



THE ROE
BIRTHDAY
BOOK



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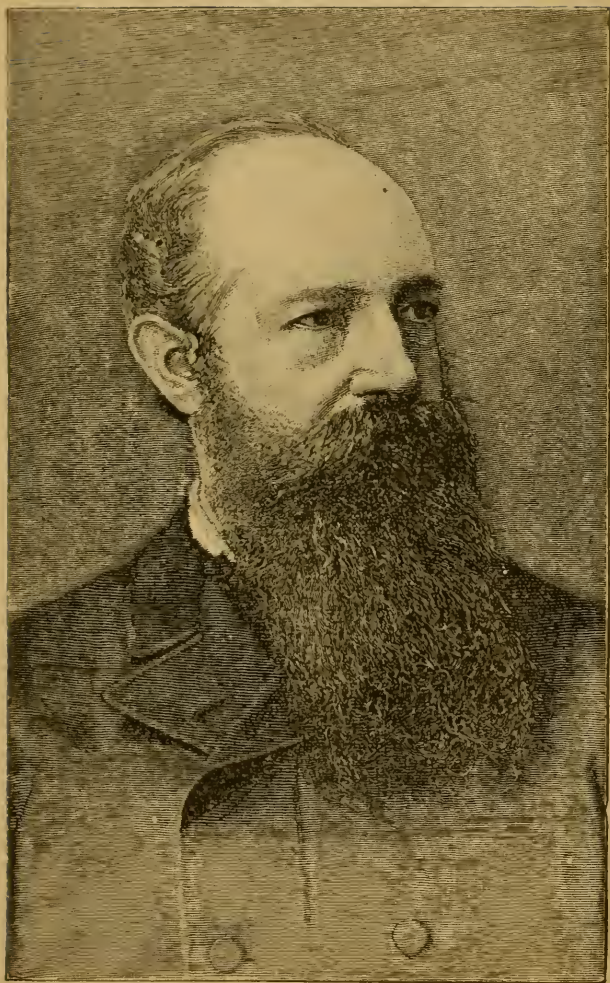
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BIRTHDAY MOTTOES,

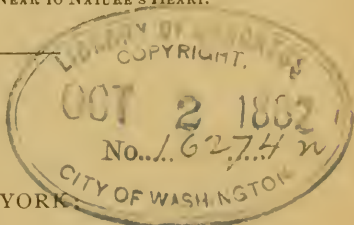
SELECTED FROM THE

.Writings of E. P. Roe.

BY

LYMAN ABBOTT.

I am not afraid to inform the reader that these books are written with the honest, earnest purpose of helping him to do right; and success in this respect is the best reward I crave.—NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.



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PREFACE.

IN the preparation of this little volume the aim has been to select from the published writings of Mr. E. P. Roe, not merely striking sentences, but appropriate birthday mottoes. When practicable, the motto has been adapted to the character whose birth it celebrates.

Every truly successful writer has the power of stating truth so that it shall seem true to his readers. If they are the cultivated few, the critics will recognize this power; if they are the many, by the many this power will be recognized. Generally an analysis of his writings will discover in them diamond-like sentences, luminous and keen, whose brightness and edge are due to a diamond-like quality—much value in little space. This little volume may serve both to illustrate this truth and to disclose one secret of Mr. E. P. Roe's phenomenal success in American literature—his power

to coin truth into proverbial forms which give it currency among the people.

The habit of observing the family birthdays adds to the sacred ties which bind the household together. I hope this little volume of birthday mottoes, culled from the pages of a warm personal friend, whose ministry to American homes has never been fully recognized, may do something toward promoting such observances, and so adding to the significance and value of these anniversaries of love.

L. A.



January.

EVEN in January there are days of sudden relenting, when the frost's icy grasp upon nature seems to relax. Days that rightfully belong to spring drop down upon us with birds that have come before their time. But such days may end in a northeast snow-storm, and the birds perish.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 1.

Precipitous ascents and descents do not constitute the greater part of life's journey. In the experience of very many they occur more or less frequently, but they conduct to long intervals where the way is comparatively level, although it may be flinty, rough, and hedged with thorns. More often the upward trend or the decline of our paths is so slight as not to be noticed as we pass on, but at the end of years we can know well whether we are gaining or losing.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 2.

The sun glowed not far above the horizon. Its level rays lighted up her face, making it so beautiful and noble that I felt assured that I had come to the right one for light and guidance.

A Day of Fate.

She was very practical, and possessed of a brave, resolute nature.

What Can She Do?

JANUARY 1.

JANUARY 2.

JANUARY 3.

He doesn't begin to know, himself, how much of a man he is, but the experience of life will fast develop him. He is one who will master circumstances, and not be moulded by them, Obstacles will only stimulate his will.

Without a Home.

She's good at heart, and I think is trying to do right.

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 4.

All power brings responsibility, even that which a man achieves or buys ; but surely, if one receives Heaven's most exquisite gifts, bestowed as directly as this marvellous beauty without, and so is made pre-eminent in power and influence, she is under a double responsibility to use that power for good.

From Jest to Earnest.

JANUARY 3.
Cicero. B.C. 106.

JANUARY 4.

JANUARY 5.

“You are not matter-of-fact at all. You are unconventional, unique—”

“Why not say queer, and give your meaning in good plain English?”

“Because that is not my meaning. I fear you are worse—that you are romantic.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 6.

His face had the calm, strong expression of one who had counted the cost, who was wholly consecrated, and who, without a thought of self, proposed to serve a cause in which he fully believed, leaving to God the issue.

Near to Nature's Heart.

Kindness and human fellowship will unbar and unbolt where all other forces may clamor in vain.

What Can She Do?

JANUARY 5.

JANUARY 6.

Charles Sumner. 1811.

Joan of Arc. 1412.

JANUARY 7.

If the beautifying Christian graces could dwell within her soul and light up her face, as lamps some rare and quaint transparency, there would then be a loveliness that would realize the artist's fondest ideal.

Barriers Burned Away.

Thank God for work ! It's the best antidote this world has for trouble,

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 8.

The sweetest music that reaches heaven is the honest cry for help to forsake sin ; and the more sinful the heart that thus cries out for deliverance the more welcome the appeal.

“ He is a perfect gentleman,” was the verdict of the best society wherever he appeared.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JANUARY 7.

JANUARY 8.

JANUARY 9.

“You are the truest and best friend a woman ever had.”

Without a Home.

Make the most of the world, and never endure evils till they come, are my maxims. Half of suffering is anticipation of possible or probable evil.

Barriers Burned Away.

JANUARY 10.

Strong popular movements are generally surprises, but the springs of united and generous action are ever within reach, if one by skill or accident can touch them. Even perverted human nature is capable of sweet and noble harmonies, if rightly played upon.

From Jest to Earnest.

“She will make a noble woman.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 9.

JANUARY 10.

JANUARY 11.

Well-bred men and women act and appear very much alike in the public eye. But there is an inner life, a real character, upon which happiness here and heaven hereafter depend, which results largely from that tie and intimacy that is closest of all.

Her intense earnestness put a soul into the body of her words.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 12.

With all his faults, he had no small vanity to mislead him, and was sufficiently pure and noble.

Her face, which had been full of sunshine and mirthfulness even in darkest days, grew unwontedly thoughtful and oppressed with care ; but her features were none the less lovely, as they began to express womanly solicitude and responsibility instead of a child's light-hearted confidence.

Near to Nature's Heart.

JANUARY 11.

Bayard Taylor. 1825.

JANUARY 12.

Alfred Tennyson. 1810.

JANUARY 13.

“Time shall at least show one thing—that I can be patient and true.”

Loving eyes are often the most blind, and that which is seen daily ceases to seem strange.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 14.

Her looks and words revealed her thought as a crystal stream a white pebble over which it flows.

Gaunt famine has been the inmate of households, while there were buried treasures under the hearthstone.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 13.

JANUARY 14.

JANUARY 15.

How long, long ago God planned and purposed to win the sympathy and confidence of the suffering by coming so close to them in like experience that they could feel sure—yes, know—that he felt with them and for them.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JANUARY 16.

The world is full of people who are proud and self-respecting in the extreme, who are honorable and virtuous, good and kindly at heart, but whose wills are nerveless, though they may go safely through life without suspecting this truth.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 15.
Molière. 1622.

JANUARY 16.

JANUARY 17.

In our brief life, with its fierce competitions, few other than what are known as "one idea" men have time to succeed. Even genius must drive with tremendous and concentrated energy, to distance competitors.

What Can She Do ?

The slope of her shoulders was grace itself. She did not lean back weakly or languidly, but sat erect, with the quiet, easy poise of vigor and health.

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 18.

The disciple of old could not always understand his Lord ; no more can we. We often shrink from that which is given in love, and grasp at that which would destroy. Though but little, weak, erring children, we would impose on the all-wise God our way, instead of meekly accepting his way.

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 17.

Benjamin Franklin. 1706.

JANUARY 18.

Daniel Webster. 1782.

Montesquieu. 1689.

JANUARY 19.

“ The thought of her is an inspiration toward a purer, better manhood than I have yet known. Her truth and innate nobility produce an intense desire to become like her, so that she may look into my eyes and trust also.”

“ He’s a fixed and certain quantity, and a good point to measure from. I like him because he is so sincere.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 20.

“ I can read men as you would read a book. If you were not trustworthy I should know it at a glance.”

Christian principle doesn’t mean a cotton-and-wool nature, or a milk-and-water experience, to put it in a homely way.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 19.

J. Watts. 1736.

JANUARY 20.

JANUARY 21.

“That is the sin of our age—making faces,” said Annie. “Many have two, and some can make for themselves even more.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“Are you very amiable after dinner?”

“No ; that’s a trait belonging to men alone.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 22.

Many, in their suicidal blindness and remorse, pass sentence upon themselves, and weakly deliver their souls into the keeping of that inexorable jailer, Despair, forgetting the possibilities — nay, certainties of good that ever dwell in God. If man had no better friend than himself, his prospects would be sombre indeed.

Morbidness could no more exist in her presence than shadows on the sunny side of trees.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 21.

JANUARY 22.

Lord Bacon. 1561.

Lord Byron. 1788.

JANUARY 23.

“ I am glad to say the best things in this world are ordinary and common.”

Though she had not made the slightest effort, some influence from her had stolen upon him like a cool breeze on a sultry day, and wooed him as gently as the perfume of a flower that is sweet to all.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 24.

It is surprising how character impresses itself on one's surroundings.

I often find nonsense a sort of life preserver that keeps me from sinking.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 23.

JANUARY 24.

Frederick the Great. 1712.

JANUARY 25.

The conflict between inclination and the sense of right creates a feverish unrest, in which one cannot settle down to ordinary pursuits and duties. If principle holds the reins, and the voice of conscience is clear and authoritative, the disturbed mental and moral state will end in the firm choice of duty, and consequent peace and rest.

From Jest to Earnest.

“Oh, but you are a gem of a woman!” I cried. “A few more like you would bring the millennium.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 26.

Some natures can pocket a fair lady's refusal with a good-natured shrug as merely a bad venture and hope for better luck next time, but more cannot, especially if they are played with and deceived.

Opening of a Chestnut Burr.

“I'd take a much greater risk to win your friendship, and if you'll give it to me I'll be very proud of it.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 25.
Robert Burns. 1759.

JANUARY 26.

JANUARY 27.

As Christian and sensible people we are bound to accept our life and make the best of it.

Her own sorrowful experience made her tender toward the unfortunate ones for whom she cared, and her words and manner brought balm and healing to many sad hearts.

Without a Home.

JANUARY 28.

“A child's penny toy will hide a great mountain if held too near the eyes. It is thus the eyes of the worldly are blinded by trifles till I fear some will never see God or heaven. But He is teaching you better. As long as you follow His gentle leadings, and the pure impulses of your own heart, all will be well.”

From Jest to Earnest.

JANUARY 27
Mozart. 1756.

JANUARY 28.

JANUARY 29.

“What is the secret of your strength? Your religion seems to do you more good than mine does me.”

“Well, Jennie,” said Ida musingly, “there seems to me this difference. You have a God, I have a Saviour; you have a faith, I have a tender and helpful Friend.”

A Face Illumined.

“To think rather that she waited on me for days and nights together. Well, I could turn Catholic and worship one saint.”

A Day of Fate.

JANUARY 30.

“If the world would only worship such saints—lovely, unselfish, and living women—there would be more hope for humanity.”

“Never shed tears over troubles that may not come.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

JANUARY 29.
Swedenborg. 1688.

JANUARY 30.
Walter Savage Landor. 1775.

JANUARY 31.

“He is a ‘well-meaning’ man, but he and many others remind me of one not having the slightest ear for music trying to catch a difficult harmony.”

“Why is the harmony so difficult?” asked Walter bitterly.

“Perhaps it were better to ask, ‘Why has humanity so disabled itself?’”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JANUARY 31.

Frans Schubert. 1797.



ME

CAP. 80

February.

The holidays are past, and Santa Claus has either remembered us, or we were obliged to remember that we were Santa Claus. Snow and sleigh-riding have lost their novelty. We have been to town, read the new books, had the influenza, nearly finished our lecture course, and in brief have almost exhausted the proper things of the winter season. The days are growing longer, and, often, something in their sunnier light and warmer breath reminds us of the friends in the garden, who are sleeping in their winter graves, still deep under the snow; but we know the time of resurrection is coming, when in robes new and rainbow-hued, they will rise from the earth into beautiful life.

Play and Profit in My Garden.

FEBRUARY 1.

She widely differed from some prudent people who must take an emotion to pieces, and resolve it into its original elements, and thus be sure that it is properly caused and wholesome before enjoying it. Many seem to partake of life's pleasures, as did the members of the royal family of their feasts, in the days of the ancient Roman empire, when it was feared that poison lurked in every dish.

From Fest to Earnest.

“ How prosperous he looks ! ”

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 2.

Never before had the young man so fully realized how vital a privilege it was to be a disciple of Christ—to be near to him—and enjoy what resembled a companionship akin to that possessed by those who followed him up and down the rugged paths of Judea and Galilee.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

FEBRUARY 1.

FEBRUARY 2.

FEBRUARY 3.

But his nature was too sanguine and healthful for any continued morbid brooding, and he would soon throw off the burden of unhappy thoughts, and hope for better things.

Near to Nature's Heart.

A household in which affection, allied to high-bred courtesy and mutual respect, made even homely daily life noble and beautiful.

A Face Illumined.

FEBRUARY 4.

No principles are better known than the influences of soil, climate, darkness, and light upon a growing plant. If the truth could be appreciated that circumstances color life and character just as surely, marring, distorting, dwarfing, or beautifying and developing, according as they are friendly or adverse, the workers in the moral vineyard, instead of trying to obtain fruit from sickly vines, whose roots grope in sterility, and whose foliage is poisoned, would bring the richness of opportunity to the soil and purify the social atmosphere.

Without a Home.

“She’s becoming as good as she is beautiful. Every day increases my respect for her.”

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 3.
Mendelssohn. 1809.

FEBRUARY 4.
Mark Hopkins. 1802.

FEBRUARY 5.

“ There is more of her than I thought.”

“ A man’s life without a hobby is a weak and wavering line of battle indefinitely long. One’s life with a hobby is a concentrated charge.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

FEBRUARY 6.

His human nature at that time was of the old Saxon type, that went directly for what it wanted, without much thought or sentiment for those weak enough to lose.

“ When I was a harum-scarum boy,” he muttered, “ a girl with such a face could almost make me worship her. I don’t believe boys have changed.”

Without a Home.

FEBRUARY 5.

FEBRUARY 6.

Madame Sévigné. 1626.

FEBRUARY 7.

“ There are no stronger claims than those of humanity, and unconsciously you assert these in a way to make them most sacred.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

“ It's asking a great deal to require that one should both preach and practise.”

A Face Illumined.

FEBRUARY 8.

A brain that can direct the hand how to do one thing well, is like a general who has occupied a strategic point which will give him the victory if he follow up his advantage.

A Face Illumined.

If good resolutions were only accomplished certainties as soon as made, how different life would be !

What Can She Do ?

FEBRUARY 7.

Charles Dickens. 1812.

FEBRUARY 8.

FEBRUARY 9.

More distress is caused by those troubles which never come, but which are feared and worried over, than by those which do come, teaching us, often, patience and faith.

From Jest to Earnest.

“ The idea of anything going contrary to his will or wishes !”

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 10.

More potent than commands, threats, and their dire fulfilment, is love, which wins and entreats back to virtue the man whom even Omnipotence could not drive back.

He was very miserable, and it is most natural, especially for the young, to wish to be happy.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

FEBRUARY 9.

FEBRUARY 10.

FEBRUARY 11.

But, while human kindness and consideration can do much to assuage this eager hunger of the heart, it cannot satisfy. The experience of Gethsemane is well-nigh universal, and there come to all hours of darkness when earthly friendship is as unavailable as that of the men who slept through their Master's grief when he was but a "stone's cast" away.

Near to Nature's Heart.

FEBRUARY 12.

His face wore the solemn aspect of one who felt himself charged with awful responsibilities. As he saw the thousands turning toward him in hope and trust, the burden of the nation's weal pressed heavier upon him. And yet there was not a trace of weakness or shrinking in view of his mighty tasks.

Near to Nature's Heart.

FEBRUARY 11.

FEBRUARY 12.

Abraham Lincoln. 1809.

La Motte-Fouqué. 1777.

FEBRUARY 13.

“God will bless us, if we will just simply try to do what is right and best every day. The blessing will come on doing, not waiting.”

Without a Home.

Sunshine brought to a focus kindles even green wood.

A Face Illumined.

FEBRUARY 14.

More hearts are broken into indefinite fragments before twenty than ever after ; but, like the broken bones of the young, they usually knit readily together again, and are just as good for all practical purposes.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

A woman's heart cannot be proof against reason, gratitude, and the sacred duty owed to those she loves best. At any rate, mine shall not be.

Without a Home.

FEBRUARY 13.

Talleyrand. 1754.

FEBRUARY 14.

Galileo. 1564.

FEBRUARY 15.

“Yes, indeed,” echoed the little boy. “Aunt Annie can manage anything or anybody.”

“That is a remarkable power,” said Walter, with an amused look and side-glance at the young lady. “How does she do it?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” replied the boy; “she sorter makes them love her, and then they want to do as she says.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“I work for a living.”

“I am sure that is nothing against you.”

What Can She Do?

FEBRUARY 16.

He was humbled, and truth is ever ready to be the guest of humility.

“Nature is a rare teacher, my little friend; and she has taught you a truth which we sometimes forget, to our sorrow. Only the places which contain those whom we love can be homes.”

Near to Nature’s Heart.

FEBRUARY 15.

FEBRUARY 16.

Melanchthon. 1497.

FEBRUARY 17.

“I'd rather be thought true than thought a genius.”

How sweet and luminous her face seemed in contrast with the vague darkness without! More sweet and luminous would her faith be in the midst of the contradictions, obscurities, and evils of the world. The home that enshrined such a woman would be a refuge for a man's tempted soul, as well as a resting-place for his tired body.

