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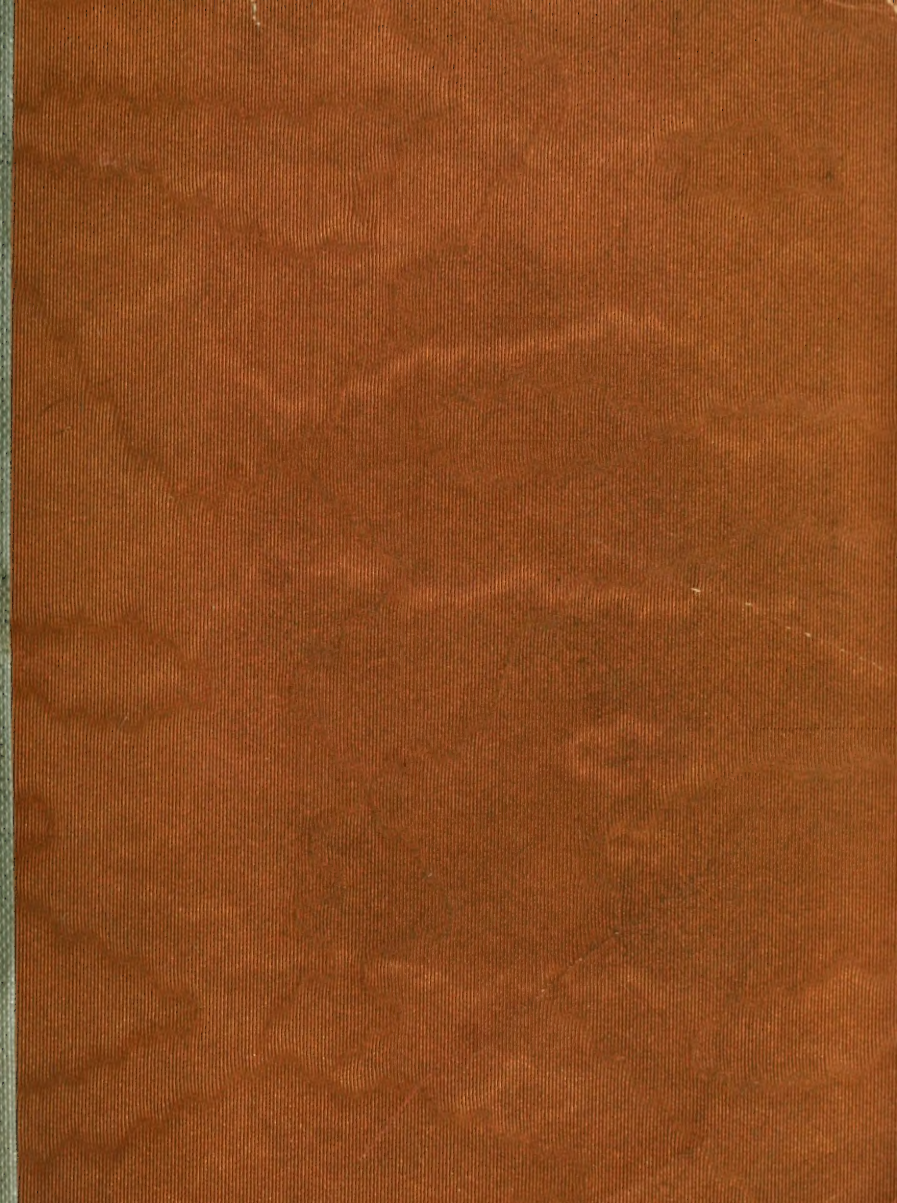
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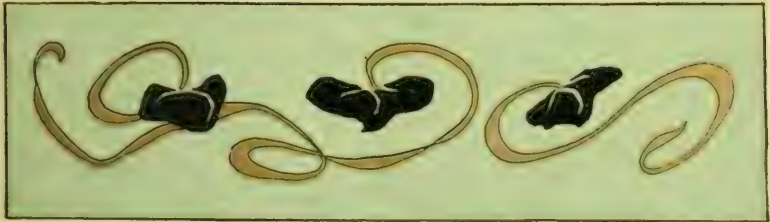
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A Morning Prayer

by

Robert Louis Stevenson



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The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. ✻ Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. ✻ Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.






