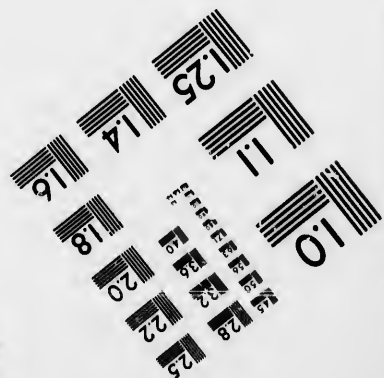
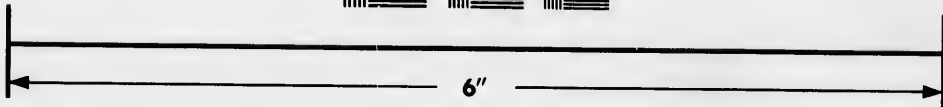
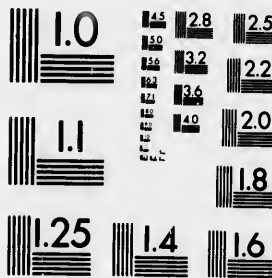


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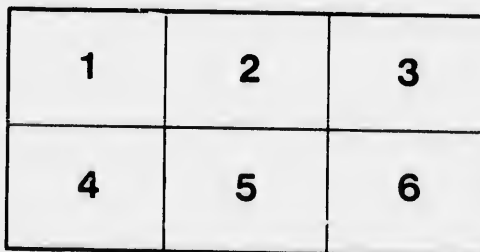
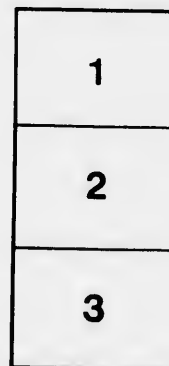
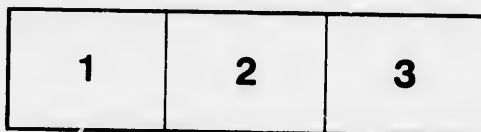
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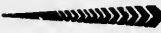
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## Quotations.

1. A. E. Annis, Dryden, Algoma :—  
The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden light,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.  
—Longfellow.
2. Mrs. A. E. Annis, Dryden, Algoma :—  
His love is constant as the sun  
Though clouds oft come between,  
And could our faith but pierce those clouds,  
It might be always seen.
3. Clara Annis, Dryden, Algoma :—  
It will always help me to be kind and true,  
If I ask in earnest "What would Jesus do?"
4. A. W. Annis, Toronto,—  
All things I thought I knew,  
But now confess  
The more I know, I know  
I know the less.  
—Dr. Owen.
5. M. B. Annis, Toronto,—  
The highest happiness comes not from the satisfaction of our  
desires but from the denial of them for the sake of a high purpose.  
—E. D. Eggleston.
6. Mrs. M. B. Annis,—  
'Tis alone of his appointing  
That our feet on thorns have trod,  
Suffering, pain, renunciation,  
Only bring us nearer God.  
—Robert Collyer.
7. O. Abraham,—  
If a man be endued with a generous mind this is the best  
kind of nobility.  
—Plato.
8. Edgar W. Allin, Trinity College, Toronto,—  
All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on  
earth. Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing  
them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy  
Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I com-  
manded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of  
the world.  
—Jesus the Christ.
9. Mrs. C. E. Alfred,—  
To have what we have is riches, but to be able to do without,  
is power.  
—George Macdonald.

10. Adrian R. H. Alfred, Surgeon, U. S. Navy,—  
 We all are sculptors in this world of ours,  
 There's not a hand but may some image form  
 That, when the Master comes to view our task,  
 Shall from His lip receive approval warm.  
 If, when the Master comes, He find  
 The block untouched, the form left incomplete,  
 But dust and fragments or some hideous shape,  
 Alas, how shall we then that Master meet?  
 —Lyman C. Smith.
11. Mrs. Estelle Scott Alfred,—  
 Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng  
 But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.  
 —Longfellow.
12. Flossie Armstrong,—  
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
 'Tis only noble to be good.  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
 And simple faith than Norman blood.  
 —Fennyson.
13. Wesley Ashton,—  
 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,  
 When everything goes like a song,  
 But the man worth while  
 Is the man with a smile,  
 When everything goes dead wrong.  
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
14. Mamie Adams,—  
 Oh, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,  
 To see oursel's as ithers see us!  
 It wad frae monie a blunder free us  
 And foolish notion;  
 What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us  
 And e'en devotion!  
 —Burns.
15. Wm. Anderson,—  
 Disguise our bondage as we will  
 'Tis woman, woman rules us still.  
 —Moore.
16. Mrs. Wm. Anderson.—  
 It may be glorious to write  
 Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
 High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
 Once in a century;  
 But better far it is to speak  
 One simple word which now and then  
 Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
 And friendless sons of men.  
 —J. R. Lowell.



17. Annie P. Anderson,—

There's never a rose in all the world  
But makes some green spray sweeter ;  
There's never a wind in all the sky  
But makes some bird wing fleetier ;  
There's never a star but brings to heaven  
Some silver radiance tender ;  
An never a rosy cloud but helps  
To crown the sunset splendor ;  
No robin but may thrill some heart  
His down-like gladness voicing ;  
God gives us all some small sweet way  
To set the world rejoicing. —Anonymous.

18. Charles M. Anderson.

It is not necessary that we should all agree in our opinions,  
so long as we agree in our principles. The spokes of a wheel di-  
verge from one another, but they all re-unite in the rim.

19. Ivan A. Anderson.

There are battles in life we only can fight  
And victories, too, to win,  
And somebody else can not take our place  
When we shall have entered in ;  
But if Somebody Else has done his work  
While we for our ease have striven,  
'Twill be only fair if the blessed reward,  
To Somebody Else is given.  
—Independent Forester.

20. E. B. Anderson,—

Be just and fear not ;  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! —Shakespeare.

21. Georgina L. Annand,—

The moon and the stars are commonplace things,  
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings,  
But dark were the world and sad our lot  
If the flowers failed and the sun shone not ;  
And God who studies each separate soul,  
Out of commonplace makes his beautiful whole.

22. Mrs. Chas. Bailes,—

He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man, and bird and beast ;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small,  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made, and loveth all.  
—Coleridge.

23. Mrs. E. E. Barr,—

Man who man would be,  
Must rule the empire of himself.  
—Shelley.

24. Addie M. Broad, Haydon,—  
 Let your truth stand sure, and the world is true ;  
 Let you heart keep pure and the world will too.  
 —Houghton.
25. Mrs. M L. Argall,—  
 The Lord God is a sun and shield,  
 He will give grace and glory,  
 And no good thing will he withhold  
 From those who walk uprightly. —Bible.
26. Fred. J. Bailes,—  
 'Tis better to say, "This thing I do," than, "These things I  
 dabble in." —Pleasant Hours.
27. J. Bennet,—  
 It is not growing like a tree,  
 In bulk doth make men better be.
28. J. H. Butler,—  
 To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the  
 day, thou can'st not then be false to any man. —Shakespeare.
29. Geo. R. Burt,—  
 Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
 Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
 I must be measured by my soul ;  
 The mind's the standard of the man. —Watts.
30. Mrs. Geo. Burt,—  
 It is well to know that attempted things,  
 Are counted and crowned by the king of kings.
31. Georgie Burt,—  
 Jesus loves me, this I know. —Anna Warner.
32. Mrs. Frank Brathwaite,—  
 Our doubts are traitors  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win  
 By fearing to attempt. —Shakespeare.
33. Frank Brathwaite,—  
 "Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of  
 us than we do in our judgments of ourselves." —La Rochefoucauld.
34. Annie Burgoyne,—  
 There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving  
 soul, which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity  
 than the most elaborate arguments. —George Elliot.
35. Edith Bongard,—  
 Be good, my dear, and let who will be clever ;  
 Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
 And so make life, death and the vast forever  
 One grand, sweet song. —Charles Kingsley.

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—George Elliot.

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Charles Kingsley.

36. Arthur Bale,—

The world's a looking-glass and gives back to every man  
the reflection of his own face. Frown at it and it will, in turn  
look sourly upon you, smile at it and with it and you will find it  
a jolly and kind companion  
—Thackeray.

37. John Bailes, —

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world ;  
and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a  
man without it.  
—Goethe.

38. Mrs. John Bailes, —

"I hold that Christian grace abounds where charity is  
seen ; that when we climb to heaven 'tis on the rounds of love  
to man."  
—Alice Cary.

39. Chas. R. Bailes, —

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel ;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice ;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment,  
Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy ;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."  
—Shakespeare (Hamlet.)

40. Mrs. A. Blaney, —

Because he had inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I  
call upon him as long as I live.  
—Psalms CXVI, 2.

41. F. Bowden, —

Look not mournfully into the past ; it comes not back  
again. Wisely improve the present ; it is thine. Go forth to  
meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart.  
—Longfellow.

42. James Brewer, Sr., —

My flesh and my heart faileth ; but the Lord is the strength  
of my heart and my portion forever.  
—Bible.

43. Mrs J. Brewer, —

If death, my friend and me divide,  
Thou dost not Lord, my sorrow hide,  
Or frown my tear to see,  
Restrained from passionate excess  
Thou biddest me mourn in calm distress  
For them that rest in Thee.  
—Charles Wesley.

44. In memory of Ina Brewer, died June 12th, 1887. Her last  
words:—

One thing have I desired of the Lord ; that will I seek  
after.  
—David.

