

Nor to rebuke the rich offender fear'd;  
His preaching much, but more his practice  
wrought,  
(A living sermon of the truths he taught,)  
For this by rules severe his life he squar'd,  
That all might see the doctrine which they  
heard. *Dryden.*

At church with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double  
sway,  
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to  
pray. *Goldsmith.*

AN HONEST.  
I venerate the man whose heart is warm,  
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and  
whose life  
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
That he is honest in the sacred cause. *Cowper.*

LIFE OF A.  
The life of a pious minister is visible  
rhetoric. *Hooker.*

AN UNFAITHFUL.  
But the unfaithful priest, what tongue  
Enough shall execrate? *Pollok.*

MINISTERS.  
DETERIORATION OF.  
The day that witnesses the conversion of  
our ministers into political and philosophi-  
cal speculators or scientific lecturers, will  
witness the final decay of clerical weight  
and influence. *Bayne.*

DUTIES OF.  
Love and meekness  
Become a churchman better than ambition;  
Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away. *Shakespeare.*

EARNESTNESS OF.  
Surely that preaching which comes from  
the soul works most on the soul. *Fuller.*

SHOULD AVOID LEVITY.  
He that negotiates between God and man,  
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns  
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware  
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful  
To court a grin where you should woo a soul;  
To break a jest, when pity would inspire  
Pathetic exhortation; and address  
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,  
When sent with God's commission to the  
heart. *Cowper.*

DIVINE MISSION OF.  
Men of God have always, from time to  
time, walked among men, and made their  
commission felt in the heart and soul of  
the commonest hearer. *Emerson.*

TO WHOM THEY SHOULD FIRST PREACH.  
It would be well, if some who have taken  
upon themselves the ministry of the Gospel,  
that they would first preach to themselves,  
then afterwards to others. *Cardinal Pole.*

UNIVERSALLY VENERATED.  
The priesthood hath in all nations, and  
all religions, been held highly venerable.  
*Atterbury.*

MIRACLE.  
DEFINITION OF A.  
A miracle is a work exceeding the power  
of any created agent, consequently being  
an effect of the divine omnipotence. *South.*

MIRTH.  
BENEFITS OF.  
Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and length-  
ens life. *Shakespeare.*

BLESSINGS OF.  
O spirits gay, and kindly heart!  
Precious the blessings ye impart!  
*Joanna Baillie.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF.  
From the crown of his head to the sole of  
his foot he is all mirth; he has twice or  
thrice cut Cupid's bowstring, and the little  
hangman dare not shoot at him: he hath a  
heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is  
the clapper; for what his heart thinks his  
tongue speaks. *Shakespeare.*

CONCOMITANTS OF.  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.  
*Milton.*

EFFECTS OF.  
Fun gives you a forcible hug, and shakes  
laughter out of you, whether you will or  
no. *Garrick.*

EXCELLENCE OF.  
Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;  
And ev'ry grin so merry, draws one out.  
*Dr. Wolcot.*

Let me play the fool:  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles  
come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine,  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
*Shakespeare.*

JOYS OF.  
The greatness that would make us grave,  
Is but an empty thing.  
What more than mirth would mortals  
have?—  
The cheerful man's a king. *Bickerstaff.*

MISANTHROPE.  
THE.  
There cannot live a more unhappy crea-  
ture than an ill-natured old man, who is  
neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor  
sensible of doing them to others.  
*Sir W. Temple.*

I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.  
*Shakespeare.*

MISCHIEF.  
AN ACCESSORY TO.  
He that may hinder mischief,  
And yet permits it, is an accessory.  
*Freeman.*

BEGETS ITSELF.  
Mischief that may be help'd, is hard to  
know;  
And danger going on still multiplies,  
Where harm hath many wings, care arms  
too late. *Lord Brooke.*

MOURNING FOR.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.  
*Shakespeare.*

PRONENESS TO.  
As prone to mischief, as able to perform it.  
*Ibid.*

SWIFTNESS OF.  
O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.  
*Ibid.*

MISER.  
ANXIETIES OF THE.  
L'Avare not using half his store,  
Still grumbles that he has no more;  
Strikes not the present time, for fear  
The vintage should be bad next year,  
And eats to-day with inward sorrow,  
And dread of fancy'd want to-morrow.  
*Prior.*

Who, lord of millions, trembles for his  
store,  
And fears to give a farthing to the poor;  
Proclaims that penury will be his fate,  
And, scowling, looks on charity with hate.  
*Dr. Wolcot.*

