

The Catholic Record.

"CHRISTIANUS MIHI NOMEN EST, CATHOLICUS VERO COGNOMEN."—"CHRISTIAN IS MY NAME, BUT CATHOLIC MY SURNAME."—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

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CLERICAL.

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A CHRISTMAS CHAUNT.

BY REV. A. J. RYAN.

They ask me to sing them a Christmas song,
That with music and mirth shall I sing;
How know I that the world's great throng
Will care for the words I sing?

Let the young and the gay chaunt the Christmas lay,
Their voices and hearts are glad;
But I—am old and my locks are gray,
And they tell me my voice is sad.

Ah! once I could sing, when my heart beat warm,
With hopes bright as life's first spring;
But the spring hath fled, and the golden charm
Hath gone from the songs I sing.

I have lost the spell that my verse could weave,
O'er the souls of the old and young;
And never again—how it makes me grieve—
Shall I sing as once I sang.

Why ask a song? ah! perchance you believe,
Since my days are so nearly past;
That the song you'll hear on this Christmas Eve,
Is the old man's best and last.

Do you want the jingle of rhythm and rhyme?
Art's sweet but meaningless notes,
Or the music of thought that, like the chime
Of a grand cathedral, floats

Out of each word, and along each line,
Lifting it up, and making it fine,
For a something far from here:

Hearing the wings of the soul aloft,
From earth and its shadows dim;
As a dream, or a seraph's hymn:

Evoking the solemnest hopes and fears—
From our being's higher part,
Dimming the eyes with radiant tears,
That flow from a spell-bound heart.

Do they want a song that is only a song,
With no mystical meanings rife?
Or a music that moves along—
The undertone of a life?

Well, then, I'll sing; though I know no art,
Nor the poet's rhymes nor rules;
A melody moves through my aged heart,
Not learned from the books or schools:

A music I learned in the days long gone—
I cannot tell where or how—
But no matter where, it still sounds on
Back of this dreary old brow.

And down in my heart I hear it still,
Like the echoes of far-off bells;
Like the dreamy sound of a summer rill
Flowing through fairy dells.

But what shall I sing for the world's gay throng,
And what the words of the old man's song?
The world, they tell me, is so giddy grown,
That thought is rare

And thoughtless minds and shallow hearts alone
Hold empire there;

That fools have prestige, place and power,
And fame, and
Can it be true?

That wisdom is a sound, a hissing snake,
And wisdom is a hiss, a hiss, a hiss,
And wisdom is a hiss, a hiss, a hiss,
And wisdom is a hiss, a hiss, a hiss,

They tell me, too, that all is vental, vain,
And high and low,
That truth and honor are the slaves of gain,
Can it be so?

That lofty principle hath long been dead,
And in a shroud,
That virtue walks ashamed, with downcast head,
Amid the crowd.

They tell me, too, that few they are who own
God's law and love;
That thousands, living for this earth alone,
Look not above.

That daily, hourly, from the bad to worse,
Men tread the path,
Blaspheming God, and careless of the curse
Of His dread wrath.

And must I sing for slaves of sordid gain,
Or to the few,
Shall I not dedicate this Christmas strain,
Who still are true?

No—not for the false shall I strike the strings
Of the lyre that I have loved;
If I sing at all—the gray beard sings,
For the true and the true, his song.

And ah! there is many a changeable mood
That over my spirit steals;
Beneath their spirit's wings,
Whatever he dreams or feels;

Whatever the fancies this Christmas Eve
Are haunting the lonely man;
Whether they gladden, or whether they grieve,
He'll sing them as best he can.

Though some of the strings of his lyre are
Broke,
This holiest night of the year,
Who knows how his melody may wake
A Christmas smile or a tear?

So on with the mystic song,
With its meaning manifold—
Two tones in every word,
Two thoughts in every tone;
In the measured words that move along
One meaning shall be heard,
One thought to all be fold—
But under it all, to all unknown—
As safe as under a coffin-lead,
Deep meanings shall be hid—
They know not what they see,
The thoughts concealed and unrevealed
In the song of the lonely man.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room
This long December night,
Watching the fire-dance fill the gloom
With many a picture bright;
Ah! how the fire can paint!
Its magic skill how strange!
How every spark
Draws figures and forms so quaint.
And how the pictures change!
One moment how they smile,
And in less than a little while,
In the twinkling of an eye,
Like the gleam of a summer sky,
The beaming smiles all die.

