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**SULLY AND KLEINTEICH
NEW YORK**

THE HANDBOOK OF QUOTATIONS

BY
EDITH B. ORDWAY

*Gleanings from the
English and American Fields of
Poetic Literature*



NEW YORK
SULLY AND KLEINTEICH
1918

KD48747



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**THE QUINN & BODEN CO. PRESS
RAHWAY, N. J.**

PREFACE

The beaten paths of poetic literature lie alluringly open to the eye in a book of selected quotations. Though by-paths are only glimpsed, there is ample room for wandering here, where the approval of the many has marked the way and the enthusiasm of the thoughtful has made it familiar and loved.

Being a poet means that one responds to the great universal experiences of the race with a sense of their universality,—not simply with the reaction of the individual. Therefore, to the greatest poets the common lot opens vistas of infinity, and the brief earth-life reverberations of eternity. So—

“Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

Here we enter a sounding chamber of the echoes, and, however humble we may be, we find that the voices are those of friends and brothers.

The great experiences of life are the same for the man of wealth and the day-laborer, the hero and the criminal, the genius and the incompetent man. Though the thoughts of each differ from those of every other, yet the emotions have an amazing similarity. In heart humanity bears a common likeness. For this reason a compilation centers around the great emotions and their

attendant ideas,—or, rather, around the great common experiences and their attendant emotions and ideas.

He who is looking for an apt and authoritative quotation to approve his thought, and he who desires, for spiritual consolation along the way, an epitome of life with its heights and depths undiminished, will alike find here his desire.

While the poets are daily singing, a comprehensive collection of the sweetest notes of their songs is clearly impossible. Where so much music is, however, even the few tones of a small collection may make a symphony of thought which shall enliven the working day.

E. B. O.

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THE HANDBOOK OF QUOTATIONS

Absence.

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Pope: Autumn.

There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming nights but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee.

Procter: Mirandola.

Though absent, present in desires they be;
Our souls much further than our eyes can see.

Drayton.

Though lost to sight, to memory dear
Thou ever wilt remain.

George Linley: Song.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Thomas Haynes Bayly: Isle of Beauty.

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Oh! couldst thou but know
With what a deep devotedness of woe
I wept thy absence—o'er and o'er again
Thinking of thee, still thee, till thought grew pain,
And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
Falls cold and ceaseless, wore my heart away!
Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
From thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Years have not seen, time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee.
Byron: Bride of Abydos.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd, fondly turns to thee.
Goldsmith: Traveller.

Action, Activity, Industry; see Labor.

Great things thro' greatest hazards are achiev'd,
And then they shine.
Beaumont and Fletcher: Loyal Subject.

Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
Fletcher: On an Honest Man's Fortune.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly,—angels could no more.
Young: Night Thoughts.

The Handbook of Quotations 11

How slow the time
To the warm soul, that, in the very instant
It forms, would execute a great design!

Thomson.

The keen spirit
Seizes the prompt occasion,—makes the thoughts
Start into instant action, and at once
Plans and performs, resolves and executes!

Hannah More.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for every fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow.

Adversity, Affliction, Misfortune.

The good are better made by ill,
As odors crush'd are sweeter still.

Rogers: Jaqueline.

So do the winds and thunder cleanse the air,
So working bees settle and purge the wine;
So lopp'd and pruned trees do flourish fair;
So doth the fire the drossy gold refine.

Spenser: Faërie Queene.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!

Pope.

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As night to stars, woe luster gives to man.

Young: Night Thoughts.

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He went like one that hath been stunn'd,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.

I have not quailed to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I now?

Byron: Giaour.

I am not now in fortune's power:
He that is down, can fall no lower.

Butler: Hudibras.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

Advice, Counsel.

Let me entreat
You to unfold the anguish of your heart;
Mishaps are master'd by advice discreet,
And counsel mitigates the greatest smart.

Spenser: Faërie Queene.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Love all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy

The Handbook of Quotations 18

Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.

Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd 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 hoops of steel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

Age, Old Age; see Time and Youth.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in his hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be
afraid!" . . .

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame:
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

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All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

Age cannot wither her.

Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

Why grieve that Time has brought so soon
The sober age of manhood on?
As idly should I weep at noon
To see the blush of morning gone.

Bryant.

An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful Day benevolence endears,
Whose Night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favorite as the general friend:
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Dr. Johnson.

'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

Campbell: Pleasures of Hope.

Years following years, steal something every day;
At last they steal us from ourselves away.

Pope.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;

The Handbook of Quotations 15

Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Dryden: Œdipus.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller.

—I left him in a green old age,
And looking like the oak, worn, but still steady
Amidst the elements, whilst younger trees
Fell fast around him.

Byron: Werner.

Yet time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb:
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

Byron: Ohilde Harold.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth as I am now.

Byron: Ohilde Harold.

Age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress,
And as the evening twilight fades away
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

Longfellow: Morituri Salutamus.

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Ambition, Glory; see Fame and Power.

The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end:
Wouldst thou be famed? have those high acts in
view,
Brave men would act, though scandal would ensue.

Young: Love of Fame.

The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot, as it makes a knave.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

“To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:
Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven.”

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Dream after dream ensues,
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
And still are disappointed.

Cooper: Task.

The Handbook of Quotations 17

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.

Byron: Childe Harold.

I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

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.

Scott: Old Mortality.

Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame,
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.

William Winter: Queen's Domain.

Anger; see Passion.

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.

Rowe: Fair Penitent.

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Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

Never anger made good guard for itself.

Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.

Shakespeare: Coriolanus.

When anger rushes unrestrain'd to action,
Like a hot steed it stumbles in its way:
The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes
safest.

Savage.

And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Coleridge.

Applause; see Fame.

I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaudit again.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud and to as many tunes.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

Oh popular applause! what heart of man
Is proof against thy sweet, seducing charms?

Cowper: Task.

The Handbook of Quotations 19

The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds is changeable as winds;
Still vehement, and still without a cause;
Servant to change, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.

Dryden.

Argument.

He that complies against his will,
Is of his own opinion still.

Butler: Hudibras.

In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

Be calm in arguing: for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

Herbert: Temple.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Art, Artist.

The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned.

Emerson.

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In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed.

Shakespeare: Pericles.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

Whittier: Raphael.

The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Emerson: The Problem.

Art is the child of Nature; yes,
Her darling child, in whom we trace
The features of the mother's face,
Her aspect and her attitude. . . .
He is the greatest artist, then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature. Never man,
As artist or as artisan,
Pursuing his own fantasies,
Can touch the human heart, or please,
Or satisfy our nobler needs.

Longfellow: Kéramos.

Aspiration.

Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod,—

The Handbook of Quotations 21

Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

There where turbid waters fall apart
From hidden depths of tangled ooze and mire,
The tall white lily lifts its golden heart,
—Soul, shalt not thou aspire?

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

Reign, and keep life in this our deep desire—
Our only greatness is that we aspire.

Jean Ingelow: A Snow Mountain.

A noble aspiration is a deed
Though unachieved.

John Kendrick Bangs.

What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
the scale.

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Authorship, Authors; see Books and Poetry.

At Learning's fountain it is sweet to drink,
But 'tis a nobler privilege to think;
And oft, from books apart, the thirsting mind
May make the nectar which it cannot find.
'Tis well to borrow from the good and great;
'Tis wise to learn; 'tis god-like to create!

J. G. Saxe: The Library.

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise,

22 *The Handbook of Quotations*

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail;
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.

Dr. Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.

In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!

Young: Epistle to Pope.

None but an author knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.

Cowper: Progress of Error.

I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

Holmes: Height of Ridiculous.

Look, then, into thine heart, and write!

Longfellow: Voices of the Night.

Autumn.

How bravely Autumn paints upon the sky
The gorgeous fame of Summer which is fled!

Thomas Hood.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves
run;

The Handbook of Quotations 28

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core.

Keats: To Autumn.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sear.

Bryant: Death of the Flowers.

Glorious are the woods in their latest gold and
crimson.

Bryant: Third of November.

. . . The great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden
vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and
yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering
tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with
mantles and jewels.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

Avarice, Covetousness, Greed.

The base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

Dryden.

The love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,

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Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies collecting lumber in the rear.

Moore.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.

Pope: Moral Essays.

The lust of gold succeeds the rags of conquest:
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless!
The last corruption of degenerate man.

Dr. Johnson: Irene.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Beauty.

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 breath-
ing.

Keats: Endymion.

If eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.

Emerson: The Rhodora.

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our
watchful eyes
Can trace it 'midst familiar things, and through
their lowly guise.

Felicia D. Hemans: Our Daily Paths.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

Byron: She Walks in Beauty.

The Universe is girdled with a chain,
And hung below the Throne
Where Thou dost sit, the Universe to bless,
Thou sovereign Smile of God, Eternal Loveliness.

R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.

All things of beauty are not theirs alone
Who hold the fee; but unto him no less
Who can enjoy, than unto them who own,
Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For Heaven is bountiful; and suffers none
To make monopoly of aught that's fair.

J. G. Saxe: The Beautiful.

Bells; see Music.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Moore: Those Evening Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;

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Ring out the false, ring in the true. . . .
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet; now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again and louder still,
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on;
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept.

Cowper: Task.

Blindness.

O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon;
Irrecoverably dark! total eclipse,
Without all hope of day.

Milton: Samson Agonistes.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, . . .
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied,
I fondly ask? But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed, . . .
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Milton: Sonnet On His Blindness.

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Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Books; see Authorship and Poetry.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions,
think;

'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses
Instead of speech may form a lasting link of ages.

Byron: Don Juan.

'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, altho' there's nothing in 't.

Byron: English Bards.

Many books,
Wise men have said, are wearisome; who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled still remains—
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.

Milton: Paradise Regained.

All rests with those who read. A work or thought
Is what each makes it to himself, and may

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Be full of great dark meanings, like the sea,
With shoals of life rushing.

Bailey: Festus.

A blessing on the printer's art!
Books are the Mentors of the heart.
The burning soul, the burdened mind,
In books alone companions find.

Hale: Three Hours.

Books are sepulchres of thought.

Longfellow: The Wind Over the Chimney.

The pleasant books, that silently among
Our household treasures take familiar places,
And are to us as if a living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves or pictured faces.

Longfellow: Seaside and Fireside.

Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we
know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

Wordsworth: Personal Talk.

Brotherhood, Equality, Fellowship.

Frae the pure air of heaven the same air we draw;
Come, gi'e me your hand,—we are brethren a'.

Robert Nicoll.

Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over
his failings.

Longfellow: Children of the Lord's Supper.

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Lovest thou God as thou oughtest, then lovest thou
likewise thy brethren.

Longfellow: Children of the Lord's Supper.

Friendship, in freedom, will blot out the bounding
of race,
And straight Law, in freedom, will curve to the
rounding of grace.

Sidney Lanier: Psalm of the West.

Let us commune with the Spirit of Things. . . .
Cups to our lips with all eyes glancing over!
Taste of his wine and pledge fealty ever!
Drink the last drop, and pledge love to the
end. . . .

Feeble the flame in your soul newly lighted;
Lo! you have love for your kindred and child.
Drink—and the flame shall burn steadier, brighter,
Stronger and clearer, yet costing you little;
Lo! you have love for your nation and friends.
Drink—and the flame shall blaze fiercely, con-
suming.

Edwin Arnold Brenholtz.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

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Calmness; see Peace and Quiet.

Pure was the temp'rate air, an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save when the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse.

Thomson: Seasons. Spring.

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,
And yet they glide like happiness away.

Byron: Lara.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity!

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace.

Whittier.

Care, Anxiety.

Care that is enter'd once into the breast,
Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

Ben Jonson: Tale of a Tub.

Care, whom not the gayest can outbrave,
Pursues its feeble victim to the grave.

Henry Kirke White: Childhood.

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Old Care has a mortgage on every estate,
And that's what you pay for the wealth that you
get.

J. G. Saxe: Gifts of the Gods.

—Human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That, when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them.

Burns.

Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born.

Longfellow: Gleam of Sunshine.

Chance; see Fortune and Decision.

In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth; and by adventuring both
I oft found both.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

How slight a chance may raise or sink a soul.

Bailey: Festus.

Be juster, heav'ns! such virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random hand, the lots
Which men are forc'd to draw.

Dryden.

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All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see.
Pope: Essay on Man.

Change.

Nothing that is can pause or stay.
Longfellow: Kéramos.

For all, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.
Spenser: Ruins of Time.

Is there no constancy in earthly things?
No happiness in us, but what must alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
Beaumont and Fletcher.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

—Gone, glimm'ring thro' the dreams of things that
were
A schoolboy's tale—the wonder of an hour.
Byron: Childe Harold.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
Byron: Dream.

There are no birds in last year's nest.
Longfellow.

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward
let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing
grooves of change.
Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

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All but God is changing day by day.

Charles Kingsley: Prometheus.

Weep not that the world changes—did it keep
A stable, changeless state, 'twere cause indeed to
weep.

Bryant: Mutation.

Character.

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving, or more loyal, never beat
Within a human breast.

Byron: Two Foscari.

Strong souls
Live like fire-hearted suns, to spend their strength
In furthest striving action.

George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

Love, hope, fear, faith,—these make humanity;
These are its sign, and note, and character.

Browning: Paracelsus.

To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee, know all words are faint!

Hannah More: Sensibility.

As in a building
Stone rests on stone, and wanting the foundation
All would be wanting, so in human life
Each action rests on the foregoing event,
That made it possible, but is forgotten
And buried in the earth.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

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Charity, Benevolence; see Kindness.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping.

Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Hood: Bridge of Sighs.

—And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith: Traveller.

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.

Pope: Essay on Man.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

Byron: Don Juan.

Childhood, The Child, Children.

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

Milton: Paradise Regained.

The child is father of the man.

Wordsworth: My Heart Leaps.

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Children, aye, forsooth,
They bring their own love with them when they
come.

Jean Ingelow: Supper at the Mill.

Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,
To hail his father: while his little form
Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of pain!
The childless cherubs well might envy thee
The pleasures of a parent.

Byron: Cain.

Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea
And from the mountains where I now respire,
Fain would I waft such blessings upon thee,
As with a sigh I deem'd thou mightst have been
to me.

Byron: Childe Harold.

But still I dream that somewhere there must be
The spirit of a child that waits for me.

Bayard Taylor: The Poet's Journal.

If there is anything that will endure
The eye of God, because it still is pure,
It is the spirit of a little child,
Fresh from his hand, and therefore undefiled.
Nearer the gate of Paradise than we,
Our children breathe its airs, its angels see;
And when they pray, God hears their simple prayer,
Yes, even sheathes his sword, in judgment bare.

R. H. Stoddard: The Children's Prayer.

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Christmas.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Scott: Marmion.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land.
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

Margaret E. Sangster: Christmas-Tide.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel
cease:

Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!
Hark! joining in chorus
The heavens bend o'er us!
The dark night is ending, and dawn has begun.

Whittier: A Christmas Carmen.

No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred morn;
But, o'er the peaceful plain,
The war-horse drew the peasant's loaded wain.

Bryant: Christmas in 1875.

Compensation, Reward.

They that are sad on earth in Heaven shall sing.
Beaumont and Fletcher: Wife for a Month.

O yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

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There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may hide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Bryant: Blessed are They that Mourn.

Oh, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

Bryant: Blessed are They that Mourn.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief.

Whittier: Anniversary Poem.

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

Longfellow: Endymion.

Conscience.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

O conscience, into what abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driven me; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd!

Milton: Paradise Lost.

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon.

Milton: Comus.

Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades that will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish.

Byron: Manfred.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd
He deals on his own soul.

Byron: Manfred.

Yet still there whispers the small voice within,
Heard through gain's silence, and o'er glory's din:
Whatever creed be taught or land be trod,
Man's conscience is the oracle of God!

Byron: Island.

Constancy, Fidelity.

O heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
th' sins.

Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

Tell him I love him yet,
As in that joyous time;
Tell him I ne'er forget,
Though memory now be crime.

Praed: Tell Him I Love Him Yet.

Go, bid the needle its dear North forsake,
To which with trembling reverence it doth bend;
Go, bid the stones a journey upwards make;
Go, bid th' ambitious flames no more ascend;
And when these false to their old motions prove,
Then will I cease thee, thee alone to love.

Cowley.

Where'er thou journeyest, or whate'er thy care,
My heart shall follow, and my spirit share.

Lydia H. Sigourney.

Oh, the heart, that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

Moore: Believe Me.

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Contentment.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head;
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

Who with a little cannot be content,
Endures an everlasting punishment.

Herriok.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.

This is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold:
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in the desert waste.

Henry Kirke White: Clifton Grove.

The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

Prior.

Country, Country Life, Rural Life.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Pope: Solitude.

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A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

Of men

The happiest he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retired,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.

Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.

God made the country, and man made the town;
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts,
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?

Cowper: Task.

How various his employments, whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too!
Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoyed at home,
And Nature in her cultivated trim,
Dressed to his taste, inviting him abroad.

Cowper: Task.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike

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The dash of Ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind.

Cowper: Task.

Courage, Fortitude, Valor, Daring; see Action.

Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

For courage mounteth with occasion.

Shakespeare: King John.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.

Addison: Cato.

What though the field be lost!
All is not lost; the ungovernable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield;
And what is else not to be overcome.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

No thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argued fear; each on himself relied,
As only in his arm the moment lay
Of victory.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

Scott: Lady of the Lake.

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—His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven.

Byron: Giaour.

And tho' I hope not hence unscath'd to go,
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.

Byron: English Bards.

One who never turn'd his back but march'd breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dream'd, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.

Browning: Epilogue to Asolando.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the
throe!

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me.

Walt Whitman.

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song!
Be strong!

Malibie D. Babcock.

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Bid thy true soul take courage for a space;
How can he yield his heart to pain or fear,
Whom at the end Joy waits, and smiling Morn?
Mary Elizabeth Blake.

I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be
done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs
be run,
I am lit with the Sun.
Sidney Lanier: Sunrise.

He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"
Joaquin Miller: Columbus.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Longfellow: A Psalm of Life.

Oh fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know erelong,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
Longfellow: Light of Stars.

Criticism, Critics.

A man must serve his time at ev'ry trade,
Save censure; critics all are ready-made.
Byron: English Bards.

I am nothing if not critical.
Shakespeare: Othello.

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Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labor, in their place.

Pope: Temple of Fame.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.

Pope: Epistle to Arbuthnot.

Men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
T' avoid great errors must the less commit.
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise. . . .

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall
be. . . .

Numbers err in this—

Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss. . . .

Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well. . . .

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find,
Where nature moves and rapture warms the mind.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the Good-natured Man.

Goldsmith: The Good-Natured Man.

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Custom, Convention; see Habit.

Custom, 'tis true, a venerable tyrant,
O'er servile man extends her blind dominion.

Thomson.

Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to the fool.

Rochester.

How use doth breed a habit in a man!

Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.

It is a custom,
More honor'd in the breach than the observance.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

Cowper: Tirocinium.

Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To rev'rence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use,
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because deliver'd down from sire to son,
Is kept and guarded as a sacred thing.

Cowper: Task.

Danger, Caution; see Fear.

Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower,
safety.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry IV.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake
them,

And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

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The absent danger greater still appears;
And less he fears, who's near the thing he fears.
Daniel.

But there are human natures so allied
Unto the savage love of enterprise,
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.
Byron.

Dawn, Morning, Sunrise, Day.

The morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness.
Shakespeare: Tempest.

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops.
Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet.

Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds.
Milton: Paradise Lost.

Now Morn, her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.
Milton: Paradise Lost.

See the sun himself! on wings
Of glory up the east he springs.
Angel of light! who from the time
Those heavens began their march sublime,
Hath first of all the starry choir
Trode in his Maker's steps of fire!
Moore: Lalla Rookh.

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Wake! For the Sun, who scatters into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n.

Fitzgerald: Omar Khayyám: Rubáiyát.

Prime cheerer, light!
Of all material beings first and best!
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom; and thou, O sun!
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker!

Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven.

Browning.

Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppress'd it lay—
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppress't,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the
world.

Browning: Pippa Passes.

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Now a dream of a flame through that dream of a
flush is uprolled:

To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded.

Sidney Lanier: Sunrise.

Groweth the morning from gray to gold,

Wake, my heart, to greet the sun!

Yesterday's cares are a tale that is told.

Yesterday's tasks are a work that is done.

Louise Manning Hodgkins.

Yonder fly his scattered golden arrows,

And smite the hills with day.

Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal.

The east is blossoming! Yea, a rose,

Vast as the heavens, soft as a kiss,

Sweet as the presence of woman is,

Rises and reaches, and widens and grows

Large and luminous up from the sea,

And out of the sea, as a blossoming tree.

Joaquin Miller: Sunrise in Venice.

It is right precious to behold

The first long surf of climbing light

Flood all the thirsty east with gold.

Lowell: Above and Below.

Death; see Suicide and Immortality.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives, must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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To die—to sleep—

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

The dread of something after death
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Scott: Lady of the Lake.

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

Macaulay: Lays of Ancient Rome.

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chill'd the fair fountain ere sorrow had
stain'd it,

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'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has
 unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source.

Moore: Weep not for Those.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest, when Autumn hath
 blown,

That host, on the morrow, lay wither'd and strown!

Byron.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even
 more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath.

Byron: Don Juan.

Death is Life's high meed.

Keats: On Fame.

Leaves have their times 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 D. Hemans: Hour of Death.

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow.

Young: Night Thoughts.

All men think all men mortal but themselves.

Young: Night Thoughts.

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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.

Gray: Elegy.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Gray: Elegy.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

James Montgomery: Friends.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

James Montgomery: The Grave.

One destin'd period men in common have,
The great, the base, the coward, and the brave,
All food alike for worms, companions in the grave.

Lansdowne: On Death.

Then straight I woke; and sudden seemed to
know . . .
I should arise in some far morning glow,
Snatched through a moment's fear to bliss intense,
And find my soul awaking in the dawn.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

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The young may die, but the old must.

Longfellow: Christus.

And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the
consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it
forever.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Longfellow: Resignation.

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.

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

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.

Longfellow: Reaper and the Flowers.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

Longfellow: Resignation.

There is no death—the thing that we call death
Is but another, sadder name for life,

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Which is itself an insufficient name,
Faint recognition of that unknown Life—
That Power whose shadow is the Universe.

R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.

Bryant: Thanatopsis.

So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant: Thanatopsis.

Deceit; see Hypocrisy and Sincerity.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

His tongue
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason. *Milton: Paradise Lost.*

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O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive.

Scott: Marmion.

Deceit, that loves the night and fears the day.

Shelley: Hymn to Apollo.

Decision.

Decide not rashly. The decision made
Can never be recalled. The Gods implore not,
Plead not, solicit not; they only offer
Choice and occasion, which once being passed
Return no more. Dost thou accept the gift?

Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good
or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each
the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep
upon the right;

And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness
and that light.

Lowell: Present Crisis.

The intuitive decision of a bright
And thorough-edged intellect to part
Error from crime.

Tennyson: Isabel.

Deeds; see Action.

Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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Blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And, though a late, a sure reward succeeds.
Congreve: Mourning Bride.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
Bailey: Festus.

Deity, God, Providence; see Religion.
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.
Shakespeare: King Lear.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
Pope: Essay on Man.

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That, to the height of this great argument,
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.
Milton: Paradise Lost.

Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure.
Browning.

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moldest men.
Browning.

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!
Browning.

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I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind.

Browning: Balaustion's Adventure.

Therefore, to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable
Name?

Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with
hands!

What, have fear of change from thee who art ever
the same?

Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy
power expands?

Browning: Abt Vogler.

. . . A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere,
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

Coleridge.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills
and the plains—

Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who
reigns?

Tennyson: The Higher Pantheism.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Rudyard Kipling.

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"Tis heaven alone that is given away,
"Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Lowell: The Vision of Sir Launfal.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Whittier: Eternal Goodness.

Nothing with God can be accidental.

Longfellow: Christus.

All is of God! If He but wave His hand,
The mists collect, the rains fall thick and loud;
Till with a smile of light on sea and land,
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Longfellow: The Two Angels.

Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod,—
Some call it evolution,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star.

Holmes.

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the
sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of
God.

Sidney Lanier: The Marshes of Glynn.

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“ But Thee, but Thee, O sovereign Seer of time,
But Thee, O poets' Poet, Wisdom's Tongue,
But Thee, O man's best Man, O love's best Love,
O perfect life in perfect labor writ,
O all men's Comrade, Servant, King, or
Priest,— . . .

Oh, what amiss may I forgive in Thee,
Jesus, good Paragon, thou Crystal Christ? ”

Sidney Lanier: The Crystal.

Despair; see Courage and Hope.

O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Beware of desperate steps!—the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away.

Cowper: Needless Alarm.

Farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear;
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good!

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Despair defies even despotism; there is
That in my heart would make its way thro' hosts
With levell'd spears.

Byron: Two Foscari.

I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless,—
That only men incredulous of despair,

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Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,
In souls as countries, lieth silent, bare.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Grief.

Dreams.

I talk of dreams
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.

Shakespeare: Romeo and Juliet.

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes.
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

Dryden: Cock and the Fox.

One of those passing rainbow dreams,
Half light, half shade, which fancy's beams
Paint on the fleeting mists that roll,
In trance or slumber, round the soul.

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;

Byron: Dream.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream. . . .

Tennyson: The Lotus-Eaters.

How eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous track of dreams again!
But no two dreams are like.

Tennyson: A Dream of Fair Women.

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Dress.

The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.
Shakespeare: Taming of the Shrew.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that?
Gie fools their silk, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that.

Burns.

We sacrifice to dress, till household joys
And comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry,
And keeps our larder lean; puts out our fires,
And introduces hunger, frost, and woe,
Where peace and hospitality might reign.
Cowper: Task.

Duty.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.
Young: Night Thoughts.

Hath the spirit of all beauty
Kissed you in the path of duty?
Anna Katharine Green: On the Threshold.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love

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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 calmst the weary strife of frail human-
ity! . . .

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

Wordsworth: Ode to Duty.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men . . .
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty.
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days.

Lowell.

Education; see Knowledge.

Learning by study must be won;
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.

Gay: Fables.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

Pope: Moral Essays.

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

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Eloquence; see Argument and Oratory.

Aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Shakespeare: Love's Labor's Lost.

Of the hours
From morn to eve have stol'n unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips.

Akenside: Pleasures of Imagination.

Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, eloquence
shall throne thee with archangels.

Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Envy; see Charity and Jealousy.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Thomson: Seasons. Spring.

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Gay: Fables.

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Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Envy not greatness; for thou mak'st thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy
As hurts not others but may make thee better,
Is a good spur.

Herbert: Temple.

Evening, Sunset; see Night.

Now came still evening on; and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

Gray: Elegy.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

Longfellow: The Day is Done.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea.

Moore: How Dear to Me the Hour.

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It was an evening bright and still
As ever blush'd on wave or bower,
Smiling from heaven, as if nought ill
Could happen in so sweet an hour.

Moore: Loves of Angels.

The west is broken into bars
Of orange, gold, and gray;
Gone is the sun, come are the stars,
And night infolds the day.

George Macdonald: Songs of the Summer Nights.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

Whittier: Tent on the Beach.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.

Whittier: Sunset on the Bearcamp.

Evil; see Goodness.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

Shakespeare: Henry V.

Farewell hope! and with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

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But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

Hood: Lady's Dream.

Evil springs up, and flowers, and bears no seed,
And feeds the green earth with its swift decay,
Leaving it richer for the growth of truth.

Lowell: Prometheus.

Exile; see Farewell.

Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them
soon:

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

Cowper.

Home, kindred, friends, and country—these
Are things with which we never part;
From clime to clime, o'er land and seas,
We bear them with us in our heart:
And yet! 'tis hard to feel resign'd,
When they must all be left behind!

Montgomery: Farewell to a Missionary.

Experience.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven;

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And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.

Young: Night Thoughts.

To wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their school-masters.

Shakespeare: King Lear.

Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Some positive, persisting fools we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Experience, join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Matthew Green: Spleen.

Men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

To Truth's house there is a single door,
Which is Experience. He teaches best,
Who feels the hearts of all men in his breast,
And knows their strength or weakness through his
own.

Bayard Taylor: Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.

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Faith; see Religion, Deity, and Immortality.

Confidence is conqueror of men; victorious both over
them and in them;

The iron will of one stout heart shall make a thou-
sand quail:

A feeble dwarf, dauntlessly resolved, will turn the
tide of battle,

And rally to a nobler strife the giants that had fled:
The tenderest child, unconscious of a fear, will
shame the man to danger,

And when he dared it, danger died, and faith had
vanquished fear.

Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite: the voice
Of a deep life within.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith: Faith.

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun.

Young: Night Thoughts.

The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Fame; see Applause and Power.

He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Shakespeare: Titus Andronicus.

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Then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
Shakespeare: Henry V.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
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 the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.
Milton: Lycidas.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call:
She comes unlooked for, if she comes at all.
Pope: Temple of Fame.

The best-concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor and the laurell'd bard,
Those bold insurers of deathless fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
Blair: Grave.

For what is fame
But the benignant strength of One, transformed
To joy of Many?
George Eliot: Armgart.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Beattie: Minstrel.

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Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd, it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Who can contemplate Fame through clouds unfold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb?

Byron: Childe Harold.

The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

Byron: Don Juan.

We tell thy doom without a sigh,
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, th' immortal names
That were not born to die!

Halleck.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

Gray: Elegy.

Fame lulls the fever of the soul, and makes
Us feel that we have grasp'd an immortality.

Joaquin Miller: Ina.

Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,

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And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

Farewell, Good-by; see Absence, Resignation, and Parting.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

Fare thee well;
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort.

Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

Farewell!

For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair.

Byron: Corsair.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been:
A sound which makes us linger;—yet—farewell!

Byron: Childs Harold.

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.

Byron: Farewell! If Ever Fondest Prayer.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver: . . .

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A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

Tennyson: A Farewell.

Fate, Destiny; see Fortune and Futurity.

What fates impose, that men must needs abide;
It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

All human things are subject to decay,
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.

Dryden: MacFlecknoe.

The heart is its own
Fate.

Bailey: Festus.

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
Thy fate made thee, and forc'd thee to be great.

Moore.

Fate holds the strings, and Men like Children, move
But as they're led: Success is from above.

Lord Lansdowne: Heroic Love.

Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
know;

Or who could suffer being here below? . . .

Oh! blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n,

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Who sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And, whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for ev'ry fate.

Byron: To Tom Moore.

No one can be more wise than destiny.

Tennyson: A Dream of Fair Women.

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we
spin.

Whittier: The Crisis.

Alas, by what rude fate
Our lives, like ships at sea, an instant meet,
Then part forever on their courses fleet!

E. C. Stedman: Blameless Prince.

Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate.
The strongest fall.

Longfellow: Coplas De Manrique.

All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time:
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Longfellow: The Builders.

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other
in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the
darkness;

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So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one
another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and
a silence.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

John Burroughs: Waiting.

Father; see Mother and Home.

It is a wise father that knows his own child.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

If there be a human tear
From passion's dross refin'd and clear, . . .
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

Scott: Lady of the Lake.

To aid thy mind's development—to watch
The dawn of little joys—to sit and see
Almost thy very growth—to view thee catch
Knowledge of objects—wonders yet to see!
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss,—
This, it should seem, was not reserv'd for me;
Yet such was in my nature.

Byron: Childe Harold.

The child is father of the man.

Wordsworth: My Heart Leaps Up.

Fear, Cowardice; see Courage and Danger.

In time we hate that which we often fear.

Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

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When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

So, though he posted e'er so fast,
His fear was greater than his haste;
For fear, though fleeter than the wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.

Butler: Hudibras.

The coward never on himself relies,
But to an equal for assistance flies.

Crabbe.

Must I consume my life—this little life,
In guarding against all may make it less?
It is not worth so much!—it were to die
Before my hour, to live in dread of death.

Byron: Sardanapalus.

Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens ev'ry power.

Thomson: Seasons. Spring.

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The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.

Dryden: Theodore and Honoria.

Men lie, who lack courage to tell truth—the
cowards.

Joaquin Miller: Ina.

Flattery; see Applause and Fame.

You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Flowers.

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.
Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

She looks as clear
As morning roses, newly wash'd in dew.
Shakespeare: Taming of the Shrew.

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
Christina G. Rossetti: Consider the Lilies.

Thanks to the human heart, by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,

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To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

Percival: Language of the Flowers.

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again. . . .
You fragrant flowers! then teach me, that my
breath

Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

Henry King: Contemplation upon Flowers.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Longfellow: Flowers.

These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers!

Whittier: Flowers in Winter.

Flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered.

Bryant: Antiquity of Freedom.

The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds.

Bryant: Death of the Flowers.

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Folly.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit.

Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.

Young: Night Thoughts.

'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.

Young: Night Thoughts.

For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.

Pope.

Fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

Gay: Fables.

A fool must now and then be right by chance.

Cowper: Conversation.

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask; . . .
He says but little, and that little said
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.

Cowper: Conversation.

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Forgiveness, Repentance, Pardon.

Let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of love, how we may lighten
Each other's burden, in our share of woe.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Great souls forgive not injuries till time
Has put their enemies into their power,
That they may show forgiveness in their own.

Dryden.

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts:
Old age is slow in both.

Addison: Cato.

Good nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.

Bailey: Festus.

Pardon, not Wrath, is God's best attribute.

Bayard Taylor: Temptation of Hassan Ben Khaled.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Fortune; see Happiness and Fate.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

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Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

Bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

When Fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.

Shakespeare: King John.

Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

Pope.

Alas! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay,
And those who prize the trifling things,
More trifling still than they.

Goldsmith: Edwin and Angelina.

All our advantages are those of Fortune;
Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her accidents;
And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere well

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We should remember Fortune can take nought
Save what she gave.

Byron: Two Foscari.

Freedom; see Liberty.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Byron: Childs Harold.

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Tho' baffled oft, is ever won.

Byron: Giaour.

Freedom all winged expands,
Nor perches in a narrow place.

Emerson: Voluntaries.

And lo! the fullness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom!

Whittier: Pennsylvania Pilgrim.

Then Freedom sternly said: "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won."

Whittier: The Watchers.

The nations lift their right hands up, and swear
Their oath of freedom.

Whittier: Garibaldi.

Oh, Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,

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And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy
brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars.

Bryant: Antiquity of Freedom.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

Richard Lovelace: To Althea from Prison.

Friendship, Fellowship, Companionship; see Love and Brotherhood.

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends.

Shakespeare: Richard II.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.

Shakespeare: Julius Caesar.

In companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must needs be a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

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The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

True happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice.

Ben Jonson: Cynthia's Revels.

A generous friendship no cold medium knows,
Burns with one love, with one resentment glows;
One should our interests and our passions be,
My friend must hate the man that injures me.

Pope: Iliad.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.

Addison: Campaign.

Friends I have made, whom envy must commend,
But not one foe whom I would wish a friend.

Churchill: Conference.

Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted.

Shelley: Arethusa.

God never loved me in so sweet a way before:
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send;

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And when his love would new expression find,
He brought *thee* to me and He said,
"Behold a Friend!"

Anonymous.

O friend! O best of friends! Thy absence more
Than the impending night darkens the landscape
o'er!

Longfellow: Christus.

A day for toil, an hour for sport,
But for a friend life is too short.

Emerson: Considerations by the Way.

Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

Emerson: Forbearance.

O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

Emerson: Friendship.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me.

John Burroughs: Waiting.

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Futurity, Eternity; see Memory and The Past.

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;

'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

Addison: Cato.

Oh, could we lift the future's sable shroud!

Bailey: Festus.

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could
see,

Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.

Browning.

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever.

Tennyson: The Song of the Brook.

I know not what the future hath

Of marvel or surprise,

Assured alone that life and death

God's mercy underlies.

Whittier.

Genius; see Inspiration.

Time, place, and action, may with pains be wrought,

But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

Dryden: Epistle to Congreve.

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One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit: . . .
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Gentleman; *see* Character and Man.

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

He had then the grace, too rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau;
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

Byron: Don Juan.

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—Gentleman.

Byron: Don Juan.

Ghosts, Spirits.

I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
—Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Shakespeare: 1 Henry IV.

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Spirits when they please
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appall.
How odd a single hobgoblin's nonentity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity.

Byron: Don Juan.

Gifts.

Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must
believe.

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Saints themselves will sometimes be,
Of gifts that cost them nothing, free.

Butler: Hudibras.

Goodness; see Virtue, Charity, and Evil.

Good, the more
Communicated, the more abundant grows.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

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Hard was their lodging, homely was their food,
For all their luxury was doing good.

Garth: Claremont.

What pity 'tis, one that can speak so well,
Should, in his actions, be so ill!

Massinger: Parliament of Love.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? three treasures, Love, and
Light,
And Calm Thoughts, regular as infant's breath:
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night,
Himself, his Maker, and the Angel Death.

Coleridge: The Good, Great Man.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley: A Farewell.

May I . . .

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.

George Eliot.

There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall
live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so
much good more. . . .

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All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good
shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good,
nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for
the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
Browning: Abt Vogler.

Government, Empire, Kings.

For forms of government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administer'd is best.
Pope: Essay on Man.

A crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burthen lies,
For therein stands the office of a king,—
His honor, virtue, merit, and chief praise,—
That for the public all this weight he bears.
Milton: Paradise Regained.

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

What is a king? a man condemn'd to bear
The public burthen of the nation's care.
Prior: Solomon.

Princes, that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;

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For men, by their example, pattern out
Their imitations and regard of laws;
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

Ben Jonson: Cynthia's Revels.

We too are friends to loyalty. We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them. Him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free;
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far.

Cowper: Task.

For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil.

Goldsmith: Traveller.

For some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay.

Longfellow.

O wretched state of Kings! O doleful fate!
Greatness misnamed, in misery only great!
Could men but know the endless woe it brings,
The wise would die before they would be Kings.
Think what a King must do! It tasks the best
To rule the little world within his breast,
Yet must he rule it, and the world beside,
Or King is none, undone by power and pride.
Think what a King must be! What burdens bear
From birth to death! His life is one long care.
It wears away in tasks that never end.
He has ten thousand foes, but not one friend.

R. H. Stoddard: The King's Bell.

Gratitude.

I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!

Shakespeare: King Lear.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

To the generous mind
The heaviest debt is that of gratitude,
When 'tis not in our power to repay it.

Franklin.

All should unite to punish the ungrateful;
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

Thomson.

Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings!

Longfellow: Belisarius.

Grief, Tears; see Affliction and Sorrow.

A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

Shakespeare: Comedy of Errors.

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What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing.

My grief lies all within;
And these external manners of laments
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief
That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul;
There lies the substance.

Shakespeare: Richard II.

In all the silent manliness of grief.

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

There comes
For ever something between us and what
We deem our happiness.

Byron: Sardanapalus.

So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,
Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Byron: Bride of Abydos.

The suffocating sense of woe,
Which speaks but in its loneliness,
And then is jealous lest the sky
Should have a listener.

Byron: Prometheus.

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Grief is a tattered tent
Wherethrough God's light doth shine.

Lucy Larcom: Hints.

Good is that darkening of our lives,
Which only God can brighten;
But better still that hopeless load,
Which none but God can lighten.

Frederick William Faber: Deep Grief.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Wordsworth: Intimations of Immortality.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Tennyson: The Princess.

Only those are crowned and sainted
Who with grief have been acquainted,
Making nations nobler, freer.

Longfellow: Prometheus.

Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and be strong.

Longfellow: The Light of the Stars.

Guilt, Crime; see Conscience and Evil.

Guiltiness will speak
Though tongues were out of use.

Shakespeare: Othello.

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To what gulfs

A single deviation from the track
Of human duties leads even those who claim
The homage of mankind as their born due,
And find it, till they forfeit it themselves.

Byron: Sardanapalus.

How guilt, once harbor'd in the conscious breast,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!

Dr. Johnson: Irene.

Guilt is the source of sorrow! 'tis the fiend,
Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind,
With whips and stings.

Nicholas Rowe: The Fair Penitent.

Habit; see Custom.

My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are; even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

Byron: Prisoner of Ohillon.

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

Dryden: Ovid's Metamorphoses.

Happiness; see Joy, Mirth, and Pleasure.

To be good is to be happy—Angels
Are happier than mankind, because they're better.

Nicholas Rowe: The Fair Penitent.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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Condition, circumstance, is not the thing,
Bliss is the same in subject or in king.

Pope: Essay on Man.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the Fall!

Cowper: Task.

All who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.

Byron: Don Juan.

And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.

Hood: Ode to Melancholy.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow.—
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Cotton: Fireside.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Pope: Essay on Man.

The highest hills are miles below the sky,
And so far is the lightest heart below
True happiness.

Bailey: Festus.

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'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking; . . .
We are happy now because God wills it.

Lowell: June.

They live too long who happiness outlive;
For life and death are things indifferent;
Each to be chose, as either brings content.

Dryden.

Hatred.

—To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

Never can true reconcilment grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Disgust conceal'd
Is oft-times proof of wisdom, when the fault
Is obstinate, and cure beyond our reach.

Cowper: Task.

He, who would free from malice pass his days,
Must live obscure, and never merit praise.

Gay.

They did not know how hate can burn
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;

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Nor all the false and fatal zeal
The convert of revenge can feel.

Byron: Siege of Corinth.

Fear'd, shunn'd, belied, ere youth had lost her force,
He hated men too much to feel remorse,
And thought the vice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.

Byron: Corsair.

Health.

Th' ingredients of health and long life are
Great temperance, open air,
Easy labor, little care.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss,
And exercise of health.

Thomson: Castle of Indolence.

Nor love, nor honor, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Gay: Fables.

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue! peace is all thy own.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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Heart; see Love.