Some o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad;  
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of  
bread. *Young.*

He turns with anxious heart and crippled  
hands,  
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands.  
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.  
*Dr. Johnson.*

AVARICIOUSNESS OF THE.  
I can compare our rich misers to nothing  
so fitly as to a whale; that plays and tum-  
bles, driving the poor fry before him, and  
at last devours them all at a mouthful.  
*Shakespeare.*

The miser lives alone, abhor'd by all  
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scap'd,  
But, canker-like, eats through the poor  
men's hearts  
That live about him: never has commerce  
With any but to ruin them: his house  
Inhospitable as the wilderness,  
And never look'd upon but with a curse.  
He hoards in secret places of the earth,  
Not only bags of treasure, but his corn;  
Whose every grain he prizes 'bove a life;  
And never prays at all but for dear years.  
*May.*

CHARACTER OF THE.  
Having no other pleasure of his gain  
But torment, that it cannot ease his pain.  
*Shakespeare.*

DECEPTION OF THE.  
But the base miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at  
more,  
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.  
*Dryden.*

REWARD OF THE.  
He that toils and labours hard  
To gain, and what he gets has par'd,  
Is from the use of all debarr'd.  
And though he can produce more spankers,  
Than all the usurers and bankers;  
Yet after more and more he bankers;  
And after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own  
But a mere livelihood alone. *Butler.*

MISERIES.  
SMALL.  
Small miseries, like small debts, hit us in  
so many places, and meet us at so many  
turns and corners, that what they want in  
weight, they make up in number, and ren-  
der it less hazardous to stand the fire of one  
cannon ball, than a volley composed of such  
a shower of bullets. *Colton.*



As small letters hurt the sight, so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in reference to greater affairs. *Plutarch.*

## MISERY.

## CAUSES OF.

Misery is caused for the most part not by a heavy crush of disaster, but by the corrosion of less visible evils, which canker enjoyment and undermine security. The visit of an invader is necessarily rare, but domestic animosities allow no cessation. *Dr. S. Johnson.*

## POWER OF.

This iron world  
Brings down the stoutest hearts to lowest state:  
For misery doth bravest minds abate. *Spenser.*

## SELFISHNESS OF.

Misery still delights to trace  
Its semblance in another's case. *Cowper.*

## MISERY AND IGNORANCE.

Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious counsels. *Addison.*

## MISFORTUNE.

## ANTICIPATION OF.

Misfortune brings  
Sorrow enough: 'tis envy to ourselves,  
To augment it by prediction. *Heywood.*

## CONSOLATION IN.

When any calamity has been suffered,  
the first thing to be remembered, is how much has been escaped. *Johnson.*

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. *Jerome.*

## CONTEMPT OF.

Nothing is a misery,  
Unless our weakness apprehend it so:  
We cannot be more faithful to ourselves  
In anything that's manly, than to make  
Ill fortune as contemptible to us,  
As it makes us to others. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

## EFFECTS OF.

A soul exasperated in ills, falls out  
With everything,—its friend, itself. *Addison.*

## RETRIBUTIVE.

Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd;  
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,  
But rises in demand for her delay;  
She makes a scourge of past prosperity  
To sting thee more and double thy distress. *Young.*

## STATE OF.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low. *Shakespeare.*

## USE OF.

Misfortune does not always wait on vice,  
Nor is success the constant guest of virtue. *Havard.*

## MISTAKE.

## A COMMON.

The young fancy that their follies are  
mistaken by the old, for happiness; and  
the old fancy that their gravity is mistaken  
by the young, for wisdom. *Colton.*

## MISTAKEN PEOPLE.

No people are more often wrong than  
those who will not allow themselves to be  
wrong. *La Rochefoucauld.*

## MISTRUST.

## COWARDICE.

I hold it cowardice,  
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart  
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love. *Shakespeare.*

## DISGRACEFULNESS OF.

It is more disgraceful to distrust than to  
be deceived by our friends. *La Rochefoucauld.*

## PREVALENCE OF.

The world is an old woman, that mistakes  
any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby  
being often cheated, she will henceforth  
trust nothing but the common copper. *Carlyle.*

## MISUNDERSTANDING AND INATTENTION.

## EVIL OF.

Misunderstanding and inattention create  
more uneasiness in the world than decep-  
tion and artifice, or, at least, their conse-  
quences are more universal. *Goethe.*

## MODERATION.

For aught I see, they are as sick, that sur-  
feit with too much, as they that starve with  
nothing; it is no mean happiness, therefore,  
to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes  
sooner by white hairs, but competency lives  
longer. *Shakespeare.*

