

Oh, shall we despond while the pages of time,
Still open before us their records sublime?
And should fortune prove cruel and false to the last,
Let us look to the future and not to the past.—*Sargent.*

Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another.—*Massey.*

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

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.*

There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground,
But holds some joy of silence or of sound,
Some sprite begotten of a summer dream—
The very meanest things are made supreme.—*Taylor.*