

THE JEAN INGELW  
BIRTH-DAY-BOOK ❖





me

US

1883

Ingelow

8\* ITG

A BIRTHDAY :— and a day that rose  
With much of hope, with meaning rife —  
A thoughtful day from dawn to close :  
The middle day of human life.

*A Birthday Walk.*





Very sincerely yours  
Jean Ingelow







Ingelow, Jean.

THE  
JEAN INGELOW

Birthday Book



BOSTON  
ROBERTS BROTHERS

1883

PN6084  
B515



11  
8  
51

33 24 02

2011. 10. 10 my 52

250966\*



## January.

---

IT was in the Arctic winter, and the frozen snow was as hard as stone; it glittered and sparkled, for the stars were bright overhead, and the moon was at the full. It was high tide, and the waves, of a deep leaden gray, were rearing up their great crests and flinging themselves down with a thundering noise on the shore.

At a distance you might hear the screaming of sea-birds, as they skimmed with their white wings over the water; and along the skirts of the icebergs you might see the foxes prowling, and catch in the twilight the fiery glitter of their tawny eyes.

Besides this there was no sound — no movement; everything in that starlit night was desolate. The world was turning round under those stars, for they shifted, as it seemed, their places; and the moon was riding on through the millions upon millions that make up the Milky Way; but beyond this movement there was no change in the heavens from hour to hour, and there was no change or movement beneath them — everything was perfectly white and utterly still.

Did I say it was white? So it was a moment ago; but it has changed! The whole world and the heavens have undergone a change! There is a quivering in the sky — a swift spire of flame shoots across the stars. Another! There is a deep glow in the zenith, like a half-transparent crimson cloud. It spreads out suddenly; then it quivers; it sinks downwards; it is like a pennon of fire shaken in an angel's hand. Now it divides — it multiplies — and flushes a more rosy red; it trails itself out before the stars, and floats across the moon like a veil — a wonderful veil! The whole heavens are red with it; and the earth, which was white, has put on a crimson blush — every iceberg has a crimson edge and every wave has a crest of crimson foam.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

January 1

O, let me be myself! But where, O where,  
Under this heap of precedent, this mound  
Of customs, modes, and maxims, cumbrance rare  
Shall the Myself be found?

O thou *Myself*, thy fathers thee debarred  
None of their wisdom, but their folly came  
Therewith; they smoothed thy path, but made it hard  
For thee to quit the same.

*Honors.*

January 2

The logs burn red; she lifts her head  
For sledge-bells tinkle and tinkle, O lightly swung.  
“Youth was a pleasant morning, but ah! to think  
’t is fled, [was young.”  
Sae lang, lang syne,” quo’ her mother, “I, too,  
No guides there are but the North star,  
And the moaning forest tossing wild arms before.  
The maiden murmurs, “O sweet were yon bells afar,  
And hark! hark! hark! for he cometh, he nears  
the door.”

*Fated to be Free.*

January 3

When people wish to say—not how great a distance they have to go in order to reach a certain place, but how far it really is straight from point to point—they say it is so far, as the crow flies. Now, Polly, suppose you try to do all you have to do “as the crow flies.” Don’t be like the robin, which flew down, and then up again, and then stopped, and considered, and fluttered about; but go on patiently and steadily, “as the crow flies.”

*Stories Told to a Child.*



January 4

“I’m like a good clock,” said Crayshaw, “I neither gain nor lose. I can strike, too.”

*Fated to be Free.*

January 5

Serve, — woman whom I love, ere noon be high,  
Ere the long shadow lengthen at thy feet.  
Work, — I have many poor, O man, that cry,  
My little ones do languish in the street.  
Love, — ’t is a time for love, since I love thee.  
Live, — ’t is a time to live. Man, live in Me.

*Poems.*

January 6

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake  
The world’s first hero died an uncrowned king;  
But God’s great pity touched the grand mistake,  
And made his married love a sacred thing:  
For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,  
Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

*Contrasted Songs.*



January 4

January 5

January 6

MINIANY

January 7

Let them boast of thy word, "It is certain ;  
We doubt it no more," let them say,  
"Than to-morrow that night's dusky curtain  
Shall roll back its folds for the day."

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

January 8

How difficult it is for us to estimate the many ways in which we may be mistaken. When shall we learn to keep the knowledge always present with us, that often kindness is our best uprightness, and our truest justice is mercy?

*Stories Told to a Child.*

January 9

"The thing that might have been  
Is called, and questioned why it hath not been ;  
And can it give good reason, it is set  
Beside the actual, and reckoned in  
To fill the empty gaps of life." Ah, so  
The possible stands by us ever fresh,  
Fairer than aught which any life hath owned,  
And makes divine amends.

*Gladys and her Island.*

January 7

January 8

January 9

January 10

Peace! Say thy prayers, and go to sleep,  
Till *some time*, ONE my seal shall break,  
And deep shall answer unto deep,  
When He crieth, "AWAKE!"

*Contrasted Songs.*

January 11

O that some power would give me Adam's eyes!  
O for the straight simplicity of Eve!

*Honors.*

January 12

Who may inherit next or who shall match  
The Swan of Avon and go float with him  
Down the long river of life aneath a sun  
Not veiled, and high at noon? — the river of life  
That as it ran reflected all its lapse  
And rippling on the plumage of his breast?

*Letters on Life and The Morning.*

January 11

January 11

January 12

January 13

“But you know, John,” she answered, as if excusing herself, “we are not at all sure that we shall have any possessions, anything of our own, in the future life — anything, consequently, to give away. Perhaps it will all belong to all. So let us have enough of giving while we can, and enjoy the best part of possession.”

*Fated to be Free.*

January 14

I grant to the wise his meed,  
But his yoke I will not brook,  
For God taught ME to read, —  
He lent me the world for a book.

*Songs with Preludes.*

January 15

Let us do good, not to receive more good in return, but as an evidence of gratitude for what has already been bestowed. In a few words, let it be “all for love, and nothing for reward.”

*Stories Told to a Child.*



January 16

While I listened, like young birds,  
Hints were fluttering; almost words, —  
Leaned and leaned, and nearer came; —  
Everything had changed its name.

*Don John.*

January 17

Her love was so fresh, it might no more be withstood than the moss can withstand the dew that drenches it and makes it sparkle in the morning. Her wonder was more unsated than ever, her hope was more nearly possession than ours. If sorrow came up, it was a dark amazement. Would it not soon be over? There are many days of sunshine for one thunder-storm.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

January 18

She has an incurable habit of looking at things from the passive point of view. She never says, "I have not understood such and such people," but always, "They do not understand me;" she never considers, when things occur, what share she may have had in causing them to occur.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.*



January 16

January 17

January 18

January 19

He with good gifts that most is blest,  
Or stands for God above the rest,  
Let him so think — “ To serve the dear,  
The lowlier children I am here.

“ It is the children’s bread I break ;  
He trusts me with it for their sake ;  
(Hunger I must if none it shares)  
It is but mine when it is theirs.

*Poems.*

January 20

When I do sit apart  
And commune with my heart,  
She brings me forth the treasures once my own ;  
Shows me a happy place  
Where leaf-buds swelled apace,  
And wasting rims of snow in sunlight shone.

*A Reverie.*

January 21

A thing that is very unexpected and moderately strange, we meet with wide-opened eyes, with a start and perhaps exclamations ; but a thing more than strange, utterly unaccounted for, quite unreasonable, and the last thing one could have supposed possible as coming from the person who demanded it, is met in far quieter fashion.

*Fated to be Free.*

*January 13*

*January 20*

*January 21*

— January 22 —

It would be hard to say of any man that he is *never* right. If he is always thinking that he has forgotten a certain lady, surely he is right sometimes.

*Fated to be Free.*

— January 23 —

Is life a field? then plough it up — re-sow  
With worthier seed — Is life a ship? O heed  
The southing of thy stars — Is life a breath?  
Breathe deeper, draw life up from hour to hour,  
Aye, from the deepest deep in thy deep soul.

*Letters on Life and The Morning.*

— January 24 —

We walk securely under His guidance, without whom “not a sparrow falleth to the ground!” and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that “nothing has happened; at least nothing particular.”

*Stories Told to a Child.*

*January 23*

*January 23*

*January 24*

January 25

Sorrow was a ship, I found,  
Wrecked with them that in her are,  
On an island richer far  
Than the port where they were bound.  
Pain, that to us mortals clings,  
But the pushing of our wings,  
That we have no use for yet,  
And the uprooting of our feet  
From the soil where they are set.

*Contrasted Songs.*

January 26

We are much bound to them that do succeed ;  
But, in a more pathetic sense, are bound  
To such as fail. They all our loss expound ;  
They comfort us for work that will not speed,  
And life — itself a failure.

*Failure.*

January 27

Thoughts are certainly able to spread themselves without the aid of looks or language. Invisible seed that floats from the parent plant can root itself wherever it settles ; and thoughts must have some medium through which they sail till they reach minds that can take them in, and there they strike root, and whole crops of the same sort come up, just as if they were indigenous, and naturally belonging to their entertainers. This is even more true in great matters than in small.

*Fated to be Free.*

January 25

RECEIVED OF THE

January 26

January 27

— January 28 —

There were no duties that she habitually performed; there was no place that she occupied; no one looked to her or depended on her for anything; no one seemed to be the better for her; she seemed to have no more to do with the course of that stream of life on which she floated than the least little piece of weed may have, that, being detached from its stem, goes sailing down its native brook to the sea.

*The Cumberers.*

— January 29 —

Turn your back on the light, and you'll follow a shadow. The deaf queen Fate has dumb courtiers. If the hound is your foe, don't sleep in his kennel. That that is, is.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

— January 30 —

The happy find  
Equality of beauty everywhere  
To feed on. All of shade and sheen is theirs,  
All the strange fashions and the fair wise ways  
Of lives beneath man's own.

*Letters on Life and The Morning.*



January 28

January 29

January 30

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?  
There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head,  
The lovely world, and the over-world alike,  
Ring with a song eterne, a happy rede,  
"THY FATHER LOVES THEE."

*Songs with Preludes.*









## February.



THE winter following these little events was extremely mild — so much so, that all the spring flowers were in bloom by the middle of February; but at that time the weather suddenly changed; we had a hard frost, and a remarkably heavy fall of snow. All over the hollow, in which our house stood, it was more than five feet deep, and on the side against which the wind blew, the windows were blocked up as high as the top row of panes.

When this frost had lasted three weeks there was a sudden thaw and a heavy fall of rain, which riddled the snow full of round holes. In a few days the warm sun was again shining upon the crocuses and snowdrops; the wet bunches of laurestinus flower began to raise themselves and dry their shining leaves, and the aconites and hepaticas were as gay as ever.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.*

The moon is bleached as white as wool,  
And just dropping under;  
Every star is gone but three,  
And they hang far asunder, —  
There's a sea-ghost all in gray,  
A tall shape of wonder!

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

February 3

“Nothing like work,” he would reply. “‘Blessed be the man that invented sleep,’ quoth the Irishman; but I say, ‘Happy rest the man that invented sawing.’”

*Off the Skelligs.*

February 3

Let me be only sure; for sooth to tell,  
The sorest dole — is doubt.

*Don John.*

February 3

I don't wish to make a kind of occupation of the poor, and go to see them for my own benefit, because I have nothing else to do. I call that playing at charity. Idle men take a little land, you know, and farm it, avowedly for their own amusement. Idle women take a little land (the difference is that on their land are houses instead of weeds), and they farm it, — only, in place of mangel-wurzel and clover, they sow successive crops of tracts and grocery tickets.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.*



February 1

February 2

MINIATURES - HANDLEMAS.

February 3

February 4

Do not expect that in your own strength you can make use of even the best opportunity of doing good.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

February 5

Hard is life  
For some. They would that they could soften it;  
And, in the doing of their work, they sigh  
As if it was their choice and not their lot;  
And, in the raising of their prayer to God,  
They crave His kindness for the world He made,  
Till they, at last, forget that He, not they,  
Is the true lover of man.

*Monitions of the Unseen.*

February 6

Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire —  
Our only greatness is that we aspire.

*A Snow Mountain.*

February 4

February 5

February 6

February 7

Emily had not one of those poverty-stricken natures which are never glad excepting for some special reason drawing them above themselves. She lived in an elevated region full of love and wonder, taking kindly alike to reverence and to hope; but she was seldom excited, her feelings were not shallow enough to be easily troubled with excitement, or made fitful with agitation.

*Fated to be Free.*

February 8

In the night she told a story,  
In the night and all night through,  
While the moon was in her glory,  
And the branches dropped with dew.

'T was my life she told, and round it  
Rose the years as from a deep;  
In the world's great heart she found it,  
Cradled like a child asleep.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

February 9

People that take charity, sir, can never get it by itself. They always have to take something else with it. Sometimes, what they have with the charity is scolding, and sometimes good advice; but they never get it *neat*.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.*

February 7

February 8

February 9

February 10

“I’ll tell you what,” said this puny philosopher,  
“I used always to hate the morals, — but it’s no  
good! They’re in everything. It’s my belief they  
’re a part of the world. Yes, they’re ingrain!”

*Off the Skelligs.*

February 11

O Fancy, if thou flyest, come back anon,  
Thy fluttering wings are soft as love’s first word,  
And fragrant as the feathers of that bird,  
Which feeds upon the budded cinnamon.

*Fancy.*

February 12

Life is not enough,  
Nor love, nor learning, — Death is not enough  
Even to them, happy, who forecast new life ;  
But give us now and satisfy us now,  
Give us now, now, to live in the life of God,  
Give us now, now, to be at one with Him.

*Letters on Life and The Morning.*



February 13

There are some days that die not out,  
Nor alter by reflection's power,  
Whose converse calm, whose words devout,  
For ever rest, the spirit's dower.

And they are days when drops a veil —  
A mist upon the distance past;  
And while we say to peace — “All hail!”  
We hope that always it shall last.

*A Birthday Walk.*

February 14

It's we two, it's we two, it's we two for aye,  
All the world and we two, and Heaven be our stay.  
Like a laverock in the lift, sing, O bonny bride!  
All the world was Adam once, with Eve by his side.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

February 15

“Ain't a gentleman a man with good manners?  
Now a good-manner'd man is allers saying by his  
ways and looks to them that air beneath him,  
'You're as good as I am!' and a bad-manner'd  
man is allers saying by his ways and looks to them  
that air above him, 'I'm as good as you air!'  
Now your real gentleman thinks most of them things  
that make men ekal, and t' other chap thinks most of  
what makes them unekal.”

*Fated to be Free.*



February 13

February 14

February 15

February 16

Do not put off till another day any good which it is in the power of your hand to do at once.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

February 17

Such as have not gold to bring Thee,  
They bring thanks — Thy grateful sons ;  
Such as have no song to sing Thee,  
Live Thee praise — Thy silent ones.

