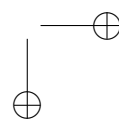
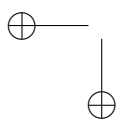
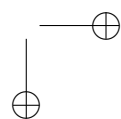
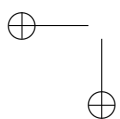
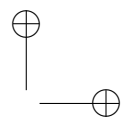
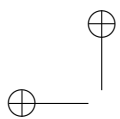
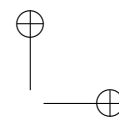
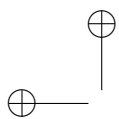


A POET'S PROVERBS



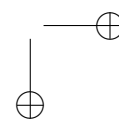
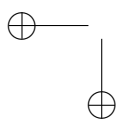


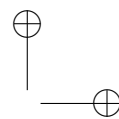
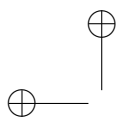


A POET'S PROVERBS
BEING MIRTHFUL, SOBER
AND FANCIFUL EPIGRAMS ON
THE UNIVERSE WITH
CERTAIN OLD IRISH PROVERBS, ALL IN
RHYMED COUPLETS

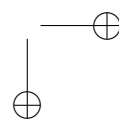
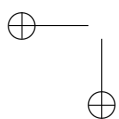
Arthur Guiterman

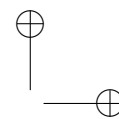
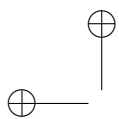
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2026
First Published, 1924

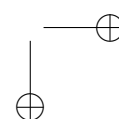
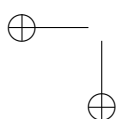


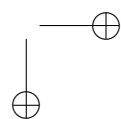
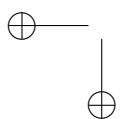
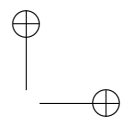
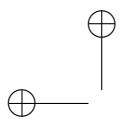


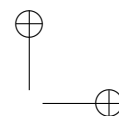
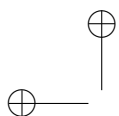
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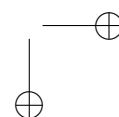
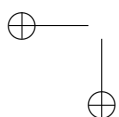


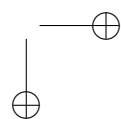
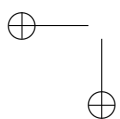
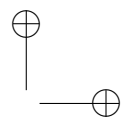
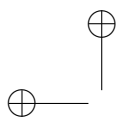


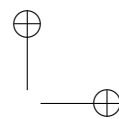
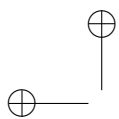


FRIENDS AND PHILOSOPHERS!

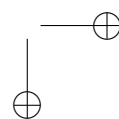
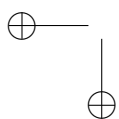
For we be all philosophers together, viewing this varied world and pondering its antic ways. And since, even like unto yourselves, I have spent long nights and days under both sky and roof-tree, experiencing many things, reading many books and thinking deeply or lightly upon all, it may be thought seemly that I place before ye, my compeers, the fruit of my reflections, even that ye may match them with your own for confirmation or dissent. Wherefore, marshaling my host of fancies and convictions – whether they be all my own or whether drafted from the thought-realms of keener-witted sages of long ago – I range them before ye dressed out in measured couplets; for I do write in rhyme and meter, such being my nature.

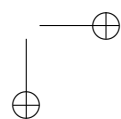
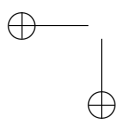
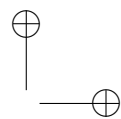
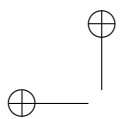


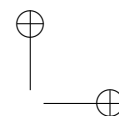
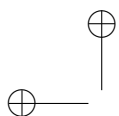




A POET'S PROVERBS







OF COURTESY

If you are Good, for Goodness' Sake be grateful
And mind your Manners! – Don't make Virtue hateful.



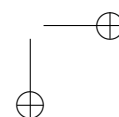
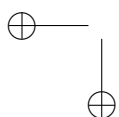
The Porcupine, whom one must Handle, gloved,
May be Respected, but is never Loved.

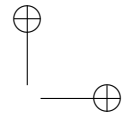
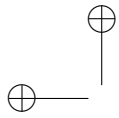


Good Manners may in Seven Words be found:
Forget Yourself and think of Those Around.



The gruff Rhinoceros is Armor-clad;
He needs to be – his Temper is so Bad.





OF TACT

Don't tell your Friends about your Indigestion:
"How are you!" is a Greeting, not a Question.



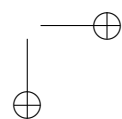
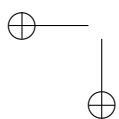
The Kindly may be Nuisances and Bores;
A Saint who Snores means well, but still he Snores!

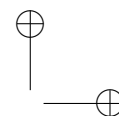
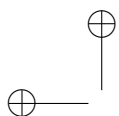


An Enemy he made through Scorn to spend
The Courtesy that would have made a Friend.



When you strive for the Place
That you feel the World owes,
Look the World in the Face,
But don't pull the World's Nose!





OF APPAREL

Pride plumed the Courtier's Hat; and Pride designed
The Woodman's Coonskin Cap with Tail behind.



You need not dress by Fashion's Last Decree,
But don't have Pins where Buttons ought to be.



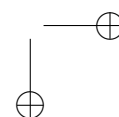
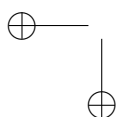
Only the Proven Man of Worth and Note
Can well afford to wear a Shabby Coat.

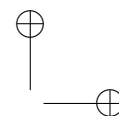
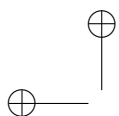


Your Clothes if hung up carefully, will wear
Much better than if flung upon a Chair.



No Weather is Bad
When you're Suitably Clad.





OF FRIENDSHIP

Show Love to those you love, lest Love should fail;
Let not the Long Grass grow on Friendship's Trail.



Some Hearts resemble Little Pools that are
Just large enough to mirror One Dear Star.



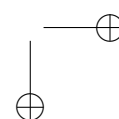
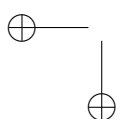
Never needlessly offend;
Lose no Chance to Make a Friend.

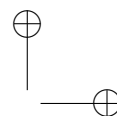
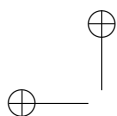


The Truest Mirrors Fortune sends
Are Honest Eyes of Faithful Friends.



Old Friends are best; yet, as the Swift Years run,
Make New Ones, too, or Time may leave you None.





OF NEIGHBORLINESS

In Grief or Happiness, in Strife or Labor,
There is no Man but sometime needs his Neighbor.



You know your Neighbor's Wish beyond a doubt;
His Hedge, however low, means, "Please Keep Out!"



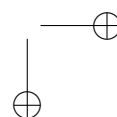
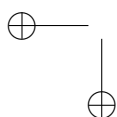
Love your Neighbor, yet Respect him, too;
Don't pull down the Fence 'twixt him and you.

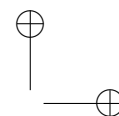
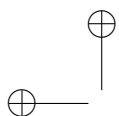


Seek brands at Neighbor-hearths; yet be not prone
To linger. Light a Hearth Fire of your own!



Favors that we beg and pray for
Cost us more than those we pay for.





OF BUILDINGS

A House begins to be a Ruin, when
A Fallen Tile is not put back again.



A growth of Ivy beautifies a Wall;
An Overgrowth will make the Coping fall.



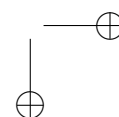
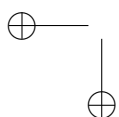
The Storm abates where Walls are Weatherproof;
The Deluge pours upon the Leaky Roof.

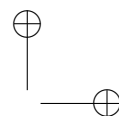
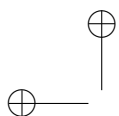


To Build the House may not be your Affair,
But you can Keep the House in Good Repair.



Draw Good from Ill: In Days of Storm
A House of Snow will keep you warm.





OF PROGRESS

No True Reform has ever come to pass
Unchallenged by a Lion and an Ass.



Say not the Future must be like the Past,
Unless you know how long the World will last.



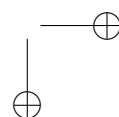
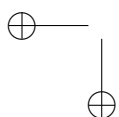
Rules, like Men, to Time must bow;
Then was Then, but Now is Now.

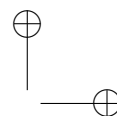
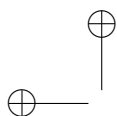


The Past's a Book wherein some Truths are found,
But not a Chain by which Men's Feet are bound.



Keep out of Ruts; a Rut is something which,
If traveled in too much, becomes a Ditch.





OF SEASONS

Unwelcome Winter, that old Reprobate,
Is always Early; Spring is always Late.



Spring, knowing that her Reign is all-too-brief,
Hurries the Blossom out before the Leaf.



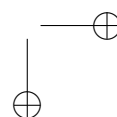
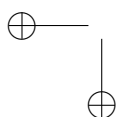
Oak Leaf and Squirrel's Foot, our Woodmen claim,
On May the Tenth should measure just the same.

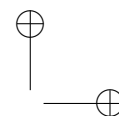
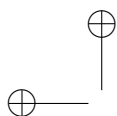


Sweet is the Summer Day; and full of Song
And Cheer the Winter Night; and both are Long.



The Maple Leaf and Summer Butterfly,
How lovely are they just before they die!





OF STARS

A Daily Ride Earth gives to everyone,
And every Year a Trip around the Sun.



The Sun's Great Beacon gives the Planets Day;
A Firefly's Lantern lights a Firefly's Way.



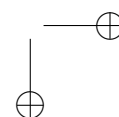
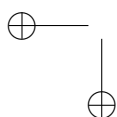
The Daily Tasks may seem imprisoning Bars;
But every Night your Thoughts may range the Stars.

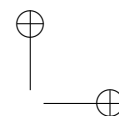
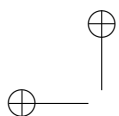


Dark are the Spheres that only Drink the Light;
The Moons that Take and Give alone are Bright.



Skyward we turn, like Children loving best
The Story that is told us Oftenest.





OF CHEERINESS

Umbrellas that are up when Days are duller,
Instead of being Dark should glow with Color.



In Pleasant Houses Cheerfulness abides;
The Trout in Sunny Pools have Silver Sides.



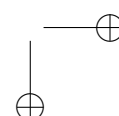
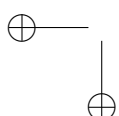
Few Pleasant Visitors are theirs
Who have no Comfortable Chairs.

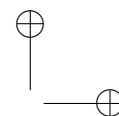
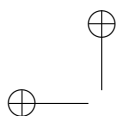


If all the World looks drear, perhaps the meaning
Is that your Windows need a little Cleaning.



My Room shall be an Easy Room to Chat In,
With Chairs that look as if they had been Sat In.





OF FLOWERS AND BEES

While Honey lies in Every Flower, no doubt,
It takes a Bee to get the Honey out.



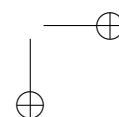
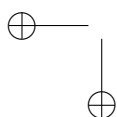
The Daisy is a Weed of little Worth –
Save that it makes a Dearer Place of Earth.

