



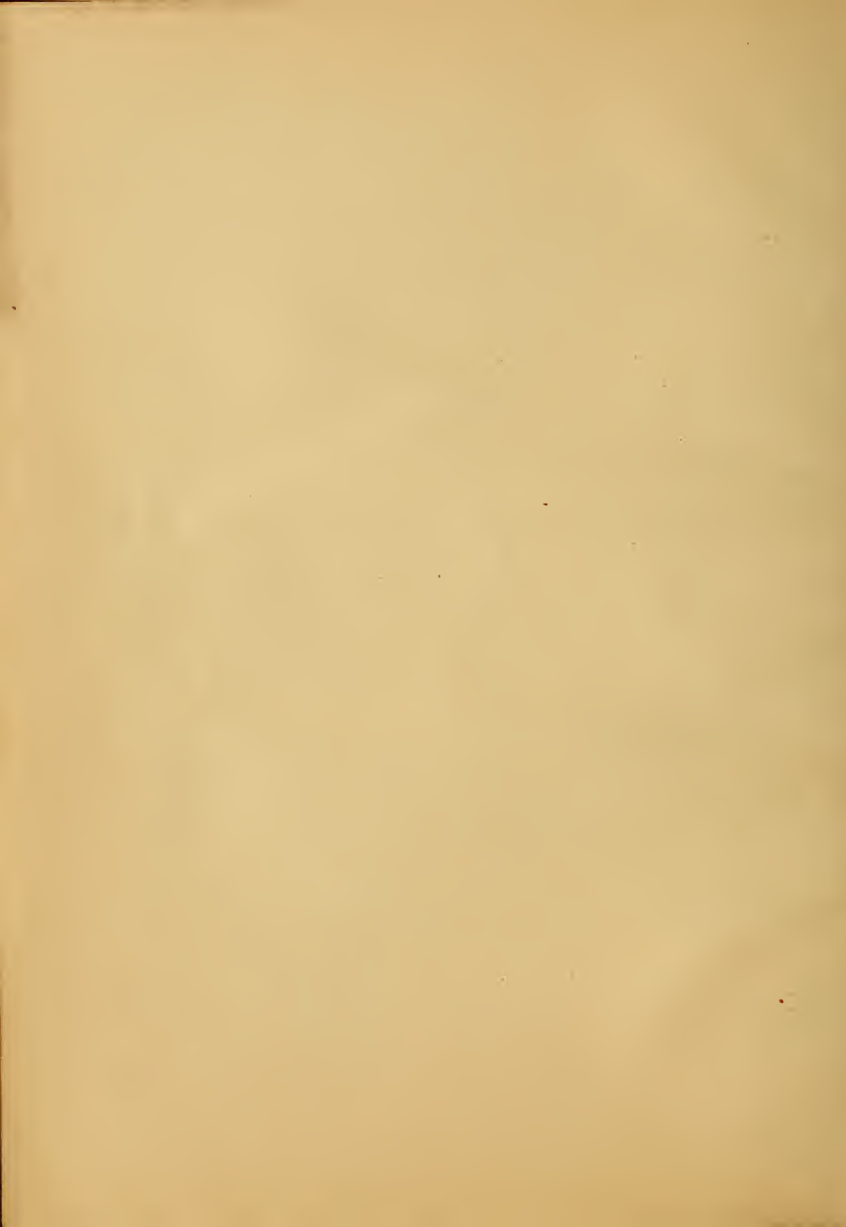
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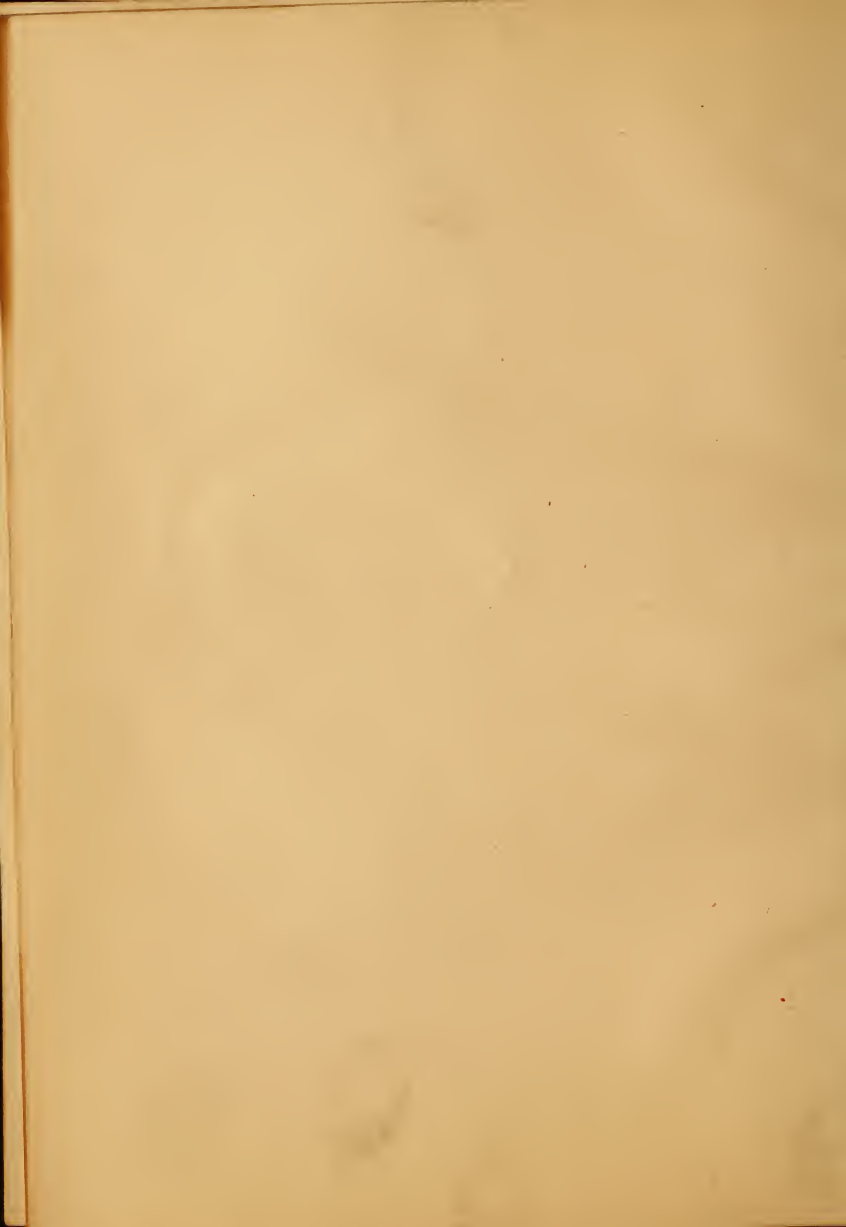
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Loth.