## BOUNDARY OF.

The boundary of man is moderation.  
When once we pass that pale, our guardian  
angel quits his charge of us. *Feltham.*

## IN EATING.

Moderation is like temperance; we should  
wish to eat more, but are afraid of injuring  
our health. *La Rochefoucauld.*

## MODESTY.

## CHARMS OF.

The crimson glow of modesty o'erspread  
Her cheek, and gave new lustre to her  
charms. *Dr. Thomas Franklin.*

## A CONFESSION OF DEFICIENCY.

Modesty is the lowest of the virtues, and  
is a confession of the deficiency it indicates.  
He who under-values himself is justly un-  
dervalued by others. *Hazlitt.*

## DEFINITION OF.

Modesty is a kind of shame or bashfulness  
proceeding from the sense a man has of his  
own defects compared with the perfections  
of him whom he comes before. *South.*

## EMBLEM OF.

The meek mountain daisy, with delicate  
crest,  
And the violet whose eye told the heaven  
of her breast. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

The violet droops its soft and bashful brow,  
But from its heart sweet incense fills the  
air;—  
So rich within—so pure without—art thou,  
With modest mien and soul of virtue  
rare. *Mrs. Osgood.*

## GAINS GOODWILL.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the  
goodwill of those he converses with, be-  
cause nobody envies a man who does not  
appear to be pleased with himself. *Steele.*

## GRACES OF.

That modest grace subdued my soul,  
That chastity of look which seems to hang  
A veil of purest light o'er all her beauties,  
And by forbidding, most inflame desires. *Young.*

## LOOKS OF.

Her looks do argue her replete with mod-  
esty. *Shakespeare.*

## REWARD OF.

The man that's silent nor proclaims his  
want,  
Gets more than him that makes a loud  
complaint. *Creech.*

## SILENCE OF.

Modesty is silent when it would be im-  
proper to speak; the humble, without being  
called upon, never recollects to say any-  
thing of himself. *Lavater.*

## TRUE AND FALSE.

True modesty is a discerning grace.  
And only blushes in the proper place;  
But counterfeit is blind, and skulks through  
fear,  
Where 'tis a shame to be ashamed t' appear:  
Humility the parent of the first,  
The last by vanity produc'd and nurs'd. *Cowper.*

## ASSOCIATED WITH VIRTUE.

Modesty seldom resides in a breast that  
is not enriched with nobler virtues. *Goldsmith.*

## A WEAKNESS.

Sure 't was his modesty. He might have  
thriven  
Much better possibly, had his ambition  
Been greater much. They oft-times take  
more pains  
Who look for pins, than those who find out  
stars. *John Fountain.*

Modesty in a man is never to be allowed  
as a good quality, but a weakness, if it sup-  
presses his virtue, and hides it from the  
world, when he has at the same time a  
mind to exert himself. *Johnson.*

## MOMENT.

## DUTY OF A.

There is not a moment without some duty. *Cicero.*

## MIGHTINESS OF A.

A moment is a mighty thing  
Beyond the soul's imagination;  
For in it, though we trace it not,  
How much there crowds of varied lot  
How much of life, life cannot see,  
Darts onward to eternity!  
*Robert Montgomery*

## MOMENTS.

## IMPORTANCE OF.

Think nought a trifle, though it small ap-  
pear;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make  
the year,  
And trifles life. *Young.*

## MONASTERIES.

## REASONS FOR ADOPTING.

There are some solitary creatures who  
seem to have left the rest of mankind, only  
to meet the devil in private. *H. G. Adams.*

## MONEY.

The picklock that never fails. *Massinger.*



## BEGETS ITSELF.

Remember that money is of a prolific, generating nature. Money can beget money, and its offspring can beget more, and so on. Five shillings turned is six: turned again it is seven and threepence; and so on till it becomes a hundred pounds. The more there is of it, the more it produces every turning, so that the profits rise quicker and quicker. He that kills a breeding sow, destroys all her offspring to the thousandth generation. He that murders a crown, destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds. *Franklin.*

## BENEFITS OF.

By doing good with his money, a man as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven. *Rutledge.*

## MUST CIRCULATE.

Money, the life-blood of the nation, Corrupts and stagnates in the veins, Unless a proper circulation Its motion and its heat maintains. *Swift.*

Money is like manure, of very little use except it be spread. *Bacon.*

## DEIFYING.

If you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil. *Fielding.*

## DESPISING.

To despise money on some occasions leads to the greatest gains. *Terence.*

## EVILS OF.

Money and man a mutual falsehood show, Men make false money,—money makes men so. *Aleyn's Henry.*

