The charitable heart hath an empty pocket.

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The cry of the poor is an eternal remonstrance.

The ocean of hope springs from a single drop of sympathy.

The old-time robber was the father of the new time financier.

Injustice sleeps in a bed of roses which rests on a bed of thorns.

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The lamb 'love' and the wolf 'hate' tarry not long in the same pen.

A feather from the wing of truth is of more

weight than a mountain of lies.

Only the key sympathy can unlock the sacred chamber hidden in every heart.

The bloodless wreath of love is stronger than a tyrant's chain. The one shall yet bind the world, the other be broken by a simple wish.