*Poems.*

February 18

Divine Love came down to take on itself our sins,  
but there is no Saviour to do the like for our mistakes.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

February 16

February 17

February 18

February 19

“It seems shocking to think that some people should be sent into this world to teach others forbearance, only by being useless or unaccommodating.” “My dear,” she answered, “far be it from me to say that the Almighty *designed* any of his creatures for such a purpose ; I meant, that if we do not perform the good part that we all have it in our power to take upon us, God will make our evil subservient to the good of others. God will turn our very faults into blessings for our neighbors.” *The Cumberers.*

February 20

If we consider women whose lot it is to inspire deep affection, we shall sometimes find them, not those who can most generously bestow, but those who can most graciously receive.

*Don John.*

February 21

Do not despond because your means of doing good appear trifling and insignificant, for though one soweth and another reapeth, yet it is God that giveth the increase ; and who can tell whether he will not cause that which is sown to bear fruit an hundred fold, who can tell whether to have even a penny to give under certain circumstances may not be to have no copper — but a golden opportunity.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

February 19

February 20

February 21

February 22

Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine,  
Though earth's old story could be told anew,  
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue  
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine —  
Though God did never man, in words benign,  
With sense of His great Fatherhood endue,  
Though life immortal were a dream untrue, — ..  
Though all these were not, — to the ungraced heir  
Would this remain, — to live as though they were.

*Poems.*

February 23

Emily's joyous and impassioned nature, though she lived safely, as it were, in the middle of her own sweet world — saw the best of it, made the best of it, and colored it all, earth and sky, with her tender hopefulness — was often conscious of something yet to come, ready and expectant of *the rest of it*. The rest of life, she meant; the rest of sorrow, love, and feeling.

*Fated to be Free.*

February 24

Times when the troubles of the heart  
Are hushed — as winds were hushed that day —  
And budding hopes begin to start,  
Like those green hedgerows on our way :

When all within and all around,  
Like hues on that sweet landscape blend,  
And Nature's hand has made to sound  
The heartstrings that her touch attend.

*A Birthday Walk.*

February 23

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

February 23

February 24

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

February 25

Work is its own best earthly meed,  
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng  
Who wrought those marvellous isles that bloom afar.

*Work.*

February 26

There are some little women that are insignificant  
and nobody takes the least notice of them. They are  
not big enough to be handsome ; they are not witty  
nor clever, and so they get overlooked. Nobody  
falls in love with them, and nobody dislikes them.

*Off the Skelligs.*

February 27

She comforts all her mother's days,  
And with her sweet obedient ways  
She makes her labor light ;  
So sweet to hear, so fair to see !  
O, she is much too good for me,  
That lovely Lettice White !

*Supper at the Mill.*



February 25

February 26

February 27

February 28

Nay, they count themselves so wise,  
There is no task they shall be set to do  
But they will ask God why. What mean they so?  
The glory is not in the task, but in  
The doing it for Him.

*Monitions of the Unseen.*

February 29

O sleep! O sleep!  
Do not forget me. Sometimes come and sweep,  
Now I have nothing left, thy healing hand  
Over the lids that crave thy visits bland,  
Thou kind, thou comforting one:  
For I have seen his face, as I desired,  
And all my story is done.  
O, I am tired!

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

February 18

February 29







## March.



FIRST, he skirted it all about. From above it was nearly as round as a cup, and as deep in proportion to its size. The large old trees had been left, and appeared almost to fill it up, their softly rounded heads coming to within three feet of the level where he stood. All the mother birds — rooks, jays, thrushes, and pigeons — were plainly in view under him, as they sat brooding on their nests among the topmost twigs, and there was a great cawing and crowing of the cock-birds while they flew about and fed their mates. The leaves were not out; their buds only looked like green eggs spotting the trees, excepting that here and there a horse-chestnut, forwarder than its brethren, was pushing its crumpled foliage out of the pale-pink sheath. Everywhere saplings had been cut down, and numbers of them strewed the damp mossy ground; but light penetrated, and water trickled, there was a pleasant scent of herbs and flowers, and the whole place was cheerful with growth and spring. *Fated to be Free.*

I sat, as I well remember, in the glorious sunshine, and rejoiced in the beauty of the spring. The magnolia buds were spreading, and all its snowy flowers ready to burst; the American cowslip thickly covered the ground on which I sat; great flocks of pigeons were cooing and winnowing the air with their wings overhead; the yellow-bird was chattering in the wood; and from every pore of the warm and steaming earth, life and growth were breaking forth. *Marked.*

March 1

Nature, before it has been touched by man, is almost always beautiful, strong, and cheerful in man's eyes ; but nature, when he has once given it his culture and then forsaken it, has usually an air of sorrow and helplessness. It is so flavored with his thoughts, and permeated by his spirit, that if the stimulus of his presence is withdrawn it cannot for a long while do without him, and live for itself as fully and as well as it did before.

*Fated to be Free.*

March 2

“ Whether is best, thou forest-planter wise,  
To minister to others, or that they  
Should minister to thee ? ” Then, on my face  
Low lying, I made answer : “ It is best,  
Most High, to minister ; ” and thus came back  
The answer, — “ Choose not for thyself the best :  
Go down, and, lo ! my poor shall minister,  
Out of their poverty, to thee.”

*Monitions of the Unseen.*

March 3

When found the rose delight in her fair hue ?  
Color is nothing to this world ; 't is I  
That see it. Farther, I discover, soul,  
That trees are nothing to their fellow trees ;  
It is but I that love their stateliness,  
And I that, comforting my heart, do sit  
At noon beneath their shadow.

*Dominion.*



March 1

March 2

March 3

March 4

When I remember something which I had,  
But which is gone, and I must do without,  
I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,  
Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout ;  
It makes me sigh to think on it, — but yet  
My days will not be better days, should I forget.

*Songs with Preludes.*

March 5

Many confess that they are proud; some will even confess that they are vain; some will sigh frankly over their passionate tempers; and others again will admit that they are of careless dispositions. But who tells, who confesses how mean she is, or how sly, or how envious?

*Studies for Stories.*

March 6

“Depression is the result of circumstances.”

“You are wrong, Miss Salter. Depression of spirits, when it is real, and when people cannot help it, comes, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, from dyspepsia, or from a disordered liver,—in short, from bodily causes.”

*Dr. Deane's Governess.*

March 4

March 5

March 6

March 7

“Coz gave each of us a sugared almond,” said Amabel, pouting. “I said, ‘Dick, you may take a bite of mine,’ and he — Oh, Dick, you *in-principled* boy, you gobbled it all up — and now,” she continued, with deep melancholy, “I can never get it back.”

*Sarah De Berenger.*

March 8

Let a Frenchwoman nurse me when I am ill, let an Englishwoman clean me my house, and an Englishman write me my poetry!

*Don John.*

March 9

The need for self-sacrifice is so completely the law of the world, that it is not merely in religious matters that we must give all, or get nothing. If we want to do any great good to our fellow-creatures, though it be solely a temporal good, it is just the same. Give yourself and all you have, and most likely you will get it; give half, and you get nothing worth mentioning.

*Off the Skelligs.*

March 7

March 8

March 9

March 10

The cold is not in crag, nor scar,  
Not in the snows that lap the lea,  
Not in yon wings that beat afar,  
Delighting, on the crested sea ;

No, nor in yon exultant wind  
That shakes the oak and bends the pine.  
Look near, look in, and thou shalt find  
No sense of cold, fond fool, but thine !

*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*

March 11

A word to the nobler sex,  
As thus ; we pray you carry not your guns  
On the full-cock ; we pray you set your pride  
In its proper place, and never be ashamed  
Of any honest calling, — let us add,  
And end ; for all the rest, hold up your heads  
And mind your English.

*Gladys and her Island.*

March 12

How beautiful  
Are children to their fathers ! Son, my heart  
Is greatly glad because of thee ; my life  
Shall lack of no completeness in the days  
To come. If I forget the joy of youth,  
In thee shall I be comforted ; ay, see  
My youth, a dearer than my own again.

*A Story of Doom.*

March 10

March 11

March 12

March 13

Is it what we impart, or impute to nature from ourselves, that we chiefly lean upon? or does she truly impart of what is really in her to us?

*Fated to be Free.*

March 14

It is the one lovely folly of the world. Who could bear to think of all that childhood demands of womanhood, if he did not bear in mind the sweet delusive glamour that washes every woman's eyes ere she catches sight of the small mortal sent to be her charge.

*Fated to be Free.*

March 15

“Ah! why to that which needs it not,”  
Methought, “should costly things be given?  
How much is wasted, wrecked, forgot,  
On this side heaven!”

*The Letter L.*



March 13

March 14

March 15

March 16

I do not know why a girl should be expected to talk well till she is at least twenty. There cannot be much in her, she may be prettily exacting, or charmingly modest, but her attractions must be personal, not intellectual.

*Off the Skelligs.*

March 17

There was a morning when I longed for fame,  
There was a noontide when I passed it by,  
There is an evening when I think not shame  
Its substance and its being to deny ;  
For if men bear in mind great deeds, the name  
Of him that wrought them shall they leave to die ;  
Or if his name they shall have deathless writ,  
They change the deeds that first ennobled it.

*The Star's Monument.*

March 18

Now then, "Share and share alike," as the tiger said to the washerwoman; "you shall mangle the skirts and I the bodies."

*Don John.*

March 16

March 17

March 18

March 19

I opened the doors of my heart.

And behold,

There was music within and a song,  
And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it  
long.

I opened the doors of my heart: and behold,  
There was music that played itself out in æolian  
notes,

Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals  
tolled.

*Contrasted Songs.*

March 20

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,  
While dear hands are laid on my head;  
“The child is a woman, the book may close over,  
For all the lessons are said.”

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,  
Not one, as he sits on the tree;  
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!  
Such as I wish it to be.

*Songs of Seven.*

March 21

O perfect love that 'dureth long!  
Dear growth, that, shaded by the palms,  
And breathed on by the angel's song,  
Blooms on in heaven's eternal calms!

How great the task to guard thee here,  
Where wind is rough and frost is keen,  
And all the ground with doubt and fear  
Is checkered, birth and death between!

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

March 19

March 20

March 21

March 22

“I think,” said the child, with grave contempt, — “I think I shall dig a hole and bury my doll.”  
“Poor thing!” said I, “what has she done?”  
“Why,” replied the child, in a sharp tone of injured feeling, “she’s no use at all. I’m always saying, ‘How do you do?’ to her, and she, — she *never* says, ‘Very well, thank you.’”

*The Stolen Treasure.*

March 23

“No, mother,” said John; “but we have been talking about being ambitious, and Emily says she is sure there must be two kinds, and that hers was the wrong one, so she sent her love to you, mother, and I was to tell you that she knew you had often thought her ambitious and so she has been: she has been always wishing, she says, to rise and do a higher kind of work, instead of doing her own work in the highest and best way.”

*Emily’s Ambition.*

March 24

Friend, it is time to work. I say to thee,  
Thou dost all earthly good by much excel;  
Thou and God’s blessing are enough for me:  
My work, my work — farewell!

*Honors.*



— March 25 —

Nor Herod's judgment-halls suffice :  
Man shall not hide himself from love.

*Poems*

— March 26 —

She was, to all strangers, an absolutely uninteresting woman ; but her family knew her merits.

*Fated to be Free.*

— March 27 —

Let me lose mine own life  
For Thy sake, and put on Thine ;  
Though it be with dangers rife,  
In the ending it shall shine.

Mine own life — lay it low ;  
Let me Thy disciple be ;  
Bear Thy cross, and even so  
Live to God, and rest in Thee.

*Poems.*



March 25

SYNOPSIS

March 26

March 27

March 18

Caroline seemed bent on pleasing and winning all suffrages for herself. Miss Black was never trying to please, though she was often trying to do good. It seemed to be as essential to her happiness to find people on whom she could lavish her care and attentive love, as it was to Caroline to excite and receive the affection of others.

*Studies for Stories.*

March 29

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,  
Nor long summer bide so late;  
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,  
For some things are ill to wait.

*Songs of Seven.*

March 30

“Take courage”—courage! ay, my purple peer,  
I will take courage; for thy Tyrian rays  
Refresh me to the heart, and strangely dear  
And healing is thy praise.