The god of this world is riches, pleasure, and pride, wherewith it abuses all the creatures and gifts of God. *Luther.*

Mammon has two properties: it makes us secure, first, when it goes well with us, and then we live without fear to God at all; secondly, when it goes ill with us, then we tempt God, fly from Him, and seek after another god. *Ibid.*

Mammon has enriched his thousands, and has damned his ten thousands. *South.*

## IMPOTENCE OF.

The wretched impotence of gold. *Young.*

## INFLUENCE OF.

See what money can do; that can change Men's manners; alter their conditions! How tempestuous the slaves are without it! O thou powerful metal! what authority

Is in thee! thou art the key of all men's Mouths; with thee a man may lock up the jaws

Of an informer, and without thee he Cannot the lips of a lawyer. *Broome.*

Pray, sir, what turn'd you Turks?—

That for which many their religion, Most men their faith, all change their honesty,—

Profit: that gilded god, commodity. *Danborne.*

Gold is the fool's curtain, which hides all his defects from the world. *Feltham.*

Gold is a wonderful clearer of the understanding it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and inflexible. *Addison.*

## LOVE OF.

That I might live alone once with my gold O, 'tis a sweet companion, kind and true; A man may trust it when his father cheats him,

Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous self,

That which makes all men false, is true itself. *Johnson.*

The love of money is the root of all evil; which while some coveted after they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows. *1 Tim. vi. 10.*

The meanest rage And latest folly of man's sinking age, Which rarely venturing in the van of life, While nobler passions wage their heated strife, Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear, And dies, collecting lumber in the rear! *Moore.*

Midas longed for gold, and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods; the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a truth in these old fables! *Carlyle.*

Some have been so wedded to their riches, that they have used all the means they could to take them with them. Athenæus reporteth of one, that at the hour of his death he devoured many pieces of gold, and sewed

the rest in his coat, commanding that they should be all buried with him. Hermodrates being loath that any man should enjoy his goods after him, made himself, by his will, heir of his own goods. *Grey.*

## LUST OF.

The lust of gold succeeds the lust of conquests; The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless, The last corruption of degenerate man. *Johnson.*

## PARENTAGE OF.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,

Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low; Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine. *Herbert.*

For they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open. *Shakespeare.*

What makes all doctrines plain and clear? About two hundred pounds a year. And that which was proved true before, Prove false again? Two hundred more. *Butler.*

Why nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal. *Shakespeare.*

'Tis gold Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd and saves the thief; Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: What Can it not do, and undo? *Ibid.*

Stronger than thunder's winged force, All-powerful gold can spread its course, Through watchful guards its passage make, And loves through solid walls to break: From gold the overwhelming woes That crush'd the Grecian augur rose: Philip with gold through cities broke, And rival monarchs felt his yoke; Captains of ships to gold are slaves, Though fierce as their own winds and waves. *Francis.*

## PROPER PLACE OF.

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart. *Swift.*

## A SERVANT.

Money is a good servant, but a dangerous master. *Bonhours.*

If money be not thy servant, it will be thy master. The covetous man cannot so properly be said to possess wealth, as that it may be said to possess him. *Charron.*

## TEMPTATIONS OF.

Money does all things for reward; some are pious and honest as long as they thrive upon it, but if the devil himself gives better wages, they soon change their party. *Seneca.*

## IN TRUST.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. *Holmes.*

## WANT OF.

He that wants money, means and content, is without three good friends. *Shakespeare.*

## MONEY AND TIME.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use. *Johnson.*

## MOON.

## ADDRESS TO THE.

Sweet moon! if like Crotona's sage, By any spell my hand could dare To make thy disk its ample page, And write my thoughts, my wishes there; How many a friend, whose careless eye Now wanders o'er that starry sky, Should smile upon thy orb to meet The recollection, kind and sweet, The reveries of fond regret, The promise, never to forget, And all my heart and soul would send To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend! *Moore.*

## BEAUTIES OF THE.

So when the sun's broad beams have tired the sight, All mild ascends the moon's more sober light; Serene in virgin modesty she shines, And unobserved, the glaring orb declines. *Pope.*

## COLD BEAUTY OF THE.

The cold chaste Moon, the Queen of Heaven's bright isles, Who makes all beautiful on which she smiles! That wandering shrine of soft, yet icy flame, Which ever is transform'd yet still the same, And warms, but not illumines. *Shelley.*



## BLESSING OF THE.

O! moon old boughs lisp forth a holier din,  
The while they feel thine airy fellowship:  
Thou dost bless everywhere with silver lip,  
Kissing dead things to life. *John Keats.*

## FULL.

A mighty purpose rises large and slow  
From out the fluctuations of my soul,  
As ghost-like, from the dim and tumbling  
sea

Starts the completed moon.