From gay to grave—from grave to gay,
The faces change in the shadows grey,
And just as I wonder who are they,
Over them all,
Like a funeral pall,
The folds of the shadows droop and fall.

And the charm is gone
And every one
Of the pictures fade away.

Ah! the fire within my grate
Hath more the Raphael's power,
Is more than Raphael's peer—
It paints for me in a little hour
More than he in a year.

And the pictures hanging round me here
There holy Christmas Eve,
No artist's pencil could create
No painter's art conceive,
Ah! those cheerful faces,
Wearing youthful graces;
Gaze on them until I seem
Half awake and half in dream.

There are brows without a mark,
Features bright without a shade;
There are eyes without a tear;
There are lips unused to sigh,
Ah! never in sorrow shall die!
All those faces soon shall fade,
Fall into the dreary dark,
Like the pictures hanging here,
Lo! those fearful faces,
Beating age's traces.

I gaze on them, and they on me,
Till I feel a sorrow keen,
Through my heart so drearily;
There are faces around me deep,
There are eyes that used to weep;
There are brows beneath a cloud;
There are hearts that used to sweep,
Never mind! the shadows creep
From the death-land; and a shroud,
Tenderly as mother's arms,
Soon shall shield the old from harm;
Flowing through fairy dells,
Round each sorrow-haunted breast.

Ah! that face of mother's—
Sisters, too, and brothers—
And so many others,
Dear in my memory—
And Ethel!—Thou art there—
With thy child-like face and fair,
And thy heart so bright
In its shroud so white—
Just as I saw you last,
In the golden, happy past,
And you seem to wear
Upon your hair,
Your waving, golden hair,
The smile of the sunset sun—
Ah! me! how years will run—
But all the years cannot efface
Your pure name, your sweetest grace
From the heart that still is true
Of all that's dear and true,
The other necessities
But none so fair as thine,
And wherever they are, I know
They look the very same
As in their pictures hanging here
This night, to memory dear,
And painted by the flames,
With tenderness in the background,
And shadows for their frames.

And thus with my pictures only,
And the fancies they unweave
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

I'm sitting alone in my pictured room—
But, no! they have vanished all—
I'm watching the fire-glow fade into gloom,
And far away back of the chertal blaze
The beautiful visions of by-gone days

Are rising before my raptured gaze,
Ah! Christmas Eve, so bright and warm,
Hast thou a wizard's magic charm
To bring those far-off scenes so near
And make my past days meet me here?
Tell me—tell me—how is it?
The past is past, and here we sit,
And there, not there before me rise,
Beyond your glowing flame,
The sun's and stars' childhood's skies,
Yes—yes—the very same!
I saw them rise long, long ago;
I traced beneath the moon's glow;
And I remember yet,
I often cried with strange regret
When in the west I saw them set,
And there they are again;
The suns, the skies, the very days
Of childhood, just beyond that haze!
But, ah! such visions almost cease
The old man's puzzled brow;
I thought the past was past!
But, no, it cannot be,
'Tis here to-night with me!

How is it then? the past of men
Is part of one eternally—
The days of yore we so deplore,
They are not dead, for they are not dead,
They live and live for evermore,
And thus my past comes back to me
With all his visions fair.

O, past! could I go back to thee,
And live forever there!
But, no, there's frost upon my hair;
My feet have tread the path of care,
And worn and wearied here I sit,
I am too tired to go to it.

And thus with visions only,
And the fancies they unweave
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

I am sitting alone in my fire-lit room;
But, no! the fire is dying,
And the weary-voiced winds, in the outer
gloom,
Are sad, and I hear them sighing,
The wind hath a voice to pine—
Painful, and pensive and low—
Hath it a heart, from me or thine?
Knoweth it weal or woe?
How it wails in a ghostly strain,
Just against that window-pane!
As if it were tired of its long cold flight,
And wanted to rest with me to-night:
Cease, night-wind, cease!
Why should you be so sad?
This is a night of joy and peace,
And heaven and earth are glad!
But still the wind wails on and on,
Perchance o'er the fallen leaves,
Which, in their summer bloom,
Danced to the music of bird and breeze,
But, torn from the arms of their parent trees,
Lie now in their wintry tomb,
State types of man's own doom.