His heart was one of those which most enamor us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain.

Byron: Beppo.

Heaven's sovereign saves all beings but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Young: Night Thoughts.

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes, night and day, too, like the sky:
Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as on high;
But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and
riven,
Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to
tears.

Byron: Don Juan.

My heart is like the sleeping lake,
Which takes the hue of cloud and sky,
And only feels its surface break
When birds of passage wander by,
Who dip their wings, and upward soar,
And leave it quiet as before.

N. P. Willis.

Heaven; see Death and Immortality.

Shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves?

Shakespeare: Measure for Measure.

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Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

Heaven
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous works.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

May I reach
That purest heaven,—be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony.

George Eliot.

“Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
One minute of heaven is worth them all!”

Thomas Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Heaven is as near by water as by land.

Longfellow: Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

Hell; see Guilt.

A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

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Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one self-place; for where we are is Hell;
And where Hell is, there must we ever be;
And to conclude, when all the world dissolves,
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be Hell that are not Heaven.

Marlowe: Faustus.

Hell is the wrath of God—His hate of sin.

Bailey: Festus.

Hell is more bearable than nothingness.

Bailey: Festus.

—And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

Dr. Johnson: London.

Heroes, Heroism; see Courage and Nobility.

Who'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.

Swift: Cadenus and Vanessa.

Prodigious actions may as well be done
By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.

Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.

Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay.

Byron: Childe Harold.

To the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Death's voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be!

Halleck: Maroo Bozzaris.

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The race, in conquering,
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows:
Whether in veins of serf or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.

Bayard Taylor: The National Ode.

Hardship, even as wrong,
Provokes the level-eyed, heroic mood.

Bayard Taylor: The National Ode.

—The catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a
stain.

Sidney Lanier: The Marshes of Glynn.

Him they call Hero, who in one fine burst
Of splendid courage, mid the world's acclaim,
Doth storm the shining heights of mighty Fame,
And win his crown, though Fortune do her worst.
How shall we speak his holier name, who strives
In hidden silence and with laboring breath,
Against the fearsome shapes of Pain and Death,
Counting his laurels in glad human lives?

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

Home; see Absence, Father, Mother, and Welcome.

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd of heaven o'er all the world beside:
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

James Montgomery: West Indies.

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And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Campbell: Pleasures of Hope.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

Byron: Don Juan.

Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.

Goldsmith: Traveller.

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

William Wordsworth: To the Skylark.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

J. Howard Payne: Home, Sweet Home.

Hame, hame, hame, O hame fain wad I be—
O hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

Allan Cunningham.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
From wandering on a foreign strand!

Scott: Lay of Last Minstrel.

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How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view:—
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild-wood,

And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.

Woodworth: The Old Oaken Bucket.

Honesty; see Deceit and Sincerity.

Aye, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be
· one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not.

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Honor; see Character.

Not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor; but honor for those honors
That are without him, as place, riches, favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,

Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honor

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare!

How many be commanded, that command!

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

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From the true seed of honor! and how much honor
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

Mine honor is my life; both grow in one;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.

Shakespeare: Richard II.

This, above all,—To thine own self be true;
'And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Honor's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And imitates her actions, where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with.

Addison: Cato.

Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Than wound my honor.

Addison: Cato.

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

Pope: Essay on Man.

True, conscious honor is to feel no sin:
He's arm'd without that's innocent within.

Pope.

I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Richard Lovelace.

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If honor calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of honor follow, and obey.

Churchill: Farewell.

Hope; see Despair.

Of expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

Yet where an equal poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate the event, my nature is
That I incline to hope rather than fear.

Milton: Comus.

Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope, but still bear up and steer
Right onward.

Milton: Sonnets.

White as a white sail on a dusky sea,
When half th' horizon's clouded and half free,
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.

Byron: Island.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope, where reason would despair.

Lyttelton: Epigram.

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Who bids me hope! and, in that charming word,
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.

Lyttelton: Progress of Love.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.

Pope: Essay on Man.

But while hope lives
Let not the generous die. 'Tis late before
The brave despair.

Thomson: Sophonisba.

—In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way.

Washington Gladden.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his Hope with all!

Whittier: Dream of Summer.

Humility; see Modesty.

My favored temple is an humble heart.

Bailey: Festus.

Lowliness is the base of every virtue:
And he who goes the lowest, builds the safest.

Bailey: Festus.

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Humility, that low, sweet root,
From which all heavenly virtues shoot.
Moore: Loves of the Angels.

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility!
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.
Coleridge and Southey: Devil's Thoughts.

The heart grows richer that its lot is poor,—
God blesses want with larger sympathies,—
Love enters gladliest at the humble door,
And makes the cot a palace with his eyes.
Lowell: Legend of Brittany.

Hypocrisy; see Deceit and Sincerity.

Away and mock the time with fairest show;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
Shakespeare: Macbeth.

There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.
Shakespeare: Comedy of Errors.

'Tis too much prov'd, that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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Neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth;
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
lies,
To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise.

Dryden: Absalom and Achitophel.

Thus 'tis with all—their chief and constant care
Is to seem everything but what they are.

Goldsmith.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Herbert: Temple.

The man of pure and simple heart
Through life disdains a double part;
He never needs the screen of lies
His inward bosom to disguise.

Gay: Fables.

Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,
(And no man's hatred ever wronged her yet,)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause.

Cowper: Task.

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He was the mildest manner'd man
That ever scuttled ship, or cut a throat;
With such true breeding of a gentleman,
You never could divine his real thought.

Byron: Don Juan.

Imagination, Fancy; see Dreams and Genius.

Tell me, where is fancy bred;
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed: and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

Woe to the youth whom fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

Scott: Rokeby.

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Imagination is the air of mind.

Bailey: Festus.

Above, below, in ocean and in sky,
Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie.

Campbell.

Do what he will, he cannot realize
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies;
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictur'd in his mind.

Rogers: Human Life.

They wove bright fables in the days of old,
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings:
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told in song its high and mystic things!

T. K. Hervey: Psyche.

Two meanings have our lightest fantasies,
One of the flesh, and of the spirit one.

Lowell.

Immortality; see Death and Heaven.

Beyond is all abyss,
Eternity, whose end no eye can reach.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for
ever?

Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?
This is a miracle, and *that* no more.

Young: Night Thoughts.

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Can it be?

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Young: Night Thoughts.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.
Addison: Cato.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!
Whittier: Snow-Bound.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd, "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."
Fitzgerald: Omar Khayyám: Rubáiyát.

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Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.

George Eliot.

—While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; . . .
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Edwin Arnold: After Death in Arabia.

“The utmost wonder is this,—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;
And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died.”

Edwin Arnold: She and He.

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.

Longfellow: A Psalm of Life.

—What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent:
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson.

Independence; see Liberty.

The soul of man can never be enslaved
Save by its own infirmities, nor freed

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Save by its very strength and own resolve
And constant vision and supreme endeavor!
You will be free? Then, courage, O my brother!
George Cabot Lodge: Herakles.

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' nature up to nature's God.
Pope: Essay on Man.

Hail! independence!—by true reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought!
Churchill: Independence.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Smollett: Ode to Independence.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul. . . .
It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.
William E. Henley: Invictus.

Infidelity; see Constancy and Faith.

In Religion:

A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does.
Young: Night Thoughts.

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And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.

Byron: Childe Harold.

In Affection:

Oh! colder than the wind that freezes
Founts, that but now in sunshine play'd,
Is that congealing pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betray'd.

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Another daughter dries a father's tears;
Another sister claims a brother's love;
An injured husband hath no other wife,
Save her who wrought him shame.

Maturin: Bertram.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

Byron: Fare Thee Well.

Influence.

No life

Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

Owen Meredith: Lucile.

He thought all loveliness was lovelier,
She crowning it; all goodness credible,
Because of the great trust her goodness bred.

George Eliot: The Spanish Gypsy.

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I shot an arrow into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Longfellow: The Arrow and The Song.

Innocence; see Virtue.

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought. . . .
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,

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Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Henry Vaughan: The Retreat.

Inspiration; see Genius.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight:
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light? . . .
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not
set.
Ancient founts of inspiration well thro' all my fancy
yet.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Heaven flowed upon the soul in many dreams
Of high desire.

Tennyson: The Poet.

If a man could feel,
Not one day, in the artist's ecstasy,
But every day,—feast, fast or working day,—
The spiritual significance burn through
The hieroglyphic of material shows,
Henceforward he would paint the globe with wings.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning: Aurora Leigh.

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Jealousy; see Envy.

Foul jealousy! thou turnest love divine
To joyless dread, and mak'st the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languish and to pine,
And feed itself with self-consuming smart:
Of all the passions of the mind, thou vilest art.
Spenser: Faërie Queene.

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of Holy Writ.
Shakespeare: Othello.

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

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolved.
Shakespeare: Othello.

No true love there can be without
Its dread penalty—jealousy.
Owen Meredith: Lucile.

It is jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much, and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.
Young: Revenge.

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In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

Tennyson: Merlin and Vivien.

Joy; see Happiness and Pleasure.

Capacity for joy

Admits temptation.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Aurora Leigh.

Joys

Are bubble-like—what makes them,
Bursts them too.

Bailey: Festus.

How natural is joy, my heart!
How easy after sorrow!

Jean Ingelow: Song of Night Watches.

O joy, hast thou a shape?
Hast thou a breath?
How fillest thou the soundless air?
Tell me the pillars of thy house!
What rest they on? Do they escape
The victory of Death?
And are they fair
Eternally, who enter in thy house?
O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst thou dare
To tell the pillars of thy house?

Helen Hunt Jackson: Joy.

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Justice; see Law.

This, above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Poise the cause in justice's equal scales,
Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause pre-
vails.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

A Daniel come to judgment; yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

The gods

Grow angry with your patience: 'tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouse itself.

Ben Jonson: Catiline.

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

Chapman.

Wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs.

Pope: Dunciad.

The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong.

Whittier: Mantle of St. John De Matha.

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Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

Kindness; see Charity.

Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life
But needs it and may learn.

Bailey: Festus.

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.

Prior: An English Padlock.

And he returns a friend who came a foe.

Pope.

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a brother's interest in his heart.

Cowper.

Which seeks again those chords to bind
Which human woe hath rent apart;
To heal again the wounded mind,
And bind again the broken heart.

Whittier.

Knowledge, Learning; see Wisdom and Science.

Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

All our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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Half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Deep subtle wits,
In truth, are master spirits in the world.
The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them.

Joanna Baillie: Basil.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

Gay: Fables.

Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oftentimes no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men,
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.

Cowper: Task.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper: Task.

Knowledge is not happiness, and science
But an exchange of ignorance for that
Which is another kind of ignorance.

Byron: Manfred.

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Knowledge is
Bought only with a weary care,
And wisdom means a world of pain.
Joaquin Miller: Even So.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers.
Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

This gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
Tennyson: Ulysses.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.
Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Labor; see Action and Work.

The labor we delight in physics pain.
Shakespeare: Macbeth.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.
Beattie: Minstrel.

Labor, you know, is Prayer.
Bayard Taylor: Improvisations.

Free men freely work.
Whoever fears God, fears to sit at ease.
Elizabeth B. Browning: Aurora Leigh.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee, . . .
Of toil unsever'd from tranquillity!

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Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry!
Matthew Arnold: Quiet Work.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.
Longfellow: Something Left Undone.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.
Whittier.

Laughter; see Mirth, Happiness, and Wit.
One may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

They laugh that win.
Shakespeare: Othello.

To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
Pope: Epistle to Arbuthnot.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Pope: Epistle to Arbuthnot.

Laughter, holding both his sides.
Milton: L'Allegro.

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—With the smile that was childlike and bland.
Bret Harte.

Her smile was prodigal of summery shine,—
Gaily persistent,—like a morn in June
That laughs away the clouds, and up and down
Goes making merry with the ripening grain,
That slowly ripples,—its bent head drooped down,
With golden secret of the sheathed seed.
Margaret J. Preston: Unvisited.

Law; see Justice.

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
Goldsmith: Traveller.

The good need fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.
Massinger.

Laws do not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain 't;
Or, if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude;
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.
Butler: Hudibras.

A lawyer's dealings should be just and fair;
Honesty shines with great advantage there.
Cowper: Hope.

To all facts there are laws.
Owen Meredith: Lucile.

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These

Ensnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right;
An iron race!

Thomson: Seasons. Autumn.

The kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal
law.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Mastering the lawless science of our law,—
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.

Tennyson: Aylmer's Field.

A thread of law runs through thy prayer,
Stronger than iron cables are!

David A. Wasson.

Liberty; see Freedom, Independence, and Slavery.

—In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side;
This thought might lead me through the world's
vain mask,
Content, though blind—had I no better guide.

Milton: Sonnets.

The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of heaven.

Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Addison: Cato.

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'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

Cowper: Task.

—The wish, which ages have not yet subdued
In man, to have no master save his mood.

Byron: Island.

Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For then thy habitation is the heart!

Byron: Prisoner of Chillon.

Oh! give me liberty!
For were even Paradise my prison,
Still I should long to leap the crystal walls.

Dryden.

Life; see Action, Death, and Immortality.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Shakespeare: Tempest.

Life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns,
And the heart, that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.

Moore.

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Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to die.
Pope: Essay on Man.

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest,
Live well; how long or short, permit to Heav'n.
Milton: Paradise Lost.

Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.
Dryden.

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.
Bailey: Festus.

How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found.
Cowper: Task.

Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Gray: Elegy.

That life is long which answers life's great end.
Young: Night Thoughts.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeness, but th' exactly round:

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So life we praise, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

Waller: Long and Short Life.

Even so luxurious men unheeding pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine;
A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest.

Moore: National Airs.

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! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages.

Byron: Don Juan.

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

Burns: Despondency.

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Must we count

Life a curse and not a blessing, summed-up in its
whole amount,

Help and hindrance, joy and sorrow?

Browning: La Saisiaz.

I hear a sound of life—of life like ours—
Of laughter and of wailing, of grave speech,
Of little plaintive voices innocent,
Of life in separate courses flowing out
Like our four rivers to some outward main.
I hear life—life!

