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*A Book
of
Inscriptions*

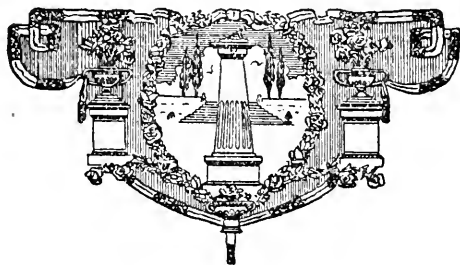
Esther  *Matson*



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A BOOK OF INSCRIPTIONS



A Book of Inscriptions

*Those wished-for words—that name the
house, inscribe its hearth and garth,
or bear its owner's friendly messages.*

By ESTHER MATSON



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TO
MARTHA HOWLAND

239





LET us dream of evanescence, and linger in the beautiful foolishness of things.

*From THE BOOK OF
TEA, Okakura-Kakuzo.*

FOREWORD



HO has not at some time wished for a word, a phrase, a verse or two, or perhaps merely for a name, to fit a particular place or occasion? It may be the desire was to inscribe some sentiment over a chimneypiece; it may be it was for a word or so to accompany some gift, or else to send with some missive of goodspeed to the friend who went a-traveling. Again, it may have been only the wish to give that final cachet of personality and sense of own-ness to one's house and garden that goes with nomenclature.

To whoever has any such wishes, the present little volume offers its service,—not presuming surely at fulfilment of them, or at any sort of exhaustiveness,—but hoping to prove itself hintful and suggestive.

True, the compiling of wise saws and modern instances never comes to any end, and what is more the use of inscriptions, indoors and out of doors, in season and out of season, were the easiest of enthusiasms to ride to death. None the less something there is in human nature that makes it always go jump, like the little maid in the play, at the apt word and the telling phrase. And in further excuse

for ourselves, the associations that go with certain inscriptions and certain names are quite as real, though tangible, as the fragrances of flowers. Whence, a hearth with a text wrought over it may not only enhance the sense of possession but may also induce a feeling of kinship between the owner and some loved or celebrated person. Whence, a word of dedication with a book may increase its interest tenfold or more. Or again, a verse accompanying flowers or fruit may outlast the fragile gift and linger as a pleasant recollection long after.

In the matter of choosing a place name most of us make much ado, but oddly enough even after we have made our own decisions we continue to take interest in other names of other places, especially perhaps in those belonging to the homes of olden time.

Within doors and out, in hearth and garth, the idea of using mottoes as decorative features opens up all sorts of entertaining possibilities. Only the note of warning must be sounded. For only too mighty is the lure of them and only too difficult to resist a temptation to inscribe them here, there, and everywhere. Nothing could be drearier to contemplate than the mere thought of a house and grounds that should bristle with texts howsoever apt. But then, discretion is a part of valor to be taken for granted and it may well be left to each gentle reader to prove himself both weatherwise and passing wary in his use of any mottoes, whether merrie, wise or otherwise.

We trust the grouping of place names first, of house and garden texts next, and thirdly of gift accompaniments may make for ease in reference, so that he who runs may read and perchance choose therefrom or better still be urged to further thought hereupon.

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*MUCH-ADO ABOUT THE PLACE
NAME*

“ Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name? ”

INTRODUCTION



IN one of Stevenson's most happy essays he talks of the romance of nomenclature. Balzac had so great a regard for names that he would oftentimes wander for days in and out of the streets of Paris seeking the precise title for some one of his novels or for some particular character in them. Thackeray's most famous book cost him a deal of worry until suddenly the suitable name came to him in the middle of the night and he jumped out of bed to run jubilant through the house crying, "Eureka, Eureka. I have it. . . . Vanity Fair."

One of the ironies of fate is the inconsistency which too often exists between the average place name and the impression it makes upon us. However, the numberless hemmed-in spots designated "Fair View," the treeless and bushless "Maple Groves," the dried-up "Bonnie-burns" and their ilk are, we trust, the exceptions which must in the long run prove the rule of fitness. Meantime much pleasure may be had in ferreting out the stories which are often connected with names which we are prone to pass by as insignificant or commonplace. How many of us, for instance, when we speak of The Hague bethink us of the original meaning of the

word—"Count's Hedge" with the veritable vista that meaning opens up into the mediæval history of Holland? Here indeed we have one of the pleasant ironies of fate—that on the very site of a stronghold of feudalism we should see the erection of a Peace Palace aiming to do away with the obsolete fences of militarism throughout the world.

If it be an art to use the right word in the right place, and if it be an art to suit one's environment to one's taste, then surely is it no less an art to discover and apply the right name to one's own house and garden.

ACCORDING TO SITE

Brookbank — the vine-clad and latticed cottage at Shotter Mill, Surrey, where George Eliot wrote most of “Middlemarch,” that one of her novels which contains perhaps the rarest of her characters, Dorothea Brooke.

Brook Farm	The Harbor
Brae Burn	Camp Paradise Point
Bendobrook	By the Sea
Brookside	Pine Beach
Sunnybrook	Breezy Bank
Willow Brook	Four Winds Farm
Glenburnie	Bay Crest
Brightwaters	Wave Crest
River House	Edgewood
Sweetwater Lodge	Edgewater

Invernara — Mr. John Achelis’s place at Seabright, N. J.

Yellowsands — suggested by a line in Shakespeare.

The Breakers — Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt’s house at Newport.

Intermont — the name of Mrs. Grover Cleveland’s place at Tamworth, New Hampshire.

The Meadows	Sunny Knoll
Fair Mead	Seven Knolls
Faerie Lea	Uplands
Whitefields	Overlook
The Downs	Fair View
The Hillside	Lake View
The Ridge	Netherdale

Sagamore Hill — Colonel Roosevelt's place at Oyster Bay, L. I.

Sandy Knowe — the Highland farmstead belonging to his grandfather where Walter Scott as a little boy was sent to live an out-of-door life. He later celebrated the wild scenery around it in "Marion."

Woodknoll	Felsmere
Glenwood	Gray Rocks
Stonywolde	Torbank
Stonycroft	Underledge
Stone Haven	Windy Ledge
Stoneleigh	Echo Grove
Cragside	The Terrace
Bald Summit	Edgehill

Dreamwold — country estate of Thomas W. Lawson.

Deepdale — Estate of William E. Vanderbilt at Oakdale, Long Island.

Ferncliff — country place of Vincent Astor.

Moor Park — country home with Dutch gardens, to which Sir William Temple retired, and which he

called "the sweetest place, I think, that I have ever seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad."

The Hermitage	Moorseats
Beaurepairre	Castleaire
The Citadel	The Grange
Kosy Korner	The Hillside
Gray Gables	Beaumont
Hopland	Barnstead

Lammermoors — "Higher Moors," celebrated in Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

Hauteville House — home in Guernsey where Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables."

Strawberry Hill — cottage near Twickenham which Horace Walpole turned into a miniature Gothic castle, and where he gathered together a famous library and collection of paintings; where he also set up a private printing press.

Hemlock Hill	Ferncroft
Longford	Locksley Hall
Cranford	Talgarth Hall
Riverby	Nutholme
Ingledean	The Old Mill House
Ingleneuk	Overlea
Windsor (Winding shore)	Meadowlands

Rydal Mount — home of William Wordsworth in the Lake Region.

Edgehill — old Virginia home designed by Jefferson for his daughter.

The Abbey of Battle — old mansion near site of the battle of Senlac. William of Normandy built a monastery here in fulfilment of a vow in memory of those who fought and fell in his cause.

Craigie Lea	Cairn Hill
Faerie Lea	Bonnie View
Overlee	Hill View
Sunnycroft	Bergwiesen (Dutch equivalent)
Onadune	Hillstead
Bonnieluft	

Interlane — home of the artist, F. W. Kost, at Brook Haven, Long Island.

Begbroke — many-gabled old house near Ems.

Clough — house of John H. Neave at Macclesfield, England.

Upton Knoll — home built by John Bellows near Gloucester.

Farringford — Surrey home of Alfred Tennyson, the rare quiet of which so impressed Thackeray's daughter that she wrote "the house itself seemed like a charmed palace, with green walls without and speaking walls within."

Shillingford	Carisbrook
Ford Place	Fernbrook
Welford	Falling Waters
Bideford	Laughing Waters
Burnside	Harbor Hill

Bankside	Hinchinbrook House
Alderbrook	home of the Crom-
Overbrook	wells
Westbrook	Fountains Abbey
Colebrook	Fonthill

Hazelford — a quaint seventeenth-century English home.

DESCRIPTIVE NAMES

The Red House — built by William Morris, the man “to whom work was a sheer joy.” The house has been described as “the house of the apple orchard, with emblazoned scroll, ‘If I can.’”

The Dormers	The Round Tower
Gray Gables	The Moated Grange
The Gray House	Casa Alba
The Long House	Porch House

Slabsides — camp of John Burroughs back of the Hudson.

Shingle Shanty — studio of the artist Malcolm Fraser at Brook Haven, Long Island.

The Vineyards — estate at Great Beddoe, England.

Sans Souci — (“Free from Care”) Palace at Potsdam, Prussia, built by Frederick the Great.

Sorgh Vliet — (Dutch equivalent for above) home of ancient Dutch writer, Jacob Cats.

Highcliffe Castle	Sky Farm
Beaulieu	Cloud Cabin
Greystone	Northcote
Luckley	Hillair

Chesterwood — country place of Daniel Chester French.

Charlecote House — Warwickshire, associated with Shakespeare.

Hatfield House (in Domesday Book, Hetfelle) — Heath Field, seat of Marquis of Salisbury.

FOR BEAST, BIRD, OR FISH

Swallowfields — country place celebrated in the seventeenth century for its gardens described by John Evelyn as “elegant as tis possible to make. . . . So beset with all manner of sweete shrubbs that it perfumes the aire. My Lady being extraordinarily skilled in the flowery part, and my Lord in diligence of planting.”

Oriole	Ramscliffe
Wing and Wing	Deerslea
Ravenshill	Deer's Run
Crow's Nest	Foxhurst
Hawkwood	Fox Meadow
Harebell	Elkton Hall
Swallow's Nest	Bass Cote
Wingfield	Eagle's Nest

Squirrel Inn — rustic club house at Twilight Park in the Catskills.

Troutbeck Park — English estate dating back to the time of Henry IV.

Dunrobin Castle — Scotland, property of the Duchess of Sutherland.

Owl's Nest	Harlakenden
Kronest	Bass Rock Farm
Ravensknowle	The Dolphins

Frogmore Lodge	Cricket Lawn
Eagle's Beak	Badger
Harefield	Coney-garth
Falconer Court	Deerbrook
Heronhouse	Barnacle

Hawk's Tower — Habichtsburg, believed by Maximilian to be the origin of his ancestral name, Hapsburg.

Frognal — Kate Greenaway's home in Hampstead, London.

BECAUSE OF TREES

The Elms — Rudyard Kipling's home, near Brighton, in the little village of Rottingdean, a village of old English flavor, made up of quaint cottages and inns, and abounding in picturesque ways and by-paths.

The Willows	The Maples
Willow Lodge	Maple Place
The Beeches	The Oaks
The Poplars	King's Oak
The Conifers	Oak Wold
The Evergreens	The Lindens
The Cedars	Hemlock Lodge
Cedarcrest	The Laurels

Castle Ashby — Elizabethan estate, showing marked Italian influence.

Shrublands — English estate on the site of an old monastery garden.

Hawthornden — associated with the seventeenth-century poet William Drummond.

Oak Knoll — old place with columned porches, box-bordered gardens, and tree-shaded lawns where Whittier lived during the latter part of his life and of which he wrote: "Say it is my home. I retain my

legal residence in Amesbury and I go there to vote, but my home is at Oak Knoll.”

Witchhazel	Cherry Hill
Witchwood	Cherry Garth
Bowood	Apple Garth
Ashridge	Tree Tops
Elmley Castle	Hickory Corners

Elmwood — Cambridge home of James Russell Lowell.

Cedarmere — Long Island home of William Cullen Bryant.

Cedarcroft — home at Cooperstown, N. Y., of Bayard Taylor.

Ashland — old Kentucky home of Henry Clay.

Orchard House — Concord home of Louisa Alcott.

One Ash — home to which John Bright took his bride, Elizabeth Priestman; so named in honor of an ash which was a conspicuous feature in the garden, as well as for an ancestral place which had been called Monyash.— From “Life of J. Bright,” G. M. Trevelyan.

Pine Haven	Box Croft
Lime Close	Woodgarth
Vieuxbois	Dingle

Boxley — old Cistercian abbey in England dating to Doomsday.

Cedar Grove — old homestead near Philadelphia built by Elizabeth Paschell, 1748.

Oakham Castle — Rutlandshire, the name is Saxon and the site was once occupied by the Romans.

Ashley — old Tudor mansion, Surrey, originally built in form of an H.

Bearroc Wood — old Saxon name for Bear Wood.

Brantwood — John Ruskin's home at Coniston.

Woodcote Manor — Hampshire home of Seymour Hayden.

FOR LOVE OF WOODS AND WILDS

Penshurst — one of the rare old places retaining characteristics of the medieval pleasure and recalling with its terraces and hedges, its flowery orchards and its “winter walk,” the days of Sir Philip Sidney.

Heatherholme

Bramble Brae

The Elders

By-the-Sea

Sea-cliff

Brockenhurst

Point Lookout

Porcupine Point

Rock Ledge

Overlook

The Eyrie

Brinksea

Fir Tower — country place of Mr. and Mrs. Tunis G. Bergen at Onteora, N. Y.

Forest Hill — Mr. Rockefeller's home in Cleveland.

Arden — Harriman estate which is to become a public park.

Lyndhurst (Gentle Forest) — Gould home at Irvington-on-Hudson.

Woodstock — thirteenth century pleasure of which it is recorded that Henry III for Eleanor of Provence ordered his bailiff to “make round about the garden of our queen two walls good and high” and other improvements “befitting her position.”