Love.

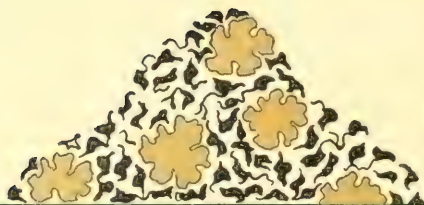
Only in the loves we have
for others than ourselves,
can we truly live—or die.

—*Phillips Brooks.*





Believe in yourself,
believe in hu-
manity, believe
in the success
of your under-
takings. Fear
nothing and no
one. Love your
work. Work, hope, trust.
Keep in touch with to-day.
Teach yourself to be practi-
cal and up-to-date and sen-
sible. You cannot fail.

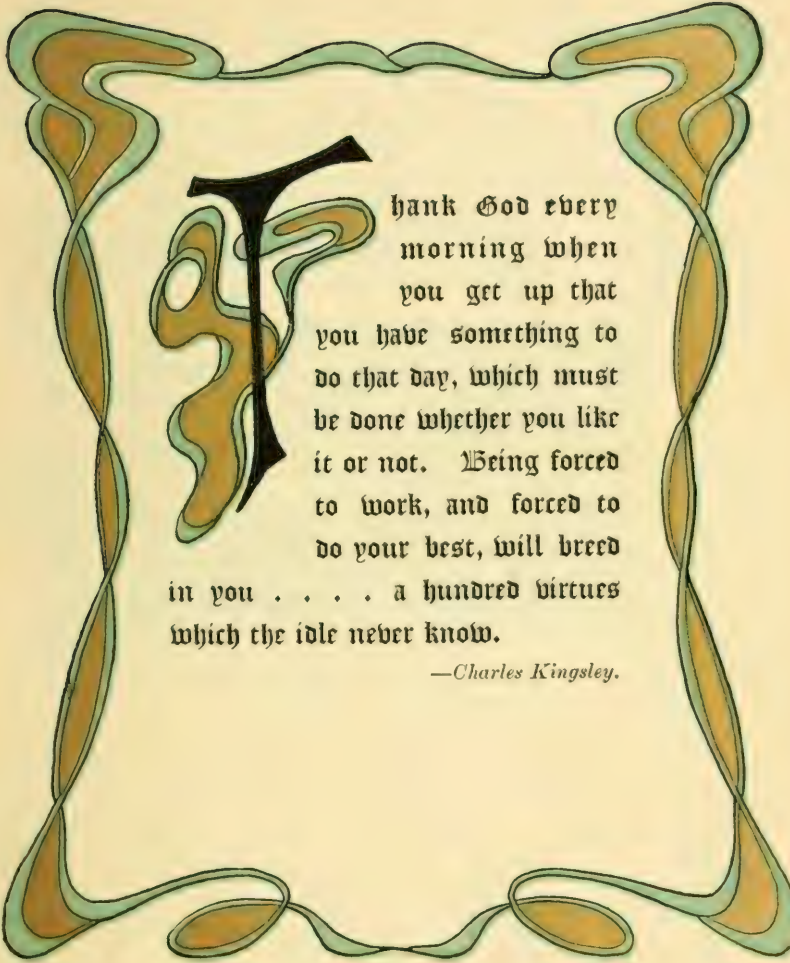


Reputation

is in itself only a farthing candle, a wabering and uncertain flame, and easily blown out ; but it is the light by which the world looks for and finds merit.

—Lowell.





Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day, which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you . . . a hundred virtues which the idle never know.

—Charles Kingsley.



Work.

Let us love so well
Our work shall still be
sweeter for our love,
And still our love be sweeter
for our work.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*





Opportunity

I seems to me there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man, then you were your truest self.

—Phillips Brooks.



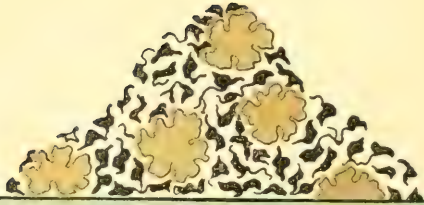
Happiness

is a perfume you cannot pour
on others without getting a
few drops yourself.





here are loyal
hearts, there are
spirits brave,
There are souls
that are pure and
true ;
Then give to the world
the best you have,
And the best will come
to you.
Give love, and love to
your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need ;
Have faith and a score of hearts will
show
Their faith in your word and deed."