*Honors.*

March 28

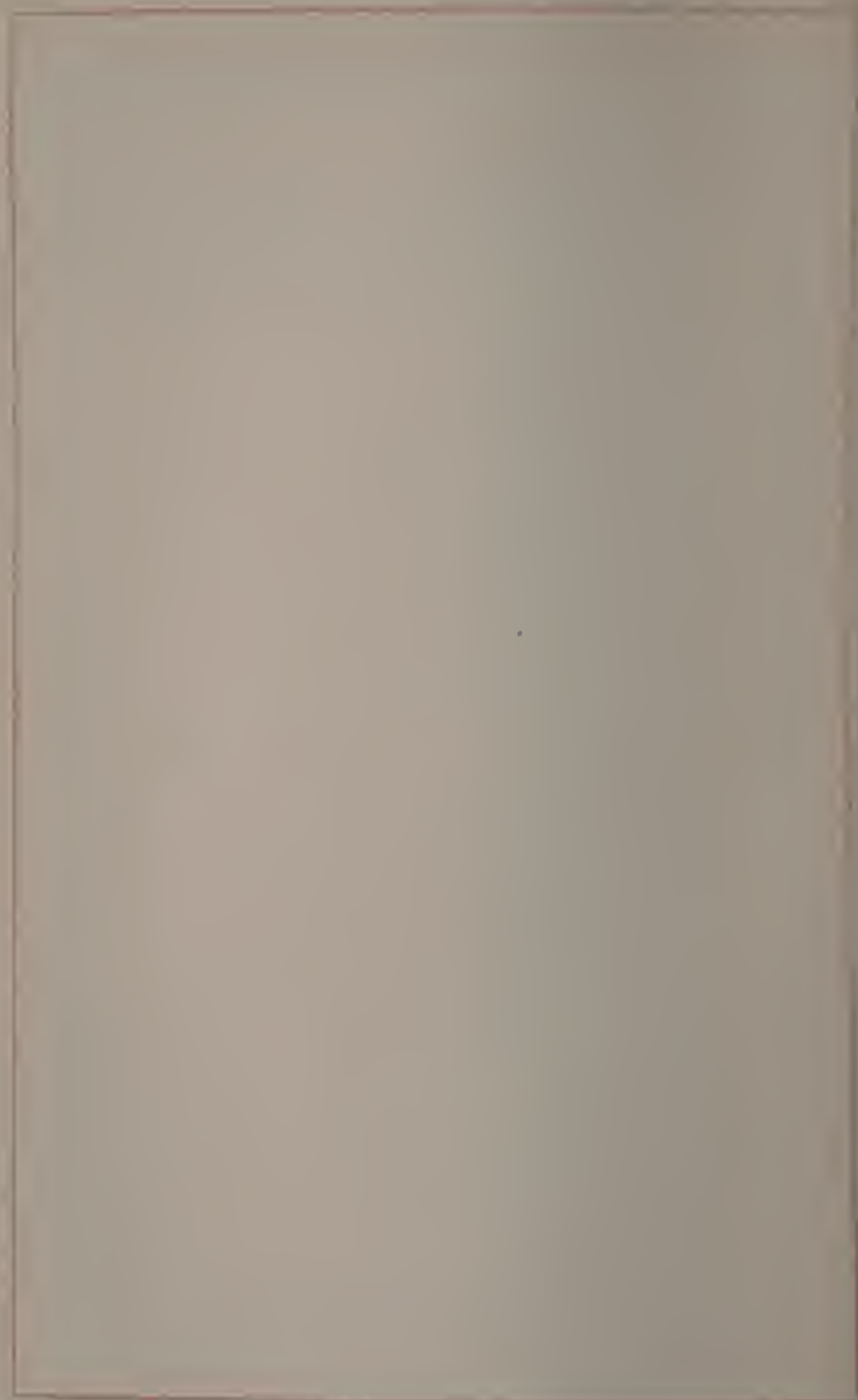
March 29

March 30

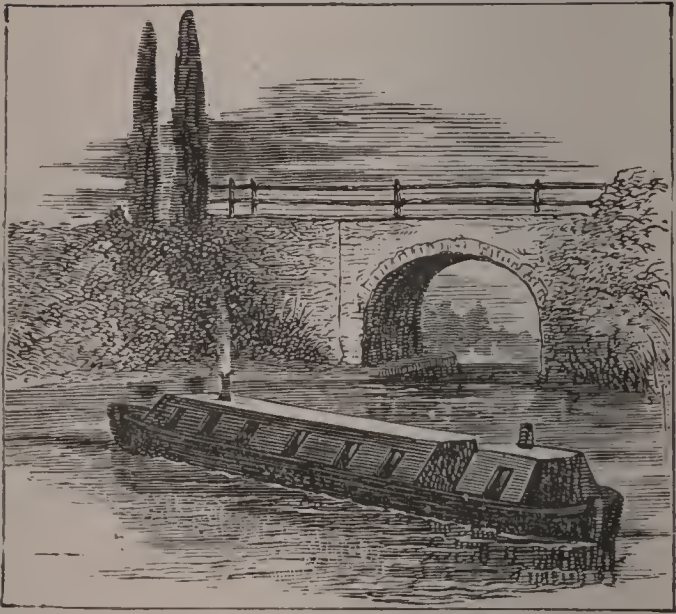
Now winter past, the white-thorn bower  
Breaks forth and buds down all the glen ;  
Now spreads the leaf and grows the flower :  
So grows the life of God, in men.

*Poems.*

March 30









## April.



A SHADY freshness, chafers whirring,  
A little piping of leaf-hid birds ;  
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,  
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where kids are tethered  
Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined ;  
Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered,  
Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,  
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide ;  
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,  
The beck, a river — with still sleek tide.

*Divided.*

April 1

What change has made the pastures sweet  
And reached the daisies at my feet,  
And cloud that wears a golden hem?  
This lovely world, the hills, the sward —  
They all look fresh, as if our Lord  
But yesterday had finished them.

*Reflections.*

April 2

As on this day in the times of yore,  
A King forth fared to His wond'rous ride;  
And a multitude that went before,  
And a multitude that follow'd, cried,  
"Hosanna."  
Mourner and Monarch, Thy tears are dry;  
But the song of the palms shall ne'er be o'er,  
For the multitudes yet following cry,  
As the multitude gone on before, "Hosanna."

*Poems.*

April 3

It was a sweet April day. All the cherry-trees were in full flower, and the young thickets in the garden were bending low with lilac-blossom, but Peter was miserable.

For what is April, and what is a half-holiday, and what indeed is life itself when one has lost perhaps the most excellent top that boy ever spun, and the loudest hummer?

*Fated to be Free.*



April 4

I heard the chanting waters flow,  
The cushat's note, the bee's low humming, —  
Then turned the hedge, and did not know, —  
How could I? — that my time was coming.

*Songs with Preludes.*

April 5

When I hear the waters fretting,  
When I see the chestnut letting  
All her lovely blossom falter down, I think, "Alas  
the day!"  
Once with magical sweet singing,  
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing,  
That awakes no more while April hours wear them-  
selves away.

*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*

April 6

Thy body done to death below,  
Thou still dost freely give;  
Thy blood, which is Thy life, bestow,  
And in that life I live.  
Jesu, my Lord, I Thee confess,  
Thy love my heaven will be;  
Thy care I crave, Thy name I bless,  
And wish myself with Thee.

*Poems.*

April 4

April 5

April 6

April 7

By the pangs God look'd not on,  
And the world dared not see;  
By all redeeming wonders won  
Through that dread mystery;—  
Lord, receive once more the sigh  
From the accursèd tree —  
“ Sacred Love of God most high,  
remember me ! ”

*Poems.*

April 8

It is the noon of night,  
And the world's Great Light  
Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her :  
The moon hath veiled her face,  
Nor looks on that dread place  
Where He lieth dead in sealèd sepulchre ;  
And heaven and hades, emptied, lend  
Their flocking multitudes to watch and wait the end.

*Contrasted Songs.*

April 9

In regal quiet deep,  
Lo, One new waked from sleep!  
Behold, He standeth in the rock-hewn door!  
Thy children shall not die, —  
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by!  
He liveth! — they shall live for evermore.  
Peace! lo, He lifts a priestly hand,  
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

*Contrasted Songs.*

April 7

April 8

April 9

April 10

But ah! to stay, and stay,  
And let that moon of April wane itself away,  
And let the lovely May  
Make ready all her buds for June.

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

April 11

What! Though I have all sorts of good food in my father's house, and plenty of it, shall it not still be a joy to me to buy a whole pot of plum-jam with my ninepence? Certainly it shall, and with generous ardor I shall call my younger brothers and sisters together to my little room, where in appreciative silence we shall hang over it, while I dig it out with the butt-end of my tooth-brush.

*Fated to be Free.*

April 12

Ugliness of the right sort is a kind of beauty. It has some of the best qualities of beauty — it attracts observation and fixes the memory.

*Off the Skelligs.*





April 13

“I cannot be such a prig as to pretend that I can think of nothing but philanthropy. ‘There ’s a mixer, sir,’ as Bolton said; ‘you can’t expect to find no tares at all in the best bag of seed corn.’”

*Sarah De Berenger.*

April 14

And can this be my own world?  
'T is all gold and snow,  
Save where scarlet waves are hurled  
Down yon gulf below.

'T is thy world, 't is my world,  
City and mead and shore,  
For he that hath his own world  
Hath many worlds more.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

April 15

“It’s lucky,” remarked Lancy, “that being a girl is n’t infectious. If I thought I should catch it of you, Mary, I would never come near you or any other girl any more.”

“Of course you would n’t,” said Mary, with conviction.

*Don John.*

April 13

April 14

April 15

April 16

Pure with all faithful passion, fair  
With tender smiles that come and go ;  
And comforting as April air  
After the snow.

*Poems.*

April 17

O that the mist which veileth my To-come  
Would so dissolve and yield unto mine eyes  
A worthy path! I'd count not wearisome  
Long toil, nor enterprise,

But strain to reach it; ay, with wrestlings stout  
And hopes that even in the dark will grow  
(Like plants in dungeons, reaching feelers out),  
And ploddings wary and slow.

*Honors.*

April 18

No one feels more keenly than she does that it is not charity, not a good work, in a man to leave from his own family what he does not want and can no longer use, thinking that it is just as acceptable to God as if he had given it in his lifetime, when he liked it, enjoyed it — when, in short, it was his own.

*Fated to be Free.*

April 16

April 17

April 18

April 10

What is thy thought? THERE IS NO MIRACLE?  
There is a great one, which thou hast not read,  
And never shalt escape. Thyself, O man,  
Thou art the miracle. Ay, thou thyself,  
Being in the world and of the world, thyself  
Hast breathed in breath from Him that made the  
world.

Thou art thy Father's copy of Himself, —  
THOU art thy FATHER'S MIRACLE.

*Story of Doom.*

April 20

Call the sweet winds of heaven and bid them blow,  
And call the clouds to drop in gracious dew ;  
Let Thy sap rise in this dry branch and flow —  
(For yet 't is Thine) — Rise, rise, in it anew.

*Poems.*

April 20

What work so high as mine,  
Interpreter betwixt the world and man,  
Nature's ungathered pearls to set and shrine,  
The mystery she wraps her in to scan ;  
Her unsyllabic voices to combine,  
And serve her with such love as poets can ;  
With mortal words, her chant of praise to bind,  
Then die, and leave the poem to mankind?

*The Star's Monument.*

April 19

April 20

April 21

April 22

“That’s nothing,” he answered, uttering a great truth without perceiving its importance, “things are perfectly different, and are always reckoned so according to the person who does them.”

*Don John.*

April 23

Our own faces, seen suddenly, will sometimes tell us things concerning ourselves that we did not suspect before.

*Off the Skelligs.*

April 23

Children, ay, forsooth,  
They bring their own love with them when they come,  
But if they come not there is peace and rest ;  
The pretty lambs ! and yet she cries for more :  
Why the world’s full of them, and so is heaven —  
They are not rare.

*Supper at the Mill.*



April 22

April 23

April 24

April 25

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,  
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?  
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,  
Dear are the hills of God.

Far better in its place the lowliest bird  
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,  
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word  
And sing His glory wrong.

*Honors.*

April 25

He was indeed a most inconveniently religious man; his religion was of a very expensive kind, and was all mixed up with his philanthropy, as if one could not be religious at all without loving those whom God loved, and as if one could not love them without serving them to the best of one's power.

*Fated to be Free.*

April 27

He always reminds me of an onion (for we all, as it is said, resemble in some degree one or other of the inferior animals). His conscience is wrapped round with as many layers to cover it from the light as the heart of an onion. The outside layer is avarice. Yes; very thick. Peel that off, you come to a layer of self-conceit; peel again, you come to his scruples — a sort of mock conscience.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

at 4200.

April 25

April 26

April 27

April 28

Fain would I thy margins know,  
Land of work, and land of snow;  
Land of life, whose rivers flow  
On, and on, and stay not.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

April 29

When I remember something promised me,  
But which I never had, nor can have now,  
Because the promiser we no more see  
In countries that accord with mortal vow,  
When I remember this, I mourn, — but yet,  
My happier days are not the days when I forget.

*Songs with Preludes.*

April 30

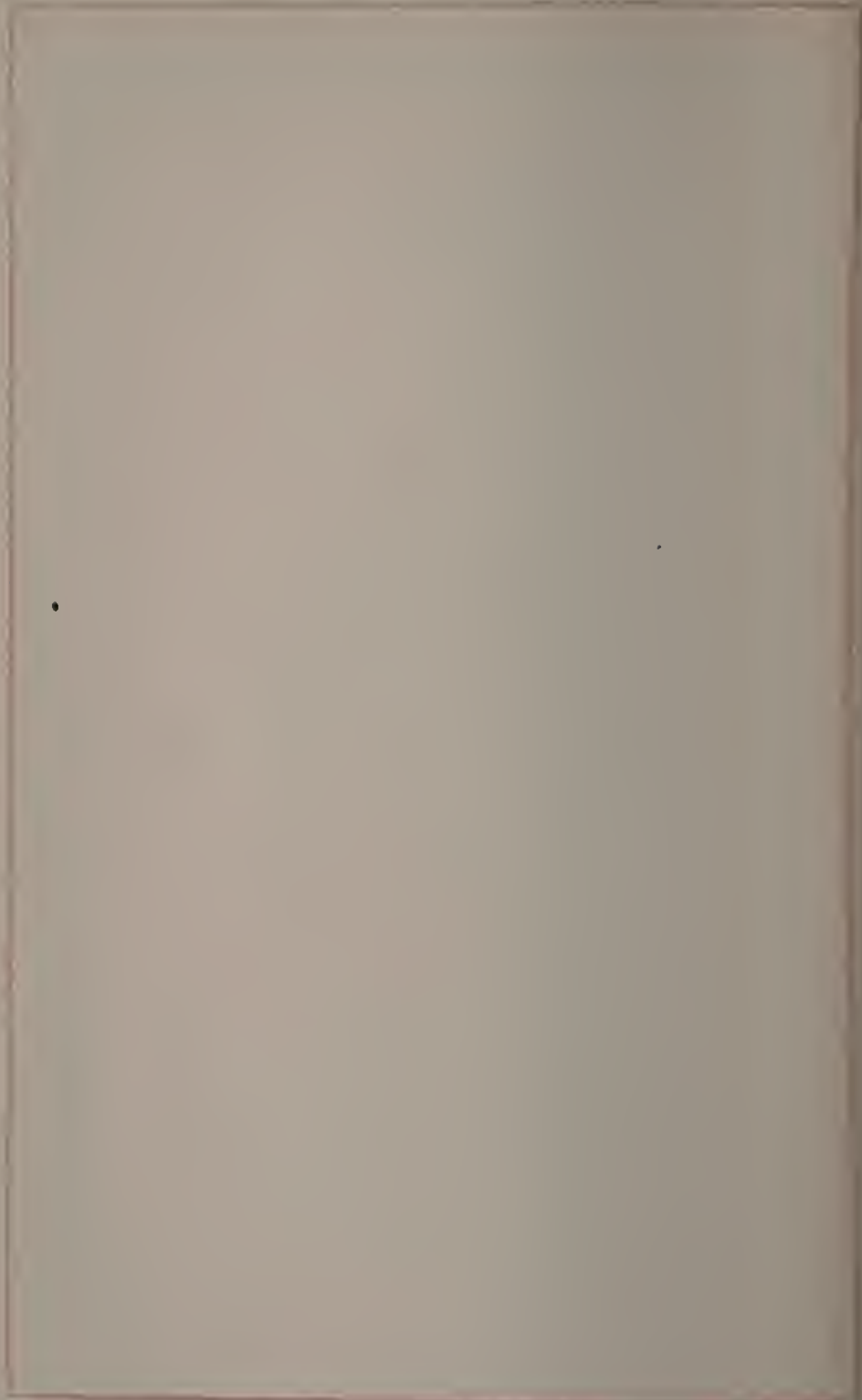
Give Thou us more. We look  
For more. The heart that took  
All spring-tide for itself were empty still;  
Its yearning is not spent  
Nor silenced in content,  
Till He that all things filleth doth it sweetly fill.

*Poems.*

April 28

April 29

April 30









## May.



WHEN in a May-day hush  
Chanteth the Missel-thrush  
The harp o' the heart makes answer with murmurous  
stirs ;  
When Robin-redbreast sings,  
We think on budding springs,  
And Culvers when they coo are love's remembrancers.

