RUSKIN YEAR BOOK

ANN BACHELOR

EDITOR OF CARLYLE YEAR BOOK

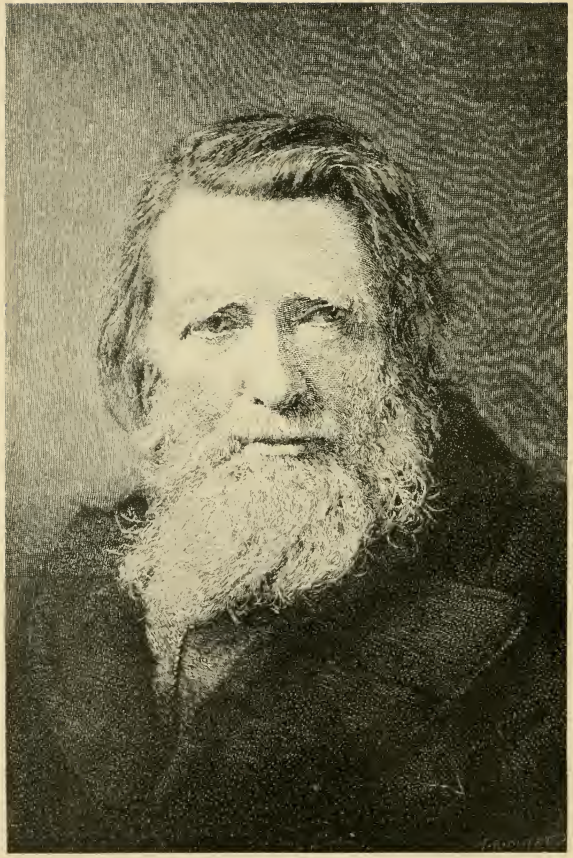


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JOHN RUSKIN.

RUSKIN YEAR-BOOK

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

JOHN RUSKIN

FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ANN BACHELOR

AUTHOR OF "CARLYLE YEAR-BOOK."

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652

He teaches that all beauty, all art, all work, and all life, are holy things; that through them God manifests Himself to man, and man draws near to God.—VIDA SCUDDER.

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TO

My Husband

THIS BOOK

IS LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

January.

THE strange New Year that knocketh at our gate
Has yet to learn our needs—
Has yet to seize the clew. Its barrèd path,
Who knoweth where it leads?
We only know that One whose steps err not
Is guide. He goes before:
"I will not leave you"—this His given word—
"Nor fail you evermore."

—M. K. A. STONE.

EVERY day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning
Here is a beautiful hope for you:
A hope for me and a hope for you.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

JANUARY 1.

TO-DAY, unsullied, comes to thee, new-born;
To-morrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee, ere earth shall greet its morn.

Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope and peace. Thy duty heed to-day.

JANUARY 2.

WE may have but a few thousands of days to spend, perhaps hundreds only, perhaps tens; nay, the longest of our time and best, looked back on, will be but a moment; we are living spirits, not passing clouds. He maketh the winds His messengers, the momentary fire, His minister. And shall we

do less than these? Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JANUARY 3.

TAKE your Latin dictionary, and look out "sollennis," and fix the sense of the word well in your mind, and remember that every day of your early life is ordaining irrevocably, for good or evil, the custom and practise of your soul; ordaining either sacred customs of dear and lovely recurrence, or trenching deeper and deeper the furrows for seed of sorrow. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature; and in order to do that, find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it, take pen and paper, and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can, with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as body. I do not doubt but that the

mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason, it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is done for that day, think no more about it.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JANUARY 4.

THE whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction—there is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies, not a moment of which, once passed, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron. —MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 5.

GOD is a kind Father. He chooses work for every creature which will be delightful to them, if they do it simply and humbly.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

JANUARY 6.

EDUCATION is leading human souls to

what is best, and making what is best of them. The training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JANUARY 7.

IN all things that we see, or do, we are to desire perfection, and strive for it; we are, nevertheless, not to set the meaner thing, in its narrow accomplishment, above the nobler thing, in its mighty progress; not to esteem smooth minuteness above shattered majesty; not to prefer mean victory to honorable defeat; not to lower the level of an aim, that we may the more surely enjoy the complacency of success. But, above all, in our dealings with the souls of other men, we are to take care how we check, by some requirement or narrow caution, efforts which might otherwise lead to a nobler issue; and, still more, how we withhold an admiration from great excellences, because they are mingled with rough faults.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JANUARY 8.

THE snow, the vapor, and the stormy wind, fulfil His word; are our acts and thoughts lighter and milder than these, that we should forget it?

JANUARY 9.

OBEDIENCE is the crowning grace, as it is that principle to which Polity owes its stability, Life its happiness, Faith its acceptance, Creation its continuance. Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

JANUARY 10.

MEN often look to bring about great results by violent and unprepared effort. But it is only in fair and forecast order, "as the earth bringeth forth her bud," that righteousness and praise may spring forth before the nation.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 11.

ALL one's life is music if one touches the notes rightly and in time.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

JANUARY 12.

THERE is religion in everything around us; a calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence stealing in, as it were, unawares upon the heart; it comes quietly and without excitement; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammeled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it is fresh from the hands of its author, glowing from the immediate presence of the great Spirit which pervades and quickens it; it is written on the arched sky; it looks out from every star; it is on the sailing-cloud and in the invisible wind; it is among the hills and valleys of the earth, where the shrubless mountain-top pierces the thin atmosphere of eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuates before the strong

wind with its dark waves of green foliage; it is spread out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean; it is the poetry of nature; it is this which uplifts the spirit within us until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation, which breaks, link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality, and which opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty and holiness.

JANUARY 13.

WHERESOEVER the search after truth begins, there life begins; wheresoever that search ceases, there life ceases.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JANUARY 14.

GOD has lent us the earth for our life. It is a great entail. It belongs to them who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us; and we have no right, by anything that we do or neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or to deprive them of

benefits which it was in our power to bequeath.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

JANUARY 15.

THE first point we have all to determine is not how free we are, but what kind of creatures we are. It is of small importance to any of us whether we get liberty, but of the greatest that we deserve it. Whether we can win it, fate must determine; but that we will be worthy of it we may ourselves determine; and the sorrowfullest fate of all that we can suffer is to have it without deserving it.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

JANUARY 16.

THE right faith of man is not intended to give him repose, but to enable him to do his work.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 17.

GOD alone can finish; and the more intelligent the human mind becomes, the more

the infiniteness of interval is felt between human and Divine work.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 18.

THE entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things; not merely industrious, but to love industry; not merely learned, but to love knowledge; not merely pure, but to love purity; not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JANUARY 19.

"THE work of men,"—And what is that? Well, we may any of us know very quickly, on the condition of being wholly ready to do it. But many of us are for the most part thinking, not of what we are to do, but of what we are to get and the best of us are sunk into the sin of Ananias, and it is a mortal one,—we want to keep back part of the price. And we continually talk of taking up our cross, as if the only harm in a cross was the *weight* of it,—as if it

was only a thing to be carried, instead of to be crucified upon. They that are His, have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. Does that mean, think you, that in time of national distress, of religious trial, of crisis for every interest and hope of humanity, none of us will cease jesting, none cease idling, none put themselves to any wholesome work, none take so much as a tag of lace off their footman's coat, to save the world? Or does it mean, that they are ready to leave houses, lands, and kindreds,—yes, and life, if need be? Life!—some of us are ready enough to throw that away, joyless as we have made it. But "*station* in life,"— how many of us are ready to quit that? Is it not always the great objection where there is a question of finding something useful to do, "We cannot leave our station in life?"

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JANUARY 20.

NO man ever worked honestly without giving some help to his race.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 21.

THE thoroughly great men are those who have done everything thoroughly, and who have never despised anything, however small, of God's making.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JANUARY 22.

NO one can ask honestly or hope fully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

JANUARY 23.

EVERY day is a day of judgment,—every day is a *dies iræ*, and writes its irrevocable verdict in the flames of its nest. Think you that judgment waits till the doors of the grave open? It waits at the doors of your house: it waits at the corners of your streets. We are in the midst of judgments: the insects that we crush are our judges, the moments we fret away are our judges, the elements that feed us judge us as they indulge. Let us,

for our lives, do the work of men while we bear the form of them, if indeed those lives are *not* as a vapor, and do *not* vanish away.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JANUARY 24.

ALAS!—unless we perform Divine service. in every willing act of our lives, we never perform it at all.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JANUARY 25.

IN the knowledge of ourselves we shall gain that self-dependent power which is the secret of true work, and that self-conscious weakness which is the secret of true strength.

JANUARY 26.

EVERY human action gains in honor, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience that, above all other attributes, separates man from man, and nears him to his Maker; and there is no action nor act, whose majesty we may not measure by this test.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

JANUARY 27.

EVERY duty we omit obscures some truth we should have known.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JANUARY 28.

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-house of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

JANUARY 29.

OBEDIENCE is, indeed, founded in a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus, while a measure of license is necessary

to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their restraint.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

JANUARY 30.

THE increase of knowledge, merely as such, does not make the soul larger or smaller; in the sight of God, all the knowledge man can gain is as nothing; but the soul, for which the great scheme of redemption was laid, be it ignorant or be it wise, is all in all; and in the activity, strength, health, and well-being of this soul, lies the main difference, in His sight, between one man and another.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JANUARY 31.

TO the lamb of the desert, the sweetest thought is that of the fold.

The Love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it, if you will.

—LECTURES ON ART.

February.

THERE'S not a glimmer of sun in the sullen sky,
Where the mountainous clouds drive on as the day declines,
And the wind, like a beast at bay that roars and whines,
To the riotous waves of the ocean makes reply.

The snowflakes flutter and whirl through the icy air,
The rustling leaves to the spectral oak boughs cling,
The fields that will bourgeon and break, 'neath the breath of spring
Into billows of bloom, are shrivelled, and wan and bare.

The hills are white, and the river makes no sound;
Not a song upwells from the wood, and the eaves are dumb;
While the hardy sparrow, in search of a scanty crumb,
Hops about o'er the treacherous frozen ground.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

FEBRUARY 1.

THE passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn, but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race, the indignation which is to arm it against injustice or strengthen it to resist wanton injury, and the fear which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honorable and beautiful so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

FEBRUARY 2.

EVERY right action, and true thought sets the seal of its beauty on person and face.

—MUNERE PULVERIS.

FEBRUARY 3.

* * * ALL kinds of precious grace and teaching being united in this link between the earth and man: wonderful in universal adaptation to his need, desire, and discipline: God's daily preparation of the earth for him, with beautiful means of life. First, a carpet to make it soft for him; then, a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then, tall-spreading foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss. Stout wood to bear this leafage; easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plow-handle, according to his temper); useless it had been, if harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless, if less elastic. Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away, to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to

the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service: cold juice or glowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or undivided wandering of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistances of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse, of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean —clothing with variegated, everlasting films, the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering at cottage doors to every gentlest passion and simplest joy of humanity.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

FEBRUARY 4.

MIGHTY of heart, mighty of mind, magnanimous,—to be this is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly is, indeed, to advance in life,—in life itself, not in the trappings of it.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

FEBRUARY 5.

WE usually believe in immortality, so far as to avoid preparation for anything after death. Whereas, a wise man will at least hold himself prepared for one or other of two events, of which one or other is inevitable; and will have all things in order, for his sleep, or in readiness, for his awakening.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 6.

FOR all education begins in work. What we think, or what we know, or what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we *do*: and for man, woman or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 7.

ALL real joy and power of progress in humanity depend on finding something to reverence, and all the baseness and misery of humanity begin in a habit of disdain.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 8.

NO nation ever made its bread by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts or manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes; but its noble scholarship, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live —you live that you may learn.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 9.

A TRUE wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of the best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that

is failing in him she must strengthen into truth: in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 10.

OUT of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

FEBRUARY 11.

Language is only dear when sympathetic.

—LECTURES ON ART.

FEBRUARY 12.

OUR God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

FEBRUARY 13.

WILL you go and gossip with your housemaid and stable-boy when you may talk with queens and kings? But we cannot read

unless our minds are fit. Avarice, injustice, vulgarity, base excitement, all unfit us. Beware of reading in order to say, thus Milton thought, rather than, thus I thought in misreading Milton.

—Sesame and Lilies.

February 14.

All great song, from the first day when human lips contrived syllables, has been sincere song.

—The Queen of the Air.

February 15.

Every true light of science, every mercifully-granted power, every wisely-restricted thought, teach us more clearly day by day, that in the heavens above, and the earth beneath, there is one continual and omnipotent presence of help, and of peace, for all men who know that they live, and remember that they die.

—The Queen of the Air.

February 16.

Doing is the great thing. For if, reso-

lutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 17.

WHAT you choose to grasp with your mind is the question; much more serious than how you handle it afterwards. What does it matter how you build, if you have bad bricks to build with? how you reason, if the ideas with which you begin are foul or false? And in general all fatal reasoning proceeds from peoples having some one false notion in their hearts with which they are resolved their reasoning *shall* comply.

FEBRUARY 18.

LET every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close. Then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength of knowledge gained for yourselves.

—LECTURES ON ART.