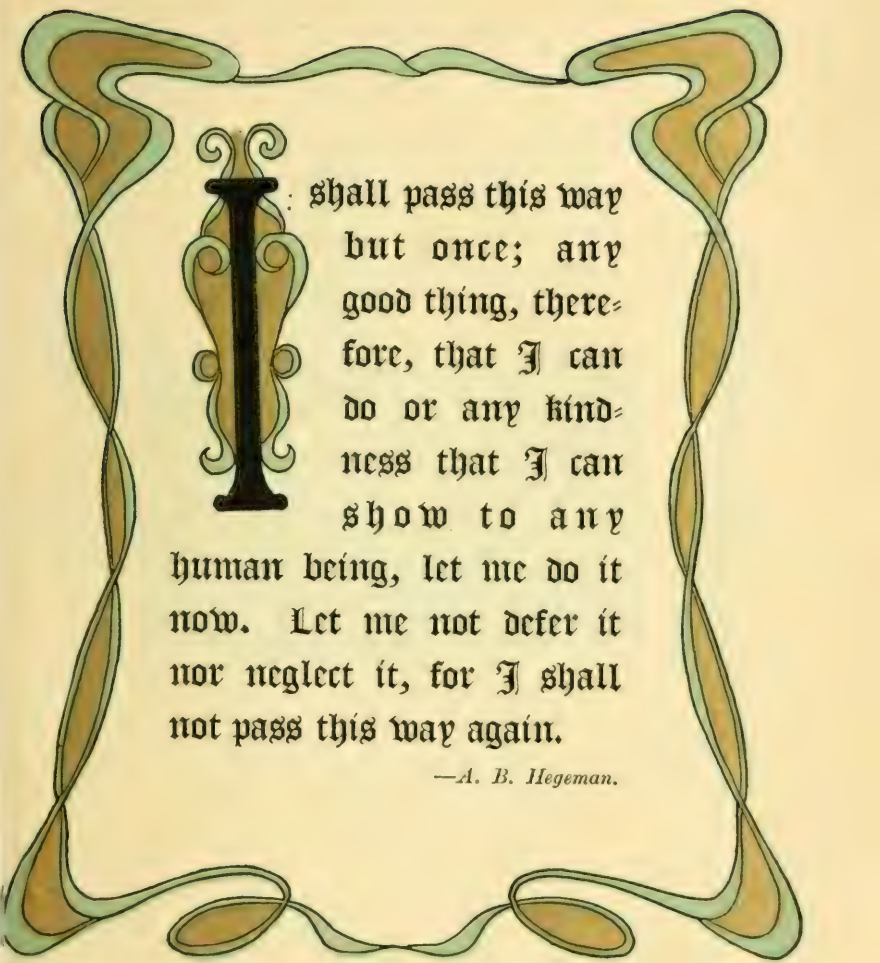


Friendship

Is a plant which cannot be forced.
True friendship is no gourd, spring-
ing in a night and withering in a day.

—Brontë.





I shall pass this way
but once; any
good thing, there-
fore, that I can
do or any kind-
ness that I can
show to any
human being, let me do it
now. Let me not defer it
nor neglect it, for I shall
not pass this way again.

—A. B. Hegeman.



Anxiety
is the poison of human life.
—Blair.



Old Friends



ake new friends, but
keep the old;

Those who are
silver, these
are gold.

New made
friends, like
new made
wine,

Age will mel-
low and refine.

Friends hips
that have
stood the test,

Time and

change, are surely best.

Brow may wrinkle, hair turn gray.

Friendship never owns decay;

For 'mid old friends kind and true

We once more our youth renew.

But, alas, old friends must die;


New friends must their place supply.

Then cherish friendship in your breast.

New is good, but old is best.