And thus with the night winds only,
And the fancies they unweave
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

How long have I been dreaming here!
Or have I dreamed at all?
My fire is dead—my pictures dead,
There's nothing left but shadows drear,
Shifting, flitting,
Round me sitting,
In my old arm-chair—
Fading—sinking—
Round me, thinking,
Till, in the maze of many a dream,
I'm not myself; and I almost seem
Like one of the shadows there.
Well, let the shadows stay!
I wonder who are they?
I cannot say; but I almost believe
They know to-night is Christmas Eve,
And to-morrow Christmas Day.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve!
To change life's bitter gall to sweet,
And change the sweet to gall again;
To take the thorns from out our feet—
The thorns and all their dreary pain,
Only to put them back again.

To take old stings from out our heart,
Old stings that run in them blood and smart,
Only to sharpen them the more,
And press them back to the heart's own core.

Ah! no eye is like the Christmas Eve!
Fears and hopes, and hopes and fears,
Tears and smiles, and smiles and tears,
Tears and sighs, and sighs and tears,
Sweet and bitter, bitter and sweet,
Bright and dark, and dark and bright.
All these mingle, all these meet,
In this great and solemn night.

Ah! there's nothing like a Christmas Eve!
To melt with kindly glowing heat,
From out our souls the snow and sleet,
The dreary drift of wintry years,
Only to make the cold winds blow,
And make it drift, and drift, and drift,
The Promised had not come.

In flakes so icy-cold and swift;
Until the light that lies below
Is cold and cooler than the snow.

And thus with the shadows only,
And the dreams that they unweave,
Alone, and yet not lonely,
I keep my Christmas Eve.

'Tis passing fast!
My senses, lamp-lit room
Is a mass of everlasting gloom;
And without—a darkness vast,
Is clean—startles me!
Heaven and earth doth all,
For there there sounds the bell,
With a mystical dirge and bell,
Is it, say, is it a funeral knell?
So sad and slow,
Now low—now low;
Pealing the notes of human woe
O'er the graves in under the snow!
Ah! that pitiless dirge, that bell,
Trembling along the eaves,
Under the stars and over the snow,
Why is it? where is it sounding so?
Is it the toll of the bell?
Or is it a spirit's wail?
Solemnly, mournfully,
Ding, dong, dell!
Ding, dong, dell!
Who is it? who can tell?

And the marvelous notes they sink and swell,
Soft and sad and tender still!
How the sounds trouble! how they thrill!
Ever—
So like a man;
As if the strange bell's stranger clang
Thrilled with a terrible human pang
Ding, dong, dell!
Dismally—dreadfully—
Ever so woe!
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint
Flows the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell;
Mournfully—dirge-like,
Jolly—chillingly,
Near—and more near,
Drear, and more drear,
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong, dell!
Now sinking lower,
It tolls slower!
I list, and I hear its sound no more,
Ever—
Know I will—know I will—
Know I will—know I will—
It is a bell—yet not a bell
Whose sound may reach the ear
Whose tones evoke the spoken word,
Which earthly sense may hear.
In every soul a tone
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is tolled, whose hearts were shrouded,
And memory is the sexton grey
Who tolls the dreary knell
And tolls like him he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell,
That tolls and tolls nothing more,
This lonely Christmas Eve;
Then, for the present 'till I meet no more,
At Christmas time

Night, be a priest! put your star-stole on
And murmur a holy prayer,
Over each grave, and for every one
Laying down his weary load,
And over the dead stands the high priest
Night,
Robed in his shadowy stole;
And beside him kneel, as his acolyte,
To respond to his prayer of dole.
And list! he tolls his golden bell,
That tolls for sin,
The psalmist's plaintive seven,
Painful and soft,
It rises aloft,
Boggy and forgive,
And makes the melody of heaven
Toll a knell of those who live,
The dead who have been laid unshrouded,
Miserere! Miserere!
Still you hear it toll your breath,
The voices of despair and death
Are shuddering through the psalm!
Miserere! Miserere!
Lift your hearts! the terror dies!
Up to the stars the psalmist's cry,
The psalmist's sweet and calm;
Miserere! Miserere!
Very low in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans,
'I forgive, and have forgiven,
The dead, whose hearts were shrouded.'