FEBRUARY 19.

OUR whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see its opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment, and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

FEBRUARY 20.

PEOPLE will go anywhere barefoot to preach their faith, but must be well bribed to practise it.

There is no true potency, remember, but that of help; nor true ambition, but ambition to serve.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

FEBRUARY 21.

HAVE you ever thought seriously of the

meaning of the blessing given to the peace-makers? People are always expecting to get peace in heaven; but you know whatever peace they get there will be ready-made. Whatever making of peace *they* can be blest for, must be on the earth here; not the taking of arms against, but the building of nests amidst its "sea of troubles" [like the halcyon]. Difficult enough, you think? Perhaps so, but I do not see any of you try. We complain of the want of many things; we want votes, we want liberty, we want amusements, we want money. Which of us feels or knows that he wants peace?

FEBRUARY 22.

HOW patiently God waits to teach us! How long He waits for us to learn the lesson!

FEBRUARY 23.

IF you want any knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and

if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

—THE TWO PATHS.

FEBRUARY 24.

HOWEVER good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some efforts to get quit of them.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

FEBRUARY 25.

THE more powerful the intellect, the less will its works resemble those of other men.

There are many religions, but only one morality.

—LECTURES ON ART.

FEBRUARY 26.

THE moment we can use our possessions to any good purpose ourselves, the instinct of communicating that use to others rises

side by side with our power. If you can read a book rightly, you will want others to hear it; if you can enjoy a picture rightly, you will want others to see it. Learn how to manage a horse, a plow, or a ship, and you will desire to make your subordinates good horsemen, or sailors; you will never be able to see the fine instrument you are master of abused; but, once fix your desire on anything useless, and all the purest pride and folly in your heart will mix with the desire, and make you at last wholly inhuman, a mere ugly lump of stomach and suckers, like a cuttle-fish.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

FEBRUARY 27.

SURELY, nobody can always know what is right, yes, you always can for to-day; and if you do what you see of it to-day you will see more of it and more clearly to-morrow.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

FEBRUARY 28.

THE true strength of every human soul is

to be dependent in as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach.

March.

Ah March! we know thou art kind-hearted,
spite of ugly looks and threats,
And out of sight, art nursing April's violets!
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Who said that March was a scold and a
shrew?
Who said she had nothing on earth to do
But tempests and furies and rages to brew?
Why, look at the wealth she has lavished on
you!

O March that blusters, and March that blows
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from Winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the
rose.
—Celia Thaxter.

March 1.

NOTHING that lives is, or can be, ideally perfect; part of it is decaying, part nascent, the foxglove blossom,—a third part past, a third part in full bloom,—is a type of the life of this world. And in all things that live there are certain irregularities and deficiencies which are not only signs of life, but sources of beauty. No human face is exactly the same in its lines on each side, no leaf perfect in its lobes, no branch in its symmetry. All admit irregularity as they imply change; and to banish imperfection is to destroy expression, to check exertion, to paralyze vitality. All things are literally better, holier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the laws of human life may be Effort, and the laws of human judgment Mercy.

The Stones of Venice.

March 2.

WHEREVER you go, whatever you do, act more for *preservation* and less for *production*. I assure you, the world is generally speaking, in calamitous disorder, and just because you have managed to thrust some lumber aside, and get an available corner for yourselves, you think you should do nothing but sit spinning in it all day long—while, as householders and economists, your first thought and effort should be to set things more square about you. Try to set the floors in order, and get the rottenness out of your granaries. *Then* sit and spin, but not till then.

—POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART.

March 3.

THE finer the nature, the more flaws it will show through the clearness of it; and it is a law of the universe, that the best things shall be seldomest seen in their best form.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

March 4.

WITHOUT seeking, truth cannot be known at all. Truth must be ground for every man by himself out of its husk, with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own.

March 5.

GOD gives us always strength enough and sense enough for what He wants us to do; if we either tire ourselves or puzzle ourselves, it is our own fault. And we may always be sure, whatever we are doing, that we cannot be pleasing Him if we are not happy ourselves.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

March 6.

YOU will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults; still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that, rejoice in it, as you can, try to

imitate it, and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

MARCH 7.

ONE sentence from Tennyson, quoted to me by a friend, helps me very much when I have anything particularly distasteful to do: "As one for whom Christ died." I say it over to myself, and the feeling gives place to a great pity and a great longing to do something for the souls and bodies of the sin-sick, ignorant sisters whom the great Elder Brother considered worth suffering and dying for.

MARCH 8.

IF you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it; but if you do, you must do more than pray; you must work.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MARCH 9.

MY friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom when the head of a house

died,—how he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it is offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honor, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. . . . Every man accepts it who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honor, and not more personal soul.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MARCH 10.

CONCEIT may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

MARCH 11.

THE gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which

renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, "fineness of nature." Heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MARCH 12.

A TREMULOUS crystal, waved as water, poured out upon the ground, is your own soul; you may defile it, despise it, at your pleasure, and at your peril; for on the peace of those weak waves must all the heaven you shall ever gain be first seen; and through such purity as you can win for those dark waves must all the light of the risen Sun of Righteousness be bent down by faint refraction. Cleanse them and calm them, as you love your life.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MARCH 13.

THE first piece of good work a man has to do is to find rest for himself, a place for

the sole of his foot; his house or piece of Holy land; and *make* it so holy and happy that if by chance he receives orders to leave it there may be bitter pain in obedience.

March 14.

THE mountain lies in the morning light like a level vapor; its gentle lines of ascent are scarcely felt by the eye; it rises without effort or exertion, by the mightiness of its mass; every slope is full of slumber, and we know not how it has been exalted until we find it laid as a floor for the walking of the eastern clouds.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

March 15.

ALL rich people are not idle. There are the idle rich and the idle poor, as there are the busy rich and the busy poor. Many a beggar is as lazy as if he had ten thousand a year; many a man of fortune is busier than his errand boy.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MARCH 16.

GREATNESS can only be rightly estimated when minuteness is justly reverenced. Greatness is the aggregation of minuteness; nor can its sublimity be felt truthfully by any mind unaccustomed to the affectionate watching of what is least.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MARCH 17.

GREAT art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art that of the want of mind of a weak man.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MARCH 18.

THE things to be desired for man in a healthy state are that he should not see dreams, but realities; that he should not destroy life, but save it; and that he should not be rich, but content.

MARCH 19.

THE refusal or reserve of a mighty painter

cannot be imitated. It is only by reaching the same intellectual strength that you will be able to give an equal dignity to your self-denial. No one can tell you beforehand what to accept, or what to ignore; only remember always, in painting as in eloquence, the greater your strength, the greater will be your manner, and the fewer your words; and in painting, as in all the arts and acts of life, the secret of high success will be found, not in a fretful and various excellence, but in a quiet singleness of justly-chosen aim.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MARCH 20.

WITHOUT the resolution in your hearts to do good work, so long as your right hands have motion in them, and to do it whether the issue be that you die or live, no life worthy the name will ever be possible to you, while, in once forming the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and forever.

—TIME AND TIDE.

MARCH 21.

CHEERFULNESS is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and whenever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MARCH 22.

THE playful fancy of a moment may innocently be expressed by the passing word; but he can hardly have learned the preciousness of life, who passes days in the elaboration of a jest.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

MARCH 23.

HE only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

March 24.

THERE is none of the furniture of a man's mind which he has a right to exult in, but that which he has hewn and furnished for himself. He who has built himself a hut on a desert heath, and carved his bed, and tables, and chair out of the nearest forest, may have some right to take pride in the appliances of his narrow chamber, as assuredly he will have joy in them. But the man who has had a palace built, and adorned, and furnished for him, may, indeed, have many advantages above the other, but he has no reason to be proud of his upholsterer's skill; and it is ten to one if he has half the joy in his couches of ivory that the other will have in his pallet of pine.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

March 25.

NO one ever gets wiser by doing wrong, nor stronger. You will get wiser and stronger only by doing right, whether forced or not; the prime, the one need is to do

that, under whatever compulsion, until you can do it without compulsion. And then you are a man.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MARCH 26.

MEN who know their place can take it and keep it, be it low or high, contentedly and firmly, neither yielding nor grasping; and the harmony of hand and thought follows, rendering all great deeds of art possible—deeds in which the souls of men meet like jewels in the windows of Aladdin's palace, the little gems and the large all equally pure, needing no cement but fitting of facets; while the associative work of immodest men is all jointless, and astir with warm ambition; putridly dissolute, and forever on the crawl.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MARCH 27.

BE in your heart a Sister of Charity al-

ways, without either veiled or valuable declaration of it.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MARCH 28.

WRITE the Commandments on the church walls where they may be plainly seen, but do not put a dash and a tail to every letter, and remember that you are an architect, not a writing master.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

MARCH 29.

WHEN the men are true and good, and stand shoulder to shoulder, the strength of any nation is in its quantity of life, not in its land nor gold.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MARCH 30.

NEITHER days, nor lives, can be made holy by doing nothing in them, the best prayer at the beginning of a day is that we may not lose its moments; and the best

grace before meat, the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MARCH 31.

NOBODY does anything well that they cannot help doing; work is only done well when it is done with a will; and no man has a thoroughly sound will unless he knows he is doing what he should, and is in his place.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

April.

'Tis April, and the willow leans to look
And see within the brook
Its fair, new garniture of palest green;
'Tis April, and the maple-buds are red,
While in the elms o'erhead
The leaf-elves have begun to weave a screen
That will in June-time throw
A wavering shadow on the lawn below;
'Tis April, and a thousand ice-freed rills
Furrow a thousand hills;
The wheat has pierced the loam,
And where the orchards soon the pinky foam
Of blossom-seas will toss,
The spiders fling their filmy webs across.

There is a throb in every river reed;
A subtile essence in each wayside weed
Quickens its dormant root,
And bids it upward toward the sunlight shoot;

The trillium knows
That southern slopes no longer harbor snows;
The armored snail
On dry, dead grasses leaves a shining trail;
The robber rooks out-caw their mawkish strains
Above corn-planted plains;
The winds are winds of promise, on whose wings
Come countless breathings, endless whisperings
Of bursting beauty in all germinant things.

—CLINTON SCOLLARD.

April 1.

MOST of us do not need fine scenery; the precipice and the mountain peak are not intended to be seen by all men,—perhaps their power is greatest over those who are unaccustomed to them. But trees, and fields, and flowers were made for all, and are necessary for all.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

April 2.

GOD has chosen the labor which is essential to the bodily sustenance with the pleasures which are healthiest to the heart, and while he made the ground stubborn, he made its herbage fragrant, and its blossoms fair.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

April 3.

THAT which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we inso-

lently call littleness, and the infinity of God is not mysterious, it is only unfathomable, not concealed, but incomprehensible; it is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure unsearchable sea.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

APRIL 4.

PEOPLE are perpetually squabbling about what will be best to do, or easiest to do, or advisablest to do, or profitablest to do; but they never, so far as I hear them talk, ever ask what is *just* to do. And it is the law of heaven that you shall not be able to judge what is wise or easy, unless you are first resolved to judge what is just, and to do it.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

APRIL 5.

DO you ask to be the companions of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

APRIL 6.

WHEN men are rightly occupied, their

amusement grows out of their work, as the color-petals out of a fruitful flower, when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

APRIL 7.

WISE work, is work *with* God. Foolish work is work *against* God. And work done with God, which He will help, may be briefly described as "Putting in Order"—that is, enforcing God's law of order, spiritual and material, over men and things.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

APRIL 8.

I BELIEVE that in periods of new efforts and violent change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine, and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunshine.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

April 9.

EDUCATION does not mean teaching the people to know what they do not know; it means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. —THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

April 10.

WHAT we *like*, determines what we *are*, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

April 11.

HAVE faith that God "made you upright," though *you* have sought out many inventions, so you will strive daily to become more what your Maker meant and means you to be, and daily gives you also the power to be—and you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, "My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go."

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

April 12.

SHIPS and armies you may replace if they

are lost, but a great intellect, once abused, is a curse to the earth forever.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

Everything has two sides, and God means us to see both.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

APRIL 13.

THE more I think of it, the more I find this conclusion impressed upon me, that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to *see* something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think, but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly, is poetry, prophesy, and religion,—all in one.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

APRIL 14.

EVERY person who tries to buy an article for less than its proper value, or who tries to sell it at more than its proper value—every consumer who keeps a tradesman waiting for his money, and every tradesman who bribes a consumer to extravagance by credit, is

helping forward, according to his own measure of power, a system of baseless and dishonorable commerce, and forcing his country down into poverty and shame.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

APRIL 15.

TO miscalculate our powers is to be misguided and miserable in our occupation, and to be blind to our dispositions is to stagnate in the gloom of death.

APRIL 16.

WE owe to the Greek every noble discipline in literature, every radical principle of art; and every form of convenient beauty in our household furniture and daily occupations of life. We are unable, ourselves, to make a rational use of half that we have received from them.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

APRIL 17.

THERE is only one way to have a good

servant; that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master, and rebel against an ignoble one.

April 18.