The Locusts	Hackmatack
The Sumachs	Holly Lodge
The Sycamores	Pepperidge Point
Gingko Camp	Thornsett
Craig-y-parc	Winwood
Ringwood	Wychewood

Thornbury — moated residence of Stafford Duke of Buckingham, beheaded 1521.

Packwood — old English estate with famous topiary work simulating the Sermon on the Mount.

Juniper Hall — associated with Fanny Burney and her French friends, émigrés during the Revolution.

Sanical or Sanicula —

“It maketh whole and sound all inward wounds and outward hurts.”

	<i>Gerarde's</i> “Herbal.”
The Coppice	Winwood
Wildewood	Driftwood
Norwood	Brushwood
Westwood	Rookwood
Beechwood	Pinewood
Birch Corners	Blythwolde

Holly Lodge — residence at Highgate of Frances Burdett Coutts.

The Dumbles — quaint old Warwickshire name for “Little woods in hollows.”

Wylde — farm at Hampstead, dating to the time of Henry IV.

Birdwood — old colonial mansion possibly designed by Jefferson.

Ausimbory — house in the woods, the workshop and studio of a Western craftsman and artist.

The Birches	Hurricane Lodge
Hawthorne Hill	Solitude
Laurel Ledge	The Tamaracks
The Ledges	Wych Elm
Wildeden	Windymoor

Ballengiech — Scotch for a steep pass.

Glen-Almain (The Narrow Glen) — associated by tradition with the poet Ossian. (See Wordsworth's poem.)

Star Rock — so named because of a meteorite falling on the site.

The Bosch — Dutch word for woods.

Kelp Rock — New Castle, N. H.; summer home of E. C. Stedman.

FOR FAVORITE FLOWERS

Periwinkle, or Joy-of-the-ground — from the French *Pervanche*. A quaint description of this flower is quoted from an old manuscript in Alice Morse Earle's "Old-time Gardens":

“Perwyke is an erbe grene of colour,
In tyme of May he bereth blue flour.
Ye lef is thicke, schinende and styf,
As is ye grene Jwy lefe.
Under brod and eurhand round,
Men call it ye joy of grownde.”

Mayflower	Cowslip
Meadow-sweet	Quaker Bonnet
Perseverance	Speedwell
Anemone	Wakerobin
Dandelion	Checkerberry
Mignonette	Rosehill
Primrose	Eglantine

The Lilacs — an old Colonial mansion in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Yarrow — rustic cottage at Onteora where Mary Mapes Dodge used to spend the summer.

Rosewell — old Virginian estate on the York River, an unusually large brick mansion with fine mahogany wainscotings and carved staircase. Here,

says tradition, Jefferson made his first draft of the Declaration of Independence.

Pipsissewa	Rosemary
Wildbrier	The Mallows
Chickweed	Columbine
Heal-all	Bindweed
Foxglove	Pennyroyal
The Flags	Celandine
Dragon-head	Heart-of-the-earth

Turn-Sole — (ME) flowers that turn towards the sun as the sun-flower and the heliotrope.

Heartsease — Hertese: ME for pansies and violets (Cent. Dictionary).

FOR PLANTS

Kalgarth — old Scandinavian for vegetable garden; farmstead on Lake Windermere.

Barberry	Rosemary
Thistledown	The Myrtles
Glenfern Castle	Lavender Lodge
Brambles	Brier Patch
Bonniethorne	Wild Thyme
Stone crop	Rock Rose
Squirrel-cup (hepat- ica)	Knights-spur

Lawn Bank (Wentworth Place, Hampstead) — residence of Keats while writing part of “*Endymion*.”

Burnet — “this plant maketh the heart merrie and glad.” Gerarde’s Herbal.

Camomile — “The oil compounded of these flowers is a remedy against all wearisomeness.” Ibid.

INDIAN NAMES

Tuckahoe — Indian name for the near-by creek for which Colonel Randolph named his Virginia plantation.

Ta-tee-yo-pa — Welcome.

O-ay-chay-tee — Hearthfire.

O-kee-cho — All Hail.

Wo-wee-na-pe — Refuge.

Wau-bay — Nest.

Wah-ko-ne-ya — Place of Springs.

Mirimichi — Happy Retreat.

Anoka — an Indian chief; name used by Mr. Ballard for his place on Long Island.

Catawissa — Clear water.

Loleta — “Pleasant Place.”

Sherrewogue — one of the oldest houses on Long Island; built 1695 at St. James, now belonging to Mr. Devereux Emmett.

Pickaway — the Cat-tail.

Onteora — hills of the Sky.

Orawack — wilderness.

Wénanwétu — well-housed.

Yováwan — midst of the mist.

Adjidaúmo — the Red Squirrel.

Owaíssa — the Bluebird.

Wawonaíssa — the Whippoorwill.

Opéchee — the Robin.

Shohola — sparkling waters.

Ano-a-tok — Eskimo for Home of the Winds.

Mereychawick — old name for Brooklyn; the sandy place.

Cuxen-hannc — the stream that runs through pine woods.

Hilero — Indian for The Cliff home of W. J. Bailey, California.

Yucca — (the only flower which keeps its original Indian name).

Sagamore Hill — Oyster Bay home of Theodore Roosevelt.

Miramar — behold the sea.

Minniwakan — spirit water.

Minooka — Good earth.

Wanaque — Sassafras place.

Pattaquonk — round hill.

Wauregan — a good thing.

Abrigada — shelter.

Weetamoo — Indian for Shell-flower.

Yennycott — after an old Sachem on the east end of Long Island.

Keewaydin — “Home Wind” (Hiawatha) country estate of Mr. and Mrs. Auchinloss, at Darien, Conn.

WITH FOREIGN FLAVOR

Upsala — old colonial house in Germantown, Philadelphia, from the Swedish, in honor of the Swedish author, Frederika Bremer, who had been a guest at the house.

Vriedendal — Dutch for Valley of Peace, used by the Huguenot exile, M. de la Montagnie, for his farm in Manhattan.

Ingleneuk
Waldesbach

Winkel-nook
Joyous Gard

La Colina.— little hill.

The Agrada — it pleases me.

La Chaumiere — thatched cottage.

Bella Vista and *Buena Vista*.

Benevente — an actual castle in Spain.

Drachenfels — Norwegian for dragon's rock.

Craig-y-nos — Adelina Patti's castle in Wales.

Auldhame — after a ruined castle in Scotland.

Placentia — country place of James Kirk, Paulding.

Monticello — (“the little mount”) — Virginia home of Thomas Jefferson.

Wahnfried — Richard Wagner's villa at Bayreuth. The name was engraved over the doorway and over one of the windows the words: “Hier, wo

mein Wahn Frieden fand" (Here, where my wandering spirit found rest).

Los Alamos — (the poplars) — Spanish.

Los Alisos — (the alder trees) — Spanish.

Los Olivos — (the olives) — Spanish.

Loma Vista — view from a hill in the midst of a plain — Spanish.

El Pinal — (grove of pines) — Spanish.

Miraflores — (behold the flowers) — Spanish.

Torre de Campiglioni — in Vallombrosa, Italy; the home of Emma Eames (Mrs. Story).

Montebello — old mansion near Natchez, Miss.

Belvoir Castle — England — (fair view).

Corvallis — (heart of the valley).

Yama-no-Ucho — "Home-in-the-mountains," belonging to Frank Seaman.

Groote Schuur — South African home of Cecil Rhodes.

Cawdor Castle — supposed to be made up of Cal (sound) and Der (water), because of the two burns near the site of the castle.

Burg Eltz or *Trutz-Eltz* — old castle on the Moselle.

"And he that is a stranger shall not pass the gates therof until he Swear the Peace."

Villa al Mare.

Casa del Ponte.

Elf Buchen — eleven beeches.

Bijou — French for jewel.

Gandercleugh — place of a steep cliff or ravine.

Clairvaux (Clara Vallis or Bright Valley)

Cistercian monastery founded in twelfth century by St. Bernard.

Boscobel (Italian for fair wood) — associated with the English King Charles II.

Biltmore — the late George Vanderbilt's place in North Carolina, made up of the last syllable in his own name plus the Gaelic *Mór*, "great."

Joyous Gard —

The Garde Joyeuse, amid the tale,
High reared its glittering head;
And Avalon's enchanted vale
In all its wonders spread.

Sir Walter Scott.

WITH HOMELY FLAVOR

Craigenputtoch — farm where Carlyle wrote
“Sartor Resartus.”

Porch House — site of home at Chertsey of Abraham Cowley.

The Farmstead

Fern Hill

Inglenook

Ingleside

The Gables

Cobbleshack

The Bandbox

Justamere House

Boxcroft

The Bee-hive

Orchard House

Orchard Lea

Orchard-Farm — place of Governor Endicott at Salem.

Solitude — country seat of William Penn.

Sedgley — country seat of William Crammond, Esq., Pennsylvania.

The Cote — (little cottage).

The Croft — (an enclosed tract).

FAMOUS PLACE NAMES IN FICTION

Vailima — Stevenson's island home where, like a lord of the Middle Ages, he dispensed justice and counsel to the Samoans whose most touching token of gratitude to their Tusitala (story-teller) was "The Road of the Loving Heart."

House of the Seven Gables — Hawthorne.

Blithedale — in "The Blithedale Romance" by Hawthorne.

Bleak House — Dickens. Suggested by the real name of a house which he rented.

Tower Hill — Dickens.

Cranford — Mrs. Gaskell's story of that name.

Lammermoor — in the "Bride of Lammermoor" — Scott.

Woodstock — novel of the name — Scott.

Castle Rackrent — in novel of the name, by Maria Edgeworth.

The Crossways — in "Diana of the Crossways" — George Meredith.

Sevenoaks — title of a novel by J. G. Holland.

Happy Valley — in "Rasselas" — by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Wakefield — in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

Avalon — a little ocean isle described in Middle

Age romances, especially in that of "Ogier the Dane."

Kenilworth Castle — Robert Laneham in the sixteenth century wrote of it: "The place was beautified with many delectable, fresh and unbrageous bowers, arbours, seats, and walks, that with great art, cost and diligence were very pleasurably appointed."

Thornfield Hall — in "Jane Eyre" by Charlotte Brontë.

Headlong Hall — novel by Thomas Love Peacock.

Crotchet Castle — novel by Thomas Love Peacock.

The Castle of Otranto — in romance of the name by Horace Walpole.

Castle Dangerous — in tale of the name by Scott.

Caddam Wood — in Barrie's "Little Minister," used by Maude Adams for her Long Island home.

Caddam Hill — used by Maude Adams for her mountain home, Onteora.

House of the Whispering Pines — Anna Katherine Green.

House with the Green Shutters — G. D. Brown.

House of the Wolfings — William Morris.

The Mountain of Flowers — site of fairy palace in "The White Cat," Countess D'Aulnoy, 1682.

Cheverel Manor — "Mr. Gilfil's Love-story," by George Eliot.

Lowick Manor — home of the Casaubons in George Eliot's "Middlemarch."

Barchester Towers — in novel of the name by Anthony Trollope.

PLACE NAMES FAMED FOR FAMOUS FOLK

Stormfield — (first called “Innocence-at-home”) Mark Twain’s place at Redding, which, although in Italian villa style, was carried out with such simplicity and adaptation to the site that he said: “It might have been here always.”

Orchard-side — Cowper’s home at Olney.

The Manse — Hawthorne’s at Concord.

The Wayside — Emerson’s home at Concord.

Slabsides — mountain cabin of John Burroughs.

Stoke Court — associated with the poet Gray.

Gad’s Hill — Dickens’ place.

The Haven — country place of Quiller-Couch.

Box Hill — George Meredith’s home.

Abbotsford — home of Sir Walter Scott.

Mt. Vernon — Washington’s home.

Sunnyside — Washington Irving’s home.

Penshurst — associated with Sir Philip Sidney.

The Red House — associated with William Morris.

Strawberry Hill — Walpole’s Gothic mansion.

Grumblethorpe — the Wister homestead, Germantown, Pa., built in 1744.

Holly Bush Inn — house built at Hampstead by Romney.

Holly Lodge — house lived in by Macaulay.

The Wakes — Gilbert White's home at Selborne. It has been enlarged since he lived there but none of the alterations have disturbed "the harmony of red bricks and tiles blending with the luxurious verdure of bushes and ivy."

Hodeslea — home of Thomas Huxley at Eastbourne. "One is obliged to have names here," wrote he. "Mine will be 'Hodeslea' which is as near as I can go to 'Hodesleia,' the original poetical shape of my very ugly name."

Ponkapog — (Ponkapog Papers) — Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Yaddo — home of Katrina Trask at Saratoga.

Limmerslease — Surrey home of Frederick Watts.

The Fair Haven — Kent, country place of Miss Laurence Alma Tadema.

Priory Lodge — owned by Sir Edward Terry.

Georgian Court — country place at Lakewood, N. J., owned by George Gould.

Court Farm — Broadway, Gloucestershire, home of Madame Navarro (Mary Anderson).

Hope Lodge — an old Colonial mansion in Pennsylvania, owned originally by Samuel Morris.

Maxwelton House — birthplace of Annie Laurie, famed in Burns' song.

PUNNING AND PLAYFUL NAMES

Wayside	Hatoquitit
By the Way	Kuntoit
Playfield	Bonnythorpe
Happy Acres	L'Allegro
Heartsease	Star Nook
Laffalot	Barrow Court
Wendover	Penny-Royal

Idlewild — country place of N. P. Willis.

Annandale — David Hume's house at Chiswick.

Chateau Gaillard — (Saucy Castle) fortress built by Richard Coeur de Lion to defend Rouen against Philip Augustus.

Postscript — addenda in the shape of a little house "for good times" on country place of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Post, L. I.

The Fold — studio of Charles and Ella C. Lamb at Cresskill, New Jersey.

Tarry-awhile — country place of George W. Cable.

Kanahwa — place of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Joost at Quogue, L. I.

Yaddo — Trask estate at Saratoga ("Shadow").

Arden — the Harriman estate, N. Y.

Kenna-quhair and *Kennahtwhar* — "I don't know where."