VERSE.

THE BEST POEMS OF THE BEST
POETS.

Price, 10 Cents.

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By PAUL VICTOR LOTH.

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THE MONITOR,

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VERSE.

THE BEST POEMS OF THE BEST POETS.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart throbs. He most
lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. BAILEY.

What is friendship but a name,

A charm that lulls to sleep,

A shade that follows wealth or fame,

And leaves the wretch to weep?

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

Await alike the inevitable hour;

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—THOMAS GRAY.

WE LIVE by hope
 And by desire; we see by the glad light
 And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
 And so we live, or else we have no life.

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

WHO can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it? Who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

—LORD BYRON.

Knowing, what all experience goes to show,
 No mud can sod us but the mud we throw.

—LOWELL.

All is waste and worthless, till
 Arrives the wise selecting will.
 Then temples rose, and towns and marts,
 The shop of toil, the hall of arts,
 Then flew the sail across the seas
 To feed the North from tropic trees;
 New slaves fulfilled the poet's dream—
 Galvanic wire, strong-shouldered steam.

—R. W. EMERSON.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see;
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Each morning sees some task begun,
 Each evening sees it close;
 Something attempted, something done,
 Has earned a night's repose.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate
 thee.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues; be just and fear not.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
 That flattery's the food of fools;
 Yet now and then your men of wit
 Will condescend to take a bit.

—JONATHAN SWIFT.

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,
 I must be measur'd by my soul:
 The mind's the standard of the man.

—IZAAC WATTS.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow calls no time that's gone;
 Violets plucked, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again.

—SAMUEL FLETCHER.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
 But yet she never gave enough to any.

—SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her;
 And gather gear by ev'ry wile
 That's justify'd by honor;
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train attendant;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

—ROBERT BURNS.

He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free,
 And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain,
 That hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
 Can wind around him, but he casts it off
 With as much ease as Samson his green withes.

—WM. COWPER.

The quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
 She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
 Her tides have equal times to come and go;
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.
 No joy so great but runneth to an end,
 No hap so hard but may in time amend.

—ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
 Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
 And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
 The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
 The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
 That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
 From general excrement: each thing's a thief.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Give thy thought no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act,
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.
 Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
 The noble mind's delight and pride.
 To men and angels only given,
 To all the lower world denied.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
 All things both great and small;
 For the dear God who loveth us,
 He made and loveth all.

—SAM'L. T. COLERIDGE.

Small service is true service while it lasts,
 Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
 The daisy by the shadow that it casts
 Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

The star of the unconquered will,
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whoso'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm,
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

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

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Never morning wore
 To evening, but some heart did break.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Touch us gently, Time!

We've not proud nor soaring wings;

Our ambition, our content,

Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,

O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,

Seeking only some calm clime:—

Touch us gently, gentle Time!

—B. W. PROCTER.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right;

In faith and hope the world will disagree,

But all mankind's concern is charity:

All must be false that thwart this one great end;

And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives!

The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,

Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

All are but ministers of Love,

And feed his sacred flame.

—SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

"Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh,
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem:
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.
So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

—THOMAS MOORE.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
 Still, still on hope relies;
 And every pang that rends the heart
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The clash of arguments and jar of words,
 Worse than the mortal blunt of rival swords,
 Decide no question with their tedious length,
 For opposition gives opinion strength.

—WM. COWPER.

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
 And Place and Time are subject to thy sway.
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,
 The only pleasures we can call our own.

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once obtains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

All is change, woe or weal;
 Joy is sorrow's brother;
 Grief and gladness steal
 Symbols of each other.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

Men are but children of a larger growth;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
 But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's view.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

“Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long.”
 'Tis not with me exactly so
 But 'tis so in the song.
 My wants are many, and if told,
 Would muster many a score;
 And were each wish a mint of gold,
 I still should long for more.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Whispering tongues can poison truth;
 And constancy lives in realms above;
 And life is stormy: and youth is vain;
 And to be wroth with one we love,
 Doth work like madness in the brain.

—SAM'L. T. COLERIDGE.

Good-bye to Flattery's fawning face;
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
 To supple office, low and high;
 To crowded halls, to court and street,
 To frozen hearts, and hasting feet,
 To those who go, and those who come,
 Good-bye, proud world, I'm going home.

—R. W. EMERSON

One more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly unfortunate
 Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care;
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young, and so fair.

—THOMAS HOOD.

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed:
 Who does the best his circumstance allows,
 Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Go! you may call it madness, folly—
 You shall not chase my gloom away;
 There's such a charm in melancholy,
 I would not if I could be gay

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure
 That fills my bosom when I sigh,
 You would not rob me of a treasure
 Monarchs are too poor to buy!

—SAMUEL ROGERS.

He that lacks time to mourn lacks time to mend.
 Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure
 For life's worst ills to have no time to feel them.
 Where sorrow's held intrusive and turned out,
 There wisdom will not enter, nor true power,
 Nor aught that dignifies humanity

—SIR H. TAYLOR.

This world is all a fleeting show
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
 There's nothing true but Heaven !
 And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love and Hope, and Beauty's bloom,
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but Heaven !
 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven,
 And fancy's flash and reason's ray
 Serve but to light the troubled way,—
 There's nothing calm but Heaven !
 —THOMAS MOORE.

If on thy theme I rightly think,
 There are five reasons why men drink :
 Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
 Or least I should be by-and-by,
 Or any other reasons why.
 —H. ALDRICH.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
 That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber;
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melodies?
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge.
 And in the visitations of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?—
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king?—Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying;
 And this same flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

The age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer;
 But being spent, the worse and worst
 Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
 And while you may, go, marry;
 For having lost but once your prime,
 You may forever tarry.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
 Finds mark the archer little meant!
 And many a word at random spoken,
 May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken.

—WALTER SCOTT.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream!
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
 Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal;
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed
 Or like a snow-flake in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.

—ROBERT BURNS.

Trifles, light as air,
 Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

I held it truth, to him who sings
 To one clear harp in divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming:
 We may not live to see the day,
 But earth shall glisten in the ray
 Of the good time coming.
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger;
 We'll win our battle by its aid;—
 Wait a little longer.

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.
 —HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime,—
 Unheeded flew the hours;
 How noiseless falls the foot of time,
 That only treads on flowers.

—W. R. SPENCER.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own:
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
 As sages in all times assert;
 The happy man's without a shirt.
 Let the world slide, let the world go:
 A fig for care, and a fig for woe!
 If I can't pay, why I can owe,
 And death makes equal the high and low.

—J. HEYWOOD.

O, it is excellent
 To have a giant's strength: but tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on Alps;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
 Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

To each his sufferings; all are men
 Condemn'd alike to groan,—
 The tender for another's pain,
 The unfeeling for his own.
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too softly flies?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.

