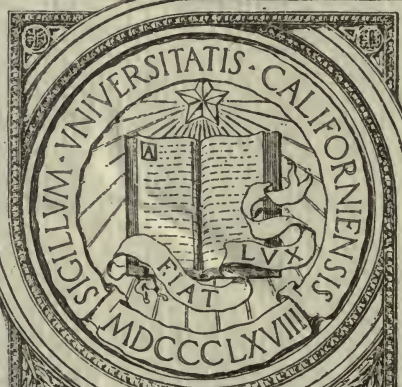
Blue Monday Book

Cast away care; he that loves sorrow
Lengthens not any, but cuts any tomorrow.

—Fletcher



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The Blue Monday Book

There are some moments in our fate
That stamp the colour of our days,
As, till then, life had not been felt.

L. E. L.

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ARRANGED BY

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THE origin of Blue Monday, we are told, dates back to an old Bavarian custom of decorating the churches in *blue*, on the Monday before Lent.

Nowadays, *any*, or *every* Monday may be a Blue Monday—when the soul is so enveloped in the "blues," that life can only be viewed "through a glass darkly." A specific remedy for each of these blue-letter days is hereinafter presented.

The Tomoyé Press

Prelude

IF, HOWEVER, I can by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humour with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely I shall not have written in vain.

—Washington Irving.

First Blue Monday in January

Goe not halfe-way to meete a coming sorrowe,
Butte thankful bee for blessings of to-day,
And pray that thou mayest blessed bee to-morrowe,
So shalt thou goe with joy upon thy way.

—Adolphus Goss.

"For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision,
But To-day,
Well lived, makes every Yesterday
A Dream of Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope."

A sound Mind in a sound Body is a short but full description of a happy State in this World. —Locke.

Second Blue Monday in January

I once gave a lady two-and-twenty receipts against melancholy; one was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar-plums on the chimney-piece and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others.

—Sydney Smith.

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

You needn't pick up any worries. You can get them anywhere as you go along. —Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Third Blue Monday in January

I send thee pansies while the year is young,
Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;
Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung
By all the chiefest of the Sons of Light;
And if in recollection lives regret
For wasted days and dreams that were not true,
I tell thee that the "pansy freaked with jet"
Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew.
Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,
And for the pansies send me back a thought.

—Sarah Doudney.

Yellow for the days of sunshine,
White for days of peace and rest,
Purple ones for feasts and high days,
Wine red for the days love blest.

—Mildred Howells.

Heart's-ease or pansy, pleasure or thought,
Which would the picture give us of these?
Surely the heart that conceived it sought
Heart's-ease.

—Algernon Swinburne.

Fourth Blue Monday in January

When we come to think about it seriously, it is rather absurd for us to expect to have uninterrupted stretches of happiness. Happiness falls to our share in separate detached bits; and those of us who are wise, content ourselves with the broken fragments.

—Beatrice Harraden.

If you are happy it is largely to your own credit. If you are miserable it is chiefly your own fault. . . . In a word, live in the passive voice, waiting for good to come to you ready-made, and you will be a pessimist, miserable to the end of your days. Live in the active voice, intent on the progress you can make and the work you can accomplish, and you will acquire the art of optimism, and be happy forevermore.

—William De Witt Hyde.

Some men are optimists until they judge their neighbors, and others are pessimists until they judge themselves.

—G. T. Evans.

First Blue Monday in February

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine
through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region o' the heart.
You can't look up and meet his eyes; you don't know what
to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

During a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver, and becomes a chain binding men with golden bands to the throne of God.

—Lord Shaftesbury.

Second Blue Monday in February

There is no day so dark,
But through the murksome ray of hope may steal
Some blessed touch from heaven, that we may feel,
If we but choose to mark.

We shut the portals fast
And turn the key and let no sunshine in;
Yet to the worst despair that comes through sin
God's light shall reach at last.

—Celia Thaxter.

It is best to let old troubles sleep;
Why need to rouse them? You are happy, sure!
But if one asks, "Art happy?" why, it sets
The thoughts a-working. No, say I; let love,
Let peace and happy folk alone.

—Jean Ingelow.

Well, Job had many a pain to try his temper, and he kept it, but the Lord knew where he was weak, and never sent a woman to ask him questions.