De profundis! De profundis!
Psalm of the dead and disconsolate;
Thou hast sounded through a thousand years,
And still it sounds the same and true,
And still, and still, you mourn the fate
Of sinners and of just,
When they are laid in earth and clay,
Their bodies down to dust.

Dread hymn! you bring the saddest tears
From mortal eyes that fall,
And your notes evoke the darkest fears
That human hearts appal!
You sound o'er the good, you sound o'er the bad,
And ever your music is sad, so sad,
We seem to be purgated in every tone,
For the saintly, a blessing, for sinners, a
curse.

Psalmist, usual, you must pray and grieve,
Over our dead on this Christmas Eve,
De profundis! De profundis!
And the night tolls the psalm o'er the
mortal clay,
And the psalmist's sweet and calm,
To the music of hope sing this sweet-toned
lay:

You think of the dead on Christmas Eve,
Wherever the dead are sleeping;
And you, from a land, where we may not
grieve,
Look sadly down on your weeping,
You think of us, we are very near,
From you and the earth through parted,
And the night tolls the psalm o'er the
hearts of the broken-hearted.

The earth watches over the lifeless clay
Of each of its countless sleepers;
But still the wind wails on and on,
Watch over all earth's weepers.
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
And each shall greet the other hand,
We shall meet again in a brighter land,
And each shall greet the other hand,
Where we shall never know a broken
And all turn towards the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas Feast.

With rapture and with gladness,
The snow shall pass from our graves away,
And you from the earth, remember,
And the flowers of a bright, eternal May,
Shall follow earth's December,
When you think of us, think not of the tomb,
Where you laid us down in sorrow;
But look aloft, and beyond earth's gloom,
And wait for the great to-morrow.

And the postill, night, with his star-stole on
Whispereth soft and low:
Peace! Peace! to every one
For whom we grieve this Christmas Eve,
In their graves beneath the snow.

The stars in the far off heaven
Have long since struck eleven;
And hark! from temple and from tower,
Soundeth the grandest midnight hour,
Blessed by the Saviour's birth,
And hark! put forth the sable stole,
Symbol of the Babe of Bethlehem,
For one with many a starry gem,
Honor the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes to men, the King of them,
Yet comes without robe or diadem,
And all turn towards the holy east,
To hear the song of the Christmas Feast.

Four thousand years earth waited,
Four thousand years men prayed,
Four thousand years the nations sighed
That their King so long delayed.

The prophets told his coming,
The saints for him sighed;
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone o'er them when they died.

Their faces towards the future—
They longed to hail the light
That in the east centuries,
Would rise on Christmas night.

But still the Saviour tarried,
And the nations wept and wondered why
The Promised had not come.

At last earth's hope was granted,
And God was a child of earth;
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth.

Ah! Bethlehem was grander
Than that than paradise;
And the light of earth that night eclipsed
The splendors of the skies.

Then let us sing the anthem
The angels once did sing;
Until the music of love and praise,
O'er whole wide world will ring.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sound the thrilling song!
In excelsis Deo!
Eul the hymn on high;
Gloria in excelsis!
Let the heaven's ring;
In excelsis Deo!
Welcome new-born King,
Gloria in excelsis!
(Over the sea and land;
In excelsis Deo!
Chant the anthem grand,
Gloria in excelsis!
Let us all rejoice;
In excelsis Deo!
Lift each heart and voice,
Gloria in excelsis!
Sing it, sing earth;
For the Saviour's birth.

Thus joyful and victoriously,
Glad and ever so gloriously;
High as the heavens—wide as the earth,
Sweeteth the hymn of the Saviours with.

Lo! the day is waking
In the east afar;
Sing it, sing earth—
Sun is every star.