THERE'S no music in a "rest," that I know of; but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of the life-melody; and scrambling on without counting—not that it's *easy* to count; but nothing on which so much depends ever *is* easy. People are always talking of perseverance, and courage, and fortitude; but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude,—and the rarest, too. I know twenty persevering girls for one patient one: but it is only that twenty-first who can do her work, out and out, or enjoy it. For patience lies at the root of all pleasure, as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness, when Impatience companions her.

—Ethics of the Dust.

April 19.

THE true painter ever speaks, or ever has spoken, much of his art.

—Sesame and Lilies.

Endurance is nobler than strength, patience than beauty.

—The Two Paths.

April 20.

* * * For the resources of trees are not developed until they have difficulties to contend with, neither their tenderness of brotherly love and harmony, till they are forced to choose their ways of various life where there is contracted room for them, talking to each other with their restrained branches. The various action of trees rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden domes round the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fra-

grant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges,—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest: while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added, first the power of redundance;—the mere quality of foliage visible in the folds and on the promontories of a single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape, unless the view from some cathedral tower; and to this charm of redundance, that of clearer *visibility*,—tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches, instead of being confused in dimness of distance.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

APRIL 21.

YOU may assuredly find perfect peace if you resolve to do that which your Lord has

plainly required, and content that he should indeed require no more of you than to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

APRIL 22.

AN educated man, is one who has understanding of his own uses, and duties in the world, and therefore, of the general nature of things done and existing in the world, and who has so trained himself, or been trained, as to turn to the best and most courteous account whatever faculties or knowledge he has.

—THE STONES OF VEICNE.

APRIL 23.

AS the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart if you meet it with poison.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

April 24.

Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling.

—The Two Paths.

April 25.

Girls should be like daisies; nice and white, with an edge of red, if you look close, making the ground bright wherever they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and mean to do it, and that it would be wrong if they didn't do it.

—Ethics of the Dust.

April 26.

No government is ultimately strong, but in proportion to its kindness and justice; and a nation does not strengthen, by merely multiplying and diffusing itself.

—The Crown of Wild Olive.

April 27.

No man can indeed be a lover of what is best in the higher walks of art, who has not

feeling and charity enough to rejoice with the rude sportiveness of hearts that have escaped out of prison, and to be thankful for the flowers which men have laid their burdens down to sow by the wayside.

THE STONES OF VENICE.

APRIL 28.

YOU will find that the mere resolve not to be useless, and the honest desire to help other people will, in the quickest and delicatest way, improve yourself.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

APRIL 29.

ANYTHING which makes religion its second object, makes religion *no* object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart, but there is one thing He will not put up with in it—a second place. He who offers God a second place, offers Him no place.

—LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

April 30.

MAKE your national conscience clean, and your national eyes will soon be clear.

—The Crown of Wild Olive.

THERE is no climate, no place, and scarcely an hour, in which nature does not exhibit color which no mortal effort can imitate or approach. For all our artificial pigments are, even when seen under the same circumstances, dead and lightless beside her living color; the green of a growing leaf, the scarlet of a fresh flower, no art nor expedient can reach.

—Modern Painters.

May.

SUCH a starved bank of moss
Till that May morn
Blue ran flash across;
Violets were born.

—ROBERT BROWNING.

AND after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark! where my blossomed pear-treee in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters in the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at thebent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

MAY 1.

MY friends have you thought, as I have prayed you to think, during the days of April, what things they are that will hinder you from being happy on this first of May? Be assured of it, you are meant, to-day, to be as happy as the birds, at least if you are not, you, or somebody else, or something that you are one or other responsible for, is wrong, and your first business is to set yourself, them, or it, to rights.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

MAY 2.

HE who walks humbly with Nature will seldom be in danger of losing Art.

MAY 3.

IF you can fix some conception of a true

human state of life to be striven for—life for all men as for yourselves—if you can determine some honest and simple order of existence, following those trodden ways of wisdom; which are pleasantness, and seeking her quiet and withdrawn paths, which are peace; —then, and so sanctifying wealth into "commonwealth," all your art, you literature, your daily labors, your domestic affection, and citizen's duty, will join and increase into one magnificent harmony.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MAY 4.

ASK the laborer in the field, at the forge, or in the mine, ask the patient, delicate fingered artisan, or the strong-armed, fiery-hearted worker in bronze, and in marble, and with the colors of light, and none of these who are true workmen, will ever tell you that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one—that in the sweat of their face they should eat bread, till they return to the ground, nor that they ever found it unrewarded obedience, if, indeed, it was rendered

faithfully to the command—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MAY 5.

THE path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers, but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy." It is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive, the harebells should bloom, not stoop as she passes.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MAY 6.

WHEREVER a true woman comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worms in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot, but home is where she is.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MAY 7.

LET us beware that our rest become not

the rest of stones, which so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent and the storm past, suffer the grass to cover them, and the lichen to feed them, and are plowed down into dust.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MAY 8.

AH, why should we ever wear black for the guests of God!

MAY 9.

FOLDED hands are not necessarily resigned ones. The patience which really smiles on grief usually stands or walks or even runs.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

MAY 10.

IF you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither if, through years of folly, you misguide your own life, need you ex-

pect divine interference to bring round everything at last for the best.

MAY 11.

LEAVE, therefore, boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side, cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other, seize hold of God's hand and look well in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve.

—THE TWO PATHS.

MAY 12.

PERHAPS there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself, for a moment, withdrawn from the sounds and motions of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he ever so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow and various, like the dusty wreck of the bones

of men. The long, knotted grass moves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep; scattered blocks of black stone, four square, remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of mossy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on defiled altars. The blue ridge of Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promonotories of the Appenines. From the plain of the mountains the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness like the shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners passing from a nation's grave.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MAY 13.

DO not think of one falsity as harmless and another as slight and another as unintended. Cast them all aside. They may be light and accidental, but they are ugly soot from the smoke-pit for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is liking fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit. To speak and act truth with constancy and precision is nearly as difficult, and perhaps as meritorious, as to speak it under intimidation or penalty; and it is a strange thought how many men there are, as I trust, who would hold to it at the cost of fortune or life, for one who would hold to it at the cost of a little daily trouble.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

MAY 14.

AS all lovely art is rooted in virtue, so it

bears fruit of virtue, and is didactic in its own nature.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MAY 15.

THE perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years, full of sweet records; and from the joinings of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of chance and promise, opening always, modest at once, and bright with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MAY 16.

A NATION cannot be affected by any vice or weakness without expressing it, legibly, and forever, either in bad art or by want of art; and there is no national virtue, small or great, which is not manifestly expressed in all the art which circumstances enable the people possessing that virtue to produce.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MAY 17.

WHETHER novels or history be read, they should be chosen not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt and hide itself in a powerful book never does any harm to a noble girl, but the emptiness of an author oppresses her and his amiable folly degrades her.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

MAY 18.

THE seed the sower sows grows up according to its kind; let us sow good seed with care and liberality.

MAY 19.

EVERY act, every impulse, of virtue and vice, affects in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigor and harmony of invention, at once.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

MAY 20.

LOOK at the clouds, and watch the delicate

sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded luster of their magnificent rolling. They are meant to be beheld far away; they were shaped for their place, high above your head; approach them, and they fuse into vague mists, or whirl away in fierce fragments of thunderous vapor.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

MAY 21.

TAKE your vase of Venice glass out of the furnace, and strew chaff over it in its transparent heat, and recover that to its clearness and rubied glory when the north wind has blown upon it: but do not think to strew chaff over the child fresh from God's presence, and bring the heavenly colors back to him—at least not in this world.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MAY 22.

ALL delight in art, and all love of it, resolve themselves into simple love of that which deserves love.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MAY 23.

TAKING up one's cross means simply that you are to go to the road which you see to be the straight one; carrying whatever you find is given you to carry, as well and stoutly as you can; without making faces, or calling people to come and look at you. Above all, you are neither to load or unload yourself, nor cut your cross to your own liking. Some people think it would be better for them to have it large, and many, that they could carry it much faster if it were small; and even those who like it largest, are usually very particular about its being ornamental, and made of the best ebony. But all that you have really to do is to keep your back as straight as you can, and not think about what is upon it—above all, not to boast of what is upon it.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

MAY 24.

WE shall find that the love of nature, whenever it has existed, has been a faithful

and sacred element of human feeling; that is to say, supposing all circumstances otherwise the same with respect to two individuals, the one who loves nature most will be always found to have more faith in God than the other.

May 25.

THE first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. I find this more and more every day: an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men.

—THE TWO PATHS.

May 26.

ARCHITECTURE is the art which so disposes and adorns the edifices raised by man for whatsoever uses, that the sight of them contributes to his mental health, power and pleasure.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

May 27.

IT is physically impossible for a well-edu-

cated, intellectual, or brave man to make money the chief object of his thoughts; as physically impossible as it is for him to make his dinner the principal object of them. All healthy people like their dinners, but their dinner is not the main object of their lives.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MAY 28.

I HAVE already noticed the example of very pure and high typical beauty which is to be found in the lines and gradations of unsullied snow: if, passing to the edge of a sheet of it, upon the lower Alps early in May, we find, as we are nearly sure to find, two or three little round openings pierced in it, and through these, emergent, a slender, pensive, fragile flower whose small, dark, purple-fringed bell hangs down and shudders over the icy cleft that it has chosen, as if partly wondering at its own recent grave, and partly dying of very fatigue after its hard won victory; we shall be, or we ought to be, moved by a totally different impression of loveliness

from that which we receive among the dead ice and the idle clouds. There is now uttered to us a call for sympathy, now offered to us an image of moral purpose and achievement, which, however unconscious or senseless the creature may indeed be that so seems to call, cannot be heard without affection, nor contemplated without worship, by any of us whose heart is rightly tuned, or whose mind is clearly and surely sighted.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

MAY 29.

THE first thing you have to see to in becoming soldiers, is that you make yourselves wholly true. Courage is a mere matter of course among any ordinarily well-born youths; but neither truth nor gentleness is matter of course. You must bind them like shields about your necks; you must write them on the tables of your hearts. Though it be not exacted of you, yet exact it of yourselves; this vow of stainless truth. Your hearts are, if you leave them unstirred,

as tombs in which a god lies buried. Vow yourselves crusaders to redeem that sacred sepulcher.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

MAY 30.

I DO not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

MAY 31.

EVERY virtue of the higher phases of manly character begins in this;—in truth and modesty before the face of all maidens; in truth and pity, or truth and reverence, to all womanhood.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the egg beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters
and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest,—
In the wise ear of nature which song is the
best?

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JUNE 1.

NATURE has a thousand ways and means of rising above herself, but incomparably the noblest manifestation of her capability of color are in the sunsets among the high clouds. I speak especially of the moment before the sun sinks, when his light turns pure rose-color, and when this light falls upon a zenith covered with countless cloud forms of inconceivable delicacy, threads and flakes of vapor which would in common daylight be pure snow-white, and which give therefore fair fields to the tone of light. There is no limit to the multitude, and no check to the intensity, of the hues, assumed. The whole sky from zenith to the horizon, becomes one molten, mantling sea of color and fire; every black bar turns into massy gold, every ripple and wave into unsullied, shadowless crimson, and purple, and scarlet,

and colors for which there are no words in language and no ideas in the mind,—things which can only be conceived while they are visible—the intense hollow blue of the upper sky melting through it all—showing how deep and pure and lightless, there modulated by the filmy, formless body of the transparent vapor, till it is lost impenetrably in its crimson and gold.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 2.

BEAUTY has been appointed by the Deity to be one of the elements by which the human soul is continually sustained ; it is therefore to be found more or less in all natural objects, but in order that we may not satiate ourselves with it, and weary of it, it is rarely granted to us in its utmost degrees.

—LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

JUNE 3.

YOU will find that, in fact, all plants are composed of essentially two parts—the leaf

and root—one loving the light, the other darkness; one liking to be clean, the other to be dirty; one liking to grow for the most part up, the other for the most part down, and each having faculties and purposes of its own. But the pure one, which loves the light, has above all things, the purpose of being married to another leaf, and having child-leaves, and children's children of leaves, to make the earth fair forever. And when the leaves marry, they put on wedding-robes, and are more glorious than Solomon in all his glory, and they have feasts of honey, and we call them "Flowers."

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

JUNE 4.

ALL those beautiful violet veinings and variegations of the marbles of Sicily and Spain, the glowing orange and amber colors of Siena, the deep russet of the Rossoantico, and the blood-colors of all the precious jaspers that enrich the temples of Italy, and, finally, all the lovely transitions of tint in

the pebbles of Scotland and the Rhine, which form, though not the most precious, by far the most interesting portion of our modern jewelers' work,—all these are painted by nature with this one material only, variously proportioned and applied—the oxide of iron.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JUNE 5.

NO book is worth anything which is not worth *much*, nor is it serviceable until it has been read and re-read, and loved and loved again, and marked so that you can refer to the passage you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armory.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 6.

ALL building, therefore, shows man either as gathering or governing, and the secrets of his success are his knowing what to gather and how to rule. These are the two great intellectual Lamps of Architecture, the one consisting in a just and humble veneration for the works of God upon the earth, and

the other in an understanding of the dominion over those works which has been vested in man.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

JUNE 7.