—Hall Caine.

Third Blue Monday in February

Submission to what people call their "lot" is simply ignoble. If your lot makes you cry and be wretched, get rid of it and take another; strike out for yourself; don't listen to the shrieks of your relations, to their gibes or their entreaties; . . . don't be afraid of public opinion in the shape of the neighbor in the next house, when all the world is before you new and shining, and everything is possible, if you will only be energetic and independent and seize opportunity by the scuff of the neck. —"Elizabeth and Her German Garden."

One satisfied with what must be her lot,—
'T was not a corner lot, serenely meant
Never to wander from her humble cot,
Made beautiful by wise and sweet content.

And one, dissatisfied with all he had,
Roved from his place into the world's mad whirl.
What did he find? Well, it was not so bad:—
The fellow found that cottage and that girl.

—Alice Wellington Rollins.

Fourth Blue Monday in February

I've brought some snowdrops,—only just a few,
But quite enough to prove the world awake
Cheerful and hopeful in the frosty dew,
And for the pale sun's sake.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'T will shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

—M. F. Butts.

The Sun,—God's crest upon his azure shield, the heavens.

—Philip Bailey.

First Blue Monday in March

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
—Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—George Herbert.

God gives each man one life, like a lamp, then gives
That lamp due measure of oil; lamp lighted, hold high, wave wide
Its comfort for others to share. —Robert Browning.

As "unkindness has no remedy at law," let its avoidance be with you a point of honor. —Hosea Ballou.

The golden rule of Christ will bring the golden age to man. —Frances Willard.

Second Blue Monday in March

If no one ever marries me
I sha'n't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage
And a little rabbit hutch.

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old,
—At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl
And bring her up as mine.

—Laurens Alma-Tadema.

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old.

—James A. Garfield.

Third Blue Monday in March

There is surely a vernal solstice for us also, and we must not bar out the sun's rays if we would start afresh! "Let the dead past bury its dead"; for us a new turning-point is reached. We will neither repine nor look backward; forward and upward is the call of the spring; life which conquers and triumphs is the Easter story. —Mrs. James Farley Cox.

I might mention all the charms of a bright spring day, but if you had never in your life utterly forgotten yourself in straining your eyes after the mountain-lark, in wandering through still lanes when freshly opened flowers filled them with a sacred, silent beauty—where would be the use of my descriptive catalogue? I could never make you know what I meant by a bright spring day. —George Eliot.

It is as manifestly unfair to judge of a place by its March as to judge a man's disposition by the hour before dinner. —Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Fourth Blue Monday in March

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling plash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

— Henry Van Dyke.

God set some souls in shade alone,
They have no daylight of their own;
Only in lives of happier ones
They see the shine of distant suns.

— Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Fifth Blue Monday in March

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb that "good times and bad times and all times pass on."

— Charles Kingsley.

No work is worth doing badly, and he who puts his best into every task that comes to him will surely outstrip the man who waits for a great opportunity before he condescends to exert himself.

—Joseph Chamberlain.

First Blue Monday in April

The most completely lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed. —Chamfort.

Great and wise men have ever loved laughter. The vain, the ignorant, the dishonest, the pretentious alone have dreaded or despised it. —Fra Elburtus.

I am persuaded that every time a man smiles,—but much more so when he laughs,—it adds something to his fragment of life. —Sterne.

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

—Katherine D. Blake.

Second Blue Monday in April

What would become of you if it had pleased Providence to make the weather unchangeable? —Sydney Smith.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"Young man," remarked the philosopher, "it is foolish for you to find fault with the weather. You ought to be grateful for the blessings you have. As for myself, when I wake in the morning I thank God that there is any weather at all."

"Life is sweet, brother! There's day and night, brother! both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother! all sweet things. There is likewise a wind on the heath."

A day's grief out of some a year's life washes;
Some shed it like ducks' backs and mackintoshes.

—N. P. Willis.

Third Blue Monday in April

Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

—Robert Collyer.

Sow with a generous hand;
Pause not for toil or pain;
Sow, and look onward, upward;
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

The years are flowers and bloom within
Eternity's wide garden;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
The gardener God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them rose-like in His name.

—Richard Burton.

Fourth Blue Monday in April

Half the gossip of society would perish, if the books that are truly worth reading were but read. —Dawson.