*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*

All the clouds about the sun lay up in golden creases,  
(Merry rings the maiden's voice that sings at dawn  
of day ;)  
Lambkins woke and skipped around to dry their  
dewy fleeces,  
So sweetly as she carolled, all on a morn of May.

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

The sky was blue above ; a cup of azure light  
without a cloud ; the trees were one mass of pure  
white blossom, and under foot the ground was covered  
with the glossy flat leaves and yellow astral flowers  
of the celandine. A blue and yellow world — all  
pure white and pale glory. Was there no red at  
all in it? — Nothing to give a hint of coming damask  
roses and the intense pure blush of the carnation?

*Don John.*

Give us Thyself. The May  
Dureth so short a day;  
Youth and the spring are over all too soon;  
Content us while they last,  
Console us for them past,  
Thou with whom bides for ever life, and love, and  
noon.

*Poems.*

Heigh ho! daisies and buttercups,  
Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall —  
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,  
And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!  
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its  
measure,  
God that is over us all!

*Songs of Seven.*

Next to the power of standing outside one's self, and looking at *me* as other folks see me, the most remarkable is this of (by the insight of genius and imagination) becoming *you*. The first makes one sometimes only too reasonable, too humble; the second warms the heart and enriches the soul, for it gives the charms of selfhood to beings not ourselves.

*Fated to be Free.*

May 1

1880

May 2

May 3

“She ’s not at all an irreligious woman, though she *has* lived to be ninety-four. I don’t know how she reconciles that with ‘the days of our life,’ you know, ‘are three score years and ten.’ At the same time,” she continued, falling into thought, “I am quite clear that it would not be right of her to hasten matters.”

*Sarah De Berenger.*

Somewhere, in the counsels known on high,  
Certain as the southing of a star,  
Stands the hour writ down when I shall die.  
Oh, to go where all my good things are,  
Calmly as the southing of a star.

*Poems.*

A great many people think of religion as if it was a game that they had to play with an august opponent, — a game at which both could not win, and yet they actually think they can play it unfairly. They want to cheat. But in that grand and awful game, it cannot be said that either wins unless both do.

*Off the Skelligs.*

May 1

May 2

May 6

1107  
As the veil of broidery fine  
For the temple wrought of old,  
Dropped before the awful shrine,  
Bloomed in purple, gleamed in gold;

So the broidered earth and sky,  
Ever present, always near,  
Charm the soul and fill the eye —  
Marvellous, matchless, beauteous, dear.

*Poems.*

1108  
O fair, O fine, O lot to be desired!  
Early and late my heart appeals to me,  
And says, 'O work, O will — Thou man, be fired  
To earn this lot,' — she says, 'I would not be  
A worker for mine OWN bread, or one hired  
For mine OWN profit. O, I would be free  
To work for others; love so earned of them  
Should be my wages and my diadem.

*The Star's Monument.*

1109  
How natural is joy, my heart!  
How easy after sorrow!  
For once, the best is come that hope  
Promised them "to-morrow."

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

May 7

May 8

May 9

When Laura saw this place in the glen, she perceived plainly that there was no one with whom she might be humbly happy and poor — not even a plumber!

This form of human sorrow — certainly one of the worst — is not half enough pitied by the happy.

*Fated to be Free.*

“Man is made of what he eats. ‘This is the stuff our heroes are made of,’ as the Prince of Wales said when he peeped into the Eton boys’ ‘sock shop.’ Fetch, who was listening, burst into tears, and said, ‘Alas!’”

“Why, Don John?”

“Because he thought it was so good of the Prince of Wales to take notice that we are made of what we eat, and because he remembered that asses are too.”

*Don John.*

’T is yours, not mine, to pluck out of your breast  
Some human truth, whose workings recondite  
Were unattired in words, and manifest  
And hold it forth to light.

*Honors.*



May 10

7

May 11

May 12

Those to whom music is always welcome must have neither an empty heart nor a remorseful conscience, nor keen recollections, nor a foreboding soul.

*Fated to be Free.*

For life is one, and in its warp and woof  
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,  
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet  
Where there are sombre colors. It is true  
That we have wept. But oh! this thread of gold,  
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn  
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,  
And when it shineth sometimes we shall know  
That memory is possession.

*Songs with Preludes.*

Laura, like most people, was in the habit of thinking that charity was all giving and no receiving, instead of which, real and pure charity is always both. It is the false charity that gets no return. To the true that promise yet holds good — “He that watereth shall be watered also himself.”

*Laura Richmond.*

May 13

May 14

May 15

1799 15

If you have a piano, one note of which in the treble is mute, not one tune can be played on it, — no music worth having can be drawn from it, without making the defect manifest; and yet the note is not actively offensive, it merely does not sound.

Now, call the piano a family, and call the Cumberer a faulty note, and you at once see the harm she does; she makes the tune imperfect when it does not sound, and when it does sound, jars.

*The Cumberers.*

1799 16

The heavens are better than this earth below,  
They are of more account and far more dear.  
We will look up, for all most sweet and fair,  
Most pure, most excellent, is garnered there.

*The Mariner's Cave.*

1799 18

Thou art gone up, a throne to share,  
Yet doth Thy man's heart, even there,  
Partaker of man's yearning care,  
Love to the end.  
The odors of Thine incense fill  
The Temple courts, the heavenly hill,  
Offered with prayers of saints that still  
Thither ascend.

*Poems.*

May 16

May 17

May 18

310 19

Leave the garden walls, where blow  
Apple-blossoms pink, and low  
Ordered beds of tulips fine.  
Seek the blossoms made divine  
With a scent that is their soul.

*Married Lovers.*

310 20

That that is, is; and when it is, that is the reason  
that it is.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

310 21

I have often thought how much easier it is to  
write fiction well than reality. In fiction, poetical  
justice is always done; in real life, the justice is done,  
but it is not always apparent.

*Studies for Stories.*

May 19

May 20

May 21

The wild ass tossing his mane in the desert is so different from the flounder flopping on his mud-bank, that he cannot hope to understand him and his fashions.

*Don John.*

May 31

Ah! little bird (he thought), most patient bird,  
Breasting thy speckled eggs the long day through,  
By so much as my reason is preferred  
Above thine instinct, I my work would do  
Better than thou dost thine. Thou hast not stirred  
This hour thy wing. Ah! russet bird, I sue  
For a like patience to wear through these hours —  
Bird on thy nest among the apple-flowers.

*The Star's Monument.*

May 28

You see the vices and virtues have got overhauled again, and sorted differently to suit our convenience. Stealing's no worse *probly* in the eyes of our Maker than lying and slandering; not so bad, mayhap, as a deep *sweer*. But folks air so tenacious like, they must have every stick and stone respected that they reckon theirs.

*Fated to be Free.*



May 23

May 23

There is something very pathetic in the worship of the poor and rustic. They often think they oblige the clergyman by coming to church; and the old have a touching humbleness about them; they feel a sincere sense of how worthless they are in this world, which they could hardly have attained unless the young had helped them to it. The rich mix the world with their prayers, so do the poor; thus — they feel that they come and say them with their betters.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

And deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow,  
Pathetic in its yearning — deign reply:  
Is there, O is there aught that such as Thou  
Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briars across Thy pathway thrust?  
Are there no thorns that compass it about?  
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust  
My hands to gather out?

*Poems.*

Of course, none of us would like to die now, or soon, or at any specified time; and yet, if we were told to-day, that we were all going to live for five hundred years, I don't think we should like it. We should get restless and fretful as children do if they pass the time when they should sleep.

*Off the Skelligs.*

May 25

May 26

May 27

For all Christ died, and once for all,  
No souls in Him are lost ;  
But 't is for each the flame must fall,  
The dower at Pentecost.

*Poems.*

Her face betokened all things dear and good,  
The light of somewhat yet to come was there  
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day,  
When childish thoughts, like flowers, would drift  
away.

*Margaret in the Zebec.*

O velvet bee, you 're a dusty fellow,  
You 've powdered your legs with gold !  
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,  
Give me your money to hold !

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,  
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell !  
O cuckoo pint, toll me the purple clapper  
That hangs in your clear green bell !

*Songs of Seven.*

May 28

May 29

May 30

THURSDAY

May 21

“Bless you, whether their folks air rich or poor, they never think at that age what it costs to clothe 'em. I never found with my boys that they 'd done climbing for crows' eggs till such time as they bought their own breeches. After that, trees were nought but lumber, and crows were carrion.”

*Fated to be Free.*

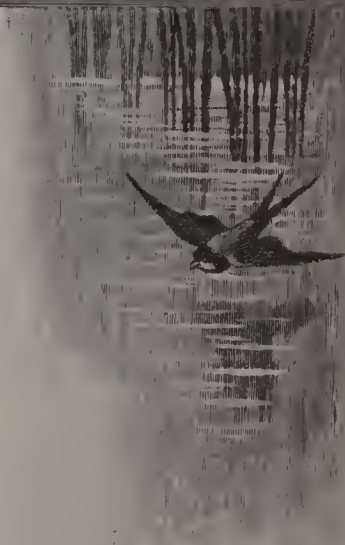
119











## June.



THE slow dusk had begun to gather ; large flowers of the bind-weed, trailing over the low wayside hedge, were mere specks of milky whiteness ; he could but just distinguish between them and the dog-roses, could hardly detect the honeysuckle but for its fragrance.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

How beautiful those tall white lilies were. They enjoyed themselves in secret all through the night, gave out their scent, drank in the dew, and never let men and women find out that the night-time was their life and their day. The great evening primroses, too, white and yellow, were in their glory, and it seemed as if they also were keeping it secret, and still.

*Don John.*

An empty sky, a world of heather,  
Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom;  
We two among them wading together,  
Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,  
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet,  
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,  
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

*Poems.*

She had a soul full of unused treasures of emotion, and pure, clear depths of passion that as yet slumbered unstirred. If her heart was a lute, its highest and lowest chords had never been sounded hitherto, This also she was aware of, and she knew what their music would be like when it came.

*Fated to be Free.*

It is a fearful thing for a young man to be thought a prig — almost as bad, so to speak, as being suspected of burglary. What then is a prig? A prig is one who makes, and prides himself on making, such confident and high profession of his opinions, whatever these may be, that though he should act upon them never so consistently, his words will, notwithstanding, tower above and seem to dwarf his actions.

*Sarah De Berenger.*



I have long noticed that, of all modern people, the Irish suffer least, and the French most, from the misery of envy. The poor Frenchman would rather all were down than that any should have what he has not; but the poor Irishman, wasteful and not covetous, could not do without something to admire. One of these two takes in anguish through his eyes, whenever he casts them on beauty or riches not his; the other takes in consolation through his eyes.

*Don John.*

*Topic 5*

We must not only consider whether what we do is a pleasure in some instances, but whether we design it to be a pleasure to our families.

*Studies for Stories.*

*Topic 6*

Fanny did not know that *sometimes* people call their discontent aspiration, as being a prettier word, and meaning a more respectable thing.

*Dr. Deane's Governess.*

June 1

June 5

June 6

June 7

Some people are fond of making out that a future state is to be very like this, only better, and that we are to have back again what we have lost here. I don't agree to that. We want something better and different, not better and like. I consider that for a permanent life we want many new powers, and I trust the Almighty that we shall have them — one of them is the power to be unwearied by possession and continuance.

*Off the Skelligs.*

June 8

Come out and hear the waters shoot, the owlet hoot,  
the owlet hoot;

Yon crescent moon, a golden boat, hangs dim be-  
hind the tree, O!

The dropping thorn makes white the grass, O sweet-  
est lass, and sweetest lass;

Come out and smell the ricks of hay adown the  
croft with me, O!

*Songs of the Night Watches.*

June 9

Thou hast been alway good to me and mine  
Since our first father by transgression fell.  
Through all Thy sorest judgments love doth shine —  
Lord, of a truth, Thou doest all things well.

*Poems.*



June 7

June 8

June 9

Some people never really *have* anything. It is not only that they can get no good out of things (that is common even among those who are able both to have and to hold), but that they don't know how to reign over their possessions and appropriate them.

*Fated to be Free.*

"It 's always a graceful thing to unbend," as the gold stick-in-waiting said when he balanced a peppermint-drop on his nose, as he stood behind the queen's chair.

*Don John.*

There is nothing like action to show a man what he really is. Till the decisive moment came he had not perhaps the remotest suspicion that he cared for human life in the abstract; and here he stands dripping, having risked his own to save that of an absolute stranger. For the future he knows all. He perceives the awful and mysterious oneness of humanity, how it draws the units to the whole. He is not independent, as he may have thought; he is a part of all.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

June 10.

87-8845 BC

June 11

June 12

“ Shall not the Fashioner command His work ?  
And who am I, that, if He whisper, ‘ Rise,  
Go forth upon Mine errand,’ should reply,  
‘ Lord, God, I love the woman and her sons, —  
I love not scorning : I beseech Thee, God,  
Have me excused.’ ”

*A Story of Doom.*

Reverend as Lear, when, lorn of shelter, he  
Stood, with his old white head, surprised at fate ;  
Alone as Galileo, when, set free,  
Before the stars he mused disconsolate.

*A Snow Mountain.*

You are a well, whereon I, gazing, see  
Reflections of the upper heavens — a well  
From whence come deep, deep echoes up to me —  
Some underwave’s low swell.

I cannot soar into the heights you show,  
Nor dive among the deeps that you reveal ;  
But it is much that high things ARE to know,  
That deep things ARE to feel.

*Honors.*

June 14

June 14

June 15

June 16

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep,  
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,  
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light  
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;  
Love is a pouting child.

*Sleep.*

June 17

The man with no ear for music feels his sense of justice outraged when people shudder while his daughter sings. Why won't they listen to her songs as to one another's? There is no difference.

With a like feeling those who have hardly any sense of humor are half offended when others laugh, while they seem to be shut out for not perceiving any cause. Occasionally knowing themselves to be sensible people, they think it evident that their not seeing the joke must be because it is against them.

*Fated to be Free.*

June 18

Money will make us work, but money will not make us give our hearts to the work, — nothing but love for the work or real good principle can make us do that.

*Emily's Ambition.*

June 16

June 17

WENT TO THE GARDEN

June 18

June 19

He was prodigal of his speech, did not save up his thoughts as if he expected them one day to fail. He was not afraid to be fully alive now, lest he might flag afterwards. With him it was always spring-tide and full moon.

*Off the Skelligs.*

June 20

When our thoughts are born,  
Though they be good and humble, one should mind  
How they are reared, or some will go astray  
And shame their mother. Cain and Abel both  
Were only once removed from innocence.

*Gladys and her Island.*

June 21

The most joyous and gladsome natures are often most keenly alive to impressions of reverence, and wonder, and awe. Emily's mind longed and craved to annex itself to all things fervent, deep, and real. As she walked on the common grass, she thought the better of it because the feet of Christ had trodden it also.

