

A little spring had lost its way  
Amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well  
Where weary men might turn.  
He walled it in, and hung with care,  
A ladle on the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that Toll might drink.  
He passed again; and lo! the well,  
By summer never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues,  
And saved a life beside.—MACKAY

Evil is wrought by want of thought  
As well as want of heart.—HOOD

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we  
may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—EPICTETUS

Count that day lost whose low-descending sun  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

If happiness have not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise or rich or great,  
But never can be blest.—BURNS

A kindly act is a kernel sown,  
That will grow to a goodly tree,  
Shedding its fruit when time has flown,  
Down the gulf of eternity.

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Into his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.—DICKINSON