FOR a young person the safest temper is one of reverence, and the safest place one of obscurity. Certainly at present, and perhaps, all through your life, your teachers are wisest when they make you content in quiet virtue, and that literature and art are best for you which point out in common life and familiar things the objects for hopeful labor and for humble love.

JUNE 8.

IN every rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts: if for every assertion of God's demands from them we could substitute a display of His kindness to them; if side by side with every warning of death we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality, if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful

Deity, which men, though they cannot and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable, to conceive, we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all-beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 9.

PRIDE is base from the necessary foolishness of it, because at its best, that is when grounded on a just estimation of our own elevation or superiority above certain others, it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only, and have never been raised above our own measure; for there is not the man so lofty in his own standing nor capacity but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and farsight of the angelic intelligences above him, and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know nor reach unto, as it stands compared with that wicked and fond attributing of such ex-

cellency as he may have to himself, and thinking of it as his own getting, which is the real essence and criminal of pride, nor of those viler forms of it, founded on false estimation of things beneath us and irrational contemning of them. But taken at its best, it is still base to that degree that there is no grandeur of feature which it cannot destroy and make despicable.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 10.

HE who has once stood beside the grave to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, or the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart, which can only be discharged to the dust.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 11.

LIVE always in the springtime in the

country. You do not know what leaf-form is unless you have seen the buds burst and the young leaves breathing low in the sunshine, and wondering at the first shower of rain.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JUNE 12.

WE habitually think of the rain-cloud only as dark and gray; not knowing that we owe to it perhaps the fairest, though not the most dazzling, of the hues of heaven. Often in our English mornings, the rain-clouds in the dawn form soft level fields which melt imperceptibly into the blue, or when of less extent, gather into apparent bars crossing the sheets of broader cloud above; and all these bathed throughout in an unspeakable light of pure rose-color, and purple, and amber, and blue, not shining but misty soft; the barred masses, when seen nearer, composed of clusters or tresses of cloud, like floss of silk; looking as if each knot were a little swathe or sheaf of lighted rain. No

clouds form such skies, none are so tender, various, inimitable.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 13.

IT is not in words explicable, with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features; neither on them only but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them—and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follow grace of actions, and through continuance of this, grace of form.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 14.

THE unity of spirits is partly in their sym-

pathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love, and these are their delight and their strength: for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual currents of good.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 15.

AS we travel the way of life, we have the choice, according to our working of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing; and all her lifeless creations into a glad company, whereof the meanest shall be beautiful in our eyes by its kind message; or of withdrawing and quenching her sympathy, into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones and a shaking off her dust against us.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 16.

GREAT art is the type of strong and noble life; for, as the ignoble person, in his deal-

ings with all that occurs in the world about him, first sees nothing clearly,—looks nothing fairly in the face, and then allows himself to be swept away by the trampling torrent, and unescapable force, of the things that he would not foresee, and could not understand: so the noble person, looking the facts of the world full in the face, and fathoming them with deep faculty, then deals with them in unalarmed intelligence and unhurried strength, and becomes, with his human intellect and will, no unconscious and insignificant agent, in consummating their good and restraining their evil.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JUNE 17.

NOT by rule, not by study, can the gift of graceful proportionate design be obtained; only by the intuition of genius can so much as a single tier of façade be beautifully arranged; and the man has just cause for pride, as far as our gifts can ever be a cause for pride, who finds himself able, in a design of

his own, to rival even the simplest arrangement of parts in one by San Micheli, Inigo Jones, or Christopher Wren.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JUNE 18.

LESSONS to be learned from the humility and cheerfulness of the grass: Its humility, in that it seems created only for the lowest service—appointed to be trodden upon. Its cheerfulness, in that it seems to exult under all kinds of violence and suffering. You roll it and it is stronger the next day; you mow it, and it multiplies its shoots as if it were grateful; you tread upon it, and it only sends up richer perfume.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 19.

ALL the wide world of vegetation blooms and bends for you; the leaves tremble that you may bid them be still under the marble snow; the thorn and thistle, which the earth casts forth as evil, are to you the kindliest servants; no dying petal, nor drooping

tendril, so feeble as to have no help for you; no robed pride of blossom so kingly, but it will lay aside its purple to receive at your hands the pale immortality.

—THE TWO PATHS.

JUNE 20.

FAR among the woodlands and the rocks, —far in the darkness of the terrible streets, —feeble florets are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind?

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 21.

OF all facts concerning art, this is the one most necessary to be known, that, while manufacture is the work of hands only, art is the work of the whole spirit of man; and as that spirit is, so is the deed of it; and by whatever power of vice or virtue any art is produced, the same vice or virtue it reproduces and teaches. That which is born of

evil begets evil; and that which is born of valor and honor, teaches valor and honor. All art is either infection or education. It *must* be one or other of these.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

JUNE 22.

AND whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned; there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself and will forever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless scepter, of womanhood.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 23.

TO give alms is nothing unless you give thought also; therefore, it is written, not "blessed is he that *feedeth* the poor," but "blessed is he that *considereth* the poor."

—LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

JUNE 24.

LIFE is real—not evanescent nor slight.

It does not vanish away; every noble life leaves the fiber of it, forever, in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.

—PEARLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

JUNE 25.

YOU cannot think that the buckling on the knight's armor by a lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armor is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of womanhood fails.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 26.

A STONE, when it is examined, will be found a mountain in miniature. The fineness of Nature's work is so great, that, into a single block, a foot or two in diameter, she can compress as many changes of form and structure, in a small scale, as she needs for her mountains in a large one; and, taking

moss for forests, and grains of crystal for crags, the surface of a stone, in by far the plurality of instances, is more interesting than the surface of an ordinary hill; more fantastic in form, and incomparably richer in color.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 27.

IT is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. Every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if once in three days, or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue again till next time, with perhaps a film morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after pic-

ture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, and it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The sky is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exaltation of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JUNE 28.

A WOMAN has a personal work and duty, relating to her home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that. The woman's work for her own home is to secure its order, comfort and loveliness. The woman's duty, as a member of the

L. of C.

commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting and in the beautiful adornment of the state. What the woman is to be within her gates, as the center of order, the balm of distress and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent and loveliness more rare.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 29.

THIS is the true nature of home—it is the place of peace; the shelter not only from all injury, but from all terror and diversion. . . . So far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the earth watched over by the household gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the same and fulfils the praise of home.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JUNE 30.

THE pine is trained to need nothing and to endure everything. It is resolvedly whole, self-contained, content with restricted completion. Tall or short, it will be straight. Small or large, it will be round. It may be permitted to these soft, lowland trees that they should make themselves gay with show of blossom and glad with pretty charities of fruitfulness. We builders with the sword have harder work to do for man, and must do it in close-set troops. To stay the sliding of the mountain snows, which would bury him; to hold in divided drops, at our sword points, the rain, which would sweep away him and his treasured fields; to nurse in shade among our brown fallen leaves the tricklings that feed the brooks in drought; to give massive shield against the winter wind, which shrieks through the bare branches of the plain—such service we do Him steadfastly while we live. Our bodies, also, are at His service; softer than the bodies of other trees, though our toil is harder than theirs. —MODERN PAINTERS.

July.

All day fierce heat had held the quivering earth
In iron grip. The sky from red to pale
Had turned with fear; and white and still
The clouds had crept away in masses to the north.
The meadow hazels, 'neath their clustered load
Of satin and green-ruffled nuts, had dropped.
Sweet ferns had knelt to die; and choked and mute
Since morn had laid the cricket, hid below
The fallen spear of water-flags. In dumb
Amaze the patient cattle to their bars
Had crowded, waiting help. All nature gasped;
All life seemed sinking into death!
In distant sunset depths, a solemn sound.
Then rose,

The wheels of God's great chariot, rolling
slow!
An instant more, and with sharp blaze and
boom,
His signal-guns lit up and shook the sky,
With word of succor on the way! and then
The still, small voice of rain, in which He
was,
And cooled and lulled His fainting world to
sleep.

—ANON.

JULY 1.

ART is valuable or otherwise, only as it expresses the personality, activity and living perception of a good and great soul; it may express and contain this with little help from execution, and less from science; and if it have not this, if it show not the vigor, perception and invention of a mighty human spirit, it is worthless.

JULY 2.

I believe every man in a Christian kingdom ought to be equally well educated. But I would have his education to purpose, stern, practical, irresistible in moral habits, in bodily strength and beauty, in all faculties of mind capable of being developed under the circumstances of the individual, and especially in the technical knowledge of his own business; but yet, infinitely various in

its effort, directed to make one youth humble and another confident; to tranquilize this mind, to put some spark of ambition into that; now to urge and now to restrain.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JULY 3.

A GROUP of trees changes the color of its leafage from week to week, and its position from day to day; it is sometimes languid with heat and sometimes heavy with rain; the torrent swells of falls in shower or sun; the best leaves of the foreground may be dined upon by cattle, or trampled by unwelcome investigators of the chosen scene. But the cliff can neither be eaten, nor trampled down; neither bowed by the shadow, nor withered by the heat: it is always ready for us when we are inclined to labour; will always wait for us when we are inclined to converse. With its own patient and victorious presence, cleaving daily through cloud after cloud, and re-appearing still through the tempest drift lofty and serene, amidst the passing rents of blue, it seems partly to

rebuke, and partly to regard, and partly to calm and chasten, the agitations of the feeble human soul that watches it; and that must be indeed a dark perplexity, or a grievous pain, which will not be in some degree enlightened or relieved by the vision of it, when the evening shadows are blue on its foundation, and the last rays of the sunset resting on the fair heights of its golden fortitude.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 4.

EVERY landscape painter should know the specific characters of every object he has to represent, rock, flower, or cloud; and in his highest ideal works, all their distinctions will be perfectly expressed, broadly or delicately, slightly or completely, according to the nature of the subject, and the degree of attention which is to be drawn to the particular object by the part it plays in the composition. Where the sublime is aimed at, such distinctions will be indicated with severe simplicity, as the muscular markings in a

colossal statue; where beauty is the object, they must be expressed with the utmost refinement of which the hand is capable.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 5.

IN the exact proportion in which men are educated to love, to think and to endure, they become noble, live happily, die calmly; are remembered with perpetual honor by their race, and for the perpetual good of it.

JULY 6.

IT is not the object of education to turn the woman into a dictionary, but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances, and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement: it is for her to trace the hidden equities of

Divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with retribution. But chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being forever determined as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath, and to the contemporary calamity, which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imaging what would be the effect upon her mind and conduct if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves; and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of

her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them, and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

—SESAME AND LILIES.

JULY 7.

WHAT do you think made Michael Angelo look back to the dome of Santa Maria del Fiori, saying, "Like thee I will not build one; better than thee I cannot"? Which of you, having been in Florence, can tell me honestly he saw anything wonderful in it? But Michael Angelo knew the exact proportion of thickness to weight and curvature which enabled it to stand as securely as a mountain of adamant, though it was only a film of clay, as frail in proportion, as a sea-shell. Over the massy war tower of the city it floated; fragile, yet without fear.

JULY 8.

ALL art is great, and good and true, only so far as it is distinctively the work of man-

hood in its entire and highest sense, that is to say, not the work of limbs and fingers, *but of soul.*

THE STONES OF VENICE.

JULY 9.

IF our right hand is not to know what our left hand does, it must not be because it would be ashamed if it did.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JULY 10.

GOD has made every man fit for his work; He has given to the man whom he means for a student, the reflective, the logical, sequential faculties; and to the man whom He means for an artist, the perceptive, sensitive, retentive faculties. And neither of these men, so far from being able to do the other's work, can even comprehend the way in which it is done.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

JULY 11.

ALL nature with one voice, with one glory, is set to teach you reverence for the life

communicated to you from the Father of Spirits. The song of birds, and their plumage; the scent of flowers, their color, their very existence, are in direct connection with the mystery of that communicated life; and all the strength, and all the arts of men, are measured by, and founded upon, their reverence for the passion, and their guardianship of the purity of Love.

—THE EAGLE'S NEST.

JULY 12.

"CHARITY is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice, it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not), and you will come to love him.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JULY 13.

ALL good architecture is the expression

of national life and character, and is produced by a prevalent and eager national taste or desire for beauty.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JULY 14.

TASTE is not only a part and index of morality: it is the *only* morality. The first, and last, and closest trial question to any living creature is, "What do you like?" Tell me what you like and I'll tell you what you are.

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE.

JULY 15.

IT is the law of good economy to make the best of everything. How much more to make the best of every creature! Therefore, when your pauper comes to you to ask for bread, ask him instantly, "What faculty have you? What can you do best? Can you drive a nail into wood? Go and mend the parish fences. Can you lay a brick? Mend the walls of the cottages where the wind comes in. Can you lift a spadeful of earth? Turn this field up three feet deep

all over. Can you only drag a weight with your shoulders? Stand at the bottom of this hill and help up the overladen horses. Can you weld iron and chisel stone? Fortify this wreck-strewn coast into a harbor, and change these shifting sands into fruitful ground. Wherever death was, bring life. That is to be your work; that your parish refuge; that your education."

—CROWN OF WILD OLIVES.

JULY 16.