*Fated to be Free.*



July 19

June 20

June 21

That high song  
Of the heart, it doth belong  
To the hearers. Not a whit,  
Though a chief musician heard,  
Could he make a tune for it.

Though a lute full deftly strung,  
And the sweetest bird e'er sung,  
Could have tried it.

*Contrasted Songs.*

“There are many people in the world who don't know what they really are till circumstances show them.” “And a very good thing, too,” she exclaimed, “for some of us. If the pepper-castor could know what it really was, it would always be sneezing its top off.”

*Sarah De Berenger.*

Midsummer night, not dark, not light,  
Dusk all the scented air,  
I'll e'en go forth to one I love,  
And learn how he doth fare.  
O the ring, the ring, my dear, for me,  
The ring was a world too fine,  
I wish it had sunk in a forty-fathom sea,  
Or ever thou mad'st it mine.

*Poems.*

June 22

June 23

June 24

MAKING COLORED MASTHEADS.

Many a delicate invalid, who overtasks herself, thinks herself, notwithstanding, a burden, while teaching, by her example, the most improving lessons of patience and resignation; and many an awkward, yet warm-hearted and eager girl, weeping over her various mistakes and short-comings, in her anxious attempts to be kind and to do a great deal in a little time, has been ready to take to herself the appellation, false indeed in her case, of a Cumberer.

*The Cumberers.*

It may be there are many in like case :  
They give themselves, and are in misery  
Because the gift is small, and doth not make  
The world by so much better as they fain  
Would have it. 'T is a fault ; but, as for us,  
Let us not blame them. Maybe, 't is a fault  
More kindly looked on by The Majesty  
Than our best virtues are. Why, what are we !  
What have we given, and what have we desired  
To give the world? *Monitions of the Unseen.*

Who does not like to watch the stately white cloud lying becalmed over the woods, and waiting in a rapture of rest for a wind to come and float it on? Yet we might not have cared to see the cloud take her rest, but for the sweetness of rest to ourselves. The plough turned over on one side under a hedge, while the ploughman rests at noon, might hint to us what is the key-note of that chord which makes us think the rest of the cloud so fair.

*Fated to be Free.*

June 25

June 26

June 27

July 28

It would be very unlucky for cats if people in a body should discover how much more jolly it was to be out in the warm golden mist of moonlight, when all was so fresh and sweet, than tucked up in their heated bedrooms under the low ceiling that shuts out the stars.

*Don John.*

July 29

Ah! thou art no more thine own.  
Mine, mine, O love! Tears gather 'neath my lids,—  
Sorrowful tears for thy lost liberty,  
Because it was so sweet. Thy liberty,  
That yet, O love, thou wouldst not have again.  
No; all is right. But who can give, or bless,  
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal  
Some pain?

*Songs with Preludes.*

July 30

Quoth the ocean, "Dawn! O fairest, clearest,  
Touch me with thy golden fingers bland;  
For I have no smile till thou appearest  
For the lovely land."

*Winstanley.*

June 28

June 29

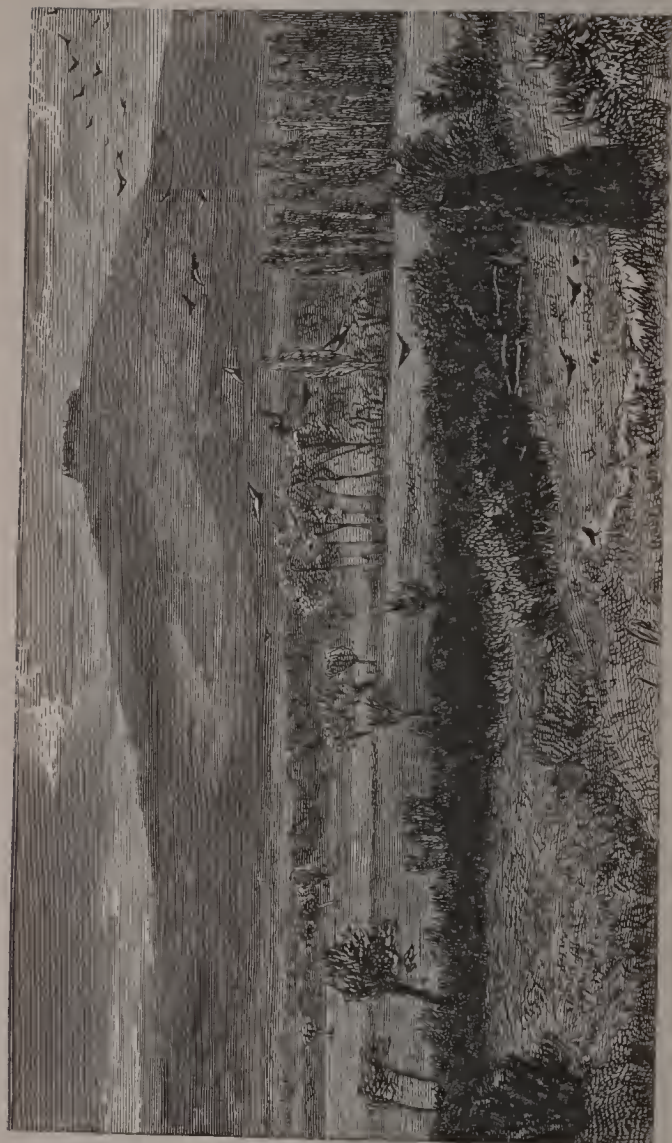
at 12:00

June 30









## July.



A MEADOW where the grass was deep,  
Rich, square, and golden to the view,  
A belt of elms with level sweep  
About it grew.

The sun beat down on it, the line  
Of shade was clear beneath the trees ;  
There, by a clustering eglantine,  
We sat at ease.

And O the buttercups ! that field  
O' the cloth of gold, where pennons swam —  
Where France set up his liliated shield,  
His oriflamb,

And Henry's lion-standard rolled :  
What was it to their matchless sheen,  
Their million million drops of gold  
Among the green !

*The Letter L.*

It is a delightful help merely *not* to be hindered.  
*Studies for Stories.*

July 3

Your best and most thorough charity is that which tends to make, and ends in making, its object independent of charity; which, in fact, works to its own extinction.

*A Sister's Bye-Hours.*

July 3

He had no pride; *he* did n't mind shouting for a poor man. Preached just as long and just as loud, he did, in bad weather, when he had nobbut a few old creeturs and poor Simon Graves the cripple for congregation, as when the most chiefest draper and his lady walked over from the town to attend.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

July 3

July 3

July 3

July 4

Our heroes die and drop away from us ;  
Oblivion folds them 'neath her dusky wing,  
Fair copies wasted to the hungering world.  
Save them. We fall so low for lack of them,  
That many of us think scorn of honest trade,  
And take no pride in our own shops ; who care  
Only to quit a calling, will not make  
The calling what it might be ; who despise  
Their work, Fate laughs at, and doth let the work  
Dull and degrade them. *Gladys and her Island.*

July 5

The poetical temperament of Emily's mind made her frequently change places with others, and, indeed, become in thought those others — fears, feelings, and all.

“What are you crying for, Emily?” her mother had once said to her, when she was a little child.

“I'm not Emily now,” she answered ; “I'm the poor little owl, and I can't help crying because that cruel Smokey barked at me and frightened me ”

*Fated to be Free.*

July 6

“What's the joke?” as the ghost asked of the laughing hyena. “Dear sir,” he answered, “you can't see a joke in the dark.”

*Don John.*

INDIAN HISTORY

July 4

July 5

July 6

July 7

“Far-seeing heart! if that be all,  
The happy things that did not fall,”  
I sighed, “from every coppice call.  
They never from that garden went.  
Behold their joy, so comfort thee,  
Behold the blossom and the bee,  
For they are yet as good and free  
As when poor Eve was innocent.”

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

July 8

We wish for more in life, rather than for more of it; and if it were to contain no new elements, I do not think the human race (if it might consider the question for itself as a whole) would care to have it lengthened.

*Off the Skelligs.*

July 9

She soon began to feel low-spirited and restless, while, like a potato-plant in a dark cellar, she put forth long runners towards the light, and no light was to be found. This homely simile ought to be forgiven, because it is such a good one.

*Fated to be Free.*



July 7

July 8

July 9

July 10

Man is the miracle in nature. God  
Is the ONE MIRACLE to man. Behold,  
"There is a God," thou sayest. Thou sayest well :  
In that thou sayest all. To Be is more  
Of wonderful, than being, to have wrought,  
Or reigned, or rested.

*A Story of Doom.*

July 11

Shall I be slave to every noble soul,  
Study the dead, and to their spirits bend ;  
Or learn to read my own heart's folded scroll,  
And make self-rule my end ?

*Honors.*

July 12

I have heard it said that the envious person, though he is made miserable by his neighbor's prosperity, does nothing to diminish that prosperity, — he is, in short, no one's enemy but his own. The envious person is, in truth, his own enemy, but he is as truly the enemy of every one whom he envies. This passion, like all others, must seek to display itself in action. They who bitterly envy cannot possibly refrain from showing it and acting on it.

*My Great-Aunt's Picture.*

July 10

July 11

July 12

I have learned to notice, that it is both natural and inevitable, that those who have no settled occupation themselves, should be those most prone to find fault with the work of others.

*The Cumberers.*

O mother Eve, who wert beguiled of old,  
Thy blood is in thy children, thou art yet  
Their fate and copy; with thy milk they drew  
The immortal want of morning; but thy day  
Dawned and was over, and thy children know  
Contentment never, nor continuance long.  
For even thus it is with them: the day  
Waxeth, to wane anon, and a long night  
Leaves the dark heart unsatisfied with stars.

*Letters on Life and The Morning.*

Scorn of self is bitter work, —  
Each of us has felt it now:  
Bluest skies she counted mirk,  
Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;  
As for me, I went my way,  
And a better man drew nigh,  
Fain to earn, with long essay,  
What the winner's hand threw by.

*Contrasted Songs.*



July 16

The child is to the father and mother, who imparted life to him, and who see his youth, the most excellent consolation that nature can afford them for the loss of their own youth, and for the shortness of life in themselves; but if a mother is therefore convinced that her child is a consoler to those who have none, he is sure, at some time or other, to be considered an unmitigated bore.

*Fated to be Free.*

July 17

Consider it  
(This outer world we tread on) as a harp, —  
A gracious instrument on whose fair strings  
We learn those airs we shall be set to play  
When mortal hours are ended. Why shouldst thou  
Lie grovelling? More is won than e'er was lost:  
Inherit. Let thy day be to thy night  
A teller of good tidings. Let thy praise  
Go up as birds go up that, when they wake,  
Shake off the dew and soar.

*Dominion.*

July 18

We often think we are of great importance to certain people; that they must be thinking of us and our affairs, that they watch our actions and shape their course accordingly. In general it is not so; we are quite mistaken.

*Don John.*

July 16

July 17

July 18

July 19

Sympathy is a skittish and perverse nymph ; demand too much and she gives nothing. When a soldier has lost his arm, if he were to go whining about the world lamenting over it, everybody would despise him ; but if he holds his tongue, and carries his empty sleeve carelessly, all the girls are in love with him.

*Off the Skelligs.*

July 20

The human mind is always inexorable in demanding a motive for all human actions. It is only himself that each man permits to act without one, and avails himself of the privilege with astonishing frequency.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

July 21

It is a woman's duty, if she has many lovers, to set them free from vain hopes, by choosing as soon among them as she can, even if she make some sacrifice to do it, with only a sincere preference for one and no great enthusiasm.

*Don John.*



July 19

July 20

July 21

July 22

Nor do they well whose work  
Is still to feed and shelter them and theirs,  
Get gain, and gathered store it, to think scorn  
Of those who work for a world (no wages paid  
By a Master hid in light), and sent alone  
To face a laughing multitude, whose eyes  
Are full of damaging pity, that forbears  
To tell the harmless laborer, "Thou art mad."

*A Story of Doom.*

July 23

Soft falls the dew, stars tremble through,  
Where lone he sits apart.  
Would I might steal his grief away  
To hide in mine own heart.  
Would, would 't were shut in yon blossom fair,  
The sorrow that bows thy head,  
Then — I would gather it, to thee unaware,  
And break my heart in thy stead.

*Poems.*

July 24

"Why, he's as good as a knife that has pared  
onions, sir, — everything it touches relishes of 'em."

*Fated to be Free.*

July 22

July 23

July 24

July 25

Fools are not rare, either male or female ; as they arrange the world and its ways in great measure, it is odd that they do not understand one another better.

*Fated to be Free.*

July 26

And some were cross and shivered, and her dames  
Were weary and right hard to please ; but she  
Felt like a beggar suddenly endowed  
With a warm cloak to 'fend her from the cold.  
“ For, come what will,” she said, “ I had *to-day.*”

*Gladys and her Island.*

July 27

There is nothing so sweet as duty, and all the best pleasures of life come in the wake of duties done.

*Don John.*

July 25

11 1865

July 26

July 27

What a bore it is, that the dull and uneducated and unimaginative should possess a dogged contempt for danger, and a kind of stupid fearlessness that we are never to have. I do not see how a highly imaginative man can have much animal courage.

*Off the Skelligs.*

Is there such path already made to fit  
The measure of my foot? It shall atone  
For much, if I at length may light on it  
And know it for mine own.

*Honors.*

Nothing, perhaps, differs more than the amount of affection felt by different people; there is no gauge for it — language cannot convey it. Yet instinctive perception shows us where it is great. Some feel little, and show all that little becomingly; others feel much, and reveal scarcely anything; but, on the whole, men are not deceived, each gets the degree of help and sympathy that was due to him.

*Fated to be Free.*



— 370 —

O last love ! O first love !  
My love with the true heart,  
To think I have come to this your home,  
And yet — we are apart !

*Contrasted Songs.*



Feb 31







## August.



AND lo! the sun is coming. Red as rust  
Between the latticed blind his presence burns,  
A ruby ladder running up the wall;  
And all the dust, printed with pigeons' feet,  
Is reddened, and the crows that stalk anear  
Begin to trail for heat their glossy wings,  
And the red flowers give back at once the dew,  
For night is gone, and day is born so fast,  
And is so strong, that, huddled as in flight,  
The fleeting darkness paleth to a shade,  
And while she calls to sleep and dreams "Come on,"  
Suddenly waked, the sleepers rub their eyes,  
Which having opened, lo! she is no more.

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

How hot it was that morning! and as the boat  
pushed itself into a little creek, and made its way  
among the beds of yellow and purple iris which  
skirted the brink, what a crowd of dragon-flies and  
large butterflies rose from them.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

August 1

The summer night draws near its noon ;  
The wheat fields rustle nigh ;  
A golden reaping-hook — the moon  
Hangs like a sign on high.