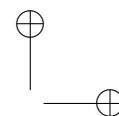
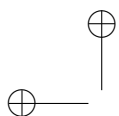


No Dearth of Roses honest Bumble pleads,
But draws Some Sort of Honey out of Weeds.



For each pure Rose
That now the Bush adorns,
The patient Gardener knows
A Hundred Thorns.





OF WOMEN

Give Womanhood and Childhood both their Due;
The Lioness and Cubs are Lions, too.



“Too little Closet Room!” cries Eve, and frowns;
For Adam says, “Too many Frocks and Gowns!”



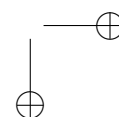
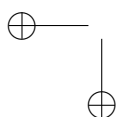
“No, I can’t sew,” she said, “or cook a bit!”
And, strange to tell, the Girl was Proud of it!

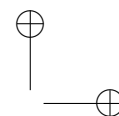
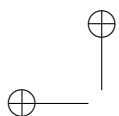


In Courtship, so the Saying goes,
One “Yes” will mend a Hundred “Noes.”



“Grow tall!” the Rabbis said in Days that Were,
“But if thy Wife be little, stoop to her.”





OF CLEANLINESS

At Cleaning Time with Proud or Mean
The Woman with the Broom is Queen.



To Clean the House with Broom and Clout
You need not turn it Inside Out.



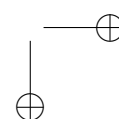
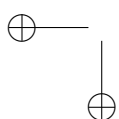
Like old accustomed Spots upon the Wall,
Familiar Faults seem hardly Faults at all.

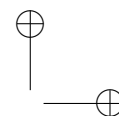
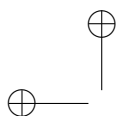


Your Written Letter speaks for You to Me;
Then have it Clean and Bright as You would be.



Where Dirt remains, though hid behind a Screen,
No Room or Heart is wholesome. Sweep it Clean!





OF ASPIRATION

The Mudfish scolds the Flying Fish for Flying –
A Thing no Honest Mudfish dreams of trying.



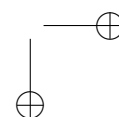
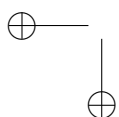
A golden Dream was sent to Dreamers Two:
One scorned the Dream, the other made it True.

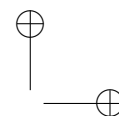
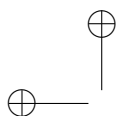


Mind your Mark! But, make or break,
Mind what Mark you mean to make.



God's Road is all Uphill,
But do not tire;
Rejoice that we may still
Keep Climbing Higher.





OF SPORT

In Life as in Football
Fall Forward when you fall.



The Dust is often in the Face
Of him who learns to Win the Race.



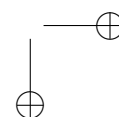
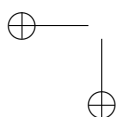
If I can't make the Goal, I pick my Man
And pass the Ball to Someone Else who can.

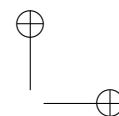
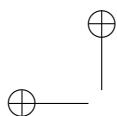


No Race is Won or Lost
Before the Line is crossed.



He may not score, and yet he helps to Win
Who makes the Hit that brings the Runner in.





OF SPORTSMANSHIP

You lost? Enough. Don't try
To tell the Victor "why."



Your own Good Faith must be your chiefest Care;
No matter what Some Others do – Play Fair!



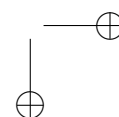
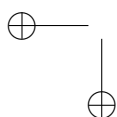
One Loser said the Race was wrongly run;
The Other laughed and tried again and won.

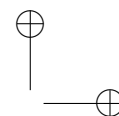
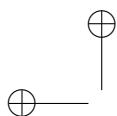


Put down the Gun; restrain the Ruthless Mood;
A Dead Bird sings no Song and rears no Brood.



Lend a Hand to drag the Sled uphill;
Earn your Right to know the Coaster's Thrill.





OF PACKS AND BURDENS

All the Way Outward and all the Way Back,
Leading or Following, Carry your Pack!



Make fast the Pack upon your Shoulders rightly;
For Heavy Burdens may be carried Lightly.



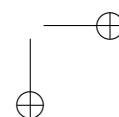
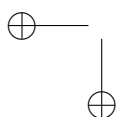
For Woodland Trail and Mountain Height
Let Feet and Heart and Pack be light.

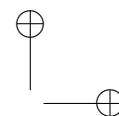
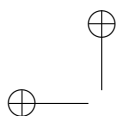


Beloved by all is he that freely shares
With other Men his Pleasures and their Cares.



Who takes upon his Back without a Groan
Another's Trouble, pushes off His own.





OF HILLS

Come breast the Slope and leave the grassy Vale!
The Joy of Life is on the Upward Trail.



The Hill, so Steep when viewed from far below,
Becomes an Easy Slope as up you go.



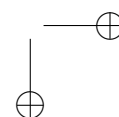
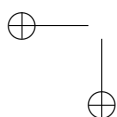
No matter how the Hilltop Road may tire,
'Tis better than the shortcut through the Mire.

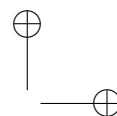
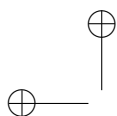


For Age, the Road that threads the Vale;
But Youth should take the Sky-line Trail.



Men love the Hills, because, like Men, They rise
Compact of Earth, but reaching toward the Skies.





OF TRAILS AND ROADS

Blaze the Trail, young Pioneer!
Those to Come will tread it clear.



Good Company and not too great a Load,
And what care I how long may be the Road!



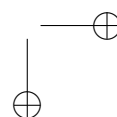
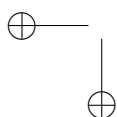
The Woods where Hunting never fails
Are rarely reached by easy Trails.

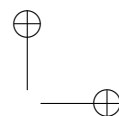
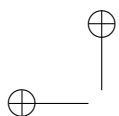


Nor lone nor sad is he who walks all day
With Pleasant Thoughts for Comrades on the Way.



To taste how good it is to be alive,
Be up and on a Hillward Trail at Five.





OF TRAILS AND ROADS

Keep the Old Trail well in Sight
Till you know the New is Right.



When Mists around the Mountain wreathe a Veil,
Don't go Exploring – keep the Well-marked Trail.



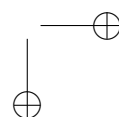
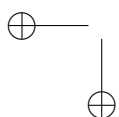
The Trail that winds among the Darkened Trees
You cannot see? Then follow Him who Sees.

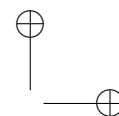
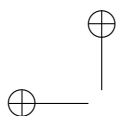


Walk not the Errant Path; the Broadening Way
You tread will lead Young Wanderers astray.



No Path can give Delight
To him whose Shoes are Tight.





OF CAMPS

Would you know the Forest's Deeper Joys?
Camp beneath the Stars that make no Noise.



Use little Chips and Twigs to start the Fire
And Great Logs only when the Flame leaps higher.



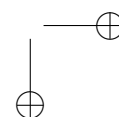
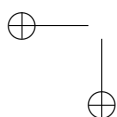
The Camper-out who hopes to have his Share
Of Sleep at Night, should make his Bed with Care.

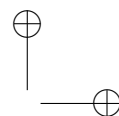
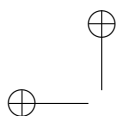


The Faithful Lover of the Woods remembers
To clean his Camp and quench the Campfire's Embers.



Before you leave the Camp that gave you Rest,
Pile up more Wood to warm the Coming Guest.





OF BROOKS

No Wanderer of Wood or Mountainside
Was ever lost who kept a Brook as Guide.



Active minds that think and study,
Like Swift Brooks are seldom Muddy.



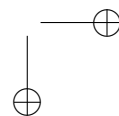
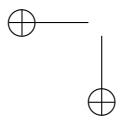
The Brook though changing Water, Bed, and Course,
Is still That Brook; it cannot change its Source.

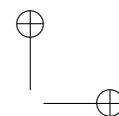
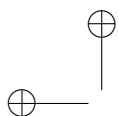


Unvexed by Dust or Jar of Wheels or Hooves,
A River is a Silver Road that moves.



A brook will guide you up the Wildest Glen;
The Friendly Brook will lead you Home again.





OF STREAMS AND SPRINGS

Streams tear the Hills; the Sea invades the Sand;
All Water wages endless War on Land.



Though well you Row, the River, ever flowing,
Will bear you back unless you Keep On Rowing.



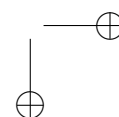
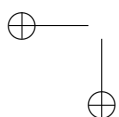
Down the Stream he poled the Raft;
All the little Fishes laughed.

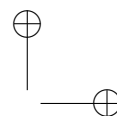
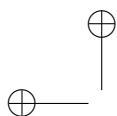


The Day is drear with Rain? Remember, then,
The Parched-up Spring that shall be full again.



When you have dipped your Cup, remembering
That other Trailsmen thirst, Respect the Spring.





OF OUTDOORS

When Stress of Storm the Lake's broad Bosom mars,
The quiet little Pool reflects the Stars.



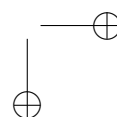
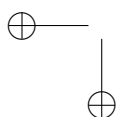
In what are Deserts now, clear Eyes may see
The Fruitful Fields of Days that Are to Be.

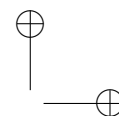
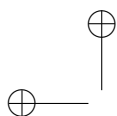


To live as free as Air and yet not lack
The Simpler Comforts, foot it with a Pack.



Of all Fair Scenes the World holds none more good
Than laughing Stream and greenly waving Wood.
Of all Sad Scenes what sadder can there be
Than drought-parched River-bed and flame-charred Tree!





OF FAIR DELIGHTS

The Stars and all the Flowers that sleep below them
Are theirs who learn to Name them and to Know them.



A Birch-Bark Basket may be fair to see,
But just to make one do not Spoil a Tree.



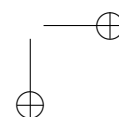
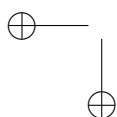
Enjoy the Road. The Best is lost to those
Who hurry blindly toward the Journey's Close.

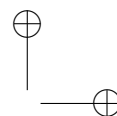
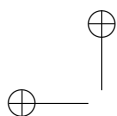


It is the Bough you did not break last Spring
That now delights your Soul with Blossoming.



The Gentians that you left beside the Wall
Are those whose Blue will gladden you this Fall.





OF ANGLERS

The skillful Caster never singles out
The Fly he likes, but that which suits the Trout.



Keep cool and ravel out your Fishing Line;
Impatience multiplies each Knot by Nine.



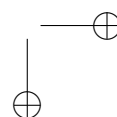
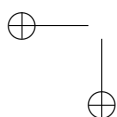
You Fished; but he that Paddled the Canoe
Did as much to Catch the Trout as you.

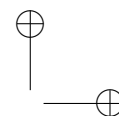
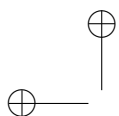


Try the Brook that none esteem;
Do not fish the Famous Stream.



By Threats the Bully wins few Partisans,
For Fish are rarely caught in Frying Pans.