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 18.

“I did not know that there was a man in the world so noble, so generous, so honest.”

The human soul, however weak, is not like an exotic plant. It should be tended by a hand that is as gentle as it is firm and careful.

Without a Home.

FEBRUARY 17.

FEBRUARY 18.

Charles Lamb. 1775.

George Peabody. 1795.

FEBRUARY 19.

A muddy pool, rippled by a breeze, will sparkle quite brilliantly while in motion ; but when quiet it is seen the more plainly to be only a shallow pool.

The Lord from heaven breathed the breath of life into the first fair woman.

A Face Illumined.

FEBRUARY 20.

Men may create philosophies, they may turn the Gospel itself into a cold abstraction, but the practical truth remains that the Christ, who saves, comforts, and lifts the intolerable burden of sorrow or of sin, comes now as of old—comes as a living, loving, personal presence, human in sympathy, divine in power.

Without a Home.

FEBRUARY 19.

Copernicus. 1473.

FEBRUARY 20.

Voltaire. 1694.

FEBRUARY 21.

I would rather die a thousand deaths by torture than lose my faith that there is a God who will bring order out of this chaos of broken, thwarted lives, of which the world is full, and that those who seek a "happier shore" will eventually find it.

We are endowed with intelligence to choose carefully our paths and companions ; and I cannot help thinking that the majority might choose wisely enough to make life an agreeable journey in the main.

A Face Illumined.

FEBRUARY 22.

Though Saville could not understand the source of Washington's strength, still the calm, noble face quieted him. Half unconsciously he was taught the difference between mere enthusiasm and personal ambition, and a resolute purpose combined with unselfish devotion. He was generous and noble enough himself to appreciate the heroic qualities embodied before him, and to be won to something of the same spirit for the time being.

Near to Nature's Heart.

"She has never tempted me to aught save good deeds and brave work."

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 21.

John Henry Newman. 1801.

FEBRUARY 22.

Washington. 1732.

James Russell Lowell. 1819.

FEBRUARY 23.

“ I love such fresh young life, unshadowed by care or experience ”

“ I believe you ; and your sympathy with such life will always keep you young at heart. I can't imagine you growing old ; indeed, truth is never old and feeble.”

“ Now thee's sensible.”

“ For once,” I added.

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 24.

“ He is singing songs of Heaven.”

A Face Illumined.

Her moodiness was gone, but in its place was not her old levity. When Moses came down from the presence of God, his face shone so that he was compelled to veil its brightness ; and it has ever seemed true that nearness to God and his truth gives spiritual light and attractiveness to the plainest features.

From Jest to Earnest.

FEBRUARY 23.

FEBRUARY 24.

Handel. 1684.

George William Curtis. 1824.

FEBRUARY 25.

But with increasing pain she thought, "He who says he is not a Christian, acts more like one than he who claims the character."

Is it strange that God saves men through other men, and that he carries on his work through our weak hands? Even he himself best served man in human guise. It is because Christians pass by on the other side that many perish by the way.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

FEBRUARY 26.

While he had the heart and courage of a man, he also had the quick, supple hand and gentle bearing of a woman.

Barriers Burned Away.

"Thee's honest, Richard."

"If I wasn't I'd have no business in your society."

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 25.

FEBRUARY 26.

Victor Hugo. 1802.

FEBRUARY 27.

In the depths of my heart I respected a faith that was so simple, genuine, and full of sunshine.

But for songs of nature and ballads I have never heard so sympathetic a voice. It suggests a power of making music a sweet home language instead of a difficult high art, attainable by few.

Deference, personal attention, and compliments—these are the irresistible weapons.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

FEBRUARY 28.

The sun would often light up the face of the precipice, as a smile might illumine the rugged features of one who seemed harsh and cold in nature, but who, on closer acquaintance, would be found to possess traits that are kindly and gentle.

Near to Nature's Heart.

FEBRUARY 27.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. 1807.

FEBRUARY 28.

FEBRUARY 29.

Already he seems to have won a place in that ancient and honorable order established so many centuries ago, the members of which were entitled to inscribe upon their shields the legend, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

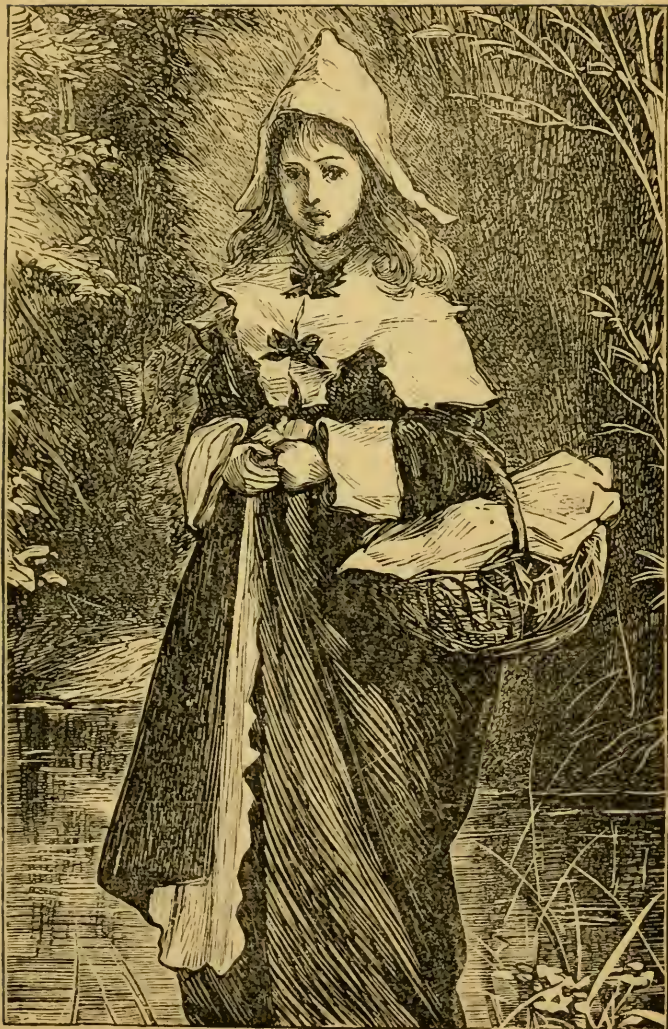
Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Still she may love and yet be able to see his foibles and failings clearly.

A Day of Fate.

FEBRUARY 29.

Rossini. 1792.



March.

March, so universally inveighed against, is to me one of the most fascinating months. Its darkest days are full of hope, and the knowledge of the near approach of spring. We laugh at winter's gloomiest frowns, since the old tyrant cannot long maintain them, and must soon abdicate in favor of a gentler sovereign. Already spring, like a young queen consort, tempers his harshness, and soon she will occupy the throne alone. Increasingly often there are bright, warm, suggestive days, when the decrepit tyrant cannot appear, and she, unchecked, sways the sceptre, all sweetness, grace, and benignity.

Play and Profit in My Garden.

MARCH 1.

The flowers seemed an embodied strain from Chopin's nocturne that she had played, and the different shades of color the rising and falling of the melody.

Near to Nature's Heart.

Many a man has loved and waited in vain ; and some out of this long adversity that touched their dearest interests have built the grandest successes of life, and the loftiest and purest manhood.

Without a Home.

MARCH 2.

“ Be true to your God and your faith ; be true to my poor teachings and your own pure, womanly nature. Let the Bible guide you in all things, and then you will always have peace in your heart, and find sympathy in nature without.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

“ You're the kind of man that would thaw an icicle. Your nature is large and gentle, and I don't mind letting you know.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 1.
Chopin. 1809.

MARCH 2.

MARCH 3.

“ Let her teach you the harmony of noble, unselfish living. Follow her in thought, feeling, and action, as those stammering, untuned tongues do in melody, and the blight of evil will pass from your life.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

He had not much indulgence for any one's weaknesses save his own.

Barriers Burned Away.

MARCH 4.

God's greatest, dearest, most godlike prerogative is to forgive, and man's noblest act is to forgive a great wrong.

“ The thought of you alone has kept me from utter unbelief, and I would be glad to believe that there is some kindly power in existence that watches over such beings as you are, and that can reward your noble life ; but as far as I am concerned it's all a mystery and a weariness. You are near—you are merciful and kind.”

Without a Home.

MARCH 3.

MARCH 4.

MARCH 5.

He had acted naturally, and in accordance with his defective character ; he had been himself, and that was the secret of all his troubles.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Oh. the gentle, inexorable woman ! Satan himself might well tremble before her.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 6.

If a beautiful statue can ennoble and refine, a beautiful woman can accomplish infinitely more. She can be a constant inspiration, a suggestion of the perfect life beyond and an earnest of it.

From Jest to Earnest.

“Thee’s a true gentleman.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 5.

MARCH 6.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti. 1475.

Sir Charles Napier. 1786.

MARCH 7.

There is a principle in our nature that leads us to enjoy conquering and subduing. The civilized state of our society prevents our doing this on the Cæsar and Alexander plan, and that phase which modern belles often push to such extremes is scarcely a manly recreation. But the subduing of a wild stony piece of land still affords true scope for masculine energy, and surely there is a keen satisfaction in taking a rough field, a tangled, thorny thicket, a jumble of rocks and stumps, and by the dint of honest toil, like a hard-fought battle, changing all into smooth, yielding fertility.

Play and Profit.

MARCH 8.

“Your face is full of sudden gleams. Tell me what you are thinking about.”

All are beautiful to those they help.

A man finally gets justice at the bar of his own conscience, but it is extorted gradually, reluctantly, and with much befogging of the case.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MARCH 7.
E. P. Roe. 1838.

MARCH 8.

MARCH 9.

A starved soul and heart seem to me infinitely worse than a starved body.

Genuine beauty is a rare and wonderful gift, and, like genius, triumphs over adverse circumstances, and is often enhanced by them.

Without a Home.

MARCH 10.

There is no isolation more perfect than that of a man of the world among people of his own kind, with whom manifestations of feeling are weaknesses, securing prompt ridicule. Reticence, a shrewd alertness to the main chance of the hour, and the spirit of the entire proverb, "Every man for himself," become such fixed characteristics that I suppose there is danger that the deepest springs in one's nature may dry up, and no Artesian shaft of mercy or truth be able to find anything in a man's soul save arid selfishness.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 9.

Mirabeau. 1749.

William Cobbett. 1762.

MARCH 10.

MARCH 11.

When good influences are felt in a man's soul, evil seems to become specially active. The kingdom of darkness disputes every inch of its ill-gotten power. Winter passes away in March storms. It is the still cold of indifference that is nearest akin to death.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

But like the clear surface fringed with shadows that sank far beneath the water, there were traces of many thoughts in her large blue eyes.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 12.

Angry with himself, out of humor with all the world, the latent obstinacy of his nature began to manifest itself. Though everything went "contrary," there was one thing under his control—himself—and he would make that do the bidding of his will.

Barriers Burned Away.

Under the magic of her good-will, both eyes and minds kindled, and even commonplace persons became almost brilliant and eloquent.

A Face Illumined.

MARCH 11.

MARCH 12.

Bishop Berkeley. 1684.

MARCH 13.

Her nature was too simple and direct for disguises, and when she attempted them they were often so apparent as to be comically pathetic.

“Indeed, sir, I like your modesty, your self-depreciation.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 14.

“She's a jolly good girl. I like her.”

A Day of Fate.

He came to believe that he had only to put his hand to a thing to give it the needful impulse to success.

What Can She Do ?

MARCH 13.

MARCH 14.

MARCH 15.

When one wishes to reform, everything does not become lovely in this unfriendly world. The first steps are usually the most difficult, and the earliest experience the most disheartening. God never designed that reform should be easy. As it is, people are too ready to live the life which renders reform necessary. The ranks of the victims of evil would be doubled did not a wholesome fear of the consequences restrain.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

MARCH 16.

When we receive our slight cuts and bruises through life, there is usually outcry and abundant sympathy. But when we receive our deep wounds that leave scars, often only God knows; and it is best so, for He can heal, but the world can only probe.

From Jest to Earnest.

“I never knew a truer, kinder lady.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 15.

Andrew Jackson. 1767.

MARCH 16.

James Madison. 1751.

MARCH 17.

The religion of mere negation, expulsion, and restraint is too often presented to the mind. Dykes and levees are very useful, and in some places essential ; but if low malarial shores could be lifted up into breezy hills and table-lands, this would be better. This is not only possible, but it is the true method in respect to the human soul ; and one should seek to grow better not by sedulous effort to keep out an evil world, but rather to fill up his heart with a good pure world such as God made and blessed.

A Face Illumined.

MARCH 18.

He was brave ; he was manly in his appearance and bearing ; frank and affable in his manner ; and more than all, possessed tact, and the power of adapting himself to the moods and characters of his associates. He could be most fascinating when he chose to exert himself.

No mountain stream could be more transparent than this child of nature, who had learned none of art's disguises. When, from instinct, she manifested maidenly reserve, the cause was as apparent as the effect.

Near to Nature's Heart.

MARCH 17.

T. Chalmers. 1780.

MARCH 18.

John C. Calhoun. 1782.

MARCH 19.

As the eye of artist and poet catches glimpses of beauty where to others are only hard lines and plain surfaces, so strong religious temperaments are quick to see providences, intimations, and leadings.

From Jest to Earnest.

“Whatever your faith is, I believe in it, for I’ve seen its fruits.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 20.

“Moreover, I am told that girls who dote on love in a cottage all marry rich men if the chance comes.”

“Well, why shouldn’t they, if the rich men are the right men?”

You are too hurried, too eager for temporary success, too taken up with details, to form calm, philosophical opinions of the great events of your time, and thus be able to shape men’s opinions.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 19.
Livingstone. 1815.

MARCH 20.

MARCH 21.

It is our duty to make every effort of which we ourselves are capable ; but this is only half our duty. Since our tasks are beyond our strength and ability, we are equally bound to receive such human aid as God sends us, and, chief of all, to ask daily, and sometimes hourly, that his strength be made perfect in our weakness. But there are some lessons which are only learned by experience.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

MARCH 22.

She won attention, not because she sought it, nor on the ground of eccentricities, but because of her own intense vitality. From her dark eyes a close observer might catch glimpses of a quick, active mind, an eager spirit, and, well—perhaps a passionate temper. Though chastened and subdued, she ever gave the impression of power to those who came to know her well.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

He is both natural and consistent.

Barriers Burned Away.

MARCH 21.

Robert Bruce. 1274.

Jean Paul Richter. 1763.

MARCH 22.

Vandyck. 1599.

Rosa Bonheur. 1822.

MARCH 23.

She had been singularly strong and very weak ; but the weakness had left no stain on her crystal truth, and her strength had been of the best and most womanly kind. As in the twilight, so in the white moonlight, she again made perfect harmony in the transfigured garden.

Two things that a man can't be a man without—
hope and courage.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 24.

“ I can't see what it is that people find so attractive in that plain-looking girl.”

“ Well, for one thing, she has a mind. Beauty without mind is like salad without dressing.”

A Face Illumined.

“ Why do you think him better than other people ?”

“ By what he does.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MARCH 23.

MARCH 24.

MARCH 25.

Life blossomed and grew bright about her from some innate influence that she exerted unconsciously.

Our need and our consciousness of it form our strongest claim upon Him and the best preparation for Him.

Without a Home.

MARCH 26.

A father helps his children through their troubles, and so God is desirous of helping us. There are some things which we cannot do alone—it is not meant that we should. God is ever willing to help those who are down, and Christians are not worthy of the name unless they are also willing.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“Conscious that I am not in the least heroic, I do not wish to be imagined a hero.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 25.

MARCH 26.

MARCH 27.

Her hand was not one that a sculptor would care to copy, though he would find no great fault with it. It reminded one of silk drawn over steel, and all electric and throbbing with life. You felt that it could give you the true grasp of friendship—that it had power to do more than barely cling to something, but could both help and sustain, and yet its touch would be gentleness itself around the couch of suffering.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MARCH 28.

One may live in a palace, and yet not be a slave to the palace. Our home should be as beautiful as our taste and means can make it ; but, like the nest yonder, it should simply serve its purpose, leaving us the time and means to get all the good out of the world that we can.

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 27.

MARCH 28.

MARCH 29.

She seemed a radiant, living portrait.

Barriers Burned Away.

Men and women in good society may be very polished and refined, and yet their souls in God's sight and their own be shameful, "naked," wearing no robe of righteousness, bound by no laws of purity and right, and "always, night and day, crying and cutting" themselves in the unrest of remorse.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MARCH 30.

Her influence was like that of a warm day in spring, undemonstrative, not self-asserting, but most powerful.

"Please do not expect much from me. I fear I shall disappoint you."

Without a Home.

MARCH 29.

MARCH 30.

MARCH 31.

What language can portray your feelings when you are awakened some mild morning in March by the wild minstrelsy of a party of robins and blue-birds that, coming from you know not where, have taken possession of your garden. The long oppressive silence of winter is broken, and now we shall have trills, solos, duetts, and choruses that can only be imitated in the Academy of Music.

Play and Profit.

“ It’s a little strange, but I doubt whether there is anything in the universe that so inspires a man with awe as a thoroughly good, large-minded woman.”

A Day of Fate.

MARCH 31.

Haydn. 1732.



April.

This season, so uncertain and variable, now smiling and gentle, now harsh and forbidding, reminds one of coy, cold Beauty about to yield to Love's suit in spite of herself. She tries, but cannot maintain her frowns, for love softens her heart like the subtle south wind relaxing the frozen earth. Though her moods are abrupt and trying in their changes, they are followed by remorseful tears, just as rain one day seeks to banish the frost and snow of the preceding. Her temper is often high and uncertain, her words a little sharp and blustering, like March winds ; but wait patiently till all has blown over, and see how softly and sweetly she will smile on you. But don't presume ; don't felicitate yourself too highly ; there will probably be a change. Patient wooing and waiting shall be rewarded by the tearful penitence and sunny smiles of April, and warmer affection of May and June.

Play and Profit in My Garden.

APRIL 1.

The spring-time had come again, and the beauty and promise of her own future seemed reflected in nature.

Where in history do we read—who from a ripe experience can give—an instance of a happy life, developing under the deepening shadow of evil.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

APRIL 2.

It became his favorite dream that he might be one of the founders of a republic in the new world, in which liberty and equality should be the cornerstones, human reason the sole architect, and nature the inspiration.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“For so tender-hearted a girl thee is very strong.”

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 1.

Bismarck. 1815.

APRIL 2.

H. C. Andersen. 1805.

APRIL 3.

He was an example of the truth that good comes from without and not within us. It is heaven stooping to men ; heaven's messengers sent to us ; truth quickened in our minds by heavenly influence, even as sunlight and rain awaken into beautiful life the seeds hidden in the soil ; and above all, impulses direct from God, that steal into our hearts as the south wind penetrates ice-bound gardens in spring.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

APRIL 4.