—THOMAS GRAY.

Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower—
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Hence vain deluding joys;
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!
 How little you bestead,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess;
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay notes that people the sunbeams,
 Or likest hov'ring dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

—JOHN MILTON.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
 Yet, fool'd with hope, men favor the deceit:
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay:
 To-morrow's falser than the former day;
 Lies worse; and while it says we shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possessed.
 Strange cozenage! None would live past pears again;
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain;
 And from the dregs of life think to receive
 What the first sprightly running could not give.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away

When the glow of early thought declines in feel-
ing's dull decay;

'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone
which fades so fast,

But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth
itself be past.

—LORD BYRON.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are gray;

You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,

And abused not my health and my vigor at first,
That I never might need them at last.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Patience!— why 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men look like gods.

—THOMAS DEKKER.

Tell me, on what holy ground
 May Domestic Peace be found?
 Halcyon Daughter of the skies,
 Far on fearful wings she flies,
 From the pomp of sceptered state,
 From the rebel's noisy hate,
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,
 Listening to the Sabbath bells!
 Still around her steps are seen
 Spotless Honor's meeker mien,
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
 Sorrow smiling through her tears,
 And, conscious of the past employ,
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

—SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendships; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

—JOHN GAY.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
 And he but naked though lock'd up in steel
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree,—
 Love is a present for a mighty king.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O Liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright,
 Profuse of bliss and pregnant with delight,
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy smiling train.
 Eased of the load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun and pleasure to the day.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

Our portion is not large, indeed ;
 But then how little do we need !

For nature's calls are few :
 In this the art of living lies,
 To want no more than may suffice,
 And make that little do.

—NATHANIEL COTTON.

The tree of deepest root is found
 Least willing still to quit the ground.
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
 That love of life increased with years
 So much, that in our later stages,
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
 The greatest love of life appears.

—MRS. THRALE.

How fading are the joys we dote upon !
 Like apparitions seen and gone ;
 But those which soonest take their flight
 Are the most exquisite and strong ;
 Like angels' visits, short and bright,
 Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

—JOHN MORRIS.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
 Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time;
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Some feelings are to mortals given
 With less of earth in them than heaven;
 And if there be a human tear
 From passion's dross refined and clear,—
 A tear so limpid and so meek,
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
 'Tis that which pious fathers shed
 Upon a duteous daughter's head.

—WALTER SCOTT.

Manner is all in all, whate'er is writ,
The substituté for genius, sense, and wit.

To dally much with subjects mean and low
Proves that the mind is weak, or makes it so.
Neglected talents rust into decay,
And ev'ry effort ends in push-pin play.

—WM. COWPER.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colors drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance ;
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

—THOMAS GRAY.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

To make a happy fireside clime,
 To weans and wife—
 That's the true pathos, and sublime
 Of human life.

—ROBERT BURNS.

And happy they who thus in faith obey
 Their better nature: err sometimes they may,
 And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast;
 Such as, by Hope deceived, are left behind.
 But like a shadow these will pass away
 From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
 That last infirmity of noble minds,
 To scorn delights and live laborious days:
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
 Phoebus replied, and touched my trembling ears.

—JOHN MILTON.

Hail, mildly pleasing Solitude,
 Companion of the wise and good,
 But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.

—JAMES THOMSON.

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
 Princes or lords may flourish or may fade—
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed can never be supplied.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I sit me down and sigh
 O life! thou art a galling load,
 A long, a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I!

—ROBERT BURNS.

To know, to esteem, to love—and then to part,
 Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart!

—SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

There's not a leaf within the bower,
 There's not a bird upon the tree,
 There's not a dewdrop on the flower,
 But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee.

—AMELIA OPIE.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
 Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
 To make our fortune than our happiness:
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
 Themselves unblest'd. The poor are only poor.
 But what are they who droop amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state;
 The happy only are the truly great.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams and health, and quiet
 breathing.—JOHN KEATS.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
 By secret sorrow close concealed,
 We shrink lest looks or words impart
 What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
 To speak when one would silent be;
 To wake when one would wish to sleep,
 And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
 Who wander in this world of care,
 And bend beneath the bitter blast,
 To save them from despair.

But Nature waits her guests to greet,
 Where disappointment cannot come,
 And time guides with unerring feet
 The weary wanderers home.

—MRS. ANNE HUNTER.

The heights by great men reached and kept,
 Were not attained by sudden flight;
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

It must be so! Plato, thou reason'st well;
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread and inward horror
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates Eternity to man.