45. Birdie Bailes,—  
Absence of occupation is not rest ;  
A mind quite vacant, is a mind distressed. —Cooper.
46. W. Bellamy,—  
And what I say unto you I say unto all, watch. —Bible.
47. Mrs. W. Bellamy,—  
The good are better made by ill,  
As odours crushed are sweeter still. —Rogers.
48. H. T. Carswell,—  
To err is human, to forgive divine. — Pope.
49. Mrs. H. T. Carswell,—  
True glory takes root and even spreads. All false pre-  
tences, like flowers, fall to the ground ; nor can any counterfeit  
last long. —Cicero.
50. Mary H. Carswell,—  
The just shall live by faith. —Bible.
51. H. Chambers,—  
Honor and shame from no condition rise ;  
Act well your part there all the honor lies. —Pope.
52. C. C. Chadd,—  
Home is the sacred refuge of our life. —Dryden.
53. Burton C. Clifford,—  
A foreman, if he's got a conscience, and delights in his  
work, will do his business as if he were a partner. I wouldn't  
give a penny for a man as 'ud drive a nail in slack because he  
didn't get extra pay for it. —George Elliot.
54. Rev. J. T. Caldwell, B. A. B. D., Mimico,—  
So nigh is grandeur to our dust  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"  
The man replies "I can." —Anonymous.
55. Mrs. J. T. Caldwell,—  
Never do what you cannot ask Christ to bless ; and never  
go into any place, or pursuit in which you cannot ask Christ  
Jesus to go with you. —T. L. Cuyler.
56. Miss Conway,—  
The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you  
can do well without a thought of fame. —Longfellow.
57. Mrs. Conthard,—  
Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.  
—Bible.

58. Etta B. Craig, —

Give and it shall be given to you, good measure pressed  
down and running over. Do you think a good deed ever went  
unrewarded? I answer for you. "Never." A good deed is in  
itself its own reward; it pays an interest in the best bank book  
that ever was held, and that is your own heart.

Every good deed exalts, and ennobles the doer consciously  
or unconsciously; you are finding the bread that you cast upon  
the water. —Rev. M. D. Tolman.

59. Mrs. J. Carter, —

She has done what she could. —Bible.

60. C. R. Carter, —

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of Time

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait. —Longfellow.

61. Jas. Carmichael, —

A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one  
another. —Christ.

62. Ernest F. Case, Picton, Ont., —

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!  
Let the dead Past bury the dead!  
Act,—act in the living Present!  
Heart within, and God o'erhead! —Longfellow.

63. M. F. Cross, —

Life every man holds dear, but the brave man  
Holds honor far more precious, dearer than life.

—Shakespeare.

64. Mrs. Cross,

For forms of government let fools contest;  
Whate'er is best administered is best;  
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right. —Pope.

65. Mary Curtis, —

Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven.  
—Carlyle.

66. Mrs. M. A. Childs, —

The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of  
them all. —Bible.

67. A. J. Curtis, —

Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil, the product of all  
climes. —Addison.

68. Mrs. Church,—  
Experience is by industry achieved,  
And perfected by the swift course of time. —Shakespeare.
69. Mr. John Cowan,—  
Ignorance lies at the bottom of all human knowledge, and  
the deeper we penetrate, the nearer we arrive unto it. For what  
do we truly know, or what can we clearly affirm, of any one of  
those important things upon which all our reasonings must of  
necessity be built,—time and space, life and death, matter and  
mind? —Colton.
70. R. E. Carswell,—  
Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in  
the flesh is not of God. —Bible.
71. Alice Dingle,—  
I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we  
stand as in what direction we are moving. —O. W. Holmes.
72. Reba Dingle,—  
Better be small and shine, than to be great and cast a  
shadow. —Thomas Brown.
73. May Dingle,—  
God has given man two eyes, if he lose one he hath another.  
But man hath only one soul, if he lose that the loss can never be  
made up again —Chrysostom.
74. Norman Dingle,—  
Life is a service: the only question is, whom will we serve?  
—F. W. Faber.
75. Mrs. J. Dingle,—  
I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness. —Bible.
76. Ina Drew,—  
"Go back to thy garden plot, sweet heart,  
Go back e'er the evening fall,  
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,  
Till for thee the Master call.  
Go make thy garden as fair as thou canst,  
Thou workest never alone,  
Perchance he, whose lot is next to thine,  
May see it and mend his own;  
And the next may copy his, sweet heart,  
Till all grows fair and sweet,  
And when the Master comes at eve,  
Happy faces His coming will greet.  
Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,  
In the garden so fair to see,  
In the Master's words of praise to all  
Is a look of His own for thee " —Mrs. Charles.

—Shakespeare.

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—Mrs. Charles.

77. Kate A. Dinney,—

By different methods, diff'rent men excel;  
But where is he that can do all things well.

—Churchill.

78. H. T. G. Dreyer,—

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence; that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied  
First exiles, then repleves what we hate;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

—Byron.

79. Marietta L. Dingle,—

The Light that is Felt.

A tender child of summers three,  
Seeking her little bed at night,  
Paused on the dark air timidly,  
'Oh, mother! Take my hand,' said she,  
'And then the dark will all be light.'

We older children grope our way  
From dark behind to dark before;  
And only when our hands we lay,  
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,  
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days  
When in our guides are blind as we  
And faith is small, and hope delays;  
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,  
And let us feel the light of Thee! —J. G. Whittier.

80. Ethel L. Drew,—

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded  
In agony of heart, these many years?  
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining  
And think you all in vain those falling tears?  
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer  
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay do not say unanswered;  
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,  
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,  
And God will finish what he has begun:  
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer  
And glory shall descend, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered  
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock.  
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,  
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.  
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer  
And cries 'It shall be done, sometime, somewhere.'

—Ophelia G. Browning.

81. Miss Downs,—  
 For still in mutual sufferance lies,  
 The secret of true living,  
 Love scarce is love, that never knows,  
 The sweetness of forgiving.  
 —John G. Whittier.
82. Mrs. M. E. Dickie,—  
 Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ;  
 for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the  
 grave, whither thou goest.  
 —Bible.
83. Caroline Day,—  
 Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.  
 —George Elliott.
84. Mrs. Edna Dingle,  
 There grows in the garden of life two flowers, our souls to prove,  
 The passionate rose of self, and the spotless lily of love.  
 We never can have them both, one flower for each of us blows ;  
 We choose the lily for aye, or forever we choose the rose.  
 —James Buckham.
85. Miss E. F. Davidson,—  
 In men whom men condemn as ill  
 I find so much of goodness still ;  
 In men whom men pronounce divine  
 I find so much of sin and plot ;  
 I hesitate to draw the line  
 Between the two where God has not.  
 —Joachim Miller.
86. Mrs. R. Davidson,—  
 No tasks thy God hath given thee  
 Can I to thee unfold ;  
 And did I know, perchance 'twere best  
 To leave them still untold.  
 For, knowing what those task would be,  
 Thy hands might listless fall,  
 And thou the moments fret away  
 And leave unfinished all.  
 But, thinking each to be the last,  
 Thou'lt finish one by one,  
 And calmly fold thy hands to rest,  
 And know thy work is done.  
 —L. C. Smith.
87. Bert Davidson,—  
 Music ! O how faint, how weak,  
 Language fades before thy spell !  
 Why should feelings ever speak,  
 When thou can'st breathe her soul so well ?  
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,  
 Love's are e'en more false than they ;  
 Oh ! 'tis only music's strain  
 Can sweetly soothe and not betray.  
 —Moore.



88. Louie Davidson,—

To live in darkness—in despair to die,  
Is this indeed the boon to mortals given?  
Is there no port—no rock of refuge nigh?  
There is—to those who fix their anchor hope in heaven.

Turn then, O man! and cast all else aside;  
Direct thy wandering thoughts to things above—  
Low as the cross bow down—in that confide,  
Till doubt be lost in faith, and bliss secured in love.

—C. C. Colton.

89. Fred Ellis,—

Rest not! Life is sweeping by;  
Go and dare before you die,  
Something mighty and sublime  
Leave behind to conquer time.  
Glorious 'tis to live for aye  
When these forms have passed away.

—Goethe.

90. Mrs. Myrtle M. Ellis,—

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

91. Greta Ellis,—

Though the road be long and dreary,  
And the goal be out of sight,  
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

—Norman Macleod.

92. Albert N. Ellis,—

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

—Longfellow.

93. Geo. Edwards,—

If God be for us, who can be against us?

—Bible.

94. Mrs. Geo. Edwards,—

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?

—Bible.

95. Mrs. E. S. Edmondson,—

True happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but  
in the worth and choice. Let them be good that love me, though  
but few.

—Johnson.

96. Mrs M. E. Everson,—

Happy is the man whose good intentions have borne fruit in deeds;  
And whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom.

—Scott.