Pleasaunce — suggested by Bacon's essay on Gardens, and used by Mr. A. M. Huntington at Baychester, N. Y.

Shingle Blessedness — the bungalow of Guy Wetmore Caryl and used in the whimsical title of one of his stories.

Arcady	Idlenook
As-you-like-it	Plough Court
Tuckaway	Faraway Farm
Fairy Knowe	Tother House
Elfinsland	Overyonder Lodge
Camp Kill Kare	Wendover
Sunne Holm	Otherwise
Questover	Ownest
Hadaway House	Camp Tuckatrowel
The Hut	Sunnymead
Pett Place	Sojern
Casanostra	

Mostly Hall — country place of Mr. and Mrs. Upjohn at Babylon, L. I.

Poverty Flat — cottage at Beverly Farms, so called by Dr. Holmes because "next door to Pride's Crossing."

*MOTTOES FOR HEARTH AND
GARTH*

One of the best secrets of enjoyment is the art of cultivating pleasant associations.

Leigh Hunt.

INTRODUCTION



RUE, deeds, not words, make the homely home and to most of us to-day the use of many serious mottoes or inscriptions in our houses and gardens would savour of cant or at the least of a sort of wearing our hearts upon our sleeves. Anciently the more religious the text the better,—and that on the house-façade as well as within-doors and in garden cloister. It was by Mosaic command that each head of a household among the Israelites put up a symbol on the flap of his tent. The Romans were proverbially addicted to mottoes and throughout the Middle Ages and Renaissance days the custom continued. One still finds in Europe traces of it, and an occasional example of its hanging on into our own early colonial times is to be noted. As witness, the naïve distich on the exterior wall of the house of our first botanist, John Bartram.

“’Tis God alone, Almighty Lord.
The Holy One, by me Adored.”

Our Puritan forebears were so fond of moral maxims that it is said they went so far as to embroider texts on their clothes. As Fairholt puts it, they

moralized even their dress. Having such precedents, then, it is perhaps not "unseemly" for us moderns to get a more superficial enjoyment out of mottoes and to utilize them, not too seriously, here over a doorway, there over a fireplace, or again on some article of sheer homely use.

To get the maximum of fun out of the thing we will inscribe the words in decorative lettering, in a foreign tongue, or in some quaint symbolic or hieroglyphic wise. However we arrive at it, the end to aim at is the enhancement of our material possession (be it humble and utilitarian or be it fine and fair) by the grace of ideal association. In this way we may now and then take a peep at worlds outside our own daily treadmill-round and thus get away for an instant, in spirit if not in fact, from that extremely minute and personal attitude of ours which makes for the "pettiness of house life."

OVER-DOOR INSCRIPTIONS

Used by Alma Tadema for his house entrance in
London:

Salve.
(Welcome)

On house of Rosina, Bologna, Italy:

Non Domo Dominus, sed Domino Domus.

(Not the master for the house, but the house for
the master.)

Stone carving over a front door in Gloucestershire:

Un Corpus Animo
Sic Domus Corpori.
(As is the body to the soul,
So is the house to the body.)

Wrought in the timberwork of a house in Chester,
said to be the only one spared by the Plague:

The Providence of the Almighty is my Salvation,
1652.

Inscription on an old house front in the Cowgate,
Edinburgh:

Gif we deid as we sould,
We might haf as we vould.

On a palazza in the Via de Cornari, Rome:

Non Omnis possumus Omnes.

(We are not all of us able to do all things.)

Motto inscribed between two hearts on Jacques Coeur's house, Bourges:

A Vaillens, tiens impossibles.

(To the brave nothing is impossible.)

Inscription over the door of the house in which Selden was born, in Selvington, Sussex:

Gratus, honesti, mihi; non claudar inito sedeq'.

Fur, abeas; non su' facta soluta tibi.

(Paraphrased — Thou'rt welcome, honest friend; walk in, make free; Thief, get thee gone, my doors ope not to thee.)

For the doorway of Veronica's manor-house; translation of Alfred Austin:

Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge deo; rebusque veni non asper egenis.

(Have the courage, dear guest, to disdain ostentation and with godlike indulgence approach our unpretentious dwelling.) *Virgil.*

Inscription on a pane of glass in Holland House; cut by Hookham Frere, 1811:

May neither fire destroy, nor waste impair,
Nor time consume thee till the twentieth heir;
May taste respect thee, and may Fashion spare.

Stranger, should this catch your eye,
 Do a favor passing by;
 Bless this house ere you be gone
 And it shall bless you — passing on.

If this house be fine or not,
 That was not my serious thought,
 But it will have gained its ends
 Should we find it full of friends.

I built this house of stone and wood
 I made it handsome as I could.
 If it only pleases thee,
 Then it could not better be.

Charles Godfrey Leland.

Old motto on town-hall, Wittemberg:

Ist's Gottes Werk, so wird's bestehen;
 Ist's Menschens, so wird's untergehen.
 (If God's work, 'twill age endure;
 If Man's, 'tis not a minute sure.)

Home, my own home, tiny though thou be, to me thou
 seemest an abbey.

Italian proverb.

Dies Haus steht in Gottes Hand.
 Gott behut's von Flur und Brand.
 (This house rests in God's hand,
 May he protect it from flood or firebrand.)

Der Gottliche Segen erfulle dies Haus
Und die da gehen ein und aus.

(May God's blessing fill this house,
And rest on all who go in or out.)

Old Swiss.

Wer Gott vertraut,
Hat wohl gebaut.

(Who trusts in God
Hath well built.)

Old Swiss.

Device on an old house in Bruges:

Within me there is more.

Ad ogni uccello, suo nido e bello.

(To every bird its nest is fair.)

Italian proverb.

Parva, sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen aere domus.

Ariosto.

Small is my humble roof, but well designed,
To suit the temper of the master's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supplied.

Translation of Hoole.

Maison petite, mais commode pour moi;
Mais incommode a personne, mais assez propre,
Mais pourtant achetee de mes propres fonds.

French version, by Mme. Bury Palisser.

Over doorway of the house of Francis Bacon's father :

Mediocria firma.

(Firm is the middle state.)

House of John Knox, Edinburgh :

Lufe God Abvee Al; And Yi Nichtbors As Yi Self.

On a Swiss house :

Ein Haus ist wohl ein schöne sacht,
 Von Menschenhänden ist's gemacht;
 Doch hängt es ab von Gott allein,
 Ob Glück, ob Unglück Kommt hinein.

(A House is a fine thing,
 It is made by men's hands;
 But it depends on God alone,
 Whether happiness or unhappiness shall come
 therein.)

Translation of Caulfeild.

Deus Adest Laborantibus.

(God is on the side of them that labor.)

Wrought in carving of parapet roof, Castle Ashby,
 Northamptonshire, England :

Nisi Dominus custodiat domum, frustra vigilat
 qui custodit eam.

(Unless God guards the house; he labors in vain
 who guards it.)

Over-door inscription on a house at Northants, England:

He that earneth wages
By labour and care,
By the Blessing of God
May have something to spare.

T. B., 1618.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

Over an entrance in Edinburgh:

He Yt Tholis Overcumms.
(He that endures, overcomes.)

Noted on a house front in Gloucestershire, by Caulfield:

Nichtz Zonder Arbyt.
(Nothing without work.)

Seventeenth-century inscription similarly wrought on open parapet at Temple Newsam.

All Glory and Praise be given to God the Father,
the Son and
Holy Ghost on High; Peace upon Earth, Good-
will Towards Men;
Honour and True Allegiance to Our Gracious
King; Loving Affections
Among His Subjects, Health and Plenty within
this House.

On an old house in Florence near Giotto's tower:

Casa mea, casa mea, piccola che sia,
 Sei sempre, casa mea.
 (My house, my house, small though 'tis,
 Still always my house.)

Over an entrance Oriel, Hengrave Hall:

Opus Hoc Fieri Fecit Toma Kytson — In Dieu
 Et Mon Droit —
 Anno D' ni MCCCC Tricesimo Octavo.

To Edmund Gosse, with Vincent Bourne's Poetical
 Works:

Gossip, may we live as now,
 Brothers ever, I and thou;
 Us may never Envy's mesh hold,
 Anger never cross our threshold;
 Let our modest Lares be
 Friendship and Urbanity.

Austin Dobson.

The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride:
 The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside:
 The doorband strong enough from robbers to de-
 fend:

This door will open at a touch to welcome every
 friend.

From "Inscriptions for a Friend's House,"

Henry van Dyke.

Greeting in gypsy tongue:

Kushto bak.

(Good-luck to you.)

CHIMNEYPiece MOTTOES

The Hearth:

God rest you all that linger here,
Though you be strange you still are dear.
Peace to your hearts, if you abide,
Reflect, and give your souls to cheer.

The Plaster on the Chimney:

These words in time shall pass away
And moulder with the mouldering clay,
Learn thou that only passing things
May know the blessedness of wings.
“*Maxims for an Old House,*”
Anna Hempstead Branch.

Home:

A world of care shut out,
A world of love shut in.
Dora Greenwell.

My Ain Fireside:

Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside:
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.
Elizabeth Hamilton.

Quoted by Lowell in "Essay on Democracy."

Be your own palace or the world's your goal.
Unidentified.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.
From "The Fireside," Nathaniel Cotton.

Klein aber Mein.

Right off hand your story tell
Unto your bosom crony,
But still keep something to yoursel'
You shouldn't tell to ony.

Unidentified.

Never neglect your fireplaces; I have paid great attention to mine, and could burn you all out in a moment. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon it. Who could be miserable with that fire? What makes a fire so pleasant is, I think, that it is a live thing in a dead room.

Sydney Smith.

Thou mayest be sure that he that will in private tell thee of thy faults, is thy friend, for he adventures thy dislike and doth hazard thy hatred.

Sir Walter Ralcygh.

With arms of the Campbells and Calders and the date 1516, in dining-room mantelpiece at Cawdor Castle:

Be mindful.

The fire burns brightest on one's own hearth.

Unidentified.

Fireside happiness, to hours of ease
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.

Samuel Rogers.

Behold! how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

James iii, 5.

Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.

Shakespeare.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

William Cowper.

A vaut mieux pour moi de ne pas fumer.

(I would better not smoke.)

French conceit.

In this safe anchorage
Find welcome and good cheer.

Unidentified.

From a little spark may burst a mighty flame.—

Dante.

The hearth has ever been the cornerstone of the family and of society.

John Bellows.

His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,—
Does a' his weary kiaugh an' care beguile.

Robert Burns.

The art of life consists in a constant readjustment to our surroundings.

"The Book of Tea," Okakura-Kakuzo.

Teaism is the art of concealing beauty that you may discover it, of suggesting what you dare not reveal. It is the noble secret of laughing at yourself, calmly yet thoroughly, and thus humour itself,—the smile of philosophy.

"The Book of Tea," Okakura-Kakuzo.

Those who cannot feel the littleness of great things in themselves are apt to overlook the greatness of little things in others.

Ibid.

OF HOME AS HOME

Who creates a home creates a potent spirit which
in turn doth fashion him that fashioned.

Unidentified.

East, west, at home the best.

Old German proverb.

A little bird wants but a little nest.

Italian.

Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair.

"Contented wi' Little,"

Robert Burns.

For a man's house is his castle.

Sir Edward Coke.

He that hath a house to put his head in, hath a
good headpiece.

"King Lear," Shakespeare.

Wo Friede, da Freude.

(Where there's peace, there is joy.)

Old German saying.

Home is the place of peace.

John Ruskin.

There is no Wealth but Life.

John Ruskin.

The greatest Wealth is Contentment with Little.

Old English.

Inscribed in Greek, at Conway Castle — “a curiously-selected motto for a feudal stronghold”:

Bear and forbear.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

Non Multa, sed Multum.

(Not many things, but much.)

Latin.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

John Howard Payne.

Poco roba

Poco pensieri.

(Little wealth

Little Care.)

Old Italian.

Grande chere et beau feu.

(Good cheer and a good fire.)

French.

My fire is my friend.

Unidentified.

There is no place like a chimney-corner for confidences, for picking up the clews of an old friendship.

The fireplace is a window through which we can look out upon other scenes.

Unidentified.

The cantre fire where cronies meet.

Scotch proverb.

There can no great smoke arise,
But there must be some fire.

"Euphues," Lyly.

Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.

James iii, 3.

While I was musing, the fire burned.

Psalm xxxix. 3.

Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth.

"Il Penseroso," Milton.

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.

"Mrs. Beattie's Chat on Whist,"

Charles Lamb.

Shut in from all the world without,
 I sit the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the bleak wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door;
 While the red logs before me beat
 The cold line back with pleasant heat.

Unidentified.

Dissolve frigus, ligna semper foco.

(Drive away the cold, heaping logs upon the fire.)

Odes ix, I, Horace.

When the logs are burning free,
 Then the fire is full of glee;
 When each heart gives out its best,
 Then the talk is full of zest:
 Light your fire and never fear,
 Life was made for love and cheer.

"The Hearthstone," Henry van Dyke.

Now what can man more desire,
 Nor sitting by a sea-coal fire.

Old English ditty.

To make a home out of a household, given the raw materials, to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house, two other things are necessary: these are, a good fire and good music.

From "Tiger Lilies: A Novel,"

Sidney Lanier.

Better a wee fire to warm ye,
Than a big fire to burn ye.
Scotch proverb.

Emblazoned in banquet-hall, Knebworth Castle (ancestral home of Bulwer):

Read the Rede of the Old Roof Tree.
Here be trust fast. Opinion free.
Knightly Right Hand. Christian Knee.
Worth in All. Wit in Some.
Laughter open. Slander dumb.
Hearth where rooted Friendships grow,
Safe as Altar even to Foe.
And the sparks that upward go
When the hearth flame dies below,
If thy sap in them may be,
Fear no Winter, Old Roof Tree.

Inscription for the window of Katrina's Tower at "Yaddo":

This is the window's message,
In silence, to the Queen:
"Thou hast a double kingdom
And I am set between:
Look out and see the glory,
On hill and plain and sky:
Look in and see the light of love
That nevermore shall die."