To me, the desperate earnestness of people who imagine it their mission to set the world right is excessively tiresome.

“ You have a comfortable habit of putting all perplexing questions into the Lord's hand and borrowing no further trouble. Perhaps that is the wisest way after all, only one is a long time learning it.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

APRIL 3.

George Herbert. 1593.

Washington Irving. 1783.

E. E. Hale. 1822.

APRIL 4.

APRIL 5.

He best deserves a knightly crest
Who slays the evils that infest
His soul within. If victor here,
He soon will find a wider sphere.
The world is cold to him who pleads ;
The world bows low to knightly deeds.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

She was like a child that had dwelt in a tropical oasis, the flowers and fruits of which had seemed as limitless as its extent. She had supposed that the whole world would be like this oasis, and the only necessity ever imposed on her would be that of choice from its rich profusion.

A Face Illumined.

APRIL 6.

“He is the greatest artist that ever lived, and there never were such pictures as he paints.”

A Face Illumined.

She fought and won a battle which, if never known on earth, would never be forgotten in heaven.

For the victors in such battles, the brightest crowns of glory are reserved.

She mastered self and selfishness, in the very citadel of their strength.

From Jest to Earnest.

APRIL 5.

General H. Havelock. 1795.

APRIL 6.

APRIL 7.

“ How many hungry people have you fed? How many strangers (I do not mean distinguished ones from abroad) have you taken in and comforted? How many of the naked have you clothed? And how long is your list of the sick and imprisoned that you have visited, my luxurious little lady?”

Barriers Burned Away.

Whatever might be said against his philosophy, it produced good cheer and peace.

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 8.

She was quick, original, and did her own thinking—in repartee she hit back unexpectedly, in flashes, like as the lightning leaps out of the clouds.

“ Children can do by nature what we should do from intelligent choice—turn away the mind from painful subjects to those that are pleasing. You don't catch me brooding over trouble when there are a thousand pleasant things to think of.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

APRIL 7.

William Wordsworth. 1770.

W. E. Channing. 1780.

APRIL 8.

APRIL 9.

The wholesome and tonic influence of a few hours of positive and unalloyed enjoyment in a busy or burdened life is properly estimated by a very few. Multitudes would preach better, live better, do more work and die much later, could they find some innocent recreation to which they could often give themselves up with something of the whole-hearted abandon of a child.

Without a Home.

APRIL 10.

“For your mother’s influence and that of nature have made you the sweetest, purest woman that ever breathed.”

Near to Nature’s Heart.

“You pride yourself that you are not narrow, unconscious of the truth that you are spreading yourself thinly over the mere surface of affairs. You have little comprehension of the deeper forces and motives of humanity.”

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 9.

APRIL 10. 1

APRIL 11.

“ She will be unchangeable amid all changes.”

“ He is a Christian gentleman, in the truest and strongest sense of the word.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

APRIL 12.

Only God can give to the whole of his creation the all-seeing gaze that we bestow upon some familiar scene. His glance around the globe is that of a mother around her nursery, with her little children grouped at her feet.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

As for himself, he had no peculiarities. He was a practical, sensible man, with no nonsense about him.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

APRIL 11.

Edward Everett. 1794.

APRIL 12.

Henry Clay. 1777.

APRIL 13.

Few can be more miserable than those who hold their fortunes and good name on sufferance—safe only in the power and disposition of others to keep some wretched secret.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“People will be the better for being with you.”

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 14.

There are thousands of very pretty girls who have no love for beauty save their own, which they do their best to spoil by self-homage.

The causes which start men upon their careers are often seemingly the most slight and casual.

Without a Home.

APRIL 13.

APRIL 14.

APRIL 15.

As humanity goes back to its first occupation it may also acquire some of the primal gardener's characteristics before he listened to temptation and ceased to be even a gentleman. When he brutally blamed the woman, it was time he was turned out of Eden.

Success with Small Fruits.

APRIL 16.

“Yonder is a man who is not afraid of work.”

On her was imposed already the most painful experience of war—woman's helpless waiting and watching for those they love.

Near to Nature's Heart.

APRIL 15.

APRIL 16.

Sir J. Franklin. 1786

APRIL 17.

But you are as true as steel.

Her evident sympathy put every one at ease, and gave people the power of such happy expression that they were surprised at themselves, and led to believe that they not only received but gave something better than the average.

A Face Illumined.

APRIL 18.

He often wondered at her ability to enchain his thoughts, to awaken questionings in regard to matters which he had considered settled, and unconsciously to arouse misgivings concerning his doubt and unbelief.

Near to Nature's Heart.

Almost as many are ruined by undue and unwise repression as by equally unwise and idiotic indulgence.

Without a Home.

APRIL 17.

APRIL 18.

G. H. Lewes. 1817.

APRIL 19.

A *merely pretty* face is like a line of verse of musical rhythm, but without sense or meaning.

A Face Illumined.

The light which can banish the oppressive, disheartening shadow of guilt must come from beyond the sun.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

APRIL 20.

It is often not so much what a man does as the state of the heart that prompts the act. In common parlance, Walter was as good-hearted a fellow as ever breathed. Indeed he was quite inclined to noble enthusiasms.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

But the first dawning of a woman's love is more like the aurora with its strange fitful flashes. The phenomena have never been satisfactorily explained.

Barriers Burned Away.

APRIL 19.

APRIL 20.

APRIL 21.

If penitent tears could be crystallized they would be the only gems of earth that angels would covet, and perhaps God's co-workers here will find those that they caused to flow on earth set as gems in their "crown of glory that fadeth not away."

She was one who lived in her affections rather than surroundings. The latter would matter little to her could she keep her heart-treasures.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

APRIL 22.

She was not an advanced female, with a mission ; she was simply a young and lovely woman, capable of the noblest action and feeling should the occasion demand them, but naturally luxurious and beauty-loving in her tastes, and inclined to shun the prosaic side of life.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

"Your appearance did not comport with your deeds."

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 21.

Bishop Heber. 1783.

Charlotte Brontë. 1816.

APRIL 22.

Madame de Staël. 1766.

APRIL 23.

Moreover she had the two grand books of the world, the Bible and Shakespeare; and often as she watched in the corner of the wide fireplace, she half read and half brooded over their glowing pages, until her own mind was full of thronging thoughts and fancies, which, in their beauty and character, were at least akin to those she read.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“O Will Shakespeare!” I at last murmured, “you knew the human heart, if any one ever did.”

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 24.

One may delve in the earth so long as to lose all dread at the thought of sleeping in it at last, and the luscious fruits and bright-hued flowers that come out of it, in a way no one can find out, may teach our own resurrection more effectually than do the learned theologians.

Success with Small Fruits.

APRIL 23.

William Shakspeare. 1564.

APRIL 24.

APRIL 25.

He had an abundance of intellect, great shrewdness, vast will force and organizing power, but not much ideality or imagination.

The light and gladness of that blessed future seemed to have come into her sweet womanly face.

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 26.

We can no more scold people into loving us than Nature could make buds blossom by daily nipping them with frost.

What Can She Do ?

The April sun shone brightly and genially into the apartment. In all its appointments it appeared as fresh, inviting, and cleanly as the wholesome light without. The spirit of the housekeeper pervaded every part of the mansion, and in both furniture and decoration it would seem that she had studiously excluded everything which would suggest morbid or gloomy thoughts.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

APRIL 25.

Oliver Cromwell. 1599.

APRIL 26.

APRIL 27.

Flesh and spirit, however, are not wood and stone, and she might learn in deep surprise that her light æsthetic touches, while producing pleasing changes in externals, had also awakened some of the profoundest motives and forces that give shape and color to life.

Without a Home.

“Thee’s a strong-minded, sensible man.”

A Day of Fate.

APRIL 28.

She was by nature an advocate rather than a judge. Not the spirit of the disciples, that would call down fire from heaven, but the spirit of the Master, who sought to lay his healing, rescuing hand on every lost creature, always controlled her eventually. Human desert did not count as much with her as human need, and her own sorrows had made her heart tender toward the sufferings of others, even though well merited.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

APRIL 27.

APRIL 28.

APRIL 29.

But then people will judge the world by their own experience of it, and some natures are more easily warped by evil and wrong than others. No logic can cope with feeling and prejudice.

A young man is far on the road to evil when he loses faith in woman. During the formative period of character, of earthly influences, she is the most potent in making or marring him.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

APRIL 30.

People's instincts are quick in discerning the hidden springs of action ; and her influence was all the more effective because she gave them the fruits of faith rather than stems of exhortation on which they were required to develop fruit of their own. Much good fruit was eventually produced, but more through her example, her spring-like influence, than from any formal instruction.

Without a Home.

Reason and judgment act slowly, but imagination takes fire.

What Can She Do ?

APRIL 29.

APRIL 30.





May.

“Look at us,” said the violets, blooming at her feet. “All last winter we slept in seeming death, as your mother is sleeping now ; but at the right time God awakened us, and here we are to comfort you.”

“Look at me,” said the bubbling spring. “The black ice shut me in, as the black earth will cover your mother. but it did not hurt me ; and, sparkling again this morning as brightly as ever, I am here to comfort you.”

“Listen to us,” said the birds over her head. “We did not sing here last winter, but we were singing where the cold winds never blow. So your mother has only flown away to a sunnier clime, and we are here to comfort you.”

“Look at me,” cried the sun, rising in unclouded splendor over the eastern hills. “Do I not come back to you after the darkness of the night ? So will He, whose light I reflect, shine away your sorrow, and he has sent me to comfort you.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

MAY 1.

God hears prayer when his children cry to him—when his faithful friends speak to him straight and true from their hearts ; and such know well that they are answered.

It was a voice that stole into the heart and kept vibrating there long hours after, like an æolian harp just breathed upon by a dying zephyr.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 2.

But she was gifted in a peculiar degree with tact, a quick perception and power of interpreting the language of nature and the heart. She read and estimated character rapidly. Almost intuitively she saw people's needs and weaknesses, but so far from making them the ground of satire and contempt, they awakened her pity and desire to help. In other words, she was one of those Christians who in some degree catch the very essence of Christ's character, who lived and died to save.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“How noble and expressive of varied feeling his face is.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 1.

MAY 2.

MAY 3.

“ I heard your laugh this morning while you were at breakfast, and it filled all the old house with music. It seemed to become a part of the sunshine that was shimmering on the elm-leaves that swayed to and fro before my window, and then the robins took it up in the garden.”

A Day of Fate.

Everything he does seems marked by unusual good taste and intelligence.

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 4.

He had proved such a true and helpful friend.

Near to Nature's Heart.

With such companionship, . . . life would never lose its ideality, nor the world become a mere combination of things. Her woman's fancy would embroider my man's reason and make it beautiful, while not taking from its strength.

A Day of Fate.

MAY 3.

.

MAY 4.

W. H. Prescott. 1796.

MAY 5.

Her teachers were not such as the fashionable would choose or desire—sickness and sorrow at home, and the solitude of wintry mountains without; and yet these stern-visaged instructors made their pupil more sweet, unselfish, and womanly every day. They endowed her with patience, and, at the same time, inspired her with hope.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“You are my true and trusted friend.”

What Can She Do?

MAY 6.

One weakness, one wrong prepares the way for another as surely as when one soldier of Diabolus gets within the city he will open the gates to others.

It is the curse of conscious deceit to breed suspicion. Only the true can have absolute faith in the truth of others.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 5,

MAY 6.

MAY 7.

He was taught by them the magnetic power of sympathy, and that he who in the depths of his heart feels for his fellow-creatures, can help them.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“Do you know that there is not a lady present that for a moment can compare with you?”

What Can She Do?

MAY 8.

Where a precious stone will take a lustre a pumice-stone will crumble.

What Can She Do?

“There is nothing certain, assured. There is no test by which I can at once know the truth.”

“That does not prevent the truth from existing. Because some are blind is no proof that color does not exist.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 7.

MAY 8.

MAY 9.

A flashing gem may seem real at first, but as its meretricious rays are analyzed, they lose their charm because revealing a stone not only worthless but worse than worthless, since it mocks us with a false resemblance, thus raising hopes only to disappoint them.

A Face Illumined.

“Only the noble in deed and in truth can reach high and noble art.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 10.

“A lady’s dress is like the binding of a book—it ought to be suggestive of her character. Indeed she can make it a tasteful expression of herself. Neither you nor I believe in the people who value books for the sake of their covers only. A book must have a soul and life of its own as truly as you or I; and the costliest materials, the wealth of a kingdom, cannot make a true book any more than a perfect costume and the most exquisite combination of flesh and blood can make a true woman.”

A Day of Fate.

MAY 9.

MAY 10.

MAY 11.

It is the fashion to inveigh against the "cold and pitiless world;" but the world has often much excuse for maintaining this character.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

"I predict for you a happy life, and, what is more, you will make others happy."

A Day of Fate.

MAY 12.

Sorrow and watching had brought unusual pallor to her cheeks: but her eyes were so large, so dark and intense, that they suggested spirit rather than flesh and blood.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

"I've been led to believe that you cherish a high and scrupulous sense of honor, and that trait counts with me far more than all others."

A Day of Fate.

MAY 11.

MAY 12.

MAY 13.

Feeling is sometimes so intense that it is like the lightning, and burns its way instantly to the consciousness of others.

In addition, she had manifested the most beautiful and Godlike trait that can ennoble human character—the desire to save and sweeten other lives.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 14.

“ I did not know that faith and sorrow could make a human face so beautiful.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

“ Does thee realize the sin and folly of overwork? If thee works for thyself, it is folly. If thee toils for the good of the world, and art able to do the world any good, it is sin ; if there are loved ones dependent on thee, thee may do them a wrong for which there is no remedy. Thee looks to me like a man who has been overdoing.”

A Day of Fate.

MAY 13.

MAY 14.

MAY 15.

“There,” he said, “is the miracle — a gifted, magnetic, unselfish woman devoting herself wholly to the enjoyment of others. She has created more sunshine this dismal day than we have had in the house since I’ve been here. Is not that face there a revelation?”

A Face Illumined.

Are we ever guided by reason, will, deliberate choice? Are there not often strong half-recognized instincts that sway us more profoundly, even as the plant unconsciously turns its leaves and blossoms toward the sun, and sends its roots groping unerringly to the moisture?

From Jest to Earnest.

MAY 16.

It would seem that mutual kindness is a common ground on which all the world can meet and add somewhat to each other’s welfare.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

To wait and trust is often the latest lesson we learn in life.

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 15.

MAY 16.

MAY 17.

In her ready tongue she carried a keener weapon than the swords that dangled and clattered at the sides of the incipient warriors on whom she waited ; and when provoked she gave thrusts which brought the hot blood at least to their faces. But while she inspired a wholesome respect, she was generally bubbling over with good humor and arch repartee, and so was a general favorite.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“ You don't know the world very well yet, my little man.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 18.

The repressed and unhappy are in tenfold more danger from temptation than those who feel they are having their share of life's good. The stream that cannot flow in the sunshine seeks a subterranean channel ; in like manner, when circumstances or the inconsiderate will of others impose unrelenting restraint upon the exuberant spirit of youth, it usually finds some hidden outlet which cannot bear the light.

Without a Home.

“ Nature is full of hope, and the promise of coming life. So ought I to be in this my spring-time.”

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 17.

MAY 18.

MAY 19.

There are times when the mind is almost evenly balanced between good and evil. Some powerful appeal or startling providence has aroused the sleeping spirit, or some vivifying truth has pierced the armor of indifference or prejudice, and quivered like an arrow in the soul, and the man remembers that he is a *man* and not a brute that perishes.

“ If I would be like my Master, I must help him.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 20.

“ I am driven to one of two alternatives : either you regard your God as so kind and good, so merciful, that you can trespass on his forbearance to any extent, and treat him with a neglect and indifference that none would manifest toward the pettiest earthly potentate, and still all be well ; or else you have no real practical belief in your religion.”

Barriers Burned Away.

Therefore she was a sudden beautiful revelation to him, as vivid as unexpected.

What Can She Do ?

MAY 19.

MAY 20.

Balzac. 1799.

John Stuart Mill. 1806.

MAY 21.

Christ proved centuries ago that the sympathetic touch is healing.

He was almost predestined to succeed, for his unusually strong will would not drive him into useless effort or against obstacles that could be foreseen and avoided.

Without a Home.

MAY 22.

And she did sing with a tenderness and feeling that Walter had never known before. In rendering something that required simplicity, nature, and pathos no prima donna could surpass her, for though her voice was not powerful and had no unusual compass, it was as sweet as that of a thrush in May.

“The world would move but slowly if all men were content with ‘good dinners and a quiet life.’”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 21.

Elizabeth Fry. 1780.

MAY 22.

Alex. Pope. 1688.

MAY 23.

He was naturally generous and sympathetic, and his heart overflowed with pity and tenderness.

“ She is not a child ; she is capable of becoming, if she is not already, a heroic woman.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

MAY 24.

But there is that about every truly refined woman with a large loving heart which is irresistible. The two things combined give a winning grace that is an “open sesame” everywhere. The trouble is that culture and polish are too often the sheen of an icicle.

Unless the causes are removed, the bad moods of one day are apt to follow us into the next.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

MAY 23.

Thomas Hood. 1799.

MAY 24.

Queen Victoria. 1819.

MAY 25.

Like the ancient Hebrew leader who climbed Sinai's height to the presence of God, he also had been prepared above the clouds to lead the people who tarried on the plain below.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“Who can hide anything from such women? They look through us as if we were glass.”

A Day of Fate.

MAY 26.

No nature that is human is self-sufficient in every emergency of life; for even the pure and perfect human nature of our Lord, though allied with Divinity, pleaded with the drowsy disciples, “Watch with me.” This request was not a mere form, nor a test of their loyalty, but the inevitable appeal for support which ever comes from suffering. The larger and more perfect the nature, the more deeply is this want felt.

Near to Nature's Heart.

MAY 25.

R. W. Emerson. 1803

MAY 26.

MAY 27.

Her charity was wide enough for all. Wherever she could discover gloom, despondency, dullness, or pain, there she tried to shine like a sunbeam, as if that were the primal law of her being. She rarely sought to "do good" in the ordinary acceptance of the term; still more rarely did she speak of her own personal faith; to cheer and to brighten appeared to be her one constant impulse.

"You seem to have the ability, not only to take care of yourself, but of others."

A Face Illumined.

MAY 28.

This is sorry progress. A man must indeed have lived radically wrong when he looks backward for the best of his life.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

She was keenly alive to beauty, and she saw it on every side.

Barriers Burned Away.

MAY 27.

Dante. 1265.

MAY 28.

Thomas Moore. 1780.

L. Agassiz. 1807.

MAY 29.

“You are going to make a genuine man.”

“You seem to go from the kitchen by easy and natural transition to regions beyond the stars, and to pass without hesitancy from the companionship of us poor mortals into a Presence that is to me supremely awful.”

A Day of Fate.

MAY 30.