97. J. W. Ellis,—  
 Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footprints on the sands of time;  
 Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and ship wrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again. —Longfellow.
98. Mrs. J. W. Ellis,—  
 Take time to be holy,  
 Speak oft with thy Lord;  
 Abide in him always,  
 And feed on His word;  
 Make friends of God's children,  
 Help those who are weak,  
 Forgetting in nothing  
 His blessing to seek. —W. D. Langstaff.
99. Hazel M. Ellis,—  
 The Lord loveth a cheerful given.  
 Be kindly affectioned one to another. —Bible.
100. Llewella D. Everson,—  
 An idler is a watch that lacks both hands,  
 As useless if it goes as if it stands. —Cowper.
101. Irelia G. Everson,—  
 Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 And hide the fault I see.  
 That mercy I to others show  
 That mercy show to me. —Pope.
102. Miss Evelyn Everson,—  
 'A common-place life,' we say, and we sigh;  
 But why should we sigh as we say?  
 The common-place sun in the common-place sky  
 Makes up the common-place day.  
 The moon and the stars are common-place things,  
 And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;  
 But dark were the world and sad our lot  
 If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not;  
 And God, who studies each separate soul,  
 Out of common-place lives makes his beautiful whole.  
 —Susan Coolidge.
103. Mrs. Francis Ellis,—  
 Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee:  
 he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. —Bible.
104. J. E. Edmondson,—  
 Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath. —Bible.
105. Mrs. J. E. Edmondson,—  
 Man, respect thyself. —Bauner.

106. Annie H. Ellis,—

O heart! to still thy craving  
Naught can'st thou find on earth,  
Where shadows darken sunshine,  
And sorrows follow mirth.

Only when thou hast tasted  
The love of Christ who died,  
And trusted in Him fully  
Wilt thou be satisfied.

—Jessie H. Barker.

107. Ed. Edmondson,—

Heart linked to heart by friendship's chain,  
Both every shock receiving,  
No piercing shaft the one can pain  
Without the other grieving.

A chain that use wears not away,  
But more enduring makes it;  
A chain so strong that none can say  
That even death quite breaks it.

—L. C. Smith.

108. H. Foy,—

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceed-  
ingly small; though with patience he stands waiting, with exact-  
ness grinds He all.

—Longfellow.

109. Miss Claire Farewell,—

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

—Tennyson.

110. Caroline Edith Farewell,—

Home, Home, sweet home,  
Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home.

111. A. R. Farewell,—

Nothing fails of its end; out of sight sinks the stone  
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on.

—J. G. Whittier.

112. Mrs. Frances Farrow,—

If God be for us who can be against us?

—Bible.

113. Jas A. Faulkner,—

There's nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.

—Shakespeare.

114. E. O. Felt,—

I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog  
and cat are not the better for it.

—Roland Hill.

115. Ada M. Fife,—

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even  
so to them.

—Bible.

116. Minnie Fisher,—  
Not to enjoy life but to employ life ought to be our aim and  
inspiration. —J. R. Macduff.
117. F. L. Fowke,—  
The noblest motive is the public good. —Foster.
118. F. Fowke,—  
Visions are the creators and feeders of the world.  
—George Elliot.
119. Dr. Ford,—  
I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and  
say, 'Tis all barren'; and so it is; and so is all the world to him  
who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. —Sterne.
120. Mrs. E. J. Francis,—  
To err is human,  
To forgive divine. —Pope.
121. Mrs. C. French,—  
We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time. —Longfellow.
122. H. C. Fairbanks,—  
Energy will do anything that can be done in this world:  
and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man  
without it. —Goethe.
123. Mrs. J. O. Guy,—  
Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath  
made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bond-  
age. —Gal. 5 chap., 1st verse.
124. J. O. Guy,—  
But, my God shall supply all your need according to his  
riches in glory by Christ Jesus. —Philippians 4 chap., 19 verse.
125. E. J. Gregory,—  
Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'  
Was not spoken of the soul.  
Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day. —Longfellow.
126. C. I. Goodheart,—  
Choose well, your choice is brief and yet endless. —Goethe.

ght to be our aim and  
—J. R. Macduff.

e good. —Foster.

f the world.  
—George Elliot.

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s all the world to him  
—Sterne.

—Pope.

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—Goethe.

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th the yoke of bond-  
chap., 1st verse.

ed according to his  
ans 4 chap., 19 verse.

—Longfellow.

endless. —Goethe.

127. Eva Gibbs,—  
Ah! many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant;  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken. —Scott.

128. Mrs. Jas. D. Goodman,—  
Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this,  
To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep  
himself unspotted from the world. —Bible.

129. J. F. Grierson, B.A.,—  
We live in deeds not years; in thoughts not breaths;  
In feelings not in figures on a dial,  
We should count time by heart throbs; he most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.  
—P. J. Bailey.

130. Flossie Grose —  
Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies;  
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is. —Tennyson.

131. Mrs Fred Guy,—  
Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evi-  
dence of things not seen. —Bible.

132. Fred Guy,—  
In other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims the eye,  
Each little speck and blemish find;  
To our own stronger errors blind. —Gray.

133. S. F. Goodheart,—  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything. —Shakespeare.

134. Elizabeth Goyne,—  
Some one will enter the pearly gates by and by,  
Taste of the glories that there await, shall you, shall I?  
—James Megrnhan.

135. Mrs. Gardineer, —  
The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh  
me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still  
waters. He restoreth my soul; He leadeth me in the paths of  
righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for Thou  
art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me  
—Bible.

136. Edith Gurley, —  
 There is nothing so kingly as kindness  
 And nothing so royal as truth. —Alice Cary.
137. Evelyn Guy Galley, —  
 One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.
138. W. H. Gregory, —  
 I say but what I think and nothing more or less.  
 And when I pray, my heart is in my prayer;  
 I cannot say one thing and mean another. — Longfellow.
139. Norman J. Grose, —  
 Breathes there a man, with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself has said,  
 'This is my own, my native land ?  
 Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he has turned  
 From wandering on a foreign strand ?  
 If such there be, go, mark him well  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
 High though his title, proud his pelf,  
 The wretch concentred all in self,  
 Living, — shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down,  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung, —  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung. —Scott.
140. A. M. Germond, —  
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill  
 deeds done. —Shakespeare.
141. Mrs F. L. Henry.  
 Be not like the stream that brawls  
 Loud with shallow waterfalls.  
 But in quiet self-control  
 Link together soul and soul.
142. Mrs. E. M. Henry.  
 The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
 It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
 Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
 The throne'd monarch better than his crown ;  
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthron'd in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice  
 —The Merchant of Venice, Shakespeare.

143. F. L. Henry.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of Life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!  
Be a hero in the strife.

144. Geo. W. Hezzelwood.

He does well who does his best. —Elliot.

145. Alymer Hezzelwood.

Make thou my vision sane and clear,  
That I may see what beauty clings  
In common forms, and find the soul  
Of unregarded things. —C. G. D. Roberts.

146. F. E. Hislop.

All are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of time ;  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with material filled ;  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place. —Longfellow.

147. Franklin Humphries,—

Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness  
and all these things shall be added unto you. —Matthew 6, 33.

148. Annie Hogarth,

In the elder days of art,  
Builders wrought with greatest care  
Each minute and unseen part ;  
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
Both the unseen and the seen ;  
Make the house, where Gods may dwell,  
Beautiful, entire, and clean. —Longfellow.

149. Mrs. Sabina Hunt,—

Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the de-  
sires of thy heart. —Bible.

150. Lillian M. Hall,—

Things done well and with a care exempt themselves from  
fear ; things done without example in their issue are to be feared.  
—Shakespeare.

151. L. Hutchings, Jasper Hill, Jamaica, W. I.,—  
Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.  
—Bible
152. Whitfield Hainer,—  
To work without one thought of gain or fame  
To realize that journey to the moon!  
Never to pen a line that has not sprung  
Straight from the heart within.  
—Rosland in 'Cyrano de Bergerac'
153. Luther C. Hall,—  
The quality of mercy is not strain'd;  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest. It becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
—Shakespeare.
154. W. A. Halnan,—  
Life is more than what man fancies,  
Not a game of idle chances,  
But it steadily advances  
Up the rugged heights of time,  
Till each complex world of trouble  
Every sad hope's broken bubble,  
Hath a meaning most sublime.  
—Right Living.
155. Mrs. W. A. Halnan,—  
Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.  
—James Russell Lowell.
156. M. Ada Hansen,—  
Let us then be what we are, and speak what we think, and  
in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profes-  
sions of friendship.  
—Longfellow.
157. M. Marie Hansen,—  
And the night shall be filled with music  
And the cares that infest the day,  
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away.  
—Longfellow.
158. W. A. Hare,—  
'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none go just alike,  
yet each believes his own.  
—Pope.
159. H. J. Harris,—  
Those love truth best, who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do.  
—Lowell.



160. J. E. Harvey,—

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

161. J. Harvey,—

Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the  
life that now is, and of that which is to come. St. Paul.

162. G. W. Harvey,—

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well;  
The good, the joy, which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell. —Bates.

163. L. J. Harvey,—

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps  
friendship; and he who plants kindness gathers love. —Basil.

164. Thos. Hezzelwood, Winnipeg, Man.,

The loveliest thing on earth is a beautiful pure good woman.

165. E. Hezzelwood, Winnipeg, Man.,—

Blest be love, to whom we owe  
All that's fair and bright below. —Moore.

166. W. A. Heron, Scarboro, Ont.,—

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.  
—Bible.

167. Mrs. W. A. Heron,—

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord  
of hosts. —Bible.

168. Mrs. Almira Hezzelwood,—

A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb.

169. Milford Hezzelwood, Iowa Falls, Iowa,—

No matter what you try to do  
At home or at your school,  
Always do your very best,  
There is no better rule.

170. Velma Hezzelwood,—

Truth is honest, truth is sure,  
Truth is strong, and must endure.