Make new friends, but keep the old:

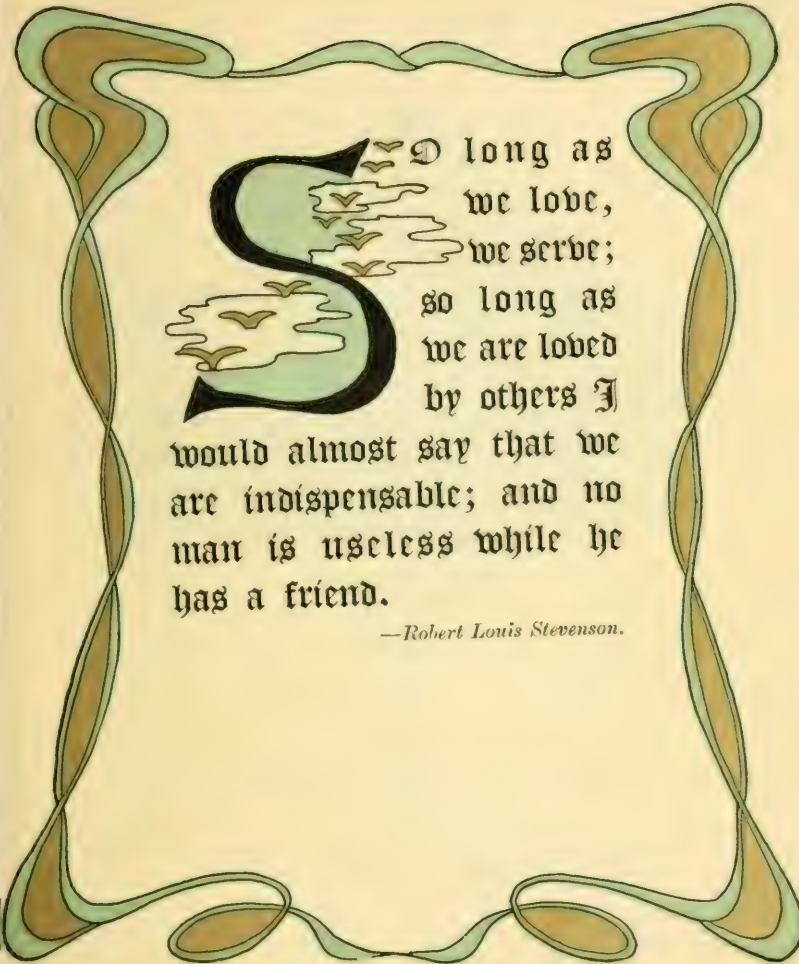
Those are silver, these are gold.



Blessed
is he who has found his work.

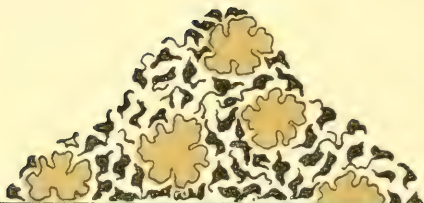
—Carlyle.





So long as
we love,
we serve;
so long as
we are loved
by others I
would almost say that we
are indispensable; and no
man is useless while he
has a friend.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



Friendship

supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make the right use of it; it makes your prosperity more happy, and it makes your adversity more easy.





God give us
men! A time
like this
demands

Strong minds,
great hearts,
true faith, and
ready hands.

Men whom the
lust of office
does not kill;

Men whom the
spoils of office
cannot buy;

Men who possess opinions and a will;

Men who have honor, and who will
not lie;

Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries
without winking.

Call men, sun-crowned, who live above
the fog

In public duty and in private thinking!

