

VIRTUE WITHOUT.

Virtue without success
Is a fair picture shown by an ill light;
But lucky men are favorites of heaven:
All own the chief, when fortune owns the
cause. *Dryden.*

SUFFERING.

A SUBLIME THING.
O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong. *Longfellow.*

SUICIDE.

Child of despair, and suicide my name.
Savage.

AWFULNESS OF.

If there be an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Blair.

COWARDICE OF.

He
That kills himself, t' avoid mis'ry, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valour;
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up, till it be forc'd;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity.
Massinger.
'Tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are thrown against our state, to turn our
backs,
And basely run to death; as if the hand
Of heaven and nature had lent nothing else
T' oppose against mishap, but loss of life;
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.
Jonson.

Suicide is not to fear death, but yet to be
afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to
contemn death; but when life is more ter-
rible than death, it is then the truest valour
to dare to live; and herein religion hath
taught us a noble example, for all the val-
iant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do
not parallel or match that one of Job.
Sir Thomas Browne.

When all the blandishments of life are
gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live
on. *Sewell.*

CRIME OF.

Self-murder, that infernal crime,
Which all the gods level their thunder at!
Fane.

HORROR OF.

O deaf to nature, and to heaven's command
Against thyself to lift the murdering hand!
O damn'd despair!—to shun the living
light,
And plunge thy guilty soul in endless
night. *Lucretius.*

PROHIBITED.

Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine,
That cravens my weak hand. *Shakespeare.*

SUITOR.

CONDITION OF A.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state—
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court to me; for *had I wist*
That few have found, and many a one hath
miss'd!
Full little knowest thou—thou hast not
tried—
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good day, that night be better
spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sor-
row;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want his
peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat thy heart through comfortless de-
spairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Sir Walter Raleigh.

SUMMER.

Now every field and every tree is in
bloom; the woods are now in full leaf, and
the year is in its highest beauty. *Virgil.*

DOMINION OF.

From brightening fields of ether fair the
clos'd,
Child of the sun, refulgent summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through na-
ture's depth,
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever fanning breezes on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning
spring
Averts her bashful face; and earth, and
skies,
All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Thomson.

SUN.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun.
Herrick.

ADORATION OF THE.

I marvel not, O sun! that unto thee,
In adoration, man should bow the knee,
And pour the prayer of mingled awe and
love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest, with benignant ray,
Beauty and life, and joyance from above.
Southey.

DEFINITION OF THE.

That orb'd continent, the fire
That severs day from night. *Shakespeare.*

The sun

God's crest upon His azure shield the heav-
ens. *Bailey.*

DIVINITY OF THE.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
Southey.

GLORIES OF THE.

Thou tide of glory, which no rest doth know,
But ever ebb and ever flow!
Thou golden shower of a true Jove!
Who doth in thee descend, and heaven to
earth make love. *Cowley.*

The glorious sun—the centre and soul of
our system—the lamp that lights it,—the
fire that heats it,—the magnet that guides
and controls it;—the fountain of colour,
which gives its azure to the sky, its verdure
to the fields, its rainbow-hues to the gay
world of flowers and the purple light of
love to the marble cheek of youth and
beauty. *Sir David Brewster.*

Most glorious art thou! when from thy pa-
vilion
Thou lookest forth at morning; flinging
wide

Its curtain clouds of purple and vermillion,
Dispensing life and light on every side.
Barton.

NEED OF THE.

Though the sun scorches us sometimes,
and gives us the head-ache, we do not re-
fuse to acknowledge that we stand in need
of his warmth. *Philip de Mornay.*

SPLENDOR OF THE.

The angels even
Draw strength from gazing on its glance,
Though none its meaning fathom may;
The world's unwither'd countenance
Is bright as at creation's day. *Goethe.*

The golden sun, in splendor likest heav'n,
Dispenses light from far; they, as they
move

Their starry dance, in numbers that com-
pute
Days, months, and years, towards his all-
cheering lamp,
Turn swift their various motions, or are
turn'd

By his magnetic beam, that gently warms
The universe; and to each inward part,
With gentle penetration, though unseen,
Shoots invisible virtue ev'n to the deep.
Milton.

SUBLIMITY OF THE.

Open the casement, and up with the sun!
His gallant journey has now begun,
Over the hills his chariot is roll'd,
Banner'd with glory and burnish'd with
gold;
Over the hills he comes sublime,
Bridegroom of earth, and brother of time!
Martin F. Tupper.

WELCOME TO THE.

Welcome, the lord of light and lamp of
day;
Welcome, fosterer of tender herbis green;
Welcome, quickener of flourish'd flowers
sheen;
Welcome, support of every root and vane;
Welcome, comfort of all kind fruits and
grain;
Welcome, the bird's green beild upon the
brier;
Welcome, master and ruler of the year;
Welcome, welfare of husbands at the
ploughs;
Welcome, repairer of woods, trees, and
boughs;
Welcome, depainter of the bloomit meads;
Welcome, the life of everything that
spreads. *G. Douglas.*

SUN FLOWER.

THE.

The proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his
name. *Churchill.*

SUNLIGHT.

Sunlight seeking hidden shadow, touch'd
The green leaves all a tremble with gold
light. *Massey.*

SUNRISE.

And see—the sun himself! on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.

Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trode in his Maker's steps of fire! *Moore.*

BEAUTY OF.

