

January ninth

Here friendship lights the fire, and every heart, *By the*
Sure of itself and sure of all the rest, *fireside*

Dares to be true, and gladly takes its part
In open converse, bringing forth its best :
Here is sweet music, melting every chain

Of lassitude and pain :

And here, at last, is sleep, the gift of gifts,

The tender nurse, who lifts

The soul grown weary of the waking world,

And lays it, with its thoughts all furled,

Its fears forgotten, and its passions still,

On the deep bosom of the Eternal Will.

—xx, 28.

January tenth

There is no less virtue, but rather more, *Work as*
in events, tasks, duties, obligations, than there *an educator*
is in books. Work itself has a singular
power to unfold and develop our nature.
The difference is not between working people
and thinking people, but between people who
work without thinking and people who think
while they work.—xxi, 20.