PERFECT taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection. He who receives little pleasure from these sources, wants taste; he who receives pleasure from any other sources, has false or bad taste.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 17.

THE truth of nature is a part of the truth

of God. To him who does not search it out, darkness, as it is to him who does, infinity.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 18.

IDEAS of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly-perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything, in pure, undiseased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition, sparks of blackness in creation, to make its colors felt.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 19.

NOTHING can atone for the want of truth, not the most brilliant imagination, the most playful fancy, the most pure feeling (supposing that feeling *could* be pure and false at the same time), not the most exalted conception, nor the most comprehensive grasp of intellect, can make amends for the want of truth, and that for two reasons; first, because falsehood is in itself revolting and degrading; and secondly, because nature is so immeasurably superior to all that the human mind can conceive, that every departure from her is a fall beneath her, so that there can be no such thing as an ornamental falsehood. All falsehood must be a blot as well as a sin, an injury as well as a deception.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 20.

HOW many people are misled, by what has been said and sung of the serenity of Italian skies, to suppose they must be more blue than the skies of the north; and think

that they see them so; whereas the sky of Italy is far more dull and gray in color than the skies of the north, and is distinguished only by its intense repose of light.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 21.

I KNOW few persons so convinced of the splendor of the rooms in their Father's house as to be happier when their friends are called to those mansions, than they would have been if the Queen had sent for them to live at court; nor has the Church's most ardent desire to "depart and be with Christ," ever cured it of the singular habit of putting on mourning for every person summoned to such departure.

JULY 22.

THOUGH nature is constantly beautiful, she does not exhibit her highest powers of beauty constantly, for then they would satiate us, and pall upon our senses. It is necessary

to their appreciation that they should be rarely shown. Her finest touches are things which must be watched for; her most perfect passages of beauty are the most evanescent. She is constantly doing something beautiful for us; but it is something which she has not done before and will not do again; some exhibition of her general powers in particular circumstances which, if we do not catch at the instant it is passing, will not be repeated for us.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 23.

IF the artist is painting something that he knows and loves, as he knows it because he loves it, whether it be the fair strawberry of Cima, or the clear sky of Francia, or the blazing incomprehensible mist of Turner, he is all right; but the moment he does anything as he thinks it ought to be, because he does not care about it he is all wrong.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 24.

GOD appoints to every one of his creatures, a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they quit themselves like men and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure, shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of luster there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever—

"Fool not," says George Herbert,
"For all may have
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 25.

IN our whole life-melody the music is broken off here and there by "rests," and we foolishly think we have come to the end

of the tune. God sends a time of forced leisure, a time of sickness and disappointed plans, and makes a sudden pause in the choral hymn of our lives, and we lament that our voices must be silent and our part missing in the music which ever goes up to the ear of the Creator. * * * Not without design does God write the music of our lives. Be it ours to learn the tune and not be dismayed at the "rests." If we look up, God will beat the time for us.

JULY 26.

ART is no recreation; it cannot be learned in spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do. It is no handiwork for drawing-room tables; no relief of the ennui of boudoir; it must be understood and undertaken seriously or not at all. To advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it their hearts.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 27.

IF we look at nature carefully, we shall

find that her colors are in a state of perpetual confusion and indistinctness, while her forms as told by light and shade are invariably clear, distinct, and speaking. The stones and gravel of the banks catch green reflections from the boughs above; the bushes receive grays and yellows from the ground; every hair-breadth of polished surface gives a little bit of the blue of the sky or the gold of the sun, like a star upon the local color; this local color, changeful and uncertain in itself, is again disguised and modified by the hue of the light, or quenched in the gray of the shadow; and the confusion and blending of tint is altogether so great, that were we left to find out what objects were by their colors only, we would scarcely in places distinguish the boughs of a tree from the air beyond them, or the ground beneath them.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 28.

MAN'S use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that

glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 29.

ALL things may be elevated by affection, as the spikenard of Mary, and in the Song of Solomon, the myrrh upon the handles of the lock, and that of Isaac concerning his son. And the general law for all these pleasures is, that when sought in the abstract and ardently, they are foul things, but when received with thankfulness and with reference to God's glory, they become theoretic, and so I can find something divine in the sweetness of wild fruits, as well as in the pleasantness of the pure air, and the tenderness of its natural perfumes that come and go as they list.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 30.

THE teaching of nature is as varied and infinite as it is constant; and the duty of the painter is to watch for every one of her les-

sons, and to give (for human life will admit of nothing more) those in which she has manifested each of her principles in the most peculiar and striking way. The deeper his research and the rarer the phenomena he has noted, the more valuable will his works be; to repeat himself, even in a single instance, is treachery to nature, for a thousand human lives would not be enough to give one instance of the perfect manifestation of each of her powers; and as for combining or classifying them, as well might a preacher expect in one sermon to express and explain every divine truth which can be gathered out of God's revelation, as a painter expert in one composition to express and illustrate every lesson which can be received from God's creation.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

JULY 31.

ONLY in proportion as we draw near to God, and are made in measure like unto him,

can we increase this our possession of charity, of which the entire essence is in God only.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

August.

THE waterfalls are low. With leaf or bough
The winds converse but seldom; thy true voice,
O August, is the thunder! So rejoice
Rich powerful spirits, and of these art thou,
With passion deep thou dost the earth endow,
Bringing to temperate climes an India near,
Making the meadows pale—golden the ear
Of rustling corn; and capable to bow
The inmost spirit with an awful fear
When, lightning-charged, thy lofty turret-clouds
Stand out with edges white against the blue
And breathless heaven. Oh, far from towns and clouds
I would thy bounty and thy anger view,
Tempered by mountain breezes, cool and clear.

—CHAUNCEY HORR TOWNSEND.

AUGUST 1.

REJOICE! ye fields, rejoice! and wave with gold,
When August round her precious gifts is flinging;
Lo! the crushed wain is slowly homeward rolled,
The sunburnt reapers jocund lays are singing.

AUGUST 2.

OUR purity of taste, is best tested by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature. But if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws. However false taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of

pomp, splendor, and unusual combination, by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also, for it is forever meddling, mending, accumulating, and self-exulting, its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things around it by the way they fit it.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 3.

WORDS are not accurate enough, nor delicate enough, to express or trace the constant, all-pervading influence of the finer and vaguer shadows throughout Turner's works, that thrilling influence which gives to the light they leave, its passion and power. There is not a stone, not a leaf, not a cloud, over which light is not felt to be actually passing and palpitating before our eyes. There is the motion, the actual wave and radiation of the darted beam—not the dull universal daylight, which falls in the landscape without life, or direction, or speculation, equal on all things and dead on all things; but the breath-

ing, animated, exulting light, which feels, and receives, and rejoices, and acts—which chooses one thing and rejects another—which seeks, and finds, and loses again—leaping from rock to rock, from leaf to leaf, from wave to wave,—glowing, or flashing, or scintillating, according to what it strikes, or in its holier moods, absorbing and enfolding all things in the deep fulness of its repose, and then again losing itself in bewilderment, and doubt, and dimness ; or perishing and passing away, entangled in drifting mist, or melted into melancholy air, but still,—kindling, or declining, sparkling or still, it is the living light, which breathes in its deepest, most entranced rest, which sleeps, but never dies.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 4.

WHATEVER is an object of life, in whatever may be infinitely and for itself desired, we may be sure there is something of divine, for God will not make anything an object of

life to his creatures which does not point to or partake of himself.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 5.

IT would be inconsistent with God's infinite perfection to work imperfectly in any place, or in any matter; wherefore we do not find that flowers and fair trees, and kindly skies, are given only where man may see them, and be fed by them, but the Spirit of God works everywhere alike, where there is no eye to see, covering all lonely places with an equal glory, using the pencil and out-pouring the same splendor, in the caves of the waters where the sea-snakes swim, and in the desert where the satyrs dance, among the fir-trees of the storks, and the rocks of the conies, as among those higher creatures whom he has made capable witnesses of his working.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 6.

TO handle the brush freely, and to paint

grass and weeds with accuracy enough to satisfy the eye, are accomplishments which a year or two's practice will give any man; but to trace among the grass and weeds those mysteries of invention and combination, by which nature appeals to the intellect—to render the delicate fissure, and descending curve, and undulating shadow of the moldering soil, with gentle and fine finger, like the touch of the rain itself—to find even in all that appears most trifling or contemptible, fresh evidence of the constant working of the Divine power "for glory and for beauty," and to teach it and proclaim it to the unthinking and the unregardless—this, as it is the peculiar province and faculty of the master-mind, so it is the peculiar duty which is demanded of it by the Deity.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 7.

NONE are in the right road of real excellence but those who are struggling to render the simplicity, purity, and inexhaustible

variety of nature's own chiaroscuro in open, cloudless daylight, giving the expanse of harmonious light—the speaking, decisive shadow—and the exquisite grace, tenderness, and grandeur of aerial opposition of local color and equally illuminated lines. No chiaroscuro is so difficult as this, and none so noble, chaste, or impressive.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 8.

IF, in our moments of utter idleness, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a

dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 9.

TRUE taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshiping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself and testing itself by the way that it fits things. And it finds whereof to feed, and whereby to grow, in all things, and therefore the complaint so often made by young artists that they have not within their reach materials, or subjects enough for their fancy, is utterly groundless, and the sign only of their own blindness and inefficiency; for there is that to be seen in

every street and lane of every city, that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every road-side weed and moss-grown wall, which in the hands of faithful men may convey emotions of glory and sublimity continual and exalted.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 10.

IT is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and

yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 11.

THE first step to the understanding either the mind or position of a great man ought, I think, to be an inquiry into the elements of his early instruction, and the mode in which he was affected by the circumstances of surrounding life.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 12.

GREATNESS of mind is not shown by admitting small things, but by making small things great under its influence. He who can take no interest in what is small, will take false interest in what is great; he who

cannot make a bank sublime, will make a mountain ridiculous.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 13.

AS far as I can judge of the ways of men, it seems to me that the simplest and most necessary truths are always the last believed; and I suppose that well-meaning people in general would rather regulate their conduct and creed by almost any other portion of Scripture whatsoever, than by that Sermon on the Mount, which contains the things that Christ thought it first necessary for all men to understand.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 14.

THERE is hardly a roadside pool or pond which has not as much landscape in it as above it. It is not the brown, muddy, dull thing we suppose it to be; it has a heart like ourselves, and in the bottom of that

there are the boughs of the tall trees, and the blades of the shaking grass, and all manner of hues, of variable, pleasant light out of the sky; nay, the ugly gutter, that stagnates over the drain bars, in the heart of the foul city, is not altogether base; down in that, if you will look deep enough, you may see the dark, serious blue of far-off sky, and the passing of pure clouds. It is at your own will that you see in that despised stream either the refuse of the street or the image of the sky—so it is with almost all other things that we unkindly despise.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 15.

GRADUALLY, thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us; and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to red Indians.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

August 16.

INSTEAD of supposing the love of nature necessarily connected with the faithlessness of the age, I believe it is connected properly with the benevolence and liberty of the age; that it is precisely the most healthy element which distinctively belongs to us, and that out of it, cultivated no longer in levity or ignorance, but in earnestness and as a duty, results will spring of an importance at present inconceivable; and lights arise, which, for the first time in man's history, will reveal to him the true nature of his life, the true field of his energies, and the true relations between him and his Maker.

—Modern Painters.

August 17.

ONE lesson we are invariably taught by Turner's pictures, however viewed or approached,—that the work of the Great Spirit of nature is as deep and unapproachable in the lowest as in the noblest objects,—that the Divine mind is as visible in its full

energy of operation on every lowly bank and mouldering stone as in the lifting of the pillars of heaven, and settling the foundation of the earth; and that to the rightly perceiving mind, there is the same infinity, the same majesty, the same power, the same unity, and the same perfection, manifest in the casting of the clay as in the scattering of the cloud, in the mouldering of the dust, as in the kindling of the day star.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 18.

A FOOL always wants to shorten space and time: a wise man wants to lengthen both. A fool wants to kill space and kill time; a wise man, first to gain them, then to animate them.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 19.

PEOPLE will discover at last that royal roads to anywhere can no more be laid in

iron than they can in dust; that there are, in fact, no royal roads to anywhere worth going to; that, if there were, it would that instant cease to be worth going to,—I mean so far as the things to be obtained are in any way estimable in terms of price. For there are two classes of precious things in the world: those that God gives us for nothing —sun, air, and life (both mortal life and immortal); and the secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money; they never can be cheapened. No cheating or bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's "establishment" at half price. Do we want to be strong?—we must work. To be hungry?—we must starve. To be happy? —we must be kind. To be wise?—we must look and think.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 20.

IT does a bullet no good to go fast; and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to

go slow; for his glory is not at all in going, but in being.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 21.

GOD paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibers, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him, and watching His working, and—according to the power He has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance He grants—in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity among all His creatures, are the only real happiness that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 22.

GREAT art is precisely that which never was, nor will be taught, it is pre-eminently and finally the expression of the spirits of great men.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

August 23.

More, I think, has always been done for God by few words than by many pictures, and more by few acts than many words.

—Modern Painters.

August 24.