OF FISH

He wins Few Fish with Rod or Net
Who fears to get his Clothing wet.



Perhaps you lost the Trout, but why regret it?
You Hooked and Played it, if you didn't Net it.



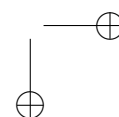
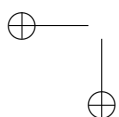
"The Folks on Land are Dumb," the Fish declare;
"How can they speak? – their Mouths are full of Air!"

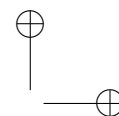
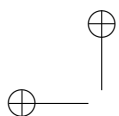


The Cheapest Fish were those you Bought;
The Sweetest Fish were those you Caught.



How generous is Ocean! Who can match
His Gift of all the Fish that you can Catch?





OF HORSES

They use the Whip, the Horse complains,
Who lack the Sense to use the Reins.



Born Men and Horses pull their best
Not Tandem-hitched, but All-abreast.



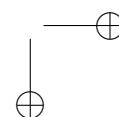
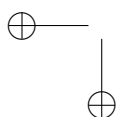
No Ragged Saddle can disgrace
The Thoroughbred who wins the Race.

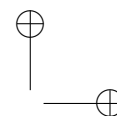
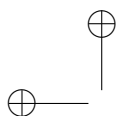


The Rider in the Saddle picks the Way;
And he that Mounts Behind has Naught to say.



Responsibility is Spur or Bridle;
It drives the Vigorous, but checks the Idle.





OF CERTAIN QUADRUPEDS

The Puppy whimpers, “Oh, this World of Woes!”
Because the Kitten scratched his little Nose.



You’re Busy? Chipmunks darting in and out
The Wall are Busy, too – but what about?



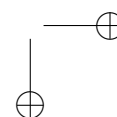
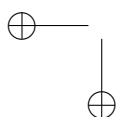
From Beavers, Bees should learn to mend their Ways;
A Bee just Works; a Beaver Works and Plays.

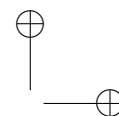
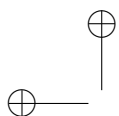


The Prairie Dog, alert for Fancied Harms,
Is chiefly busy sounding False Alarms.



The Sheep Dog does not waste his Teeth in Fighting,
But saves them for a Wolf who may need Biting.





OF CERTAIN BIRDS

The Hawk with Envy sees the Otter swim,
Not dreaming how the one envies him.



In zeal to Run, forgetting how to Fly,
The Ostrich gained the Earth, but lost the Sky.



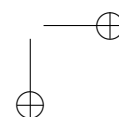
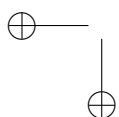
Changeful as Men, at times the Gulls forsake
The Sea to wheel above the Mountain Lake.

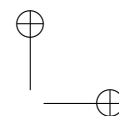
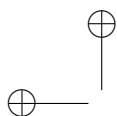


“Your Song,” the Catbird jeered, “is poor in Tone!”
“But still,” returned the Wren, “my Song’s my own!”



No Talent comes Full-fledged: From Birdland winging,
The Birds, before their Concerts, Practice Singing.





OF MERCHANTS

“War makes a Merchant, Man of Trade?”
“Not Selling Wares, but Getting Paid!”



In Business be Exact; 'tis better thus;
In Friendship you may then be Generous.



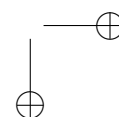
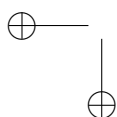
The Brave old Merchant shipped all Sorts
Of Merchandise and tried All Ports.

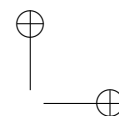
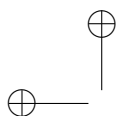


Nor All his Stock the Merchant's Window shows;
One should not make Display of All he knows.



He traveled ill who, praising Naught, expands
In What-he-didn't-like in Other Lands.





OF VOYAGERS

Adventurers who dare not sail their Ships
Till Wind and Tide are fair, will make Few Trips.



“Mind the Helm or Rock!” the Whirlpool chuckles.
Hark to Reason or she’ll Rap your Knuckles.



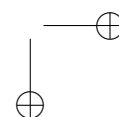
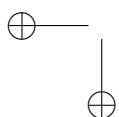
He finds not any Good in any sort
Of Wind, who does not steer for any Port.

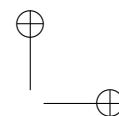
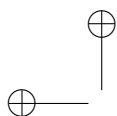


When Wind and Water come to Grips
Their Wrath is wreaked upon the Ships.



The Seasoned Traveler shuns the Horse that Stumbles,
The Bed that Creaks, the Table-mate whe Grumbles.





OF SAILORS

Sailor bold, be not too bold;
The Ship is Young, the Sea is Old.



That Pilot has a Load of Blame to bear
Who ran upon the Rocks he knew were there.



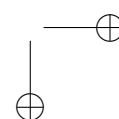
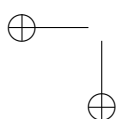
Small skill is gained by those who cling to Ease;
The Able Sailor hails from Stormy Seas.

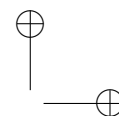
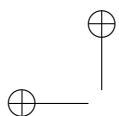


You cannot Row and Bail to keep afloat;
Then stop the Leak or build a Better Boat.



To Steer his Course the Sailor scans the Stars,
Yet does not fail to see the Rocks and Bars.





OF HUMAN PHENOMENA

Where Eager Talkers form the Major Faction,
A Listener finds himself the Chief Attraction.



An Idol Worshipper is he, no less,
Who sacrifices Truth to Cleverness.



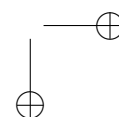
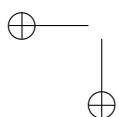
Which is it brings the Archer Fame –
His Bow, his Arrows, or his Aim?

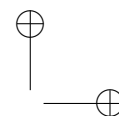
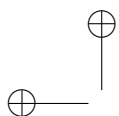


He that's called the Fearless One
Oft is he that Feared to Run.



Fortune's Favors can be cruel;
Fires are choked by Too Much Fuel.





OF ANGER

Though just be your Anger, restrain it, my Brother;
Why punish Yourself for the Fault of Another?



Because a Donkey takes a whim
To Bray at You, why Bray at Him?



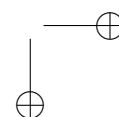
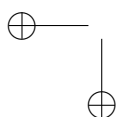
That Scamp the Jay proclaims in Rage and Grief
That Tail-in-Air the Squirrel is a Thief!

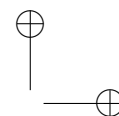
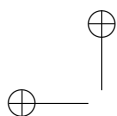


The angry Brawler's Wordy Bluster shows
His Foe precisely where to plant his Blows.



A Jest, unduly pushed, becomes no Jest;
Remember always, too far East is West.





OF WRATH

As Ruffled Lakes distort whatever kinds
Of things they mirror, so do Ruffled Minds.



Anger drives away the Peace of Men;
Pleasant Laughter calls it back again.



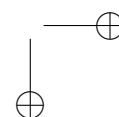
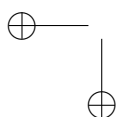
Hold your Wrath One Moment brief
Save a Hundred Days of Grief.

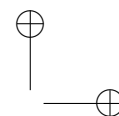
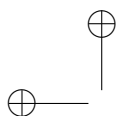


I took Revenge, for I had suffered long,
And my small Right became enormous Wrong.



You're sure that you are Right? How fine and strong!
But were you never just as Sure – and Wrong?





OF QUARRELS

When Eagles fight with raging hearts,
The Arrowmaker plumes his Darts.



Though Jay and Squirrel wrangle, neither can
Remember When and How the Feud began.



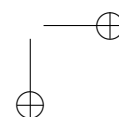
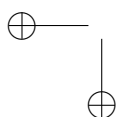
No Quarrel ever stirred
Before the Second Word.

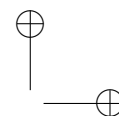
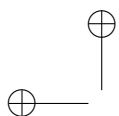


Adjusting Quarrels proves Good Will;
Preventing them is nobler still.



A Slander counts by Threes its victims, who
Are Speaker, Spoken Of, and Spoken To.





OF EVIL-SPEAKING

Though Speaking Ill of All, the Gossiper
Could never dream that All Speak Ill of Her.



Who answers Evil Speaking with a Flood
Of Evil Speech, would wash off Dirt with Mud.



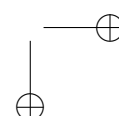
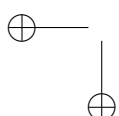
If Dogs will bark,
You need not hark.

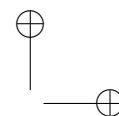
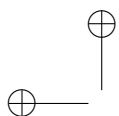


Belittling Work that Others do
Will gain no Praise nor Prize for you.



Far easier it is to See and State
That Lines are Crooked than to Draw them Straight.





OF JUDGMENTS

Before you Criticize with Words Unkind,
Look Thrice for all the Good that you can find.



The Stones that Critics hurl with Harsh Intent
A Man may use to build his Monument.



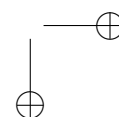
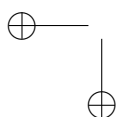
Before the Singing Thrush the Donkey brays
And begs for Criticism, seeking Praise.

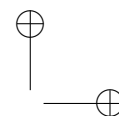
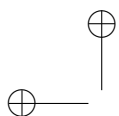


Who praised the Bad work falsely, is the one
To blame for Future Work as badly done.



The Verdict must be nearly Right
That pleases Neither Party – quite.





OF WORDS

The Words of the Wisest and Wittiest Men;
Like Thunder are echoed again and again.



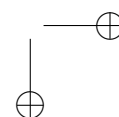
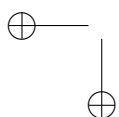
Whatever – Deep or Shallow, New or Old –
Is clearly Thought, can be as clearly Told.

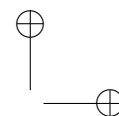
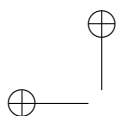


You said the Needed Word? Be glad you said it,
No matter if Another gets the Credit.



The Young will talk of Work Begun,
The Old may talk of Work Put Through;
The Tongues of Fools and Idlers run
On what they Have a Mind to Do.





OF TALK

Men talk in Business Hours and Time of Leisure
For Gain, for Use – but Most for their Own Pleasure.



How eloquent the Orator
Who says Enough – and Nothing More!



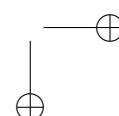
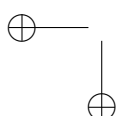
Speak quietly, however great the Matter;
Loud Talking makes Wise Truth seem Idle Chatter.

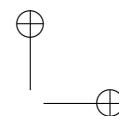
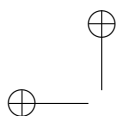


You like to Tell it; is it clear
That Others, too, would like to Hear?



That Words are like Sunbeams all Speakers should learn:
The more you Condense them the Deeper they Burn.





OF SECRETS

The Secret's safe from Friend and Foe
That you let No One know you know.



Walls have Ears; but no one cares
Unless a Tongue is also theirs.