*Alexander Smith.*

## INFLUENCE OF THE.

The moon charms the watery world below,  
Wakes the still seas, and makes them ebb  
and flow. *Lee.*

## SADDENING INFLUENCE OF THE.

The moon, she is the source of sighs,  
The very face to make us sad;  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm quiet look she had.

*Thomas Hood.*

## A SILVER LAMP.

Cynthia, fair regent of the night,  
O may thy silver lamp from heav'n's high  
bow'r

Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour.

*Gay.*

## A LINGERING.

Methinks how slow  
This old moon wanes! she lingers my de-  
sires,

Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,  
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

*Shakespeare.*

## THE NEW.

Like the young moon,  
When on the sunlit limits of the night  
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,  
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers  
might,

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear  
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim  
form

Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair.

*Shelley.*

## QUEEN OF NIGHT.

The queen of night  
Round us pours a lambent light:  
Light that seems but just to show  
Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.

*Dr. Johnson.*

The queen of night  
Shines fair with all her virgin stars about  
her.

*Otway.*

Now glow'd the firmament  
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest; till the  
moon

Riding in clouded majesty, at length,  
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

*Milton.*

## REFLECTIONS OF THE.

When Phoebe doth behold  
Her silver visage in the watery glass,  
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed glass.

*Shakespeare.*

## RISEN.

See

The moon is up, it is the dawn of night;  
Stands by her side one bold, bright, steady  
star;

Star of her heart, and heir to all her light,  
Whereon she looks so proudly, mild and  
calm,

As though she were the mother of that star.

*Bailey*

## RISING.

The rising moon has hid the stars,  
Her level rays, like golden bars  
Lie on the landscape green,

With shadows brown between,  
And silver white the river gleams,  
As if Diana, in her dreams,  
Had dropt her silver bow

Upon the meadows low. *Longfellow.*

## SETTING.

The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains,

In high spring tide, at midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed and take her rest.

*Butler.*

## MOONLIGHT.

## BEAUTY OF.

Now through the passing clouds she seems  
to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming  
mild

O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy  
vale,

While rocks and floods reflect the quivering  
gleam,

The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the  
world.

*Thomson.*

A lovelier, purer light than that of day  
Rests on the hills; and, oh, how awfully  
Into the deep and tranquil firmament

The summits of Anseva rise serene!

## MORAL LAW.

## THE.

The moral law is written on the tablets of  
eternity. For every false word or unright-  
eous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for  
lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at  
last. *J. A. Froude.*

## MORNING.

## APPEARANCE OF.

But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern  
hill. *Shakespeare.*

Now from night's womb the glorious day  
breaks forth,  
And seems to kindle from the setting stars.

*Lee.*

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent  
blaze

Looks gaily fierce o'er all the dazzling air.

*Thomson.*

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly!  
The sun emerging opes the azure sky;  
A fresher green the smiling leaves display

And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the  
day.

*Parnell.*

The purple morning left her crimson bed  
And down'd her robes of pure vermilion  
hue.

*Fairfax.*

Morn, in the white wake of the morning  
star,  
Came furrowing all the orient into gold.

*Tennyson*

## APPROACH OF.

Day dawns, the twilight gleam dilates,  
The sun comes forth, and, like a god,  
Rides through rejoicing heaven.

*Southey.*

Night wanes—the vapours round the moun-  
tains curl'd

Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.

*Byron.*

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime  
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient  
pearl.

*Milton.*

Lo on the eastern summit, clad in grey,  
Morn like a horseman girt in travel, comes,  
And from his tower of mist

Night's watchman hurries down.

*H. H. White.*

## LIGHT OF.

Morning light

More orient in yon western cloud, that draws  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white.

*Milton.*

The watchman on the battlements partakes  
The stillness of the solemn hour, and feels  
The silence of the earth; the endless sound  
Of flowing water soothes him, and the stars,  
Which in that brightest moonlight well  
nigh quenched

Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth  
Of yonder sapphire infinite are seen,  
Draw on with elevating influence

Toward eternity the attempered mind:  
Musing on worlds beyond the grave he  
stands,

And to the virgin mother silently  
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

## INFLUENCE OF.

My own lov'd light,  
That every soft and solemn spirit worships,  
That lovers love so well—strange joy is  
thine,

Whose influence o'er all tides of soul hath  
power,

Who lend'st thy light to rapture and des-  
pair;

The glow of hope and wan hue of sick fancy  
Alike reflect thy rays: alike thou lightest  
The path of meeting or of parting love—  
Alike on mingling or on breaking hearts

Thou smil'st in throned beauty!