*Poems.*

August 2

She was “of imagination all compact;” but that is a very unlucky case where there is weak judgment, little or no keenness of observation, a treacherous memory, and a boundless longing for the good things of life. Of all gifts, imagination, being the greatest, is least worth having, unless it is well backed either by moral culture or by other intellectual qualities. It is the crown of all thoughts and powers ; but you cannot wear a crown becomingly if you have no head (worth mentioning) to put it on.

*Fated to be Free.*

August 3

Learn that to love is the one way to know,  
Or God or man : it is not love received  
That maketh man to know the inner life  
Of them that love him ; his own love bestowed  
Shall do it.

*A Story of Doom.*

August 1

August 2

August 3

August 5

She was one of those people to whom a compliment is absolute poison. The first man who casually chanced to say something to her in her early youth, which announced to her that he thought her lovely, changed her thoughts about herself for ever after.

*Fated to be Free.*

August 5

All she said and did and wore, appeared to be a part of herself; there was a sweet directness, a placid oneness about her, which inspired belief and caused contentment.

*Don John.*

August 5

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they  
turn,  
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.

*The Four Bridges.*





Even if you quench me, you will be disappointed,  
as the wild Tartar is who, when he spies a man  
that's handsome, valiant, wise, if he can kill him,  
thinks to inherit his wit, his wisdom, and his spirit;  
or, as that famous schoolman was, who swallowed  
his enemy's knife, that it might be handy to whet his  
words and sharpen his tongue on, but found it cut  
short all his arguments.

*Off the Skelligs.*

Quoth the hero dying, whelmed in glory,  
"Many blame me, few have understood;  
Ah, my folk, to you I leave a story, —  
Make its meaning good."

Quoth the folk, "Sing, poet! teach us, prove us;  
Surely we shall learn the meaning then:  
Wound us with a pain divine, O move us  
For this man of men."

*Winstanley.*

O Life, be Life indeed, true faith afford,  
Let us cry, also, "We have seen the Lord."

*Poems.*

August 7

August 8

August 9

And I am so delighted with this world,  
That suddenly has grown, being new washed,  
To such a smiling, clean, and thankful world,  
And with a tender face shining through tears,  
Looks up into the sometime lowering sky,  
That has been angry, but is reconciled,  
And just forgiving her, that I, — that I, —  
O, I forget myself.

*Gladys and her Island.*

And yet, if after a man's death, his relations were to sit in judgment on him, and were to bring out and make a great heap of all the things they thought he had not earned with perfect honesty, and were to allow the unscrupulous to have a free fight over them, each appropriating what he could for his own benefit, would that make the world any better than it is?

*Sarah De Berenger.*

She longed to be sought more than she cared to be won; it soothed and comforted what had been a painful sense of disadvantage to know that one man at least had sighed for her in vain.

*Fated to be Free.*

1890

August 11

August 12

And yet to you and not to me belong  
Those finer instincts that, like second sight  
And hearing, catch creation's undersong,  
And see by inner light.

*Honors.*

Every right and natural responsibility of which you relieve a man, taking it on yourself, makes him less able to bear those responsibilities that nothing can relieve him of. If you could take all his duties from him, as we sometimes do, it would only make it certain that he would not then even do his duty by himself.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

When we see family likeness, which we constantly do, we think how natural it is; but when we see family unlikeness, which we also constantly do, it never costs us a moment's surprise, a moment's thought.

*Don John.*

August 13

August 14

August 15

August 16

Oh! we are far too happy while they last;  
We have our good things first, and they cost naught;  
Then the new splendor comes unfathomed, vast,  
A costly trouble, ay, a sumptuous thought,  
And will not wait, and cannot be possessed,  
Though infinite yearnings fold it to the breast.

*Margaret in the Zebec.*

August 17

Said he to me this morning, "Misfortunes in this life is what we all hev to expect. They ought not to surprise us," said he; "they never surprise me, nor nothing does." It's true too. And he's allers for making a sensible observation, as he thinks (that shows what a fool he is). No, if he was to meet a man with three heads, he would n't own as he was surprised; he'd merely say, "You must find this here dispensation very expensive in hats."

*Fated to be Free.*

August 18

He was a graduate in nature's university. Nature is wiser than the schoolmaster; she educates, but she never crams. Her scholars do not go up to take their degrees; their degrees come to them.

*Sarah De Berenger.*



August 16

August 17

August 18

August 19

I have several times observed that nobody thanks one for giving up what is clearly one's own, — not even the person for whom it is done ; for he either thinks it is all right, which is a pity, — or he knows it is not all right, and by accepting it lowers himself, — or he does not think about it, which is nearly as bad.

*Off the Skelligs.*

August 20

Ecstatic chirp of wingèd thing,  
Or bubbling of the water-spring,  
Are sounds that more than silence bring  
Itself and its delightsomeness.

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

August 21

When the rose of thine own being  
Shall reveal its central fold,  
Thou shalt look within and marvel,  
Fearing what thine eyes behold ;  
What it shows and what it teaches  
Are not things wherewith to part ;  
Thorny rose ! that always costeth  
Beatings at the heart.

*Poems.*

August 19

August 20

August 21

August 22

Young girls, when reluctant to do any particular thing, often find their shoulders in the way. These useful, and generally graceful, portions of the human frame appear on such occasions to feel a wish to put themselves forward, as if to bear the brunt of it, and their manner is to do this edgeways.

*Fated to be Free.*

August 23

She was a sweet-tempered young creature, had never done any particular good in the world; but then what opportunity had she found? for the same reason possibly she had never done any particular harm.

*Don John.*

August 24

He could not escape thinking of her, being the slave for the moment of every pretty girl. Good young men generally are.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

August 22

August 23

August 24

SE. BARTHOLOMEW.

August 25

Half an hour of hope and joy consoles for much foregone trouble, and further satisfies the heart by making it an easier thing to believe in more yet to come.

*Fated to be Free.*

August 26

How little we can know of the inner life of those about us! The affection we rested in and that was proclaimed to the world may fade and perish, while unsuspected by us our names may be precious to some common acquaintance whom we seldom trouble ourselves to think about.

*Off the Skelligs.*

August 27

Fare thee well, my love of loves! would I had died  
before thee!

O, to be at least a cloud, that near thee I might flow,  
Solemnly approach the mountain, weep away my  
being o'er thee,

And veil thy breast with icicles, and thy brow with  
snow!

*Requiescat in Pace.*

August 25

August 26

August 27

August 28

When some affections which we would almost give our lives to keep warm and fresh grow cold in spite of cherishing, what a perversity of nature it seems that others can thrive, and live, and even grow, when they have nothing to feed upon, and every reason to fade and die!

*Off the Skelligs.*

August 29

O ye good women, it is hard to leave  
The paths of virtue, and return again.  
What if this sinner wept, and none of you  
Comforted her? But I beseech  
Your patience. Once in old Jerusalem  
A woman kneeled at consecrated feet,  
Kissed them, and washed them with her tears.

What then?

I think that yet our Lord is pitiful:  
I think I see the castaway e'en now!

*Brothers and a Sermon.*

August 30

In general, the woman bears the small misfortunes and continued disappointments of life best, and the man bears best the great ones.

*Don John.*



August 28

August 29

August 30

“I do not wish to marry a woman who takes such a deep and sincere interest in herself.”

“Why, don’t we all do that? I am sure *I* do.”

“You naturally feel that you are the most important and interesting of all God’s creatures *to yourself*. You do not therefore think that you must be so *to me*.”

*Fated to be Free.*

August 3)







## September.



ON a lonely sea-coast, at some distance from any houses, a lady was wandering at the turn of the tide, and watching somewhat sadly the shadows of the clouds as they passed over and changed the colors of the tranquil sea.

It was a clear morning in the beginning of September, and she had walked more than three miles from her lodgings in the nearest village. The first two miles had been under high rocky cliffs, from which tangled bugloss, thrift, and sea-lavender hung, and long trailing fern-leaves peeped, and offered somewhat to hold for the hand of the adventurous climber. The shore under these cliffs was rugged with rocks which stood out from the soft sand, and were covered with limpets; the water washing among them made a peculiar singing noise, quite different to the deep murmur with which it recedes from a more level shore. She listened to this cheery singing, as the crisp little waves shook the pebbles, playing with them, lifting them up and tossing them together; and she listened to the sheep bells, and watched with wonder how the adventurous lambs found food and footing on the slippery heights of the cliffs.

*Poor Matt, or The Clouded Intellect.*

September 1

Let the people, O Queen! say, and bless thee,  
Her bounty drops soft as the dew,  
And spotless in honor confess thee,  
As lilies are spotless in hue.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

September 3

“Some folks forget,” continued Mr. Swan, “that transplanted trees won’t grow the first year, and others want too much for their money, and too good of its kind; but fair and softly, thinks I; you can’t buy five shillings with threepence-halfpenny in any shop that I ever heerd of; and when you’ve earned half-a-crown you can’t be paid it in gold.”

*Fated to be Free.*

September 5

Poetical justice is not the kind of justice that generally comes about in the order of God’s providence. We ought not to expect such; and woful, indeed, must be the disappointment of those who do kind actions in the hope of receiving it.

*The Wild-Duck Shooter.*



September 1

September 2

September 3

If to reflect a light that is divine  
Makes that which doth reflect it better seen,  
And if to see is to condemn the shrine,  
'T were surely better it had never been :  
It had been better for her NOT TO SHINE,  
And for me NOT TO SING. Better, I ween,  
For us to yield no more that radiance bright,  
For them, to lack the light than scorn the light.

*The Star's Monument.*

Like a shaft of light her voice breaks forth,  
My soul to meet it springs  
As the shining water leaped of old,  
When stirred by angel wings.

*The Long White Scam.*

If maids be shy, he cures who can ;  
But if a man be shy — a man —  
Why then the worse for him !

*Supper at the Mill.*

September 2

September 3

September 13

September 7

Time is a healer of sick hearts,  
And women have been known to choose,  
With purpose to allay their smarts,  
And tend their bruise,

These for themselves. Content to give,  
In their own lavish love complete,  
Taking for sole prerogative  
Their tendance sweet.

*The Letter L.*

September 8

I like to do kindness spontaneously; but to have it represented that I *ought* to do it, takes away all the pleasure of it; makes it something that one is to be blamed for if one does not perform, but *not* to be praised for if one does!

*The Stolen Treasure.*

September 9

Like coral insects multitudinous  
The minutes are whereof our life is made.  
They build it up as in the deep's blue shade  
It grows, it comes to light, and then, and thus  
For both there is an end. The populous  
Sea-blossoms close, our minutes that have paid  
Life's debt of work are spent; the work is laid  
Before our feet that shall come after us.

*Work.*



September 10

Why should we be so fond of saying, "Impossible!" "Incredible!" "Improbable?" These are three empty words, yet how many a fine story have they marred!

*Stories Told to a Child.*

September 11

It is a fine thing to have it in our power to enrich a life — to give enough and all that was lacking. But some people are a long time before they can believe that is their case; and when at last they have learned to believe it, I have known some that spent so long thinking about it, that all the grace of the gift, — indeed the opportunity of making it, altogether went by.

*Off the Skelligs.*

September 12

There can be little doubt that it is the fools, and not the wise, who govern the world. While the wise are considering, the fools act; while the wise investigate, the fools have made up their minds; by the time the wise have discovered, the fools have made arrangements, and the wise, for the sake of law and order, or if not, for the sake of peace and quietness, are obliged to give way.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

September 10

September 11

H L Fox,

September 12

September 13

For, oh! she has a sweet tongue,  
And een that look down,  
She has a good word forbye  
Fra a' folk in the toun.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

September 14

What have *you* done, I should like to know? And what are you, and what have you been, that is better worth recording than the sayings and doings recorded here? You think yourself superior? Well, you *may be*, certainly, and to reflect that you *are*, is a comfortable thing for yourself!

*Stories Told to a Child.*

September 15

To hear, to heed, to wed,  
Fair lot that maidens choose,  
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,  
Thy face no more she views;  
Thy mother's lot, my dear,  
She doth in nought accuse;  
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,  
To love — and then to lose.

*Songs of Seven.*



September 13

September 14

September 15

Would I, to save my dear child dutiful,  
Dare the white breakers on a storm-rent shore?  
Ay, truly, Thou all good, all beautiful,  
Truly I would, — then truly Thou would'st more.

*Poems.*

The soul does not always recognize itself as a guest seated within this frame; sometimes it appears to escape and look at the human life it has led, as if from without. It seems to become absorbed into the august stream of being; to see that fragment *itself*, without self-love, and as the great all of mankind would regard it if laid open to them.

It perceives the inevitable verdict. Thus and thus have I done. They will judge me rightly, that thus and thus I am.

*Fated to be Free.*

Many people show us our deficiencies by the light of their own advantages, but Donald Johnstone's wife showed rather how insignificant those deficiencies must be since she who was so complete had never noticed them.

*Don John.*



September 10

“The fulness of Him,” he said, “that filleth all in all.”

*Fated to be Free.*

NOTE. — Miss Ingelow, under the impression that President Garfield was convalescent, desired to send him a token of her sympathy. It was received by Mrs. Garfield after his death, and in acknowledging it she said: “The last book I read during the last days of the President’s illness was her (Miss Ingelow’s) ‘Fated to be Free’ I read it to occupy the hours when I was not sitting beside him, lest my own thoughts should overcome my hope; and I laid the book down finished only a few hours before his spirit passed away. It startled me with a fear that the closing scene might be a prophecy. Alas! alas!”

September 20

A straight stick may shame a crooked one that never knew how crooked it was till the other was laid beside it.

*A Sister’s Bye-Hours.*

September 21

We know they music made  
In heaven, ere man’s creation;  
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,  
It dropt with lamentation,  
And ever since doth its sweetness shade  
With sighs for its first station.

*A Cottage in a Chine.*

September 19

NEW HAVEN

September 20

September 21

ST. MATTHEW

People who are destined to get the command over others often surprise one by having the last style of manners that one could expect. They are not in the least alike either, as I have had opportunity of judging.

*Off the Skelligs.*

If God gives me work to do, I will thank him that he has bestowed on me a strong arm ; if he gives me danger to brave, I will bless him that he has not made me without courage ; but I will go down on my knees and beseech him humbly to make me fit for my task, if he tells me it is *only* to stand and wait.

*Marked.*

Regret and faith alike enchain ;  
There was a loss, there comes a gain ;  
We stand at fault betwixt the twain,  
And that is veiled for which we pant.

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

September 22

September 23

September 24

When the poplar leaves atremble  
Turn their edges to the light,  
And the far-up clouds resemble  
Veils of gauze most clear and white ;  
Though the heart be not attending,  
Having music of her own,  
On the grass, through meadows wending,  
It is sweet to walk alone.