Elizabeth B. Browning: Drama of Exile.

Life's a vast sea

That does its mighty errand without fail,
Panting in unchanged strength though waves are
changing.

George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

Life is arched with changing skies:

Rarely are they what they seem:

Children we of smiles and sighs—

Much we know, but more we dream.

William Winter: Light and Shadow.

Life is the gift of God, and is divine.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

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. . . .

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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.

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Longfellow: The Rainy Day.

Life hath evolved through pain. The studious eye
Finds here the path of Being's highest gain.
Earth's agonies have been earth's bliss, not bane.

James H. West.

Not in vain we seek Life's meaning. If we lift our
heedful eyes
Voices everywhere enthrall us—the whole universe
replies.

James H. West.

Life! the symphony whose harmony would languish
into death
If it never knew the discord which brings out its
sweeter breath.

James H. West.

Our life is scarce the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day.

Bayard Taylor: Autumnal Vespers.

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I am: how little more I know!
Whence came I? Whither do I go?
A centred self, which feels and is;
A cry between the silences;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future, from the Past;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

Whittier: Questions of Life.

Love, Lovers; see Brotherhood, Home, Friendship, and Jealousy.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would itself excel;
Which he, beholding still with constant sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light.

Spenser: Hymn in Honor of Love.

Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.

A murd'rous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon.

Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.

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My love is strengthened, though more weak in seeming;

I love not less, though less the show appear;
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

. . . Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved;—
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

Things base and vile, holding no quality,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.

Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be all made of sighs and tears, . . .

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It is to be all made of faith and service,

It is to be all made of fantasy,

All adoration, duty, and observance,

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,

All purity, all trial, all observance.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

Love endures no tie,

And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.

Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.

Love never fails to master what he finds,

But works a different way in different minds,

The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.

Dryden: Cymon and Iphigenia.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost

In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness:

'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,

Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.

Addison: Cato.

Let those love now, who never loved before,

Let those who always loved, now love the more.

Parnell.

Why should we kill the best of passions, love?

It aids the hero, bids ambition rise,

To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,

Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to virtue.

Thomson: Sophonisba.

Instruct me now what love will do;

'Twill make a tongueless man to woo.

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Inform me next what love will do;
'Twill strangely make a one of two.
Teach me besides what love will do;
'Twill quickly mar and make ye too.
Tell me, now last, what love will do;
'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

Sir John Suokling.

When love's well-tim'd, 'tis not a fault to love:
The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the wise,
Sink in the soft captivity together.

Addison: Cato.

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity.

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Burns: Song.

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.

Byron: Don Juan.

Love, indeed, is light from heaven;
A spark of that immortal fire

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With angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of Him who form'd the whole;
A glory circling round the soul!

Byron: Giaour.

They sin who tell us Love can die; . . .
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth:
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceiv'd, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then Heaven hath its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.

Southey: Curse of Kehama.

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why Love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

Coleridge: To a Lady.

I hold it true, whate'er befall,
I feel it when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other.

George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

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Love finds the need it fills.

George Eliot: Armgart.

O love, you were my crown. No other crown
Is aught but thorns on my poor woman's brow.

George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?

Marlowe.

Things of Time have voices: speak and perish.
Art and Love speak; but their words must be
Like sighings of illimitable forests,
And waves of an unfathomable sea.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Learn that to love is the one way to know,
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it.

Jean Ingelow: A Story of Doom.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
No other is soft in the rhythm;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
That all men else go with him, . . .
Unless you can swear—"For life, for death!"—
Oh, fear to call it loving!
Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;

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Unless you can dream that his faith is fast, . . .
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—
Oh, never call it loving!

Elizabeth B. Browning: A Woman's Shortcomings.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.

Edwin Arnold: After Death in Arabia.

A love large as life, deep and changeless as death.

Owen Meredith: Lucile.

What would we give to our beloved,—
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved sleep.

Elizabeth B. Browning.

I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Sonnets.

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Love is the only good in the world.
Henceforth be loved as heart can love,
Or brain devise, or hand approve.
Browning: Flight of the Duchess.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the
chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, pass'd in
music out of sight. . . .
Love took up the glass of Time, and turn'd it in
his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden
sands. *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.*

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.
Tennyson: The Song of the Brook.

For indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.
Tennyson: Guinevere.

I remember one that perish'd: sweetly did she speak
and move:
Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to
love.
Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the
love she bore?
No,—she never loved me truly: love is love for-
evermore. *Tennyson: Locksley Hall.*

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Love's humility is Love's true pride.

Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal.

I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Bayard Taylor: Bedouin Song.

I do not love thee less for what is done,
And cannot be undone. Thy very weakness
Hath brought thee nearer to me, and henceforth
My love will have a sense of pity in it,
Making it less a worship than before.

Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
Beyond its own sweet will!

Whittier: Amy Wentworth.

On thy breast Love lies, immortal child,
Begot of thine own longings, deep and wild;
The more we worship him the more we grow
Into thy perfect image here below;
For here below, as in the spheres above,
All Love is Beauty, and all Beauty—Love!

R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Beautiful.

I look down . . .
And pity their small hearts that hold a man
As if he were a god; or know the god—

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Or dare to know him—only as a man!
O human love! art thou forever blind?

E. R. Sill: Semele.

The pilgrim-heart, to whom a dream was given,
That led her through the world,—Love's wor-
shiper,—

To seek on earth for him whose home was heaven!

T. K. Hervey: Psyche.

Loyalty; see Constancy and Patriotism.

Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.

Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.

Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee.

Byron: Bride of Abydos.

Faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example, with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Man, Manhood, Mankind; see Father.

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

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He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Shakespeare: Julius Cæsar.

A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,
Till thou return unto the ground; for thou
Out of the ground wast taken: know thy birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust return.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Men are the sport of circumstances, when
The circumstances seem the sport of men.

Byron: Don Juan.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

Dryden: All for Love.

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:

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With too much knowledge for the skeptic side,
With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err.

Pope: Essay on Man.

"Perfect I call thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what thou shalt
do!"

Browning: Rabbi Ben Esra.

But what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us
men.

Lowell: The Capture.

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.

Whittier: The Grave by The Lake.

Manners; see Custom and Habit.

Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides;
Beguiling them of commendation.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry IV.

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Fit for the mountains and the barb'rous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd.

Shakespeare: Twelfth Night.

For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature, and of noble mind.

Tennyson: Guinevere.

Manners with fortunes, humors turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Pope: Moral Essays.

**Marriage, Matrimony, Husband, Wife; see Home and
Childhood.**

The sum of all that makes a just man happy
Consists in the well choosing of his wife;
And there, well to discharge it, does require
Equality of years, of birth, of fortune.

Massinger: New Way to Pay Old Debts.

To all married men, be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life,
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.

Massinger: Picture.

Happy in this, she is not yet so old,
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours, to be directed.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

For contemplation he and valor form'd;
For softness she and sweet attractive grace.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

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Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

The wife, where danger or dishonor lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

All of a tenor was their after-life,
No day discolor'd with domestic strife;
No jealousy, but mutual truth believed,
Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.

Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure.
Married in haste, we may repent at leisure.

Congreve: Old Bachelor.

He, who was half my self!
One faith has ever bound us, and one reason
Guided our wills.

Rowe: Fair Penitent.

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage-bond divine?

Cowper: Love Abused.

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Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within, when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing!

Rogers: Human Life.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has
told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on thro' all ills, and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this!

Moore: Lalla Rookh.

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humor most when she obeys.

Pope: Moral Essays.

No power in death shall tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.

Byron: Lament of Tasso.

To cheer thy sickness, watch thy health,
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,
Or stand with smile un murmuring by,
And lighten half thy poverty.

Byron: Bride of Abydos.

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It was the crowning grace of that great heart
To keep back joy: procrastinate the truth
Until the wife, who had made proof and found
The husband wanting, might essay once more,
Hear, see, and feel him renovated now—
Able to do now all herself had done,
Risen to the height of her: so, hand in hand,
The two might go together, live and die.

Browning: Balaustion's Adventure.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with
a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight
to drag thee down.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

—Either sex alone

Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfills
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,
The single pure and perfect animal,
The two-cell'd heart beating, with one full stroke,
Life.

Tennyson: The Princess.

—The laws of marriage character'd in gold
Upon the blanched tablets of her heart;
A love still burning upward, giving light
To read those laws.

Tennyson: Isabel.

Indeed I love thee: come,
Yield thyself up: my hopes and thine are one:

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Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself;
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

Tennyson: The Princess.

The world well tried—the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife.

N. P. Willis: Lady Jane.

While we tread the path of Life together,
Let speech be golden between thee and me!

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

One word can charm all wrongs away,—
The sacred name of Wife.

Holmes: Agnes.

Melancholy; see Affliction and Grief.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul.

Collins: Ode. The Passions.

Why shines the sun, except that he
Makes gloomy nooks for Grief to hide,
And pensive shades for Melancholy?

Hood: Ode to Melancholy.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give;
And I with thee will choose to live.

Milton: Il Penseroso.

O'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,

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Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose;
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.

Pope.

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!

Rogers.

—To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy.

Tennyson: The Lotus-Eaters.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy.

Bryant.

Memory; see Absence.

Memory, the daughter of Attention, is the teeming
mother of Wisdom,
And safer is he that storeth knowledge, than he
that would make it for himself.

Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!

Rogers: Pleasures of Memory.

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O memories!
O past that is!

George Eliot: Two Lovers.

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, conceal'd
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.
Longfellow.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
Longfellow: Day is Done.

When musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
Scott: Marmion.

No memory labors longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up. . . .
Tennyson: A Dream of Fair Women.

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Thou who stealest fire,
From the fountains of the past,
To glorify the present, . . .
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

Tennyson: Ode to Memory.

Departed suns their trails of splendor drew
Across departed summers: whispers came
From voices, long ago resolved again
Into the primeval Silence, and we twain,
Ghosts of our present selves, yet still the same,
As in a spectral mirror wandered there.

Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal.

Go where glory waits thee;
But while fame elates thee,
O, still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest,
O, then remember me.

Moore: Go Where Glory Waits Thee.

O years, gone down into the past,
What pleasant memories come to me
Of your untroubled days of peace,
And hours almost of ecstasy.

Phæbe Cary: Reconoiled.

What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent;
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.

Emerson: Threnody.

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The eyes of memory will not sleep,
Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

Whittier: Knight of St. John.

Mind, Intellect; see Thought and Wisdom.

Mind is a kingdom to the man who gathereth his
pleasure from ideas.

Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.

Pope: Essay on Man.

The mind doth shape itself to its own wants,
And can bear all things.

Joanna Baillie: Rayner.

Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our pow'rs, and leaves a blank behind.

Churchill: Epistle to Hogarth.

How fleet is the glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrow of light.

Cowper.

O frivolous mind of man,
Light ignorance, and hurrying, unsure thoughts

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Though man bewails you not,
How *I* bewail you! . . .
For you will not put on
New hearts with the inquirer's holy robe,
And purged, considerate minds.

*Matthew Arnold: Fragment of Chorus of a
"Dejaneira."*

Mirth; see Joy, Laughter, and Wit.

Let me play the fool;
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

I had rather have a fool to make me merry,
Than experience to make me sad.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.

Milton: L'Allegro.

These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Milton: L'Allegro.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,

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Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles.

Milton: L'Allegro.

Modesty; see Humility.

Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And, ever and anon, with rosy red,
The bashful blush her snowy cheeks did dye.

Spenser: Faerie Queene.

So bright the tear in beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;
So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce can wish it less.

Byron: Bride of Abydos.

Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.

Goldsmith: Deserted Village.

Mother; see Home and Father.

Not for the star-crowned heroes, the men that conquer and slay,
But a song for those that bore them, the mothers braver than they!

M. A. DeWolfe Howe: The Valiant.

There is a sight all hearts beguiling—
A youthful mother to her infant smiling,
Who, with spread arms and dancing feet,
And cooing voice, returns its answer sweet.

Joanna Baillie.

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Happy he

With such a mother! faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

Tennyson: The Princess.

A woman's love

Is mighty, but a mother's heart is weak,
And by its weakness overcomes.

Lowell: Legend of Brittany.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship
fall:

A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

Holmes: A Mother's Secret.

Music; see Bells.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,

As all their souls in blissful rapture took:

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The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly
close. . . .

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of
gold.

Milton: Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess beyond the Muse's painting.

Collins: The Passions.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that
can,

Existent behind all laws, that made them and,
lo, they are!

And I know not if, save in this, such gift be allowed
to man,

That out of three sounds he frame, not a fourth
sound, but a star.

Browning: Abt Vogler.

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

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Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings . . . and skim away.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass, . . .
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-
ful skies.

Tennyson: The Lotus-Eaters.

There is a sadness in sweet sound
That quickens tears.

T. B. Aldrich.

Music waves eternal wands,—
Enchantress of the souls of mortals!

E. C. Stedman: Pan in Wall Street.

The gift of Song was chiefly lent
To give consoling music for the joys
We lack, and not for those which we possess.

Bayard Taylor: Poet's Journal.

The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem.

Emerson: Dirge.

God sent his Singers upon earth
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

Longfellow: The Singers.

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The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved.

Stephen Phillips: Marpessa.

—Fits life to love like rhyme to rhyme.

Sidney Lanier: To Beethoven.

Sing as you will, O singers all,
Who sing because you want to sing! . . .
Sing any song and anyhow,
But Sing! Sing! Sing!

James Whitcomb Riley.

Nature; see Deity.

In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Nature, despairing e'er to make the like,
Brake suddenly the mold in which 'twas fashion'd.
Massinger: Parliament of Love.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

Nature ever yields reward
To him who seeks, and loves her best.
Bryan Waller Procter: Above and Below.

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few.
Young: Love of Fame.

Nature! great parent! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year;

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How mighty, how majestic are thy works!
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings!

Thomson: Seasons. Winter.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same;
Unerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Sacred Goddess, Mother Earth,
Thou from whose immortal bosom,
Gods, and men, and beasts have birth,
Leaf and blade, and bud and blossom,
Breathe thine influence most divine.

Shelley: Song of Proserpine.