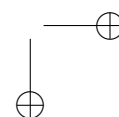
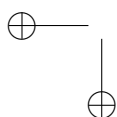
What Greedy Ears receive, Loose Tongues betray;
But no one can Repeat what you Don't Say.

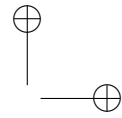
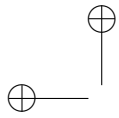


It was your Secret, yet you couldn't hold it!
And will he keep it, then, to whom you told it?



If, when done, you'd wish none knew it,
Don't do it!





OF ARGUMENT

He argues best who never girds,
But puts Hard Facts in clear, Soft Words.



It helps alike both Him and You
To get Another's Point of View.



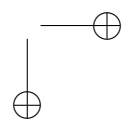
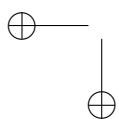
One Lying Argument may wreck your Plea,
However Strong in Truth your Cause may be.

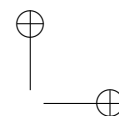
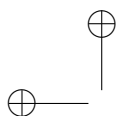


The Talker used his Eloquence amiss
Who argued scrambling down the Precipice.



He knows the Truest Way to Teach
Who puts Great Thoughts in Simple Speech.





OF BRAGGING

The Car that has the Greater Speed will Show it,
And that which has the Louder Horn will Blow it.



Who brags about his Faults, no doubt
Has little else to brag about.



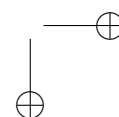
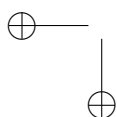
Don't Praise yourself, lest others Doubt and Grieve you;
Yet don't Dispraise yourself – they might Believe you.

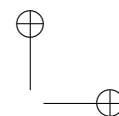
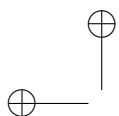


Of all his Race, the Meanest One
Braggs most of what his Race has done.



It does not ease a Luckless One's Distress
To hear you brag about your own Success.





OF BOASTERS

Empty are Bandboxes, Demijohns, Shelves,
Houses and Men that are Full of Themselves.



Who loves too much his own Small Candle's light,
Knows not the Stars that glorify the Night.



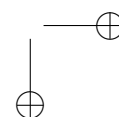
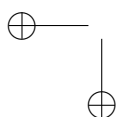
Though Pens have other Views, the Blotters think
That Ink was made for Blotter Pads to drink.

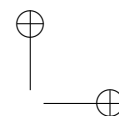
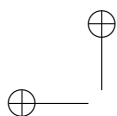


Don't praise Yourself to People who
May know the Folks next door to you.



The booming, vainglorious Drum of the Partridge
Advises the Hunter to slip in a Cartridge.





OF CONCEIT

The New-hatched Chick will gladly show
Old Chanticleer the Way to Crow.



In foolish Pride the Sparrow tried to stride
Beside the Crane – and split himself in twain.



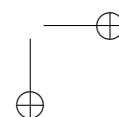
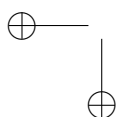
“I’m always Right!” the Mouse squeaked from the Fern.
“Good!” thought the Owl. “Then you’re Too Smart to Learn.”

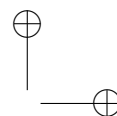
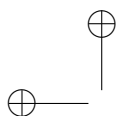


If we saw Others as they see Themselves,
The Hats of Men would all be Number Twelves.



Until the Donkey tried to clear
The Fence, he thought himself a Deer.





OF SELF-ESTEEM

Self-satisfaction lights the Pigling's Eye,
Which proves the Pig not hard to satisfy.



"Who'd ever fancy," mused the wise old Frog,
"That *I* was once a simple Pollywog!"



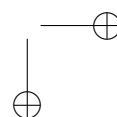
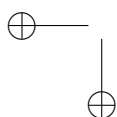
"What Fruits," the Speaker jeered, "can Science show?"
And Science brought his Words by Radio.

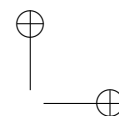
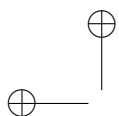


Because the Well resounds, it does not follow
That it is Deep; it may be merely Hollow.



A Folly wrecks itself; so wherefore trouble
To use a Pin to prick a bursting Bubble?





OF CAUTION

'Tis better Thrice to ask your way
Than even Once to go astray.



Trust not a Water strange to you
Nor sign a Paper not read through.



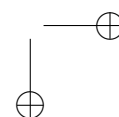
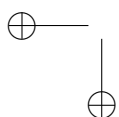
To quit the River's Brink may please you ill;
To quit the Bottom, though, is harder still.

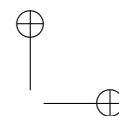
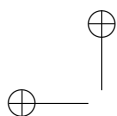


Pitch not your Voice too high nor sing too strong,
Or you may find it hard to end the Song.



Don't seek Honey with a Bear
And hope to get the Lion's Share.





OF TIMIDITY

Don't throw too many Stones investigating
The Thickness of the Ice; you'll spoil the Skating.



Excess of Caution may be indiscreet.
Test not the River's Depth with Both your Feet.



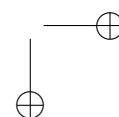
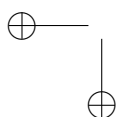
A Bog is not the Place to Stop and Think;
Trip fast across; who Hesitates may Sink.

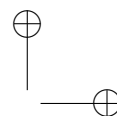
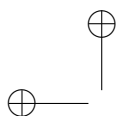


If swim you must, why seek to know
What Fathoms Deep the Stream may flow?



Think wisely, weighing Word and Fact,
But never Think too much to Act.





OF PERILS

The Rapids whiten: Eyes, be quick and clear!
The Task is not to Paddle, but to Steer.



The Spider spreads her Web; but Webs are Things
Not feared by Flies that rightly use their Wings.



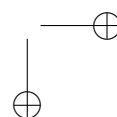
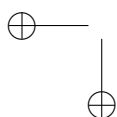
In Time of Shipwreck make it still your Aim
To Save; let others wrangle Whom to Blame.

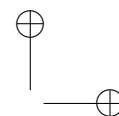
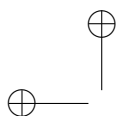


He who Fears to Suffer here,
Suffers overmuch from Fear.



In Doubt and Dread the Simple Soul may find
The straight, clear Path to which the Shrewd are blind.





OF PREPAREDNESS

Unmarked the Day of Battle comes.
More Guns – and fewer Fifes and Drums!



As Bees hive Sweets against cold Winter's Rage,
Let Youth store Happy Memories for Age.



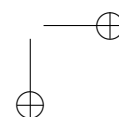
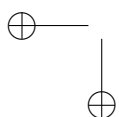
Don't cross a River till you reach its Brim;
Yet come prepared to Row or Wade or Swim.

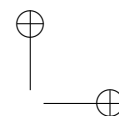
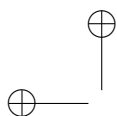


The bravest Watermen alive
Should know the Depth before they Dive.



Before you Camp, make sure the Ground is good;
Before you start your Campfire, gather Wood.





OF INDOMITABILITY

If Opportunity has shut One Door,
Resolve can open Thrice a Hundred More.



Know, Stumbler, though Surefoot may laugh in his Pride,
Who Stumbles but Falls Not goes Forward a Stride.



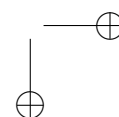
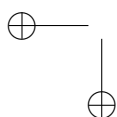
True Success is that which makes
Building Stones of Old Mistakes.

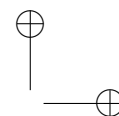
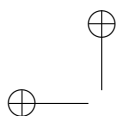


Misfortune is a Wind that, rising higher,
Blows out the Match but fans the Steady Fire.



Experiment with Many Things, until
Through learning what Won't Work, you find what Will.





OF SELF-RELIANCE

Fast or slow, I'll reach the top!
Birds that cannot Fly can Hop.



How Strong is he, who, Brave yet Undefined,
Admits Mistakes and still is Self-reliant!



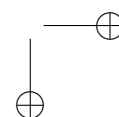
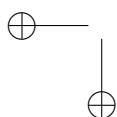
In Ocean's Depths where all is Darkest Night,
Those Creatures see that learned to make their Light.

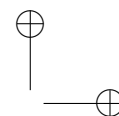
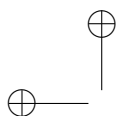


The Bat, who cannot grow a Feather,
Contrives to fly on Wings of Leather.



Be not a Limpet – a Dependent Thing
That wants a Waveworn Rock on which to Cling.





OF CHARACTER

When Life holds keener Woe than Death can give,
The Great Soul deems it Manlier to Live.



Where clean-cut Men are met
A Promise is a Debt.



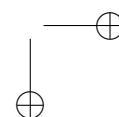
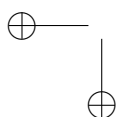
A Confidence from Everyone defend:
Your Friend, too, has a Friend who has a Friend.

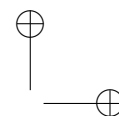
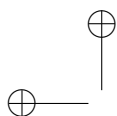


In keeping your Appointments, better wait
For Tardy Others, than Yourself be Late.



All are Sometimes what they Always should be;
What they Sometimes are, they Always could be.





OF THRIFT

The Chipmunk who in Autumn filled his Cell
Can pass the hardest Winter fairly well.



Abundance comes not at your Beck.
The Fowls must Scratch before they Peck.



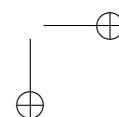
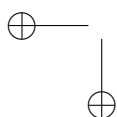
When Famine must be fed,
Remember, Crumbs are Bread.

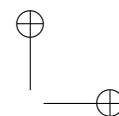
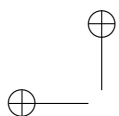


The Squirrel has his Playtime in the Spring,
And not when Nuts are Ripe for Garnering.



Three Æons spent themselves to store with Power
The Coal that keeps you warm a Single Hour.





OF EXTRAVAGANCE

'Tis Cheap to build a Castle in the Air,
But Costly keeping up a Dwelling there.



A Hobby is a more expensive Steed
Than any Horse of true Arabian breed.



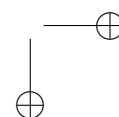
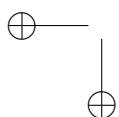
He lived too far beyond his Means
Who Burned the Stalks to Cook the Beans.

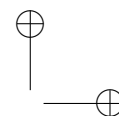
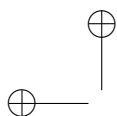


Buy not what you Need Not, Inch nor Ell,
Lest what you Need you may be forced to Sell.



In buying Land or selling Water-cresses,
The Dunce who Measures beats the Sage who Guesses.





OF IDLERS

An Idler, like his Paper Knife, will run
Through many Worthy Books, yet learn from None.



“Impossible” – Oh, Heart confess! –
Is Man’s Excuse for Laziness.



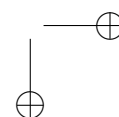
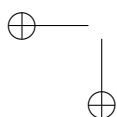
An Idler’s Chance in Life is like a Peach –
Too Green, or Over-ripe, or Out of Reach.

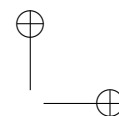
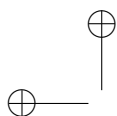


Though Idlers play at Working, Tasks repel them:
It’s Fun to Gather Nuts, but not to Shell them.



