

Life when we analyze it, is made up to us all alike of three simple elements
joy, sorrow, and work. Some of us get tolerably equal proportions of each
of these; some unequal - or we fancy so; but in reality, as the ancient
sage says truly, the same things come alike to us all.

And no one doubts that the great dispensations of life, the events that
make epochs in our fleeting years, clear through all the strata of out-
ward difference, and lay bare the core of our humanity. Sorrow veils
all faces and bows all forms alike, and send the same shudder through
the frame, and casts the same darkness upon the walls, and peals
forth the same dirge of maternal agony by the dead boy's cradle - in the
sumptuous chamber, and the baby's last sleep on its bed of straw.

I would not give much for an impression that would not bear investigation,
like a foot print in the sand, which the first wave obliterates.

Instinct can be lost in reason, and reason be perverted until right was
inevitably fused in wrong.

Disappointment lurks in many a prize, as bees in flowers and stings
us with success.

No power is without its worshippers, no fortune without its court.
The seekers of the future revolve about the splendid present.

Victor Hugo

It depends not so much upon the outward circumstances in which
we are placed, as upon the inward state of mind and heart that we enjoy
earthly things.

The world is full of folly and sin
And we must cling where it can stay;
For beauty is easy enough to win,
But one is not loved every day.

Ferdinand De Loto The
Castilian Prince discovered
the Mississippi river, and
in it he was buried.

"The young moon like a Roman mother mid her living jewels shone".

Nothing on earth can be forever gay, and free from sorrow. Sargent

Oblivion softly wiping out the stain,
Makes the strong secret pang of shame to cease:

Quelling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it.

Courage

Courage! God knows what is the best
For us in this blind life of anxious care.
Do what thou canst for good and leave the rest
To him whose name is ever to be blest
Courage! Oh why despair?
Trust and believe and pray, Action is prayer.

Courage! whatever is right
Believe it and fear not. God is our fate,
Darkly comes down earth's drear and solemn night,
Grandly in heaven beameth eternal light
Place restless soul and wait -
God's angels once, like thee were desolate,

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart though unknown
Responds unto his own.

Longfellow

Sleep, says Sir Thomas Brown "is so like death, that I dare not commit my-
self to it without first committing myself to God in prayer. In a hymn
that he composed on the subject, are the following lines

Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as at last I lay my head
Upon my grave, as now my bed,
Where ere I rest great God, let me
Awake again at last with Thee.

And thus assured behold I lie
Securely to wake or die,
These are my drowsy days; in vain
I now do wake to sleep again,
O come that hour, when I shall never
Know sleep again, but wake forever

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick but when it cometh it is a
tree of life.

The changes that we meet with in this world, are like going from one
wilderness to another, whatever they may promise as to satisfaction or
happiness, they leave us much the same as they find us.

Experience is a dear school.