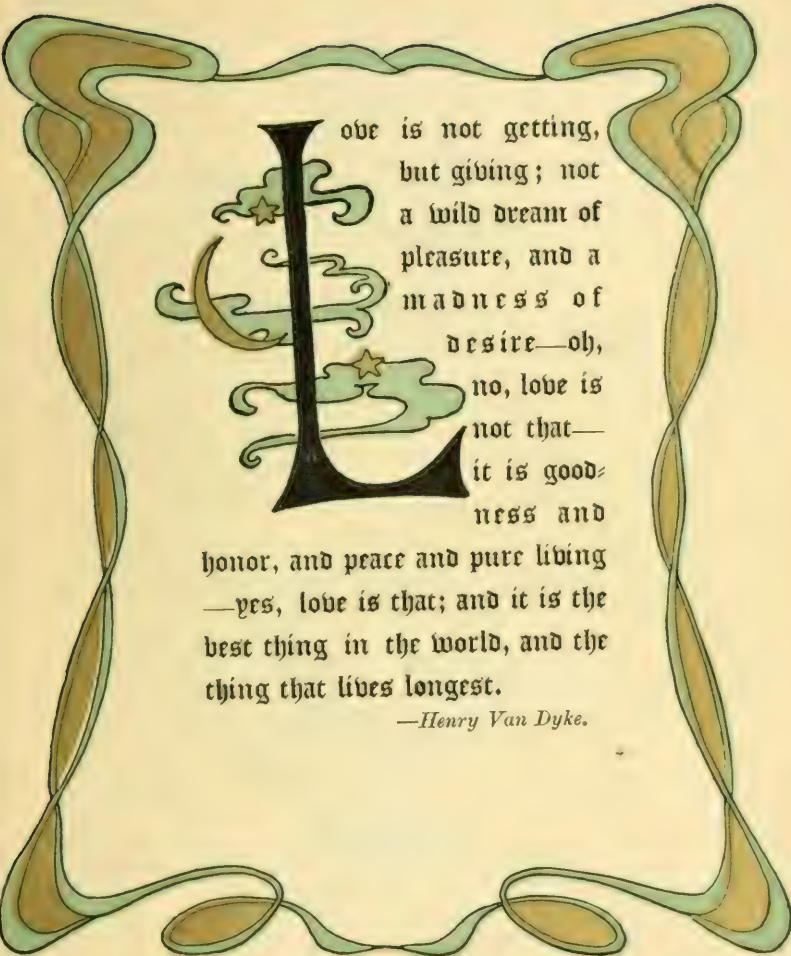
—*Josiah Gilbert Holland.*



Life

In the morning of life work; in
the mid-day give counsel; in the
evening pray.





Love is not getting,
but giving; not
a wild dream of
pleasure, and a
madness of
desire—oh,
no, love is
not that—
it is good-
ness and
honor, and peace and pure living
—yes, love is that; and it is the
best thing in the world, and the
thing that lives longest.

—Henry Van Dyke.



Kindness

The first thing a kindness deserves
is acceptance, the second, transmission.

—George MacDonald.



Duty



Take time to speak
a loving word
Where loving
words are seldom
heard;

And it will linger in the
mind,
And gather others of its
kind,

'Till loving words will
echo where
Erstwhile the heart was

poor and bare;

And somewhere on thy heavenward
track

Their music will come echoing back,
And flood thy soul with melody,
Such is Love's immortality.



An Evening Prayer

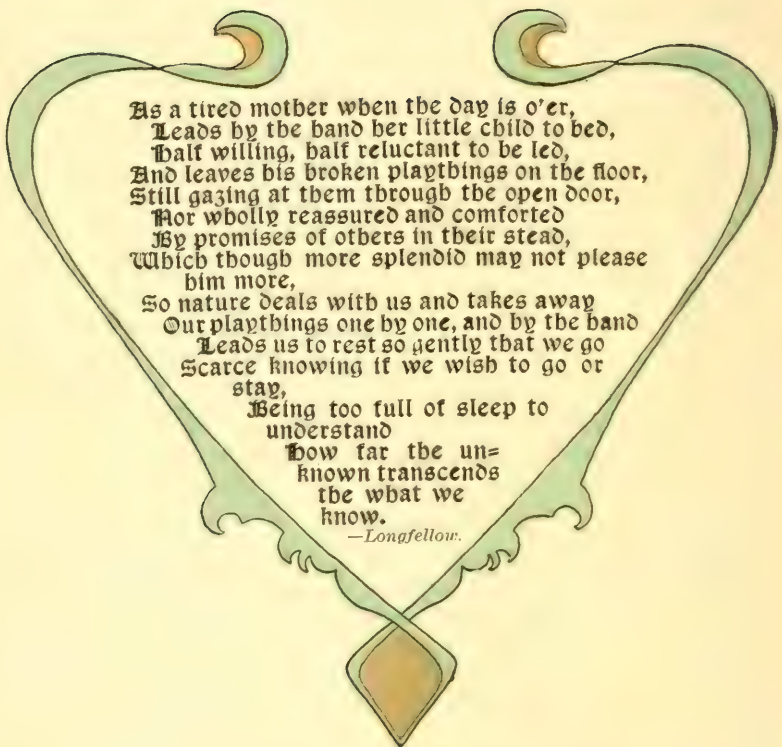
By Robert Louis Stevenson





E beseech thee,
Lord, to behold us
with favor, folk of
many families and
nations, gathered
together in the peace
of this roof. Be
patient still; suffer
us awhile longer to
endure, and (if it
may be), help us to

do better. Bless to us our extraordinary
mercies. Be with our friends; be with
ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if
any awake, temper to them the dark hours
of watching; and when the day returns to
us, call us up with morning faces and with
morning hearts—eager to labor—eager to
be happy, if happiness shall be our portion
—and if the day be marked for sorrow—
strong to endure it.