L' ENVOI:

Window in the Queen's high tower,
 This shall be thy magic power!
 Shut the darkness and the doubt,
 Shut the storm and conflict, out;
 Wind and hail and snow and rain
 Dash against thee all in vain.
 Let in nothing from the night,—
 Let in every ray of light.

Henry van Dyke.

A merry heart goes all the day,
 Your sad one tires in a mile-a.

Winters' Tale, IV, 2, Song.

Shakespeare.

Let the world wagge, and take mine Ease in mine
 Inne.

Proverbes, Thomas Heywood.

Good courage breaks ill-luck.

Old proverb.

Language was given to us that we might say pleas-
 ant things to each other.

"Summaries of Thought," Bovee.

On mantelpiece, Hardwick Hall:

The Conclusion of all things is to feare God and
 keepe His Commandments.

Ye are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words.
“*Merchant of Venice*,” *Shakespeare*.

In a house in Chislehurst:

This is the welcome I'm to tell,—
Ye are well come, ye are come well.

Whan freens meet, hearts warm.
Old Scotch proverb.

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to
spare.

Ali Ben Abu Taleb.

Au Dieu Foy, Aux Amis Foyer.
(To God our faith, to our friends our fireside.)
Old French.

Who shall say how far sympathy reaches, and how
truly love can prophesy?
William Makepeace Thackeray.

May the smile on the face be but a reflection of
the feeling of the heart.
Old English proverb.

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
The Odyssey, Bk. XV,
Alexander Pope's translation.

Where there is room in the heart
There is room in the house.

Unidentified.

Peace be within thy walls.

Old Testament.

O, turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
Here may thy storm-beat vessel safely ride;
This is the port of rest from troublous toil,
The world's Sweet Inn, from pain and wearisome
turmoil.

Edmund Spenser.

A man's house is his castle.

Speak kind words and you will hear kind echoes.

Unidentified.

Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary.

*From "To a Butterfly,"
William Wordsworth.*

Of what shall a man be proud if he is not proud
of his friends?

.

And if we find but one to whom we can speak out
our heart freely, with whom we can walk in love and
simplicity without dissimulation, we have no ground
of quarrel with the world or God.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

My friend is one before whom I may be sincere.
Before him I may think aloud.

Emerson.

To be rich in friends is to be poor in nothing.
The ornament of a house is the friends who frequent it.

I try to make my enmities transient, and my friendships eternal.

Cicero.

Cut on an old hearthpiece of a stone house in Wales:
When friends meet, hearts warm.

The dearest friends are the auldest friends.

Scotch saying.

The art of friendship is the greatest art in life.

“Studies in Contemporary Biography,”

James Bryce.

Treat your friends for what you know them to be. Regard no surfaces. Consider not what they did, but what they intended.

Thoreau.

Wise, cultivated, genial conversation is the last flower of civilization and the best result which life has to offer us,—a cup for gods, which has no repentance.

“Miscellanies,” Emerson.

May the hinges of friendship never rust, nor the wings of love ever lose a pin feather.

Old Scotch.

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue,
All these I prize,— but, entre nous,—
Old friends are best.

Austin Dobson.

These three gentle and goodly things —
To be here, to be together,
And to think well of one another.

Unidentified.

Hear no Evil. See no Evil. Speak no Evil.

Unidentified.

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

Proverbs xxv: 11.

Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.

Old English.

A man's tongue is a shield, not a sword.

Old German.

There's so much good in the worst of us,
There's so much bad in the best of us,
That it ill behoves any one of us
To speak any harm of the rest of us.

Unidentified.

Seeke out ye good in every man
 And speake of all the best ye can;
 Then will all men speake well of thee,
 And say how kinde of hart ye bee.

Adolphus Goss.

A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it is the finest of the fine arts.

Emerson.

An air is more lasting than the voice of the birds,
 A word is more lasting than the riches of the world.

*Irish proverb, in Introduction "The Poem
 - Book of the Gael," Eleanor Hull.*

Sixteenth-century inscription used in an old house in
 Edinburgh:

Ut Tu Linguae Tuae, Sic Ego Mearum Aureum
 Dominus Sum.

(As thou of thy tongue, so I of my ears, am
 Lord.)

See *Chambers' "Traditions of Edinburgh."*

Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume.
 The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.

Young.

Politeness is to do and say
 The kindest thing in the kindest way.

He that would live in peace and rest,
 Must hear, and see, and say, the Best.

Old English.

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men.

Talk often, but not long.

Bishop Horne.

'Tis his at last who says it best.

Lowell.

It takes two to tell the truth,— one to speak, and
another to hear.

Thoreau.

A Friend is some one who can finish your sen-
tences for you.

Be willing to be pleased and the power will come.
“*Essays,*” *Leigh Hunt.*

Kind hearts are more than coronets.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you.

A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance.

The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.

Life without labor is guilt, labor without art is
brutality.

Ruskin.

Motto used in a frieze of mottoes on the studio walls
by Mr. Warrington Wood, Villa Campani, Rome:

Ars longa, vita brevis.

(Art is long, life is brief.)

Then have no care that life is brief, and less that
art is long;

Success is in the silences, though fame be in the
song.

Unidentified.

You cannot civilize men, until you give them a
share in art.

William Morris.

All passes! Art alone

Enduring, stays to us.

From "Ars Victrix," Austin Dobson.

In omnia paratus.

(Prepared for everything.)

Motto used by the Earl of Pomfret:

Hora est semper.

(It is always the time.)

Never despair, but if you do work on in despair.

Edmund Burke.

There is no better ballast for keeping the mind
steady on its keel than business.

Lowell.

Inscription over mantel in great hall, Ashton:

If service be thy meane to thrive
 Thou must therein remaine;
 Both silent, faithful, just and true,
 Content to take some paine;
 If love of Virtue may allve
 Or hope of worldly gaine;
 If fear of God may thee procure
 To serve doe not disdain.

Work is of a religious nature;—work is of a brave nature: which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to drown him; if he front it not hourly, it will keep its word.

Thomas Carlyle.

Labor est etiam ipsa voluptas.

(Labor is itself a pleasure.)

Lucretius.

Labor omnia vincit.

(Labor conquers everything.)

Virgil.

Motto of monks in the Middle Ages:

Laborare est orare.

(To labor is to pray.)

In all labour there is profit,
 But the folding of the hands leadeth only to penury.

Proverbs of Solomon.

The slothful man has said,
There is a lion in the path.

Old English proverb.

My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God.

"Stradivarius," George Eliot.

Who touches the keys of endless activity; opens
the infinite, and stands awestruck before the immen-
sity of what there is to do.

Phillips Brooks.

Never trouble another for what you can do your-
self.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-
day.

*"A Decalogue of Canons,"
Thomas Jefferson.*

Set about what you intend to do: the beginning is
half the battle.

Ansonius.

. . . there is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

*"A Glance behind the Curtain,"
Lowell.*

To the persevering mortal the blessed Immortals are
swift.

Zoroaster.

Nul effort n'est vain.

Romain Rolland.

When the open fires are lit, in the evening, after
tea,

Then I like to come and sit, where the fire can
talk to me.

T. D. Sherman.

How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days;
Sitting safe in nursery-nooks,
Reading picture-books?

"Picture Books in Winter,"

R. L. Stevenson.

Father, whom I cannot see,
Look down from heaven on little me;
Let angels through the darkness spread
Their holy wings above my bed;
And keep me safe, because I am
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb;
Teach me to do as I am told,
And help me be as good as gold.

"Child's Prayer," by William Canton.

Ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs.

Milton.

Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life.

Auerbach.

In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.
“*Henry VIII,*” *Shakespeare.*

Music, that gentlier on the spirit lies,
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.
Unidentified.

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.

“*The Lotos-Eaters,*” *Tennyson.*

FOR THE DINING-ROOM

Not on the store of sprightly wine,
Nor plenty of delicious meats,
Though generous Nature did design
To court us with perpetual treats,—
'Tis not on these we for content depend,
So much as on the shadow of a Friend.

Menander.

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
We may live without books — what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope — what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love — what is passion but pining?
But where is the man who can live without dining?

Owen Meredith.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight
So as to rise still with an appetite.

Robert Herrick.

Conversation is but carving,
 Give no more to every guest,
 Than he's able to digest.
 Give him always of the prime
 And but little at a time.
 Give to all but just enough,
 Let them neither starve nor stuff,
 And that each may have his due,
 Let your neighbor carve for you.
Unidentified.

Give him a sugar-plum if he is good.
"Shirley," Charlotte Brontë.

Eat at your table as you would eat at the table
 of the King.

Confucius.

Take the goods the gods provide thee.
"Alexander's Feast," Dryden.

God will send more if the man will be thankful.
"As You Like It," Shakespeare.

Better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
Proverbes, Thomas Heywood.

Enough is as good as a sackful.
German proverb.

All is fish that com'th to net.
Proverbes, Thomas Heywood.

It's folly to live puir and dee rich.

Old Scotch.

It is not nice for a man to pray cream and live skim milk.

Old English.

Good to be merrie and wise.

Proverbes, Thomas Heywood.

Salt yo food wi' humour, season it with wit, and sprinkle it o'er with the charm of good fellowship.

Unidentified.

His table dormant in his halle alway,

Stood reddy covered all the longe day.

Chaucer, of his Frankelyn.

Come thou home with me and eat bread.

Use the means and God will give the blessing.

Old English.

Spare your breath to cool your broth.

"Cervantes," Don Quixote.

Rule the appetite and temper the tongue.

Old English.

For a good dinner, and a gentle wife, you can afford to wait.

Old Danish proverb.

He that banquets every day, never makes a good meal.

Unidentified.

Hunger is the best sauce.

He who eats with most pleasure is he who least requires sauce.

Xenophon.

The chief pleasure in eating does not consist in costly seasoning or exquisite flavour, but in yourself.

Horace.

We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal.

“Memoirs,” Sydney Smith.

Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

“Comedy of Errors,” Shakespeare.

With a few foods, and a few dishes dine,
And much of mirth and moderate wine.

“Liberty,” Abraham Cowley.

Better a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.

Proverbs xvii, 1.

Better a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

Proverbs xv, 17.

We never repent of having eaten too little.

*“A Decalogue of Canons for Observation
in Practical Life,” Thomas Jefferson.*

Stay me with flagons,
Comfort me with apples.

Song of Songs.

'Tis mirth, not dishes, sets a table off ;
Brutes and Phanaticks eat, and never laugh.

*Old Song called “A Poem by a Per-
son of Quality.” Date, 1694.*

Welcome is the best cheer.

Old English.

The company makes the feast.

Ibid.

Not Bread, nor Meat, nor Wine,
But Fire on Hearth and Cheer in Grateful Hearts,
Make Home Divine.

Donald G. Mitchell.

Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it?

George Herbert.

Animals feed: man eats; the man of intellect alone
knows how to eat.

Brillat-Savarin.

Winds whistle shrill,
 Icy and chill,
 Little care we;
 Little we fear
 Weather without,
 Sheltered about
 The mahogany tree.

“*The Mahogany Tree,*”
William Makepeace Thackeray.

What moistens the lips, and
 What brightens the eye?
 What calls back the past
 Like the rich pumpkin pie?

Unidentified.

The Receipts of Cookery are swell'd to a Volume,
 but a good stomach excels them all; to which nothing
 contributes more than Industry and Temperance.

“*Some Fruits of Solitude,*”
William Penn.

Many a man has got to heaven because his wife
 was a good cook.

Unidentified.

May ye be just as happy yoursel'
 As ye like to see anybody else.

Burns.

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust, and rich soups. I have often thought I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery than Timotheus could do formerly with his lyre.

“Letters,” Sydney Smith.

All sorrows are bearable if there is bread.

Sancho Panza’s Proverbs.

Bread is the staff of life.

“Tale of a Tub,” Jonathan Swift.

“I wish you joy, with best of health,
Content that’s better far than wealth,
A laugh so open, free, and fair
’Twill make a sunshine everywhere.”

Unidentified.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dreid;
Blessed be sober feast in quietie;
Who has enough, of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantitie.
Great abundance and blind prosperitie,
Ofttimes mak an ill conclusion;
The sweetest life, therefore, in this countrie,
Is to live safe, with small possession.
*Content, from “The Tale of the Upland
and the Burgess Mouse,” Robert Henryson.*

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
 I little have, yet seek no more.
 They are but poor, though much they have;
 And I am rich with little store.
 They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
 They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

William Byrd.

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
 Better cheer you may have, but not with better heart.

Shakespeare.

Carved in Gothic lettering in dining-room, Haddon
 Hall, placed by Sir George Vernon, c. 1540.
 Drede God and Honour the King.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
 And health on both.

"Macbeth," iii, 4, Shakespeare.

I have never seen anything in the world worth
 getting angry about.

Henry T. Raymond.

Give me an honest laughter.

Sir Walter Scott.

Wishers and woulders are pair house houlders.

Old Scotch.

Weel kens the mouse whan pussie's in.

Scotch.

Most pessimism is the result of indigestion.

Hugh Black.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Don Quixote.

A favorite eighteenth-century toast:

Here's a health to all those that I love,
And a health to all those that love me,
A health to all those that love those that I love,
And to all those that love those that love me.

FOR THE BEDROOM

God bless this house from thatch to floor,
The twelve apostles guard the door,
And four good angels watch my bed,
Two at the foot and two at the head.

Old English.

He hath placed at every man's side a Guardian,
the genius of each man, who is charged to watch over
him; a genius that cannot sleep, nor be deceived.

Epictetus.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our
little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

"The Tempest," iv, 1, Shakespeare.

Oh sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

Come, sleep, oh, sleep, the certain knot of peace.

Sir Philip Sidney.

Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

Wordsworth.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.

"Night Thoughts," Edward Young.

In portu quies.

(In Harbor Peace.)

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace, with sweet peace.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream,"

Shakespeare.

Happy is the house that shelters a friend.

Old English.

To each, to all, a fair good-night,

And pleasing dreams, and slumbers light.