171. Prof. Larsen Hezzelwood, Iowa Fall, Iowa,—  
 Somewhere within the treasure-house of God,  
 Where precious gems, with primal glory shine,  
 Walk to and fro, as o'er the earth they trod,  
 Our lost ideals, radiant, divine.  
 I see them toying there with pearls and tears  
~~On~~ lost within the vacant world of time;  
 I see them bending low amidst the years  
 To hear increase of music in earth's chime.  
 I know not—are they brighter, dearer there  
 Than when we loved them first in happy days,  
 When morning ran to evening with our care,  
 And o'er the earth breathed springtime's roundelays?
172. George Wellington Hezzelwood, Iowa Falls, Iowa.—  
 I love the name of Washington,  
 I love my Country too,  
 I love the Flag, the dear old Flag,  
 Of red, and white, and blue.
173. Wm. E. Hezzelwood,—  
 'Tis easy enough to be pleasant,  
 When everything goes like a song;  
 But the man worth while  
 Is the man with a smile,  
 When everything goes dead wrong.  
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
174. Zelma Hezzelwood,—  
 Whene'er a duty waits for thee,  
 With some judgment view it,  
 And never idly wish it done;  
 Begin at once and do it
175. Mrs. Jennie Hezzelwood, Iowa Falls, Iowa,—  
 Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy,  
 but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.  
 —Simons.
176. Oliver Hezzelwood,—  
 No man can judge another's sin  
 God only sees without and in,  
 For many are crowned as saints by God  
 Whose graves unheeding feet have trod;  
 Man judges by the outer life,  
 God by the inner strife.  
 —Frederick George Scott.
177. Mrs. O. Hezzelwood,—  
 Thou art happy when thou hast done thy duty, be the skies  
 dark or fair, be men kind or unkind, just or base. Thou art happy  
 when thou hast done what God has planned for thee this day, this  
 hour: when thou hast been brave, helpful, and above all uncom-  
 plaining of thy lot.  
 —Annie Robertson Brown.

178. Phee Hezzelwood,—

If God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him ;  
Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable ;  
Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable ;  
If it be light, slight it not ;  
If it be heavy, murmur not :  
After the cross—the crown.

—F. Quarles.

179. E. C. Hezzelwood, Foxhome, Minn.,

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

—Longfellow.

180. Mrs. Hanley,—

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a  
saint. The affectation of sanctity is a blotch on the face of piety.

—Lavater.

181. Andrew Hall,—

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the un-  
godly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of  
the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord and in his  
law doth he meditate day and night.

1st Psalm.

182. Mrs. J. S. Harvey,—

It 's not so much what you say,  
As the manner in which you say it.

183. Mrs. J. Hill,—

It is ignorance, and not knowledge that rejects instruction ;  
it is weakness, and not strength that refuses co-operation.

—Selected.

184. Olive N. Hill,—

Life has such hard conditions that every dear and precious  
gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endow-  
ment,—love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness, benevolence, must some-  
times be put into the crucible to distil the one elixir—patience.

185. Gertrude M. Hill,—

Per Aspera ad Alta.  
(Through difficulties to the heights )

186. R. McK. Inglis,—

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom,  
and will find the flaw, when he may have forgotten the cause.

—Beecher.

187. Mrs. R. McK. Inglis,—

Act well at the moment and you will have performed a good  
action to all eternity.

—Lavater.

188. Mrs. R. H. James,—  
 Ah! What would the world be to us,  
 If the children were no more?  
 We should dread the desert behind us  
 Worse than the dark before. —Long fellow.
189. G. Joblin, Cæsarea,—  
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen  
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air. —Gray.
190. Frank Joblin, Cæsarea,—  
 He who serves well and speaks not, merits more,  
 Than they who clamor loudest at the door. —Longfellow.
191. Miss Joblin, Cæsarea,—  
 Know then this truth (enough for man to know)  
 'Virtue alone is happiness below.' —Pope.
192. John Joblin,—  
 Thy love shall chant itself its own beatitudes, after its own life  
 working, a child kiss,  
 Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad;  
 A poor man, served by thee, shall make thee rich;  
 A sick man helped by thee, shall made thee strong;  
 Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense of service, which thou  
 renderest. —E. B. Browning.
193. Mrs. John Joblin,—  
 He who hath made thee whole  
 Will heal thee day by day;  
 He who hath spoken to thy soul  
 Hath many things to say.  
 He who hath gently taught  
 Yet more will make thee know;  
 He who so wondrously hath wrought  
 Yet greater things will show.  
 He loveth always, faileth never;  
 So rest on him to-day forever! —F. R. Havergal.
194. F. G. Joblin,—  
 But O thou bounteous Giver of all good  
 Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!  
 Give what thou canst, without thee (we are poor,  
 And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away. —Cowper.
195. Bert Joblin,—  
 An ounce of action is worth a ton of talk. —Old Proverb.

196. C H. Jacobs,—  
An error gracefully acknowledged, is a victory won.  
—Gascoigre.

197. F. W. Jacobs,—  
Oh many a shaft at random sent  
Finds mark the archer little meant ;  
And many a word at random spoken  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.  
—Sir W. Scott.

198. Mrs. A. Jacobi,—  
There is nothing so strong or soft in any emergency of life as  
simple truth.  
—Dickens.

199. Thomas P. Johns,—  
Hope, unyielding to despair,  
Springs forever fresh and fair ;  
Earth's serenest prospects fly,  
Hope's enchantments never die.  
—Montgomery.

200. L. Newton Johns,—  
Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat. —Longfellow.

201. Ralph H. Johns,—  
Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way ;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.  
—Longfellow.

202. Mrs. W. Jackson,—  
A higher love and a wiser,  
Bids the summer come and go,  
And the same hand that loosens the blossoms now  
Shall banish the winter's snow.  
In the daily round of duty  
Lose sight of the present pain,  
And look with calm and hopeful heart,  
For the Spring that shall come again.  
—Fidelis.

203. Norman Jennings,—  
Patience is a virtue.

204. Mrs. Anne Jones,—  
When this you see, remember me,  
And bear me in your mind ;  
Let all the world say what they will,  
Speak by me, as you find,  
—Selected.

205. C. Jones,—

Ho—every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he  
that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine  
and milk without money and without price. —Bible.

206. C. A. Jones,—

A little work, a little play  
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light  
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow  
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die  
We reap our sowing! and so—good-bye!

—George Du Maurier.

207. Effie H. Jennings,—

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and  
loving favor than silver or gold. —Bible.

208. Mrs. J. B. Keddie,—

If any little word of mine  
May make a life the brighter,  
If any little song of mine  
May make a heart the lighter,  
God help me speak the little word,  
And take my bit of singing,  
And drop it in some lonely vale  
To set the echoes ringing.

—Auou.

209. J. B. Keddie,—

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto  
thine own understanding.  
In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy  
paths. —Bible.

210. Arthur J. L. Keddie, Bear Lake, Mich,—

Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age  
of Man. —Frances E. Willard.

211. Helen M. Keddie,—

For life seems so little when life is past,  
And the memories of sorrows fleet so fast;  
And the woes which were bitter to you and to me  
Shall vanish as rain-drops that fall in the sea,  
And all that has hurt us shall be made good,  
And the puzzles which hindered be understood,  
And the long, hard, hard march through the wilderness bare,  
Seem but a day's journey when we are there. —Selected.

212. Mrs. A. J. L. Keddie.—

Thou must be true to thyself,  
If thou the truth would'st teach,  
Thy soul must overflow,  
If thou another's soul would'st reach.  
It takes the overflow of heart  
To give the lips full speech.

213. Master James Luke Keddie,—

Kind hearts are the gardens,  
Kind thoughts are the roots,  
Kind words are the blossoms,  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

214. May D. Keddie,—

On the river of life, as I float along,  
I see, with the spirit's sight,  
That many a nauseous weed of wrong,  
Has root in a seed of right  
For evil is good that has gone astray,  
And sorrow is only blindness,  
And the world is always under the sway  
Of a changeless law of kindness.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

215. Will G. Keddie,—

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—Bailey.

216. Jean V. Keddie,—

He whom temptation never has assailed,  
Knows not that subtle sense of moral strength;  
When sorely tried, we waver, but at length,  
Rise up and turn away, not having failed.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

217. E. Louise Keddie,—

Be sure, no earnest work  
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,  
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much;  
It is not gathered as a grain of sand  
To enlarge the sum of human action used  
For carrying out God's end.

—Elizabeth Barret Browning.

218. Mrs. A. D. Kennedy,—

When I shall meet with those that I have loved,  
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,  
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

—Horatius Bonar.

219. Mrs. H. King,—  
 There is no death! What seems so is transition:  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
 Whose portal we call death.  
 —Longfellow.
220. Harry King,—  
 To each his sufferings: all are men  
 Condemn'd alike to groan;  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! Why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their paradise  
 No more;—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.  
 —Gray.
221. Mr. R. Kinver,—  
 Beware of too sublime a sense  
 Of your own worth and consequence  
 —Cowper.
222. Mrs. R. Kinver,—  
 Every radiant winged to-morrow, hidden in the distant years,  
 Has its poise of joy or sorrow, has its freight of hopes and fears;  
 Every hour upon the dial, every sand-grain dropped by Time  
 Quickens man by useful trial for his march to the sublime,  
 —Chas. Saugster.
223. Annie M. Kinver,—  
 Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,  
 Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;  
 So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another  
 Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.
224. Maggie M. Kinver,—  
 Life is all too short, dear,  
 And sorrow is all too great;  
 To suffer our slow compassion  
 That tarries until too late;  
 And it's not the thing you do, dear,  
 It's the thing you leave undone,  
 That gives you a bit of a heartache  
 At the setting of the sun.
225. Jno. M. Keith,—  
 What! My young lady and Mistress! your Ladyship is nearer  
 to heaven than when I saw you last. Pray, heaven, your voice,  
 like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.  
 —Hamlet, Shakespeare.