Mark there! We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits . . . so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'T is then we get the right good from a book.

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.

—Anna Warner.

First Blue Monday in May

I think the pale blue clouds of May
Drop down and turn to flowers.

—Thomas B. Aldrich.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands;
It is but a sprout, but it's budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

—May-day Carol.

There is May in books forever:
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Byer,
May's in all the Italian books,
Where she sleeps with nymphs and elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise and dress your rooms
With a drapery thick with blooms.

—Leigh Hunt.

Second Blue Monday in May

Some people have to have their sunshine warm; others are satisfied just with its being sunshine.

—Alice Wellington Rollins.

Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves. —J. M. Barrie.

It was only a glad "good morning,"
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day. —Carlotta Perry.

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

Third Blue Monday in May

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
And God put another one in for luck,—
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong; and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—Ella Higginson.

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Fourth Blue Monday in May

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope and resolve, aspire and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

If hell is paved with resolutions, heaven is vaulted with them.

—Maud Wilder Goodwin.

Fifth Blue Monday in May

Talk happiness: the world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and pain.

Talk health: the dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—"Success."

Talk about happiness! Why, a well beggar has a better time of it than a sick king, any day. —Amber.

The gayest castles in the air are better for comfort and for use than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug by discontented people. —Emerson.

First Blue Monday in June

Some people are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses: I always thank her for putting roses on thorns.

—Alphonse Karr.

Why came the rose? Because the sun in shining,
Found in the mould some atoms rare and fine:
And stooping, drew and warmed them into growing,—
Dust, with the spirit's mystic countersign.

—Mary Louise Ritter.

Wild Rose

Some innocent girlish Kisses by a charm
Changed to a flight of small pink Butterflies,
To waver under June's delicious skies
Across gold-sprinkled meads — the merry swarm
A smiling powerful word did next transform
To little Roses mesh'd in green, allies
Of earth and air, and everything we prize
For mirthful, gentle, delicate, and warm.

—William Allingham.

Second Blue Monday in June

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,
The linnet and thrush say, "I love, and I love!"
In the winter they're silent; the wind is so strong;
What it says I don't know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving,— all come back together.
But the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings, and forever, sings he,
"I love my love, and my love loves me."

—Samuel Coleridge.

"The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale, we see
What honor hath Humility."

Third Blue Monday in June

Rose dreamed she was a lily,
Lily dreamed she was a rose;
Robin dreamed he was a sparrow,
What the owl dreamed no one knows.

But they all woke up together
As happy as could be,
Said each one: "You're lovely, neighbor,
But I'm very glad I'm me." —M. E.

Life's attar of roses is as rare as it is precious, and it takes the sunshine of many summers and the braving of many thorns to produce a single drop. But that drop when produced is worth all that it cost, and the perfume of it will last forever.

—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand and share its dew-drops with another near.

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

Fourth Blue Monday in June

Life is but once; we shall never pass this way again;
Drink the cup, wear the roses, live the verses.

—Mary Johnston.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And the same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

—Robert Herrick.

The rose upon my balcony, the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter-time and pining for the spring;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming,—
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.

—Thackeray.

First Blue Monday in July

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty:
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on sad heart courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

—Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates,—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man,—up in his heart, maybe,—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing. —G. D. Prentice.

With most men duty means something unpleasant which the other fellow ought to do. —George Horace Lorimer.

The sum of duty let two words contain,
(O may they graven in thy heart remain!)
Be humble and be just. —Matthew Prior.

Second Blue Monday in July

Who shall despair while the fields of earth are sown with flowers and the fields of heaven blossom with stars?

—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Think not the distant stars are cold; say not the forces of the universe are against thee; believe not that the course of things below is a relentless fate, for thou canst see the stars, thou canst use the forces: if right, thy will is unconquerable, and by it thou art the maker and lord of destiny.

—Giles.

A beam of light from the infinite depths of the midnight sky,
Painted with infinite love a star in a convict's eye;
When, lo! the ghosts of his sins were afraid and fled with a curse,
And the soul of the man walked free in the fields of the universe.

—John Jerome Rooney.

Third Blue Monday in July

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the Eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered:
"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us."

—Longfellow.