"Marmion," canto vii, Sir Walter Scott.

Lodge thou here that thy heart may be merry.

Judges xix, 9.

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast.

Juliet to Romeo, Shakespeare.

All they that spent their days in grace

Have left a blessing on this place,

Then gentle be the speech that falls,

Lest ye offend these placid walls.

The Best Room, in "Maxims for an Old

House," Anna Hempstead Branch.

A clear conscience is a soft pillow.

Anonymous.

Thou shalt rest sweetly if thy heart do not reprehend thee.

Meditations, Thomas à Kempis.

. . . sweet pillows, sweetest bed ;
A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light ;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.

Sonnets, Sir Philip Sidney.

Bed, O bed! delicious bed,
That heaven upon earth to the weary head.

"Her Dream," Thomas Hood.

And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But what e'er smack'd of 'noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

"The Castle of Indolence," James Thomson.

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more will weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

"Macbeth," Shakespeare.

Fatigue itself may be a pleasant thing,
And weariness be silken, soft, and fine.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

Blessings on him that first invented sleep.
It wraps a man all round like a cloak.

Sancho Panza.

Inscription in the hall panelling of Speke Hall, credited with having been transferred to its present position from Holyrood Palace, after the Battle of Flodden Field. *S. F. A. Caulfeild.*

SLEPE . NOT . TEIL . YE . HATHE . CONSID-
ERED . HOW . THOW . HATHE . SPENT . YE
DAY . PAST . IF . THOW . HAVE . WELL . DON
THANK . GOD . IF . OTHERWAYS . REPENT . YE

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again.

Susan Coolidge.

He sleeps well who knows not that he sleeps ill.

"Maxims," Publius Syrus.

To Mary Queen the praise be given,
She sent the gentle sleep from Heav'n
That slid into my soul.

Coleridge.

A Life without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing; every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves: This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught.

*Thomas à Kempis, translated by
Matthew Arnold.*

FOR THE MUSIC-ROOM

Dear friend, whom glad or grave we seek,
Heaven-holding shrine, I ope thee, touch thee, hear
thee speak.
And joy is mine.

Leigh Hunt.

He who hath an art
Hath everywhere a part.

Italian saying.

Practice is the best of all instructors.

“Maxims,” Publius Syrus.

Musick, soft charm of heav'n and earth.

Ode “In Praise of Musick” Edmund Smith.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid.

“The Passions” William Collins.

Inscription on music-room mantelpiece at Apthorpe,
England.

Rare and ever to be wisht maye sownde heere
Instruments w^{ch} fainte sprites and muses cheere,
Composing for the Body, Sowle, and Eare,
Which Sicknes, Sadnes, and Fowle Spirits feare.

FOR A TEA TABLE

Why not consecrate ourselves to the queen of the Camellias, and revel in the warm stream of sympathy that flows from her altar? In the liquid amber within the ivory-porcelain, the initiated may touch the sweet reticence of Confucius, the piquancy of Laotse, and the ethereal aroma of Saky-amuni himself.

“The Book of Tea,” Okakura-Kabuzo.

Three deplorable things: “The spoiling of fine youths through false education, the degradation of fine paintings through vulgar admiration, and the utter waste of fine tea through incompetent manipulation.

Ibid.

There are three stages of boiling: The first boil is when the little bubbles like the eye of fishes swim on the surface; the second boil is when the bubbles are like crystal beads rolling in a fountain; the third boil is when the billows surge wildly in the kettle.

Ibid.

The tea-room is made for the tea-master, not the tea-master for the tea-room.

Ibid.

Strangely enough humanity has so far met in the tea-cup. It is the only Asiatic ceremonial which commands universal esteem. The white man has scoffed at our religion and our morals, but has accepted the brown beverage without hesitation.

“*The Book of Tea,*” *Okakura-Kakuzo.*

On a piece of Devonshire pottery:

He soars not high who fears to fall.

Text on a piece of Devonshire pottery:

Never say die, man, up and try.

FOR LITTLE HOMELY THINGS

A very Little Thing is a very little thing,
But Faithfulness in Little Things is a very Great
Thing.

Pythagoras.

To know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom.

Milton.

All hail, ye small, sweet courtesies of life; how
much smoother do ye make the road of it.

Horace Walpole.

Inscribed (together with the Prince of Wales' feathers) on brass handles of an old mahogany sideboard in Albany, N. Y.:

Ich dien.

Put not your trust in money, but put your money
in trust.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

If thou be rich, strive to command thy money, lest
it command thee.

Quarles.

Wealth is not his that has it but his that enjoys it.
Old English.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice of everything.

“*Maxims*,” *Publius Syrus.*

Ask thy purse what thou shouldst buy.
Scotch Proverb.

Money — may it ever be our friend — never our tyrant.

Unidentified.

Epitaph on the Good Earl of Devon:

What we gave we have; what we spent we had; what
we left we lost.

Be not penny-wise: riches have wings, and sometimes they fly away of themselves: sometimes they must be sent flying to bring in more.

“*Of Riches*”: *Francis Bacon.*

On a looking-glass:

I change, and so do women too;
But I reflect, which women never do.

Unidentified.

Strike while the iron's hot.

Rabelais.

Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

"The Elixir," George Herbert.

By the work one knows the workman.

*"The Hornets and the Bees,"
Jean de la Fontaine.*

'To the discontented man no chair is easy.

Benjamin Franklin.

Weave in faith and God will find thread.

Proverb.

Inscription on an old English silver cup:

The Greatest Treasur that one yearth to mortal
man is modyrat welth to norish lyfe if man can be
content.

A stitch in time saves nine.

The web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill
together.

*"All's Well that Ends Well," iv, 3,
Shakespeare.*

To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature.

"Hamlet," Shakespeare.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a magic shadow-show.

Unidentified.

Sure the shovel and tongs,
To each other belongs.

Samuel Lover.

Posy on a thimble:

He that sent me, loveth thee.

Love's Garland.

Motto used by Queens Elizabeth and Anne:

Semper eadem
(Always the same.)

Labor omnia vincit improbus.
(Incessant pains the end obtains.)
Translation of Thomas Ellwood.

For a web begun God sends the thread.

A silver hammer will break an iron door.

One of Sancho Panza's proverbs:

Praying to God and hammering away.

He will do what he will,
That will do what he can.

Old Scotch saying.

He that wold not when he might,
He shall not when he wolda.

"The Baffled Knight," Percy's Reliques.

Cosa ben fatta,
E fatta due volte.
(A thing well done,
Is a thing twice done.)

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us.

Burns.

Used in the decoration of a washstand by William
Burges:

This is the mirrour perillus,
On which the proudë Narcissus
Sey all his faire face brighte.

From Chaucer.

FOR CANDLES

How far that little candle throws its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
“*Merchant of Venice*,” *Shakespeare*.

Used over the figure of Art in the Congressional Library, Washington:

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
Lowell.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.
Oliver Goldsmith.

Hail, candle-light, without disparagement to sun
or moon, the kindest luminary of the three.
“*Essays of Elia*,” *Charles Lamb*.

FOR A STAIRWAY

Look up and not down,
Look forward and not back,
Look out and not in,
And lend a hand.

Per gradus.
(Step by step.)

Peu a peu.
(By degrees.)

FOR TIME-PIECES

To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven.

Ecclesiastes iii, 1.

On clock, Town-hall in Bala, North Wales :

Here I stand both day and night
To tell the hours with all my might;
Do thou example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee.

Used in a corridor, Library of Congress, Washington :

Man raises, but Time weighs.

Greek.

Under the clock of the Hotel de Ville at Neuilly, France :

Ma voix resonne, écoute.
Elle dit qu'il est l'heure de bien faire.
(My voice resounds, list.
Saying 'tis the hour to do some good.)

Fronte Capillata, post est occasio calva.
(Opportunity has locks in front, but is bald behind.)

Dionysius, Cato.

Time is painted with a lock before, and bald behind, signifying thereby that we must take time by the forelock, for when it is once past, there is no recalling it.

Dean Swift.

Nae man can tether time or tide.

Burns.

Inscription for a Time-piece:

Now It is gone.— Our brief hours travel post,
Each with its thought or deed, its Why or How:—
But know, each parting hour gives up a ghost
To dwell within thee — an Eternal Now.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

FOR CUPBOARDS

Order is heaven's first law.

Alexander Pope.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the State.

As the beams to a house, and the bones to the microcosm of man, so is order to all things.

Robert Southey.

Have nothing which you do not know to be useful, or which you do not believe to be beautiful.

William Morris.

Keep a thing seven years and ye'll find a use for't.

Old English proverb.

FOR THE GARDEN GATEWAY

Inscription over one of the gateways in the ancient wall at Rothenburg, Germany:

Peace to those who enter,
Godspeed to those who go forth.

Of the Gates of Busyrane:

Be bold, First Gate,
Be bold, and evermore be bold, Second Gate,
Be not too bold, Third Gate.

From coat of arms, City of London:

Domine, dirige Nos.
(Lord, direct thou us.)

Inscription on garden gate, Montacute House, England:

Through this wide opening gate,
None come too early, none return too late.

I have prepared for thee twelve trees laden with divers fruits, and as many fountains flowing with milk and honey, and seven mighty mountains whereupon grow roses and lilies whereby I will fill thy children with joy.

Esdras II, ii.

Pan leaps and pipes all summer long.
The fairies dance each full-mooned night.
Would we but doff our lenses strong,
And trust our wiser eyes delight.

“The Foot-path,” Lowell.

Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

Wordsworth.

FOR GARDEN SEAT OR GAZEBO

Nature never did betray,
The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege
Through all the scenes of this our life to lead
From joy to joy.

Wordsworth.

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
“ *As You Like It,*” *Shakespeare.*

The greatest step is that out of doors.

German proverb.

Nature is the Art of God.

Sir Thomas Browne.

∴

The greatest advantages men have by riches are,
to give, to build, to plant and make pleasant scenes.

Sir William Temple.

As the wild-rose bloweth
As runs the happy river,
Kindness freely floweth
In the heart forever.

Gerald Massey.

Mio picciol orto,
 A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.
 (My little garden,
 To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.)
Bardi, translation of Leigh Hunt.

And better must all childhood be
 That knows a garden and a tree.
Bourdillon.

Oh for a seat in some poetic nook
 Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook.
Politics and Poetics, Leigh Hunt.

Japanese ideal of a garden path, according to the
 famous tea-master Enshiu:

A cluster of summer trees,
 A bit of the sea,
 A pale evening moon.
"The Book of Tea," Okakura-Kakuzo.

And all without were walkes and alleys dight
 With divers trees enrang'd in even rankes;
 And here and there were pleasant arbors pight
 And shadie seats, and sundry flowering bankes
 To sit and rest the walkers wearie shankes.
"Faerie Queene," Spenser.

Let us a little permit Nature her own way; she
 better understands her own affairs than we.
"Essays" Montaigne.

Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade.
Andrew Marcell.

Sow thou sorrow and thou shalt reap it;
 Sow thou joy and thou shalt keep it.
Richard Watson Gilder.

Tranquillity and peace in this still place,
 No more of movement than white birds that stand
 Leg deep in water, silent as the land.
 Oh! cool green garden, give me of thy grace.
Unidentified.

The faery beam upon you!
 The stars to glister on you!
 A moon of light
 In the noon of night
 Till the fire-drake hath o'ergone you!
 The wheel of Fortune guide you!
 The Boy with the bow beside you
 Run aye in the way
 Till the bird of day
 And the luckier lot betide you!
 "Gypsy Songs," Ben Jonson.

Work apace, apace, apace;
 Honest labour bears a lovely face;
 Hen hey nonny, nonny, hey nonny, nonny.
 From "Content," Thomas Dekker.

You have nothing here but Sweet Herbs, and those only choice ones too, and every kind, its beds by itself.

Erasmus.

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
 Eyther in-a-doore or out;
 With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
 Of the streete cryes all about.
 Where I maie Reade all at mine ease,
 Both of the Newe and Olde.

Old English Song.

Flie fro the presse and dwell with sothfastnesse.

Chaucer.

. . . and in the corners set
 An arbour grene with wandis long and small
 Railed about, and so with leves beset
 Was all the place and hawthorn hedges knet
 That lyf was none, walkyng there forbye
 That might within scarce any wight espye.
King James of Scotland and England.

Fair are the laurels, fair the stream
 Which bubbles forth beneath the trees,
 And through the leaves no wandering beam
 Of sunlight heats the western breeze.
 No toil, no thirst, no heat shall jade
 The traveller who seeks my shade.
"The Resting-Place," Marcus Argentarius.

Who listens well hears Nature on her round,
When least she thinks it, bird and bough and stream
Not only, but her silences profound,
Surprised by nicer cunning of his dream.

“The Skilful Listener,” John Vance Cheney.

See how the garden, at Spring’s magic touch,
Brims over smiling, in its dimples flowers;
Yet all the gold was in the winter’s pouch,
And hoarded long against these largesse hours.

*Verses by the author of “The Professor
and Other Poems,” London, 1894.*

FOR FOUNTAIN OR BIRD-POOL

A field of corn, a fountain, and a wood,
Is all the wealth by Nature understood.

Paraphrase of Horace, Abraham Cowley.

Panel inscription in an old Cornish castle:

What thing is harder than a rock?
What softer is than water clear?
Yet will the same, with often drop,
The hard rock pierce; which doth appear,
Even so, there nothing is so hard to attayne,
But may be had with labour and with payne.

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

Inscription favored by Pope for his Twickenham villa:

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred springs steep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave.

The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

Leigh Hunt.

From "Inscription for a Fountain":

Rest! This little fountain runs
 Thus for aye: it never stays
 For the look of summer suns,
 Nor the cold of winter days.

Procter.

The sunshine, broken in the rill,
 Though turn'd away, is sunshine still.
 "Fire-worshippers," *Thomas Moore.*

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves.
John Fletcher.

From haunted spring and dale,
 Edg'd with poplar pale,
 The parting genius is with sighing sent.
Milton.