- ransition :  
 —Longfellow.
226. Letitia D. Keegan,—  
 Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
 As the swift seasons roll !  
 Leave the 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 !  
 —The Chambered Nautilus, Oliver Wendell Holmes.
- fate,  
 —Gray.
227. Henry King,—  
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. —Gray
228. Little Rex Kitts, Foxhome, Minn.,—  
 The Lord is my Keeper. —Bible.
229. Mrs. Alex. Kitts, Foxhome, Minn.,—  
 Small service is true service while it lasts,  
 Of humblest friends bright creatures scarce not one  
 The daisy by the shadow that it casts  
 Protects the lingering dew drop from the sun. —Wordsworth.
230. Alex Kitts, Foxhome, Minn.,—  
 We get back our mite as we measure,  
 We cannot do wrong and feel right.  
 We cannot give pain and get pleasure,  
 For justice avenges each slight. —Alice Carey.
231. Dr. T. E. Kaiser,—  
 For forms of government let fools contest ;  
 Whate'er is best administered is best ;  
 For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;  
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right. —Pope.
232. L. Lister Kaiser,—  
 Shield of my love 'lean hard',  
 And let me feel the pressure of thy care,  
 I know thy burden, child ; I shaped it,  
 Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion  
 In its weight to thine unaided strength ;  
 For even as I laid it on, I said,  
 I shall be near, and while she leans on me,  
 This burden shall be mine, not hers. —Paul Pastmor.
233. Lyman C. Lanchland,—  
 That which we are, we are ;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. —Tennyson.
- nce —Cowper.
- the distant years,  
 of hopes and fears ;  
 dropped by Time  
 o the sublime.  
 —Chas. Sangster.
- n other in passing,  
 the darkness ;  
 me another  
 in and a silence.
- ear,  
 one,  
 che
- ur Ladyship is near-  
 heaven, your voice,  
 within the ring.  
 mlet, Shakespeare.

234. C. Gartshore Keddie,—  
Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds,  
You can't do that way when you're flying words;  
The things we think, may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.  
—Will Carleton.
235. Norman Lauchland,—  
O' Wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see oursel's as ithers see us. —Burns.
236. Ada Luxon,—  
Strength for to-day is all that we need  
As there never will be a to-morrow;  
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day  
With its measure of joy or sorrow. —Selected.
237. R. Lancaster, England,—  
What we have, we'll hold. —Chamberlain.
238. J. N. LeRoy,—  
Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped  
arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity. —Johnson.
239. Mrs. J. N. LeRoy,—  
Let us give everything its due. —Dickens.
240. Mrs. D. Lick,—  
Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time;  
Footprints, that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart again. —Longfellow.
241. Eliza Z. M. Lick,—  
To me the meanest flower that blows, can give thoughts  
that do often lie too deep for tears. —Wordsworth.
242. Mrs. Mary Luke,—  
Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed  
upon us, that we should be called the sons of God.  
—I John, 3, 1.
243. Mary E. Luke,—  
For things far off we toil, while many a good,  
Not sought because too near, is never gained.  
—Wordsworth

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—Will Carleton.

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—Wordsworth.

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—I John, 3, 1.

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—Wordsworth

244. Addie T. Luke,—

All's for the best I be sanguine and cheerful,  
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise ;  
Nothing but folly goes faithless and fearful,  
Courage for ever is happy and wise. —Tupper.

245. Kate M. Luke,—

Let every minute, as it springs,  
Convey fresh knowledge on its wings ;  
Let every minute, as it flies,  
Record thee good, as well as wise. —Cotton.

246. J. Herbert R. Luke,—

More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ;  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. —Tennyson.

247. Emily G. Luke,—

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth ;  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
Long may the kindly impulse last !  
But thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast.  
—Wordsworth's Ode to Duty.

248. Samuel Luke,—

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, 'An honest  
man's the noblest work of God.' —Burns.

249. R. A. J. Little,—

There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the  
flood, leads on to fortune or to fame. —Shakespeare.

250. Mrs. H. H. Lang,—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join,  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams. —Bryant.

251. C. E. L. H. Law,—  
 Life is real, life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal;  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul. —Longfellow.
252. H. H. Lang,—  
 Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
 The civic slander and the spite;  
 Ring in the love of truth and right,  
 Ring in the common love of good. —Tennyson.
253. Evelyn Lang,—  
 The Rock-a-bye lady from Hush-a-by street  
 Comes stealing, comes creeping;  
 The poppies, they hang from her head to her feet  
 And each has a dream that is tiny and fleet,  
 And she bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,  
 When she findeth you sleeping. —Eugene Field.
254. Mrs. Catharine Luke,—  
 Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed  
 on thee; because he trusteth in thee. Trust ye in the Lord for-  
 ever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.  
 —Isaiah 26, 3 and 4.
255. Mrs. Joseph Luke,—  
 Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but  
 according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regenera-  
 tion, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.  
 —Titus 3, 5.
256. Joseph Luke,—  
 Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for  
 I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee;  
 yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.  
 —Isaiah 41, 10.
257. Mrs. G. Lander, El Paso, Texas,—  
 True worth is in being, not seeming—  
 In doing each day that goes by,  
 Some little good—not in dreaming  
 Of great things to do bye-and-bye;  
 For, whatever men say in blindness,  
 And in spite of the fancies of youth,  
 There's nothing so kingly as kindness,  
 And nothing so royal as truth. —Alice Carey.
258. E. H. Lick,—  
 Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
 So do our minutes hasten to their end.

259. Mrs. Edgar Luke,—

I count this thing to be grandly true ;  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—  
Lifting the soul from the common clod  
To a purer air and a broader view. —J. G. Holland.

260. Edgar Luke,—

Fear not : for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by  
thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the  
waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall  
not overflow thee! When thou walkest through the fire, thou  
shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.  
—Isaiah 43, 1 and 2.

261. Mrs. E. H. Luck,—

The noblest service comes from nameless hands ;  
And the best servant does his work unseen. —Holmes.

262. Mrs. T. H. Lockhart, Toronto,—

One by one thy duties wait thee ;  
Let thy whole strength go to each,  
Let no future dreams elate thee,  
Learn thou first what these can teach.  
Do not look at life's long sorrow ;  
Think how small each moment's pain ;  
God will help thee for to-morrow,  
Every day begin again. —Adelaide Procter.

263. T. H. Lockhart, Toronto,—

I dare not lay it down ; I only ask  
That taking up my daily cross, I may  
Follow my Master, humbly, step by step,  
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect day. —Havergal.

264. Rev. J. J. Liddy, M. A.,—

Our little systems have their day  
They have their day and cease to be  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they. —Tennyson.

265. Mrs. James Liddy,—

Music is well said to be the speech of angels. —Carlyle.

266. W. G. Luke,—

No wind serves him who addresses his voyage to no certain  
port. —Montaigne.

267. Mrs. W. G. Luke,—

God gives us strength enough and sense for everything he  
wants us to do. —Ruskin.

268. T. W. G. McKay, M. D.—

The rank is but the guinea's stamp  
The man's the gowd for a' that.

Robert Burns.

269. J. Mewhiney,—

It is a remarkable thing that the more persistently we think of people, the less distinctly we remember then the absent faces of our dearest ones, because blurred in our recollections, like photographs that are out of focus; while memory can call up with startling vividness the countenances of the butcher and baker and candlestick maker with whom we dealt a dozen years ago.

—Helen Shorncroft Fowler.

270. Miller, I. of W. England.—

My God I thank Thee, who hast made  
The earth so bright;  
So full of splendour and of joy,  
Beauty and light;  
So many glorious things are here,  
Noble and right.

I thank Thee, too, that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

A. A. Proctor.

271. Mrs. T. B. Mitchell,—

Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.

—Milton.

272. T. B. Mitchell,—

The Conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man causes our esteem, but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.

—Haliburton.

273. A. M.,—

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a swift fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,  
He passeth from life to his nest in the grave.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud? —Anonymous.

274. M. Amelia Morris,—

This learned I from the shadow of a tree  
That to and fro did sway upon the wall  
Our shadow's selves, our influence, may fall  
Where we may never be.

—Selected.

Robert Burns.

275. Mabel Morrow,—  
Set yourself down for nothing, and if any person takes you  
for something, it will be all clear gain. —Anonymous.

276. Mrs. Jane P. May,—  
Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. —Bible.

277. Maude MacMillan  
The worldly hope men set their hearts upo  
Turns ashes—or it prospers! and anon,  
Like snow upon the desert's dusty face,  
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone. —Omar Khayyam.

278. E. A. Mallory,—  
Christ is our teacher instructing us in the way of salvation.  
—Moody.

279. Mrs. E. A. Mallory,—  
Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. —Bible

A. A. Proctor.

280. R Maynard, Toronto,—  
It is in our own thoughts and actions that we first have to  
stand up for the right. our business is not to protect ourselves from  
our neighbors wrong, but our neighbor from our wrong.  
—George McDonald

—Milton.

281. Daisy McBrien,—  
Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
All earth born cares are wrong;  
Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long. —Goldsmith.