O solemn-beating heart
Of nature! I have knowledge that thou art
Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever.

Elizabeth B. Browning: A Sea-Side Walk.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

Bryant: Thanatopsis.

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For wheresoe'er I looked, the while,
Was nature's everlasting smile.

Bryant: Song.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

Emerson: Each and All.

Necessity, Need; see Fate.

All places, that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

Who, then, can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state?

Spenser: Faërie Queene.

So spake the Fiend, and with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

He must needs go that the devil drives.

George Peele: Edward I.

'Tis necessity
To which the gods must yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it by some glorious way.

Beaumont and Fletcher: False One.

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Spirit of nature! all-sufficing power,
Necessity! thou mother of the world!

Shelley: Queen Mab.

Nature means Necessity.

Bailey: Festus.

Soul of the world, divine Necessity,
Servant of God, and master of all things.

Bailey: Festus.

Fair or foul the lot apportioned life on earth, we
bear alike.

Browning: La Saisiaz.

Night, Midnight, Moon, Stars.

Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls:
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it,

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

All was the night's; and in her silent reign
No sound the rest of nature did invade.

Dryden: Annus Mirabilis.

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Now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps! 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

Addison: Spectator.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busy fools; care's check and curb;
The day of spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.

Henry Vaughan: The Night.

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'Tis the witching hour of night,
Orbèd is the moon and bright,
And the stars they glisten, glisten,
Seeming with bright eyes to listen—
For what listen they?

Keats: A Prophecy.

Night is the Sabbath of mankind,
To rest the body and the mind.

Butler: Hudibras.

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest.

Wordsworth: Sonnets.

Darker and darker
The black shadows fall;
Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all.

Longfellow: Curfew.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Longfellow: Hymn to the Night.

Then the moon, in all her pride,
Like a spirit glorified,
Filled and overflowed the night
With revelations of her light.

Longfellow: Daylight and Moonlight.

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Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of
heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of
the angels.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

At midnight, death's and truth's unlocking time,
When far within the spirit's hearing rolls
The great soft rumble of the course of things.

Sidney Lanier: The Crystal.

The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.

Lowell: Midnight.

Nobility; see Honor and Heroes.

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.

Tennyson.

—Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortunes or birth.

Alice Cary: Nobility.

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Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

Longfellow: Santa Filomena.

Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone.

Lowell: Sonnets.

Obedience; see Government and Law.

Son of heav'n and earth,
Attend: That thou art happy, owe to God;
That thou continuest such, owe to thyself,
That is, to thy obedience; therein stand.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Wouldst thou approve thy constancy, approve
First thy obedience.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

One day thou wilt be blest:
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.

Keats: Endymion.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Ocean; see Nature.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and un-
known.

Byron: Childe Harold.

Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow,—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Byron: Childe Harold.

The free
Mighty, music-haunted sea.

Anna Katharine Green: On the Threshold.

The land is dearer for the sea,
The ocean for the shore.

Lucy Larcom: On the Beach.

The sea
Waits ages in its bed till some one wave
Out of the multitudinous mass, extends
The empire of the whole.

Browning: Paracelsus.

The warm sea fondled with the shore,
And laid his white face on the sands.

Joaquin Miller: The Last Taschastas.

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I love thee, Ocean, and delight in thee,
Thy color, motion, vastness,—all the eye
Takes in from shore, and on the tossing waves;
Nothing escapes me, not the least of weeds
That shrivels and blackens on the barren sand.

R. H. Stoddard: Hymn to the Sea.

Opportunity; see Action and Decision.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make ill deeds done!

Shakespeare: King John.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason.

Shakespeare: Rape of Lucrece.

Oratory; see Argument and Advice.

His tongue
Dropp'd manna, and could make the worst appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne.

Milton: Paradise Regained.

Power above powers! O heavenly eloquence!
That, with the strong rein of commanding words,

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Dost manage, guide, and master th' eminence
Of men's affections, more than all their swords!
Daniel.

And 'tis remarkable, that they
Talk most, who have the least to say.
Prior: Alma.

His words seem'd oracles
That pierc'd their bosoms; and each man would
turn
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him.
. You could have heard
The beating of your pulses while he spoke.
George Croly.

Hark to that shrill, sudden shout,
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-voiced orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul!
Bryant: Flood of Years.

Pain; see Grief and Affliction.

All delights are vain: but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
Shakespeare: Love's Labor's Lost.

Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life;
But pain is perfect misery, the worst
Of evils, and excessive, overturns
All patience.
Milton: Paradise Lost.

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Again the play of pain
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust
Crisps the reluctant lake, that lay so calm
Beneath the mountain shadow.

Byron.

Pain is no longer pain when it is past.

Margaret J. Preston: Sonnets.

A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain
To feel much anger.

George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

Parting; see Farewell, Exile, and Absence.

If I depart from thee, I cannot live;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap? . . .
To die by thee were but to die in jest;
From thee to die were torture more than death.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

So long

As he could make me with his eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

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Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Shakespeare: Cymbeline.

With that, wringing my hand he turn'd away,
And though his tears would hardly let him look,
Yet such a look did through his tears make way,
As show'd how sad a farewell there he took.

Daniel.

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee!

Moore.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu;
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Dodsley: The Parting Kiss.

They who go
Feel not the pain of parting; it is they
Who stay behind that suffer.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

Passion, Ardor; see Anger, Zeal, and Love.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,
So human passions ebb and flow.

Byron.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Pope.

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Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams;
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb;
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

O, how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey;
Then die, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

Crabbe.

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
On passion's changeful tide was toss'd;
Nor vice nor virtue had the power
Beyond the impression of the hour:—
And, Oh, when passion rules, how rare
The hours that fall to virtue's share!

Scott: Rokeby.

Past, The; see Futurity and Memory.

What is it that will last?

All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.

Tennyson: The Lotus-Eaters.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair,
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.
Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,

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Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

Tennyson.

But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Tennyson: Break, Break, Break.

We do not serve the dead—the past is past!
God lives, and lifts his glorious mornings up
Before the eyes of men, awake at last.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Casa Guidi Windows.

No past is dead for us, but only sleeping.

Helen Hunt Jackson: At Last.

—All unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared, at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages.

Bayard Taylor: The National Ode.

Wondrous and awful are thy silent halls,
O kingdom of the past!
There lie the bygone ages in their palls,
Guarded by shadows vast.

Lowell: To the Past.

Patience; see Advice and Contentment.

How poor are they, that have not patience!
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Shakespeare: Othello.

Patience is more oft the exercise
Of saints, the trial of their fortitude,

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Making them each his own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny or fortune can inflict.

Milton: Samson Agonistes.

There are times when patience proves at fault.

Browning: Paracelsus.

I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Prometheus Bound.

Experience, like a pale musician, holds
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
Whence harmonies we cannot understand,
Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Sonnets.

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.

Lowell: Columbus.

Patience is powerful.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Patience is a plant
That grows not in all gardens.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

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Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,

Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

Patriotism; see Loyalty.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said—

This is my own—my native land!

Scott: Last Minstrel.

Oh heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!

Is there no arm on high to shield the brave?

Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,

Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!

By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,

And swear with her to live—with her to die!

Campbell: Pleasures of Hope.

What pity is it

That we can die but once to serve our country!

Addison: Cato.

Strike—for your altars and your fires;

Strike—for the green graves of your sires;

God, and your native land!

Halleck: Marco Bozzaris.

My country, 'tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,—

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Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Samuel F. Smith: National Hymn.

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

Holmes: Voyage of the Good Ship Union.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Whittier: Centennial Hymn.

Sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

Longfellow: Building of the Ship.

Peace; see Calmness and Quiet.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silent envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

Shakespeare: Henry VIII.

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne

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By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

Shakespeare: Richard III.

Peace hath her victories,
No less renowned than war.

Milton: Sonnets.

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.

Collins: Hassan.

O Peace! thou source and soul of social life;
Beneath whose calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Blessed be the man divine, who gives us thee!

Thomson: Britannia.

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace.

Byron: Bride of Abydos.

We would have inward peace,
Yet will not look within;
We would have misery cease,
Yet will not cease from sin.

Matthew Arnold: Empedocles on Etna.

Pity, Compassion, Mercy; see Charity and Kindness.

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:

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'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Shakespeare: Measure for Measure.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

The greatest attribute of Heaven is Mercy;
And 'tis the crown of Justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right, to save with pity.
Baumont and Fletcher: Lover's Progress.

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast
Where love has been received a welcome guest.
Sheridan: Duenna.

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

Less pleasure take brave minds in battle won,
Than in restoring such as are undone;

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Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can, whom he conquers, spare.

Waller: To My Lord Protector.

Pleasure; see Joy and Happiness.

Pleasure, and revenge,
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true decision.

Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Pope: Essay on Man.

I built my soul a lordly pleasure-house,
Wherein at ease for aye to dwell.

Tennyson: Palace of Art.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river,—
A moment white—then melts forever.

Burns: Tam O'Shanter.

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the
world,

When pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Pleasure that comes unlook'd for is thrice welcome.

Rogers: Italy.

Though sages may pour out their wisdom's treasure,
There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

Byron: Don Juan.

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Pleasure must succeed to pleasure, else past pleasure turns to pain.

Browning: La Saisiaz.

Poetry, Poets; see Authorship, Books, Genius, and Imagination.

Sweet are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song.

Keats.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

Keats: Grasshopper and Cricket.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
The poets who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.

Wordsworth: Personal Talk.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

Poetry is

The grandest chariot wherein king-thoughts ride;—
One who shall fervent grasp the sword of song
As a stern swordsman grasps his keenest blade,
To find the quickest passage to the heart.

Alexander Smith: A Life Drama.

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'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing; but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings'
dearth.

Byron: Childe Harold.

No real Poet ever wove in numbers
All his dream; but the diviner part,
Hidden from all the world, spake to him only
In the voiceless silence of his heart.

Adelaide A. Procter.

A poet could not sleep aright,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.

Elizabeth B. Browning: A Vision of Poets.

He bore by day, he bore by night
That pressure of God's infinite
Upon his finite soul.

Elizabeth B. Browning: The Poet's Vow.

No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word
She shook the world.

Tennyson: The Poet.

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God is the Perfect Poet,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.

Browning: Paracelsus.

—The glories so transcendent
That around their memories cluster,
And, on all their steps attendant,
Make their darkened lives resplendent
With such gleams of inward luster! . . .

All the soul in rapt suspension,
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension,
With the fervor of invention,
With the rapture of creating! . . .

Though to all there is not given
Strength for such sublime endeavor,
Thus to scale the walls of heaven,
And to leaven with fiery leaven
All the hearts of men forever;

Yet all bards, whose hearts unblighted
Honor and believe the presage,
Hold aloft their torches lighted,
Gleaming through the realms benighted,
As they onward bear the message!

*Longfellow: Prometheus, or The Poet's
Forethought.*

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling
And banish the thoughts of day.

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Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo,
Through the corridors of Time. . . .

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds in summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Longfellow: The Day is Done.

Earth seemed more sweet to live upon,
More full of love, because of him.
And day by day more holy grew
Each spot where he had trod,
Till after-poets only knew
Their first-born brother as a god.

Lowell: Shepherd of King Admetus.

Poverty; see Charity and Wealth.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.

Dryden: Wife of Bath.

If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.

Dryden: Wife of Bath.

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

Dr. Johnson: London.

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But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unfold;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Gray: Elegy.

The poor alone are outcasts; they who risked
All they possessed for liberty, and lost;
And wander through the world without a friend,
Sick, comfortless, distressed, unknown, uncared for.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

Power; see Action and Ambition.

What can power give more than food and drink,
To live at ease, and not be bound to think?

Dryden: Medal.

Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison: Campaign.

He hath no power who hath not power to use.

Bailey: Festus.

The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

Wordsworth: Rob Roy's Grave.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,

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Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame,
A mechanized automaton.

Shelley: Queen Mab.

Praise; see Applause and Fame.

Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance dear.

Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well.

Who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel,
If none should yield him his deserved meed
Due praise, that is the spur of doing well?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodness of his own free will.

Spenser: Tears of the Muses.

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.

Young: Love of Fame.

'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.

Swift: Cadenus and Vanessa.

Minds,
By nature great, are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery.

Rowe.

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Oh! it is worse than mockery to list the flatt'rer's
tone,
To lend a ready ear to thoughts the cheek must
blush to own,—
To hear the red lip whisper'd of, and the flowing
curl, and eye,
Made constant theme of eulogy extravagant and
high—
And the charm of *person* worshipp'd, in an homage
offer'd not
To the perfect charm of virtue, and the majesty of
thought.

Whittier.

Prayer; see Deity and Religion.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.
Shakespeare: Antony and Cleopatra.

'A good man's prayers
Will from the deepest dungeon climb Heaven's
height
And bring a blessing down.
Joanna Baillie: Ethwald.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;

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His watchword at the gates of death,—

He enters heaven with prayer.

James Montgomery: What is Prayer?

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

Coleridge: Ancient Mariner.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by
prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy
voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson: Morte d'Arthur.

Present, The; see Time, Futurity, and The Past.

But what are past or future joys?

The present is our own;

And he is wise who best employs

The passing hour alone.

Heber: From Pindar.

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
The Past, the Future—two eternities.

Moore.

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The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

Whittier: My Soul and I.

Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

Tennyson: Ulysses.

Challenge the passing hour like guards that keep
Their solitary watch on tower and steep.

Longfellow: To-morrow.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Longfellow: A Psalm of Life.

Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

Longfellow: The Builders.

The present moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.

Lowell.

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Pride, Arrogance, Haughtiness; see Humility.

Pride hath no other glass
To show itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

You speak o' the people as if you were a god
To punish: not a man of their infirmity.
Shakespeare: Coriolanus.

'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soul:
I think the Romans call it stoicism.
Addison: Cato.

Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
Pope: Essay on Criticism.

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Pope: Essay on Man.

Prosperity; see Wealth and Happiness.

Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear;
As seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
Webster: White Devil.

O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Young: Night Thoughts.

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Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion, and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

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

Cowper: Horace.

Prudence, Discretion.