“I will trust you, for your words and manner are those of truth and purity.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

A woman's love is like the grace of heaven—a royal gift ; and the spirit of the suitor is more regarded than his desert. Moreover, I do not propose to soil her life with the evil world that I must daily brush against, but through her influence to do a little toward purifying that world. Since this is but a dream, I shall dream it out to suit me.

A Day of Fate.

MAY 29.

Patrick Henry. 1736.

MAY 30.

Peter the Great. 1672.

MAY 31.

The greater number of forceful American citizens are recruited from the ranks of just such young men—strong, comparatively poor, somewhat rude in mind and person at the start, but of such good material that they are capable of a fine finish.

Without a Home.

MAY 31.



June.

Look at that magnificent glow in the west. So assuredly ended in brightness the lives of those we loved, however clouded their day may have been at times. This June evening, so full of glad sounds, is not the time for sad thoughts. Listen to the robins, to that saucy oriole yonder on the swaying elm-branch. Beyond all, hear that thrush. Can you imagine a more delicious refinement of sound? Let us give way to sadness when we must, and escape from it when we can.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 1.

And yet she did assert herself ; but he was compelled to admit that it was as a summer breeze might, or the perfume of a rose.

“ ‘Duty’ seems to me a good solid road on which one may travel safely. One never knows where the side paths lead ; into the brambles or a morass like enough.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JUNE 2.

In her sweet tones there was not the faintest suggestion of the effect or style that a professional singer would aim at. She thought no more of these than would a brown thrush swaying on its spray in the twilight of a June evening. As unaffectedly as the bird she sang according to the inward promptings of a nature purified and made lovely by the grace of God.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“I’m the champion blunderer of the world.”

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 1.

JUNE 2.

JUNE 3.

In brief, to my kindled fancy, her youth and loveliness appeared the exquisite human embodiment of the June morning, with its alternations of sunshine and shadow, its roses and their fragrance, of its abounding yet untarnished and beautiful life.

A Day of Fate.

“How delightfully frank he is.”

What Can She Do ?

JUNE 4.

There was, in truth, great need that her mind should be awakened and her whole nature radically changed, if it were a possible thing—a need shown by the fact the fair June morning, with its fragrance and beauty, could not light up her face with its own freshness and gladness. The various notes of the birds were only sounds ; the landscape, seen for the first time, was like the map of Switzerland, that, in the days of her geography lessons, gave her as vivid an idea of the country as a dry sermon does of heaven. Although her ears and eyes were so pretty, she was, in the deepest and truest sense of the word, deaf and dumb.

A Face Illumined.

“You know very well that I am not a society man.”

From Jest to Earnest.

JUNE 3.

JUNE 4.

JUNE 5.

But the Divine love is ever seeking to win our attention by messengers innumerable : now by the appalling storm, again by a summer sunset ; now by an awful providence, again by a great joy ; at times by stern prophets and teachers, but more often by the gentle human agencies of which Annie was the type.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“ I will compel the world to give me a place at least entitled to respect.”

What Can She Do ?

JUNE 6.

Fragrant June roses were opening on every side, and it appeared to me that all the sin of man could not make the world offensive to heaven that morning.

Her laugh rang out like a chime of silver bells.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 5.

Socrates. 468 B.C.

Schumann. 1810.

JUNE 6.

P. Corneille. 1606

JUNE 7.

All the best things of the garden suggest refinement and courtesy. Nature might have contented herself with producing seeds only, but she accompanies the prosaic action with fragrant flowers and delicious fruit. It would be well to remember this in the ordinary courtesies of life.

Success with Small Fruits.

I will dub you truest knight that ever served defenceless woman.

Barriers Burned Away.

JUNE 8.

“ It’s little the world cares for any one, and the absurdest of all blunders is to live for its favor.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Now she appears like a June morning, and I pray the weather holds.

Near to Nature’s Heart.

JUNE 7.

JUNE 8.

JUNE 9.

In accordance with one of his characteristics, the more difficult the project seemed, the more obstinately fixed became his purpose.

A Face Illumined.

“ But I am inclined to think that you have become womanly during this long year, rather than angelic.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

JUNE 10.

But he did not understand her influence. A man seldom does when he first meets the woman whose words, glances, and presence have the subtle power to fill his thoughts, quicken his pulse, stir his soul, and awaken his whole nature into new life. He usually passes through a luminous haze of congeniality, friendship, Platonic affinity, or even brotherly regard, till something suddenly clears up the mist, and he finds, like the first man, lonely in Eden, that there is but one woman for him in all the world.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“ I propose to do my duty.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JUNE 9.
George Stephenson. 1781.

JUNE 10.

JUNE 11.

Men of mind rarely are captivated by a face merely, however beautiful, but what it represents, or what they imagine it does. Woe be to the beauty who has no better capital than her face.

“ Now, if I were a man, I'd certainly be a doctor.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JUNE 12.

Beyond even the word of sympathy is the touch of sympathy, and it often conveys to the fainting heart a subtle power to hope and trust again which the materialist cannot explain.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

In times of perplexity it is our part to do what seems right, asking God for guidance, and then leave the consequences to him.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JUNE 11.

Ben Jonson. 1574.

JUNE 12.

Harriet Martineau. 1802.

Canon Kingsley. 1819.

JUNE 13.

“ For a time you may be able to serve me best by serving others.”

There was, withal, a trace of quaint Shakespearian stateliness in her words and manner, which, to one of his tastes, was far more pleasing than the artificial graces of the prevailing mode.

Near to Nature's Heart.

JUNE 14.

“ Are you an advocate of woman's rights ?”

“ Not of woman's, particularly. I would be glad if every one had their rights.”

A Face Illumined.

“ But serve you I must.”

What Can She Do ?

JUNE 13.

Thomas Arnold. 1795.

JUNE 14.

Harriet Beecher Stowe. 1812.

JUNE 15.

“ Women are different from men ; they know almost immediately whether they like a person or not. I liked thee in half a day.”

“ I’m impressed with the truth that peace is the chief need of the world—the chief need of every human heart. Beyond success, beyond prosperity, beyond happiness, is the need of peace—the deep, assured rest of the soul that is akin to the eternal calmness of Him who spake these words.”

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 16.

Beauty that was so unconventional and so utterly self-forgetful. The blooming clover, before it fell at a sweep of the scythe, was the fit emblem of her then, she looked so young, so fair, and sweet.

A Day of Fate.

The motive that led Hemstead toward the ministry was that he might employ all his energies in fostering every germ of good, and in sowing the seed of truth where otherwise there would be hopeless barrenness.

From Jest to Earnest.

JUNE 15.

JUNE 16.

JUNE 17.

Not with any chivalric, uncalculating impulse did he reach a conclusion, but by the slow, deliberate reasoning of a cool-headed, sturdy race that would hold to a course with life-long tenacity, having once chosen it.

Without a Home.

“ Oh, she’s kind and sympathetic toward every poor mortal.”

“ Very true ; but she’s intensely womanly ; and a woman is incapable of a benevolence and sympathy that are measured out by the yard—so much to each one, according to the dictates of judgment.”

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 18.

Christ washed the feet of fishermen in order to give us an example of humility, and to teach us that we should be willing to serve any one in his name.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

She realized more and more vividly that he was sustained and animated by some mighty principle.

Barriers Burned Away.

JUNE 17.

John Wesley. 1703.

JUNE 18.

JUNE 19.

This June air, laden with the odors of these sweet old-style roses and grape-blossoms, intoxicates me. These mountains lift me up. These birds set my nerves tingling like one of Beethoven's symphonies, played by Thomas' orchestra. In neither case do I know what the music means, but I recognize a divine harmony.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 20.

“ You are more than many princesses have been—a lady.”

May gales from heaven spring up and carry thee homeward. Fear not even rough winds, if they bear thee toward the only true home.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 19.

JUNE 20.

JUNE 21.

“ Do you know the lady well ?”

“ Yes, I fear I do.”

Except as we master and hold our own in the world, it informs us that we are of little account—one of millions ; and our burdens and sorrows are treated as sickly sentimentalities.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 22.

I cannot conceive of a grander victory than that of a debased nature over itself.

There is no memory that we cherish so sacredly and tenderly as that of our parents' kind and patient love.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JUNE 21.

JUNE 22.

JUNE 23.

“Remember now and always that the only true strength comes from Heaven.”

“Happy will the home be in which that laugh makes music.”

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 24.

“Well, I have listened to your sermon and understand it, and that is more than I can say of many I have heard. It certainly was pointed, and seemed pointed at me, and I have heard it said that it is proof of a good sermon for each one to go away feeling that he has been distinctly preached at.”

From Jest to Earnest.

Every purple-tipped strawberry runner, every bud forming at the stem of the leaf, every ripening seed, should teach us that it is God's will that we should live and be happy in the future as well as in the present.

Play and Profit.

JUNE 23.

JUNE 24.

Empress Josephine. 1763.

Henry Ward Beecher. 1813.

JUNE 25.

“Truth has become the warp and woof of your nature. Ah! here is your emblem, not growing in the garden, but leaning over the fence as if it would like to come in, and yet, among all the roses here, where is there one that excels this flower?” And I gathered for her two or three sprays of sweetbrier.

A Day of Fate.

“It is a pity that noblemen are compelled to aught but noble deeds.”

Barriers Burned Away.

JUNE 26.

I have imagined that to create a lovely home, and to gather in it all the beauty within one's reach, and just the people one best liked, would be a very congenial life-work for some women.

“That man talks right to one, and not fifty miles over your head. I'll come here every Sunday if you will.”

Without a Home.

JUNE 25.

JUNE 26.

P. Doddridge. 1702.

JUNE 27.

It was her philosophy that outward surroundings impart their coloring to the mind, and are a help or a hinderance. She was a disciple of the light, and was well aware that she must resolutely dwell in its full effulgence. Thus she sought to make her home not gay or gaudy, but cheerful and light-some.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

While courtly, polished, and refined in externals, he lacked in tact and nicety of discrimination.

A Day of Fate.

JUNE 28.

Only weak natures fume at the inevitable. There is a certain dignity in silent, passive despair.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

The whole of her strong womanly soul, thoroughly aroused, was in her face, and it shone like that of an angel.

Barriers Burned Away.

JUNE 27.

JUNE 28.

Rubens. 1577.

Rousseau. 1712.

JUNE 29.

Many a one has condemned himself and sunk into the apathy of death, but He who came to seek and save the lost has lifted him with the arms of forgiving love, and helped him back to the safety and happiness of the fold. Satan only, *never the Saviour*, bids the sinner despair.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

This world is evidently sadly out of joint. We all know of the most gentle, lovely, unselfish spirits, beautiful to Heaven's eye, that are enshrined in painfully plain caskets.

From Jest to Earnest.

JUNE 30.

She had long before passed beyond sobbing and tears, and now possessed the strange, unnatural calmness of those who are lifted by some great emergency of sorrow far above their ordinary moods and powers.

Near to Nature's Heart.

But what human soul can dwell alone? The true hermit finds in communion with the Divine mind the perfection of companionship.

What Can She Do?

JUNE 29.

JUNE 30.



July.

The sweet, low monotone of the summer wind was playing still among the maples. I do believe that it was the same old bumble-bee that darted in, still unable to overcome its irate wonder at a people who could be so quiet and serene. The sunlight flickered in here and there, and shadowy leaves moved noiselessly up and down the whitewashed wall. Only the occasional song of a bird was wanting to reproduce the former hour, but at this later season the birds seem content with calls and chirpings, and in the July heat they were almost as silent as we were.

A Day of Fate.

JULY 1.

I am decidedly under the impression that Eve helped Adam, especially as the sun declined. I am sure that they had small fruits for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and would not at all be surprised if they ate between meals. Even we poor mortals, who have sinned more than once, and must give our minds to the effort not to appear unnatural in many hideous styles of dress, can fare as well.

Success with Small Fruits.

You have cause to be glad, for she can be a friend that will make life richer.

A Day of Fate.

JULY 2.

I do not think that a man, who has been absorbed by a love for a pure, good woman, can ever make a beast of himself, unless there is something essentially gross in his nature.

Near to Nature's Heart.

One thing I know to be true—the burdened in heart or conscience would instinctively turn to you.

A Day of Fate.

JULY 1.

JULY 2.

JULY 3.

The old garden, half hidden by trees, looked cool and Eden-like in the light of the July moon, athwart whose silver hemisphere fleecy clouds were drifting like the traces of thought across a bright face.

A Day of Fate.

Endowed with youth, health, and . . . more than usual ability, . . . he would achieve success.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JULY 4.

To her, he embodied the Declaration which he was to read, and was a synonym for liberty. In her fancy, she compared him to the youthful David of Bible history, and the loftiest Shakespearian heroes ; and her heart overflowed in gratitude to God that he had raised up such a friend.

“ Your thoughts are as crystal as yonder spring,” he said ; “ and yet you are enshrouded in mystery. How came you so conversant with the two great books of the world ?”

Near to Nature's Heart.

JULY 3.

JULY 4.

Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1804.

JULY 5.

The spent years had been filled with continuous and varied activity. What had she accomplished for herself or any one else? Were not all her past days like water spilled on barren sands, producing nothing? She had been receiving homage, flattery, and even love, all her life, and yet now her heart had no treasures to which she could turn in solid satisfaction. The adulation received was now empty breath and forgotten words, and nothing substantial or comforting remained.

From Jest to Earnest.

He is a brave fellow, and I had no idea that there was so much of him.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JULY 6.

As he worked patiently at his noble calling, his smaller ambition was gradually lost in the nobler, broader one, to be a true artist and good man.

Barriers Burned Away.

He would expect her to be like the July days now passing—warm, bright, cloudless, and in keeping with his general prosperity.

A Day of Fate.

JULY 5.

JULY 6.
J. Flaxman. 1755.

JULY 7.

She had fine conversational powers, and her keen intuition and her controlling passion to give pleasure enabled her to detect and draw out the best thoughts of others.

A Face Illumined.

For a few moments the music was of a forced and defiant character, loud, gay, but no real or rollicking mirth in it, and it soon ceased. Then in sharp contrast came a sad, weird German ballad, and this was real. In its pathos her burdened heart found expression, and whoever listened then would not merely have admired, they would have felt. One song followed another. All the pent-up feeling of the day seemed to find natural flow in the plaintive minstrelsy of her own land.

Barriers Burned Away.

JULY 8.

Her capability of loving was large.

His mind was cultivated, versatile, ever full of bright, fresh thoughts.

Near to Nature's Heart.

JULY 7.

JULY 8.

La Fontaine. 1621.

F. Halleck. 1790.

JULY 9.

There are encouraging possibilities in the fact that from those windows of the soul, his eyes, a troubled rather than an evil spirit looks out.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Hope is a hardy plant in the hearts of the young.

Without a Home.

JULY 10.

In every field of life those who seek the fruit too rashly are almost sure to have a thorny experience, and to learn that prickings are provided for those who have no consciences.

Success with Small Fruits.

JULY 9.

H. Hallam. 1777.

JULY 10.

JULY 11.

“ To hold one’s ground at times requires more courage, more heroic patience and fortitude, than any other effort we can make. Soldiers can charge against any odds better than they can simply and coolly stand their ground.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

At last the skies are clear again. Along the eastern horizon the retreating storm sends up occasional flashes, that seem like regretful thoughts of the past. Then night comes on, cool, moonlit, breathless. Not a leaf stirs where an hour before the sturdiest limbs bent to the earth. This must be Nature’s commentary on the “ peace that passeth all understanding.”

Play and Profit.

JULY 12.

Nature can do much to render a countenance attractive, but character accomplishes far more. The beauty which is of feature merely catches the careless, wandering eye. The beauty which is the reflex of character *holds* the eye, and eventually wins the heart.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“ Thank Heaven,” she said, “ I know of one more true man in the world, if he is a strange one.”

What Can She Do ?

JULY 11.

J. Q. Adams. 1767.

JULY 12.

Julius Cæsar. 100 B.C.

H. D. Thoreau. 1817.

JULY 13.

We may gather more than berries from our fruit-gardens. Nature hangs thoughts and suggestions on every spray, and blackberry bushes give many an impressive scratch to teach us that good and evil are very near together in this world, and that we must be careful, while seeking the one, to avoid the other.

Success with Small Fruits.

JULY 14.

A deep abiding liking for any pursuit is not the growth of a night. We do not wake up as in the fairy tales and find ourselves or everything around us changed. However general may be the taste for rural life, a most decided predisposition and love of it, as of anything else, must either be inherited or developed by peculiar circumstances.

Play and Profit.

JULY 13.

JULY 14.

JULY 15.

The power of truth can scarcely be overestimated, and the mind that earnestly seeks it becomes noble in its noble quest. If this can be said of truth in the abstract, and in its humbler manifestations, how omnipotent truth becomes in its grandest culmination and embodied in a being capable of inspiring our profoundest fear and deepest love.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Little acts and tokens of kindly feeling
like glints of sunlight on her shadowed path.

What Can She Do ?

JULY 16.

It seemed as if he could make life one long gallery of beautiful objects.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

The cloud scenery has all changed. The sun is setting in unclouded splendor. Not the west but the east is now black with storm ; but the rainbow, emblem of hope and God's mercy, spans its blackness, and in the skies we again have suggested to us a life, once clouded and darkly threatened by evil, but now, through penitence and reform, ending in peace and beauty, God spanning the wrong of the past with his rich and varied promises of forgiveness.

Play and Profit.

JULY 15.

Rembrandt. 1606.

JULY 16.

Sir J. Reynolds. 1723.

JULY 17.

Skill and industry can wring from reluctant Nature a fair return. Sour, cold, unyielding soil, like a churlish disposition, can be greatly improved by kindly treatment. It wants mellowing up, as so many people do. Though in both cases we like to go into the improving business where it can be done readily, and effort goes a good ways ; still, when driven to it by conscience or necessity, we find much improvement possible, even under the most adverse circumstances.

Play and Profit.

JULY 18.

I aim to be just what I seem—neither more nor less ; and I am very much afraid of people who do not speak the truth, especially when they are disposed to say nice things.

A Day of Fate.

Gooseberries are like some ladies that we all know. In their young and blossoming days they are sweet and pink-hued, and then they grow acid, pale, and hard ; but in the ripening experience of later life they become sweet again and tender. Before they drop from their places the bees come back for honey, and find it.

Success with Small Fruits.

JULY 17.

JULY 18.

W. M. Thackeray. 1811.

JULY 19.

Small fruits, to people who live in the country, are like heaven—objects of universal desire and very general neglect.

Success with Small Fruits.

The world has power over your fate only as you give it power. You need not lie like a helpless worm in its path, waiting to be crushed. Get up like a man, and take care of yourself. The world may let you starve; but it cannot prevent you from becoming good and true and manly.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JULY 20.

Her life is like a glad, musical mountain stream, while I am a stagnant pool that she passes and leaves behind. I wonder if it is possible for one life to be awakened and quickened by another?

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

I am one that the fickle goddess has rarely smiled upon, and hard work has been the only Aladdin's lamp of my experience.

Play and Profit.

JULY 19.

JULY 20.