—Haliburton.

282. M. A. McClelland,—  
Tongue cannot describe the love of Christ: finite minds can-  
not conceive of it; and those who know most of it can only say  
with inspiration, that it passeth knowledge —Payson

—Anonymous.

283. Nellie McGregor,—  
"What you keep by you, you can change and mend but  
words once spoken can never be recalled" —Roscommon

—Selected.

284. E. Mundy,—  
What lack of Paradise  
If, in Angelic wise,  
Each unto each, as to himself, were dear?  
If we in souls described,  
Whatever form might hide,  
Own brother, and own sister, everywhere?  
—Sir Edwin Arnold.

285. Nellie McKenzie,—  
 And the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away. —Longfellow
286. A. R. McLean,—  
 Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace  
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,  
 Beyond comparison the worst are those  
 By our own folly, or our guilt brought on. —Burns.
287. Mrs. A. R. McLean,—  
 Ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock  
 and it shall be opened unto you. —Bible.
288. Mrs. Miller, I of W, England,—  
 Just to let thy Father do  
 What he will;  
 Just to know that He is true.  
 And be still.  
 Just to follow hour by hour  
 As he leadeth;  
 Just to draw the moment's power  
 As it needeth.  
 Just to trust Him, this is all.  
 Then the day will surely be'  
 Peaceful whatsoe'er befall,  
 Bright and bless'd calm and free. F. R. Havergal.
289. W Miller, I of W. England.—  
 Courage, brother! do not stumble;  
 Though thy path be dark as night;  
 There's a star to guide the humble;  
 Trust in God, and do the right. ---Norman McLeod.
- 290.---Effie M. Mitchell, Enniskillen,—  
 Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us  
 To see oursel's as ithers see us. Burns.
291. J. C. Mitchell, M. D. Enniskillen.—  
 Be in earnest; What thou doest,  
 What thou plannest and pursuest!  
 Plan pursue and do with spirit;  
 Never care though thou inherit  
 Power weaker than another's  
 Glory dimmer than thy brothers;  
 Use thy power, use it rightlly  
 Wheresoe'er thy power Thou turnest.  
 Be in earnest: —Anon.



292. A. McMillan,—

The span of life's nae lang enough  
Nor deep enough the sea  
Na brode enough this weary world  
To part my love frae me.

—Longfellow

293. R. L. K. Muuro,—

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil. —Bible.

peace  
I with anguish,  
se  
t on. —Burns.

294. Mrs R. L. Munro,—

Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. —Bible.

re shall find; knock  
—Bible.

295. L. K. Murton,—

Manhood.

With child-faith dead, and youth dreams gone like mist;  
We stand at noon beneath the blazing sun  
Upon life's dusty road, our course half done  
No more we stray through woods where birds hold tryst,  
Nor over mountains which the dawn hath kissed:  
In glare and heat the race must now be run  
On this blank plain, while round us one by one,  
Our friends drop out and urge us to desist.

Then from the brazen sky rings out a voice,  
Faint not, strong souls, quit you like men, rejoice  
That now like men ye bear the stress and strains  
With eyes unbound seeing life's naked truth,  
Gird up your loins, press on with might and main,  
And taste a richer wine than that of youth.

—Frederick George Scott

296. M. E. May,—

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

—Bible.

Norman McLeod.

297. John May,—

Rock of Ages! cleft for me  
Let me hide myself in thee;  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save me from its guilt and power. —Dr. Thomas Hastings

Burns.

298. Rosalind May,—

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

—Bible

299. Edythe May,—

Into each life some rain must fall,  
Somedays must be dark and dreary.

—Anon.

—Longfellow

300. Albert McLaughlin,—

Let every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest  
employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the  
consciousness that he has done his best. —Sydney Smith

301. Mrs. S. McLaughlin.—

Thy way, not mine O Lord,  
However dark it be !  
Lead me by thine own hand  
Choose out the path for me,  
Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best,  
Winding or straight it leads  
Right onward to thy rest.

—T. L. Hately

302. J. J. McDonald,—

Time's the king of men ;  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

—Pericles.

303. Jean Newsom, Toronto,—

In the matter of doing good, obligation ceases only when  
power fails

L. Pasteur.

304. J. A. Newsom, Toronto,—

Happiness is a great love and much serving.

—Ralf Iron.

305. Irene Odell, Buffalo,—

'Tis well to think well ; it is divine to act well.

—Horace Mann.

306. Chas. W. Owens,—

For of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

307. Mrs. E. H. Owens,—

To one alone my thoughts arise,  
The Eternal Truth—the Good and Wise,—  
To Him I cry.  
Who shared on earth our common lot,  
But the world comprehended not  
His diety.

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above.  
So let us choose that narrow way  
Which leads no traveller's foot astray  
From realms of love.

—Longfellow.

308. Mrs. C. B. Pike,—

O satisfy us early with thy mercy ; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

309. Mrs. G. H. Pedlar,—

Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,  
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise. —Young.

310. Alfred Wm. Patte,—

Drink nothing without seeing it ; sign nothing without reading it ; and then see that it means no more than it says.

311. James W. Provan,—

Essential freedom is the right to differ, and that right must be sacredly respected. Nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with coldness and disdain, but openly, cordially, and with good will. No loss of rank, abatement of character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest seeker after truth. The right of free thought, free enquiry, and free speech to all men everywhere is as clear as the noon-day and bounteous as the air and the sea.  
—John Clark Ridpath, LL.D.

312. Grace Phillips,—

Religion is the best armor in the world, but the worst cloak.  
—Newton.

313. Mrs. Wm. Philip,—

Commit thy way unto the Lord and he shall direct thy path.  
Bible.

314. Mrs. Jas. Provan,—

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,  
When fate relenting, lets the flower revive ;  
Shall nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?  
Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
With disappointment, penury, and pain?  
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive ;  
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
Bright through th' eternal year of love's eternal reign  
—Minstrel.

315. Sarah Phillips,—

O Friendship! Of all things most rare, and because most rare, most excellent, whose comforts in misery are always sweet ; whose counsels in prosperity are ever fortunate!

316. Wm. Philip,—

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path.  
—Bible.

317. Emma Phillips,—

It is a question not of one getting power, but of God getting us; not of our using God, but of God using us.  
—Rev. B. Fay Mills.

318. E. Percy A. Phillips,—

One of the saddest things about human nature is that man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself: that he may be a pilot and yet a castaway.  
—Hare.

319. Louise Phillips,—

It little matters how carefully the rest of the lantern is protected, the one point which is damaged is quite sufficient to admit the wind; and so it little matters how zealous a man may be in a thousand things, if he tolerates one darling sin; Satan will find out the flaw and destroy all his hopes.  
—C. H. Spurgeon.

320. Edith Phillips,—

There are two objects which he who seeks is almost sure to find; the one is the knowledge of what he ought to do—the other an excuse for what he is inclined to do. —Archbishop Whateley.

321. Ellen Phillips,—

Hold fast Christ, but take his cross and himself cheerfully. Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, however, they part at heaven's door.  
—Samuel Rutherford.

322. Mrs. E. J. Phillips,—

It ought to be a strong consolation to every one bitter and perplexed about the sorrows of the race, that God is its partaker. Whatever might be his wise and gracious purpose and however necessary and proper might be his means of fulfilling it, it were still a trial of faith to imagine him watching from a distance and a place of peace this hurly-burly of sin and pain and shame and despair. It is another thing when he comes through Jesus his son, into the midst of the battle and himself receives its most cruel wounds. When down the ages he is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and in the midst of the throne, there is a lamb as he once was slain. There is hope and strength in this remembrance that the sorrow of the world is the sorrow of God, and the Redeemer of the world is God himself.  
—Ian McLaren.

323. Fred Park,—

O, what a glory doth this world put on  
For him who, with a fervent heart goes forth,  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well performed, and days well spent.  
—Longfellow.

324. Mrs. Fred Park,—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.  
—Longfellow.

325. Mrs. M. Palmer,—

Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty and ease, and the beauteous sis'er of temperance, of cheerfulness and wealth.

—Dr. Johnson.

326. F. Patte,—

In most all cases unearned success is a curse. —Original.

327. Daisy Patte,—

No man knows what he can do until he tries. —Dickens.

328. Mrs. F. Patte,—

Let us love one another for love is of God. St. John.

329. Walter Patte,—

If little labor, little are our gains, man's fortunes are according to his pains —Herrick.

330. Violet Patte,—

If you want to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery out of everything God sends you; you can be as wretched as you choose. —Kingsley.

331. Nellie M. Pedlar,—

Affectation is a deformity. —Blair

332. Grace Pedlar,—

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice. —Hamlet.

333. E. M. Pennington,—

This memory brightens o'er the past,  
As when the sun, concealed  
Behind some clouds, that near us hangs,  
Shines on a distant field.

—Longfellow.

334. Geo. W. Pringle, Bancroft, Ont,—

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of God.

—Drummond

335. Mrs. P. H. Punshon,—

Lord God of Hosts be with us yet.  
Lest we forget— Lest we forget.