For my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

It shewed discretion, the best part of valor.

Beaumont and Fletcher: King and No King.

Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure,
Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

Dr. Johnson: Irene.

You should have feared false times, when you did
feast;

Suspect still comes where an estate is least.

Shakespeare: Timon of Athens.

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Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

Franklin: Poor Richard.

When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model:
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection:
Which, if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices; or, at least, desist
To build at all?

Shakespeare: 2 Henry IV.

. . . . By slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Tennyson: Ulysses.

Quiet, Rest; see Calmness, Contentment, and Peace.

No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.

Keats: Hyperion.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

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Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onwards! unswerving—
And that is true rest.

John Sullivan Dwight.

Reason; see Character and Wisdom.

Mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth.
Goldsmith: Retaliation.

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl,
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.

Pope.

Who reasons wisely, is not therefore wise,
His pride in reasoning, not in acting lies.

Pope: Moral Essays.

I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I would make
Reason my guide.

Bryant.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete;
Swift instinct leaps; slow reason feebly climbs,
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once: in ages they no more

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Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Rebellion; see Loyalty and Patriotism.

How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

Shakespeare: King Lear.

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry IV.

From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.

Addison: Cato.

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry VI.

Regret; see Memory and Melancholy.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Whittier: Maud Muller.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned

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On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life! the days that are no more.

Tennyson: The Princess.

Religion; see Deity and Prayer.

In Religion

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?

Moore: Come, Send Round the Wine.

Whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest between
Heaven and myself.—I shall not choose a mortal
To be my mediator.

Byron: Manfred.

Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands.

Whittier: The Meeting.

There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,

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Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who humble and nameless
The straight hard pathway trod,—
Some call it consecration,
And others call it God.

William Herbert Carruth.

Repentance; see Conscience, Forgiveness, Regret, and Sin.

For what is true repentance but in thought—
Not ev'n in inmost thought to think again
The sins that made the past so pleasant to us.

Tennyson: Guinevere.

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of heaven nor earth; for these are pleased;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeased.

Shakespeare: Two Gentlemen of Verona.

High minds, of native pride and force,
Most deeply feel thy pangs, Remorse!
Fear, for their scourge, mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

Scott: Marmion.

Remorse is as the heart in which it grows,
If that be gentle, it drops balmy dews
Of true repentance; but if proud and gloomy,
It is the poison tree that, pierced to the inmost,
Weeps only tears of poison.

Coleridge: Remorse.

Habitual evils seldom change too soon,
But many days must pass, and many sorrows;

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Conscious remorse, and anguish must be felt,
To curb desire, to break the stubborn will,
And work a second nature in the soul,
Ere virtue can resume the place she lost.

Rowe: Ulysses.

Resignation; see Patience and Despair.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

Shakespeare: Othello.

Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done is done.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Well—peace to thy heart, tho' another's it be;
And health to that cheek, tho' it bloom not for me.

Moore: Well—peace to thy Heart.

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up awhile,
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deemed evil, is no more:
The storms of wintry time will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

Thomson: Seasons. Winter.

What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be Heaven's distant lamps.

Longfellow: Resignation.

He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,
Knows how the day hath gone.

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He only lives with the world's life,
Who hath renounced his own.

Matthew Arnold: On the Author of "Obermann."

Resolution; see Courage, Action, and Decision.

The native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

Herrick.

Revenge; see Anger and Hatred.

My injur'd honor,
Impatient of the wrong, calls for revenge.

Rowe: Lady Jane Grey.

Pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision.

Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long, back on itself recoils.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But, when I think of all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame.

Scott: Marmion.

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Whom vengeance track'd so long,
Feeding its torch with the thought of wrong.

Whittier.

Sabbath.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
On other days the man of toil is doom'd
To eat his joyless bread, lonely—the ground
Both seat and board—screen'd from the winter's
cold

And summer's heat, by neigh'ring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves.

Grahame: Sabbath.

The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—.

Tennyson: St. Agnes' Eve.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
Thy strength the slave of Want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Bulwer-Lytton: Corn Flowers.

Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure,
He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.

Holmes: Urania.

The Sabbath brings its kind release,
And Care lies slumbering on the lap of Peace.

Holmes: Urania.

Take the Sunday with you through the week,
And sweeten with it all the other days.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

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Satire; see Wit.

Satire or sense, alas! can it feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

Pope: Epistle to Arbuthnot.

In general satire, every man perceives

A slight attack, yet neither fears nor grieves.

Crabbe: Advice.

Instructive satire! true to virtue's cause!

Thou shining supplement of public laws!

Young: Love of Fame.

Let satire less engage you than applause;

It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.

Young: Epistle to Pope.

When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,

Short is her life, and impotent her sting;

But when to truth allied, the wound she gives

Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.

Churchill: Author.

Science; see Knowledge.

O star-eyed Science! hast thou wander'd there,

To waft us home the message of despair?

Campbell: Pleasures of Hope.

What cannot art and industry perform,

When science plans the progress of their toil!

Beattie: Minstrel.

Blessings on Science, and her handmaid Steam!

They make Utopia only half a dream;

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And show the fervent, of capacious souls,
Who watch the ball of Progress as it rolls,
That all as yet completed, or begun,
Is but the dawning that precedes the sun.

Charles Mackay: Railways.

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from
point to point.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Selfishness; see Brotherhood.

Glory, built

On selfish principles, is shame and guilt;
The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Start naught, because corrupt in their design.

Cowper: Table Talk.

Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Scott: Lay of the Last Minstrel.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend,
And, but for this, were active to no end:
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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Silence; *see* Quiet.

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

Silence is the perfectest herald of joy:
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.

Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Silence in woman is like speech in man.

Ben Jonson: Silent Woman.

Silence more musical than any song.

Christina G. Rossetti: Rest.

Let me silent be;
For silence is the speech of love,
The music of the spheres above.

R. H. Stoddard: Speech of Love.

You know
There are moments when silence, prolonged and
unbroken,
More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.

Owen Meredith: Lucile.

God's poet is silence! His song is unspoken,
And yet so profound, so loud, and so far,

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It fills you, it thrills you with measures unbroken,
And as soft, and as fair, and as far as a star.

Joaquin Miller: Isles of the Amazons.

Sin; see Conscience, Forgiveness, and Repentance.

O, what authority, and show of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing.

Few love to hear the sins they love to act.

Shakespeare: Pericles.

Guiltiness will speak, tho' tongues were out of use.

Shakespeare: Othello.

He is no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

Shakespeare: Pericles.

Count all th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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.

Pope: Essay on Man.

There is a method in man's wickedness;
It grows up by degrees.

Beaumont and Fletcher: King and No King.

The knowledge of my sin
Is half-repentance.

Bayard Taylor: Lars.

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Sincerity, Candor; see Honesty and Hypocrisy.

I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

Better is the wrong with sincerity, rather than the
right with falsehood.
Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

To God, thy country, and thy friend be true.
Henry Vaughan: Rules and Lessons.

His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his
mouth:
What his breast forges that his tongue must vent.
Shakespeare: Coriolanus.

Skepticism; see Infidelity and Faith.

This a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,—
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.
Churchill: Ghost.

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was formed
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

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Slander, Gossip; see Honesty and Truth.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not escape calumny.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Shakespeare: Much Ado About Nothing.

Slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash: 'tis something,
nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thou-
sands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare: Othello.

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Malicious slander never would have leisure
To search, with prying eyes, for faults abroad,
If all, like me, consider'd their own hearts,
And wept the sorrows which they found at home.

Rowe: Jane Shore.

Does not the law of Heaven say blood for blood?
And he who *taints* kills more than he who sheds it.

Byron.

The flying rumors gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travel'd with increase from mouth to mouth.

Pope: Temple of Fame.

Slavery; see Freedom and Liberty.

Easier were it

To hurl the rooted mountain from its base,
Than force the yoke of slavery upon men
Determin'd to be free.

Southey.

I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.

Cowper: Task.

Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free:
They touch our country and their shackles fall.

Cowper: Task.

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What wish can prosper, or what prayer;
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge and span
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.

Cowper: Charity.

Sleep, Repose; see Quiet and Dreams.

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

Scott: Lady of the Lake.

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes.

Young: Night Thoughts.

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hush'd and smooth!

Keats: Endymion.

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

Southey: Curse of Kehama.

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Is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul, . . .
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than nature craves?

Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

Rest that strengthens unto virtuous deeds,
Is one with prayer.

Bayard Taylor.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Longfellow: Day is Done.

Society, People; see Solitude.

Among unequals what society
Can sort, what harmony or true delight?

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death.

Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.

Pope: Essay on Man.

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Man in society is like a flower
Blown in its native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties expanded in full bloom
Shine out; there only reach their proper use.

Cowper: Task.

We loathe what none are left to share—
E'en bliss 'twere woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.

Byron: Giaour.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
O who would wish to be thy king!

Scott: Lady of the Lake.

Solitude, Retirement; see Society.

Wisdom's self

Oft seeks to sweet retir'd solitude;
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

Milton: Comus.

Remote from man, with God he passed the days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

Parnell: Hermit.

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The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks, as I have vainly done,
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.

Parnell: Hymn to Contentment.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Pope: Ode on Solitude.

No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us.

Moore: Come o'er the Sea.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving heaven!

Thomson: Seasons. Spring.

O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.

Young: Night Thoughts.

O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid.

Young: Love of Fame.

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O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.

Cooper: Task.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Gray: Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.

—That inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.
Wordsworth: I Wandered Lonely.

If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers; vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone, man with his God must strive.
Byron: Childe Harold.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.
Byron: Childe Harold.

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To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen;
With the wild flock that never needs a fold:
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her stores
unroll'd. . . .

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless:
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress!
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought and sued;
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

Byron: Childe Harold.

If the chosen soul could never be alone,
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

Lowell.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

John Burroughs: Waiting.

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Sorrow; see Affliction, Grief, and Melancholy.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break.

Shakespeare: Macbeth.

Alas! I have not words to tell my grief;
To vent my sorrow would be some relief;
Light sufferings give us leisure to complain;
We groan, but cannot speak, in greater pain.

Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.

Sorrow preys upon
Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it
From its sad visions of the other world
Than calling it at moments back to this;
The busy have no time for tears.

Byron: Two Foscari.

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

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

But O! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Tennyson: Break, Break, Break.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

Longfellow: Resignation.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;

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The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Longfellow: The Rainy Day.

Soul; *see* *Futurity and Immortality.*

He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
wept.

Byron: Childe Harold.

Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources.

Anonymous.

What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!

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Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Edwin Arnold: After Death in Arabia.

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.

Tennyson: The Bugle Song.

Let us cry, "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh
helps soul!"

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Thy body at its best,—
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Wander at will,
Day after day,—
Wander away,
Wandering still—
Soul that canst soar!
Body may slumber:
Body shall cumber
Soul-flight no more.

Browning: La Saisiaz.

Silence and solitude, the soul's best friends.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

It is the Soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then, all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.

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So multiplies the Soul its joys or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again.
Transformed by thee, the world hath but one face.
R. H. Dana: Thoughts on the Soul.

Speech, Language, Words; see Thought.

—Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
Young: Love of Fame.

Rude am I in my speech
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace.
Shakespeare: Othello.

Apt words have power to 'suage
The tumors of a troubled mind;
And are as balm to fester'd wounds.
Milton: Samson Agonistes.

Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the
flowering of thought.
Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

Speech is but broken light upon the depth
Of the unspoken; even your loved words
Float in the larger meaning of your voice
As something dimmer.
George Eliot: Spanish Gypsy.

My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.
Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things.
Lowell: Legend of Brittany.

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Spring.

In that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When opening buds salute the welcome day,
And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

Pope: Temple of Fame.

Mighty nature bounds as from her birth.
The sun is in the heavens, and life on earth;
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health on the gale, and freshness in the stream.

Byron: Lara.

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the
 robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself an-
 other crest;
In the spring a livelier iris changes on the bur-
 nish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
 thoughts of love.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Is not the May-time now on earth,
 When close against the city wall
The folks are singing in their mirth,
 While on their heads the May flowers fall?

William Morris: Life and Death of Jason.

The breath of Spring-time at this twilight hour
Comes through the gathering glooms,
And bears the stolen sweets of many a flower
Into my silent rooms.

Byron: May Evening.

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Spring is strong and virtuous,
Broad-sowing, cheerful, plenteous,
Quickening underneath the mold
Grains beyond the price of gold.
So deep and large her bounties are,
That one broad, long midsummer day
Shall to the planet overpay
The ravage of a year of war.

Emerson: May-Day.

Storm, Tempest; see Quiet and Peace.

The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry IV.

We often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud.

Byron: Childe Harold.

There is war in the skies!
Lo! the black-wingèd legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming
below
In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though

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Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt
searching

Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now.

Owen Meredith: Lucile.

The clouds are scudding across the moon,

A misty light is on the sea;

The wind in the shrouds has a wintry tune,

And the foam is flying free.

Bayard Taylor: Storm Song.

Who shall face

The blast that wakes the fury of the sea? . . .

The vast hulks

Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails

Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts

Are snapped asunder.

Bryant: Hymn of the Sea.

What roar is that?—'tis the rain that breaks

In torrents away from the airy lakes,

Heavily poured on the shuddering ground,

And shedding a nameless horror round.

Ah! well-known woods, and mountains, and skies,

With the very clouds!—ye are lost to my eyes.

I seek ye vainly, and see in your place

The shadowy tempest that sweeps through space.

Bryant: The Hurricane.

Success; see Action, Applause, Fame, and Opportunity.

'Tis not in mortals to command success;

But we'll do more, Sempronius—we'll deserve it.

Addison: Cato.

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Life lives only in success.

Bayard Taylor: Amran's Wooing.

What though success will not attend on all?
Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall.

Smollett: Advice.

One thing is forever good;
That one thing is Success.

Emerson: Fate.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

Herrick.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature; and her paths are peace.

Young: Night Thoughts.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;—
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

Adelaide A. Procter.

Suicide; see *Courage and Death.*

Fool, I mean not
That poor-souled piece of heroism, self-slaughter;
Oh, no! the miserablest day we live
There's many a better thing to do than die!