Late to rise and late to rest
Unfits a man to do his best.





OF WORK

Do All that comes to Hand; the Work you deem
Of least Account, the World may most esteem.



Too high you'll rate your Work when Ardor fires you;
Too Low you'll rate your Work when Working tires you.



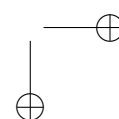
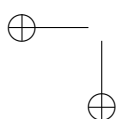
Life is but a Day, you say?
True; but that's a Working Day!

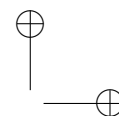
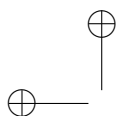


The Sweetest Rest rewards the Worker, who
Completes the Task he did not wish to do.



The best Reply to make to One
Who gives an Order is, "It's done."





OF INDUSTRY

Boast not, but Use the Lore of Life and Schools;
The Workman is not paid for Owning Tools.



Nothing underneath the Sun
Merely Happens; Things are Done.



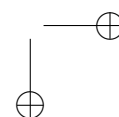
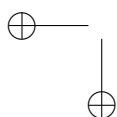
Your Knife will cut the Stick or else it won't.
One Blade that Does outvalues Ten that Don't.

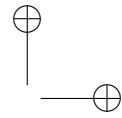
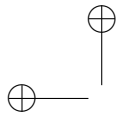


Among Good Workers, choose the one
That's merry when the day is done.



Up and at it! Sleepyheads!
Better wear out Shoes than Beds.





OF DOING

The One Poor Tool at Hand will Mend the Case,
And not the Twenty "Somewhere 'Round the Place."



That Hour was never thrown away,
Which, spent in Planning, saved a Day.



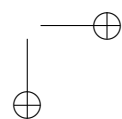
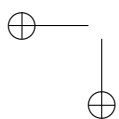
As you Hope to be Commended,
Show no Work before 'tis Ended.

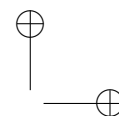
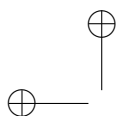


The World may owe a Man a Living, yet
He has to Prove it and Collect the Debt.



Applause for the Work of your Hand or your Pen
Is only a Challenge to Do it Again.





OF ACTION

Act first; then tell of Mountains cleft asunder;
The Lightning strikes before we hear the Thunder.



Mischance will come to all; but, Swim or Sink,
The Wise Man never says, "I did not think."



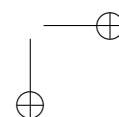
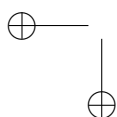
Men buy Success by giving up a Host
Of Things they Want for what they Want the Most.

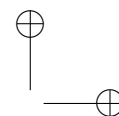
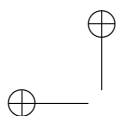


They that win at last, though often thrown,
For their Failures blame themselves alone.



To conquer Odds demands a Hero's Will;
An Unbaked Codfish Ball can Charge Down-hill.





OF ACHIEVEMENT

Naughts are Nothings till our Pens
Put in Strokes and make them Tens.



Ability will see the Chance and snatch it.
Who has a match will find a Place to scratch it.



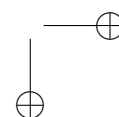
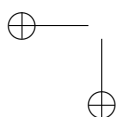
“Said” a Stride ahead may run
If close behind him pressed “Done.”

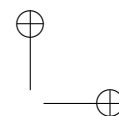
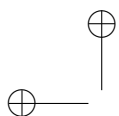


Let me do Something; this I chiefly ask;
For doing Nothing is the Harder Task.



Who does one useful Thing you cannot do,
For that alone deserves Respect from you.





OF SLACKNESS

He rarely Hits the Mark or Wins the Game,
Who says, "I Know I'll Miss!" while taking Aim.



To have No Reason for a thing, is one
Good Reason why that thing should not be done.



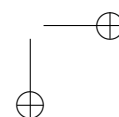
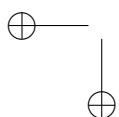
"Have Not" is poor indeed and meanly clad;
But poorer still is plaintive "If I Had!"

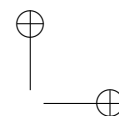
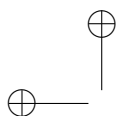


While Young he says, "I don't know yet."
When Old he'll answer, "I forget!"



I plowed "Perhaps," I planted "If" therein.
And sadly harvested "It Might Have Been."





OF SKILL

In every Art and Craft and Play
He wins who learns the One Best Way.



That Carpenter is not the Best
Who makes More Chips than all the Rest.



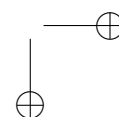
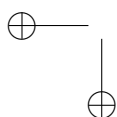
The Able Fencer knows all Thrusts and Parries;
The Best Canoeman Paddles, Poles, and Carries.

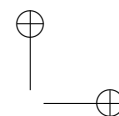
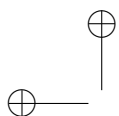


How hard you Swing the Racket matters not
Unless you also rightly Place the Shot.



A cheerful Heart and well-trained Hand
Will take a Man through any Land.





OF DISCIPLINE

The Colt must mind the Bit, the Nail the Hammer;
And even Kings obey the Laws of Grammar.



To try yourself for Strength and Self-Control,
Deny yourself – and do not tell a Soul!



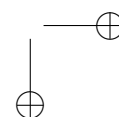
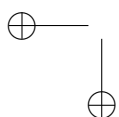
Renouncing present Pleasure counts for Gain,
When present Pleasure carries future Pain.

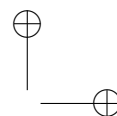
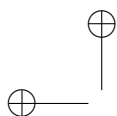


Where Self-restraint is lacking, Order ceases.
A Hoopless Barrel tumbles all to pieces.



“Rap! Rap!” the heavy Hammer told
The Nail. “Your Business is to Hold.”





OF ORDER

Clear up your Desk and Mind; for neither one
Is Fit when cluttered up with Things half done.



An Hour spent for Order saves a Waste
Of Hours lost in hunting Things Misplaced.



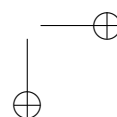
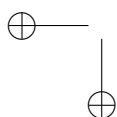
'Tis well to make a Garden; but 'tis fitter
To clear away the Rubbish Heaps and Litter.

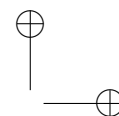
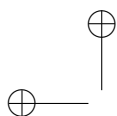


The Lazy Man, before his Task is done
Will take a Dozen Steps in saving One.



The Skillful Bowman and the Man of Action
Aim high, allowing for the Earth's Attraction.





OF PERSISTENCE

Talent made a poor Appearance
Until he married Perseverance.



Who waits on Fortune's Knock will rarely win;
Who calls on Fortune, some day finds her in.



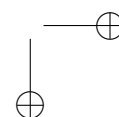
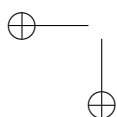
The Colt in the Pasture can gallop all day,
But what can he do in the Shafts of the Dray?

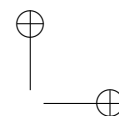
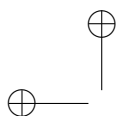


Who takes one Stroke in turn at Every Tree,
Fells None, however sharp his Ax may be.



Enthusiasm sets the Embers glowing,
But only Work can keep the Fire going.





OF EXCELLENCE

Not him who Did the Thing Before the Rest
The World rewards, but him who Does It Best.



The Race Horse wins a Prize worth Ten of that
The Pig receives for merely being Fat.



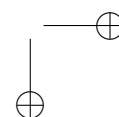
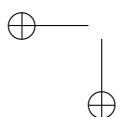
If Errand-running be your Part,
Raise Errand-running to an Art.

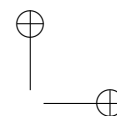
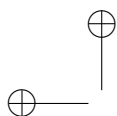


The Difference 'twixt Art and Trade is plain:
Art strives for Excellence and Trade for Gain.



To find in Life a Richer Zest
Like Good Things well, but Fine Things best.





OF EDUCATION

Both Minds and Fountain Pens will work when willed,
But Minds, like Fountain Pens, must first be Filled.



The Dog is wise; and wiser still the Pup
Perhaps will be, but not till he Grows Up.



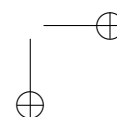
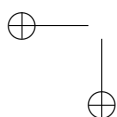
The Time and Way to Change is much to learn;
The Hardest Part of Driving is to Turn.

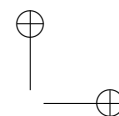
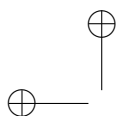


From Diamond-Dust the Diamond Lustre gains,
And Brains are polished bright by Other Brains.



To Miracles of Science Pedants nod
Assent, denying only those of God.





OF KNOWLEDGE

Learning reads the Volume through;
Wisdom comes and orders, "Do!"



"I Think" and "I Am Sure" are ancient Foes.
He does not Know who does not Know he Knows.



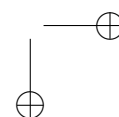
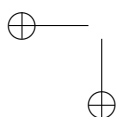
Though naught you learned from him, he learned from you;
Then was he not the Wiser of the Two?

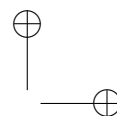
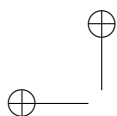


Who learns another Language, wins command
Of all the Wisdom of another Land.



Your "Perfect Memory" will fail you, yet.
My Memorandum Book can not forget.





OF LEARNING

The Wise must seek the Dull, else Wisdom dies;
For hardly will the Dull seek out the Wise.



Who learns by Finding Out has sevenfold
The Skill of him who learned by Being Told.



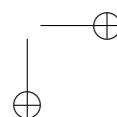
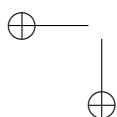
In Easy Learning Germs of Failure lurk;
He gains the Key to All who learns to Work.

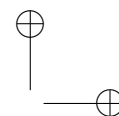
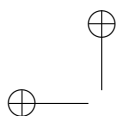


The Student, having learned where Treasure is,
Must Work with Pick and Spade to make it his.



The Shadow he pursued and proved it Naught.
The Bird that cast it down, he never sought.





OF SCIENCE

Our World's a splendid School; then shall we nod
Above her Book, or learn the Laws of God?



His Art or Science crowns the Happy One
Who finds a Use for what Men thought had None.



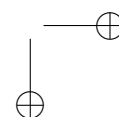
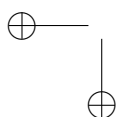
The Men that move the World, are they that try
To learn the true "Because" of every "Why."

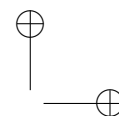
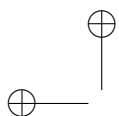


The Poison Weeds and Tares that Earth produces
Are changed to Blessings when we learn their Uses.



There is no Height that Man shall fail to climb,
No Task he cannot do, with Toil and Time.





OF STUDY

For Drowsy Dream the Easy-Chair is sweet;
For Thought or Study choose a Harder Seat.



To gather Knowledge, roam;
To use it, bide at home.



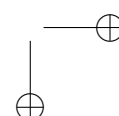
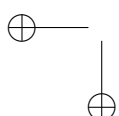
All Science had its Errors in the Past.
'Tis better Error should come First than Last.