Kipling

336. Percy H. Punshon,—  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is yet moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus ;  
 Let no such man be trusted. —Shakespeare.
337. Mrs. Judson Pugh, Whitevale, Ont,—  
 How'er it be, it seems to me,  
 'Tis only noble to be good,  
 Kind hearts are more than coronets  
 And simple faith than Norman blood. —Tennyson.
338. John W. Provan,—  
 Poetical inscription, for an altar to independence.  
 Thou of an independent mind,  
 With soul resolved, and soul resigned,  
 Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,  
 Who will not be, or have a slave,  
 Virtue alone who dost revere,  
 Thy own reproach alone dost fear,  
 Approach this shrine, and worship here. —Burns.
339. Una Ritson,—  
 He who hath never a conflict  
 Hath never a victor's palm,  
 And only the toilers know  
 The sweetness of rest and calm.
340. E. I. Rowse,—  
 Nothing noble can be downtrod  
 And nothing worthy long hidden from sight ;  
 Back of this universe stands a God  
 And He moves all things by the lever of Right.
341. Mrs. E. I. Rowse,—  
 Happy is the man whose good intentions have borne fruit in  
 deeds, and whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom.  
 Scott.
342. M. C. Rose, London,—  
 Give honor to whom honor is due.
343. Mrs. M. C. Rose, London,—  
 Endeavor to live in peace with all mankind.

344. B. J. Rogers,—  
 Prove all things, hold fast that which is good —Bible.
345. K. E. Rutherford,—  
 Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again,  
 The eternal years of God are hers;  
 But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
 And dies among his worshippers. —Bryant.
346. S. Louie Robson,—  
 Look not mournfully on the past—it comes not back;  
 Enjoy the present—it is thine.  
 Go forth to meet the shadowy future,  
 With a manly heart, and without fear. —Belah.
347. Rev. J. J. Rae,—  
 Couldst thou in vision see  
 Thyself, the man God meant;  
 Thou nevermore couldst be  
 The man thou art, content. —Emily Tolman.
348. Mabel Rice,—  
 Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
 Act well your part; there all the honor lies. —Pope.
349. Agnes R. Riddell,—  
 To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller,  
 better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little  
 wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed! It is  
 work for a God. —Carlyle.
350. Florence Rich,—  
 From rank decay the fairest flowers grow;  
 From buried springs the sweetest waters flow.  
 —Julia Wood.
351. K. E. M. Ross,—  
 The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. —Bible.
352. J. B. Ross,—  
 Who gives and hides the giving hand,  
 Nor counts on favor, fame or praise,  
 Shall find his smallest gift outweighs  
 The burden of the sea and land —Whittier.

353. Mrs. A. H. Ritson,—  
Let all things be done decently and in order. —Bible.
354. Emily Ritson,—  
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perched on Alps.  
—Young.
355. S. Roberts,—  
O, thou bounteous Giver of all good,  
Thou art of all Thy gifts, Thyself the crown ;  
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor ;  
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away !  
—Cowper.
356. Mrs. W. Rolph,—  
He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall  
abide under the shadow of the Almighty. —Bible.
357. Garnet L. Rolph,—  
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. —Pope.
358. Ed. Rundle,—  
Old England is our home, and Englishmen are we ;  
Our tongue is known in every land, our flag in every sea.  
—Mary Howitt.
359. Marie Reinburg,—  
Il ne faut desesperer de rien, surtout si l'on a un brin de  
force dan l' ame et de courage dans lecoenr.  
Aide-toi, le ciel t' aidera.
360. C. W. Slemon, Oshawa,—  
Hands that ope, but to receive,  
Empty close ; they only live  
Richly, who can richly give. —Whittier.
361. John T. Slemon,—  
Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart,  
be acceptable before Thee, O God, my strength and my redeemer.  
—Psalms 19 :14.



362. Herbert J. Slemmon,—

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us. There is a power in the direct glance of a sincere and loving human soul which will do more to dissipate prejudice and kindle charity than the most elaborate arguments.

—George Eliot.

363. W. H. Stanton,—

Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought  
Of future glory, which religion taught,  
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true,  
And Hope expected so to find it too;  
Love answered smiling, with a conscious glow,  
Believe? Expect? I know it to be so

—John Byron.

364. Mrs. W. Stephenson,—

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

—Psalm XXIV, 3:4.

365. Mrs. L. C. Smith,—

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not:  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught;  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

—Shelley.

366. Miriam Smith,—

What does little birdie say  
In her nest at peep of day?  
Let me fly says little birdie,  
Mother let me fly away.  
Birdie rest a little longer,  
Till thy little wings are stronger.  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies, she flies away,

—Tennyson

367. J. D. Storie,—

All things come to them who hustle while they wait.

368. Mrs. J. D. Storie,—

To err is human, to forgive divine.

—Pope.

369. J. A. Sykes,—

Trust men, and they will be true to you, treat them greatly,  
and they will show themselves great.

—Emerson.

370. I. J. Sykes,—

The thing which must be, must be for the best, God helps us  
do our duty and not shrink. And trust his mercy humbly for the  
rest.  
—Owen Meredith.

371. Frank D. Smith,—

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder shower; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.  
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far away:  
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,  
Butchered to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rushed with his blood—Shall he expire  
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths and glut your ire! —Byron.

372. Mrs. J. C. Smith,—

There's beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes  
Can trace it midst familiar things and through their lowly guise,  
Yes! beauty dwells in all our paths, but sorrow, too, is there;  
How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still, summer air;  
Yet should this be? too much, too soon, despondently we yield  
A better lesson we are taught, by the lilies of the field,  
A sweeter by the birds of heaven which tell us in their flight,  
Of One who through the desert air, forever guides them right.  
Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflict  
cease.

Aye, when they commune with themselves in holy bows of peace,  
And feel that by the lights and clouds through which our pathway  
lies

By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies.

—Mrs. Hemans.

373. Geo. J. Scott,—

Ah! if our souls but poise and swing,  
Like the compass in its brazen ring,  
Ever level and ever true,  
To the toil and the task we have to do.  
We shall sail securely and safely reach  
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach,  
The sights we see and the sounds we hear,  
Will be those of joy, and not of fear! —Longfellow.

374. Mrs. Geo. J. Scott,—

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something, still remains undone,  
Something uncompleted still—  
Waits the rising of the sun.

--Longfellow.

375. Anna Wilmfred M. Scott,—

Trust no Future howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead Past bury its dead,  
Act, act, in the living Present,  
Heart within and God o'erhead.  
To will, what God doth will,  
That is the only science, that gives us any rest,

—Longfellow.

376. Mrs. Serviss,—

He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, so  
that we may boldly say, the Lord is my helper. —Bible.

377. Miss Serviss,—

If I could only surely know  
That all these things that tire me so  
Were noticed by my Lord—  
The pang that cuts me like a knife,  
The lesser pains of daily life,  
The noise, the weariness, the strife—  
What peace it would afford!

I wonder if he really shares  
In all my little human cares—  
This mighty King of Kings!  
If He who guides though boundless space  
Each blazing planet in its place  
Can have the condescending grace  
To mind these petty things.

378. Chas. F. Serviss,—

If you are about to strive for your life, take with you a stout  
heart, and a clean conscience and trust the rest to God.

—Cooper.

379. E. J. Stephenson,—

An intelligent man interests himself in many things for  
pleasure, he attaches himself to one thing for its use.

—G. M. Valtour.

380. Katharine L. Scott,—

For forms of government let fools contest ;  
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :  
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
In faith and hope the world will disagree,  
But all mankind's concern is charity :  
All must be false that thwart this one great end,  
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

—Pope.

381. G. Mortimer Scott,—

Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us !  
It wad frae monie a blunder free us and foolish notion :  
What airs in dress an gait wad lea'e us, and e'en devotion !

—Robert Burns.

382. C. W. Scott,—

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

—Longfellow.

383. Mrs. E. T. Slemon,—

Nature never did betray  
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege  
Through all the years of this our life to lead  
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb,  
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold  
Is full of blessings.

—Wordsworth.

384. E. T. Slemon,—

Grow old along with me !  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made :  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith 'A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid.'

—Robert Browning.

385. R. W. Sugden,—

We have not wings, we cannot soar ;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees, by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time. —Longfellow.

386. H. Roland Sugden,—

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do for the good of mankind,  
do quickly. —Sons of Temperance Motto.

387. R. E. Sugden,—

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such  
Who still are pleased too little or too much.  
At every trifle scorn to take offence ;  
That always shows, great pride or little sense ;  
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest,  
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;  
For fools admire, but men of sense approve ;  
As things seem large which we through mists descry,  
Dullness is ever apt to magnify. —Pope.

388. Fred H. Sugden,—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven.  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.  
—Longfellow.

389. Carrie Sugden,—

The heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night. —Longfellow.

390. Lyman C. Smith,—

I am a part of all that I have met :  
Yet all experience is an arch where through  
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades  
Forever and forever as I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rest unburnished, not to shine in use,  
As though to breathe were ! Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains : but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence. —Tennyson : Ulysses.

391. Nellie Smith,—

Our birth is but a sleep, and a forgetting ;  
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star  
Hath elsewhere had its setting,  
And cometh from afar.  
Not in entire forgetfulness  
And not in utter nakedness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home.  
Heaven lies above us in our infancy. —Wordsworth.

392. Margaret Smith,—

There is no death ! What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a superb of the life Elysian  
Whose portal we call death. —Longfellow.

393. H. Smith,—

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above.  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's food astray  
From realms of love —Longfellow.

394. Jessie E. Smith,—

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
Act, act, in the living Present !  
Heart within, and God o'erhead ! —Longfellow.

395. W. J. Salter,—

Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime ;  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot prints on the sands of time.  
Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate ;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait. —Longfellow.