L' aqua diss' io, e il suon della foresta impugnan
 dentro a me novella fede.

(The water, quoth I, and the woodland murmuring
 drove in new faith upon my soul.)

*Purgatorio xxviii, Dante, translation by
 Ezra Pound, in "The Spirit of Romance."*

FOR A WEATHERVANE

As the bookplate to the volume, so the weather-vane to the homestead.

Unidentified.

Old sampler motto:

And be not like the weathercock
That turns at everie winde.

Except wind stands as it never stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

“ Good Husbandry,” Thomas Tusser.

Some are weatherwise, some are other-wise.

Benjamin Franklin.

The south wind brings wet weather,
The north wind wet and cold together ;
The west wind always brings us rain,
The east wind blows it back again.

Anonymous.

Each man is an Æolian harp at best,
And winds can touch his nerves to horror, fear,
Or woo him to light thoughts as does the west,
He's but the vane of the ever veering year.

*“ A Weathercock,” author of “ The Professor
and other Poems,” Bell, London, 1894.*

When the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fish's mouth;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Anonymous.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

Anonymous.

FOR THE SUNDIAL

Amidst ye floweres I tell ye houres.
Unidentified.

Noiseless falls the foot of time,
Which only treads on flowers.
Unidentified.

Let the mind know no twilight.
Old Latin.

Whilst Phœbus on me shines,
Then view my Shades and Lines.

On a dial at Crowborough Cross, Sussex :

I mark not the hours unless they be bright,
I mark not the hours of darkness and night,
My promise is solely to follow the sun,
And point out the course his chariot doth run.

Seventeenth Century motto noted by Caulfield :

From God all things everywhere ;
To the God of the Sun, of the Sky, and to the Creator
of the Sun, be praise.

Soli : Deo : Coeli : Ac : Soli : Creatori : Laus.

On a wall dial of a chateau, Passy :

Non numero Horas nisi serenas.
(I reckon none but the serene hours.)

Lose not thy confidence of making progress in righteousness; there is yet time; the hour is not yet past.

Thomas à Kempis.

Horas nullus nisi aureas.
(I count none but the golden hours.)

Motton on an old Seventeenth Century dial at Wrest Park:

Foy est tout.

Let . others . tell . of . storms . and . showers,
I'll . Only . Count . Your . Sunny . Hours.

SEE . THE . LITTLE . DAY - STAR MOVING
LIFE . AND TIME . ARE WORTH IMPROVING.
SEIZE . THE . MOMENTS , . WHILE THEY . STAY ;
SEIZE . AND . USE . THEM
LEST . YOU . LOSE . THEM
AND . LAMENT . THE . WASTED DAY .

BE . THANKFUL . WATCH . PRAY . WORK .

SHADOW . AND . SHINE . IS LIFE .

I . MARK . NOT . THE . HOURS . UNLESS . THEY . BE .
BRIGHT .

I . MARK . NOT . THE . HOURS . OF . DARKNESS . AND .
NIGHT,

MY . PROMISE . IS . SOLELY . TO . FOLLOW . THE . SUN,
AND . POINT . OUT . THE . COURSE . HIS . CHARIOT .
DOTH . RUN.

SUNNY . BE . THE . DAY

SUNNY . THY . SPIRIT .

SHADOW . AND . SUN — SO . TOO . OUR . LIVES . ARE .
MADE —

YET . THINK . HOW . GREAT . THE . SUN , . HOW . SMALL
. THE SHADE .

MAKE . THE . PASSING . SHADOW . SERVE . THY . WILL.

TO . NO . ONE . IS . GIVEN . RIGHT . OF . DELAY,
NOTED . IN . HEAVEN . PASSETH . EACH . DAY ;
BE . THOU . NOT . FRUITLESS , . WORK . WHILE . YE :
MAY ,
TRIFLING . WERE . BOOTLESS , . WATCH THOU . AND .
PRAY .

TRUE . AS . THE . DIAL . TO . THE . SUN :
ALTHOUGH . IT . BE . NOT . SHONE . UPON .

TIME . WASTED . IS . EXISTENCE .
USED . IS . LIFE .

Ut Unbra sic Vita.
(As a shadow so is life.)

Carpe Diem.
(Make the best of the day.)

Horace.

Tak tent o' tyme
Ere tyme be tint.

Noted in Yorkshire, by S. F. A. Caulfeild:

Time is thou hast; see that thou well employ.
Time past is gone; thou canst not that employ.
Time future is not; and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

Aspice, respice, prospice.
(Look, look backward, look forward.)

Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies, alas, how soon he dies.
Catch, then, O catch, the transient hour,
Improve each moment as it flies.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Dial at Oxford with arms of Earl of Wharton, probably of seventeenth century:

A Moment — mark how small a space
The Dial shows upon the face;
Yet waste but one — and you shall see
Of how great moment it can be.

Ab hoc momento pendit aeternitas.
(On this moment hangs eternity.)

Fili, conserva tempus.
(My son, observe the opportunity.)

Dies Diem Docet: Disce.
(One Day telleth another; Learn.)

Dial in a suppressed monastery near Florence:

My life is in the Sun, God is the life of man;
Man without Him is as I am without the Sun.

Defend not thyself of the good day, and let not the
part of a good desire overpass thee.

Ecclesiastes, xiv, 14.

Bronze dial owned by Mr. H. J. Bunner at Bryn
Mawr, Pa.:

Time is valuable.

Light and Shade by turns,
But Love always.

Old English.

On a bronze ring dial belonging to Alfred Water-
house, Yattenden, England:

Like to this Sirkell round
No End to Love is found.

Time is the Chrysalis of Eternity.

Unidentified.

On sundial which belonged to George Frederick
Watts:

The Utmost for the highest.

Time goes on day after day:
Suns and systems will decay;
But God's love endures away.

From "A Country Ramble in June,"

Mary Howitt.

Time can never take

What Time did not give;

When my shadows have all passed,

You shall live.

"The Sun-dial," Henry van Dyke.

True as the needle to the pole,

Or as the dial to the sun.

Song, Barton Booth.

Lux Umbra Dei.

(Light, the shadow of God.)

Transit Umbra; Lux permanent.

(The Shadow passes; the Light remains.)

Make the passing shadow serve thy will.

"The Ancient Sage," Tennyson.

Sundial motto for Dr. Samuel Bowditch:

With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet through the dear God's love I also show
There's Light above me by the Shade below.

Whittier.

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

"Hudibras," Butler.

I am a Shade — a Shadowe too art thou.
I mark the time; Saye, Gossip! Dost thou soe?

Austin Dobson.

Hours fly,
Flowers die;
New days,
New ways,
Pass by;
Love stays.

Time is
Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice;
But for those who Love,
Time is not.

"Katrine's Sun-Dial," Henry van Dyke.

Ora e sempre.
(Now and ever.)

Threefold the flight of time from first to last;
 Loitering slow — the Future creepeth,—
 Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth,—
 Motionless forever, stands the Past.

Schiller.

Tempus omnia revelat.
 (Time reveals all things.)

Copied from Samuel Johnson's watch-dial motto by
 Sir Walter Scott for the sundial in the garden, Ab-
 botsford:

For the night cometh.

On an eighteenth-century cube dial in Metropolitan
 Museum, New York:

Eine Stund ist gleich vorbei,
 Schaue was das Leben sei.
 (Look how fast speeds an hour away,
 Soe, what Life is, thou mayest say.)

Once on a column dial, Corpus Christi College, Ox-
 ford:

Horas Omnes Complecta.
 (I embrace all hours.)

All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul,
 And God stand sure.

Robert Browning.

Tyme wanes away
As flowers decaye.

Roi Soleil
Dits moi parler.

(King Sol, tell me to speak.)

See the shadow on the dial,
In the lot of every one,
Marks the passing of the trial,
Proves the presence of a sun.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

*ACCOMPANIMENTS
FOR GIFTS.*

If instead of a gem, or even a flower, we should cast the gift of a loving thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving, I think, as the angels must give.

George MacDonald.

INTRODUCTION



OWHERE more certainly than as regards the giving of gifts is the cry against the materialism of our times more apt and needful. Even if we may not look the gift horse in the mouth we do, oftener than we would care to confess, take note on the cost of it. And what a dangerous thing, after all, is this giving of a gift. Yet what more delightful than both to receive and to give.

But now in thinking over what we have been so happy as to receive, must we not acknowledge that the thing which lingers like an aroma in our remembrance is not the thing, no,— but the thought that was sent with it. As we all know by experience, too, it is not always easy, at the precise moment when we send out some little friendly token, to express our thoughts in words. Sometimes a classic sentiment or a phrase from a favorite author may be a help. But we would be sorry to have the following little hints at expression taken too literally or in a cut and dried fashion. Their better purpose will be served if they suggest to any one the great joy of going a quest for such among the rare treasure-fields of literature.

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

I come from heuin to tell
The best nowellis that ever be fell.
Old English Carol.

In a Xmas Posy, 1902:

When peace on earth doth stay
'Tis angels ring the bells —
the peasant people say.
From "A Christmas Fancy,"
Lady Lindsay.

Love shall be our token,
Love be yours and love be mine,
Love to God and all men,
Love for plea and gift and sign.
"Christmastide," Christina Rossetti.

The Christmas-time! the lovely things
That last of it! Sweet thoughts and deeds!
"Christmas Eve," John Davidson.

To thee and thine
From me and mine,
A hearty Christmas greeting.
Unidentified.

All joie and jollitie
 Wait on thy holiday,
 True love and friendliness
 Hallow thy happiness.

Old Carol.

If I could make your dreams come true,
 But once in all the year,
 I'd choose this Christmas day, my friend,
 The day that's now and here.

"A Christmas Wish," Bertram B. Udell.

Then be you glad, good people,
 At this time of the year,
 And light you up your candles,
 For His Star shineth clear.

Old Carol.

May Fate who spins your thread of Life,
 Use Golden Fleece. . . .

Unidentified.

Jesus Christ was born of Mary,
 Born for all, born for all;
 Jesus Christ was born at Christmas,
 Well befall, hearth and hall!

Ancient Carol.

Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
 Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

Alfred Tennyson.

From an old English wassail:

Love and joy come to you,
 And to you your wassail too,
 And God bless you, and send you
 A happy New Year.

Sudden a star has led us on,
 Raining bliss and benison —
 Bliss to-morrow and more anon,
Joy for every morning.

*Quoted in "The Wind in the Willows,"
 by Kenneth Grahame.*

From a Balliol manuscript, about 1540:

Now have good day, now have good day!
 I am Christmas, and now I go my way!

.

Now fare ye well all in-fere!
 Now fare ye well for all this year,
 Yet for my sake make ye good cheer!
Now have Good Day!

Some sayes, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
 Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
 The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:
 And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
 The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
 No Faery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
 So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare.

Refrain from the oldest Christmas carol, thirteenth century:

May joy come from God above,
To all those who Christmas love.

For it is in Christmas time
That friends travel far and near:
So God bless you, and send you
A Happy New Year.

Carol sung by village children in England.

Glory to God in loftiest heaven.
Touch with glad hand the ancient chord;
Good tidings unto man forgiven,
Peace from the presence of the Lord.

*Old Cornish Carol,
by Robert Stephen Hawker.*

FOR THE NEW YEAR

I would flood your path with sunshine;
I would fence you from all ill;
I would crown you with all blessings;
If I could but have my will.
Yes, but human love may err, dear,
And a power all wise is near,
So I only pray God bless you!
And, God keep you through the year!

Anonymous.

Here and away in good faith we pace:
A happy evening God give you in grace;
A happy evening, a joyful new year,
That no misfortune to you come near.

*“Carol of the Three Kings,” translated
from the German by Lady Lindsay.*

Go, breathe it in the ear
Of all who doubt and fear,
And say to them, “Be of good cheer!”
From “L’Envoi,” Longfellow.

The best wishes that can be forged in your
thoughts be servants to you.

*“All’s Well That Ends Well,” i, 1,
Shakespeare.*

May the buttercups yield you their gold:
 And the violets their flask of sweet dew;
 And the poppies soft slumber unfold,
 And the witch-hazel bring my wish true
 For happiness all the year through.

E. L. Darling.

Dutch New Year Greeting in the Mohawk Valley:

Ik wens u gluck saaltic rein jar.
 Dat gy lang leben mag —
 Veell geben mag —
 En de kernigh-reish von de himmel erben mogh.

(May you have a happy new year.
 Long life,
 Much to give away,
 And an inheritance in the Kingdom of Heaven.)

Translated by E. L. Darling.

Here's to the friend we can trust;
 When the stormes of adversity blaw;
 Who can join in our song, and be nearest our
 heart,
 Nor depart,— like the year that's awa.

Andrew Marvell.

Princess Shirakawa with a gift of grasses:

Seven plants I send you, on a bamboo stand,
 Each symbolizing Life, happy and long.

Translated by Arthur Lloyd.

I awake this morning with devout Thanksgiving
for my friends, the old and the new.

Emerson.

Example of a verse accompaniment to a Flower Ar-
rangement (of Pine and Plum blossoms) from a
Japanese wife to her husband:

Oh! sturdy Pine tree spray,
Take to my lord
This loving word,
And let the pearly flowers of the Plum
In fragrance say
From whom, love-weighted, they have come,
This New Year's Day.

See "Japanese Gardens,"

Mrs. Basil Taylor.

Goe not half way to meet a coming Sorrow
Butte thankful bee for Blessings of to-day,
And pray that thou mayest blessed bee to-morrowe.
So shalt thou goe with joy upon thy way.

Adolphus Goss.

FOR SPRING TIME

Hearty faith and honest cheer
Welcome in the sweet o' the year.
“*The Sweet o' the Year,*” *George Meredith.*

Sound the flute.
Now 'tis mute;
Birds delight
Day and night;
Nightingale
In the dale,
Lark in sky —
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.
“*Spring,*” *William Blake.*

Spring, the sweet spring,
Is the year's pleasant king.
“*A Spring Song,*” *Thomas Nash.*

I would the gift I offer here
Might grace from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,
On softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake.
Dedication to “Songs of Labor,” Whittier.

