

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,  
 The thunders breaking at her feet;  
 Above her shook the starry lights;  
 She heard the torrents meet.  
 Her open eyes desire the truth,  
 The wisdom of a thousand years  
 Is in them. May perpetual youth  
 Keep dry their light from tears.—TENNYSON

If I have faltered more or less  
 In my great task of happiness;  
 If I have moved among my race  
 And shown no glorious morning face;  
 If beams from happy, human eyes  
 Have moved me not; if morning skies,  
 Books, and my food, and summer rain  
 Knocked on my sullen heart in vain—  
 Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take,  
 And stah my spirit broad awake.—R. L. STEVENSON

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit,  
 embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—  
 MILTON

The book which makes a man think the most is the book  
 which strikes the deepest root in his memory and under-  
 standing.

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

No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor  
 is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved,  
 and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the  
 passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon  
 he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she  
 needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is  
 bread, sweet as honey, if we would eat it, in a good book.—  
 RUSKIN