do not wait.

Is there someone's heart to cheer?
Have you made life's road less drear?
You've a chance in this new year.
Do not wait.

Have you left life's pages wet?
With the tears of some regret?
You've a few bright pages yet.
Do not wait.

Fill them full of life's that true,
Scatter smiles when days look blue,
They'll reflect more light to you.
Do not wait.

Are your records just as bright
As you wish they were to-night?
You can make them nearer right.
Do not wait.

LUMILLA CLAIRE CLARK

“If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain.
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or soothe one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.”

AND I, too, sing the song of all creation,—
A brave sky and a glad wind blowing by,
A clear trail and an hour for meditation,
A long day and the joy to make it fly;
A hard task and the muscle to achieve it,
A fierce noon, and a well-contented gloam,
A good strife and no great regret to leave it,
A still night and the far red lights of home.

THE ROAD TO LAUGHTERTOWN

Would ye learn the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way?
Would ye have young heart though your
 hair be gray?
Go learn from a little child each day,
Go serve his wants and play his play,
And catch the lilt of his laughter gay,
And follow his dancing feet as they stray;
For he knows the road to Laughtertown,
O ye who have lost the way.

KATHERINE D. BLAKE

FOLKS who never do any more than they get paid
for, never get paid for any more than they do!

ALA BABA

CREEDS grow out of life—not life out of creeds.

WRITE it in your heart that every day is the
best day in the year.

EMERSON

NEVER bear more than one kind of trouble at a
time. Some people bear three—all they have had,
all they have now and all they expect to have.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

INDEX TO TITLES

Abou Ben Adhem	107
Act the Man	60
All Things Come Right— <i>R. S. Pickering</i>	4
Beauty— <i>Ruskin</i>	28
Beauty of Work— <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	47
Be Cheerful	22
Best Day, The	76
Best Faith, The— <i>E. P. Powell</i>	95
Be Strong— <i>Rev. M. D. Babcock</i>	18
Build a Little Fence— <i>Mary Frances Butts</i>	16
But Once— <i>A. B. Hegeman</i>	5
Character	61
Cheerfulness— <i>R. McLain Fields</i>	21
Christmas, Spirit of— <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	46
Clear the Way— <i>Atlanta "Constitution"</i>	21
Contentment— <i>David Swing</i>	91
Courage— <i>Henry Van Dyke</i>	70
Creed Worth Believing	86
Daily Need— <i>John Brisbin Walker</i>	70
Day by Day	17
Do Not Wait— <i>Lumilla Claire Clark</i>	114
Don't Let the Song go out of Your Life— <i>Kate R. Stiles</i>	87
Don't Wait	104
Don't Worry— <i>Ripley D. Saunders</i>	89
Do Something for Somebody— <i>Rev. J. S. Cutler</i>	94
Duty— <i>Phillips Brooks</i>	90
Give Him a Lift	44
Good Night— <i>Victor Hugo</i>	47
Good Times— <i>Boston "Herald"</i>	113

INDEX TO TITLES

Happiness	105
Happiness, Rule for— <i>Kant</i>	50
Happiness, Secret of	51
Happy Life, Recipe for— <i>Queen Margaret</i>	50
Hard Times— <i>Boston "Herald"</i>	109
Harmony Club of America	96
Heart's Door, The— <i>E. E. Hale</i>	72
Helpful Touch— <i>Forward</i>	95
His Wealth	10
Holidays— <i>Longfellow</i>	37
Home Blessing	72
Humor a Good Buffer— <i>President Taft</i>	54
Ideal, The—"Donahue's Magazine"	36
In Common Things	110
Inspiration	10
Is Life Worth Living?— <i>T. W. Brown</i>	11
It May be Mine	102
Journey, The— <i>Washington "Star"</i>	33
Just to be Tender	90
Keep a'Goin— <i>Frank L. Stanton</i>	7
Keep Hustling— <i>George Loarts</i>	26
Keep the Bright Side Out— <i>S. E. Kiser</i>	2
Keep Your Grit— <i>L. E. Thayer</i>	14
Let us Smile— <i>Baltimore "American"</i>	24
Life— <i>Charlotte Becker</i>	85
Life's Mirror— <i>Madeline S. Bridges</i>	12
Little by Little	43
Little More Heart, A— <i>Baltimore "Sun"</i>	9
Little Things of Life	82
Little Word, The	8
Live it Down	79
Look at the Bright Side— <i>Dr. Geo. F. Butler</i>	100
Look Pleasant	93
Looking on the Bright Side— <i>La Touche Hancock</i>	111

INDEX TO TITLES

Man Who Does, The	42
Morning— <i>Browning</i>	5
My Creed	101
My Goal— <i>Helen Coombes</i>	108
My Share— <i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	66
Negro Funeral, The	39
Nobler Way, A— <i>Rev. J. A. Barnes</i>	78
No Use Grievin'— <i>Atlanta "Constitution"</i>	62
Now— <i>Charles R. Skinner</i>	6
Old-Fashioned Philosophy— <i>J. A. Edgerton</i>	45
One Kindly Thought	63
Open the Door	13
Optimism— <i>Jean Dwight Franklin</i>	1
Optimism— <i>Somerville "Journal"</i>	3
Opportunity— <i>Judge Walter Malone</i>	55
Pass It On— <i>Rev. Henry Burton</i>	27
Pessimism, Recipe for— <i>President Hyde</i>	85
Pluck Wins	61
Real Life— <i>James Freeman Clarke</i>	14
Restless Heart, Don't Worry So— <i>Edith Willis Linn</i>	112
Rhyme of the Season, A	48
Road to Laughtertown— <i>Katherine D. Blake</i>	116
Sanity, Recipe for— <i>Henry R. Eliot</i>	23
Say Something Good— <i>Baltimore "American"</i>	19
Service	99
Smile	13
Somebody	81
Something Each Day	88
Somewhere	106
Sower and Seed	92
Spring Cleaning— <i>R. S. Pickering</i>	16

INDEX TO TITLES

Sunshine Making— <i>Juniata Stafford</i>	34
Sun Will Shine, The— <i>Mary F. Butts</i>	38
Success— <i>John Kendrick Bangs</i>	57
Success? Is it— <i>Susie M. Best</i>	59
Struggle, The	74
Suppose You Try Smiling	103
Sympathy	68
Symphony, My— <i>W. H. Channing</i>	91
Thackeray's Creed— <i>Charlotte Becker</i>	83
Things that Count, The— <i>Clarence Urmy</i>	67
Today and Tomorrow	30
To Live	97
What I Live For— <i>G. L. Banks</i>	77
What Was His Creed?	32
Will Not Grow Old	88
World Within, The— <i>Whittier</i>	73
Worth Thinking of	71
Your Kingdom	93
You Will not be Sorry	78