Gloomy winter's now awa',
 Saft the westlan' breezes blaw:

.
 Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
 Feath'ry brackens fringe the rocks,
 'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
 And ilka thing is cheerie, O.
 Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
 Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
 Joy to me they canna bring,
 Unless wi' thee, my dearie, O.

"Gloomy Winter's Now Awa',"

Robert Tannahill.

Brighter look the early flowers,
 Louder sounds the skylark's strain;
 Blue the air and green the bowers,
 And the heart feels young again.

Shaking off all bonds and fetters,
 Flinging every chain aside,
 Life in sunshine flows and glitters
 Like the freely flowing tide.

Do you hear fresh voices singing,
 And all pulses beating high,
 As if chords unseen were ringing,
 Tightly drawn from earth to sky?
"Renewal," Count Leo Tolstoy,
translation of S. N. Wolkonisky.

But green leaves and blossoms,
And sunny warm weather,
And singing and loving
All come back together.

Coleridge.

To thee I wish one precious thing,
That joy each day in thy heart sing;
As clear as now the glad bells ring,
And all the world thrills toward the spring.

FOR BIRTHDAYS

Madam, new years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are so kind.
Still as they pass, they court and smile on you,
And make your beauty, as themselves, seem new.

Edmund Waller.

Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birthday with a grateful mind.

Alexander Pope.

Oh, Day, if I squander a wavelet of thee,
A mite of my twelve-hours' treasure,
The least of thy gazes or glances,
(Be they grants thou art bound to or gifts
above measure)
One of thy choices or one of thy chances,
(Be they tasks God imposed thee or freaks at
thy pleasure)
— My Day, if I squander such labor or leisure,
Then shame fall on Asolo, mischief on me!

“Pippa Passes,” Robert Browning.

May you have all that you need,
Almost all that you want,
And happiness, whether or no.

Unidentified.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity
This new day is born;
Into Eternity
At night will return.

Behold it aforeside
No eye ever did;
So soon it for ever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.
"To-day," *Thomas Carlyle.*

. . . make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer.
"Life," *Edward Rowland Sill.*

Event? Each new day's a divine event
To a great soul. The commonest pale dawn
Dissolving darkness, stars already gone,
Is a new birth; . . .
"The Event," *author of "The Professor."*

Let this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone distinguished from the rest;
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Dryden.

Across a thousand leagues of land
The mighty sun looks free,
And in their fringe of rock or sand
A thousand leagues of sea.
Lo! I, in this majestic room,
As real as the sun,
Inherit this day and its doom
Eternally begun.
A world of men the rays illumine,
God's men, and I am one.
But life that is not pure and bold
Doth tarnish every morning's gold.
"A New Day," William Allingham.

For you may years like leaves unfold
The heart of Sharon's rose.
"Winter Roses," Whittier.

The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims.

Emerson.

AT COMMENCEMENT TIME

Now in those days of simpleness and faith,
Men did not think that happy things were dreams
Because they overstepped the narrow bourne
Of likelihood, but reverently deemed
Nothing too wondrous or too beautiful
To be the guerdon of a daring heart.

“Rhoecus,” Lowell.

Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute;
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

Goethe.

. . . What men call luck
Is the prerogative of valiant souls,
The fealty life pays its rightful kings.
“A Glance behind the Curtain,” Lowell.

Little or great is man;
Great if he will, or if he will
A pigmy still;
For what he will he can.

Christina Rossetti.

Let's take the instant, by the forward top.

“*All's Well That Ends Well*,” v, 3,
Shakespeare.

Patience passe science.

(Patience exceeds knowledge.)

Palma non sine pulvere.

(The palm is not won without the dust of labor.)

Motto of State of Kansas :

Through difficulties to the stars.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy
might.

Bible.

This world belongs to the energetic.

Emerson.

Fortes Fortuna Adjuvat.

(Fortune favors the brave.)

Terence.

Self-ease is pain ; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

J. G. Whittier.

We are always complaining that our days are few,
and acting as though there would be no end of them.

Seneca.

When a resolute young fellow steps up to the great bully, the World, and takes him boldly by the beard, he is often surprised to find it comes off in his hand, and that it was only tied on to scare away timid adventurers.

O. W. Holmes.

He is gentil that doth gentil deedis.

Chaucer.

Go boldly, go serenely, go augustly —
What shall withstand thee then?

Robert Browning.

Nothing is too high to be reached, or too good to be true.

Charles Gordon Ames.

You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill,
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

Anonymous.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray:
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
 Do noble things, not dream them all day long :
 And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
 One grand sweet song.

“ *A Farewell,*” *Charles Kingsley.*

Let a man contend to the uttermost
 For his life's set prize, be it what it will !

Robert Browning.

Wouldst shape a noble life? Then cast
 No backward glances toward the past.
 And though somewhat be lost and gone,
 Yet do thou act as one new-born ;
 What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
 Each day will set its proper task.

Goethe.

. . . fortunate means that a man has assigned to himself a good fortune ; and a good fortune is good disposition of the soul, good emotions, good actions.

Meditations V, Marcus Aurelius.

Faber est quisque fortunae suae.

(Every man is the architect of his own fortune.)

Sallust.

Chi va piano va sano,

Chi va sano va lontano.

(He who goes gently goes safely ;

He who goes safely goes far.)

A wise man knows an ignorant man, because he has been ignorant himself; but the ignorant cannot recognize the wise, because he has never been wise.

They asked their wisest man by what means he had attained to such a degree of knowledge. He replied: "Whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about."

From the Persian.

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY

Though all the streams are white with frost
And all the fields with snow,
Though earth its greenery has lost
And biting gales do blow —
Still I'll recall the summer hours,
The blue skies and the vine —
The hillsides pink with Alpine flowers
To greet my Valentine.

Robert Bridges.

You see my heart is split in two
And the largest half I offer you.
Unidentified.

Something there is moves me to love, and I
Do know I love, but know not how, nor why.
Alexander Brome, 1620-66.

My heart is ever at your service.
“*Timon of Athens*,” i, 2, *Shakespeare.*

I'll be a tree, if thou wilt be its blossom;
I'll be a flower, if thou wilt be its dew;
I'll be the dew, if thou wilt be the sunbeam;
Where'er thou art, let me be near thee too.
“*A Vow*,” *Alexander Petofi.*

Heart's content can ne'er repent ;
As I to thee, so wish to me.
From an old ring posy in Love's Garland.

I am your friend unto the end.
Yours I am ; be mine again.

Ibid.

Ring Posies :

No gift can show
The love I owe.

In God and thee
Shall my joy be.

In thee, my choice,
I do rejoice.

Dated 1677.

Happy in thee
Hath God made me.

I wish to thee
All joy may be.

Found in a seventeenth-century miscellany :

Constancy and Heaven are round
And in this the Emblem's found.

Life is a flower of which love is the honey.

Victor Hugo.

The spring hath not so many flowers ;
The autumn, grapes within its bowers ;
The summer, heats that make men pale ;
The winter, stores of icy hail ;
Nor fishes hath the boundless sea,
Nor harvests in fair Beau there be ;
Nor Brittany, unnumbered sands,
Nor fountains have Auvergne's broad lands ;
Nor hath so many stars the night,
Nor the wide woodland branches light,—
As hath my heart of heavy pains,
Born of my mistress's disdains.

*Song: " To Marie " Pierre Ronsard,
translation of Katharine Hillard.*

FOR WEDDINGS AND WEDDING ANNIVERSARIES

Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown.
“*Tempest*,” v, 1, *Shakespeare*.

Well married, a man is wingèd.
Henry Ward Beecher.

My gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
“*Merchant of Venice*,” iii, 2, *Shakespeare*.

The roads should blossom, the roads should bloom,
So fair a bride shall leave her home!
Should blossom and bloom with garlands gay,
So fair a bride shall pass to-day!
“*The Blind Girl of Castil-Cuillè*,”
Longfellow.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Cotton.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that hast survived the fall.

Cowper.

All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words
is expressed:

Good Wyfe is the good I praise, if by good men
possessèd.

Bad with bad in ill suit well, but good with good
live blessèd.

"Far above Rubies," Thomas Campion.

Many happy years, unbroken friendships, and
cheerful recollections.

Charles Dickens.

Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heaven on roses sheds
When at their cheeks like pearls they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear.

"Epithalamium," Henry Vaughan.

Soft as yourselves run your whole lives, and clear
As your own glass, or what shines there.

Like the Day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for and serene as he.

Ibid.

Fresh as the Hours may all your pleasures be,
 And healthful as Eternity.

Ibid.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night,
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.
 “*The Bells*,” Poe.

FOR FRIENDS WHO ARE ILL

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil
mind;
Tho' press'd and hemm'd on every side, hae faith an'
ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.
Ballantine.

I am about knocked out of time now; a miserable, snuffling, shivering, fever-stricken, nightmare-ridden, knee-jottering, hoast-hoast-hoasting shadow and remains of man. But we'll no gie ower jist yet a bittie. We've seen waur; and dod, mem, it's my belief that we'll see better.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

When the day looks kind'er gloomy
And your chances kinder slim
When the situation's puzzling
And your prospect's awful glim
And perplexities keep a-pressin'
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just grit your teeth and work and save
And keep on keepin' on.

Unidentified.

Joy and woe are woven fine,
 A clothing for the soul divine;
 Under every grief and pine
 Runs a joy with silken twine.
 It is right it should be so;
 Man was made for joy and woe;
 And when this we rightly know,
 Safely through the world we go.

"Life," William Blake.

'Tain't no use to grumble and complain;
 It's jest as easy to rejoice;
 When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
 Why, rain's my choice.

James Whitcomb Riley.

Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.

"Evangeline," Longfellow.

How poor are they that have not patience,
 What wound did ever heal, but by degrees.
"Othello," ii, 3, Shakespeare.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

Thomas Campbell.

Man cannot make, but may ennoble fate,
 By nobly bearing it.
"A Love-letter," Bulwer Lytton.

Flesh may empaire (quote he) but reason can repaire.
 “*The Faery Queene*,” *Canto VII*, *Spenser*.

Nil desperandum.
 (Never despairing.)

I say to thee, do thou repeat
 To the first man thou mayest meet
 In lane, highway, or open street —

That he and we and all men move
 Under a canopy of love,
 As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain
 And anguish, all are shadows vain,
 That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
 A dreary labyrinth may thread,
 Through dark ways underground be led;

Yet, if we will one Guide obey,
 The dreariest path, the darkest way
 Shall issue out in heavenly day;

And we, on divers shores now cast,
 Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
 All in our Father's house at last.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

Patience is the king of Paradise.

Persian proverb.

The gem cannot be polished without friction,
Nor man perfected without trials.

Chinese.

When fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.

"King John," iii, 4, *Shakespeare.*

FOR THOSE WHO GO A-TRAVELING

Be blythe in heart for ony adventure.

From "No Treasure without Gladness"

William Dunbar.

To a friend on his marriage:

Now, farewell.

It is a word,— sometime a thought of joy,
Sometime of sorrow. Joy to thy future.

William E. Channing.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence.

"Tamerlane," ii, 1, Rowe.

Parting's well-paid with "soon again to meet."

"There, Where the Sun Shines First,"

Coventry Patmore.

In the hope to meet

Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.

"Underwoods," Ben Jonson.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

A wise traveller never despises his own country.
Italian proverb.

Manuia . . . Samoan for "Good luck to the traveling."

Keep not standing fixed and rooted,
 Briskly venture, briskly roam:
 Hand and head, where'er thou foot it,
 And stout heart, are still at home.

In each land the sun does visit
 We are gay, whate'er betide:
 To give room for wandering is it
 That the world was made so wide.
A Song in "Wilhelm Meister," Goethe.
translation by Thomas Carlyle.

Step by step one gets to Rome.
Italian proverb.

Nothing is lost on a journey by stopping to pray
 or to feed your horse.

Spanish.

Farewell! But in our hearts we have you yet,
 Holding our heritage with loving hand,
 Who may not follow where your feet are set
 Upon the ways of Wonderland.
London Punch, in Memory of Lewis Carroll,
Author Unidentified.

The stars are with the voyager
 Wherever he may sail;
 The moon is constant to her time;
 The sun will never fail;
 But follow, follow, round the world,
 The green earth and the sea;
 So love is with the lover's heart,
 Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars,
 Must daily lose their light;
 The moon will veil her in the shade;
 The sun will set at night.
 The sun may set, but constant love
 Will shine when he's away;
 So that dull night is never night,
 And day is brighter day.

"Song," Thomas Hood.

Go where he will, the wise man is at home,
 His hearth the earth,—his hall the azure dome;
 Where his clear spirit leads him, there's his road,
 By God's own light illumined and foreshowed.

Emerson.

Peregrination charms our senses, with such un-
 speakable and sweet variety, that some count him
 unhappy who never travelled — a kind of prisoner,
 and pity his case that from his cradle to his old age,
 he beholds the same still, still,—the same, the same.

Burton.

Though we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us, or we find it not.

"Art," Emerson.

The boat sails away, like a bird on the wing,
 And the little boys dance on the sands in a ring.
 — The wind may fall, or the wind may rise —
 You are foolish to go; you will stay if you're wise.
 The little boys dance, and the little girls run:
 If it's bad to have money, it's worse to have none.

"Under the Window," Kate Greenaway.

For they say, if money go before,
 All ways do lie open.

Shakespeare.

Never go to France,
 Unless you know the lingo;
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent, by jingo.

From "French and English," Thomas Hood.

I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades
 Forever and forever as I move.

Tennyson.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much
 where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

WITH GIFTES VARIOUS AND SUNDRY

'Tis not the gift which marks the festival,
Nor lights nor garlands make the holiday,
The happy mind in working is at play;
Spring's herald-bird brings summer on its wing;
The heart's the happy day's best madrigal.

Unidentified.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work;
the sweetness of life, poesy, the water of life, faith.

Mrs. Jameson.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest chambers
Open to sunrise and the birds.