As a tired mother when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which though more splendid may not please
him more,

So nature deals with us and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or
stay,
Being too full of sleep to
understand

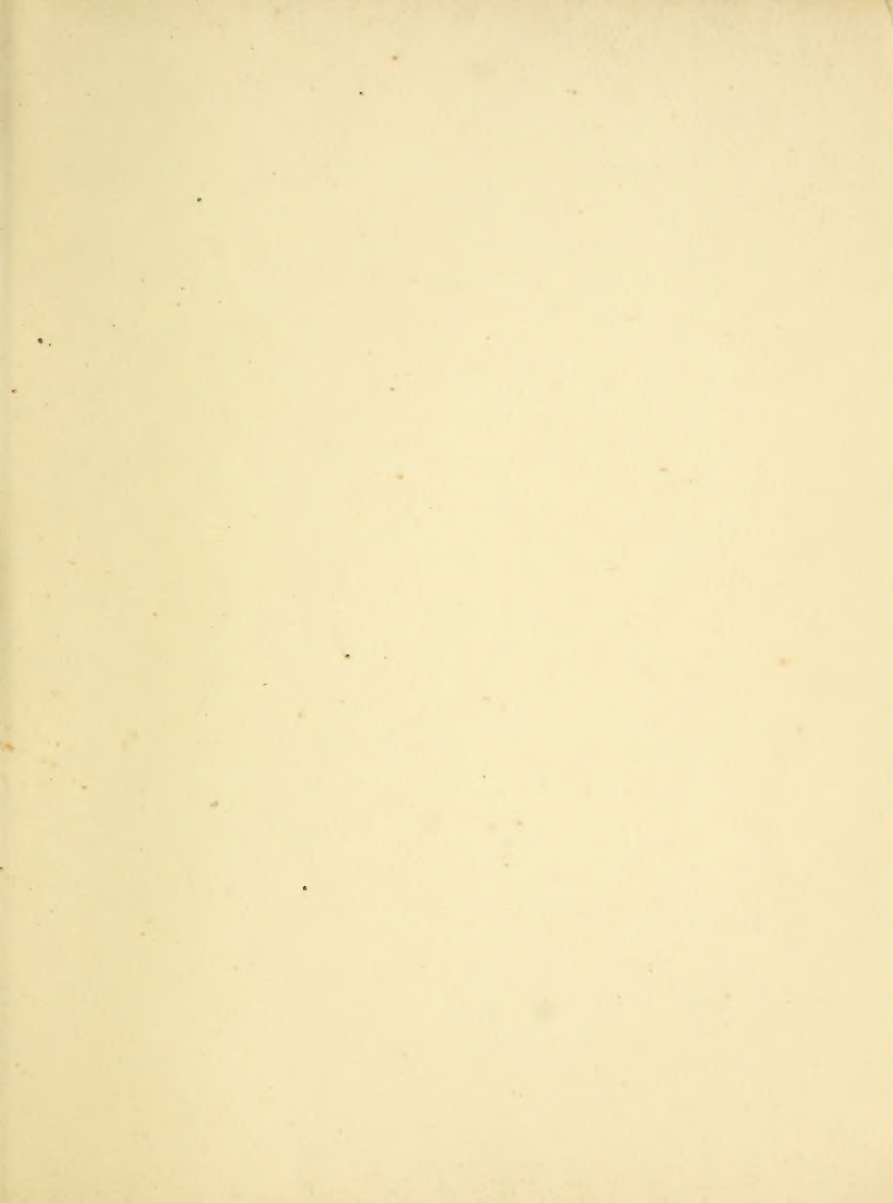
How far the un-
known transcends
the what we
know.

—Longfellow.









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