Petrarch. 1304.

JULY 21.

The western bank with its deepening shadows was like a happy face passing from thought into revery, which, if not sad, is at least tinged with melancholy.

Near to Nature's Heart.

In a sincere and deep affection there are great possibilities of good.

Barriers Burned Away.

JULY 22.

“No, as a woman I liked thee. Thee isn't as bad as thee seems.”

A Day of Fate.

He looked, not only like one who could fight for liberty, but lead others in the conflict.

Near to Nature's Heart.

JULY 21.

Matthew Prior. 1664.

JULY 22.

Garibaldi. 1807.

JULY 23.

The free, strong, mountain spirit breathes in her every word and act. Old Greek mythology would certainly make her a nymph of the hills.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Science has taught men how to build ships with water-tight compartments, so that if disaster crushes in on one side, the other parts may save from sinking. There are fortunate people who are built on the same safe principle. They have wealth or the ability to win wealth, strong family ties, and genuine friends. They have cultivated minds, and varied resources in artistic and scientific pursuits. Above all else, they have faith in God and a better life to come; such possessions are like the compartments of a modern ship. Few disasters can destroy them all, and in the loss of one or more the soul is kept afloat by the others.

A Face Illumined.

JULY 24.

That same manhood which is at once so strong, and yet so unselfish and gentle, had stood out before her distinct and luminous in the light of a knightly deed, and she saw with the absoluteness of irresistible conviction that such a manhood was above and beyond all surface polish, all mere æsthetic culture, all earthly rank—that it was something that belonged to God, and partook of the eternity of his greatness and permanence.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Taking the sweet with the bitter, as ever must be done in this world, the sweet predominated, and the garden gradually and surely took its place in that warm corner of the heart that we reserve for the things we love.

Play and Profit.

JULY 23.

Charlotte Cushman. 1816.

JULY 24.

J. G. Holland. 1819.

JULY 25.

She did not fail him, but, with heightened color and voice that trembled slightly at first, "started the tune." It was a sweet, familiar air, and she soon had the support of other voices. One after another they joined her in widely varying degrees of melody, even as the example of a noble life will gradually secure a number of more or less perfect imitators.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

"I said you were a gentleman ; I now say you are a man."

Barriers Burned Away.

JULY 26.

"I like the expression of your face now, for in it I catch a glimpse of the divine image. Many think of God as looking down angrily and frowningly upon the foolish and wayward ; but I see in the solicitude of your face a faint reflection of the 'Not willing that any should perish' which it ever seems to me is the expression of His."

A man who was good enough and brave enough to face any danger to which he felt impelled by a chivalric sense of duty.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

JULY 25.

JULY 26.

JULY 27.

There are wealthy people who are the most skilful of alchemists, and refine their money into books, pictures, and intelligent travel, and thence, by a mystic process, into the golden warp and woof of their minds. Modest diamonds may sparkle on their persons, but richer gems drop from their mouths. More truly, they are like the fruits in my garden, that from the gross abundance and materiality at their roots select with delicate precision and exquisite choice that which makes the melting raspberry and luscious grape.

Play and Profit.

JULY 28.

Christ's words seemed addressed directly to her while she looked up into His face with rapt attention. Instead of *reading* her Lord's familiar sayings, she seemed to *listen* to them as did the early disciples. After a little time she would close the Bible and go back to her hard practical life with an awed yet strengthened hopeful expression, like that which must have rested on the disciples' faces on coming down from the Mount of Transfiguration.

Barriers Burned Away.

JULY 27.

Thomas Campbell. 1777.

JULY 28.

JULY 29.

The artist seemed to her princely, regal even, in his strong cultivated manhood, his lofty calling and ambition, and his high social rank.

A Face Illumined.

God had a right to curse the ground, but I doubt whether we have. And yet I can assure the reader that one thriftless gardener or amateur, whose enthusiasm July has withered, can do more cursing or weed-seeding than half a generation can eradicate.

Play and Profit.

JULY 30.

How omnipotent girls imagine themselves to be with those who swear they will do anything under heaven to please them, but usually go on in the old ways.

“Men are so strange,” she said, half vexedly, “they fall in love without the slightest provocation, and hate each other forever, when a woman would have sharp words and be over with it. They never do what you would naturally expect.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

JULY 29.

Hiram Powers. 1805.

JULY 30.

Samuel Rogers. 1763.

JULY 31.

She suggested to him a life in which simplicity, truth, and genuine goodness might bring peace and hope to the heart.

But there is that in genuine goodness and nobility of character that always humiliates the bad and makes them feel their degradation.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

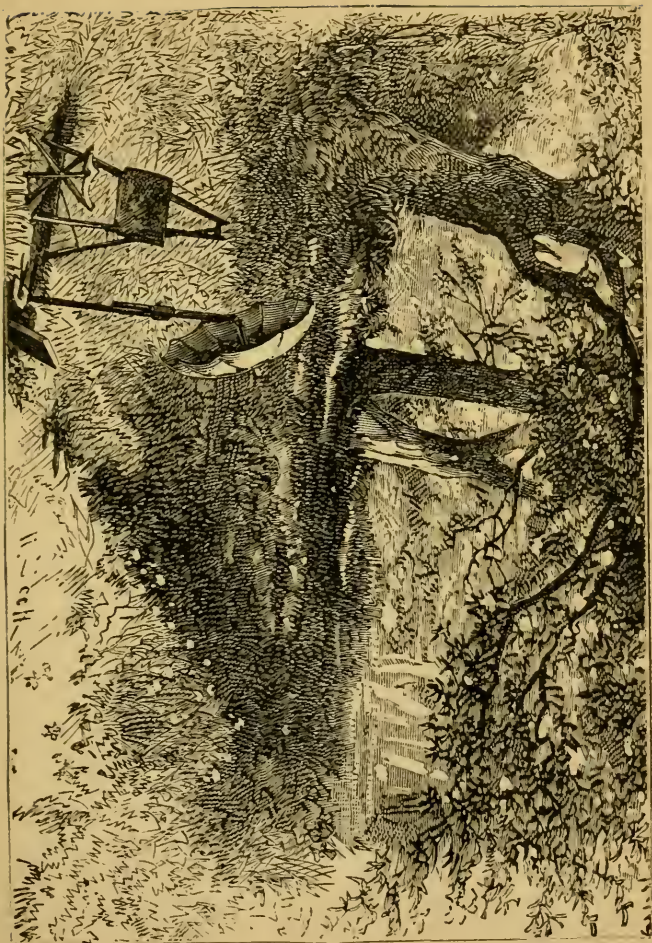
JULY 31.

August.

Sometimes we have three or four showers a day, and the cloud scenery resulting is often marvelously beautiful; but usually they make their appearance some hot afternoon about three or four o'clock.

At first, in the distant west, a cloud rises so dark that you can scarcely distinguish it from a blue headland. But a low muttering of thunder vibrates through the sultry air, and we know what is coming. Soon the afternoon sun is shaded, and a deep, unnatural twilight settles upon the landscape, like the shadow of a great sorrow on a face that was smiling a moment before.

At last the vanguard of black flying clouds, disjointed, jagged, the rough skirmish-line of the advancing storm, is over our heads. Back of these in one dark, solid mass, comes the tempest. For a moment there is a sort of hush of expectation, like the lull before a battle. The trees on the distant brow of a mountain are seen to toss and writhe, but as yet no sound is heard. Soon there is a faint, far away rushing noise, the low, deep prelude of Nature's grand musical discord that is to follow. There is a vivid flash, and a startling peal of thunder breaks forth over head, and rolls away



with countless reverberations among the hills. In the meantime the distant rushing sound has developed into an increasing roar. Half way down the mountain-side the trees are swaying wildly. At the base stands a grove, motionless, expectant, like a square of infantry awaiting an impetuous cavalry charge. In a moment it comes. At first the shock seems terrible. Every branch bends low. Dead limbs rattle down like hail. Leaves torn away fly wildly through the air. But the sturdy trunks stand their ground, and the baffled tempest passes on. Mingling with the rush of the wind and reverberations of thunder, a new sound, a new part now enters into the grand harmony. At first it is a low continuous roar, caused by the falling rain upon the leaves. It grows louder fast, like the pattering feet of a coming multitude. Then the great drops fall around yards apart, like scattering shots. They grow closer, and soon a streaming torrent drives you to shelter. Gradually the roar of the thunder dies away down the river. The thickly falling rain contracts your vision to a narrow circle. The steady, continuous splash upon the roof slackens into a quiet pattering of rain-drops. The west is lightening up; by and by a long line of blue is seen above Cro' Nest. The setting sun shines out upon a purified and more beautiful landscape. Every leaf, every spire of grass is brilliant with gems of moisture.

AUGUST 1.

The world will pay no heed to any amount of self-assertion, and will remain equally indifferent to appeals and upbraidings; but sooner or later it will find out just what you are in your essential life, and will estimate you accordingly.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

AUGUST 2.

The Adams and Eves of every generation can have an Eden if they wish. Indeed, I know of many instances in which Eve creates a beautiful and fruitful garden without any help from Adam.

Success with Small Fruits.

“I am the most practical, matter-of-fact creature in existence, and you will find no one in this place more sharp on the question of dollars and cents.”

What Can She Do?

AUGUST 1.

AUGUST 2.

AUGUST 3.

There is as much diversity in the character of hands as in faces. Some are very white and shapely and a diamond flashes prettily upon them, but having said this you have said all. Others suggest honest work and plenty of it, and for such the sensible will ever have real respect.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“Will you not let me be your humble, faithful friend, serving you loyally, devotedly, yet unobtrusively?”

What Can She Do?

AUGUST 4.

“The thought has passed through my mind that you might be so preoccupied in wishing good things for others as to quite forget yourself.”

A Face Illumined.

It was impossible for the young man to be a cool advocate, or to be satisfied with halfway measures.

Near to Nature's Heart.

AUGUST 3.

Earl Stanhope. 1753.

AUGUST 4.

Shelley. 1792.

AUGUST 5.

“ You are a mulish fellow when you get a purpose in your head.”

A Face Illumined.

It is a good deal with seeds as people, the most showy and taking at first sight are not the best. In both cases the most showy are the most costly. But I never could resist the “novelties,” though some of them turned out to be old acquaintances dressed up in new names, and more of them prove like many of the distingué people one meets at a watering-place who will not bear investigation. Still I expect I shall go on buying costly novelties to the end of life. There is an innate passion for speculation in human nature.

Play and Profit.

AUGUST 6.

It is this living, loving, spiritual Presence that uplifts and sustains the sinking heart when the whole great world could only stand helplessly by. “Not as the world giveth, give I unto you.” Yes, thank thee, Lord, “not as the world.”

A Day of Fate.

What a chemist Nature is! How in the name of all that is wonderful can she manage to give every kind of flower and vegetable a different perfume? Some of the most homely and useful products of the garden give out odors that are as grateful as those of choice flowers, just as some human lives that are busiest and fullest of care have still the aroma of peace and rest about them.

Play and Profit.

AUGUST 5.

AUGUST 6.

Malebranche. 1638.

Fénélon. 1651.

AUGUST 7.

If human experience proves anything it is that every life needs the personal and practical help—the direct touch and word of one who is Divinely powerful and Divinely patient.

A Day of Fate.

Never did a maiden live who had greater power to win and keep affection.

Near to Nature's Heart.

AUGUST 8.

She was not adoring the Creator, nor paying homage to a king ; but, as the perfume rises from a flower, so her voice and manner seemed the natural expression of a true, strong affection for God himself, not afar off, but known as a near and dear friend.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

He abounded in virile force and good sense, and so gradually passed from self-complacency and conceit to the self-reliance and courage of a strong man who, while aware of his ability and vantage-ground, also recognizes the fact that nothing can take the place of skilfully directed industry in well-defined directions.

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 7.

AUGUST 8.

AUGUST 9.

Her influence was making him a better and truer man, and bringing a strange peace and hopefulness into his soul, that hitherto had been full of unrest, and was at times embittered by impotent resentment at his destiny, and again weighed down by deep despondency.

Near to Nature's Heart.

We take memory and character with us from land to land, from youth to age, from this world to the other, from time through eternity.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 10.

He was not one who could be carried away by a sudden and absorbing passion. In any and every case, reason, judgment, and taste would offer their counsel, and their advice would be carefully weighed.

“I thought how many roses and lives would be more perfect were it not for some gnawing ‘worm i’ the bud.’”

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 9.

John Dryden. 1631.

AUGUST 10.

Count Cavour. 1810.

AUGUST 11.

Who does not despise the man that invariably reminds you of his wealth rather than himself? Who can measure the contempt which that woman inspires who invariably secures attention to her dress, while graces of character are tardily, if ever, discovered. Such big, showy, useless plants are called weeds in the garden.

Play and Profit.

Of all spells, that of truth is the strongest.

From Jest to Earnest.

AUGUST 12.

To a certain extent, God gives to the prayerful control of Himself, as it were, and becomes their willing agent; and when the time comes when all mysteries are solved, and the record of all lives is truthfully revealed, it will probably be seen that not those who astonished the world with their own powers, but that those who quietly, through prayer, used God's power, were the ones who made the world move forward.

From Jest to Earnest.

AUGUST 11.

AUGUST 12.

Robert Southey. 1774.
Jeremy Taylor. 1613.

AUGUST 13.

If there is true metal in them, and they are not perverted by exceptionally bad influences, they outgrow the idea that to be fast and foolish is to be men as naturally as they do their roundabouts.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

As has been hinted, it is the time-honored custom of story-tellers to marry off some of their principal characters in their closing chapter. I have already united my corn and beans in the delightful combination of succotash. Single beans and single corn are very well, but they are much better together. Good marriages always improve character.

Play and Profit.

AUGUST 14.

Her lips, however, were so exquisitely chiselled that they made, for the time, any utterance agreeable, and suggested that only tasteful thoughts and words could come from them.

A Day of Fate.

Without the spur and incentive of hope we become perfectly helpless in evil.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

AUGUST 13.

AUGUST 14.

AUGUST 15.

“ My castle in the air would be the counterpart of those which Scott describes, . . . in that day there were knights *sans peur et sans reproche*. But now a gentleman is a gentleman, and all made up very much in the same style, like their dress-coats. I would like to have seen at least one genuine knight—a man good enough and brave enough to do and dare anything to which he could be impelled by a most chivalrous sense of duty.” . . .
“ You are satirical to-day. In my opinion there are as true knights now as ever your favorite author described.”

“ With God’s help daily sought and obtained, you cannot fail. You can achieve that which the world cannot take from you, which will be a priceless possession after the world has forgotten you and you it—a noble character.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

AUGUST 16.

Your Bible teaches that the Being who controls completely the destiny of every person will be in the midst of those gathered in His name, to hear and answer the petitions. If this is true, then no earthly ruler was ever so neglected and insulted, so generally ignored as this very Deity to whom you ascribe unlimited power, and from whom you say you receive life and everything.

Barriers Burned Away.

Human faces can shine, although the sun be clouded.

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 15.

Napoleon Bonaparte. 1769.

Walter Scott. 1771.

AUGUST 16.

AUGUST 17.

The gentle but steady light of mother love, and through her a pale, half-recognized reflection of the love of God, illumined all these years ; and his father's strong, quiet affection made a background anything but dark.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“The very sight of you inspires hope and courage.”

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 18.

It is not strange that the distressed in body or mind turn away from a religion of dreary formalities and vague, uncomprehended mental processes. Instant and practical help is what is craved ; and just such help Christ ever gave when he came to manifest God's will and ways to men.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

I will dub you truest knight that ever served defenceless woman.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 17.

AUGUST 18.

AUGUST 19.

The world is phosphorescent to the eyes of youth, and even engulfing waves of misfortune will sometimes gleam with sudden brightness.

What Can She Do ?

Her voice was singularly girlish and natural, and there would often be a tone in a plaintive and minor key that vibrated like a low, sweet chord in his heart rather than in his ears. It must be admitted that he gave little heed to the sacred words she read ; but the flexible music of her voice, mingled with the murmur of the brook, the rustle of the leaves and the occasional song of a bird, all combined to form the sweetest symphony he had ever heard.

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 20.

And he did possess decided talent, if not genius. But his artistic gift accorded with his character, and was controlled by judgment, correct taste, and intellectuality rather than by strong and erratic impulses. His aims were definite and decided rather than vague and diffusive.

A Face Illumined.

“ I am just as sincere as you are.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

AUGUST 19.

Mendoza. 1398.

Béranger. 1780.

AUGUST 20.

Robert Herrick. 1591

AUGUST 21.

A woman who was to him a new and beautiful revelation of the rarest excellence and grace.

His standards were so high that, thus far, he had scarcely attempted more than studies that were like the musician's scales by which he seeks to acquire a skill in touch that shall enable him to render justly the works of the great composers.

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 22.

In my soul I know that I would be a better man if she is what she seems, and could be to me all that I have dreamed ; and were I tenfold worse than I am, she would be the better for making me better. Did not Divine purity come the closest to sinful humanity ?

A Day of Fate.

He seems a good genius — equal to any emergency.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 21.

AUGUST 22.

AUGUST 23.

Sympathy from one's own kind is one of the deepest and most instinctive wants of the heart ; and there are times when it must be had, or the consequences are disastrous.

Near to Nature's Heart.

For some reason or other those about her always seem to be having a good time.

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 24.

“ Though it is a King that speaks, he does not speak as a king. He is talking to his friends ; he is serving them with a humility and meekness that no sinful mortal has surpassed. He is proving, by the plain, simple teaching of actions, that we are not merely his subjects, but his brethren, his sisters. He is proving, for all time, that serving—not being served—is God's patent of nobility. We should not despise the lowliest, for none can stoop so far as he stooped.”

A Day of Fate.

“ I have great faith in her tact and genuine goodwill.”

A Face Illumined.

AUGUST 23.

G. C. L. F. D. Cuvier. 1769.

AUGUST 24.

W. Wilberforce. 1759.

Theodore Parker. 1810.

AUGUST 25.

As with little jets of silvery laughter, and butterfly motion she hovered round him, the very embodiment of life and beautiful youth, she would have made, to an artist's eye, a very true idealization of the far-famed mythical fountain.

A man can hardly be a man without exercising the right of independent thought.

What Can She Do ?

AUGUST 26.

' My reason,' he often resolved, " shall be like a judge upon the bench, and neither pride, prejudice, my wishes, nor an unfair hearing, shall bribe or dispose it to a false decision."

Near to Nature's Heart.

The light of a great joy dawned in his face, and made it look noble and beautiful, as indeed almost every human face appears, when the light of a pure love falls upon it.

What Can She Do ?

AUGUST 25.

AUGUST 26.

Sir R. Walpole. 1676.

AUGUST 27.

In human strength there is generally a trace of arrogance. Only Divine strength and purity can say with perfect love and full allowance for all weakness and adverse influences—

“Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

When I hear or read of some such noble deed, I catch glimpses of a life infinitely better than the one I know, like the sun shining through a rift in the clouds.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 28.