O beautiful rainbow;—all woven of light!
There's not in thy tissue one shadow of night:
Heaven surely is open when thou dost appear,
And, bending above thee, the angels draw near,
And sing,—"The rainbow! the rainbow!
The smile of God is here."

—Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.

Fourth Blue Monday in July

Though we should be grateful for good homes, there is no house like God's out-of-doors.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,— to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,— an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

—John Keats.

First Blue Monday in August

Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe.

—Campbell.

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

Hope looks for something every morning, otherwise life would be impossible.

—Henry Sienkiewicz.

I find earth not gray but rosy,
Heaven not grim but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.

—Robert Browning.

Second Blue Monday in August

Throughout the living summer day
The Leaf and twin-born Shadow play
Till Leaf to Shadow fade,
Then, hidden for a season brief,
They dream, till Shadow turn to Leaf,
As Leaf was turned to Shade.

—John B. Tabb.

Leaves are light and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing He has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see lightsomeness without.

—Hare.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

—Edmund Waller.

Third Blue Monday in August

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day:
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Peer not through the sheltering bars
At to-morrow:
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow. —Mrs. M. F. Butts.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the thought of sorrow coming. Airy ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purpose.

—T. B. Aldrich.

Grief is always conceited. It always thinks its case peculiar and unmatched. —Henry Ward Beecher.

The habit of looking on the best side of every event is worth more than a thousand pounds a year. —Johnson.

Fourth Blue Monday in August

Awake! Arise! the hour is late!
Angels are knocking at thy door!
They are in haste and cannot wait,
And once departed come no more.

—Longfellow.

Once only did the Angel stir
The pool, whereat She paused in pain:
Another's step outspeeded her;
The waters ne'er have moved again.

—John B. Tabb.

Once, perhaps, in each crisis of our lives our guardian angel stands before us with his hand full of golden opportunity, which if we grasp, it is well with us; but woe to us if we turn our backs sullenly on our gentle visitor, and scorn his celestial gift! Never again is the gracious treasure offered, and the favorable moment returns no more.

—Maxwell Gray.

Fifth Blue Monday in August

If wishing were being, we'd all be beautiful,
Healthy and wealthy, wise and dutiful;
If wishing were having—what pleasure untold;
With a heartful of joy and purseful of gold!

But wishes, alas! are but empty bubbles,
And the longing heart may teem with troubles,
So idle wishing is vain, forsooth,
As the endless search for the fountain of youth.

But work that holds wealth may be had for the taking,
Though it may not bring health, 'tis a balm for heart-aching;
And study makes wise, and love, people say,
Gives the beauty that's truest, which lasts for aye.

Then away with longing, and ho! for labor!
And ho! for love—each one for his neighbor!
For a life of labor and study and love
Is the life that fits for the joy above.

—Emma C. Dowd.

First Blue Monday in September

Labor, the symbol of man's punishment;
Labor, the secret of man's happiness.

—James Montgomery.

Men have certain work to do for their bread, and that is to be done strenuously; others work for their delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth that effort is not to be done at all.

—John Ruskin.

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

—Jean Ingelow.

Labor is discovered to be the grand conqueror, enriching and building up nations more surely than the proudest battles.

—William Ellery Channing.

Second Blue Monday in September

"Don't never pay t' go lookin' fer trouble — it's tew easy t' find. There ain't no sech thing's trouble 'n this world 'less ye look fer it. Happiness won't hev nuthin' t' dew with a man thet likes trouble. 'Minnit a man stops lookin' fer trouble happiness 'll look fer him." —Irving Bacheller.

A trouble either can be remedied, or it cannot. If it can be, then set about it; if it cannot be, dismiss it from consciousness, or bear it so bravely that it may become transfigured to a blessing. —Lilian Whiting.

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived;
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!

—Adapted from the French.

Those who borrow trouble multiply it, and then lend it to their friends. —Chester Peake.

Third Blue Monday in September

"Now is the time! ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives may be so drear;
They may not need you in the coming year—
Now is the time!"

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;
You can't do that when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

—Will Carleton.

Every year I live I am more convinced that the waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence that will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well. No one ever yet was the poorer in the long run for having once in a lifetime "let out all the length of all the reins." —Mary Cholmondeley.

