

"If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain,
My life, though bare
Perhaps of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain."—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*
Bertha D. Woodworth.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."—*Wordsworth.*
Mrs. Ira B. Kierstead.

"Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might
Smote the chord of Self, that trembling, passed in music out of sight."—*Tennyson.*
Nellie G. Hoyt.

"As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,
So through life's desert springing sweet
The flower of friendship grows."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
May Winter.

"He that feeds men serveth few,
He serves all who dares be true."—*Emerson.*
Mary Leighton.

"Thought hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped:
All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped."—*Browning.*
Edith M. Kierstead.

"No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, loving
and good, without the whole world being better for it."—*Phillips Brooks.*
Emily M. Codwin.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*
Margaret Belyea.