There are few larger-hearted, larger-souled men.

“What can I do?”

“That which nearly all women can do : be kind and winning ; make our safe, cozy parlor so attractive that he will not go out evenings to places which tend to destroy him. You feel an interest in him ; show it. Ask him about his business, and get him to explain it to you. Suggest that if you were a man you would like to master your work, and become eminent in it. Show by your manner and by words, if occasion offers, that you love and revere all that is sacred, pure, and Christian. Laura, innocent dove as you are, you know that many women beguile men to ruin with smiles. Men can be beguiled *from* ruin with smiles.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

AUGUST 27.

B. G. Niebuhr. 1776.

AUGUST 28.

Goethe. 1749.

AUGUST 29.

The world will never cease witnessing the wrongs that men commit against each other ; but perhaps if the wrongs and cruelties that people inflict on themselves could be summed up, the painful aggregate would be much larger

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

You would make a man laugh in the face of fate.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 30.

“ St. Peter will have to open the gate wide when she comes in with her crowd. 'Pears to me sometimes that I can fairly hear Satan a-gnashin' of his teeth over that woman. She's the wust enemy he has in town.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

He was like a ship that had been driven hither and thither tempest-tossed and in danger, but which, on reaching a clear sky and smooth water at last, finds its true bearings, and steadily pursues its homeward voyage.

Barriers Burned Away.

AUGUST 29.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1809.

John Locke. 1632.

AUGUST 30.

AUGUST 31.

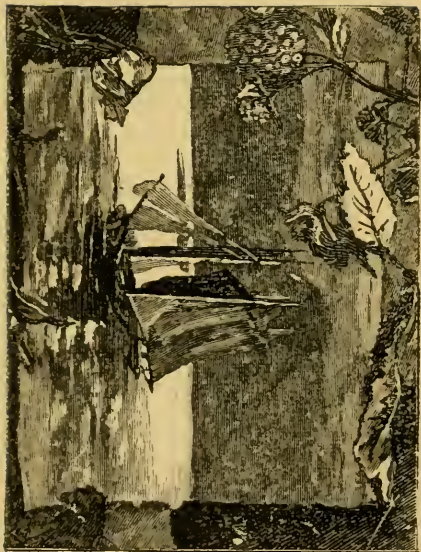
With reviving hope and faith, her strength and vigor returned ; for, in her case, the spiritual and physical organizations were so closely allied that one could not suffer without keen sympathy from the other. But in both she was naturally healthful, having been nurtured in the atmosphere of truth, and the bracing air of the mountains.

Near to Nature's Heart.

And his smile was broad and genial enough to have lighted up a dungeon.

A Day of Fate.

AUGUST 31.



September.

Look around this lovely autumn evening. See the crimson glory of those clouds yonder in the west. See that brightness shading off into paler and more exquisite tints. Look, how those many-hued leaves reflect the glowing sky. The air is as sweet and balmy as that of Eden could have been. The landscape is beautiful in itself, and specially attractive to you. To our human eyes it hardly seems as if heaven could be more perfect than this.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

The autumn winds of early September were again prophesying of winter ; but only in plaintive suggestion, for summer yet lingered in their mild breath.

Near to Nature's Heart.

SEPTEMBER 1.

“What an unusual voice she has,” he thought. “Truly the spirit of David’s harp, that could banish the demon from Saul, dwells in it. I wonder if she is as good and real as she seems, or whether, under the stress of temptation or the poison of flattery, she would not show herself a true daughter of Eve?”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“If I mistake not, thee’ll change our duty into pleasure.”

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 2.

“I love my calling. There is such a deep satisfaction in relieving pain and rescuing life, or at least in trying to do so; and then one often has a chance to say words that may bring lasting comfort.”

Without a Home.

“And I have lived long enough to know that what people *intend* and what they *do* are two very different things.”

Barriers Burned Away.

SEPTEMBER 1.

SEPTEMBER 2.

John Howard. 1726.

SEPTEMBER 3.

But when through all experiences she has kept a young heart, it will often show itself in a sprightliness, a spring-like, youthful manner, just as many days in September remind you of May.

Man is a queer animal to boast of reason ; for, go the world over, God's best gifts are generally the most slighted.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 4.

Nothing in Nature seemed to turn away from her, any more than would Nature's God.

What Can She Do ?

Make the most of September, for you will have nothing like it till May comes round again. Alas ! May comes but once in human life, and even to the bravest and most beautiful, autumn must grow sere and sad painfully fast, when there is no hope of the "glory that fadeth not away." Such may well cling to September.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 3.

SEPTEMBER 4.

Pindar. 520 B.C.
Chateaubriand. 1769.
Phæbe Cary. 1824.

SEPTEMBER 5.

Never before had he met a woman who had seemed endowed with so many attractive qualities. She was not beautiful—a cardinal virtue with him—but her face often lighted up with something so near akin to beauty, as to leave little cause to regret its absence. And the conviction grew upon him that the spirit enshrined within the graceful and fragile form was almost perfection itself.

A Face Illumined.

“Well may the purest and strongest pray to be ‘kept from the evil of the world.’”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

SEPTEMBER 6.

“I have found a man not only able to gratify all my tastes—and you know that many of them are rather expensive—but he himself satisfies my most critical taste, and even fills out the ideal of my fancy.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“You would not be afraid of shot and shell, only the noise of a battle.”

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 5.

Richelieu. 1585.

SEPTEMBER 6.

Lafayette. 1757.

Horatio Greenough. 1805.

SEPTEMBER 7.

One may accept of religious forms and philosophies, and be little changed thereby. But the man that accepts of Jesus Christ as a personal and living teacher, as did the fishermen of Galilee, that man begins to grow large and noble, brave and patient.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“She’s genuine.”

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 8.

He had narrowed down his life to little else than business. He had never acquired a taste for art and literature, nor had he given himself time for broad culture. But we meet narrow artists, narrow clergymen, narrow scientists just as truly. If you do not get on their hobby, and ride with them they seem disposed to ride over you.

What Can She Do ?

She still looked like one who had but just descended from a lofty spiritual height

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 7.

Elizabeth. 1533.

Buffon. 1707.

SEPTEMBER 8.

L. Ariosto. 1474.

John Leyden. 1775.

SEPTEMBER 9.

A faithful servant, speaking for Him whose coming was God's supreme expression of good-will toward men.

A Face Illumined.

The fitful waywardness, the April skies of youth, the intense feelings and passions of midsummer life, are passing into the calm and content of early autumn. She is, like the season, in a borderland between two dissimilar states, and having some of the characteristics of both.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Few men prided themselves more on a profound knowledge of the world than he:

A Face Illumined.

There is a beauty of Autumn as well as of Spring; of age, as of youth. I have great hopes of that boy who is enamored by a lady "old enough to be his mother." He has an aspiring soul.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 9.

R. C. Trench. 1807.

SEPTEMBER 10.

Mungo Park. 1771.

SEPTEMBER 11.

We do not like to share a supreme friendship. There are some in whose esteem we would be first.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Flecks of gray in the "bonny brown hair" may awaken regretful thoughts of the approaching frostiness of age, just as in early September there comes sighing through the trees a wind that speaks so plainly of the fading year that we are saddened in spite of ourselves.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 12.

She was not, and never could become, a great singer. But within the compass of her voice, she could pronounce sacred words in a manner that sent them home to the hearts of the listeners like rays that could both cheer and melt.

A Face Illumined.

"You are a stranger, sir, but I perceive from your noble courtesy and bearing—your power to appreciate and bring out the best there is in us, that you belong to the royal family of the Great King. Your Master will reward you."

From Jest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 11.

SEPTEMBER 12.

SEPTEMBER 13.

But God dwelt in her to that degree that she yearned toward a sinning, suffering soul, found in any guise. It was not in her woman's heart, filled with heaven's spirit, to pass by on the other side, and leave sin-robbed and wounded creatures to their fate

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“Yes, you are very much alive.”

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 14.

There is nothing like religion lived out to open a heart closed against it.

Even the statistics and statements of political economy seemed to fall from her lips in musical cadence, and yet there was no apparent effort and not a thought of effect.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

SEPTEMBER 13.

SEPTEMBER 14.

H. Coleridge. 1796.

SEPTEMBER 15.

Her conversation was piquant, at times a little brusque, and utterly devoid of sentimentality. But now her choice of poetic thought and her tones revealed a wealth of womanly tenderness, and he was compelled to feel that her religion was not legal and cold, a system of duties, beliefs, and restraints, but something that seemed to stir the depths of her soul with mystic longings and overflow her heart with love.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“I predict for you success.”

From Jest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 16.

“I'd give all the world if I could be young, strong, and hopeful like him.”

A Face Illumined.

There are hearts to whom life seems to promise one long, hopeless struggle to endure an incurable pain. Can there be peace for such unhappy ones? To just such human hearts were the words spoken, “Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.”

A Day of Fate.

SEPTEMBER 15.

J. F. Cooper. 1789.

J. G. Percival. 1795.

SEPTEMBER 16.

SEPTEMBER 17.

As the witch-hazel is believed to have the power of indicating springs of water, however far beneath the surface, so she, by a subtle affinity, seemed to become speedily conscious of the sorrows and troubles of others, even when sedulously hidden from general observation.

“ I have a great fancy for paddling my own light canoe, and such small craft will often float, you know, where a ship of the line would strike.”

A Face Illumined.

SEPTEMBER 18.

“ *You* could take the wickedest cuss livin’ to heaven in spite of himself, if you would stay right by him all the time.”

He did not realize, as so many do not, that the petty vexations of life will often sting one who has the courage and strength to be a martyr, into the most humiliating displays of weakness.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

SEPTEMBER 17.

SEPTEMBER 18.

S. Johnson. 1769.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Too much water in land is like selfishness in character. There is no chance for real improvement till selfishness is reduced to a judicial regard for self-interest ; and the land that persists in holding water, instead of giving it to the air above and springs below, is past praying for. Draining is a prime necessity.

Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 20.

There is no more cruel mockery than to give one all save the very thing one wants, and in seeking to grasp that I have brought down upon myself this wretched blighting experience.

There was not a particle of weak sentimentality about her, and her energetic spirit would make her a leader.

Barriers Burned Away.

SEPTEMBER 19.

Lord Brougham. 1779.

SEPTEMBER 20.

Alexander the Great. B. C. 356.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Strong souls—once wholly unconscious of their power—at the touch of adequate motives pass into action and combinations which change the character of the whole world from age to age.

Without a Home.

With her brilliant eyes and exquisitely clear and delicate complexion, she seemed as beautiful, and at the same time as frail and ready to vanish, as the snow-wreaths without.

From Jest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 22.

“You have the bearing of a gentleman.”

“Yes, sir; and the character and standing of one.”

She who was ready to attack a man-of-war, turned and fled before that which a true woman fears more than an army—the appearance of evil.

Near to Nature's Heart.

SEPTEMBER 21.

Savonarola. 1452.

SEPTEMBER 22.

Lord Chesterfield. 1694.

G. S. Hillard. 1808.

SEPTEMBER 23.

“She is both shy and reserved, but not diffident or awkward in the least. Indeed her manner might strike some as being peculiarly frank. But there is something back of it all; for young as she undoubtedly is, her face suggests to me some deep and unusual experience.”

What an unknown mystery each life is, even to the lives nearest to it!

A Face Illumined.

SEPTEMBER 24.

“As people are born blind or scrofulous, so I suppose others can be born devoid of heart or conscience, inheriting from a degenerate ancestry sundry mean and vile propensities in their places. Human nature is a scale that runs both up and down, and it is astonishing how far the extremes can be apart.”

A Face Illumined.

SEPTEMBER 23.

SEPTEMBER 24.

SEPTEMBER 25.

A woman who could face what she saw before her, and utter no words of repining or reproach.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

He had an acute, active mind. Abundance of intellect and fire flashed from his dark eyes, and we have seen that he was not without good and generous traits.

From Jest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 26.

Indeed, modern skill—the alchemy of our age—has wrought such wonders, that Eden is possible again to all who will take the trouble to form Eden-like tastes and capacities.

Success with Small Fruits.

SEPTEMBER 25.

SEPTEMBER 26.

SEPTEMBER 27.

While she saw Nature in her rarest and purest beauty, she had also been given a glimpse into the more beautiful world of truth, where God dwells.

It was a tendency of his nature and a necessity of his calling, that he should forget himself for the sake of others.

From Fest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 28.

One of the supreme rewards of human endeavor is a true home, and surely it is as stupid as it is wrong to neglect some of the simplest and yet most effectual means of securing this crown of earthly life.

Success with Small Fruits.

SEPTEMBER 27.

Bossuet. 1627.

Epes Sargent. 1812.

SEPTEMBER 28.

SEPTEMBER 29.

He felt himself adamant in his stern resolution. He at least had the death-like peace that follows decision; the agony of conflict was over for a time: and, as he thought, forever.

Barriers Burned Away.

History and biography show that beautiful women, if true, gentle, and unselfish, have great power with their own sex, and almost unbounded influence over men.

From Jest to Earnest.

SEPTEMBER 30.

There is just as much difference in the character of ground as in that of people, and before entering into intimate relations with either, some little investigation is necessary. It is said of some persons that the more you do for them the worse they treat you. There is the same grain of truth in this remark when applied to certain kinds of land. There are soils justly termed "hungry ungrateful." It is next to impossible to make them rich, still more so to keep them fertile.

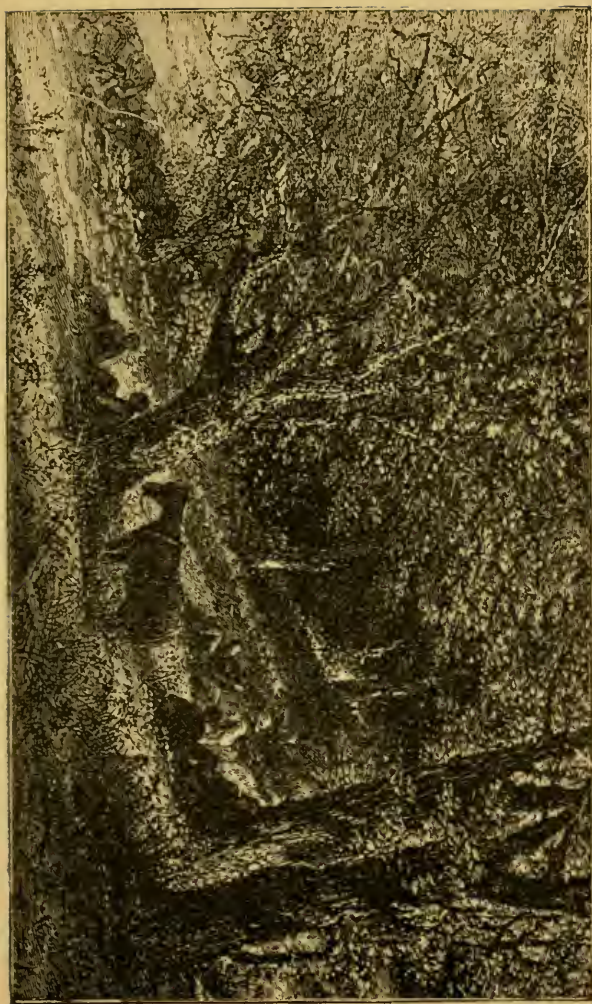
Play and Profit.

SEPTEMBER 29.

Horatio Nelson. 1758.

SEPTEMBER 30.

Euripides. 480 B.C.



October.

He walked down the aisle out into the sunny noon of a warm October day. Birds were twittering around the porch. Fall insects fill the air with their cheery chirpings. The bay of a dog, the shrill crowing of a cock, came softened across the fields from a neighboring farm. Cow-bells tinkled faintly in the distance, and two children were seen romping on a hillside, flitting here and there like butterflies. The trees were in gala dress of crimson and gold, and even the mountains veiled their stern grandeur in a purple haze, through which the sun's rays shimmered with genial but not oppressive warmth.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

OCTOBER 1.

The country was a wonderland of many and varied delights. In the eyes of children the Garden of Eden survives from age to age. Alas! the tendency to leave it survives also, and to those who remain, regions of beauty and mystery too often become angular farms and acres.

Without a Home.

But too often his mood was that of cold, hard skepticism, the frost of mid-winter. The impetus of his evil life would seemingly be long in spending itself.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

OCTOBER 2.

A haze had spread over the sky, increasing in leaden hue and density toward the west. The chilly wind moaned fitfully through the trees, and the landscape darkened as a face might with the shadow of coming trouble.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

It is only commonplace people whose heads are turned by a little prosperity.

Barriers Burned Away.

OCTOBER 1.

Lord Bolingbroke. 1678.

Rufus Choate. 1799.

OCTOBER 2.

OCTOBER 3.

“ There !” he said, “ I have but crossed her steps in the hall, and she has stirred me and set my nerves tingling like an October breeze. She is a witch.”

Thought and feeling in some emergencies will do more than the grandest pulpit eloquence quenched by a Sunday dinner.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

OCTOBER 4.

The restless woman who has no home-hunger, no strong instinct to make a place which shall be a refuge for herself and those she loves, is not the woman God created. She is the product of a sinister evolution ; she is akin to the birds that will not build nests, but take possession of those already constructed, ousting the rightful occupants.

Without a Home.

At last, nestling in a wild, picturesque valley, he saw the quaint outline of his former home. His heart yearned toward it, and he felt that next to his mother's face no other object could be so welcome.

Opening a Chestnut Burr:

OCTOBER 3.

George Bancroft. 1800.

OCTOBER 4.

OCTOBER 5.

“Left to myself I should be the most unbalanced man in the world.”

A Day of Fate.

A woman endowed as you are can always do with a man one of two things: either fascinate him with her own personality, so that his thought is only of her; or else through her beauty and words and manner, that are in keeping, suggest the diviner loveliness of a noble life and character.

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 6.

We were all under the spell of that exquisite melody which can fitly give expression to the deepest and tenderest feelings and most sacred aspirations of the heart.

A Day of Fate.

“May Heaven’s richest blessings go with you and follow you through a long happy life.”

Barriers Burned Away.

OCTOBER 5.

Horace Walpole. 1717.

OCTOBER 6.

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. 1821.

OCTOBER 7.

“Tough old world, isn’t it, for sinners like us?” he remarked.

“Well, Mr. Growther, I’ve got rather tired of inveighing against the world; I’m coming to think that the trouble is largely with myself.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

With all her faults and follies, she had never been a pale shadowy creature, full of complex psychological moods which neither she nor any one else could untangle. She knew whom and what she liked and disliked, and it was not her nature to do things by halves.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 8.

“All that I see speaks to me of death,” lamented a lachrymose moralist standing in a frost-bitten garden on a crisp, brilliant October day. This remark had been suggested by a shower of maple leaves, dropped around him by a sudden gust, that went ruthlessly through the grove, stripping the trees of their summer glory. And half the world sighs with him.