## THE HOUR OF.

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness which leaves room for the full  
soul

To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control.

*Byron.*

## MOONRISE.

Beholding the moon rise  
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of  
the meadows:

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows  
of heaven,  
Blossom'd the lovely stars, the forget-me-  
nots of the angels.

*Longfellow.*

## MORALITY.

## PRINCIPLES OF.

Moral principles require reasoning and  
discourse to discover the certainty of their  
truths; they lie not open as natural charac-  
ters engraven on the mind.

*Locke.*

## WITHOUT RELIGION.

Let us with caution indulge the supposi-  
tion that morality can be maintained with-  
out religion. Reason and experience both  
forbid us to expect that natural morality  
can prevail in exclusion of religious princi-  
ples.

*Washington.*



## SIGNS OF.

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

*Shakespeare.*

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white  
moon

Hung like a vapour in the cloudless sky.

*Rogers.*

Sullen, methinks, and slow the morning  
breaks,

As if the sun were listless to appear,  
And dark designs hung heavy on the day.

*Dryden.*

The morning rises black, the low'ring sun  
Drives heavily his sable chariots on;  
The face of day now blushes scarlet deep.

*Lee.*

Yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Shakespeare.*

The morn  
Rises upon my thoughts; her silver hand  
With her fair pencil strikes the darkness  
out

And paints the glorious face of day.

*Havard.*

Is not yon gleam the shudd'ring morn,  
that flakes

With silver tincture the east verge of  
heaven?

*Marston.*

The eye of day hath oped its lids.

*Shakespeare.*

The silent hours steal on  
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

*Ibid.*

## A SIMILE.

Morn, like a maiden glancing o'er her  
pearls,

Streamed o'er the manna-dew, as though  
the ground

Were sown with star-seed.

*P. J. Bailey.*

The rosy-finger'd morn did there disclose  
Her beauty, ruddy as a blushing bride,

Gilding the marigold, painting the rose,  
With Indian chrysolites her cheeks were  
dy'd.

*Baron.*

## SPLENDOR OF.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm  
and high;

Infinite splendour! wide investing all.

*Thomson.*

## STAR OF.

Now the bright morning-star day's har-  
binger,

Comes dancing from the east.

*Milton.*

Bright as does the morning star appear,  
Out of the east with flaming locks bedight,  
To tell the dawning day is drawing near.

*Spenser.*

## SWEETNESS OF.

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising  
sweet,

With charm of earliest birds.

*Milton.*

## MORTALITY.

This muddy vesture of decay.

*Shakespeare.*

## MOTHER.

## DEATH OF A.

The loss of a mother is always felt; even  
though her health may incapacitate her  
from taking any active part in the care of  
her family, still she is a sweet rallying point,  
around which affection and obedience, and  
a thousand tender endeavours to please,  
concentrate; and dreary is the blank when  
such a point is withdrawn! It is like that  
lonely star before us; neither its heat nor  
light are anything to us in themselves; yet  
the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he  
missed it, when he lifts his eye to the brow  
of the mountain over which it rises when  
the sun descends.

*Lamartine.*

## A FRIEND.

She was my friend—I had but her—no more,  
No other upon earth—and as for heaven,  
I am as they that seek a sign, to whom  
No sign is given. My mother! Oh, my  
mother!

*Taylor.*

## INFLUENCE OF A.

O wondrous power! how little understood,—  
Entrusted to the mother's mind alone,  
To fashion genius, form the soul for good,  
Inspire a West, or train a Washington!

*Mrs. Hale.*

## HOLINESS OF A.

A mother is a mother still,  
The holiest thing alive.

*Coleridge.*

## QUEEN OF THE WORLD.

The mother, in her office, holds the key  
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the  
coin

Of character, and makes the being who  
would be a savage,

But for her gentle cares, a christian man;  
Then crown her queen of the world.

*Old Play.*

## MOTION.

Motion is the life of all things.

*Duchess of Newcastle.*

## MOURNERS.

## FOR THE DEAD.

There is a tear for all that die;  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.