—JOSEPH ADDISON.

I hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own.
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decried.

—JOHN GAY.

O thou child of many prayers!
 Life hath quicksands—life hath snares!

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate.
 T at, like an emmet, thou must ever moil
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
 And, certes, there is for it reason great:
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
 Withouten that would come an heavier bail,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

—JAMES THOMSON.

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
 That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

—THOMAS GRAY.

Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man.

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Reas'ning at every step he treads,
 Man yet mistakes his way ;
 While meaning things, whom instinct leads,
 Are rarely known to stray.

—WM. COWPER.

Then since this world is vain,
 And volatile, and fleet,
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,
 Where dust corrupts, and moth destroys
 And care and sorrows eat?

Why fly from ill
 With anxious skill,

When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing
 heart be still?

—HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Gnawing want and sickness pining,
 All the ills that men endure,
 Each their various pangs combining,
 Constancy can find a cure:
 Pain, and Fear, and Poverty,
 Are subdued by constancy.

—WALTER SCOTT.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
 O Duty! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove;
 Thou who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe;
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

Thou hast been called, O Sleep! the friend of woe;
 But 'tis the happy that have called thee so.

—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
 To some dear falsehood hugs it to the last.

—THOMAS MOORE.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
 Ye were so sweet and wild!
 And distant voices seemed to say,
 "It cannot be! they pass away!
 Other themes demand thy lay.
 Thou art no more a child!"

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Patience and resignation are the pillars
Of human peace on earth.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

Man's a poor deluded bubble,
Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
Seeing false, or seeing double;
Who would trust to such weak eyes?

Yet presuming on his senses,
On he goes, most wondrous wise;
Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
Lost in error, lives and dies.

—ROBERT DODSLEY.

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

—THOMAS HOOD.

When Time, who steals our years away
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.
 Then talk no more of future gloom;
 Our joys shall always last;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past!

—THOMAS MOORE.

By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
 Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel,
 That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
 Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
 An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.

—WM. COWPER.

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made,
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!

—WALTER SCOTT.

Ah! little think the gay, licentious, proud,
Whom pleasure, pow'r, and affluence surround!
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death,
And all the sad variety of pain:
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed
By shameful variance betwixt man and man;
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms,
Shut from the common air and common use
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of Misery: sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless Poverty: how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse.

—JAMES THOMSON.

The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope.—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

When all the fiercer passions cease,
 The glory and disgrace of youth,
 When the deluded soul in peace
 Can listen to the voice of truth;
 When we are taught in whom to trust,
 And how to spare, to spend, to give,
 Our prudence kind, our pity just,
 'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

—GEORGE CRABBE.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue!

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The flowers the sultry summer kills
 Spring's milder suns restore;
 But innocence, that fickle charm,
 Blooms once, and blooms no more.

—FELICIA HEMANS.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
 With coldness still returning;
 Alas! the gratitude of man
 Hath oftener left me mourning.

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

Go where glory waits thee,
 But while fame elates thee,
 Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest
 To thine ear is sweetest,
 Oh! then remember me.

Other arms may press thee,
 Dearer friends caress thee,
 All the joys that bless thee
 Sweeter far may be;
 But when friends are nearest
 And when joys are dearest,
 Oh! then remember me.

—THOMAS MOORE.

The flower that smiles to-day
 To-morrow dies;
 All that we wished to stay
 Tempt, and then flies;
 What is this world's delight?
 Lightning that mocks the night,
 Brief even as bright.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

When friendship, love, and truth abound
 Among a band of Brothers,
 The cup of joy goes gaily round,
 Each shares the bliss of others:
 Sweet roses grace the thorny way
 Along this vale of sorrow;
 The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
 Shall bloom again to-morrow:
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy friendship, love, and truth.

From these delightful fountains flow
 Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
 Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
 A more resplendent treasure?
 Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
 We'll form a Constellation,
 Where every star, with modest light
 Shall gild his proper station.
 How grand in age, how fair in youth,
 Are holy friendship, love, and truth.

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Happy they, the happiest of their kind,
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
 With boundless confidence.

—JAMES THOMSON.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
 The Eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among her worshippers.

—WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot
 And thereby hangs a tale.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Hope, unyielding to Despair,
 Springs for ever fresh and fair;
 Earth's serenest prospects fly,
 Hope's enchantments never die.

At Fortune's frown, in evil hour,
 Though honor, wealth, and friends depart,
 She cannot drive, with all her power,
 This lonely solace from the heart:
 And while this the soul sustains,
 Fortune still unchanged remains;
 Wheresoe'er her wheel she guides,
 Hope upon the circle rides.