Darley: Ethelstan.

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Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and dissolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

—He

That kills himself to avoid misery, fears it;
And at the best shows but a bastard valor.

Massinger: Maid of Honor.

Our time is fix'd; and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till heaven shall give permission.

Blair: Grave.

To run away

From this world's ills, that, at the very worst,
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark!—'tis mad!
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Blair: Grave.

Summer.

From bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd
Child of the sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through nature's depth;
He comes attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way:
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her blushful face; and earth and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Thomson: Seasons. Summer.

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The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drunk
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing.

Bryant: Summer Wind.

Sympathy; see Kindness and Brotherhood.

Like will to like; each creature loves his kind.

Herrick.

Thou hast given me, in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face—
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh.

Byron: Don Juan.

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration.

Moore: Sympathy.

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

Longfellow: Endymion.

Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.

Longfellow.

Whom the heart of man shuts out,
Sometimes the heart of God takes in,
And fences them all round about
With silence 'mid the world's loud din.

Lowell: The Forlorn.

Temperance, Abstinence, Self-Control.

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

Shakespeare: Love's Labor 's Lost.

A surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

Shakespeare: Midsummer Night's Dream.

Temp'rate in every place,—abroad, at home,
Thence will applause, and hence will profit come;
And health from either—he in time prepares
For sickness, age, and their attendant cares.

Crabbe: The Borough.

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If thou well observe
The rule of "*Not too much*," by temperance taught
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from
thence

Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return;
So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.

Milton: Comus.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Tennyson: Ænonu.

Tenderness, Gentleness; see Kindness and Pity.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms!

Shakespeare: Winter's Tale.

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

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With what a graceful tenderness he loves!
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows!
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,
Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
Addison: Cato.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Hood: Bridge of Sighs.

Higher than the perfect song
For which love longeth,
Is the tender fear of wrong,
That never wrongeth.
Bayard Taylor: Improvisations.

Thought; see Mind, Knowledge, and Wisdom.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in
heaven.
Young: Night Thoughts.

For just experience tells in every soil,
That those who think must govern those who toil.
Goldsmith: Traveller.

The ground
Of all great thoughts is sadness.
Bailey: Festus.

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One thought
Settles a life, an immortality.

Bailey: Festus.

The value of a thought cannot be told.

Bailey: Festus.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixt, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

Pope: Solitude.

Thought alone is eternal.

Owen Meredith: Lucile.

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Gray: Progress of Poesy.

In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Wordsworth: Lines Written in Early Spring.

Plain living and high thinking are no more.

Wordsworth: London, 1802.

"Old frailties then recurred:—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought."

Wordsworth.

No great Thinker ever lived and taught you
All the wonder that his soul received.

Adelaide A. Procter.

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. . . Thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

George Eliot.

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a
dream.

Leigh Hunt: The Nile.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act.

Browning.

—The thoughts that shake mankind.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

—As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

Tennyson: A Dream of Fair Women.

Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

Tennyson: In Memoriam.

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the
process of the suns.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Thoughts, like a loud and sudden rush of wings,
Regrets and recollections of things past,

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With hints and prophecies of things to be,
And inspirations, which, could they be things,
And stay with us, and we could hold them fast,
Were our good angels,—these I owe to thee.

Longfellow: Two Rivers.

High thoughts and noble in all lands
Help me. My soul is fed by such;
But ah, the touch of lips and hands,
The human touch.

Richard Burton.

O let the soul stand in the open door
Of life and death and knowledge and desire! . . .
Then shall the soul return to rest no more,
Nor harvest dreams in the dark field of sleep—
Rather the soul shall go with great resolve
To dwell at last upon the shining mountains
In liberal converse with the eternal stars.

George Cabot Lodge: Herakles.

Time, Years; see Futurity, The Past, and The Present.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.

Shakespeare: Sonnets.

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Time *wasted* is existence; *used*, is life.

Young: Night Thoughts.

We see Time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!

Young: Night Thoughts.

Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

Pope: Pastorals. Winter.

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.

Herrick.

—I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of
time.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Here about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth
sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result
of Time;
When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land
reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that
it closed:
When I dipt into the future far as human eye could
see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder
that would be.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

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Who fathoms Time, beyond the Jim horizon
That bounds Eternity?

James H. West.

The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet,
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.

Bayard Taylor: The National Ode.

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.

Longfellow: Psalm of Life.

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file. . . .
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.

Emerson: Days.

Treason, Traitor; see Loyalty and Patriotism.

Treason is not own'd when 'tis descried;
Successful crimes alone are justified.

Dryden: Medals.

Is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

Addison: Cato.

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Truth; see Honor, Honesty, Sincerity, and Vows.

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry IV.

This, above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

Dryden.

Truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd needs only to be seen.

Dryden: Hind and Panther.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true,
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods
do. . . .

Without good breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense below'd.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Herbert: Temple.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.

Cowper: Task.

Truth is eternal, and the Son of Heaven,
Bright effluence of th' immortal ray.

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Chief cherub, and chief lamp, of that high sacred
Seven,
Which guard the throne by night, and are its light
by day;
First of God's darling attributes.

Swift.

No words suffice the secret soul to show
And truth denies all eloquence to woe.

Byron: Corsair.

'Tis strange, but true, for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction; if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change:
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes.

Byron: Don Juan.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Keats: Ode on a Grecian Urn.

Truth is within ourselves . . .
There is an inmost center in us all,
Where Truth abides in fullness.

Browning.

Weakness never needs be falseness: truth is truth
in each degree
Thunderpealed by God to Nature, whispered by my
soul to me.

Browning: La Saisiaz.

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The winged shafts of truth.

Tennyson: The Poet.

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.

Lowell: Present Crisis.

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.

Whittier: Miriam.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again:
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshipers.

Bryant: The Battle-Field.

Virtue; see Goodness and Honor.

I held it ever,
Virtue and knowledge were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches; careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making man a god.

Shakespeare: Pericles.

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.

Collins: Oriental Eclogues.

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Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.

Pope: Moral Essays.

Sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed,
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?

Pope: Essay on Man.

Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want—which is, to pass for good.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures,
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.

Young: Night Thoughts.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
Above the reach of wild Ambition's wind,
Above those passions that this world deform,
And torture man.

Thomson: Castle of Indolence.

Vows; see Truth, Loyalty, and Constancy.

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.

Shakespeare: All's Well That Ends Well.

To keep that oath were more impiety
Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his daughter.

Shakespeare: 3 Henry VI.

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It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Shakespeare: 2 Henry VI.

War, Battle, Soldiers, Victory; see Peace.

To my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying.

Dryden: Alexander's Feast.

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.

Addison: Campaign.

War! that in a moment
Lay'st waste the noblest part of the creation,
The boast and masterpiece of the great Maker,
That wears in vain th' impression of his image,
Unprivileged from thee!

Rowe: Tamerlane.

One to destroy, is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;

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To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

Young: Love of Fame.

Then more fierce
The conflict grew; the din of arms, the yell
Of savage rage, the shriek of agony,
The groan of death, commingled in one sound
Of undistinguish'd horrors.

Southey: Madoc.

Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.

Tennyson: Charge of the Light Brigade.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around.

*Milton: Hymn on the Morning of Christ's
Nativity.*

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testymnt fer that.

Lowell: Biglow Papers.

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep for ever and for ever.

Boker: Dirge for a Soldier.

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Wealth; see Poverty.

If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.

Shakespeare: Measure for Measure.

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.

Pope: Essay on Man.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.

Pope: Moral Essays.

To purchase heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No; all that's worth a wish—a thought—
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought;
Cease, then, on trash thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

Dr. Johnson: To a Friend.

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.

Young: Love of Fame.

These grains of gold are not grains of wheat!
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;

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These jewels and pearls and precious stones
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

Welcome; see Home.

Sir, you are very welcome to our house.
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore, I scant this breathing courtesy.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry VI.

Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing.

Shakespeare: Troilus and Cressida.

And kind the voice and glad the eyes
That welcome my return at night.

Bryant: Hunter of the Prairies.

The atmosphere
Breathes rest and comfort, and the many chambers
Seem full of welcomes.

Longfellow: Masque of Pandora.

Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed
and feasted; . . .
All things were held in common, and what one had,
was another's.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

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Winter.

See, Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train,
Vapors, and clouds, and storms.

Thomson: Seasons. Winter.

I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long, uninterrupted evening, know.

Cowper: Task.

All nature feels the renovating force
Of winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-contracted glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
And gathers vigor for the coming year.
A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire; and luculent along
The purer rivers flow: their sullen deeps,
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

Thomson: Seasons. Winter.

But Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows.
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrustated surface shall upbear thy steps,

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And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.

Bryant: A Winter Piece.

Wisdom, Philosophy; see Reason and Thought.

Wisdom, a name to shake
All evil dreams of power.

Tennyson: The Poet.

How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

Milton: Comus.

Let time that makes you homely, make you sage,
The sphere of wisdom is the sphere of age.

Parnell.

What is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own.

Pope: Essay on Man.

True wisdom, laboring to expound, heareth others
readily;
False wisdom, sturdy to deny, closeth up her mind
to argument.

Tupper: Proverbial Philosophy.

Sublime Philosophy!
Thou art the patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels; but, alas!

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We see thee, like the patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step, dull slumbering on the earth.

Bulwer-Lytton: Richelieu.

Wisdom and Goodness are twin-born, one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart.

Cowper: Epostulation.

The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but wisdom must be sought;
Sought before all; (but how unlike all else
We seek on earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.

Young: Night Thoughts.

What were the wise man's plan?—
Through this sharp, toil-set life,
To work as best he can,
And win what's won by strife.

Matthew Arnold: Empedocles on Etna.

The stream from Wisdom's well,
Which God supplies, is inexhaustible.

Bayard Taylor: Wisdom of All.

Wit; see *Mirth and Laughter*.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike.

Shakespeare: Tempest.

Wit is the loadstar of each human thought,
Wit is the tool by which all things are wrought.

Greene: From Alcida.

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All wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

Butler.

Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd,
Something whose truth, convinc'd at sight, we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.

Pope: Essay on Criticism.

Woman, Womanhood, Womankind; see Mother.

She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed:
She is a woman; therefore to be won.

Shakespeare: 1 Henry VI.

Woman! thou loveliest gift that here below
Man can receive, or Providence bestow.

Praed: Woman.

Yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete; so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

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O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

Burns: Green Grow the Rashes.

Oh, 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!

Scott: Marmion.

O woman! whose form and whose soul
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Moore.

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great,
A woman's noblest station is retreat;
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight.

Lyttelton: Advice to a Lady.

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A woman's rank
Lies in the fullness of her womanhood:
Therein alone she is royal.

George Eliot: Armgart.

—A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Tennyson: A Dream of Fair Women.

Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

Lowell: Irené.

Love be true to her; Life be dear to her;
Health stay close to her; Joy draw near to her.

Mary Elizabeth Blake.

A noble type of good
Heroic womanhood.

Longfellow: Santa Filomena.

When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of
exquisite music.

Longfellow: Evangeline.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky:
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die. . . .
Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads
A true and holy book.

Whittier: Gone.

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free: . . .

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If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow? . . .

—We will let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn and be
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man; . . .
Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their
powers, . . .
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other ev'n as those who love.

Tennyson: The Princess.

Work; see Action and Labor.

We live not to ourselves, our work is life.

Bailey: Festus.

Work is my recreation,
The play of faculty; a delight like that
Which a bird feels in flying, or a fish
In darting through the water,—
Nothing more.

Longfellow: Michael Angelo.

All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first.

Browning: Pippa Passes.

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No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work.

Lowell: A Glance Behind the Curtain.

Beloved, let us love so well,
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both, commended, for the sake of each,
By all true workers and true lovers born.

Elizabeth B. Browning: Aurora Leigh.

World; see Society.

You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care.

Shakespeare: Merchant of Venice.

All the world's a stage;
And all the men and women merely players.

Shakespeare: As You Like It.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! oh, fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in
nature,
Possess it merely.

Shakespeare: Hamlet.

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.

Moore: This World is all a Fleeting Show.

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Fast by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigness as a star.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Like pilgrims to th' appointed place we tend;
The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
E'en kings but play; and when their part is done,
Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.

Dryden: Palamon and Arcite.

O world! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
The soul is freed.

Longfellow: Coplas de Manrique.

The world is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours:
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

Wordsworth: Miscellaneous Sonnets.

Youth, Boyhood, Girlhood; see Childhood.

Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a
boy?

Byron: Childe Harold.

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;

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Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening
prey.

Gray: Bard.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further.

Browning: Rabbi Ben Ezra.

Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous
Mother-Age!
Make me feel the wild pulsation which I felt before
the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of
my life,
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming
years would yield.

Tennyson: Locksley Hall.

Youth is lovely, age is lonely.

Longfellow: Hiawatha.

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Longfellow: Maidenhood.

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!
Book of Beginnings, Story without End,
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend! . . .

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All possibilities are in its hands,
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;
In its sublime audacity of faith,
"Be thou removed!" it to the mountain saith,
And, with ambitious feet, secure and proud,
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!

Longfellow: Morituri Salutamus.

Into the river of my life still flow
Streams of delight from youth's unfailing springs;
By every flower that blows and bird that sings
My heart is thrilled as in the long ago;
All aspirations youthful dreamers know—
For Man—for self; the joy that service brings;
Faith without folly—honors void of stings;
These quenchless orbs still keep my skies aglow.

James H. West: Across the Line.

Zeal, Enthusiasm; see Faith.

Zeal and duty are not slow;
But on Occasion's forelock watchful wait.

Milton: Paradise Regained.

His zeal
None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash.

Milton: Paradise Lost.

Zeal is stronger than fear or love.

Longfellow: Tales of a Wayside Inn.

No wild enthusiast ever yet could rest,
Till half mankind were like himself possess'd.

Cowper: Progress of Error.

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**Gift of The People of the United States
Through the Victory Bond Campaign
(A. L. A. — A. R. C. — U. S. O.)
To the Armed Forces and Merchant Marine**