Of all the forms of pride and vanity, as there are none more subtle, so I believe there are none more sinful, than those which are manifested by the Pharisees of art. To be proud of birth, of place, of wit, of bodily beauty, is comparatively innocent, just because such pride is more natural, and more easily detected. But to be proud of our sanctities; to pour contempt upon our fellows, because, forsooth, we like to look at Madonnas in bowers of roses, better than at plain pictures of plain things; and to make this religious art of ours the expression of our own perpetual self-complacency,—congratulating ourselves, day by day, on our purities, properties, elevations, and inspirations, as above the reach of common

mortals,—this I believe to be one of the wickedest and foolishest forms of human egotism.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 25.

THE observer who has accustomed himself to take human faces as God made them, will often find as much beauty on a village green as in the proudest room of state, and as much in the free seats of a church aisle as in all the sacred paintings of the Vatican or the Pitti.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 26.

OUR best finishing is but coarse and blundering work after all. We may smooth, and soften, and sharpen, till we are sick at heart; but take a good magnifying glass to our miracle of skill, and the invisible edge is a jagged saw, and the silky thread a rugged cable, and the soft surface a granite desert. Let all the ingenuity and all the art of the

human race be brought to bear upon the attainment of the utmost possible finish, and they could not do what is done in the foot of a fly, or the film of a bubble.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 27.

I BELIEVE the first test of a truly great man is his humility.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 28.

THE true Seer always feels as intensely as any one else; but he does not much describe his feelings.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

GOD never imposes a duty without giving time to do it.

—LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE AND PAINTING.

AUGUST 29.

BUT when the active life is nobly ful-

filled, and the mind is then raised beyond it into clear and calm beholding of the world around us, the same tendency manifests itself in the most sacred way; the simplest forms of nature are strangely animated by the sense of the Divine presence; the trees and flowers seem all, in a sort, children of God; and we ourselves, their fellows, made out of the same dust, and greater than they only in having a greater portion of the Divine power exerted in our frame, and all the common uses and palpably visible forms of things, become subordinate in our minds to their inner glory, to the mysterious voices in which they talk to us about God, and the changeful and typical aspects by which they witness to us of holy truth, and fill us with obedient, joyful, and thankful emotion.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

AUGUST 30.

AND not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit

of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers; appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them*, also, that courage and truth are the pillars of their being.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

"WORK while you have the light," especially the light of morning. The happiness of your life, and its power, and its part and rank in earth or in heaven, depend on the way you pass your days now. They are not to be sad days; far from that, the first duty of young people is to be delighted and delightful; but they are to be in the deepest sense solemn days. Now, therefore, see that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

AUGUST 31.

ALL men who have sense and feeling are being continually helped; they are taught by every person whom they meet, and enriched by everything that falls in their way. The greatest is he who has been oftenest aided; and, if the attainments of all human minds could be traced to their real sources, it would be found that the world had been laid most under contribution by the men of most original power, and that every day of their existence deepened their debt to their race, while it enlarged their gifts to it. The labor devoted to trace the origin of any thought, or invention, will usually issue in the blank conclusion that there is nothing new under the sun; yet nothing that is truly great can ever be altogether borrowed; and he is commonly the wisest, and is always the happiest, who receives simply, and without envious question, whatever good is offered him, with thanks to its immediate giver.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

September.

O, Autumn! marvelous painter, every hue
Of thy immortal pencil is steeped through
With essence of Divinity!

—Paul Hamilton Haynes.

SEPTEMBER 1.

GATHER a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate, long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable, or apparently a much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship, made only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all the strong and goodly trees—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron and

burdened vine—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. And well does it fulfil its mission. Consider what we owe merely to the meadow grass, to the covering of the dark ground by that glorious enamel, by the companies of those soft, and countless, and peaceful spears; . . . all spring and summer is in them—the walks by silent, scented paths—the rests in noon-day heats—the joy of herds and flocks—the power of all shepherd life and meditation—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching heat.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 2.

DO you think you can know yourself by looking *into* yourself? Never. You can know what you are only by looking *out* of yourself.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

SEPTEMBER 3.

AND, for all of us, the question is not at all to ascertain how much or how little corruption there is in human nature; but to ascertain whether, out of all the mass of that nature, we are of the sheep or the goat breed; whether we are people of upright heart, being shot at, or people of crooked heart, shooting. And, of all the texts bearing on the subject, this, which is a quite simple and practical order, is the one you have chiefly to hold in mind. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

SEPTEMBER 4.

"THE constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own powers and special gifts, and to strengthen them for the help of others."

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

SEPTEMBER 5.

"THE essential idea of real virtue is that

of a vital human strength which, instinctively, constantly, and without motive, does what is right."

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

SEPTEMBER 6.

"THERE is but one way in which man can ever help God—that is, by letting God help him: and there is no way in which his name is more guiltily taken in vain than by calling the abandonment of our work the performance of his."

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

SEPTEMBER 7.

"NO picture can be good which deceives by its imitation, for the very reason that nothing can be beautiful which is not true."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 8.

"LET the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark

with graceful woods and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other like a woven garment, and shaken into deep, falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens;

and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grow heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plow, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholsome banks, now move in showers of silver, and

are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 9.

"THE proof of a thing's being right is, that it has a power over the heart: that it excites us, wins us, or helps us."

—LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE.

SEPTEMBER 10.

"WE treat God with irreverence by banishing him from our thoughts, not by referring to his will on slight occasions."

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

SEPTEMBER 11.

"A GREAT artist is just like a wise and hospitable man with a small house: the large companies of truths, like guests, are waiting his invitation, he wisely chooses from among this crowd the guests who will

be happiest with each other, making those whom he receives thoroughly comfortable, and kindly remembering even those whom he excludes; while the foolish host, trying to receive all, leaves a large part of his company on the staircase, without even knowing who is there, and destroys, by inconsistent fellowship, the pleasure of those who gain entrance."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 12.

OF all God's gifts to the sight of man, color is the holiest, the most divine, the most solemn.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

SEPTEMBER 13.

SELF-COMMAND is often thought a characteristic of high breeding. . . . A true gentlemen has no need of self command; he simply feels rightly in all directions, on all occasions, and desiring to express only so

much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 14.

SUCH help as we can give each other in this world is a debt to each other, and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely the withholder of kindness, but the committer of injury.

—THE TWO PATHS.

SEPTEMBER 15.

ALL men, completely organized and justly tempered, enjoy color; it is meant for the perpetual comfort and delight of the human heart; it is richly bestowed on the highest works of creation, and the eminent sign and seal of perfection in them; being associated with *life* in the human body, with *light* in the sky, with *purity* and hardness in the earth—death, night, and pollution of all kinds being colorless.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 16.

To myself, mountains are the beginning and the end of all natural scenery; in them, and in the forms of inferior landscape that lead to them, my affections are wholly bound up; and though I can look with happy admiration at all the lowland flowers, and woods, and open skies, the happiness is tranquil and cold, like that of examining detached flowers in a conservatory, or reading a pleasant book; and if the scenery be resolutely level, insisting upon the declaration of its own flatness in all the detail of it, as in Holland, or Lincolnshire, or Central Lombardy, it appears to me like a prison, and I cannot long endure it. But the slightest rise and fall in the road—a mossy bank at the side of a crag of chalk, with brambles at its brow, overhanging it—a ripple over three or four stones in the stream by the bridge—above all, a wild bit of ferny ground under a fir or two, looking as if, possibly, one might see a hill if one got to the other side of the tree, will instantly give

me intense delight, because the shadow, or the hope, of the hills is in them.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 17.

THERE are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

SEPTEMBER 18.

WE are all of us willing enough to accept dead truths, or blunt ones, which can be fitted harmoniously into spare niches, or shrouded and coffined at once, out of the way, we holding complacently the cemetery keys and supposing we have learned something. But a sapling truth, with earth at its root and blossoms in its branches; or a trenchant truth, that can cut its way through bars and sods; most men, it seems to me, dislike the sight or entertainment of, if by any means such guest or vision may be

avoided. And, indeed, this is no wonder; for one such truth, thoroughly accepted, connects itself strangely with others, and there is no saying what it may lead to.

—The Two Paths.

September 19.

Great art is nothing less than the expression of a great soul; and great souls are not common things.

—Political Economy of Art.

September 20.

All men are men of genius in their degree—rivulets or rivers, it does not matter, so that the souls be clean and pure; not dead walls encompassing dead heaps of things, known and numbered, but running waters in the sweet wilderness of things unnumbered and unknown, conscious only of the living banks, on which they partly refresh and partly reflect the flowers, and so pass on.

—The Stones of Venice.

SEPTEMBER 21.

GOD shows us in himself, strange as it may seem, not only authoritative perfection, but even the perfection of obedience—an obedience to his own laws; and in the cumbrous movement of those unwieldliest of his creatures we are reminded, even in his divine essence, of that attribute of uprightness in the human creature "that sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

SEPTEMBER 22.

"EVERY painter ought to paint what he himself loves, not what others have loved. If his mind be pure and sweetly toned, what he loves will be lovely; if otherwise, no example can guide his selection, no precept govern his hand."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 23.

"KNOWLEDGE is like current coin. A man may have some right to be proud of

possessing it, if he has worked for the gold of it, and stamped it, so that it may be received of all men as true, or earned it fairly, being already assayed, but if he has done none of these things, but only had it thrown in his face by a passer-by, what cause has he to be proud?"

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

SEPTEMBER 24.

"NOTHING must come between nature and the artist's sight, nothing between God and the artist's soul."

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

SEPTEMBER 25.

"IT makes no difference to some men whether a natural object be large or small, whether it be strong or feeble. But loveliness of color, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, wonderfulness of structure, are precious to all undiseased minds; and the superiority of the mountains in all these

things to the lowland is as measurable as the richness of a painted window matched with a white one, or the wealth of a museum compared with a simply furnished chamber. They seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons to the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshiper."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 26.

"THE apathy which cannot perceive beauty is very different from the stern energy which disdains it; and the coldness of heart which receives no emotion from external nature is not to be confounded with the wisdom of purpose which represses emotion in action. In the case of most men, it is neither acuteness of the reason, nor breadth of humanity, which shields them from impressions of natural scenery, but rather low anxi-

eties, vain discontents, and mean pleasures; and for one who is blinded to the works of God by profound abstraction or lofty purpose, tens of thousands have their eyes sealed by vulgar selfishness, and their intelligence crushed by impious care."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

SEPTEMBER 27.

"THERE is no solemnity so deep, to a right-thinking creature, as that of dawn."

—SESAME AND LILIES.

"NEVER depend upon your genius; if you have talent, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply the deficiency."

SEPTEMBER 28.

"MOST men do not know what is in them till they receive that summons from their fellows; their hearts die within them, sleep settles upon them—the lethargy of the world's miasmata; there is nothing for

which they are so thankful as for that cry, 'Awake thou that sleepest."

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

SEPTEMBER 29.

"WHEN we build, let us think we build (public edifices) forever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for; and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held revered because our own hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labor and wrought substances of them, 'See! this our fathers did for us.'"

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

SEPTEMBER 30.

THIS kingdom it is not in our power to bring; but it is to receive. . . . The choice is no vague or doubtful one. High on the desert mountain, full descried, sits the throned tempter, with his promise—the

kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them. He still calls you to your labor, as Christ to your rest—labor and sorrow, base desire, and cruel hope. So far as you desire to possess, rather than to give; so far as you look for power to command, instead of to bless; so far as your own prosperity seems to you to issue out of contest or rivalry, of any kind, with other men, or other nations; so long as the hope before you is for supremacy, instead of love, and your desire is to be greatest, instead of least—first, instead of last—so long you are serving the Lord of all that is last, and least;—the last enemy that shall be destroyed—Death; and you shall have death's crime, with the worm coiled in it; and death's wages, with the worm feeding on them; kindred of the earth shall you yourself become; saying to the grave, "Thou art my father;" and to the worm, "Thou art my mother and my sister." I leave you to judge, and to choose, between this labor and the bequeathed peace; this wages and the gift of the Morn-

ing Star; this obedience and the doing of the will which shall enable you to claim another kindred than of the earth, and to hear another voice than that of the grave, saying, "My brother, and sister, and mother."

—MODERN PAINTERS.

October.

THERE is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellowed richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the Autumn woods,
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life,
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside a-weary. Through the trees
The golden robin moves. The purple finch,
That on wild cherry and red cedar feeds,
A winter bird, comes with his plaintive whistle,

And pecks by the witch-hazel, whilst aloud
From cottage roofs the warbling blue-bird sings,
And, merrily, with oft-repeated stroke,
Sounds from the threshing-floor the busy flail.

—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

October 1.

THE right Christian mind will find its own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity; and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard and bleak and broken mountain rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair, and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover.

—Modern Painters.

October 2.

WHAT length and severity of labor may be ultimately found necessary for the procuring of the due comforts of life, I do not

know; neither what degree of refinement it is possible to unite with the so-called servile occupation of life; but this I know, that right economy of labor will, as it is understood, assign to each man as much as will be healthy for him, and no more; and that no refinements are desirable which cannot be connected with toil.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 3.