Fourth Blue Monday in September

If things go wrong in the household,
As they often will, you know,
Or you're worried out with cares that vex,
And the children try you so,
Don't sit in the vale of shadows
Or stoop to be a scold:
'T will only make bad worse, you see,
While you grow gray and old.

—Helen Rich.

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

—Robert McClain Fields.

First Blue Monday in October

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones,
Not to be seen: my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

—Shakespeare.

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
Can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain:
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent,
That much in little, all in naught,—Content.

—Seventeenth Century Madrigal.

"He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door
Embittering all his state."

Second Blue Monday in October

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth, among her garnished sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

—Whittier.

'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!
For, watch the rain among the leaves;
With silver fingers dimly seen
It makes each leaf a tambourine,
And swings and leaps with elfin mirth
To kiss the brow of mother earth;
Or, laughing 'mid the trembling grass,
It nods a greeting as you pass.
Oh! hear the rain amid the leaves,
'Tis all a myth that Autumn grieves!

—Samuel Minturn Peck.

Third Blue Monday in October

People say sometimes, "See what I have overcome; see how cheerful I am; see how completely I have triumphed over these black events!" Not if they still remind me of the black event.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Put a seal upon your lips and forget what you have done After you have been kind, after love has stolen forth into the world and done its beautiful work, go back into the shade again and say nothing about it. Love hides even from itself.

—Henry Drummond.

Our Maker Himself has taught us the value of silence by putting us speechless into the world; if we learn to talk later we do it at our risk.

—Edith Wharton.

Were we as eloquent as angels, we should please some men, some women, and some children much more by listening than by talking.

—C. C. Cotton.

Fourth Blue Monday in October

"Don't you go and git sorry fer yerself. That's one thing I can't stand in nobody. There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry fer 'sted of yerself. Ain't you proud you ain't got a harelip? Why, that one thought is enough to keep me from ever gittin' sorry fer myself.

—Alice Hegan (Rice).

"As I walked by myself
I talked with myself,
And myself said this unto me:
Make friends with thyself,
Be true to thyself,
And thyself thy good angel shall be."

Hardness of heart is a dreadful quality, but it is doubtful whether in the long run it works more damage than softness of head.

—Theodore Roosevelt.

First Blue Monday in November

Said the little brown leaf as it hung in the air,
To the little brown leaf below,
"What a summer we've had
To rejoice and be glad,
But to-day there's a feeling of snow."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

"Commend me to that generous heart
Which, like the pine on high,
Uplifts the same unvarying brow
To every change of sky;
Whose friendship does not fade away
When wintry tempests blow,
But, like the winter's icy crown,
Looks greener through the snow."

I find sweet peace in depth of autumn woods,
Where grow the ragged ferns and roughened moss;
The naked, silent trees have taught me this,—
The loss of beauty is not always loss.

—Elizabeth Stoddard.

Second Blue Monday in November

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life,
That once seemed possible?
We have, and yet
We lost it in the daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vain regret.
But still our place is kept, and it will wait,
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

—George Herbert.

"Grief sharper sting doth borrow
From regret;
But yesterday is gone, and shall its sorrow
Unfit us for the present and the morrow?
Nay; bide a wee, and dinna fret."

Third Blue Monday in November

When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the single use of things which we call our own is that they may be his who hath need of them?

—Tom Hughes.

Man has little right to complain who possesses so much as one corner in the world where he may be happy or miserable as best suits him.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"There are two classes of miserable people in the world—those who worry because they have no money and those who worry because they have to worry over the money they have."

"When wealth is lost, nothing is lost;
When health is lost, something is lost;
When character is lost, all is lost."

—Motto over the walls of a school in Germany.

Fourth Blue Monday in November

Not a life below the sun
But is precious — unto one!
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems, somewhere, beautiful;
Not a heart, howe'er despised,
But is passioned for and prized.
Fool! who laughs at lack of graces,
Every man hath many faces.

—Edwin Arnold.

Don't make too much of the faults and failings of those around you — even be good to yourself, and don't harry your soul over your own blunders and mistakes.

—Ada C. Sweet.

Be courteous, be obliging, but don't give yourself over to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow-trade.

—George Eliot.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it to any one else. —Charles Dickens.