When the breaking day is flushing
All the East, and light is gushing
Upward through the horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its thousand rays
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with joy and love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is chang'd to light and blossom;
Then, O Father!—Thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast,
And its rapture answerest:
All my thoughts, with upward winging,
Bathe where Thy own light is springing! *Whittier.*

GLORIES OF.

But yonder comes the powerful king of day,
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's
brow,
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd
air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd
plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand-
'ring streams,
High gleaming from afar. *Thomson.*

SUNSET.

BEAUTIES OF.

See the descending sun,
Scatt'ring his beams about him as he sinks,
And gilding heaven above, and seas be-
neath,
With paint no mortal pencil can express. *Hopkins.*

Now the noon,
Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls,
Into the mellow eve:—the west puts on
Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls,
And towers, all carv'd of the unstable cloud,
Welcome the calmly waning monarch—he
Sinks gently midst that glorious canopy
Down on his couch of rest—even like a
proud
King of the earth—the ocean. *Bowring.*

SUNSHINE.

BLESSINGS OF.

Blest power of sunshine! genial day,
What balm, what life are in thy ray!

To feel thee is such real bliss,
That, had the world no joy but *thine*,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep cold shadow of the tomb. *Moore.*

SUPERSTITION.

BURDEN OF.

The greatest burden in the world is su-
perstition, not only of ceremonies in the
church, but of imaginary and scarecrow
sins at home. *Milton.*

DEFORMITY OF.

'Tis a history
Handed from ages down; a nurse's tale—
Which children, open-ey'd and mouth'd,
devour;
And thus as garrulous ignorance relates,
We learn it and believe. *Southey.*

Superstition without a veil is a deformed
thing: there is also a superstition in avoid-
ing a superstition, when men think they do
best if they go farthest from the superstition;
by which means they often take away the
good as well as the bad. *Bacon.*

A DISTURBER.

I think we cannot too strongly attack su-
perstition, which is the disturber of society;
nor too highly respect genuine religion,
which is the support of it. *Rosseau.*

FOLLY OF.

Superstition renders a man a fool, and
scepticism makes him mad. *Fielding.*

HORRORS OF.

Superstition! that horrid incubus which
dwelt in darkness, shunning the light,
with all its racks, and poison-chalices,
and foul sleeping-draughts, is passing
away without return. Religion cannot pass
away. The burning of a little straw may
hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are
there, and will reappear. *Carlyle.*

SURMISE.

EVILS OF.

Surmise is the gossamer that malice
blows on fair reputations; the corroding
dew that destroys the choice blossom. Sur-
mise is primarily the squint of suspicion,
and suspicion is established before it is con-
firmed. *Zimmerman.*

SUSPENSE.

ANGUISH OF.

But be not long, for in the tedious minutes,
Exquisite interval, I'm on the rack:

For sure the greatest evil man can know,
Bears no proportion to the dread suspense. *Frowde.*

Of all the conditions to which the heart
is subject suspense is one that most gnaws
and cankers into the frame. One little
month of that suspense, when it involves
death, we are told by an eye witness in
"Wakefield on the punishment of death,"
is sufficient to plough fixed lines and fur-
rows in a convict of five and twenty,—suffi-
cient to dash the brown hair with grey, and
to bleach the grey to white. *Bulwer Lytton.*

LIVING IN.

It is a miserable thing to live in suspense,
it is the life of the spider. *Swift.*

SUSPICION.

CHARACTER OF.

Suspicion among thoughts are like bats
among birds—they ever fly to twilight;
they are to be repressed, or at least well
guarded, for they cloud the mind. *Bacon.*
Suspicion overturns what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt when there's
no ground,
Is neither to himself nor others sound. *Massinger.*

EVIL OF.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship. *Augustine.*

NO LOVE IN.

Nature itself, after it has done an injury,
will ever be suspicious; and no man can
love the person he suspects. *South.*

REMEDY FOR.

There is nothing that makes a man sus-
pect much, more than to know little; and,
therefore, men should remedy suspicion by
procuring to know more, and not to keep
their suspicions in smother. *Bacon.*

TAINT OF.

It is hardly possible to suspect another
without having in one's self the seeds of
baseness the party is accused of. *Stanislaus.*

SWEARING.

Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,
You would not swear upon a bed of death—
Reflect—your Maker now may stop your
breath. *Anonymous.*

ADMONITION AGAINST.

Swear not at all: neither by heaven; for
it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it
is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for

It is the city of the great king. Neither
shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou
canst not make one hair white or black.
But let your communication be yea, yea;
nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these
cometh of evil. *St. Matthew.*

DANGER ATTENDING.

From a common custom of swearing, men
easily slide into perjury; therefore, if thou
wouldest not be perjured, do not use to swear. *Hierocles.*

GUILT OF.

Take not His name, who made thy tongue,
in vain;
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse. *Herbert.*

SYMPATHY.

CHARACTER OF.

Sympathy, like subscription to charities,
always commences with pounds, but ends
with shillings.

CLAIM FOR.

A brother's sufferings claim a brother's
pity. *Addison.*

HUMAN.

As the human countenance smiles on
those that smile, so does it sympathize
with those that weep. *Horace.*

SECRET.

Kindness by secret sympathy is tied,
For noble souls in nature are allied. *Dryden.*

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Scott.*

THE TEAR OF.
No radiant pearl, which crested fortune
wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs, from beauty's
ears;
Not the bright stars, which night's blue
arch adorn;
Nor rising sun, that gilds the vernal morn:
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others' woes. *Darwin.*

UNIVERSAL.
Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Link'd in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast;
Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run. *Whittier.*