FLOWERS seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace. Passionate or religious minds contemplate them with fond, feverish intensity. . . . To the child and the girl, the peasant and the manufacturing operative, to the

grisette and the nun, the lover and the monk, they are precious always. But to the men of supreme power and thoughtfulness, precious only at times; symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sake. They fall, forgotten, from the great workman's and soldier's hands. Such men will take in thankfulness, crowns of leaves, or crowns of thorns—not crowns of flowers.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 4.

THE largest part of things happening in practical life are brought about with no deliberate purpose. There are always a number of people who have the nature of stones; they fall on other persons and crush them. Some again have the nature of weeds, and twist about other people's feet and entangle them. More have the nature of logs, and lie in the way, so that every one falls over them. And most of all have the nature of thorns, and set themselves by waysides,

so that every passer-by must be torn, and all good seed choked; or perhaps make wonderful crackling under various pots, even to the extent of practically boiling water and working pistons. All these people produce immense and sorrowful effect in the world; yet none of them are doers; it is their nature to crush, impede, prick; but deed is not in them.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 5.

NO words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fiber into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and formed for simplest,

sweetest offices of grace! They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow. And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave. Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Unfading, as motionless the worm frets them not, and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-eyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing

the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims in the parched meadow the drooping cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 6.

NO false person can paint. A person false at heart may, when it suits his purposes, seize a stray truth here or there; but the relations of truth—its perfectness—that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. As wholeness and wholesomeness go together, so also sight with sincerity; it is only the constant desire of, and submissiveness to, truth which can measure its strange angles and mark its infinite

aspects, and fit them and knit them into the strength of sacred invention.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 7.

THE essence of lying is in deception, not in words; a lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and baser by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blinded conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence, instead of utterance; and finally, according to Tennyson's deep and trenchant line, "A lie which is half a truth is ever the worst of lies.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 8.

MEN are merely on a lower or higher stage of eminence, whose summit is God's

throne, infinitely above all; and there is just as much reason for the wisest as for the simplest man being discontented with his position, as respects the real quantity of knowledge he possesses.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

OCTOBER 9.

BUT this poor miserable me! Is *this*, then, all the book I have got to read about God in? Yes, truly so. No other book, nor fragment of book, than that, will you ever find;—no velvet-bound missal, nor frank-incensed manuscript;—nothing hieroglyphic nor cunic form; papyrus and pyramid are alike silent in this matter;—nothing in the clouds above, nor in the earth beneath. That flesh-bound volume is the only revelation that is, that was, or that can be. In that is the image of God painted; in that is the law of God written; in that is the promise of God revealed. Know thyself; for through thyself only thou canst know God.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 10.

IF it is the love of that which your work represents; if being a landscape painter, it is love of hills and trees that moves you; if, being a figure painter, it is love of human beauty and human soul that moves you; if, being a flower or animal painter, it is love, and wonder, and delight in petal and in limb that moves you, then the spirit is upon you, and the earth is yours and the fulness thereof.

—THE TWO PATHS.

OCTOBER 11.

THE whole function of the artist in the world is to be a seeing and a feeling creature; to be an instrument of such tenderness and sensitiveness that no shadow, no hue, no line, no instantaneous and evanescent expression of the visible thing around him, nor any of the emotions which they are capable of conveying to the spirit which has been given him, shall either be left unrecorded, or fade from the book of record.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

OCTOBER 12.

IT was wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue, with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sun along the Claudian aqueduct, lighting up the infinity of its arches like the bridge of chaos. But as I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outline of the domes of Albano and graceful darkness of its ilex groves rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain cloud in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew. The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacles, the rejoicing trees sank

into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every glade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen—casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and over all the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds

that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals between the solemn and orbed repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding luster of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 13.

IT is evident that even the ordinary exercise of charity implies a condition of the whole moral being in some measure right and healthy, and that to the entire exercise of it there is necessary the entire perfection of the Christian character, for he who loves not God, nor his brother, cannot love the grass beneath his feet and the creatures that fill those spaces in the universe which he needs not, and which live not for his uses; nay, he has seldom grace to be grateful even to those that love him and serve him; while, on the other hand, none can love God nor his human brother without loving all things

which his Father loves, nor without looking upon them, every one, as in that respect his brethren also, and perhaps worthier than he, if in the under concords they have to fill, their part is touched more truly. Wherefore it is good to read of that kindness and humbleness of St. Francis of Assisi, who never spoke to bird nor cicala, nor even to wolf and beast of prey, but as his brother.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 14.

IT is, indeed, right that we should look for, and hasten, so far as in us lies, the coming of the day of God; but not that we should check any human effort by anticipation of its approach. We should hasten it best by endeavoring to work out the tasks that are appointed for us here, and, therefore, reasoning as if the world were to continue under its existing dispensation, and the powers which have just been granted to us were to be continued through myriads of future ages.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

October 15.

THERE is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking his guidance of it, or insult Him by taking it into our own hands; and what is true of the Deity is equally true of his revelation.

—The Seven Lamps of Architecture.

October 16.

THERE is nothing so great or so godly in creation but that it is a mean symbol of the Gospel of Christ, and of the things he has prepared for them that love him.

—The Stones of Venice.

October 17.

TIME is scytheless and toothless; it is we who gnaw like the worm, we who smite like the scythe. It is ourselves who abolish, ourselves who consume; we are the mildew and the flame, and the soul of a man is to its own works as the moth that frets when it cannot fly, and as the hidden flame where it cannot illumine.

—Political Economy of Art.

October 18.

It is not weariness of mortality, but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognize in all mighty things; and that is just what we now *never* recognize, but think that we are to do great things by help of iron bars and perspiration. Alas! we shall do nothing that way but lose some weight.

—Pre-Raphaelitism.

October 19.

Stand for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side, where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract—covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above, under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how

all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire, like so much shattering chrysoprase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gust from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage, and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore,

feeding the lichens which chase and checker them with purple and silver.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 20.

YOU knock a man into a ditch, and then you tell him to remain content in the "position in which Providence has placed him." That's modern Christianity. You say, "*We* did not knock him into the ditch." We shall never know what you have done or left undone, until the question with us every morning is, not how to do the gainful thing, but how to do the just thing during the day, nor until we are at least so far on the way to being Christians, as to acknowledge that maxim of the poor half-way Mahometan, "One hour in the execution of justice is worth seventy years of prayer."

—THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVES.

OCTOBER 21.

A BOOK is essentially not a talked thing but a written thing; and written, not with

the view of mere communication, but of permanence.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

OCTOBER 22.

NOW it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

OCTOBER 23.

IT never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which in itself *is* advancement in Life; that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way, while it is for no price and by no favor to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

October 24.

REASON can but determine what is true. It is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognize what God has made good.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

October 25.

OF all inorganic substances, acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in clouds, then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modeled into symmetry, and its crags chiseled into grace; then, as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the form of the torrent—in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the

deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of unwearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element, for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

OCTOBER 26.

LET man stand in due relation to other creatures, and to inanimate things—know them all and love them, as made for him, and he for them—and he becomes himself the greatest and holiest of them. But let him cast off this relation, despise and forget the less creation around him, and instead of being the light of the world, he is as a sun in space—a fiery ball, spotted with storm.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

October 27.

MAKE it the first morning business of your life to understand some part of the Bible clearly, and make it your daily business to obey it in all that you do understand.

October 28.

THIS is the thing which I know—and which, if you labor faithfully, you shall know also—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life;—Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead—and marvelous in the powers that cannot die.

—LECTURES ON ART.

October 29.

THE healthy sense of progress, which is necessary to the strength and happiness of men, does not consist in the anxiety of a struggle to attain higher place or rank, but in gradually perfecting the manner, and ac-

complishing the ends, of the life which we have chosen, or which circumstances have determined for us.

—TIME AND TIDE.

OCTOBER 30.

ALL professions should be liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

OCTOBER 31.

PEACE, Justice, and the Word of God must be *given* to the people, not sold. And these *can* only be given by a Hierarchy and Royalty, beginning at the throne of God and descending, by sacred stair, let down from heaven, to bless and keep all the holy creatures of God, man and beast, and to condemn and destroy the unholy. And in this Hierarchy and Royalty all the servants of God have part, being made priests and kings to Him, that they may feed His peo-

ple with food of angels and food of men; teaching the word of God with power, and breaking and pouring the Sacrament of Bread and Wine from house to house, in remembrance of Christ, and with gladness and singleness of heart.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

November.

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth
This autumn morning! How he sets his bones
To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out his knees and feet
For the ripple to run over in its mirth;
Listening the while where in the heap of stones
The white breast of the sealark twitters sweet.

This is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true:
Such is life's trials, as old Earth smiles and knows.
If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you;

Make the low nature better by your throes !
Give earth yourself, go up for gain above!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

NOVEMBER 1.

IF ever in autumn a pensiveness falls upon us as the leaves drift by in their fading, may we not wisely look up in hope to their mighty monuments? Behold how fair, how far prolonged, in arch and aisle, the avenues of valleys; the fringes of the hills! So stately—so eternal; the joy of man, the comfort of all living creatures, the glory of the earth—they are but the monuments of those poor leaves that flit faintly past us to die. Let them not pass, without our understanding their last counsel and example; that we also, careless of monument by the grave, may build it in the world—monument by which men may be taught to remember, not where he died, but where he lived.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

NOVEMBER 2.

WE all know that the nightingale sings

more nobly than the lark; but who, therefore, would wish the lark not to sing, or would deny that it had a character of its own, which bore a part among the melodies of creation no less essential than that of the more richly gifted bird?

—MODERN PAINTERS.

NOVEMBER 3.

THE will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery or death. A child may have to die for its parents, but the purpose of Heaven is that it shall rather live for them; that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength, and as the arrow in the hand of the giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

NOVEMBER 4.

THERE is only one cure for public distress, and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

NOVEMBER 5.

NO scene is continually and untiringly loved but one rich of joyful human labor: smooth in field, fair in garden, full in orchard, trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent, it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are necessary—the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every

wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

—UNTO THE LAST.

NOVEMBER 6.

THE fool, whatever his wit, is the man who doesn't know his Master—who has said in his heart, There is no God, no Law.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

NOVEMBER 7.

GOD has put you in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its use. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true "lady," and you

will become one, if while you learn these things you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

—LETTERS TO YOUNG GIRLS.

NOVEMBER 8.

THIS intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

NOVEMBER 9.

I WISH to plead for your several and future consideration of this one truth, that the notion of Discipline and Interference lies at the very root of all human progress or power; that the "let alone" principle is, in all things which man has to do with, the principle of death; that it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone—

if he lets his fellow-men alone—if he lets his own soul alone.

—A Joy Forever.

November 10.

We have, with Christianity, recognized the individual value of every soul; and there is no intelligence so feeble but that its single ray may in some sort contribute to the general light.

—The Stones of Venice.

November 11.

But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle; and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.

—Sesame and Lilies.

November 12.

Human work must be done honorably and thoroughly, because we are now men; whether we ever expect to be angels, or ever were slugs, being practically no matter.

—Fors Clavigera.

NOVEMBER 13.

NOW, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or, rather, knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and faithfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it.

—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

NOVEMBER 14.

THE first condition under which education can be given usefully is, that it should be clearly understood to be no means of getting on in the world, but a means of staying pleasantly in your place.

—TIME AND TIDE.

NOVEMBER 15.

THAT the occupations or pastimes of life should have no motive, is understandable;

but, that life itself should have no motive—that we neither care to find out what it may lead to, nor guard against its being forever taken from us—here is a mystery indeed.

—THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

NOVEMBER 16.

IT is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place than to expend both indiscriminately.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

NOVEMBER 17.

WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not; each completes the other, and is completed by the other. They are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and

receiving from the other what the other only can give.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

NOVEMBER 18.

NO, my friends, believe me, it is not the going without education at all that we must dread. The real thing to be feared is getting a bad one.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

NOVEMBER 19.

LET his art-gift be never so great, and cultivated to the height by the schools of a great race of men, and it is still but a tapestry thrown over his own being and inner soul; and the bearing of it will show, infallibly, whether it hangs on a man or a skeleton. If you are dim-eyed, you may not see the difference in the fall of the folds at first, but learn how to look, and the folds themselves will become transparent, and you shall see through them the death's shape, or the divine one, making the tissue

above it as a cloud of light, or as a winding sheet.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

NOVEMBER 20.

I DO not want painters to tell me any scientific facts about olive-trees. But it had been well for them to have felt and seen the olive-tree; to have loved it for Christ's sake, partly also for the helmed Wisdom's sake which was to the heathen in some sort as that nobler wisdom which stood at God's right hand, when He founded the earth and established the heavens. To have loved it even to the hoary dimness of its delicate foliage, subdued and faint of hue, as if the ashes of the Gethsemane agony had been cast upon it forever; and to have traced, line for line, the gnarled writhings of its intricate branches, and the pointed fretwork of its light and narrow leaves, inlaid in the blue field of the sky, and the small rosy-white stars of its spring blossoming, and the beads of sable fruit scattered by autumn

along its topmost boughs—the right, in Israel, of the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow—and, more than all, the softness of the mantle, silver gray, and tender like the down on a bird's breast, with which, far away, it veils the undulation of the mountains; these it had been well for them to have seen and drawn, whatever they had left unstudied in the gallery.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

NOVEMBER 21.