Why do they not note that the leaves are so rich and gay in coloring that they seem like rainbows falling in fragments? Why do they not see that every point where a leaf has parted from its spray, a bud has formed that will develop into other leaves, as large, green, and beautiful as were ever those now dropping away?

Play and Profit.

OCTOBER 7.

Wilhelm Müller. 1795.

OCTOBER 8.

OCTOBER 9.

“He wouldn't risk the spoiling of his clothes for any woman living.”

She possessed a simplicity and unity which made it impossible for a part of such moral nature as she possessed to stand, if another part were undermined or broken down. The whole fabric would stand or fall together.

T *A Face Illumined.*

OCTOBER 10.

And when she gave him her hand at the sacred altar, it was not a helpless hand.

From Jest to Earnest.

“You are very much in earnest. I never saw greater fidelity to conscience before.”

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 9.

Cervantes. 1547.

OCTOBER 10.

B. West. 1738.

OCTOBER 11.

He is a high-toned pagan and worships beauty ; but with this outward perfection he also demands spiritual loveliness, for with him mind and honor are in the ascendant.

She is continually giving up her life for Christ's sake, and as often finds it coming back to her in some richer, sweeter form.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 12.

“I've always heard that the peculiarly gifted were full of unaccountable moods.”

A Face Illumined.

How beautifully I learn from your face the difference between dignity and pride.

Barriers Burned Away.

OCTOBER 11.

OCTOBER 12.

Hugh Miller. 1802.

OCTOBER 13.

“An’ ye pay me in the coin I loikes best. Faix, ther’s nothin’ that goes funder wid man nor baste than a koind word. Though I’m a bit rough and reckless loike, I’d ruther have ye spake to me as ye does than a hatful of crowns.”

Near to Nature’s Heart.

“There is not a morbid, unnatural trait in you.”

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 14.

“Well, I guess thee’s a pretty square sort of a man.”

A Day of Fate.

A woman may, at times, have no pity on herself, but it rarely happens that she is pitiless toward others, and it is said that she is often the most generous and merciful toward those who have wronged her.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 13.

OCTOBER 14.

William Penn. 1644.

OCTOBER 15.

“It is a rare and precious thing to see outward beauty but the reflex of a more lovely spirit. Keep that spirit, my dear, and you will never lose your beauty, even though you grow old and faded as I am. I wish I could see you again, for your full sunny life has done me more good than I can tell you.”

From Jest to Earnest.

He was a man of thought and fancy rather than of decision and action.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 16.

He's a true, good man.

“Apart from your other gifts, you abound in personal magnetism, and almost instantly gain control of those around you.”

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 15.

Virgil. 70 B.C.

Paul Flemming. 1609.

Dannecker. 1758.

OCTOBER 16.

OCTOBER 17.

She was positively beautiful, as she sat at the piano, radiant with her purpose to cause gladness in others. She had created sunshine enough to enliven the dismal day, and had quickened a hundred pulses with pleasure.

A Face Illumined.

“ Unlike most of the world, you are so much better than your creed as to be utterly inconsistent.”

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 18.

There is this somewhat mean tendency in human nature, that when we have got about all out of a person or thing that can be hoped for at present, or when persons are so committed, like a crop nearly matured, that they will give what is expected anyway, we are apt to flag in our attentions. Here is where the short-sighted fail, for neither persons nor gardens will continue to commit themselves in our favor under such treatment.

Play and Profit.

He has intrusted to you the richest and rarest gifts, and every day that you have misappropriated them is a burden upon your conscience.

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 17.

OCTOBER 18.

OCTOBER 19.

You have imagined a creature of unearthly perfection, and expect your impossible ideal to be realized. Were she all that you have dreamed, she would be much too fine for an ordinary mortal like yourself.

A Day of Fate.

He would learn anew that the cool, well-balanced reason on which he had once so prided himself was scarcely equal to all the questions which complex human life presents.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 20.

‘I was awed by the beauty I saw, and it seemed as if the Great Artist must be near. I wished to call your attention to the truth that, like all His work, the least thing is perfect. That little tree with its red berries is beautiful as well as the mountain.’

Few days pass in which she does not lay up in memory some good deed, though she never stops to count her hoard. But, in gladness, she will learn in God’s good time that such deeds are the riches that have no wings.

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 19.

John Adams. 1735.

Leigh Hunt. 1784.

OCTOBER 20.

Sir C. Wren 1632.

Thomas Hughes. 1823.

OCTOBER 21.

The storm we witness from our safe and sheltered homes is often grand beyond description. At first, in the distant west, a cloud rises so dark that you can scarcely distinguish it from a blue highland. But a low muttering of thunder vibrates through the sultry air, and we know what is coming. Soon the afternoon sun is shaded, and a deep, unnatural twilight settles upon the landscape, like the shadow of a great sorrow on a face that was smiling a moment before.

Play and Profit.

If people persist in cherishing some worm of evil, they cannot expect to be held in the same esteem as those who are aiming at a more perfect development.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 22.

He expected esteem, respectful courtesy—and even admiration—as a matter of course. They were in part his birthright and partly the result of his own achievement, and he received them as quietly as his customary income. Their presence was like his excellent health, to which he scarcely gave a thought, but their withdrawal would have affected him keenly, although he had never considered the possibility of such a thing.

“She is gifted with a mind, and she uses it for the benefit of others instead of tasking it solely on her own account, which is the general rule.”

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 21.

S. T. Coleridge. 1772.

Lamartine. 1792.

OCTOBER 22.

Sir P. Francis. 1740.

OCTOBER 23.

“I could not speak civilly to a lady that I had just seen giggling and flirting through one of Beethoven’s finest symphonies.”

A Face Illumined.

He had the bearing of one gifted with unlimited natural daring, rather than the calm, patient courage which would lead a man to die at his post.

Near to Nature’s Heart.

OCTOBER 24.

Men who meet great disaster with courage and fortitude, and hopefully set about retrieving it, possess an inherent nobility such as no King or Kaiser could bestow.

Barriers Burned Away.

The peace and hopefulness of nature were breathed into her heart.

Near to Nature’s Heart.

OCTOBER 23.

OCTOBER 24.

OCTOBER 25.

Self-respect does not depend upon the opinion of the world. The world has nothing to do with the matter. You certainly do not expect I am going to misrepresent you before it.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“If I had skipped all the chapters which treat of woman’s heroism, in doing and suffering, I should, indeed, know little of history. She has proved herself the equal, and at times the superior of man.”

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 26.

“As the wise men from the East travelled steadily across arid wastes with eyes fixed only on the strange bright luminary that was guiding them to Bethlehem, so we should regard this world as a desert across which we must hasten to the presence of our God.”

From Jest to Earnest.

She was simply herself, bright and exhilarating as the October sunshine, but as pure and strong. She was ready for jest and repartee. She showed almost a childish delight for every odd and pretty thing that met her eye.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

OCTOBER 25.

Macaulay. 1800.

OCTOBER 26.

OCTOBER 27.

So the Divine Friend waits and watches, even till the dews of morning fall, while we, in ignorance and unbelief, pay no heed. Stranger far, He waits and watches when we know, but yet, unrelenting, ignore His presence.

Barriers Burned Away.

If she took it into her head that anything was "duty," all the world couldn't change her.

From Jest to Earnest.

OCTOBER 28.

"Well, she is the freshest and most unhackneyed lady I have ever met for one who knows so much."

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Shame on you, therefore, men and women of the world, who expend your whole strength on the passing hour on this first stage of the journey, this first crude phase of life, with no thought or provision for what is coming.

Play and Profit.

OCTOBER 27.

OCTOBER 28.

Erasmus. 1467.

OCTOBER 29.

In early life he had breathed the very atmosphere of truth, and his tendency to sincerity ever remained the best element of his character. His was one of those fine-fibred natures most susceptible to serious wounding and injury.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Her features were so perfect that I could not help looking at them, and the more I looked the more annoyed I became to find that, instead of being blended together into a divine face by the mind within, they were the reluctant slaves of as picayune a soul as ever.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 30.

Young enthusiasts of every age are going to turn the world upside down, but I note it goes on very much the same.

From Jest to Earnest.

The development of the soul, under the influence of a Divine, ever-present Spirit, was a truth concerning which he had little knowledge and no faith.

Near to Nature's Heart.

OCTOBER 29.

John Keats. 1796.

OCTOBER 30.

Sheridan. 1751.

OCTOBER 31.

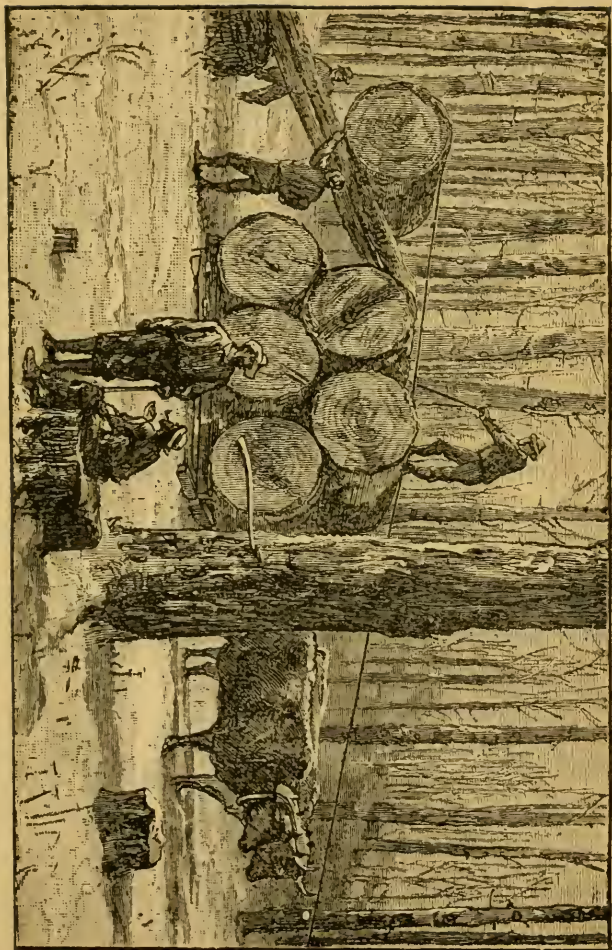
It seems true, as she said, that she draws her life from nature, and will never grow old.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Religion doesn't do us much good until we learn to know our Lord as "good and tender-hearted," and so near, too, that we can speak to him, whenever we wish, as the disciples did in old times.

A Face Illumined.

OCTOBER 31.



November.

All summer long your leaf has rustled and fluttered joyously over the certainty that a richer and fuller life would come after it, a life that it was providing for all through the sunny days and dewy nights. There is no death here, only change for the better. And so with everything that has bloomed and flourished in this garden during the past season, provision has been made for new and more abundant life. When a king exchanges old and worn apparel, even though regal, for new and more royal robes, would we sigh over the old cast-offs, as if the king were dead, when in a few hours he will be upon his throne grander than ever? All these bright but falling leaves and fading flowers are but Queen Nature's cast-offs, her mere ornaments that she is throwing carelessly aside as she withdraws for a little time from her regal state. Wait till she appears again next spring, as young, fresh, and beautiful as when, like Eve, she saw her first bright morning. Come and see her upon her throne next June. Nature full of death! Why, she speaks of nothing but life to those who understand her language.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 1.

“ Any common man may have kingly power, and the meanest have cursed the world with it. But the power to win men from evil is godlike, and only the godlike have it.”

From Jest to Earnest.

“ I can trust her—she is true.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 2.

The human heart is ever the same—wilful, passionate. With many it is often like the wild storm that *will* spend itself to the end, no matter how much wreck and ruin is wrought. With such as Miss Martell, it is like the storm which, at its height, heard the words of the Divine Master—“ Peace, be still.”

From Jest to Earnest.

“ It is your nature to be good and noble.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 1.

Sir Matthew Hale. 1619.

NOVEMBER 2.

NOVEMBER 3.

His face was aglow with earnest, elevating thoughts.

From Jest to Earnest.

When such a woman grows old gracefully, sweetened and ripened in character by the action of time, she is a most charming companion for all. The infirmities of age have not come, but she knows that they are near, and her sympathies instinctively go out to those who are (as she soon will be) bending under the burden of years.

Play and Profit.

NOVEMBER 4.

Her face shone with an inward light, and, even in the midst of sorrow and wet with tears, reminded one of a lantern on a stormy night which, covered with rain-drops, still gives light and comfort.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

He has listened to and helped multitudes of others in every kind of trouble and wrong.

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 3.

William Cullen Bryant. 1794.

NOVEMBER 4.

James Montgomery. 1774

NOVEMBER 5.

“ God is the Divine Artist, and is furnishing themes for all other artists. God is the author of landscapes, mountains, rivers, of scenes like that we saw this morning, or of a fine face and a noble form, as truly as of a chapter in the Bible. He manifests himself in these things. Fine paintings, statuary, and music, bring out the hidden meanings of nature, and therefore more clearly God’s thought.

From Jest to Earnest.

“ Had I my way, you should have rare good fortune every day in the year.”

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 6.

The world is very prone to call every man who is possessed by a little earnestness or enthusiasm a fool, but it is usually an open question which is the more foolish—the world or the man ; and perhaps we shall all learn some day that there was more of sanity in our rhapsodies than in the shrewd calculations that verged toward meanness.

A Face Illumined.

“ The simple truth is, we hold our own lives in trust from God, to be used according to his will, and we have no more right to destroy the life he entrusts to us than the life he gives to others.”

From Jest to Earnest.

NOVEMBER 5.

Hans Sachs. 1494.

Washington Allston. 1779.

NOVEMBER 6.

Gregory. 1638.

NOVEMBER 7.

Providence had given to her the chance to live the life of ideal womanhood—the life of love and devotion—and she did not mean to lose it. Like the Marys of the Bible, who were loyal to the lowly Nazarene, her awakened and renewed nature was capable of consecration to what the world regarded as a humble phase of Christian service, and while her high spirit would often chafe with a little wholesome friction, it would yet grow sweeter and more patient under the trials of the hardest lot.

From Jest to Earnest.

“ God bless him for his hearty, hopeful words.”

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 8.

“ Feeling varies so widely and strangely in various circumstances and with different temperaments that many a true saint of God would be left in cruel uncertainty if this were the test. My creed is a very simple one, but I take a world of comfort in it. It contains only three words—Trust ; follow Christ—that is all.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“ But I am a man of the world.”

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 7.

NOVEMBER 8.

William Wirt. 1772.

NOVEMBER 9.

“After all, the highest art is the bringing out on the living face all we can of God’s lost image. How beautiful the changes in these faces, and the best part of it is, that they are the reflex of changes going on in the soul, the imperishable part.”

Barriers Burned Away.

“Ah, Richard, there are some things in life that thee hasn’t learned yet, and all the books couldn’t teach thee.”

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 10.

“My belief is the same substantially as that of Paul, Augustine, Luther, and the best people of my own age ; and Luther, who did more for the world than any mere man, said that to ‘pray well was to work well.’”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“He is a true, noble-hearted fellow. He shows his worst side at once, but you would discover new and good traits in him every day.”

The darkest clouds that shadow our paths are not the vapors that rise from the earth, but the thoughts and memories of an unhappy and a sinful heart.

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 9.

NOVEMBER 10.

Martin Luther. 1483.

O. Goldsmith. 1728.

Schiller. 1759.

NOVEMBER 11.

She would as soon have planted in her flower-bed the seeds of tender annuals on the eve of autumn frosts, and have expected bloom in chill December, as to enter upon a course that God frowns upon, and look for happiness.

“ I can appreciate your nobleness, courage, and fidelity to conscience. I thought such heroism belonged only to the past.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 12.

In a world like ours there is but one place where continued peace and the absolute assurance of safety can be maintained—the depths of a soul stayed on Christ.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

With all her strength and fearlessness, she had kept her woman's heart gentle and tender.

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 11.

Alfred de Musset. 1810.

NOVEMBER 12.

Richard Baxter. 1615.

NOVEMBER 13.

In fighting and subduing the evils of one's own nature a man attained the noblest degree of knight-hood. He had already learned how severe was the conflict in which he had been led to engage.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“ I suppose love transfigures the one we love, and that this is the only way we can ever meet our ideal in this life. But sometimes we see one who it seems might approach even the ideal of our un-biassed fancy.”

From Jest to Earnest.

NOVEMBER 14.

He was learning to trust in Christ as an all-powerful and personal friend ; he was daily seeking to grasp the principles which Christ taught, but more clearly acted out, and which are essential to the formation of a noble character. He had thus complied with the best conditions of spiritual growth.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

Just as the sun follows the night that it may bring the day, so the Sun of Righteousness seeks out all that is dark in our lives that he may shine it away. Gladness, then, should be the rule of our lives. Nothing to him is so pleasing as gladness, if it comes from the heart of pilgrims truly homeward bound.

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 13.

St. Augustine. 354.

NOVEMBER 14.

Jacob Abbott. 1803.

NOVEMBER 15.

Could I be a true man and be silent, believing what I do? Could I hear the name of my Best Friend thus spoken of, and say not one word in his behalf?

Barriers Burned Away.

Your philosophy of life is wrong. You still belong to that old school who would have it that sun, moon, and stars revolve around the earth.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 16.

Rugged, rocky steps rose on either side, one shimmering in the moonlight, and the other lying in the deepest shadow. Glades and vistas opened here and there, with strange effect, among the giant trees of the valley. The closely ranked cedars and hemlocks concealed every vestige of the little log hut, and the inmates, as they then appeared, were so unlike ordinary people, that he felt that they and the whole scene were more like a creation of the fancy than a part of the real world. But to him, who was weary of the platitudes and hollowness of conventional life, the picture had an unspeakable attraction.

Near to Nature's Heart.

She seemed to me the Gospel embodied.

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 15.

Cowper. 1731.
Herschel. 1738.
Lavater. 1741.

NOVEMBER 16.

John Bright. 1811.

NOVEMBER 17.

To the millions who are suffering in mind or body there certainly come in this world moments of repose, when pain ceases ; and the respite seems so delicious in contrast that it may well suggest the "rest that remaineth."

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

It seemed to him that the half-effaced, yet still lingering image of God rested upon her beautiful face more distinctly than he had ever seen it elsewhere.

From Jest to Earnest.

NOVEMBER 18.

"Tho' I'm a little mon, I sometimes ha' great tho'ts, an' I have learned to ken fra my gude wife there, and this sweet blossom o' the Lord's, that woman can bring a' the wourld to God if she will. That's what she can do."

What Can She Do ?

The garden, of all places, is the place of peace, where the true mystical heart's-ease should grow.

Play and Profit.

NOVEMBER 17.

NOVEMBER 18.

NOVEMBER 19.

It was the look of a man who had discovered something divine and precious beyond words.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

“You believe truth to be absolutely binding?” she asked, in a low voice.

“Yes. In science, religion, ethics, or human action, nothing can last—nothing can end well that is not built squarely on truth.”

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 20.

To the true and simple children of nature, who, without thought of self or the public eye, are quietly doing their duty in their own little niches, these moments of peace with strange thrills of joy are constantly coming.

