

385. R. W. Sugden,—

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time. —Longfellow.

386. H. Roland Sugden,—

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do for the good of mankind,  
do quickly. —Sons of Temperance Motto.

387. R. E. Sugden,—

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such  
Who still are pleased too little or too much.  
At every trifle scorn to take offence;  
That always shows, great pride or little sense;  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest,  
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;  
For fools admire, but men of sense approve;  
As things seem large which we through mists descry,  
Dullness is ever apt to magnify. —Pope.

388. Fred H. Sugden,—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven.  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.  
—Longfellow.

389. Carrie Sugden,—

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night. —Longfellow.

390. Lyman C. Smith,—

I am a part of all that I have met:  
Yet all experience is an arch where through  
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades  
Forever and forever as I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use,  
As though to breathe were! Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence. —Tennyson: Ulysses.