Christmas Eve has vanished
With its shadows grey;
All its graces are hushed
By bright Christmas Day.

Joyful chimas are ringing
O'er the land and seas,
And there comes glad singing,
Borne on every breeze.

Little ones so merry
Bed-clothes snugly fit,
In such a hurry,
Prattle "Christmas gift!"

Little heads so curly,
Knowing Christmas laws,
Peep out very early
For old "Santa Claus."

Little eyes are laughing
O'er their Christmas toys,
Old ones are quailing
Cups of Christmas joys.

Hearts are joyous, cheerful,
Faces all are gay,
None are sad and fearful
On bright Christmas Day.

Hearts are light and bounding,
All from care are free;
Homes are all resounding,
With the sounds of glee.

Feet with feet are meeting,
O'er pleasure's way;
Sent to souls give greeting
Warm on Christmas Day.

Gifts are kept a-going
Fast from hand to hand;
Business are as working
O'er every land.

One vast wave of gladness
Sweeps its world-wide way
Drowning every sadness
On this Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Haste and merry the earth;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Secur smiles and mirth.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Be to one and all;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Enter but and hail.

Merry, merry Christmas,
For rich and poor;
Merry, merry Christmas,
Stop at every door.

Merry, merry Christmas,
Better gifts than gold;
Merry, merry Christmas,
To the young and old.

Merry, merry Christmas,
May the coming year
Be as merry a Christmas
And as bright a cheer.

praise everywhere. Within the past few days the Columbus press has again attacked him and endeavored to make it appear that he and Guiteau are identical, and not succeeding in that, they content themselves in printing similarities, as they fancy, in the characters of the two individuals. This is contemptible, to say the least. At this time, therefore, when some journals are attacking his character, and another is advertising an immoral, hell-born book, by an apostate priest, it is consoling to find such a notice of Mr. Cleave, in the issue of the Springfield, (Mass.) Herald, of Dec. 3.

Mr. Egbert Cleave, a recent convert to Catholicism from the Protestant ministry, lectured at St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, on Sunday night last. Mr. Cleave is a fluent speaker, and his lectures are very well received. In the lecture he claimed that the only positive infidel is the apostate Catholic priest. From the possession of the true God, he falls into the possession of the devil—from the highest nobility and dignity of manhood to the lowest degradation and disgrace of animalism. Referring to the recently published charges of one of these deserters, who described the defection of Catholics, Mr. Cleave said that after three years of initiation, with the very best advantage of observation and examination, he denounced the statement as brutally and infamously false, and declared that the standard of Christian charity and morality, of honor, truth and purity, of self-sacrifice, abnegation and humility, for the temporal as well as the eternal, good of manhood, is highest amongst these "clergy, monks, and nuns."

The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen publishes the following sarcastic, but very proper comment on a class of subscribers, with a few of which every paper in the country is no doubt blessed (?). They are very emphatic about the order to "stop the paper," but somehow, never consider themselves bound in conscience or otherwise to pay for it: "For the year just coming to a close we have cut off the list persons who took the paper because they were asked to take it, of course they took it. They would take the golden gates of heaven off their hinges if there were not an all-seeing God. They were persons who for years read the columns of some of the Catholic contemporaries, and then kindly withdrew without paying for the paper, telling them, 'I have no further use for your paper.'"—Catholic Advocate.

The world says to Catholics when they are misrepresented and spit upon, "sue for damages, if your character is injured." When St. Peter came forward to defend our Lord, on the evening of His arrest, he was reproached for his impetuosity in cutting off the ear of the High Priest, and our Lord immediately healed the wound by a miracle. When Christ was mocked and spit upon, He who balances the Heavens and the earth complained not. His revenge was in His glorious Resurrection. The Catholic Church displays her Divinity by following such examples. Her glory will be revealed on Resurrection Day.

Catholic Review.

Will the Pope leave Rome? We know not. We hope not. But it is impossible to say. Even he himself is in suspense on the point. In reply to a French Bishop, who recently expressed to him the opinion that it would be disadvantageous to leave Rome, he said: "As far as I am concerned, I am content to stay where I am, but should the outrages and threats offered to the church take a more distinct and personal form, I should be forced to make up my mind as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances." To-day, the Bishops now in Rome, will meet him and it is expected that he will address them on the critical condition of the Holy See, which indeed God will never abandon, but which may have sore trials before it, to show its strength and to test the fidelity and affection of us all for our ancient mother.

