

January third

*A woman
to love*

TO
A YOUNG WOMAN
OF AN OLD FASHION
WHO LOVES ART
NOT FOR ITS OWN SAKE
BUT BECAUSE IT ENNOBLES LIFE
WHO READS POETRY
NOT TO KILL TIME
BUT TO FILL IT WITH BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS
AND WHO STILL BELIEVES
IN GOD AND DUTY AND IMMORTAL LOVE
I DEDICATE
THIS BOOK

—II, Dedication.

January fourth

*Brother-
hood*

If I can feel sympathy,—feel it within and without,—then the dew falls and the desert begins to blossom. By sympathy I do not mean merely a fellowship in sorrow, but also, and no less truly, a fellowship in joy—a feeling for which we ought to have an English word. To be glad when your brother men are prosperous and happy, to rejoice in their success, to cheer for their victories; to be compassionate and pitiful when your brother men are distressed and miserable, to grieve over their failures, to help them in their troubles,—this is the fraternal spirit which blesses him who exercises it, and those toward whom it is exercised.—
I, 245.