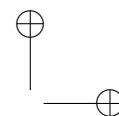
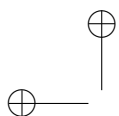


To draw forth Wise Replies,
Your Questions must be Wise.



Though One may find a Truth unknown before,
To teach that Truth to All needs many more.





OF BOOKS

Read all the Books on every Shelf,
But do your Thinking for yourself.



A Book, though mainly as the Writer makes it,
Is also largely as the Reader takes it.



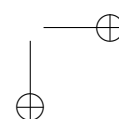
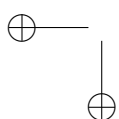
The Book's ill writ that needs, whoever penned it,
Another Book to make you Comprehend it.

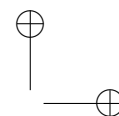
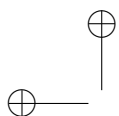


You say that you have gone all through
The Book; but has it gone through you?



Bookshelves are best no higher than your Head,
And Books should look as if they had been Read.





OF PRETENCE

If the Fool said naught whatever
He would be no Fool, but Clever.



The Painted Screen and Hypocrite display
Fronts far more fair than what they hide away.



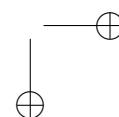
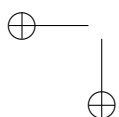
Affect a Quality, and you confess
That Quality is one you don't Possess.

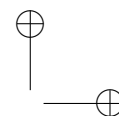
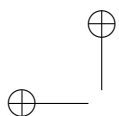


Admit your Ignorance, and few will blame you;
Pretend to Knowledge, and the World will shame you.



Be This or That when Things are said or done.
Both Rain and Snow have Friends, but Slush has None.





OF TEMPTATION

The Tempter was never so lacking in Grace
As to enter the Door that was Shut in his Face.



Like Children taking peeps at Pantry Shelves,
We think we're Tempted when we Tempt Ourselves.



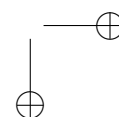
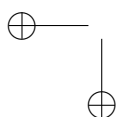
He flew among the Crows; then was it not
The Blackbird's fault, alone, that he was shot?

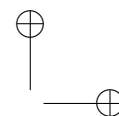
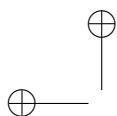


Give not the Daily Cobweb that enables
The Habit Witch to Twist her Binding Cables.



How slyly Slothful Habit saps the Will!
The Camel's Kick, though soft, is deadly, still.





OF FAULTS

You know your Virtues well enough, no doubt;
Your Faults are what you need to hear about.



Who keeps Bad Company for Gain or Fun,
Increases that Bad Company by One.



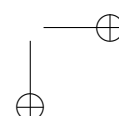
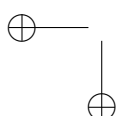
“Luck” and “Guess” are sorry Scouts;
“Map” and “Compass” have no Doubts.

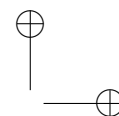
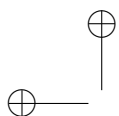


Who loiters on an Errand may be able
To hurry if his Supper’s on the Table.



Though Hand be firm and Pencil Point be fine,
A Crooked Ruler means a Crooked Line.





OF CONSCIENCE

This World would be a different Sort of Place
If Men feared Conscience as they fear Disgrace.



The taut Rope holds the Bull; but stronger than
Twelve Ropes, his Word of Honor holds a Man.



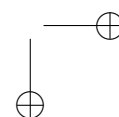
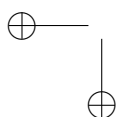
Sell not your Conscience; thus are Fetters wrought.
What is a Slave but One who can be Bought?

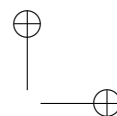
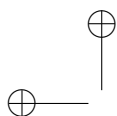


Though Courts of Law may fail to curb Transgression,
The Court of Conscience always is in Session.



With Emptied Hands we Come to Him Serene
Who asks, not “Were they Full?” but “Are they Clean?”





OF REPROOF

A Deadly Creeper, ever self-renewing,
Is Unreproved, Successful Evil-doing.



Runnings Fast is vain, O Strong One,
When the Road you're on's the Wrong One.



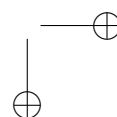
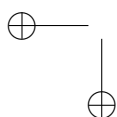
When Something's Wrong don't call it Right
For fear of seeming Impolite.

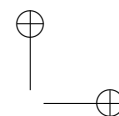
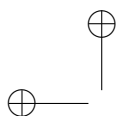


The Three Great Sins to which our Woes are traced
Are Cruelty and Laziness and Waste.



She loves her Children best who gently checks them:
The Hen hurts not her Chickens when she pecks them.





OF JUSTICE

Though you are Sure, before you Chide
Be sure to hear the Other Side.



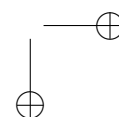
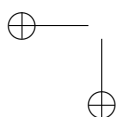
Unflinching bear Injustice when you must,
And let it teach you Not to Be Unjust.

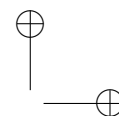
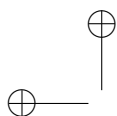


Force rules with Wrong
Till Right grows strong.



“Our Cause is Just!” so all Men say
“God send us Victory!” But long
I look for One who dares to pray,
“God send Defeat if I am Wrong!”





OF APOLOGY

To own a Fault is but to say,
“I’m Wiser Now than Yesterday.”



Admitting Error clears the Score
And proves you Wiser than before.



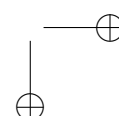
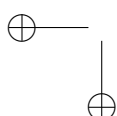
Redress remains a Debt that must be met;
Apology, alone, does not atone.

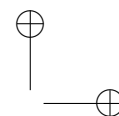
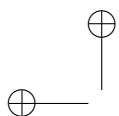


All sometimes Err; his Wisdom will suffice
Who never makes the Self-same Error Twice.



Forgive completely. They whose Words recall
Forgiven Faults, have not forgiven All.





OF EXPLANATIONS

Of all Excuses this is most forbid:
“I did the Thing because the Others did.”



The Cows are in the Corn and there they browse;
But, since your Fence was down, why blame the Cows?



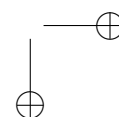
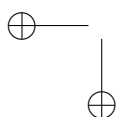
Men often think they do not Care to do
The Deeds they really do not Dare to do.

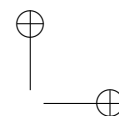
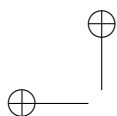


Two Little Things, a Match and a Mouse:
Kindled the Fire that burned the Big House.



Winning, never Boast; and, Losing,
Never do the least Excusing.





OF DUTY

God's Sentinel are you, of all the Host
Assigned this Duty; will you quit your Post?



You owe the World for all you learn;
In Payment you should Teach in turn.



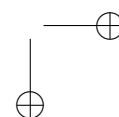
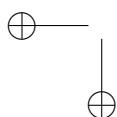
When "Do no Evil" has been understood,
Then learn the harder, braver rule, "Do Good."

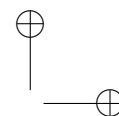
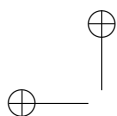


Gaining Strength and Self-Control,
Pay the Debt you owe your Soul!



Our Fathers speak; their Word endures:
"We did our Work," they say; "do yours!"





OF TRUTH

Not, "Is it Old or is it New?"
But, "Is it False or is it True?"



Hail not the New as True While Proof is meager.
Be Willing to Believe, but not Too Eager.



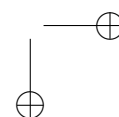
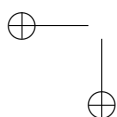
Seek All the Truth lest Error seize you
Fear not the Truth that does not please you.

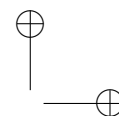
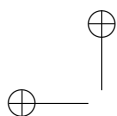


Believe what you have Proved. They most deceive
Themselves who try to Prove what they Believe.



Admitting you don't know, is going
The First Step on the Road to Knowing.





OF FALSEHOOD

“They Say” is passing by –
Own Brother to a Lie.



Falsehood is Poison – dangerous when placed
In Truth enough to hide the Bitter Taste.



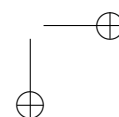
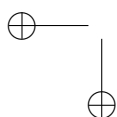
Who Knows what he is Told, must know
A Lot of Things that Are Not So.

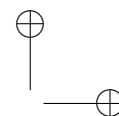
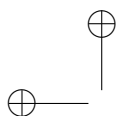


Through Haste a Hundred Errors throng;
The First Swift News is mostly Wrong.



Tell me what you Know is True;
I can *Guess* as well as you.





OF GREED

To Men of Greed, however great their Store,
“Enough” is always “Just a Little More.”



The Pool that Gets and never Gives again
Becomes a Stagnant, Pestilential Fen.



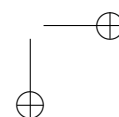
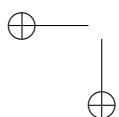
If all would cease to gratify their Greeds,
But few would fail to satisfy their Needs.

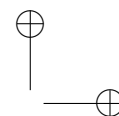
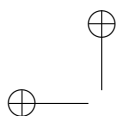


Scheme not to make what's Another's your own;
Be not a Dog for the sake of a Bone.



The Reign of Self shall end when Men shall heed
Less what they Gain than what they Lose by Greed.





OF GIVING

Be generous, yet not too free;
Don't give the Fox the Henhouse Key.



Not what you Get, but what you Give
Is that which proves your Right to Live.



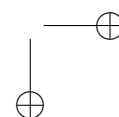
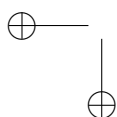
Shall any Man in Utter Blindness
Repent of having done a Kindness?

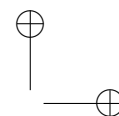
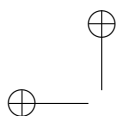


Say not, "God help you!" when your Brother needs,
But let God help him through your kindly Deeds.



A Gift that's given hesitating
Is not a Gift, but Bought with Waiting.





OF WEALTH

Blind is he as any Bat that flitters
Who can only see the Thing that Glitters.



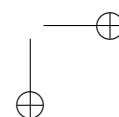
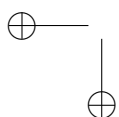
The Millionaire is Needy, I am not;
For I need Nothing while he needs a Lot.
Shall he be held the Richer of the Two
Whose Wealth is great – or he whose Wants are few?

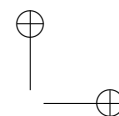
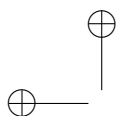


We sigh for what we've Lost or vainly Groped for,
But not for what we've neither Had nor Hoped for.



Little, hobbling on his Crutch,
Hurries to the Side of Much.





OF VALUES

Bank Paper needs a Stamp to give it Worth;
True Gold has Value as it comes from Earth.



The Sturdy Pin's chief Worth lies in its Head;
The Needle's in its trailing Freight of Thread.



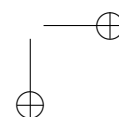
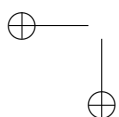
To own and honor Greatness, giving Weight
To Worth alone, is near to being Great.