It is the leading factor and always must be so, for it underlies and permeates the structure of all states at all times. Never yet has a people been found without a sense of the spiritual, and of a higher power outside man and the visible world, when they can find God nowhere else they seek him in the stars, in the sea, in the winds, in the stocks and stones, in animals even, in men whom they defy by setting them up above themselves. It is in the nature of man to worship, and when he does not worship right he will worship wrong. Worship he must, and a state without worship, without reverence for a secret, invisible higher Power would at once dissolve into incoherent parts. Even the first French Revolutionists, whose leaders were per-

sonally profound atheists, turned half in derision, half with a political sense to what they called the worship of reason, and when Robespierre came into power he proclaimed the existence of a Supreme Being, and made himself the high priest; when Napoleon Bonaparte crushed the Revolution, for the time being he hastened, though in a named and shackled way, to reinstate the Christian religion. There was a deeper truth than shown on the surface in the sagacious saying of James I.: "No bishop, no king." Even Gambetta to-day is by no means prepared to go the length of his vivisection colleague, Paul Bert, who would establish France on the purely scientific discoveries of modern invention as revealed in the retort, through the microscope and telescope, the hammer of the geologist, and the knife of the surgeon. Hard as Gambetta presses on the clergy and the church of the French people, he refuses to wholly destroy the concordat as framed by Napoleon, though he would pare down its provisions to their severest bounds. He may not wish a God for himself, but he is statesman enough to recognize the necessity of God to the French people, if he would govern them at all. If the clergy would only be completely subservient to his will and assist in his schemes he would be eager to welcome their aid. Meanwhile he knows that they are too powerful an influence to allow to run loose through France, so to say, unrestrained by the Government.

London Universe.

We have not yet seen the last of the persecution of Jesuits in France. Only last week a new case arose which showed that members of religious orders in general, and Jesuits in particular, will be hunted down in France until there is not one of them left in the country. Abbe Labrosse is the principal of a flourishing school at Tours, to which the best families of that city are in the habit of sending their children. When the Jesuit schools were suppressed and the Jesuits turned out of their homes, Abbe Labrosse received several of them under his roof, and employed them as assistants in his school. For this acting the part of a good Samaritan he was indicted to the disciplinary Court of the Academic Council of Poitiers, and last week judgment was rendered against him, whereby he is deprived for six months of the right of superintending a school. Yet it should be known that there exists no law in France to prevent Jesuits from acting as teachers, for the notorious 7th clause of M. Jules Ferry's University Education law, which was to have prescribed the Jesuits, was rejected by the French Senate last spring twelve months.

PAUL BERT, the Darwinian Minister of Public Worship in France, has not spoken yet. All he has done hitherto has been to do away with two of the four divisions of his department. It is not quite clear what that means, but there can be nothing doubtless about the plan of separation of Church and State started by Citizen Jules Roche, one of M. Bert's principal supporters. This distinguished member of the Extreme Left has laid a bill before the French Parliament of which the main features are as follows:

All the property of the Church or of religious orders to be confiscated. Churches and diocesan establishments to become the property of the State. French members of religious orders to receive annuities of £48 each out of the funds of the suppressed convents. Priests to shift for themselves as well as they can.

A pretty programme this. It is like fleching a man's purse from him and offering him sixpence as hush-money to keep a calm sough about it, as they say in Scotland. It would not be at all surprising if, in the regular course, the French Radicals were to proceed from the separation of Church and State to the proscription of all priests. We should then only want the temple of the Goddess of Reason and the guillotine for all believers, to make up the programme of the French Revolution.

Men are born with two eyes, but one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

A great many people—perhaps a third of the population of large towns, and three-fourth of those in small ones—are far more anxious about the concerns of their neighbors than about their own—that is, if we are to judge from what they say.

Although genius always commands admiration, character most secures respect. The former is more the product of brain-power, the latter of heart-power; and in the long run it is the heart that rules in life.