

Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

—O. W. HOLMES

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

—BROWNING

Were a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still travelling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.—LONGFELLOW

It is not growing like a tree
In hulk doth make man better be;
Or standing long, an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

A lily of a day

Is fairer far in May,

Although it fall and die that night,—

It was the plant and flower of light.

In small proportions we just beauties see;

And in short measures life may perfect be.

—BEN JONSON

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the Life to be,
We weave with colours all our own;
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.—WHITTIER