When virtue droops, as comforts fail,
 And sore afflictions press the mind,
 Sweet Hope prolongs her pleasing tale,
 Till all the world again looks kind:

 Round the good man's dying bed,
 Where the wreck of Nature spread,
 Hope would set his spirit free,
 Crying—"Immortality!"

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Hope! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be;
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Leaves have their time to fall,
 And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
 And stars to set;—but all,
 Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

—FELICIA HEMANS.

What is noble?—to inherit
 Wealth, estate, and proud degree?—
 There must be some other merit
 Higher yet than these for me!—
 Something greater far must enter
 Into life's majestic span,
 Fitted to create and center
 True nobility in man.

—CHARLES SWAIN.

It stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
 And makes his pulses fly,
 To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
 And the light of a pleasant eye.

—NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

A man's best things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his feet,
 It is the distant and the dim
 That we are sick to greet;
 For flowers that grow our hands beneath
 We struggle and aspire—
 Our hearts must die, except they breathe
 The air of fresh desire.

—LORD HOUGHTON.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
 O men, with wailing in your voices!
 O delved gold, the wailers' heap!
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
 God makes a silence through you all,
 "And giveth His beloved sleep."

—E. B. BROWNING.

Through good report and ill report,
 The true man goes his way,
 Nor condescends to pay his court
 To what the vile may say:—
 Aye, be the scandal what they will,
 And whisper what they please,
 They do but fan his glory still
 By whistling up a breeze.

—M. F. TUPPER.

Seize then the occasion: by the forelock take
 That subtle power, the never halting time,
 Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

An insult, when we think it is forgotten,
 Is written in the book of memory,
 E'en in our heart, to scourge our apprehension.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest;
 Stays till we call, and then not often near.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Success sways with the breath of heaven.
 And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
 Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know,
 For we are all like swimmers in the sea,
 Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of fate,
 Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall,
 And whether it will heave us up to land,
 Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
 Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
 We know not, and no search will make us know:
 Only the event will teach us in its hour.

—MATHEW ARNOLD.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
 Do not fear an armed band;
 One will fade as others greet thee—
 Shadows passing through the land.

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

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

—J. G. HOLLAND.

Sweet the hour of tribulation,
 When the heart can freely sigh;
 And the tear of resignation
 Twinkles in the mournful eye.
 Have you felt a kind emotion
 Tremble through your troubled breast:
 Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
 When she charms the waves to rest?

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
 Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time
 Thy joyous youth began; but not to fade
 When all thy sister planets had decay'd.
 When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
 And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
 Thou, undismay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
 And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
 That never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
 Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
 So near is God to man,
 When duty whispers low, Thou must,
 The youth replies, I can!

—R. W. EMERSON.

A millstone and the human heart
 Are ever driven round;
 If they have nothing else to grind,
 They must themselves be ground.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be!

—LORD BYRON.

Life's cares are comforts; such by Heav'n designed;
 He that has none must make them or be wretched.
 Cares are employment, and without employ
 The soul is a rack: the rack of rest,
 To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
 When life flows along like a song,
 But the man worth while is the one who will smile
 When everything goes dead wrong;
 For the test of the heart is trouble,
 And it always comes with the years,
 And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
 Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
 When nothing tempts you to stray,
 When without or within no voice of sin
 Is luring your soul away.
 But it is only a negative virtue
 Until it is tried by fire,
 And the life that is worth the honor of earth
 Is the one that resists desire.

—ELLA W. WILCOX.

How easy 'tis when destiny proves kind,
 With full spread sails to run before the wind!
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales careering go,
 Must be at once resolved and skillful too.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

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

—E. P. ROE.

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
 Yet they grind exceeding small;
 Though with patience He stands waiting,
 With exactness grinds He all.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Sound, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
 To all the sensual world proclaim,
 One crowded hour of glorious life
 Is worth an age without a name.

—WALTER SCOTT.

And not to-day and not to-morrow
 Can drain its wealth of hope and sorrow;
 But day by day, to thoughtful ear,
 Unlocks new sense and loftier cheer.

—R. W. EMERSON.

What profits us that we from Heaven derive
 A soul immortal, and with looks erect
 Survey the stars, if like the brutal kind,
 We follow where our passions lead the way.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

Who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
 To wear it? Who can curiously behold
 The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?

—LORD BYRON.

Oh, mighty perserverance!
 Oh, courage, stern and stout!
 That wills and works a clearance
 Of every troubling doubt,—
 That cannot brook denial
 And scarce allows delay,
 But wins from every trial
 More strength for every day!