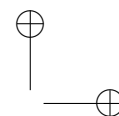
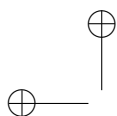


Who will try to catch the Hare
When the Deer is standing there?



To lose a Part may save the loss of All.
A Stumble oftentimes prevents a Fall.





OF HELPFULNESS

An Ounce of Aid is worth a Ton of Sorrow;
So help him Now, don't pity him Tomorrow.



Self-sacrifice is Noble, it is true,
But Sacrifice Yourself, not Others too.



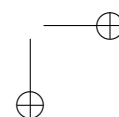
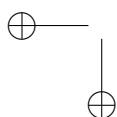
It brought no Recompense; and yet the Day
You spent on Others was not Thrown Away.

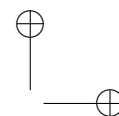
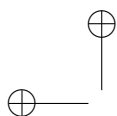


Though right it is to *give* Thanks,
True Gratitude will *live* Thanks.



Both Himself and Others, he
Serves right well who Plants a Tree.





OF SERVICE

Building, forging, ploughing, painting, weaving,
Grudge not Giving More than you're Receiving.



Do Small Things well; and Great Things, half-begun,
Will crowd your Doorway begging to be done.



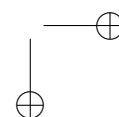
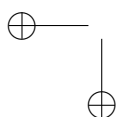
No Man may hope Return from all he sows.
Forbear not Planting Corn for Fear of Crows.

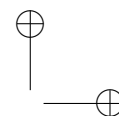
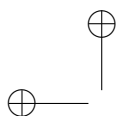


Don't be classed as Idle Freight.
Work your Passage! Pull your Weight!



"Man's Life is all-too-brief!" Man writes in sorrow;
Yet Man will sigh, "I wish it were Tomorrow!"





OF FOOD

Cake will tempt the Amply Fed;
What the Hungry want is Bread.



The Cat may look at a King, they say,
But rather would look at a Mouse at play.



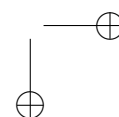
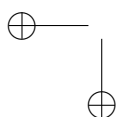
Some praise my Scarlet-berried Bittersweet,
While others ask me, "Is it Good to Eat?"

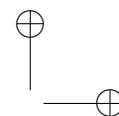
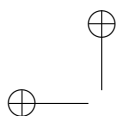


Come not late when the Roast is Done.
Why should Seven wait for One?



The Cat that always wears Silk Mittens
Will catch no Mice to feed her Kittens.





OF HEALTH

Men rightly held, when yet the World was young,
That in the Sun a Charm of Health is hung.



One Strives for Health and cures his Body's Ills;
Another Mopes and gathers Doctors' Bills.



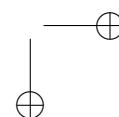
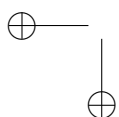
Each Heart should have a little Secret Bin,
But only Wholesome Things should lie therein.

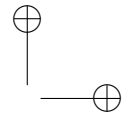
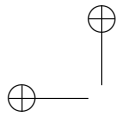


Two kinds of things that should not vex a Man,
Are Those he cannot help – and Those he can.



Oh, numberless Mischances are the Share
Of him who is Too Lazy to Take Care!





OF PROCRASTINATION

Let not Today, procrastinating, borrow
One single Precious Hour of Tomorrow.



It will not do Itself; while you delay,
The Task grows harder; put it through Today!



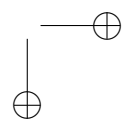
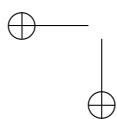
Today is all your own;
Tomorrow, God's alone.

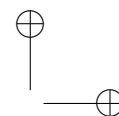
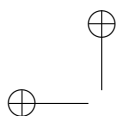


In Putting Off your Tasks and Ruining them
You Waste more Time than you would Spend in Doing them.



A Man consumes the Time you make him Wait
In thinking of your Faults – so don't be late!





OF LUCK

The Hen that Roosted High and didn't Cluck
Escaped the Fox – that wasn't wholly Luck.



He won Success. They said his Luck prevailed;
Yet, oh, how often he had Tried and Failed!



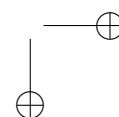
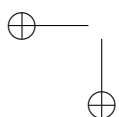
By Luck the Wheel of Fortune may be turned,
But Solid Reputation must be Earned.

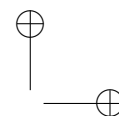
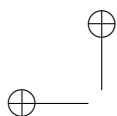


Fortune does not Give, but Sells;
Some buy Eggs and some buy Shells.



Who scans the Ground may find a Golden Purse.
Who looks around will find a Universe.





OF COUNSEL

Who takes Advice of Each and Everyone,
Is just as blind as he that harks to None.



Reasons and Rules, Reasons and Rules;
The First for the Wise and the Second for Fools!



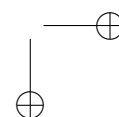
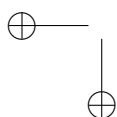
Let those who Win tell *What* To Do,
And those who Fail, What *Not* To Do.

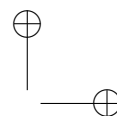
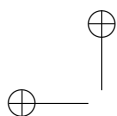


If what you Are you seek to Know, good Youth,
Just Ask Yourself – and Tell Yourself the Truth.



Beyond a Doubt you know what *He* should do.
Perhaps He has as Wise a Plan for *You*.





OF POLITICS

All Demagogues depend on Witless Votes;
For Sheep, as Shepherds know, will follow Goats.



The Statesman whom a Nation most reveres
Is he that Leads, not he that Domineers.



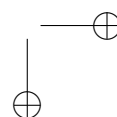
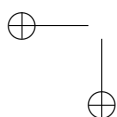
Confusion and Calamity are bred
Where the Head Figure is a Figurehead.

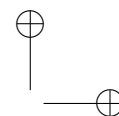
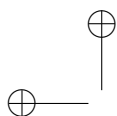


Rules and Laws, however Men shall make them,
Some will Keep them, some will always Break them.



Would you, when Men in hostile Ranks are thronged,
Be with the Right? Be always with the Wronged.





OF GLORY

Let Monuments be raised to those alone
Who need no Monuments of Bronze or Stone.



No Joy is like the Joy of Fame,
No Heat is like the Heat of Shame.



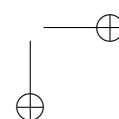
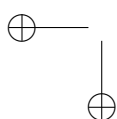
What Man was he, so Mighty, Brave, and Clever,
Who first proclaimed, "My Name shall live Forever!"

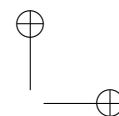
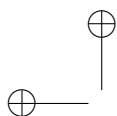


The Crown of Fame returns to there
Who put aside that Diadem.



The Trumpet Note of Fame a Hero heeds
But as a Call to do still nobler Deeds.





OF MAGNANIMITY

How valiantly the buzzing Gnat defies
The Eagle – who disdains to swoop on Flies!



He that in Peace and War best serves the State
Loves Greatness, not the Fame of Being Great.



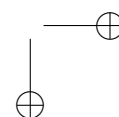
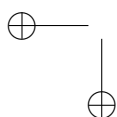
Sure Proof of Worth it is, to know
And grant the Merits of a Foe.

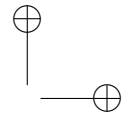
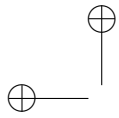


All owe their World for Talents, good or better;
The Greatest Genius is the Greatest Debtor.



By Valiant Knights the Selfsame Deeds are done
Before the Eyes of Many – or of None.





OF COMPLAINING

Stop pitying yourself with “O dear me!”
And learn how much more cheerful Life can be.



Pursue no Sorrow; if you do,
It may turn back and live with you.



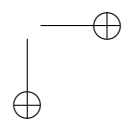
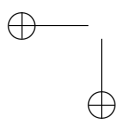
The Sun, the Grumbler knows, is Partial, too;
It hides its Face from Him and shines for You!

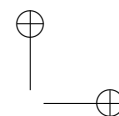
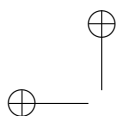


Forbear to pet your Grievances; don't let them
Corrode your Soul; they'll die if you Forget Them.



Grieve not your Heart for any Disappointment;
No Fly can spoil the whole big Jar of Ointment.





OF HARDIHOOD

Strength and Zest are Manhood's Measures;
Hardships, gayly borne, are Pleasures.



The Thing that irked him, so the Oyster found,
Became a Pearl when Brightness wrapped it round.



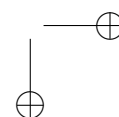
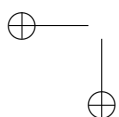
Some little Hardship makes the Spirit bold.
The Finest Trout are found where Streams run Cold.

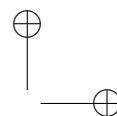
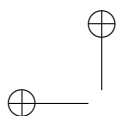


I've reaped what others sowed; then shall I weep
Because not all my Sowings I may reap?



Like that Rare Stone of Alchemists of old,
Good Humor turns the Dross of Life to Gold.





OF VIGOR

Let Sluggards boast of Feats that they have Seen!
I'd rather Play One Game than Watch Fifteen.



One Hour of Gallant Striving up the Hill
Is worth a Hundred Years of Standing Still.



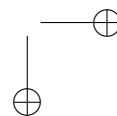
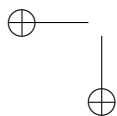
Six Miles a Day on Foot will do you far
More good than Twice a Hundred in a Car.

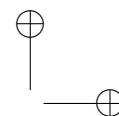
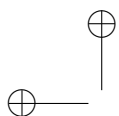


It is not well, as hardy Trampers know,
To start too Fast when you have Far to Go.



True Sport will never fail to train
Not Arm alone, but also Brain.





OF DAYS

Monday Morning, fair or bleak,
Holds the Key to all the Week.



Golden Sunlight, Moonlight pale,
Day and Night, are not for sale.



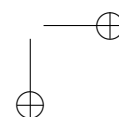
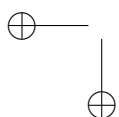
Each Day of Life should be a Whole;
Each Forward Step should reach some Goal.

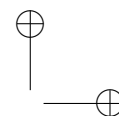
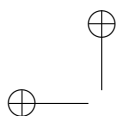


An April Rain that wakes the Fruitful Mold
Is Richer than the Ocean's Breadth in Gold.



Where No One Sees, the Dew as brightly glistens;
The Bird sings just as well where No One Listens.





OF FARMING

The Boldest Farmer heeds the Cautious Rule
To stand Behind the Bull, Before the Mule.



The Early Sower will not need to borrow
Of him who plans to sow his Feld Tomorrow.



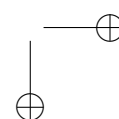
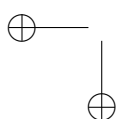
Have Plow and Harrow, Spade and Scythe,
Or Sword and Spear made Old Earth blithe?

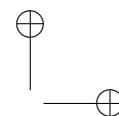
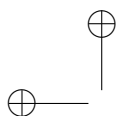


Work well and wait; Impatience spoils the Sowing;
Don't dig up Seeds to see if they are Growing.



Dry your Hay before you Pile the Stack;
Mend the Hole before you Fill the Sack.





OF ILL MANNERS

All Men are worth your Observation;
Not all are worth your Imitation.