Fifth Blue Monday in November

There's a little splash of sunshine and a little spot of shade
Always somewhere near;
The wise bask in the sunshine, but the foolish choose the shade—
The wise are gay and happy, on the foolish sorrow's laid,
And the fault's their own, I fear.
For the little splash of sunshine and the little spot of shade
Are here for joint consumption, for comparison are made.
We're all meant to be happy—not too foolish or too staid;
And the right dose to be taken is some sunshine mixed with shade.

—Stanley Dark.

Always there is a black spot in our sunshine; it is the shadow of ourselves.

—Carlyle.

First Blue Monday in December

Now is winter and now is sorrow,
No roses, but only thorns to-day;
Thorns will put on roses to-morrow,
Winter and sorrow scudding away,—
No more winter and no more sorrow,
To-morrow. —Christina G. Rossetti.

If the world seems cool to you,
Kindle fires to warm it;
Let their comfort hide from you
Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah! the cheerless weather!"

—Lucy Larcom.

Why, O man! do you vituperate the world? The world is most beautiful, framed by the best and most perfect reason; though to you indeed it may be unclean and evil, because you are unclean and evil in a good world.

—Marcilius Ficinus.

Second Blue Monday in December

Good heaven, of what costly material is our earthly happiness composed—if we only knew it! What incomes have we not had from a flower, and how unfailing are the dividends of the seasons!

—James Russell Lowell.

Make the best of everything, think the best of everybody, hope the best for yourself. Reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not upon your past misfortune—of which all men have some.

—Charles Dickens.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in; forget them as soon as you can.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

One day is never really like another, though it seems so.

—Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Third Blue Monday in December

The calendar sparkles
With days that have brought
Some prize that was longed for,
Some good that was sought:
High deeds happen daily,
Wide truths grow more clear—
"Each day is the best
Of somebody's year!"

—Priscilla Leonard.

"That day is best wherein we give
A thought to others' sorrows;
Forgetting self, we learn to live,
And blessings born of kindly deeds
Make golden our to-morrows."

So Life's year begins and closes;
Days though short'ning, still can shine;
What though youth gave love and roses,
Age still leaves us friends and wine.

—Moore.

Fourth Blue Monday in December

The night was darker than ever before
(So dark is sin),
When the great Love came to the stable door
And entered in,

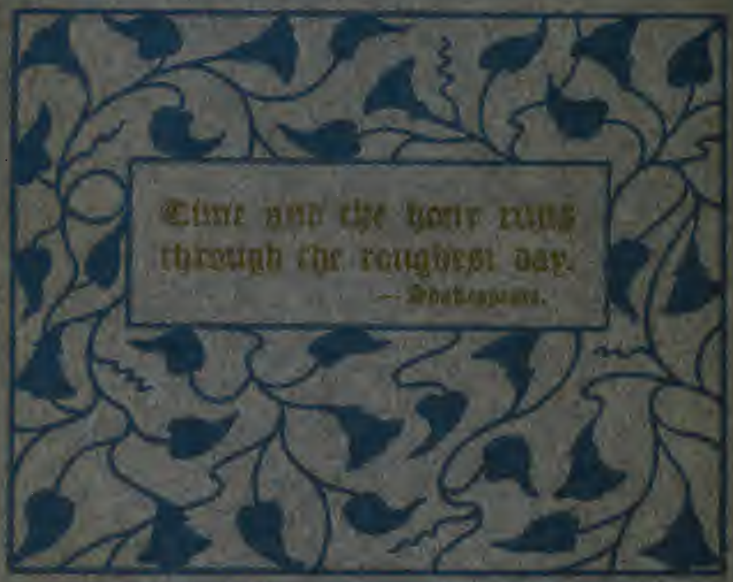
And laid Himself in the breath of kine
And the warmth of hay,
And whispered to the star to shine,
And to break, the day. —Alice Sewell.

It is the Christmas time!
And up and down, 'twixt heaven and earth,
In glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb;
And unto every thing
That lives and moves for heaven, on earth,
The shining angels sing. —Mrs. Craik.

L'Envoi

"Orphan Hours, the Year is dead!
Come and sigh, come and weep!"
"Merry Hours, smile instead,
For the Year is but asleep;
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping."

— Percy Bysshe Shelley.


Time and the hour runs
through the roughest day.
— Shakespeare.