*Byron.*

## MOURNING.

## ACTED.

None acted mourning forced to show,  
Or squeeze his eyes to make the torrent  
flow.

*Dryden.*

## MADNESS OF.

Excess of grief for the deceased is mad-  
ness; for it is an injury to the living, and  
the dead know it not.

*Xenophon.*

## SECRESY OF.

They truly mourn, that mourn without a  
witness.

*Baron.*

## MURDER.

## THE WORST CRIME.

Murder itself is past all expiation,  
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor.

*Goffe.*

Is there a crime

Beneath the roof of heaven, that stains the  
soul

Of man, with more infernal hue, than  
damn'd

Assassination.

*Cibber.*

## WILL SPEAK OUT.

Blood hath strange organs to discourse  
withal;

It is a clam'rous orator, and then  
Ev'n nature will exceed herself, to tell  
A crime, so thwarting nature.

*Gomersall.*

## UNPARDONABLE.

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that  
kill.

*Shakespeare.*

## MURMURING.

Murmur at nothing: if our ills are repar-  
able, it is ungrateful; if remediless, it is  
vain.

*Ibid.*

## MUSIC.

O music, sphere descended maid,  
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid.

*Collins.*

## NOT APPRECIATED.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet  
sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus;

Let no such man be trusted.

*Shakespeare.*

## THE ART OF.

Music is the art of the prophets, the only  
art that can calm the agitations of the soul;  
it is one of the most magnificent and de-  
lightful presents God has given us.

*Lutner.*

## CHARMS OF.

Music hath charms to soothe a savage  
breast,

To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.  
I've read that things inanimate have moved,  
And as with living souls have been inform'd

By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

*Congreve.*

Call in sweet music. I have heard soft airs  
Can charm our senses and expel our cares.

*Sir J. Denham.*

How music charms?

How metre warms?

Parent of actions good and brave!

How vice it tames?

And worth inflames?

And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

*Young.*

## DEFINITION OF.

The soul of art best loved when love is  
by.

*Brown.*

## DELIGHTS OF.

I seem through consecrated walks to rove,  
I hear soft music die along the grove:

Led by the sound, I roam from shade to  
shade,

By godlike poets venerable made.

*Pope.*

## WHEN DYING.

Let me have music dying, and I seek no  
more delight.

*Keats.*

## EAR FOR.

A good ear for music and a taste for mu-  
sic are two very different things, which are  
often confounded; and so is comprehending  
and enjoying every object of sense and sen-  
timent.

*Greville.*

## INDULGENCE IN.

Music is the only sensual gratification  
which mankind may indulge in to excess  
without injury to their moral or religious  
feelings.

*Addison.*

## INFLUENCE OF.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds  
And as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd  
With melting airs of martial, brisk or  
grave.

Some chord in unison with what we hear  
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.

*Cowper.*



Music exalts each joy, allays each grief  
Expels diseases, softens every pain,  
Subdues the rage of poison and of plague.

*Armstrong.*

Music so softens and disarms the mind  
That not an arrow does resistance find.

*Waller.*

GENTLE INFLUENCE OF.  
Music which gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

*Tennyson.*

THE FOOD OF LOVE.

If music be the food of love, play on,  
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—  
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor.

*Shakespeare.*

MEMORY OF.

Music, where soft voices die,  
Violets in the memory.

*Shelley.*

POWER OF.

There is a charm, a power, that sways the  
breast;

Bids every passion revel or be still;

Inspires with rage, or all our cares dis-  
solves;

Can soothe distraction, and almost despair—  
That power is music.

*Armstrong.*

E'en rage itself is cheer'd with music:

It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,  
Calls back past joys, and warms us into  
transport.

*Rowe.*

POWER OF.

Music can noble hints impart,  
Engender fury, kindle love;  
With unsuspected eloquence can move,  
And manage all the man with secret art.

*Addison.*

Of all the arts beneath the heaven,  
That man has found, or God has given,  
None draws the soul so sweet away,  
As music's melting, mystic lay;  
Slight emblem of the bliss above,  
It soothes the spirit all to love.

*Hogg.*

SPELL OF.

Music!—O how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!

Why should feeling ever speak

When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
Love's are e'en more false than they;

Oh! 'tis only music's strain

Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

*Moore.*

IN ALL THINGS.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;

There's music in the gushing of a rill;

There's music in all things, if men had ears.

Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

*Byron.*

MUTABILITY.

All things that we ordained festival,

Turn from their office to black funeral;

Our instruments, to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer, to sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

*Shakespeare.*

MYSTERY.

CHARACTERISTICS OF.

