

No man can be happy in life without having some business that tasks him; for happiness means manhood. Quiescence brings no consciousness of enjoyment with it, though it may bring great profit. But no man has a business to which he applies himself assiduously, and which he sees succeeding, without enjoying himself. I do not know that there is any better enjoyment for a man than to have been mated to some vocation which suits his nature and disposition, to have heartily accepted it, and to make it the occasion, every day, of the activity of every part of his nature.

“Noise is human, silence is Divine.” Undivine souls, therefore, feel that more or less noise is necessary to their comfort. In silence an uneasy feeling steals over many persons, as though they were breathing a strange element, or as though an invisible hand were about to be laid upon them.

The art of spreading rumors may be compared to the art of pin-making—there is usually some truth, which I call the wire; as this passes from hand to hand, one gives it a polish, another a point, others make and put on the head, and at last the pin is completed.

Too much care sometimes punishes itself, like the old lady, landing from the steamer in a shower of rain, who covered her new bonnet so completely with her gown that she missed her footing on the plank, and fell into the river!

We touch men by words. These are the thistledown which float upon the air like lifeless things, but where one bit alights a new life grows up. How much of ourselves goes out in our words!

The purest joys of earth are like those Eastern birds whose beauty is in their wings.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; one proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

Much might be done in those little shreds and patches of time which every day produces, and which most persons throw away; but which, nevertheless, will make at the end of it no small deduction from the brief life of man.