Hungry Hogs that gorge on Acorns brown,
Look not Up to see Who shook them down.



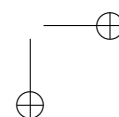
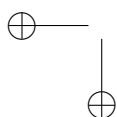
The Pig that wallows in the Mud, anon
Seeks Something Clean to scrape himself upon.

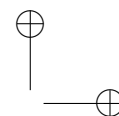
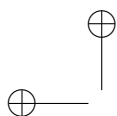


To him who says Just What He Likes, twill fall
To hear Some Things He Doesn't Like at all.



It was, the Hornet thought, a merry Jest
To Sting – and that was why we Burned the Nest.





OF TOUCHINESS

Those Testy Souls whom every Word offends,
Like Porcupines and Nettles, have no Friends.



If Everyone is slighting You Alone,
The Fault is always, possibly, your own.



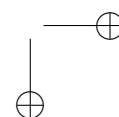
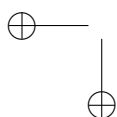
He pelts each Dog that barks at him, and so
Has Time for Naught but finding Stones to throw.

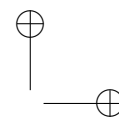
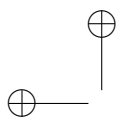


Dislikes may whet your Wit, but leave you lonely;
True Happiness is found in Loving, only.



When in comes Doubt,
Love goes out.





OF TRIFLES

That Trifles make Perfection must not stifle
The Truth that High Perfection is no Trifle.



Each small Grain that helps its fellow
Fills the Bin with Barley yellow.



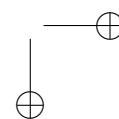
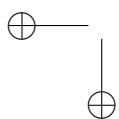
The Part you play, however small,
Is greater far than None at All.

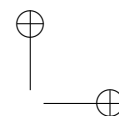
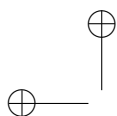


He wished to do what he should
And did as much as he could.



If Nuts are given, who rebels
Because he has to Crack the Shells?





OF PRAYER

Forgetting God all Day, Men deem it right
To ask Him to remember them at Night.



“If Prayers of Dogs were heard,” the Arabs say,
“What Showers of Bones would fall from Heaven this Day!”



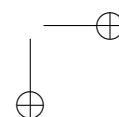
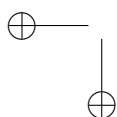
For Mercy on Ourselves we pray, my Brothers;
Then Justice, only, dare we ask for Others?

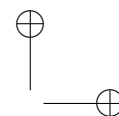
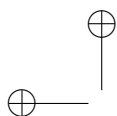


The Weakling merely Prays God;
The Stronger Soul Obeys God.



In Work or Sport, at grips with Grief or Sin,
Pray not for Victory, but Strength to Win.





OF LOFTY THEMES

Begin it well, and know
That God will end it so.



The Reefs that Polyyps rear, the Cliffs untrod,
The Towers of Men, – alike are Works of God.



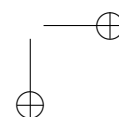
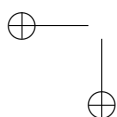
How shall he stand before the Throne
Who tried to climb to Heaven – Alone?

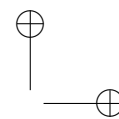
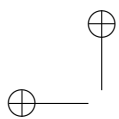


The Goal may be the Same, the Roads Diverse;
Because my Way is Different is it Worse?



Truth is not cloaked, though Truth eludes our Sight;
If God's Own Face seems hid, 'tis hid in Light.



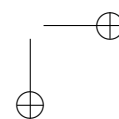
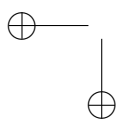


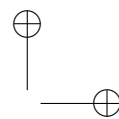
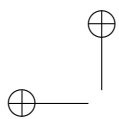
OF CRITICISM

Great Works demand Great Critics: Is it well
To Measure Ocean with an Oyster Shell?

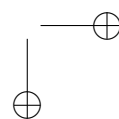
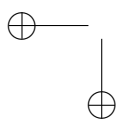


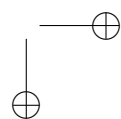
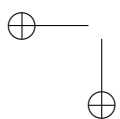
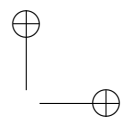
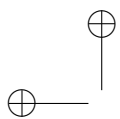
The Song the Singer made became the dearer
To him who sang, because it pleased the Hearer.

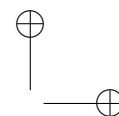
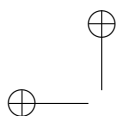




OLD IRISH PROVERBS







OF THE FARM

A Farmer on his Feet, the World agrees,
Is taller than a Prince upon his Knees.



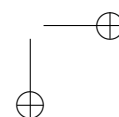
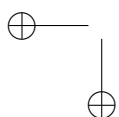
Coins are round and roll away;
Fertile Ground is there to stay.

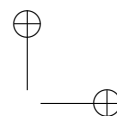
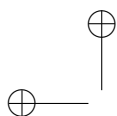


More Health is gained by wearing out Shoe-leather,
Than comes from all the Doctors put together.



The House without a Dog, a Cat, or Child,
Knows naught of Cheer, or Laughter sweet and wild.





OF MAIDENS

Black though the Berry, yet sweet it may be.
Dark is my Lassie, yet bonny to me.



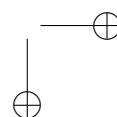
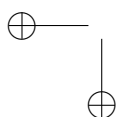
The young man's heart is tender; it needs but little care
To bring him to the Churchyard when his Love is lying there.

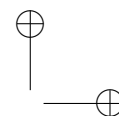
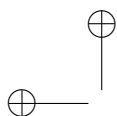


"Perhapes" never helped to boil the Pot,
And every "Maybe" has its "Maybe Not."



"I hear a Cow; and where a Cow is there
Will be some slip of Womankind; and where
A Woman is, Temptation, too, will be;
This," quoth the Saint, "is not the place for me!"





OF HIGH MINDS

He shall win the Upward Race
Who makes the Top his Breathing-place.



“Come,” said the King, “we will sail to Farthest Ind.”
“Wait till I let you!” laughed the rude North Wind.



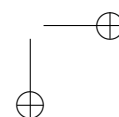
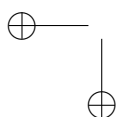
Judge not the Ragged Boy or Shaggy Foal,
Unless your Eye can see their Distant Goal.

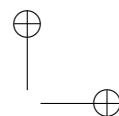
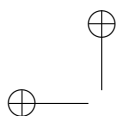


By him that hath a brave and lofty Mind,
No Strife is either Courted or Declined.



“’Twould be something for One, but for two it is Dearth!” –
As Great Alexander remarked of the Earth.





OF CANINES

The Pup that runs to Everybody's call
Will Travel much, but won't Arrive at all.



“Almost-but-didn't,” timid or slack
Is the very worst Dog in the Fox-hunter's Pack.



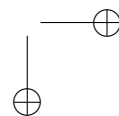
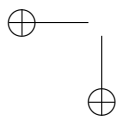
Your Teeth, oh, Gray Wolf, may be sharp and white,
But do not show them if you dare not bite!

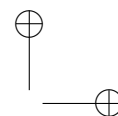
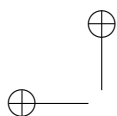


Though, ranging wide, he needs must run much faster,
The Dog comes home no sooner than his Master.



Few Feathers lie about the Rocks
Whose Cavern hides the Sleepy Fox





OF LAGGARDS

Boatman, ask not what to do;
Pull the Oar that's nearest you!



Why work at Nothing, like the Wee Pig's Tail
That Wiggles all day long to no avail?



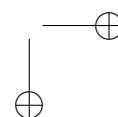
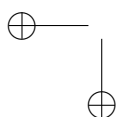
The Oarsmen's Heads keep nodding to and fro,
But that is not what makes the Galley go.

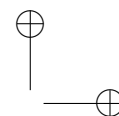
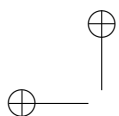


The Looker-on who takes his rest
Can always steer the Boat the best.



Ah, most unfair are Fortunes tithes!
Bad Reapers never get Good Scythes.





OF FISHERMEN

The Man who day by day bears forth the Net,
Will catch a Fish ere many Suns are set.



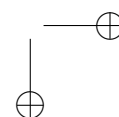
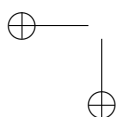
Storm-bound Fishers while they wait
Mend their Nets or cut their Bait.

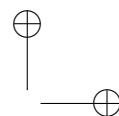
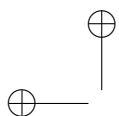


Wait not to see what other Anglers get;
He takes the Fish who keeps his own Hook wet.



A Salmon from the River or the Mere,
An Oak-staff from the Forest, or a Deer
From thicket, heath or hillside – these be named
Three Thefts of which no Man was yet ashamed.





OF SUNDRY THINGS

Alert Old Rats are harder far
To catch, than Kittens think they are.



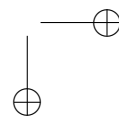
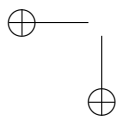
Where Faintheart dare not, Strongheart will;
The Blunt Tool proves the Workman's Skill.

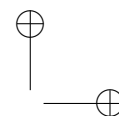
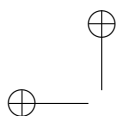


Said Conan when set with the Devils to dwell,
"Tis hard upon me, but 'tis harder on Hell!"



A Good done to a Dotard old,
A Good done to a Villain cold,
A Good done to a Babe, they say,
Are Three Goods wholly cast away.





OF SUNDRY THINGS

I threw a Stone in the Turnip Field:
The Pig I hit was the Pig that Squealed.



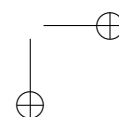
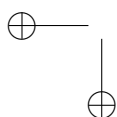
One Mend-fault does more good
Than Twenty Spy-faults could.

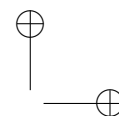
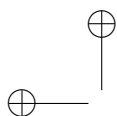


Like Summer Clouds, True-hearted Men
Receive Earth's Gifts to give again.



Lift up your Song
And march with Courage stronger;
For though the Way is long,
The Day is longer.





OF OPEN COUNTRY

Oh, leave the Hut to the squeaking Mouse!
There is no Smoke in the Skylark's House!



High is the Head of the Stag
That stands on his own Hill-crag.



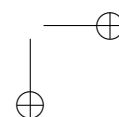
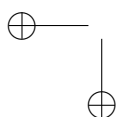
Three Neighbors ever good
Are Mountain, Stream, and Wood.

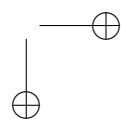
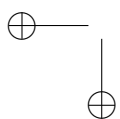
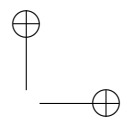
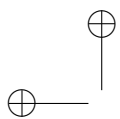


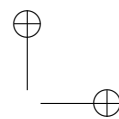
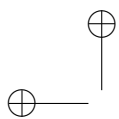
The Deer, upon the Hill of a Dream of Grace,
Is awkward in the Village Market-place.



Night is the Herdsman of the Vast
Who brings all Creatures home at last.







The Task is done! so, laying down the Pen,
To God's Own Hills I lift mine Eyes again.