A proper secrecy is the only mystery of  
able men; mystery is the only secrecy of  
weak and cunning ones.

*Chesterfield.*

EFFECTS OF.

Mystery magnifies danger, as a fog the  
sun; the hand that warned Belshazzar, de-  
rived its horrifying influence from the want  
of a body.

*Colton.*

SUSPICION OF.

Where there is mystery, it is generally  
supposed that there must also be evil.

*Byron.*

MYTHOLOGY.

The heathen mythology not only was not  
true, but was not even supported as true;  
it not only deserved no faith, but it de-  
manded none.

*Whately.*

NAME.

A GOOD.

Who swerves from innocence, who makes  
divorce

Of that serene companion—a good name,

Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,

With doubt, with fear, and haply with re-  
morse.

*Wordsworth.*

A good name is fitly compared to a pre-  
cious ointment, and when we are praised  
with skill and decency, it is indeed the most  
agreeable perfume; but if too strongly ad-  
mitted into the brain of a less vigorous and  
happy texture, it will, like too strong an  
odour, overcome the senses, and prove per-  
nicious to those nerves it was intended to  
refresh. A generous mind is of all others

the most sensible of praise and dispraise;  
and a noble spirit is as much invigorated  
with its due proportion of honor and ap-  
plause, as it is depressed by neglect and con-  
tempt. But it is only persons far above the  
common level who are thus affected with  
either of these extremes; as in a thermom-  
eter it is only the purest and most subli-  
mated spirit that is either contracted or di-  
lated by the benignity or inclemency of the  
season.

*Sir R. Steele.*

INFLUENCE OF.

He left a name, at which the world grew  
pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

*Johnson.*

MAGIC OF A.

Who hath not owned, with rapture smitten  
frame,

The power of grace, the magic of a name?

*Campbell.*

NAMES.

GREAT.

Great names degrade instead of elevating  
those who know not how to sustain them.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

IMPORTANCE OF.

He that has complex ideas, without par-  
ticular names for them, would be in no  
better case than a book-seller who had vol-  
umes that lay unbound and without titles,  
which he could make known to others only  
by showing the loose sheets.

*Locke.*

NATURE.

Nature the vicar of the Almighty Lord.

*Chaucer.*

ABUNDANCE IN.

Nature's full blessings would be well dis-  
pensed

In unsuperfluous, even proportion,

And she no whit encumber'd with her store!

*Milton.*

ACTIVITY OF.

Nature knows no pause in progress and  
development, and attaches her curse on all  
inaction.

*Goethe.*

TEST OF ART.

Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,  
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,

At once the source, and end, and test of art.

*Pope.*

GREAT AUTHOR OF.

The day is Thine, the night also is Thine;  
Thou hast prepared the light and the sun

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth

Thou hast made summer and winter.

*Psalms lxxiv, 16, 17.*

How mean the order and perfection sought  
In the best product of the human thought,  
Compar'd to the great harmony that reigns  
In what the spirit of the world ordains!

*Prior.*

Nature—faint emblem of Omnipotence!—  
Shap'd by His hand—the shadow of His  
light—

The veil in which He wraps His majesty,  
And through whose mantling folds He

deigns to show,

Of His mysterious, awful attributes

And dazzling splendours, all man's feeble

thought

Can grasp uncrush'd, or vision bear un-

quench'd.

*Street.*

BEAUTY OF.

Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd

Please daily, and whose novelty survives

Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.

*Cowper.*

CALMNESS IN.

The sea is like a silvery lake,  
And o'er its calm the vessel glides

Gently as if it fear'd to wake

The slumbers of the silent tides.

*Mocre.*

Surely there is something in the unruf-  
fled calm of nature that overawes our little  
anxiety and doubts: the sight of the deep-  
blue sky, and the clustering stars above,  
seem to impart a quiet to the mind.

*Jonathan Edwards.*

SUCCESSIVE CHANGES IN.

Nature gives to every time and season  
some beauties of its own; and from morn-  
ing to night, as from the cradle to the grave,  
is but a succession of changes so gentle and

easy that we can scarcely mark their pro-

gress.

*Dickens.*

COMMUNION WITH.

If thou art worn and hard beset  
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,

If thou wouldst read a lesson, that wil-

keep

Thy heart from fainting, and thy soul from

sleep,

Go to the woods and hills!—no tears

Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

*Longfellow.*

CONTEMPLATION OF.

In contemplation of created things,

By steps we may ascend to God.

*Milton.*

Stand still, and consider the wondrous

works of God.

*Job xxxvii, 14*