THEREFORE, literally it is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best.

—PRE-RAPHAELITISM.

NOVEMBER 22.

THE poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of

life; but we make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth, and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter, with everlasting comfort. We can, if we will but shake off this lethargy and dreaming that is upon us, and take the pains to think and act like men, we can, I say, make kingdoms to be like well-governed households, in which, indeed, while no care or kindness can present occasional heart-burnings, nor any foresight or piety anticipate all the vicissitudes of fortune, or avert every stroke of calamity, yet the unity of their affection and fellowship remains unbroken, and their distress is neither embittered by division, prolonged by imprudence, nor darkened by dishonor.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

NOVEMBER 23.

EVERY good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; it may contain firm assertion, or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily, and it

always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart.

NOVEMBER 24.

I THINK that every rightly constituted mind ought to rejoice, not so much in knowing anything clearly, as in feeling that there is infinitely more which it cannot know. None but proud or weak men would mourn over this, for we may always know more if we choose, by working on; but the pleasure is, I think, to humble people, in knowing that the journey is endless, the treasure inexhaustible—watching the cloud still march before them with its summitless pillar, and being sure that, to the end of time and to the length of eternity, the mysteries of its infinity will open still farther and farther, their dimness being the sign and necessary adjunct of their inexhaustibleness.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

NOVEMBER 25.

. . . BY the work of the soul, I mean the

reader always to understand the work of the entire immortal creature, proceeding from a quick, perceptive, and eager heart perfected by the intellect, and finally dealt with by the hands, under the direct guidance of these higher powers.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

NOVEMBER 26.

WHATEVER may be the means, or whatever the more immediate end, of any kind of art, all of it that is good agrees in this, that it is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

NOVEMBER 27.

ALL true Art is praise. . . . Fix then in your mind as the guiding principle of all right practical labor, and source of all healthful life—energy—that your art is to be the praise of something that you love. It may be only the praise of a shell or a stone;

it may be the praise of a hero; it may be the praise of God; your rank as a living creature is determined by the height and breadth of your love; but, be you small or great, what healthy art is possible to you must be the expression of your true delight in a real thing, better than the art."

—THE LAWS OF FESOLE.

NOVEMBER 28.

BUT if we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing, we may argue that we have reached the true perception of the Universal Laws.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

NOVEMBER 29.

THE greatest of all mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion which is not daily founded on national, effective, humble and helpful action.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

NOVEMBER 30.

As you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy; that He has made everything beautiful in its time and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans and travails in pain.

—LECTURES ON ART.

December.

ONE day alone of all the month is blest,
The dying year's most rare and splendid flower,
Earth's dearest prize and heaven's most costly gem;
For on that day from sin mankind had rest,
And knew again its long-lost spiritual power,—
That day a Child was born in Bethlehem.

—JOHN ALBEE, IN "OUTLOOK."

DECEMBER 1.

IN the range of inorganic nature, I doubt if any object can be more beautiful than a fresh snow-drift, seen under warm light. Its curves are inconceivable perfections and changefulness, its surface and transparency alike exquisite, its light and shade of inexhaustible variety and inimitable finish, the shadows sharp, pale, and of heavenly color, the reflected lights intense and multitudinous, and mingled with the sweet occurrences of transmitted light.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 2.

MANY joys may be given to men which cannot be bought for gold, and many fidelities found in them which cannot be rewarded with it.

—UNTO THE LAST.

DECEMBER 3.

FOR a wholesome human employment is the first and best method of education, mental as well as bodily.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

ALL enmity, jealousy, opposition and secrecy are wholly, and in all circumstances, destructive in their nature—not productive; and all kindness, fellowship, and communicativeness are invariably productive in their operation—not destructive.

—A JOY FOREVER.

DECEMBER 4.

LABOR considered as a discipline has hitherto been thought of only for criminals; but the real and noblest function of labor is to prevent crime, and not to be *re*formatory, but formatory.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

DECEMBER 5.

THE repose which is necessary to all beauty is, repose not of inanition, nor of

luxury, nor of irresolution, but the repose of magnificent energy and being; in action, the calmness of trust and determination; in rest the consciousness of duty accomplished and of victory won, and this repose and this felicity can take place as well in the midst of trial and tempest as beside the waters of comfort; they perish only when the creature is either unfaithful to itself, or is afflicted by circumstances unnatural and malignant to its being, and for the contending with which it was neither fitted nor ordained. Hence that rest which is indeed glorious is of the chamois couched heathless on his granite bed, not of the stalled ox over his fodder, and that happiness which is indeed beautiful is in the bearing of those trial tests which are appointed for the proving of every creature, whether it be good, or whether it be evil; and in the fulfilment to the uttermost of every command it has received; and the out-carrying to the uttermost of every power and gift it has gotten from its God.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 6.

THE temper, therefore, by which right taste is formed, is, first, patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it, it does not trample upon it lest it should be pearls ; even though it look like husks, it is a good ground, soft, penetrable, retentive ; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts, to choke the weak seed ; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it ; it is an honest and good heart, that shows no too ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterward ; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and to try all things, and yet so trustful of itself that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And that pleasure which it has in things that it finds true and good, is so great that it cannot possibly be led aside by any trick of fashion, nor disease of vanity ; it cannot be cramped in its conditions by partialities and hypocrisies ; its vision and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed

object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply. It clasps all that it loves so hard that it crushes it if it be hollow.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 7.

St. George's Guild.

I TRUST in the living God, Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth and all things and creatures visible and invisible. I trust in the kindness of His law and the goodness of His work. I will strive to love Him and keep His laws and see His work while I live. I trust in the nobleness of human nature, in the majesty of its faculties, the fulness of its mercy, and the joy of its love. And I will strive to love my neighbor as myself, and even when I cannot, will act as if I did. . . I will not kill or hurt any living creature needlessly, nor destroy any beautiful thing, but will strive to serve and comfort all gentle life and guard and perfect all natural beauty on earth. I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into all the higher powers of

duty and happiness, not in rivalship or contention with others but for the help, delight, and honor of others and for the joy and peace of my own life.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

DECEMBER 8.

MAN is the sun of the world; more than the real sun. The fire of his wonderful heart is the only light and heat worth gauge or measure. Where he is, are the tropics; where he is not, the ice-world.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 9.

SO it is with external Nature; she has a body and a soul like a man; but her soul is the Deity. It is possible to represent the body without the spirit; and this shall be like to those whose senses are only cognizant of body. It is possible to represent the spirit in its ordinary and inferior manifestations, and this shall be like to those who

have not watched for its moments of power. It is possible to represent the spirit in its secret and high operations, and this shall be like only to those to whose watching they have been revealed. All these are truth; but according to the dignity of the truths he can represent or feel is the power of the painter—the justice of the judge.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 10.

AN artist need not be a learned man, but he ought, if possible, to be an *educated* man; . . . the mind of an educated man is greater than the knowledge it possesses; it is like the vault of heaven, encompassing the earth which lives and flourishes beneath it; but the mind of an educated and learned man is like a caoutchouc band, with an everlasting spirit of contraction in it, fastening together papers which it cannot open and keeps others from opening.

—THE STONES OF VENICE.

DECEMBER 11.

WHEN you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my temper?" And keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiseling and patientest fussing before you can gather one grain of the metal.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

DECEMBER 12.

FOR we are not sent into this world to

do anything into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

DECEMBER 13.

I KNOW not that if all things had been equally beautiful we could have received the idea of beauty at all, or if we had, certainly it had become a matter of indifference to us, and of little thought, whereas through the beneficent ordaining of degrees in its manifestations, the hearts of men are stirred by its occasional occurrence, in its noblest form, and all their energies are awakened in the pursuit of it, and endeavor to arrest or recreate it for themselves.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 14.

THERE is dreaming enough, and earthiness

enough, and sensuality enough in human existence without our turning the few glowing moments of it into mechanism; and since our life must at the best be but a vapor that appears for a little time and then vanishes away, let it at least appear as a cloud in the height of heaven, not as the thick darkness that broods over the blast of the furnace, and the rolling of the wheel.

—THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.

DECEMBER 15.

MAKE, then, your choice, boldly and consciously, for one way or other it *must* be made. On the dark and dangerous side are set the pride which delights in self-contemplation, the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms, the ignorance that despises what is fairest among God's creatures, and the dulness that denies what is marvelous in His workings: there is a life monotony for our own souls, and of misguiding for those of others. And on the other side is open to your choice the life of

the crowned spirit, moving as a light in creation—discovering always—illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bound down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its progress; happy in what it has securely done—happier in what, day by day, it may securely hope; happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning, to remember that there never was a touch of the chisel or the pencil it wielded but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind.

—THE TWO PATHS.

DECEMBER 16.

I TELL you, lover of liberty, there is no choice offered to you, but it is similarly between life and death. There is no act, nor option of act, possible, but the wrong deed or option has poison in it which will stay in your veins thereafter forever. Never more to all eternity can you be as you might have

been had you not done that—chosen that. You have "formed your character," forsooth! No; if you have chosen ill, you have de-formed it, and that forever! In some choices it had been better for you that a red-hot iron bar struck you aside, scarred and helpless, than that you had so chosen.

—THE QUEEN OF THE AIR.

DECEMBER 17.

READ your Carlyle, then, with all your heart, and with the best brain you can, give, and you will learn from him, first, the eternity of good law, and the need of obedience to it.

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

DECEMBER 18.

I WOULD urge every young woman to obtain as soon as she can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making her little library, of all the furniture in her room,

the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche.

DECEMBER 19.

IT is just as true for us, as for the crystal, that the nobleness of life depends on its consistency—clearage of purpose—quiet and ceaseless energy. All doubt, repenting, and botching, and retouching, and wondering what will be best to do next, are vice, as well as misery.

—ETHICS OF THE DUST.

DECEMBER 20.

LOVE and trust are the only mother-milk of any man's soul. So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. Do not think that with impunity you can follow the eyeless fool, and shout with the shouting charlatan; and that the men you thrust aside with gibe and blow are thus sneered and crushed into the best service they can do you. I have told you they *will*

not serve you for pay. They *cannot* serve you for scorn. . . . No man can serve you either for purse or curse; neither kind of pay will answer. No pay is, indeed, receivable by any true man; but power is receivable by him in the love and faith you give him.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 21.

LIFE without industry is guilt, and industry without intellect is brutality. All the busy world of flying looms and whirling spindles begins in the quiet thought of some scholar cloistered in his closet.

DECEMBER 22.

THE secret of language is the secret of sympathy, and its full charm is possible only to the gentle.

—LECTURES ON ART.

THE plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities.

—POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART.

DECEMBER 23.

ALL the best things and treasures of this world are not to be produced by each generation for itself; but we are all intended not to carve our work in snow that will melt, but each and all of us to be continually rolling a great white gathering snowball, higher and higher, larger and larger, among the Alps of human power.

—POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART.

DECEMBER 24.

WHETHER we force the man's property from him by pinching his stomach, or pinching his fingers, makes some difference anatomically; morally, none whatever.

—THE TWO PATHS.

DECEMBER 25.

WHAT is this Christmas to you?

—FORS CLAVIGERA.

DECEMBER 26.

THERE is in trees no perfect form which

can be fixed upon or reasoned out as an ideal ; but that is always an ideal oak which, however poverty-stricken or hunger-pinched or tempest-tortured, is yet seen to have done, under its appointed circumstances, all that could be expected of oak.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 27.

THE spirit of the hills is action ; that of the lowlands, repose ; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest : from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which, with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan hands to Heaven, saying, "I live forever !"

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 28.

YOU can't manufacture man, any more than you can manufacture gold. You can

find him, refine him ; you dig him out as he lies nugget-fashion in the mountain stream ; you bring him home and make him into current coin or household plate, but not one grain of him can you originally produce.

—POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART.

DECEMBER 29.

THE more my life disappointed me, the more solemn and wonderful it became to me.

—SESAME AND LILIES.

DECEMBER 30.

WHEN the time comes for us to wake out of the world's sleep, why should it be otherwise than out of the dreams of the night ? Singing of birds, first broken and low, as, not to dying eyes, but eyes that wake to life, "the casement slowly grows a glimmering square ; " and then the gray, and then the rose of dawn ; and last the light, whose going forth is to the ends of heaven.

—MODERN PAINTERS.

DECEMBER 31.

AND the perfect day shall be, when it is of all men understood that the beauty of Holiness must be in labor as well as in rest. Nay, *more*, if it be in labor, in our strength, rather than in our weakness; and in the choice of what we shall work for through the six days, and may know to be good at their evening time, than in the choice of what we pay for on the seventh, of reward or repose. With the multitude that keep holiday, we may perhaps sometimes vainly have gone up to the house of the Lord, and vainly there asked for what we fancied would be mercy; but for the few who labor as their Lord would have them, the mercy needs no seeking, and their wide home no hallowing. Surely, goodness and mercy shall *follow* them *all* the days of their life; and they shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

LECTURES ON ART.

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