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

*September 26*

All nature seemed to smile on her sweetness. She reminded him, in that secluded spot, of a fair lily shaded by its own green leaf. She was everywhere. The young growing things about him were lovely, for they were like her. The old steadfast trees were interesting, as in contrast to her. The very donkey was interesting, because she often tried in vain to make him go.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

*September 27*

There are buds that fold within them,  
Closed and covered from our sight,  
Many a richly tinted petal,  
Never looked on by the light:  
Fain to see their shrouded faces,  
Sun and dew are long at strife,  
Till at length the sweet buds open —  
Such a bud is life.

*A Mother Showing the Portrait of her Child.*



September 19

September 20

September 21

September 28

The rich and the free have a choice, they often choose amiss. Yet no choice can (excepting for this world) be irretrievable ; and that same being for whom the great life of the world proved too much, learns often, in the loss of everything, what his utmost gain was not ordained to teach.

*Fated to be Free.*

September 29

We dwell as at creation's brink,  
Yet saved, and safe from thrall ;  
We think, if we may dare to think,  
Thou givest all to all.

*Poems.*

September 30

When she came  
Before him first, he looked at her, and looked  
No more, but colored to his healthful brow,  
And wished himself a better man, and thought  
On certain things, and wished they were undone,  
Because her girlish innocence, the grace  
Of her unblemished pureness, wrought in him  
A longing and aspiring, and a shame  
To think how wicked was the world.

*Laurance.*

— September 28 —

— September 29 —

ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

— September 30 —







## October.



THE green common was basking in the mild yellow sunshine of a fine autumnal day; every little elevation was covered with heather, gorse, and foxglove flowers; the young larks hidden under the ferns were chirping softly, the sky was serene, and all the wide-open world seemed drinking the sunshine.

*Off the Skelligs.*

Yellow leaves, how fast they flutter — woodland  
hollows thickly strewing,  
Where the wan October sunbeams scanty in the  
mid-day win,  
While the dim gray clouds are drifting, and in sad-  
dened hues imbuing  
All without and all within!  
*Poems on the Death of three Children.*

October 1

“Take courage,” quoth he, “and respect the mind  
Your Maker gave, for good your fate fulfil;  
The fate round many hearts your own to wind.”  
Twin soul, I will! I will!

*Honors.*

October 2

Let my work be always done  
As to Thee, and when the sun  
Sets and all Thy stars appear,  
Still acquaint me I am dear.

*Poems.*

October 3

If ever I took to writing fiction I should not pretend to know all about my characters. The author's world appears small if he makes it manifest that he reigns there. I don't understand myself thoroughly. How can I understand so many other people?

*Fated to be Free.*



October 1

October 2

October 3

There standing with my very goal in sight,  
Over my haste did sudden quiet steal ;  
I thought to dally with my own delight,  
Nor rush on headlong to my garnered weal,  
But taste the sweetness of a short delay,  
And for a little moment hold the bliss at bay.

*The Four Bridges.*

For she was purer than a driven flake  
Of snow, and in her grace most excellent ;  
The loveliest life that death did ever mar,  
As beautiful to gaze on as a star.

*The Star's Monument.*

The yellow poplar-leaves came down  
And like a carpet lay,  
No waftings were in the sunny air  
To flutter them away ;  
And he stepped on blithe and debonair  
That warm October day.

*Strife and Peace.*

October 4

October 5

October 6

October 7

She had the disadvantage of being very short-sighted, and so missed the flashing messages and secret communications that passed between other eyes. This defect makes many people more intellectual than they otherwise would be, and less intelligent, throwing them more on thought and less on observation.

*Don John.*

October 8

Sweet is childhood — childhood 's over,  
Kiss and part.  
Sweet is youth — but youth 's a rover —  
So 's my heart.  
Sweet is rest ; but by all showing  
Toil is nigh.  
We must go. Alas ! the going,  
Say " Good-bye."

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

October 9

Oh, what a curious place the world is, and what a number of things are found out afresh in it! What faded old facts stand forth in startling colors, as wonderful and new, when youthful genius gets a chance of sitting still while it passes, and making unnoticed studies of it.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

October 7

October 8

October 9

October 10

Not with possession, not  
With fairest earthly lot,  
Cometh the peace assured, his spirit's quest ;  
With much it looks before,  
With most it yearns for more ;  
And ' this is not our rest,' and ' this is not our rest.'

*Poems.*

October 11

Some people want the poetic faculty ; they have  
not discovered how to match a sensation with a  
sound, and translate their souls into other people's  
ears with an A flat and a B natural, — as the hooting  
owl does her yearning after young mice for supper.

*Off the Skelligs.*

October 12

Oh, my child-God most gentle King,  
To me Thy waxing glory show ;  
Wake in my heart as wakes the spring,  
Grow as the leaf and lily grow.

*Poems.*

October 10

October 11

October 12

October 13

“Yellow leaves, yellow leaves,  
Whither away?  
Through the long wood paths  
How fast do ye stray!”

“We go to lie down  
Where the spring snowdrops grow,  
Their young roots to cherish  
Through frost and through snow.”

*Stories Told to a Child.*

October 14

For hearts where wakened love doth lurk,  
How fine, how blest a thing is work!  
For work does good when reasons fail.

*Reflections.*

October 15

Should I change my allegiance for rancor  
If fortune changes her side?  
Or should I, like a vessel at anchor,  
Turn with the turn of the tide?  
Lift! O lift, thou lowering sky;  
An thou wilt, thy gloom forego!  
An thou wilt not, he and I  
Need not part for drifts of snow.

*Laurance.*



October 13

October 14

October 15

*Hence we may learn,*

That though it be a grand and comely thing  
To be unhappy, — (and we think it is,  
Because so many grand and clever folk  
Have found out reasons for unhappiness),  
. . . . yet, since we are not grand,  
O, not at all, and as for cleverness,  
That may be or may not be, — it is well  
For us to be as happy as we can!

*Gladys and her Island.*

*October 17*

She had a gracious insight into the feelings of others, and used it not to show off her own beauties, but to console them for defects in themselves.

*Don John.*

*October 13*

Like a great river Thy love flows,  
Let not it run to waste,  
I'll dip my hand, so near it goes,  
Sure I thereof may taste.

*Poems.*

October 16

October 17

October 18

AT LURE

April 19

Family likeness is always strongest among the uncultivated, and among lethargic and stupid people; and it is the same with nations, those who have little energy and no keen desire for knowledge are ten times more alike in feature, complexion, and countenance than we are. No! family likeness is all very well in infancy, before the mind has begun to work on the face; but as a man's children grow, they ought to be less and less alike every year.

*Fated to be Free.*

October 30

My soul admires to hear thee speak; thy thought  
Falls from a high place like an August star,  
Or some great eagle from his air-hung rings —  
When swooping past a snow-cold mountain scar —  
Down the steep slope of a long sunbeam brought,  
He stirs the wheat with the steerage of his wings.

*Sonnet.*

October 31

When I reflect how little I have done,  
And add to that how little I have seen,  
Then furthermore how little I have won  
Of joy, or good, how little known, or been :  
I long for other life more full, more keen,  
And yearn to change with such as well have run —  
Yet reason mocks me — nay, the soul, I ween,  
Granted her choice would dare to change with none.

*Wishing.*

October 19

October 20

October 21

October 22

He taught them, and they learned, but not the less  
Remained unconscious whence that lore they drew,  
But dreamed that of their native nobleness  
Some lofty thoughts, that he had planted, grew ;  
His glorious maxims in a lowly dress  
Like seed sown broadcast sprung in all men's view,  
The sower, passing onward, was not known,  
And all men reaped the harvest as their own.

*The Star's Monument.*

October 23

She spoke, and lo, her loveliness  
Methought she damaged with her tongue ;  
And every sentence made it less,  
So false they rung.

The rallying voice, the light demand,  
Half flippant, half unsatisfied ;  
The vanity sincere and bland —  
The answers wide.

*The Letter L.*

October 24

People say of Eastern nations, that those who  
would hold sway over them must needs make them-  
selves feared, and they do not enough consider that  
this is almost as true at their own doors as it is at  
the ends of the earth.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

October 22

October 23

October 24

October 25

What if mind and thought decayed,  
Old, I lose Thee from my ken,  
Thou chiefest of the sons of men,  
And Thy worth from memory fade;  
Oh! most loving Lord, what then?

Nay, but Thou wilt not forget;  
In Thy memory lives my boast;  
On the everlasting coast  
Thou wilt meet and own me yet,  
To the end and uttermost.

*Poems.*

October 26

Be glad, and say "This beauty is for me —  
A thing to love and learn.

"For me the bounding in of tides; for me  
The laying bare of sands when they retreat;  
The purple flush of calms, the sparkling glee  
When waves and sunshine meet."

*Honors.*

October 27

"Hold, heart!" I cried; "for trouble sleeps;  
I hear no sound of aught that weeps;  
I will not look into thy deeps —  
I am afraid, I am afraid!"  
"Afraid!" she saith; "and yet 't is true  
That what man dreads he still should view —  
Should do the thing he fears to do,  
And storm the ghosts in ambuscade."

*Scholar and Carpenter.*



October 25

October 26

October 27

October 28

This is a woman-ridden age. Yet, it is but fair to confess that all the former ones were man-ridden ages. What we want is a happy proportion.

*Off the Skelligs.*

October 29

He was *crammed* full of human nature. He was full of us and the place we live in. We take a beautiful pathetic pleasure in reading him, because we like that a man who knew us so well should like us so much.

*Don John.*

October 30

What wonder man should fail to stay  
A nursling wafted from above,  
The growth celestial come astray,  
That tender growth whose name is Love !

It is as if high winds in heaven  
Had shaken the celestial trees,  
And to this earth below had given  
Some feathered seeds from one of these.

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

October 28

1891

October 29

October 30

*Volume II*

O to set my life, sweet bird,  
To a tune that oft I heard  
When I used to stand alone  
Listening to the lovely moan  
Of the swaying pines o'erhead,  
While, a-gathering of bee-bread  
For their living, murmured round,  
As the pollen dropped to ground,  
All the nations from the hives.

*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*











## November.



THE sweet warm days of October gave way to a succession of raw boisterous weather, when the foam from the rough troubled sea was blown into the cottage door, and when the gusty winds shook the frail little tenement. Black clouds gathered over the ocean, which, except where a line of froth marked its breaking on the beach, was almost as black as themselves.

*Poor Matt, or, The Clouded Intellect.*

The last house before you come to the open heath is a gray, cheerless looking place in winter, though in summer it looks pleasant and gay, for it is nearly covered with china roses.

There are a good many trees in the front garden, and some thick laurestinus shrubs. On one side of the porch is the kitchen casement; on the other side the parlor windows. All through the summer, rose-leaves drift in whenever these are open, and, even as late as November, rosebuds tap against the glass whenever the blustering gale comes round from the heath, as if appealing to the inmates to take them in and shelter them from the wind and the rain.

*Little Rie and The Rosebuds.*

If a man is reasonable and sees things as they were, he does not often fix on some particular act for which to blame himself when he deploras the past, for at times of clear vision the soul escapes from the bondage of incident. There is a common thought that beggars sympathy in almost every shallow mind. It seldom finds deliberate expression. Perhaps it may be stated thus:—

The greatness of the good derived from it, makes the greatness of the fault.

*Fated to be Free.*

I am but free, as sorrow is,  
To dry her tears, to laugh, to talk;  
And free, as sick men are, I wis,  
To rise and walk.

And free, as poor men are, to buy  
If they have nought wherewith to pay;  
Nor hope, the debt before they die,  
To wipe away.

*The Letter L.*

I will not speak — I will not speak to thee,  
My star! and soon to be my lost, lost star.  
The sweetest, first, that ever shone on me,  
So high above me and beyond so far;  
I can forego thee, but not bear to see  
My love, like rising mist, thy lustre mar:  
That were a base return for thy sweet light.  
Shine, though I never more shall see that thou art  
bright.

*The Star's Monument.*

November 1

1861

November 2

November 3

November 4

Space is against thee — it can part ;  
Time is against thee — it can chill ;  
Words — they but render half the heart ;  
Deeds — they are poor to our rich will.

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

November 5

Miss Jenny ended her account by saying, "She's gone where there's no more sorrow — nor laughing neither."

And Charlotte said, "Oh, Miss Jenny, I hope not, I think we shall often laugh in heaven. Don't you think that at least angels can laugh?"

"There can be no laughing in heaven or among heavenly creatures that has malice in it — but many things are witty and droll without that."

*Don John.*

November 6

And time, that seemed so long, is fleeting by,  
And life is more than life ; love more than love ;  
We have not found the whole — and we must die —  
And still the unclasped glory floats above.  
The inmost and the utmost faint from sight,  
For ever secret in their veil of light.

*Margaret in the Zebec.*

November 4

November 5

November 6

November 7

Great Elder Brother, deeply dear,  
Thy perfect love doth cast out fear ;  
    Thy goodness long my theme shall be.  
I wait becalmed, and draw my breath,  
At home with pain, at one with death,  
    In league with God because of Thee."

*Poems.*

November 8

A bad rhyme, like a bad egg, is aye conspicious.  
You may beat up a dozen eggs in the cake, but if  
only one of them 's bad it spoils all.

*Off the Skelligs.*

November 9

But reason thus : " If we sank low,  
If the lost garden we forego,  
Each in his day, nor ever know  
    But in our poet souls its face ;  
Yet we may rise until we reach  
A height untold of in its speech.

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

*November 7*

*November 8*

*November 9*

November 10

One launched a ship, but she was wrecked at sea ;  
He built a bridge, but floods have borne it down ;  
He meant much good, none came : strange destiny,  
His corn lies sunk, his bridge bears none to town,  
Yet good he had not meant became his crown ;  
For once at work, when even as nature, free  
From thought of good he was, or of renown,  
God took the work for good and let good be.

*Compensation.*

November 11

Does it really matter nothing to the possessors whether their rank and standing came first as a mark of grace or of disgrace ? Apparently not. And these sons and these cousins, who have inherited a great name in science or in literature ? The dear progenitor sits, as it were, like an Egyptian of old, at all their feasts. Strange that, because he was so wise, they should think he must ram a hole for them to enter, and show themselves fools where they please.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

November 12

Rueing, I think for what then was I made ;  
What end appointed for — what use designed ?  
Now let me right this heart that was bewrayed —  
Unveil these eyes gone blind.

*Honors.*



*November 10*

*November 11*

*November 12*

November 13

“For,” I said, “I have not met,  
White one, any folk as yet  
Who would send no blessing up,  
Looking on a face like thine ;  
For thou art as Joseph’s cup,  
And by thee might they divine.”

*Contrasted Songs.*

November 14

*Hence we may learn, if we be so inclined,  
That life goes best with those who take it best ;  
That wit can spin from work a golden robe  
To queen it in ; that who can paint at will  
A private picture gallery, should not cry  
For shillings that will let him in to look  
At some by others painted.*

*Gladys and her Island.*

November 15

Mystery in romance and in tales is such a common vulgar thing, in tragedy and even in comedy it is so completely what we demand and expect, that we seldom consider what an astonishing and very uncommon thing it is when it appears in life.