—M. F. TUPPER.

Knowledge is the wings wherewith
 We fly to heaven.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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The lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He reviveth my soul :

He guideth me in the paths of righteousness for
his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow
of death,

I will fear no evil ; for thou art with me :

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies :

Thou hast anointed my head with oil ; my cup
runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life :

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

—KING DAVID.

True dignity abides with him alone

Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,

Can still respect and still revere himself

In lowliness of heart.

—WM. WORDSWORTH.

Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
 I have a soul, that like an ample shield,
 Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
 Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's;
 Souls know no conquerors.

—JOHN DRYDEN.

The nimble lie
 Is like the second hand upon a clock;
 We see it fly; while the hour hand of truth
 Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
 And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
 Till it has reached the goal.

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

One small cloud can hide the sunlight;
 Loose one string, the pearls are scattered;
 Think one thought, a soul may perish;
 Say one word, a heart may break

—ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough;
 But riches fineless is as poor as winter
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

—WM. SHAKESPEARE.

Every man that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find;
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
“Pity were he but a king.”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment.
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

To whom can riches give repute or trust,
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold—
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human kind,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Too much rest is rust,
 There's ever cheer in changing.
 We tire by too much trust:
 So we'll be up and ranging.

—WALTER SCOTT.

Seek your treasure, and you'll find
 It exists but in the mind.
 Wealth is but the power that hires
 Blessings that the heart desires;
 And if these are mine to hold
 Independently of gold,
 And the gifts it can bestow,
 I am richer than I know!

—CHARLES MACKAY.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
 Grieve, and they turn and go;
 They want full measure of your pleasure,
 But they do not want your woe.
 Be glad, and your friends are many,
 Be sad, and you lose them all;
 There are none to decline your nectared wine,
 But alone you must drink life's gall.

—ELLA W. WILCOX.

Rise, if the past detains you!
 Her sunshine and storms forget:
 No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret.
 Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever:
 Cast her phantom arms away!
 Nor look back save to learn the lesson
 Of a nobler strife to-day.

—ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
 Is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.
 Rich from within, and self-sustained, the true.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