Whittier.

The things that are really for thee gravitate to thee.
"The Over-soul," Emerson.

If words came as ready as ideas and ideas as feelings I could say ten hundred kindly things. You know not my supreme happiness at having one on earth whom I can call friend.

Charles Lamb.

All good to kindred natures cleaveth soon.

*Sonnet III, "Guido Cavalanti,"
translation of D. G. Rossetti.*

Unto gentleness belong
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong;
 Happier far than hate is praise,—
 He who sings than he who slays.

"How the Robin Came," Whittier.

Flowers and fruits are always fit presents—
 flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a
 ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of man.

Emerson.

Every gift of noble origin
 Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath.

"These Times," Wordsworth.

Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious.

"Tam o'Shanter," Burns.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives, and
 the more is in proportion to the worth of the thing
 given.

"Mary Marston V," George MacDonald.

Well assured that thou wilt take
 Even the offering which I make
 Kindly for the giver's sake.

"Remembrance," Whittier.

Go therefore thou for me
 Straight to my lady's face,
 Who, of her noble grace,
 Shall show thee courtesy.
From Ballata, "In Exile at Sarzana"
Guido Cavalcanti,
translation of D. G. Rossetti.

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
"Il Penseroso," Milton.

Ab imo pectore.
 (From the bottom of my heart.)
Virgil.
 Detur digniori.
 (Let it be given to the most worthy.)
Latin saying.

In giving, a man receives more than he gives.
"Mary Marston," George MacDonal.

The gift, to be true, must be the flowing of the
 giver unto me, correspondent to my flowing unto him.
"Of Gifts," Essays, Emerson.

Presents, I often say, endear absents.
"A Dissertation on Roast Pig," Charles Lamb.

Motto of the Irish viscount Tracey:
 Memoria in aeterna.
 (In eternal remembrance.)

. . . The less they deserve, the more merit is in
your bounty. Take them in.

“*Hamlet*,” *ii*, 1.

Not want of heart, but want of Art,
Hath made my gift so small;
Then loving heart take hearty love,
To make amends for all.

Unidentified.

. . . gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd.

“*Faerie Queene*,” *Canto IX*, 18, *Spenser*.

Their hearts she ghesseth by their humble guise.

Ibid, *Canto VI*, 13.

The hand that gives, gathers.

Old proverb.

In kind remembrance and to wish you well.

Anonymous.

With a set of postcards or writing paper:

No day without a line.

(*Nulla dies sine linea.*)

Pliny.

With a bayberry candle:

A little light to show the way.

Anonymous.

It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.

“*Jacula Prudentum*,” *George Herbert*.

Inscription by Eugene Field and engraved on a silver plate: "Unto Roswell Francis Field, his father, Eugene Field, giveth this Counsel with this Plate. Sept. 2, 1893."

When thou shalt eat from off this plate,
 I charge thee be thou temperate;
 Unto thine elders at the board
 Do thou sweet reverence accord;
 Though unto dignity inclined,
 Unto the serving folk be kind;
 Be ever mindful of the poor,
 Nor turn them hungry from the door;
 And unto God, for health and food,
 And all that in thy life is good,
 Give thou thy heart in gratitude.

"A cabinet being sent to a gentlewoman these verses were put in one of the drawers":

This little cabinet will conceal
 All things which you would not reveal;
 Your letters and your other things,
 As your jewels and your rings.
 Let me know then in what part,
 Or box, you will lay up my heart.
 Which with it I doe send, and pray
 That in your heart you would it lay.
 Let me such favour from you get;
 Make your heart my heart's cabinet.

Unidentified.

With a magazine:

Somewhat to pass away the time.
Sermon XIV, Bishop Butler.

The pen is the tongue of the mind.
Cervantes.

The pen is both a rod and a sceptre.
Arctino.

When about to put your words in ink,
 'Twill do no harm to stop and think.

The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Epistles, Alexander Pope.

On a fan:

What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
 The powers that in this little engine dwell?
 What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
 Its numerous uses, motions, charms and arts?
 Its shake triumph, its virtuous clap,
 Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap.
Unidentified.

A box where sweets compacted lie.
George Herbert.

Variety alone gives joy,
 The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
Matthew Prior.

To Minnie with a hand-glass:

A picture-frame for you to fill,
 A paltry setting for your face,
 A thing that has no worth until
 You lend it something of your grace.

I send (unhappy I that sing
 Laid by awhile upon the shelf)
 Because I would not send a thing
 Less charming than you are yourself.

And happier than I, alas!
 (Dumb thing, I envy its delight)
 'Twill wish you well, the looking-glass,
 And look you in the face to-night.

R. L. Stevenson.

From inscription on an old sampler dated 1736:

When this you see, remember me,
 And keep me in your mind.

To you, dear friends, in many lands,
 I send good wishes far,
 Like little birds in little bands,
 To greet you where you are.

German.

With sweets:

Like likes like.

Unidentified.

Lips, however rosy, must be fed.

Unidentified.

A wilderness of sweets.

"Paradise Lost," v, 29½, Milton.

Occasionally rings were made with the stones arranged acrostic-wise, to convey some sentiment:

R uby	L apis Lazuli
E merald	O pal
G arnet	V erde Antique
A methyst	E merald
R uby	M alachite
D iamond	E merald.

An inscription used on rings in ancient Greek and Roman times:

I bring good fortune to the wearer.

With a ribbon:

A very riband in the cap of youth.

"Hamlet," iv, 7.

WITH BOOKS

Yes, do send me a book. . . . Not a bargain book, bought from a haberdasher, but a beautiful book, a book to caress — peculiar, distinctive, individual: a book that hath first caught your eye and then pleased your fancy, written by an author with a tender whim, all right out of his heart. We will read it together in the gloaming, and when the gathering dusk doth blur the page, we'll sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over.

Dorothy Wordsworth to Coleridge.

Foreword to Another Book of Verses for Children:

We know not who in olden time
It was who first invented rhyme,
But few have done as much as he
To brighten things for you and me.

E. V. Lucas.

And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich.

“Hamlet,” iii, 1.

What art is his the written spells to find
That sway from mood to mood the willing mind.

“The Poet,” William Cullen Bryant.

Dear lady, tapping at your door,
Some little verses stand,
And beg on this auspicious day
To come and kiss your hand.

Their syllables all counted right,
Their rimes each in its place,
Like birthday children, at the door
They wait to see your face.

Rise, lady, rise, and let them in;
Fresh from the fairy shore,
They bring you things you wish to have,
Each in its pinafore.

For they have been to Wishing-Land
This morning in the dew,
And all your dearest wishes bring —
All granted — home to you.

What these may be, they would not tell,
And could not if they would;
They take the packets sealed to you
As trusty servants should.

But there was one that looked like love,
And one that smelt like health,
And one that had a jingling sound —
I fancy it might be wealth.

Ah well, they are but wishes still;
 But, lady dear, for you
 I know that all you wish is kind,
 I pray it all come true.
 “*Wishing-Land,*” *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Leaves, lines, and rhymes seek her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please, I care for other none.

“*To His Book,*” *Spenser.*

Initial poem in “Lyrics from a Library”:

I love a book, if there but run
 From title-page to colophon
 Something sincere that sings or glows,
 Whate'er the text be, rhyme or prose.
Clinton Scollard.

An old farmer to the lad Robert Collyer:

“I notice thou's fond o' reading, so I brought
 thee summat to read.”

Come up here, O dusty feet!
 Here is fairy bread to eat.
 Here in my retiring room,
 Children you may dine
 On the golden smell of broom
 And the shade of pine;
 And when you have eaten well,
 Fairy stories hear and tell.
 “*Fairy Bread,*” *Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Old presentation verse:

Take it, 'tis a gift of love
That seeks thy good lone:
Keep it for the giver's sake,
And read it for thy own.

With a book for a child:

In this book
If you'll look
Famous folk perchance you'll meet;
Elves and fays with dancing feet,
Goblins too,
True as true;
Really very curious things,
All with wide and gauzy wings,
Made to carry you, you know,
Just where you most wish to go.

With a book for a child:

Summer fading, winter comes —
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,—
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.

“Picture Books in Winter,”
Robert Louis Stevenson.

For a book of verse:

A verse may find him who a sermon flies.

“The Church Porch,” George Herbert.

And beauty, making beautiful old rhymes.
Sonnet CVI, Shakespeare.

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
"As You Like It," iv, 1, Shakespeare.

Your hearts' desires be with you.
"As You Like It," i, 2.

May the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
 And pleasure drown the brim.
"All's Well that Ends Well," iii, 4.

The bearing of this observation lays in the application on it.

"Dombey and Son," Charles Dickens.

Read it, sweet maid! though it be done but slightly:
 Who can show all his love doth love but lightly.

"To Delia," Samuel Daniel.

With an old book:

I do not think altogether the worse of a book
 for having survived the author a generation or two.

William Hazlitt.

WITH FLOWERS

And let them also bring with them in hand
Another gay garlànd,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound true-love-wise with a blue silk ribbànd!
“*Epithalamion*,” *Spenser*.

Love, let me cull her choicest flowers,
And pity me, and calm her eye.
Make soft her heart, dissolve her lours.
Then will I praise thy deity.
But if thou do not, Love, I'll truly serve her
In spite of thee, and by firm faith deserve her.
“*Phyllis*,” *Thomas Lodge*.

There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.
“*Of a' the Airts . . .*” *Robert Burns*.

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
“*The Rose*,” *Edmund Waller*.

We are yours i' the garden.

“*Winter's Tale*,” i, 2, *Shakespeare*.

Flowers are Love's truest language; they betray,
Like the divining rods of Magi old,
Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
But love,—strong love, that never can decay.

Sonnet: Flowers Love's Truest Language,”

Park Benjamin.

More flowers I noted; yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

Sonnet CCXXX, Shakespeare.

These are certain signs to know,
Faithful friend from flatt'ring foe.

“*An Ode*,” *Richard Barnfield*.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

James Gates Percival.

There's wit in every flower, if you can gather it.

Shireley.

Comparisons are odorous.

“*Much Ado about Nothing*,” iii, 5,

Shakespeare.

A sign and symbol shall it be
Of humble things, which, though we range
From farthest East to farthest West,
Like God are sure, and never change.

From "A Happy Meeting,"

John White Chadwick.

. . . not words, for they
But half can tell love's feeling;
Sweet flowers alone can say
What passion fears revealing:
"*The Language of Flowers,*" *Thomas Moore.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.

"To a Lady with Flowers," Tickell.

Hebe's here, May is here!
The air is fresh and sunny;
And the miser-bees are busy
Hoarding golden honey!

See the knots of buttercups,
And the purple pansies,—
Thick as these, within my brain,
Grow the wildest fancies!

Let me write my songs to-day,
Rhymes with dulcet closes,—
Four-line epics one might hide
In the hearts of roses.

"May," Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

As I was walking up the street,
The steeple bells were ringing;
As I sat down at Mary's feet,
The sweet, sweet birds were singing.

As I walked far into the world,
I met a little fairy;
She plucked this flower, and, as it's sweet,
I've brought it home for Mary.
“*Under the Window,*” *Kate Greenaway.*

SUGGESTIONS FOR THANKS

But thanks, and thanks, and ever thanks,
 "Twelfth Night," iii, 3, Shakespeare.

Blessing o' your good heart.
 2 Henry IV, ii, Shakespeare.

A jollie goode Booke
Whereon to looke
Is better to me than Golde.
 Old English Song.

Would that the little flowers were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give.
 Sonnet, Wordsworth.

Thanks, Mary! for this wild-wood token
Of Freja's footsteps drawing near;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceiled room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks.
 "The First Flowers," Whittier.

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.
2 Henry I, ii, Shakespeare.

Your flowers, like fairy folk, are here,
 They gladden me, they give good cheer,
 They bring a gracious presence near;
 Accept, kind friend, my thanks sincere.

Yes, ready money is Aladdin's lamp.
"Don Juan," xii, 12, Byron.

Then thanks for thy present. None sweeter or better
 E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter.
 Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
 Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than
 thine!

And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
 Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
 That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
 And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
 And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
 Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!
"The Pumpkin," Whittier.

Books — the miracle of all my possessions, more wonderful than the wishing-cap of the Arabian tales, for they transport me instantly, not only to all places, but to all times.

Dr. Arnott, 1788-1824.

Good books are a very great mercy to the world.

Richard Baxter, 1615-1691.

Give me a nook and a book,
 And let the proud world spin round:
 Let it scramble by hook or by crook
 For wealth or a name with a sound.
 You are welcome to amble your ways
 Aspirers to place or to glory;
 May big bells jangle your praise,
 And golden pens blazon your story!
 For me, let me dwell in my nook,
 Here, by the curve of this brook,
 That croons to the tune of my book,
 Whose melody wafts me for ever
 On the waves of an unseen river.

William Freeland.

To divert myself from a troublesome Fancy, 'tis but to run to my Books; they presently fix me to them, and drive the other out of my Thoughts; they always receive me with the same kindness.

Michel de Montaigne.

Who, having a grateful heart, can forget these things, or deny the Blessedness of Books?

Robert Chambers, 1802-1871.

Next to a friend's discourse, no morsel is more delicious than a ripe book.

A. Bronson Alcott.

May blessings be upon the head of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books.

Thomas Carlyle.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts — a grace before Milton — a grace before Shakespeare — a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairie Queene?

Charles Lamb.

It is . . . a pure and unmixed pleasure to have a goodly volume lying before you, and to know that you may open it if you please.

Thomas Love Peacock.

In *House Beautiful Magazine*, February, 1904:

Blest be he who gives me books —
 Friends of winter's inglenooks,
 Weaving garlands scent with May,
 When without the skies are gray.

Douglas Mallock.

And as for me, tho that I konne but lyte,
 On bokes for to rede I me delyte.

Chaucer.

ENDE-WORD

The Beauty of the house is Order,
The Blessing of the house is Contentment,
The Glory of the house is Hospitality,
The Crown of the house is Godliness.

A House Blessing, unidentified.

THE END

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