396. Annie E. Scales,—

The almighty's shadow is a starlit night  
His cloud is ever full of hidden light. —Longfellow.

397. Chas. Sayyea,—

The Sabbath School's a place of prayer,  
I love to meet my teacher there,  
They teach me there that every one  
May find in heaven a happy home. —Wm. Bradbury.

398. Walter S. Smart,—

Good, the more Communicated more abundant grows.  
—Milton.

399. Bessie A. Stacey,—

This world is but the rugged road  
Which leads us to the bright abode  
Of peace above.  
So let us choose that narrow way,  
Which leads no traveller's food astray  
From realms of love —Longfellow.

400. Hobart Shipman,—

The Death of the Just.

How calm is the summer sea's wave !  
How softly is swelling its breast !  
The bank it just reaches to lave,  
Then sinks on its bosom to rest.

No dashing, no foaming, nor roar,  
But mild as a zephyr its play ;  
It drops scarcely heard on the shore,  
And passes in silence away.

So calm is the action of death  
On the halcyon mind of the just,  
As gently he rifles their breath  
As gently dissolves them to dust.

Not a groan, nor a pain, nor a tear,  
Nor a grief, nor a wish, nor a sigh,  
Nor a cloud, nor a doubt, nor a fear,  
But calm as in slumber they lie. —Edmeston.

401. Maretta Sykes,—

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is a good  
action, done, as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking  
at the bottom of it. —Stern.

402. Alice Sykes,—

They who speak truth, however discovered, have a right to be heard; they who assist others in discovering it, have the yet higher claim to be applauded.  
—Parr.

403. Mamie Thomas,—

Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever.  
—Tennyson.

404. A. E. Tran,—

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,  
'Tis only noble to be good  
Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman blood

405. D. M. Tod,—

Time is the king of men,  
He's both their parent, and he is their grave  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.  
—Shakespeare.

406. Mrs. D. M. Tod,—

God's benison go with you; and with those  
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.  
—Shakespeare,

407. Ina Tod,—

The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice. — Bible.

408. W. J. Tod,—

We have not wings, we cannot soar;  
But we have feet to scale and climb  
By slow degrees by more and more,  
The cloudy summits of our time. —Longfellow.

409. Gertrude Thomas,—

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven  
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.  
—Longfellow.



410 Norman Thomas,—

The heights by great men reached and kept.  
Were not attained by sudden flight  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night. —Longfellow.

411. Lissa Thomas,—

Talk not of wasted affection, affection never was wasted;  
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning  
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of re-  
freshment ;  
That which the fountain sends forth returns to the fountain.  
Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish thy work of affec-  
tion !  
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart is made  
Godlike,  
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy  
of heaven !  
—Longfellow.

412. Mrs. Elizabeth Carswell Taylor,—

Therefore I say unto you what things so ever ye desire,  
when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have  
them.  
—Bible.

413. Mrs. J. F. Tamblyn,—

There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the  
days of thy life ; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee ; I will  
not fail thee, nor forsake thee.  
—Bible.

414. J. M. Tamblyn,—

When you have decided that a thing ought to be done, and  
are doing it, never avoid being seen doing it. For if it is not  
right to do it, avoid doing the thing ; but if it is right, why are  
you afraid of those who shall find fault wrongly ?  
—Epictetus.

415. Florence Thomas,—

Let your truth stand sure, and the world is true ;  
Let your heart keep pure, and the world will, too.  
—George Houghton.

416. Mabel Thomas,—  
 Many a word at random spoken, many soothe or wound a  
 heart that's broken.
417. Walter A. Thomas,—  
 Work for the good that is nighest,  
 Dream not of greatness afar ;  
 That glory is ever the highest  
 Which shines upon men as they are.  
 Work, though the world may defeat you,  
 Heed not its slander and scorn ;  
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you  
 With smiles through the gates of the morn. —W. M. Punshon.
418. John Thomas,—  
 Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift. —Bible.
419. Mrs. J. Thomas,—  
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into  
 the heart of men, the things which God hath prepared for them  
 that love Him. —Bible.
420. Mrs. W. H. Thomas,—  
 Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them  
 that fear him. —Bible.
421. Hattie Thomas,—  
 O! many a shaft at random sent  
 Finds mark the archer little meant  
 And many a word, at random spoken  
 May soothe or wound a heart that's broken. —Scott.
422. Flo Thomas,—  
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge. —Shakespeare
423. Charlie Thomas,—  
 Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness.  
 —Longfellow .

424. W. H. Thomas, Sr.,—  
Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions form our true honor.  
—Coilerdge.

425. Mrs E. B. Wilcox,—  
How blessings brighten as they take their flight. —Young.

426. John Wiggins,—  
The Lord is my strength and song and is become my salvation.  
—Bible.

427. Walter H. Wigg,—  
I find the doing of the will of God leaves no time for disputing about his plans.  
—George Macdonald.

428. R. Wellington,—  
Deserve not to live long  
But to live well ;  
How long we live, not years,  
But actions tell. —Anon

429. Mrs. R. Wellington,—  
Remember in that perilous hour,  
When most afflicted and oppressed,  
From labor there shall come forth rest. —Longfellow.

430. Prof. A. H. Welsh, Toronto, Ont.,—  
Brain is money, character is capital, a knowledge of your resources is the secret of success.  
—Original.

431. Mildred Webster,—  
Reflected from the vasty Infinite,  
However dulled by earth, each human mind  
Holds somewhere gems of beauty and of light  
Which, seeking thou shalt find. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

432. Letitia Wigg, —  
 We live in deeds, not years, — in thoughts, not breaths, —  
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial ;—  
 We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives  
 Who thinks most, — feels the noblest, acts the best. —Bailey. 438  
 tha  
 439.
433. S. Edith Wigg, —  
 'The little worries that we meet each day  
 May lie as stumbling blocks across our way,  
 Or we may make them stepping stones to be  
 Of Grace, O Christ, to thee.
434. Mrs. O. R. White, —  
 My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my  
 heart and my portion forever. —Bible. 440.
435. Minnie Will, Renwick, Iowa, —  
 Sometimes when all life's lessons have been learned,  
 And sun and stars forever more have set,  
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,  
 The things o'er which we grieve with lashes wet,  
 Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,  
 As stars shine most in deepest tints of blue ;  
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
 And how what seemed reproof was love most true.  
 But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart !  
 God's plans like lillies pure and white unfold :  
 We must not tear the close shut leaves apart !  
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold ;  
 And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,  
 Where we shall clearly see and understand,  
 I think that we will say, 'God knew the best.'  
 —Anonymous. 441.  
 442.  
 443.
436. Ella Webster, —  
 Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make our lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Foot-prints on the sands of time.  
 Footprints, that perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again. —Longfellow. 444.  
 445.
437. Rev. J. P. Wilson, B. A., —  
 I know not where His islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air ;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond his love and care.  
 And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
 Thy creatures as they be ;  
 Forgive me if too close I lean  
 My human heart on Thee. —Whittier. 446.  
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438 O. R. White,—

Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them  
that fear him. —Bible.

439. Mrs. J. P. Wilson,—

Cheek beauty fades ; heart beauty never can,  
Heart beauty has its mirror in the face  
And so we ever fondly hope to find  
The inner when we have the outer grace.

But if when age shall blanch your cheek and lip,  
And steal the youthful lustre from your eyes,  
There shall be found no warm and loving heart,  
What will remain that I can love and prize?

—Lyman C. Smith.

440. Cameron Wilson,—

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know  
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow—  
Then draw it to the head and let it go.

—Henry Van Dyke.

441. Janet Wilson,—

I think when I read the sweet story of old  
How when Jesus was here among men,  
He called little children as lambs to his fold  
I should like to have been with him then.

442. Mary Wilson,—

The Lord is my shepherd ; I shall not want.

Bible.

443. Jessie G. Winter,—

A sacred burden is the life ye bear,  
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,  
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,  
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,  
But onward, upward till the goal ye win.

—Francis Anne Kemble.

444. Mrs. E. R. Wilcox,—

And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

—Bible.

445. C. Williamson,—

The aim of all is but to nurse the life  
With honor, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;  
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,  
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;  
As life for honor in fell battle's rage ;  
Honor for wealth : and oft that wealth doth cost  
The death of, and all together lost. —“Shakespeare.”

446. Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Courtice, Ont.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and  
with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy  
neighbor as thyself.

—Bible.

447. Mrs. Westlake,—  
 Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
 To some good angel leave the rest,  
 For time will teach thee soon the truth—  
 There are no birds in last year's nest. —Longfellow.
448. Mabel L. Whitney,—  
 No life is so strong and complete that yearns not for the  
 smile of a friend. —Wallace Bruce.
449. E. B. Wilcox, Oakland, Cal ,—  
 Honor and shame from no condition rise,  
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies. —Pope.
450. Mrs. E. B. Wilcox, Oakland, Cal.,—  
 And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.  
 —Bible.
451. Emma Wilcox, Oakland, Cal ,—  
 One gift well given is as good as a thousand; a thousand  
 gifts ill given are hardly better than none. —Dean Stanley.
452. Mrs. M. Whitney,—  
 The only perfect victory is to triumph over ones self.
453. Ella Whitney,—  
 The nobleness of life, depends on its consistency, clearness of  
 purpose and ceaseless energy. —Ruskin.
454. Florence Wakely,—  
 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
 And all that life is love. —James Montgomery.
455. Bessie Watts,—  
 What think ye of Christ? —Bible.

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