Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. 

For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared with it. 

Proverbs viii: 10, 11.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. 

Proverbs x: 10.
Thriceupon, she took
A bird's-eye view of all the past.
—Tennyson / Princess.
For could they not catch tender sleep, which still
is dry and sweet, and free every voice.

—Bozeman. Psycho in '84.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart.
Full silence or bearing else.
—Shakespeare, Henry VIII. iii. i.

Oh, Music! Who dost send the sounding waves of tuneful
Tune to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore, and
Lungs to rest, and all the world but the
Music. —Jean Ingelow.
But you must not think to discribe these gymnastics by a little gallery.

—Bishop Hild. Age of Queen Elizabeth.

$\frac{\text{Notra omnis vis in meo et in virtute ista est.}}{\text{Seifket.}}$
In science you must not talk before you know. In art you must not talk before you do, in literature you must not talk before you think.

—Robert Browning, The Eagle's Nest.
Shall that lift up the restless dutee of care;
The deal of each day's life, was labour's half,
Bains of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief another In the's flush.
All bended into the glow of feeling which finds its center and
hope and joy in Home.
—O. C. Mitchell: Return of a Bachelor.
We sleep; but the leaves of life never stop...—K遮mer.

Your duty ahora with bin alone.
Who is the player of silent thought.
Can still respect and still sever himself.—Drackworth.
Here, in the furthest Nook of the Meadow, is a little Isolation House; and I make use of it, as an Infirmary, if any of my Family be taken ill with any infectious Disease.

—N. Bishop / Collyer of Brooklyn.
Brooking with hasty steps the dew away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lea.
—Gray's Elegy.
I come from banks of willow and fern,
I make a sudden dash,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To kick down a valley.

—Tennyson.
And out again I Drew and bow
To join the bounding river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.
—Tennyson.
Send hiding all the naval company

which deck the ship-gangs with their dressakesoap!

— Irishman; (Mosque of inner temple).

"To do so much impossible,

Unless we reap 'em from the door with cartwheels.

To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep.

On the day morning.

—Shakespeare; "Henry VI", i. 4. 15.
In distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robs the mountains in its sure line.
——Campbell; Pleasures of Hope.
At my farm
I have a hundred milk-hens in the field.

The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
—Gray's Elegy.
The house stands for comfort and for conversation, and parlors were conceived if not peopled with ideas.

—Kipling: Table-Talk.
"Good night, ma'am! Run there to the pillow.
—Shakespeare; “Much Ado About Nothing,” III, 1.

CORNER OF PARLOR
To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

—Burke.

No entertainment is so cheap as reading,
Not any pleasure so lasting.

—Lady Montagu.

Who left can read a woman?
—Shakespeare; "Othello." v. 4, s. 4.
Oh Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.
Ps. 83:19.
We may live without poetry, music, and art:
We may live without conscience, and live without heart:
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But cliffsand man cannot live without cock.

—Matthew Arnold, "The Scholar Gipsy"
Art is simply the harmonized expression of human emotion.
—Princeton Review.

That is but what all the world,
Sniffs from that is the work of art.
—Longfellow.
In books, or work, or household play
Cloth my fingers from the page.
—Waltz, One Dusk the Little Beryl Bee.

Outdoor oil of oil same man in corpse wax.
—Jeuneaud.
In Colleges and halls, in ancient days
There dwelt a sage or Old Instructor.

—Tennyson: Palaces of Art.

Full of long sounding conclusions it was.

—Tennyson: Palaces of Art.
As for your business, whether it be public or private, let there be done with a certain severity.

—Shakespere.
At the West end of the glorious Connacht hall "...
There is a passage into another most stately room.
—Cervel, Crebillon, L.
Culture, for acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and then with the history of the human spirit.

—M. Arnold / "Lectures and Essays."

Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conviction, above all other liberties.

—Milton.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils.
The rest of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Etna's bowels.
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the Music.
—Shakespeare; "Merchant of Venice," v. 1.
Give me some music—now, good morrow, friend—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song
That old and antique song we heard last night
Would not it did relieve my passion much,
Worse than light air and insulcent terms
Of those most crook and giddy-wood lines.
Come—but one verse.

—Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night," ii. 4.