

**APHORISMS FOR
THE YEAR. FOURTH
EDITION**

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Aphorisms for the year. Fourth edition by Alice Wellington Rollins

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ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS

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Aphorisms for the Year

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS

Fourth Edition.



BRONXVILLE, N. Y.

1897.

THE "Aporisms" appeared originally in *The Century*. Of the brief paragraphs and verses, some are printed here for the first time; but the greater part are extracts from my longer work, which has appeared in *The Century*, *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Harper's Bazar*, the *McClure Syndicate*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Overland Monthly*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, *Worthington's Magazine*, and in "The Ring of Amethyat," and "From Palm to Glacier," published for me by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A. W. R.

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ALICE W. ROLLINS.



JANUARY 1-4

1.

Remember that the whim of to-day is the impulse of to-morrow, the wish of next week, the effort of next month, the good or bad taste of next year, the habit of your old age, and the instinct of your descendants.

2.

Learn to accept happiness with a reverent surprise and graces ; unhappiness, with a recognition of the inevitable, and resignation to the facts of fate.

3.

Realism is not meant to dispute the right of way with the Ideal, but with the False.

4.

Make my days happy, love ; yet I entreat

Make not each happier than the last for me ;
Lest heaven itself should dawn for me, complete
In joy, not the surprise I dreamed 't would be ;
But simply as the natural and sweet
Continuance of days spent here with thee.

JANUARY 5-8

5.

To be something to everybody and yet nothing to anybody—surely that would be hardly satisfying.

6.

O beloved, who from my sight
Art gone, how well I know that high and clear
Thy thoughts in that far home burn bright for me !
Well must thou know thou still to me art dear ;
Yet thrills my heart in nameless agony
To cry to thee, " O love, I hear, I see !"
Though through God's dark I cannot see or hear !

7.

We are wont to be discouraged at the slow progress of civilization ; ought not years and experience to teach us faster ? That it advances so slowly is because the struggle is not between knowledge and ignorance, but between knowledge and feeling. We know more, but we also feel more ; and what we feel influences us more than what we know.

8.

How much ought we to let the Young Person know of the dark side of life ? Ah ! that is hard to tell ; but something, surely, that the shock of sudden and too late knowledge may not kill or discourage. If you would not have the finest broadcloth shrink when it is wet, you must first carefully wet it yourself with a sponge.

JANUARY 9-11

9.

The eager words come pouring out :
His eyes glow as he presses near ;
She listens with her head downcast,
But well he knows she likes to hear.

A lover ? No, a boy of ten,
Who tells his mother o'er and o'er
The story of Ulysses, which
He thinks she never heard before.

10.

The frost is here, the chilling snow,
The freezing wind, the barren bough ;
No brightness is without, within,
Save what ourselves can kindle now.
I touch the fire, I trim the lamp,
Yet that is not enough of cheer ;
And yet—and yet—the world's aglow
With light, if thou but love me, dear !

11.

And once my heart was like a gem
Set in a fair betrothal ring ;
Content to light the happy darks
That shield love's shy self-wondering.
But now I think my heart is like
The lady fair who wears the ring,
Pressed closely to her lips at night
With love's mysterious wondering
That hers should be the precious thing.

JANUARY 12-14

12.

It is strange that we do not realize the duty of being charming as well as virtuous. Most wives make the mistake of thinking they have done all that is necessary when they have made their husbands comfortable. And the worst mistake of all is when they insist on making him comfortable according to their own ideas of comfort. "Do eat this while it is hot," when perhaps he prefers it cold; and he dutifully scalds his mouth, rather than have a scene as to how he shall arrange his own breakfast.

13.

There is danger that the soul which has felt strong emotion will cease to care for convictions; and yet no opinion is a perfectly safe one that has not been steeped in emotion. It must not be still damp with it, but it should have been at least sprinkled and then dried in the sun of reason. To feel intensely without being injured in one's intellectual integrity, that is the ideal; but most of us come out of our bath of emotion drowned instead of baptized.

14.

Flushed in the morning light, she danced and sang;
While I forgot the murmuring poet's lay,
As through the room her sweeter wisdom rang:
"Mamma! mamma! To-morrow is to-day!"