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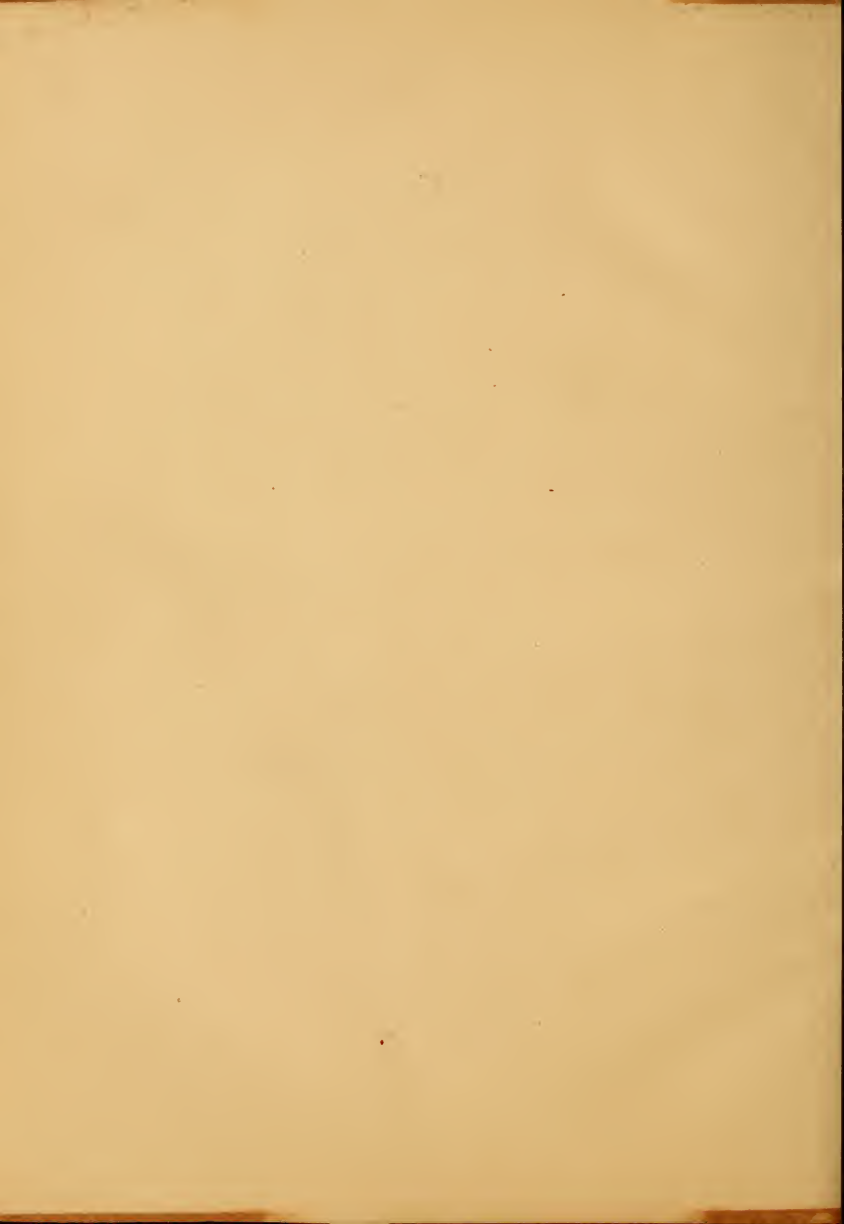
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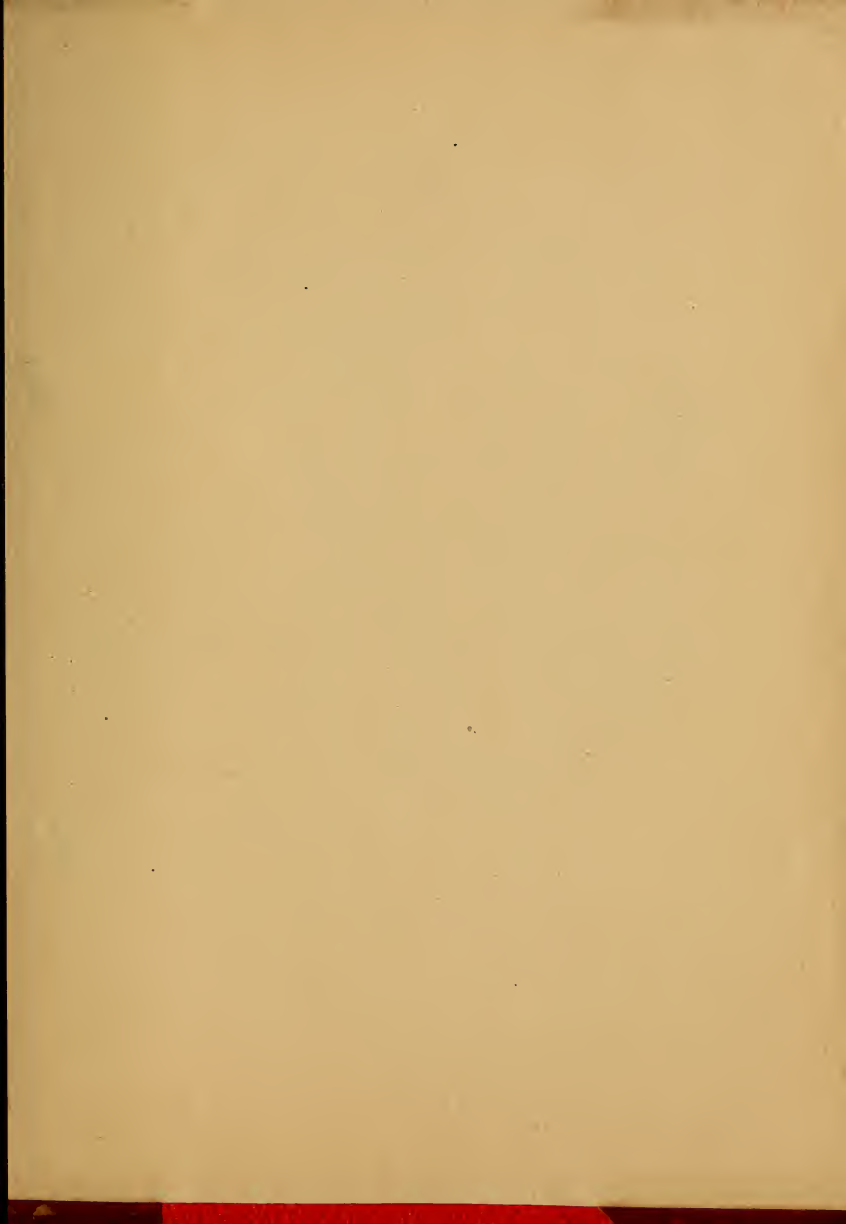
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