

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul!"

J. Penrose Anglin.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

"May I reach

That purest heaven, be to other souls

The cup of strength in some great agony,

Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,

Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—

Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,

And in diffusion ever more intense.

So shall I join the choir invisible

Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Mrs. Bannell Sawyer.

—*George Eliot.*

"Charity suffereth long and is kind." —*Paul.*

N. A. Sparling.

"If any of you lacketh wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."

—*James.*

S. Fanny Anglin.

"He that *overcometh*, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more." —*John.*

W. B. Anglin.

"Whate'er we leave to God, God does—and blesses us:

The work we choose should be our own, God lets alone."

Edna B. Anglin.

—*Thoreau.*