

It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the evil.—*Smith*

Is not Nature's worship thus,
Ever ceaseless, going on?
Hath it not a voice for us
In each varied form and tone?
Speaking to the unsealed ear
Words of blended love and fear.—*Whittier*.

Always think what you say, although you may not always say
what you think.—*Wilson*.

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things.—*Tennyson*.

What is noble? that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will,
Leaving steps like angel traces,
That mankind may follow still.—*Swain*.