From Jest to Earnest.

Her face had that indescribable charm which suffering, nobly endured, imparts. I could have knelt to her like a Catholic to his patron saint:

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 19.

Thorwaldsen. 1770.

NOVEMBER 20.

NOVEMBER 21.

She is a modern and fashionable Undine, and has never yet received a woman's soul. The good Lord deliver me from trying to awaken it, as did the knight of old in the story, by swelling the long list of her victims. I can scarcely imagine a more pitiable and abject creature than a man (once sane and sensible) in thralldom to such a tantalizing semblance of a woman. She would no more appreciate his devotion than the jackdaw the pearl necklace it pecked at.

A Face Illumined.

She is a child with those children, looking and acting like them. A moment later she will be a self-possessed young lady, with a quick, trained intellect that I can scarcely cope with.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

NOVEMBER 22.

All I can do is just cling to my hope in God, while I cry like a child that has lost itself and all it loves in a thorny wilderness.

A Face Illumined.

As he entered the pulpit that morning his face was radiant with the purest human love, as well as love to God. So far from being incongruous, the one seemed to kindle and intensify the other. Though his sermon was simplicity itself, he spoke as one inspired. His message now was a gospel, and came to his hearers as the angel's announcement (which was his text) to the shepherds.

From Jest to Earnest.

NOVEMBER 21.

NOVEMBER 22.

George Eliot (M. Cross.) 1820.

NOVEMBER 23.

When people are "out of sorts," and things are going wrong, the disposition to blame somebody or something is almost universal. But we think that it will be found a safe general rule, that the nobler the nature, the less worthy of blame, the greater tendency to blame self rather than anything else.

Barriers Burned Away.

I am not in the least like a heroine in a romance. I live on the most substantial food rather than moonlight, and usually have an excellent appetite.

What Can She Do?

NOVEMBER 24.

You have the best and kindest heart of any woman in the world.

If sorrow comes, oh, turn not to the world, for the best thing in it can give no peace, no rest. Simply do right, and leave the results with Him who said, even under the shadow of His cross, "My peace I give unto you."

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 23.

NOVEMBER 24.

Spinoza. 1632.

Grace Darling. 1805.

NOVEMBER 25.

The frosts of autumn therefore do not mean death. They merely put Nature to rest when her proper bedtime comes, and winter soon after tucks her away under a fleecy blanket until the call of spring awakens.

But when disease attacks tree or plant, they may die even in the midst of spring showers and summer sunshine. It is sin, not death, that destroys man. All that death need mean is sleep, and a change for the better.

Sleep then, my garden! I know you will awaken, like some dear friends whose eyes I have seen closed, and their bodies, like the precious seed, covered deeply in the grave.

Play and Profit.

“ Well, this is a time of thanksgiving, and never before in all my life has my heart seemed so full of gladness and gratitude.”

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 26.

She was the type of multitudes of her fair sisters, who, with sparkling eyes, look out upon life in its morning to see only what it offers to them, and not the tasks it furnishes them for others. Only by experience—only by God’s logic of events do they find that their happiness is in these tasks—in unselfish giving and doing.

From Jest to Earnest.

He was an honorable man. He is exceedingly shrewd in business, but I never heard of his doing anything that was not square.

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 25.

NOVEMBER 26.

Cowper. 1731.

NOVEMBER 27.

Her profile was finely chiselled, and was luminous with mind. The slightly higher forehead, the more delicately arched eyebrow, the deeper setting of her dark, changing eyes, that were placed wide apart beneath the overhanging brow, the short, thin, tremulous upper lip, were all indications of the quick, informing spirit which made her face like a transparency through which her thoughts could often be guessed before spoken; and since they were good, noble, genial thoughts, they enhanced her beauty.

A Day of Fate.

“I greatly wish to form a character worthy of respect, but I don't know how to set about it.”

“Commence by living simple and true.”

From Jest to Earnest.

NOVEMBER 28.

He was soon satisfied that she was more than pretty—that she was beautiful. Her features, that had seemed too thin and colorless, flushed with excitement, and her blue eyes, which he had thought cold and expressionless, kindled until they became lustrous. He felt, in a way that he could not define to himself, that her face was full of power and mind.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

He is becoming his former self, and winning respect by acting like a true gentleman.

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 27.

NOVEMBER 28.

NOVEMBER 29.

It is comparatively easy to suggest good and generous action, but it is harder to perform. It is one thing to preach, and quite another to practise. You have had the hard part—the practising, and yet have done it as if it were not hard, as duty seldom is when performed in the right spirit ; and therefore deserve the greater credit.

From Jest to Earnest.

She is very, womanly, but she is singularly strong.

A Day of Fate.

NOVEMBER 30.

He felt, at times, like one consumed with feverish thirst, and that her conversation, at once so childlike and intelligent, so natural and yet tinged with the supernatural, was like a cool mountain rill, sweet and sparkling, as it issued into the light from its mysterious source in the heart of the hills.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“Your philanthropy is very wide.”

A Face Illumined.

NOVEMBER 29.

Sir Philip Sidney. 1554.

NOVEMBER 30.

Dean (Jonathan) Swift. 1667.

December.

The severe north-east storm had expended itself during the night, and its fine, sharp, crystals had changed into snow-flakes. As an angry man after many hard, cutting words relents somewhat and speaks calmly if still coldly, so Nature, that had been stingingly severe the evening before, was now quietly letting fall a few final hints of the harsh mood that was passing away. Even while he looked, the sun broke through a rift over the eastern mountains and lighted up the landscape as with genial smiles. It shone, not on an ordinary and prosaic world, but rather one that had been touched by magic during the night and transformed into the wonder-land of dreams.

The trees that in the dusk of the previous night had writhed and groaned and struck their frozen branches together as despairing anguish might gesticulate, now stood serene, and decked more daintily than June would robe them.

Whiter even than the pink-tinged blossoms of May, was the soft wet snow that encased every twig, limb, and spray. The more he looked, the more the beauty and the wonder of the scene grew upon him. The sun was dispersing the clouds and



adding the element of splendor to that of beauty. It became one of the supreme moments of his life when in the vanishing beauty of an earthly scene he received an earnest of the more perfect world beyond.

“With the exception of the broad dark river,” he thought, “this might be the millennial morn, and Nature standing decked in her spotless ascension robes, waiting in breathless expectancy.”

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 1.

She was a pale, delicate little lady, with a face sweetened rather than hardened and embittered by time. If, as some believe, the flesh and the spirit, the soul and the body, are ever at variance, she gave the impression at first glance that the body was getting the worst of the conflict. But in truth the faintest thoughts of strife seemed to have no association with her whatever. She appeared so light and aërial that one could imagine her flying over the rough places of life, and vanishing when any one opposed her.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

Women usually idealize the men they love into something very different from what they are. Heaven knows that I was not a saint.

A Day of Fate.

DECEMBER 2.

As, with the lightness of a fawn, she bounded through the newly fallen snow, she would exclaim with an ecstatic thrill of hope,

“My robe, one day, will be as white and sparkling, and the gems in my crown brighter than the icicle’s gleam hanging over yonder ledge of rocks. God teaches me, even in winter, by such pretty things, what He is preparing for His children.”

Near to Nature’s Heart.

But God will not let a life of prayer and true love be wasted.

Barriers Burned Away.

DECEMBER 1.

DECEMBER 2.

DECEMBER 3.

A heart aglow with gentle feeling and genial good-will, like a maple-wood fire on a hospitable hearth, that warms all who come within the sphere of its influence.

A Face Illumined.

She felt herself to be a true priestess of Nature, capable of understanding and interpreting her voices and hidden meanings — of catching her evanescent beauty and of fixing it on the glowing canvas.

Barriers Burned Away.

DECEMBER 4.

“Nothing can compensate for the absence of a warm, kind heart, and the nature that is without it is like a home without a hearth-stone and a fire ; the larger and more stately it is, the colder and more cheerless it seems.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“She could be a true artist, perhaps a great one, for she can feel. She has a heart. She has a taste and skill in touch that few can surpass.”

Barriers Burned Away.

DECEMBER 3.

DECEMBER 4.

Thomas Carlyle. 1795.

· DECEMBER 5.

Never did a day open with fairer promise.
There was a cloudless sky and a crystal earth.
The mystic peace of Christmas seemed to have
been breathed even into bleak December.

From Jest to Earnest.

We often never know ourselves or our need until
after we have failed miserably under the stress of
some strong temptation.

A Day of Fate.

DECEMBER 6.

Every rustling leaf that fluttered in the gale, but
did not fall, called to her with its tiny voice :
“Cling to your place, as we do, till the frost of
age or the blight of disease brings the end in God’s
own time and way.”

A Face Illumined.

He was not one who could calmly meet an
emergency and manfully do his best, suffering
patiently meanwhile the ills that could not be
averted. He could lead a cavalry charge into any
kind of danger, but he could not stand still under
fire.

Without a Home.

DECEMBER 5.

Marie Stuart. 1542.

DECEMBER 6.

Caroline B. Southey. 1787.

DECEMBER 7.

When at times every branch, spray, and twig was encased with snow, and the evergreens were bending beneath their fleecy burdens, she would be half wild with delight at the beauty of the scene, and would cheer her mother by saying,

“See what God can do in a single night. Won't our mansions in heaven, which we so often read about, be beautiful, mother? for he has had ever so many years in which to prepare them.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

General good-will is as cold and thin as moonshine. One ray of sunlight that warms some particular thing into life is worth it all.”

A Face Illumined.

DECEMBER 8.

Her face was a beautiful transparency, through which shone those traits which made her, to me, pre-eminent among women.

A Day of Fate.

Though the face of nature was so white, it was not the face of death. There was a sense of movement and life which was in accord with their own spirits and rapid motion. Snow-birds fluttered and twittered in weedy thickets by the way-side, breakfasting on the seeds that fell like black specks upon the snow. The bright sunlight had lured the fox-squirrels from their moss-lined nests in hollow trees, and their shrill bark was sometimes heard above the chime of the bells.

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 7.

DECEMBER 8.

DECEMBER 9.

“I struggled vainly and almost hopelessly against my peculiar weaknesses and temptations and sorrows until I heard God saying, ‘Come, my child, let us work together. It is my will you should do all you can yourself, and what you cannot do I will do for you.’ Since that time I have often had to struggle hard, but never vainly. There have been seasons when my burdens grew so heavy that I was ready to faint; but after appealing to my heavenly Father, as a little child might cry for help, the crushing weight would pass away, and I became able to go on my way relieved and hopeful.”

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“Oh, you are very gentle, very delicate, and you will be misunderstood; but you have the strongest strength there is—a kind of strength that will carry you through everything, though it cost you dear.”

Without a Home.

DECEMBER 10.

“You have been truth and honesty itself.”

Without a Home.

The touch of her words and manner, if we may so speak, had in it a kindliness and regard for others to which even the most callous respond. Patient self-forgetfulness is the most God-like and the most winning of all the graces.

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 9.

John Milton. 1608.

DECEMBER 10.

William Lloyd Garrison. 1805.

DECEMBER 11.

This was my only chance to live beyond the brief hour of my life. If I could only have won for myself a place among the great names that the world will ever honor, I might with more content let the candle of my existence flicker out when it must.

Barriers Burned Away.

The ever-greens still bent beneath their beautiful burdens, some straight cedars reminding one of vigorous age, where snowy hair and beard alone suggest the flight of years.

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 12.

“It would be a very foolish thing for me to listen to any more of such monstrous flattery. Or perhaps you are satirical and take this roundabout way of telling me that I’m human like yourself.”

A Face Illumined.

“She seems so real and substantial, and yet so intangible. Her defensive armor is perfect, and I cannot get near or touch her unless she permits it. The sincerest compliment glances off. Out of her kindness she helps me and does me good! She bewitches and sways me by her spells, but I might as well seek to imprison a spirit of the air as to gain any hold upon her. I wonder who or what she was thinking of, that such dreamy, tender smiles should flit across her face?”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 11.

Berlioz. 1803.

DECEMBER 12.

DECEMBER 13.

The most effective sermons, after all, are those which are embodied. The Word of God was a living person—a Divine Man.

Near to Nature's Heart.

“I tell thee what it is, Richard, I'm one that sticks to my friends through thick and thin.”

A Day of Fate.

DECEMBER 14.

The sun had sunk so low as to fill the forest with a sombre shade; the happy life that had sported around her was hushed and hidden, and the wind now sighed mournfully through the trees. Gloom and darkening shadows had taken the place of the light and joyousness she first had seen. In the face and voices of nature, as in those of earthly friends, the changes are often so great that we are tempted to ask in dismay, are they—can they be the same?

A Face Illumined.

DECEMBER 13.

Dean Stanley. 1815.

Heinrich Heine. 1799.

DECEMBER 14.

DECEMBER 15.

“You have become a genuine woman. The expression of your face has changed, and it has become a fine example of the truth, that even beauty follows the law of living growth—from within outward. Higher thoughts, noble principle, and unselfishness are making their impress. I see the change distinctly, and I feel it still more. You have won my honest respect.

A Day of Fate.

He was as kind and considerate as possible, but she saw from the old and well-remembered expression of his eyes that he would carry out his own will nevertheless.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

DECEMBER 16.

You all need the kind, patient, faithful Friend that I found so long ago. No evil, no misfortune can come into any human life that is beyond his power to remedy and finally banish forever.

A Face Illumined.

His bearing was manly and erect, and marked by a certain quiet dignity which inevitably characterizes all who are honestly trying to do right.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

DECEMBER 15.

DECEMBER 16.

Jane Austen. 1775.

DECEMBER 17.

A few moments later and we were all under the spell of that exquisite melody which can fitly give expression to the deepest and tenderest feelings and most sacred aspirations of the heart.

“If a message is given to me I will not be silent ; if not, it would be presumptuous to speak. But my prayer is that the Spirit whom we worship may speak to thee, and that thou wilt listen.”

“But kindness and charity are omnipotent.”

“Yes, if thee turns to Omnipotence for them.”

A Day of Fate.

DECEMBER 18.

If he had spoken of duty, obligation, of truth in the abstract, his tones would have been like the sound of a wintry wind. But he had spoken of a Friend, as tender, patient, and helpful as he was powerful. What was far more, he spoke with the strong convincing confidence of personal knowledge.

She seems to have learned the art of making every day of our lives a blessing.

A Face Illumined.

DECEMBER 17.

Beethoven. 1770.

Sir H. Davy. 1778.

John G. Whittier. 1807.

DECEMBER 18.

C. Wesley. 1708.

C. M. von Weber. 1786.

DECEMBER 19.

“Could God have made a nobler woman?”

The love of God is ever best taught and best understood, not as a doctrine, but when embodied in some large-hearted and Christlike person.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

DECEMBER 20.

“A man who understands the beauties of a landscape so well that he could make them visible even to my dim eyes.”

A Face Illumined.

Her character had the exquisite beauty and fragrance which belongs to a rare flower to which all the conditions of perfect development have been supplied.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

DECEMBER 19.

DECEMBER 20.

DECEMBER 21.

“He has exceptional opportunities, and might be the knight-errant of our age. If in earnest, and on the right side, he can forge a weapon out of public opinion that few evils could resist.”

A Day of Fate.

“Your frankness is certainly as transparent as those snow-crystals there.”

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 22.

Not that he was ever rude to any one in any circumstances, but he could politely freeze objectionable persons out of a room as effectually as if he took them by the shoulders and walked them out. There was so much in his surroundings and antecedents to sustain his quiet assumption, that the world was learning to say, “By your leave,” on all occasions.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

She had inherited her mother's gentleness, she also had her readiness to suffer anything for the sake of one she loved.

Near to Nature's Heart.

DECEMBER 21.

Jean Racine. 1639.

Disraeli. 1805.

DECEMBER 22.

DECEMBER 23.

He managed to keep the even tenor of his way, but it was often as the soldier makes his weary march in the enemy's country, fighting for and holding, step by step, with difficulty.

Knight of the Nineteenth Century.

“Don't be superstitious and sentimental. The life of a Christian means honest, patient work.”

A Face Illumined.

DECEMBER 24.

He was already winning a place among men on the ground of what he was and could do himself. It were hard to say which were the stronger motive, his ambition or the love of his art.

A Face Illumined.

The extraordinary graces of her person were but the reflex of her richly cultivated mind.

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 23.

R. Arkwright. 1732.

Champollion. 1790.

DECEMBER 24.

Matthew Arnold. 1822.

DECEMBER 25.

Christmas comes at the darkest and dreariest season of the year, making short, cold days, and longer, colder nights the holiday season, just as He, whose birth the day commemorates, comes to human hearts in the darkest and coldest hours of desolation. Even in the great city there were few homes so shadowed by poverty and sorrow that they were not brightened by some indications of the hallowed time.

Without a Home.

We value that gift most which we receive from the friend we value most.

From Jest to Earnest.

DECEMBER 26.

Peace sat serenely on his brow.

“She had become true to nature,” he thought, “and like nature is full of mysterious changes, for which we know not the cause. At one time it is a sharp north wind, again the south wind. This morning there was a sudden shower of tears, and before it was over the sunlight of smiles flashed through them.”

Near to Nature's Heart.

DECEMBER 25.

DECEMBER 26.

T. Gray. 1716.

DECEMBER 27.

He cried unto the Lord for strength and help, and almost lost consciousness of the service in his earnest prayer for true manhood and courage to go forward. And the answer came ; for a sense of power and readiness to do God's will, and withal a strange hopefulness, inspired him.

Barriers Burned Away.

She lives near to heaven, and knows its mind.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 28.

I would like him for a *friend* very much.

What Can She Do ?

“ How piquant she is ! I do not fear her quick, flame-like spirit, when it is combined with so much conscience and principle.”

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 27.

John Kepler. 1571.

DECEMBER 28.

DECEMBER 29.

“You have the courage that a veteran general most values in a soldier. You might be half dead from terror, but you wouldn't run away.”

A Day of Fate.

She did not hold, as many seem to, with the old colored exhorter, that the right method was to “fust make 'em feel drefful bad, and next make 'em feel drefful good, and you've got 'em.” To her, no matter what the burden, it was simply leading the heavy laden to the strong Divine Friend as people were brought to Him of old, and establishing the personal relations of love, faith, and following.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 30.

“In the grand consciousness of right, and in his faithful performance of duty, I believe his face was as serene as the aspect of Mr. Yocomb when he looked at the coming storm. As far as peace is concerned, his heaven began on earth. I envy him.”

A Day of Fate.

Her words proved that she was a thoughtful woman, and could be the intelligent companion of any man.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 29. •

DECEMBER 30.

• DECEMBER 31.

I have been in sore temptations and deep discouragement. My heart at times has seemed breaking with sorrow. Mine has been the common lot. But when the storm was loudest and most terrible, His hand was on the helm, and now I am entering the quiet harbor. There has been much that was dark and hard to understand ; there is much still ; but there is plenty to prove that my Heavenly Father is leading me home as a little child.

Opening a Chestnut Burr.

DECEMBER 31.

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