

Why two and two are four, why is round not square?  
What do the bulrush and the wheat ears there?  
How you are you, why I am I?  
Who will riddle the how and the why?—*Tennyson.*

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There are two things very difficult to keep—Silence and Secrets.  
—*Wilson.*

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Though thy earth be as the iron,  
And thy heaven a brazen wall,  
Trust still His loving kindness,  
Whose power is over all.—*Whittier.*

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Never *ex-press* what you should *sup-press*, nor *re-press* what  
you should *ex-press*.—*Wilson.*

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If thou hast arched a rainbow in the sky,  
If eyes have set in smiles that rose in tears,  
Bless thou thy God.—*Harriett Annie.*

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Whenever a noble deed is wrought,  
Whenever is spoke a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.—*Longfellow.*