

Scraps

"A wise man knows his own ignorance - a fool thinks he knows everything."

"Cloth is the key to let in beggary."

"At twenty years the will reigns; at thirty the wit; and at 40 the judgment." Charron.

"Passion may not unfitly be termed the mob of the man that commits a riot upon his reason." Wm Penn.

"We never enjoy perfect happiness; our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness; some anxieties always perplex the reality of our satisfaction." Cornille.

"If some are refined like gold in the furnace of affliction, there are many more that, like chaff, are consumed in it. Torment, when it is excessive, takes away fervor from faith, vigor from action, health from the body, light from the reason, and repose from the conscience."

"Selfishness in any form is death. To live beyond self is the true life, the true immortality of the individual."

"He is the richest man who knows how to use the keys which life puts into his hands."

"Personal responsibility is no mere figment of the imagination, but a great and pressing reality. It is a broad principle, every point of whose surface has a direct bearing on every day life and duty."

"No real greatness can co-exist with deceit. All the faculties of man must be exerted in order to produce noble energies; and he who is not earnestly sincere lives but half his being, self-mutilated, self-paralyzed."

"There is a gift that is almost a blow, and there is a kind word that is munificence. So much is there in the way we do things."

"The wisest of men is he who has the most consideration for others."

"A fool may throw a stone into a pond, but it may take seven sages to pull it out."

"Life is like a game of cards, requiring quick eyes, keen wits, and nimble fingers to enable one to make the best of their hand."

"There is but one method of attaining excellence and that is hard labor."

"Whenever we vary from the highest rule of right, just so far we do an injury to the world. It may seem otherwise for the moment but in time and in eternity, it will be found so."

I know of no greater compliment that can be paid to man or woman than to say they are pleasant to have in the house. There are many very clever, good people who stay in our houses, and still we hear the door close upon them, and their footsteps die away without one particle of sadness or regret. They are not disagreeable people - very far from that; but they radiate no sunshine, no life. They are like cats purring contentedly upon the hearth, ~~as much~~ an agreeable picture, and if well bred she is by no means troublesome; but we are willing that at any time she should go away and hunt mice, nor would we be grieved if she stayed all day. These are very dear, rich-natured people whose coming give our hearts thrills of expectation, and whose goings, take a little brightness out of our sunshine.

The Mind. - There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mind as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in the region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealized. There are no arts no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much to the dignity, the strength, the ennobling of a man's looks as a great purpose a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart.

Yes, life is one series of greetings and valedictions. We meet to day ~~elated~~ with the most sanguine expectations of joy and happiness; tomorrow, part with a parting word, the last it may be that's heard on earth. But 'tis well that there is a mystic curtain obscuring the future from us - its unseen and undeveloped woes that must attend the coming years of our existence.

Happiness cannot be purchased. The light of the sunshine as freely on the poor as the rich, and we though more fortunate in some respects, live no more happily than our poorer neighbors with whom I feel sometimes as if I would like to exchange lots.

Truth is not flattery. As we feel so we speak. If we say anything our sentiments are the expression of our feelings, while the passions of our face confirm their sincerity. The face is the mirror from which the passions of the heart are reflected, while the tongue is the agent that declares them in words. We believe the latter, because we see the truth of them on the face. You may tell the arrant hypocrite by the restlessness of his eyes and the uneasiness of his manner. Those who fawn and cauple for position, or trust or favor, you can tell at a glance.

It was a chance breeze that blew us together.