*Fated to be Free.*

November 14

November 14

November 15

November 16

Learn, that if to thee the meaning  
Of all other eyes be shown,  
Fewer eyes can ever front thee,  
That are skilled to read thine own :  
And that if thy love's deep current  
Many another's far outflows,  
Then thy heart must take forever,  
LESS THAN IT BESTOWS.

*A Mother Showing the Portrait of her Child.*

November 17

How could I tell I should love thee to-day,  
Whom that day I held not dear ?  
How could I know I should love thee away  
When I did not love thee anear ?

*Supper at the Mill.*

November 18

Some people appear to feel that they are much wiser, much nearer to the truth and to realities, than they were when they were children. I should not at all wonder if the thoughts of our childhood, when we look back on it after the rending of this veil of our humanity, should prove less unlike what we were intended to derive from the teaching of life, nature, and revelation, than the thoughts of our more sophisticated days.

*Off the Skelligs.*

November 16

November 17

November 18

— November 19 —

Lord, when I stand and gaze  
On the night heavens, Thy ways  
Confound my thought, they are too great for me ;  
But wonders, these are none,  
Thou hast them so outdone  
In the great ways of Thy humility.

*Poems.*

— November 20 —

Some narrow hearts there are  
That suffer blight when that they fed upon  
As something to complete their being fails,  
And they retire into their holds and pine,  
And long restrained grow stern. But some there are  
That in a sacred want and hunger rise,  
And draw the misery home and live with it,  
And excellent in honor wait, and will  
That somewhat good should yet be found in it,  
Else wherefore were they born ?

*Laurance.*

— November 21 —

Man dwells apart, though not alone,  
He walks among his peers unread ;  
The best of thoughts which he hath known,  
For lack of listeners are not said.

*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*



November

Grand is the leisure of the earth ;  
She gives her happy myriads birth,  
And after harvest fears not dearth,  
    But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.  
Dread is the leisure up above  
The while He sits whose name is Love,  
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,  
    To wit if she would fly to him.

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

November 23

Thou giv'st to men the fruitful land,  
    And harvests from the deep ;  
By day Thou giv'st with bounteous hand,  
    By night Thou giv'st in sleep.  
Thou giv'st the wakening of the spring,  
    In autumn sheaves to live ;  
We give but thanks, our God, O King,  
    Nought else we have to give.

*Poems.*

November 24

My heart, like the world about me, came forth to  
meet the sunshine, and thawed after its long winter.

*Marked.*



November 22

November 23

November 24

— November 25 —

She was not one of those poets who write verses — very few are ; none but such as are poets through and through should ever do that. Verse is only words, the garment that makes the spirit of poetry visible to others ; and poets who have but little of the spirit often fritter that little away in the effort to have it seen. But she was a poet in this, that the elemental passions of our nature were strong in her, and she bowed to them with childlike singleness of soul.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

— November 26 —

He looks on God's eternal suns  
That sprinkle the celestial blue,  
And saith, " Ah ! happy shining ones,  
I would that men were grouped like you ! "

Yet this is sure, the loveliest star  
That clustered with its peers we see,  
Only because from us so far  
Doth near its fellows seem to be.

*Honors.*

— November 27 —

Fair world ! these puzzled souls of ours grow weak  
With beating their bruised wings against the rim  
That bounds their utmost flying, when they seek  
The distant and the dim.

We pant, we strain like birds against their wires ;  
Are sick to reach the vast and the beyond ; —  
And what avails, if still to our desires  
Those far-off gulfs respond ?

*Poems.*

November 23

November 26

November 27

And yet I wish, —  
For sometimes very right and serious thoughts  
Come to me, — I do wish that they would come  
When they are wanted ! — when I teach the sums  
On rainy days, and when the practising  
I count to, and the din goes on and on,  
Still the same tune and still the same mistake,  
Then I am wise enough : sometimes I feel  
Quite old.

*Gladys and her Island.*

People don't always give love for love, — some-  
times they give it for nothing.

*Off the Skelligs.*

If quiet is, for it I wait ;  
To it, ah ! let me wed my fate,  
And, like a sad wife, supplicate  
My roving lord no more to flee ;  
If leisure is — but, ah ! 't is not —  
'T is long past praying for, God wot ;  
The fashion of it men forgot,  
About the age of chivalry.

*Scholar and Carpenter.*

September 28

September 29

September 30

no mail









## December.



CALL to mind the coldest day you ever experienced. Think of the bitter wind and driving snow ; think how you shook and shivered — how the sharp white particles were driven up against your face — how, within doors, the carpets were lifted like billows along the floors, the wind howled and moaned in the chimneys, windows creaked, doors rattled, and every now and then heavy lumps of snow came rattling down with a dull weight from the roof.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

December 1

Even a just punishment may become unjust, unless it is administered in the spirit of love.

*Little Rie and the Rosebuds.*

December 2

When the darker days come, and no sun will shine,  
Thou shalt dry my tears, lass, and I'll dry thine.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

December 3

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

“ An hour is struck on high,  
But yet is no streak of light  
In the solemn, starless sky ;  
Dark nor the dayspring breaketh,  
The world is drowsed and dumb ;  
I sleep, but my heart waketh ;  
When will the Bridegroom come ? ”

*Poems.*

*December 1*

*December 2*

*December 3*

December 4

There was a seer who spake of old,  
“ Though God be all my stay ;  
Zion, thy sons shall yet behold  
A fairer, sweeter day.  
In the city of David light shall spring,  
Judgment her gates shall bless ;  
A Man shall be the peace — a King  
Shall reign in righteousness.

*Poems.*

December 5

One must have a certain amount both of intelligence and knowledge to be amazed even at the most extraordinary things.

*Off the Skelligs.*

December 6

However good we might be, still we were *only* children. We actually felt ashamed of ourselves in her presence to think that we were children ! We knew we could not help it, it was an inevitable dispensation, but she did not appear to think so ; she sometimes had the appearance of thinking that we could help it if we liked, and were children on purpose.

*The Grandmother's Shoe.*

*December 3*

*December 5*

*December 6*

December 7

You were to me the world's interpreter,  
The man that taught me Nature's unknown tongue,  
And to the notes of her wild dulcimer  
First set sweet words, and sung.

And what am I to you? A steady hand  
To hold, a steadfast heart to trust withal;  
Merely a man that loves you, and will stand  
By you, whate'er befall.

*Honors.*

December 8

If those who have the most satisfying lot that life can give are to breathe freely, they must get through, and on, and out of it.

Not because it is too small for us, but too great, it bears so many down. On the whole that vast mass of us which inherits its narrowest portion, tethered, and that on the world's barest slope, does best.

*Fated to be Free.*

December 9

She had turned herself out of the paradise of innocence; she had gathered the apple and not tasted its sweetness. How was she to know what a common experience this is? How could she suppose that the promised good in evil was all a cheat, and that she should find nothing but bitterness in it from the very first? The everlasting lie had been uttered to her also.

*Don John.*

December 7

December 8

December 9

December 10

Court her, master, court her,  
So shall ye do weel;  
But and ben she'll guide the house,  
I'se get milk and meal.  
Ye'se get liling while she sits  
With her rock and reel.

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

December 11

High things to each mind are the things above it.  
Let each put forth his hand for those on his own level.  
It is difficult to think of things as high in the abstract. The dining-room table is high to a black-beetle, but a camelopard can easily look in at the first floor windows.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

December 12

O King David! King David sang of old  
Among the little watered valleys while he watched  
the fold;  
Over rocks of wild En-gedi when he sheathed the  
sword:  
And would we had King David's harp, and so could  
praise the Lord!

*Poems.*



*December 10*

*December 11*

*December 12*

December 13

He never scolded me for the fault of the moment, but inveighed against me *in the piece*, as a draper would say.

*Stories Told to a Child.*

December 14

Not often does a man pass his whole life before him and deliberately criticise himself, his actions and his way.

If he does, it is seldom when he would appear to an outsider to have most reasonable occasion; rather during some pause when body and mind both are still.

*Fated to be Free.*

December 15

Love thy Father, and no more  
His doings shall be strange. Thou shalt not fret  
At any counsel, then, that He will send, —  
No, nor rebel, albeit He have with thee  
Great reservations. Know, to Be is more  
Than to have acted; yea, or after rest  
And patience, to have risen and been wroth,  
Broken the sequence of an ordered earth,  
And troubled nations.

*A Story of Doom.*

December 13

December 14

December 15

December 16

Letters, at least the letters of most people, are unsatisfactory after long absence. The mystery that we want to penetrate, the soul that we want to reach with our soul, cannot unveil itself to us on a sheet of paper, even if it yearn to do so, and is willing to let us know as much as we can understand.

*Off the Skelligs.*

December 17

The charity of the rich is much to be commended, but how beautiful is the charity of the poor.

*The Wild-Duck Shooter.*

December 18

Next to the joy of possession stands, to such as she, the good of doing good, and being necessary to the objects of their love.

*Fated to be Free.*

December 16

December 17

December 18

December 19

It was a happy thing to sit  
So near, nor mar his reverie;  
She looked not for a part in it,  
So meek was she.

But it was solace for her eyes,  
And for her heart, that yearned to him,  
To watch apart in loving wise  
Those musings dim.

*The Letter L.*

December 20

Of my life she made the story:  
I must weep—so soon 't was told.  
But your name did lend it glory,  
And your love its thread of gold!

*Mopsa the Fairy.*

December 21

She might perhaps have been called a twaddler in society, but in her own sphere, she was useful and beloved.

*Studies for Stories.*

December 20

December 20

December 21

1. 10000

Danger that ends in death has a fearful attractiveness; it draws the island children out, quite as strongly as that which is surmounted and comes safe home again.

*Sarah De Berenger.*

*December 23*

A man tells a great lie, and saves his character by it. No wonder it weighs on his conscience ever after. And yet perhaps he has told countless lies, both before and since, told them out of mere carelessness, or from petty spite or for small advantages, and utterly forgotten them. Now which of these, looked at by the judge, is the great offender? Is the one lie he repents of the most wicked, or are those that with small temptation he flung about daily, and so made that one notable lie easy? *Fated to be Free.*

*December 24*

Deep the snow-drift covereth all,  
Stars do sparkle as they 'd fall;  
Hark! the waits come down the street,  
Heart o' mine, their news is sweet.  
Nay, I care not for the cold,  
Hearkening thus good tidings old;  
"Wake! you friends and neighbors, wake!  
Thank the Lord for Christ, His sake.

*Poems.*





It was so long ago,  
But God can make it *now*,  
And as with that sweet overflow,  
Our empty hearts endow ;  
Take, Lord, those words outworn,  
Oh ! make them new for aye,  
Speak — “ Unto you a child is born,”  
To-day — to-day — to-day.

*Poems.*

But once more He comes from God,  
Master of this earthly sod ;  
Then the proud shall meet rebuff,  
Then the poor shall have enough ;  
Then the mourners glad shall be,  
Then th' oppressèd shall go free ;  
Bide in hope, He comes again,  
Sleep and rest, He comes to reign.

*Poems.*

God's great Gift to man forlorn,  
In a winter night was born ;  
Angels tell the glorious tale,  
Let not, earth, thy welcome fail.  
“ All hail,” and “ all hail.”

*Poems.*



He had a smile that was worth watching for, it was so sunny and tender, such a strange contrast to the grave cast of his features, the steady manliness of his demeanor, and the somewhat masterful way in which he worked and ruled.

*Off the Skelligs.*

On Zion's hill the sacred dust  
Lies bare 'neath arid skies ;  
From ruined walls her sons are thrust,  
Foregone her sacrifice.  
But Zion's voice lives yet ; and brought  
A down the ages ring  
The songs of praise he sweetly taught  
That was her shepherd king.

*Poems.*

Yellow leaves, yellow leaves,  
Faded and few,  
What will the spring flowers  
Matter to you ?

" *We* shall not see them,  
When gaily they bloom,  
But sure they will love us  
For guarding their tomb."

*The Lost Wand.*

December 28

1891

December 29

December 30

*November 21*

The year passeth — it and all  
God shall take and shall let fall  
Soon, into the whelming sea  
Of His wide eternity :

O, for Jesus' sake,  
Wake !

Noiseless as the flakes of snow  
The last moments falter and go ;  
The time-angel sent this way  
Sweeps them like a drift away :

O, for Jesus' sake,  
Wake !

*Poems.*







## ROBERTS BROTHERS' EDITIONS.

---

# THE WORKS OF JEAN INGELOW.

Handsomely bound in Cloth. Each volume may be had separately.

---

*"I greatly wish that MESSRS. ROBERTS BROTHERS might have the exclusive right to publish my books in America. I consider that enlightened nations, as well as individuals, ought to recognize the right of authors, both to power over and to property in their works,"* — JEAN INGELOW.

---

### POEMS.

CABINET EDITION.	1 vol.	16mo . . . . .	\$1.50
DIAMOND EDITION.	1 vol.	Square 18mo . . . . .	1.00
HOUSEHOLD EDITION.	1 vol.	16mo . . . . .	.75
HOUSEHOLD EDITION.	1 vol.	16mo. Gilt edge . . . . .	1.00
HOUSEHOLD RED LINE EDITION.	1 vol.	12mo. Gilt edge . . . . .	2.00
RED LINE ILLUSTRATED EDITION.	1 vol.	Square 12mo . . . . .	2.50
HOME EDITION.	18mo . . . . .		.75
LONDON ILLUSTRATED EDITION.	8vo . . . . .		7.50

All the above except the Home Edition have a fine steel engraved portrait.

SONGS OF SEVEN.	Illustrated.	8vo . . . . .	2.50
"	"	" 12mo . . . . .	1.50
"	"	" Cheap edition. Paper . . . . .	.20
"	"	" " Flexible . . . . .	30
THE SHEPHERD LADY.	Illustrated.	Royal 8vo . . . . .	3.50

*The Works of Jean Ingelow.*

---

**PROSE.**

OFF THE SKELLIGS. A Novel. 16mo . . . .	\$1.50
FATED TO BE FREE. A Novel. 16mo . . . .	1.50
SARAH DE BERENGER. A Novel. 16mo . . . .	1.50
DON JOHN. A Novel. 16mo . . . . . . . . . .	1.00

---

*JEAN INGELOW'S NOVELS,*

4 vols., may be had uniformly bound in a new style of binding,  
imitation half calf. Price, \$5.00.

---

STUDIES FOR STORIES. Illustrated. 16mo . .	\$1.25
STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD. First and Second Series. Illustrated. 16mo. Each . . . . .	1.25
A SISTER'S BYE-HOURS. Illustrated. 16mo . .	1.25
MOPSA THE FAIRY. A Story. Illustrated . . .	1.25

---

*Sent by mail, post-paid, by the Publishers,*

**ROBERTS BROTHERS,**

**Boston.**





















LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 033 261 189 6