

**FOR THOUGHT AND
FOR
REMEMBRANCE**

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For Thought and for Remembrance by Various

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Yule
1912

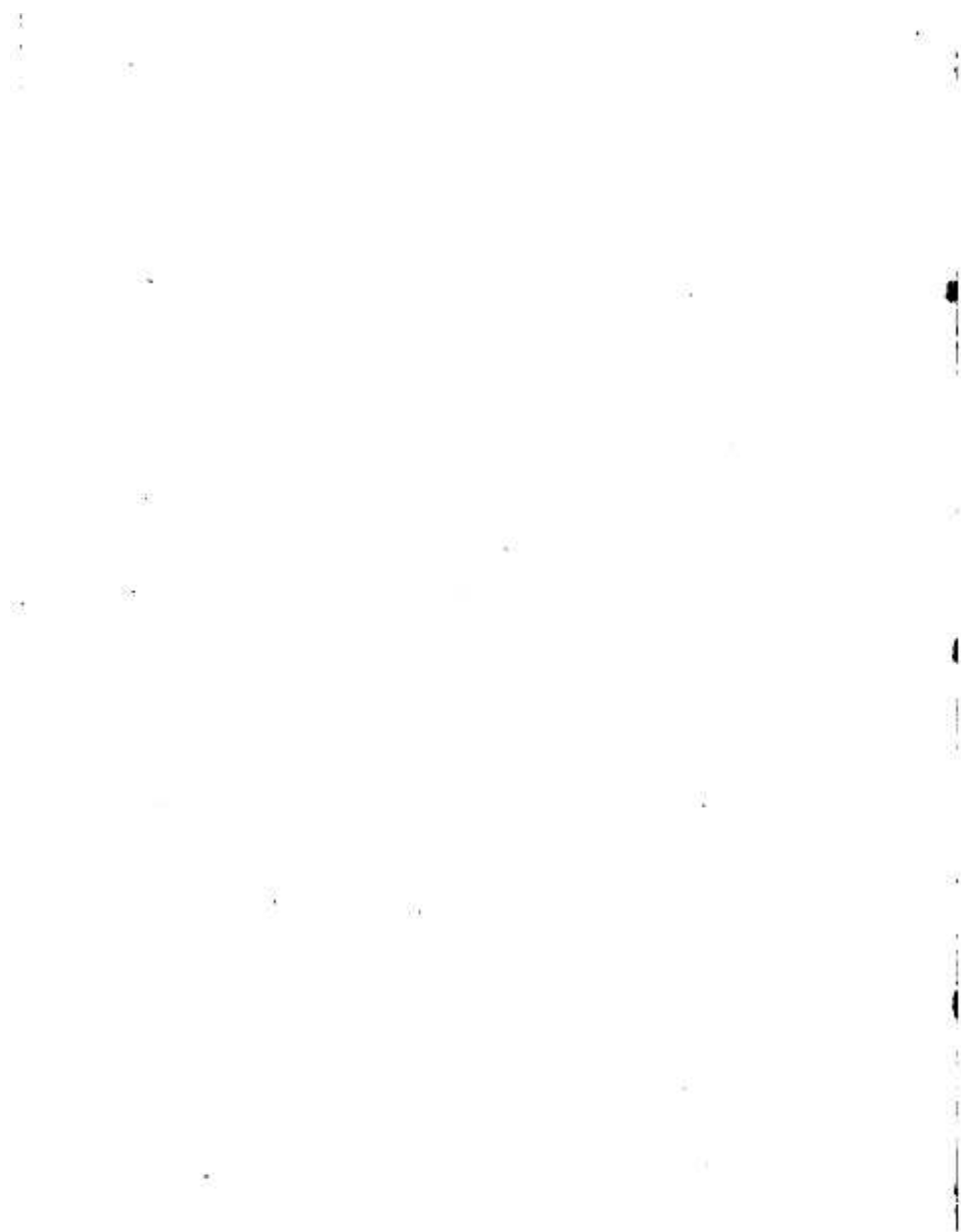
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COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

THE YULE CLUB

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

1993



Pipe, little reed of mine, nor stay
Despairing, that no strength be found
In thee. The majesty of sound
To weakling instruments alway
Hath been denied. Yet shouldst thou play
Thy slender note midst chords profound,
And it ring true, it shall be bound
And carried on a royal way.
Low are the twitterings of dawn,
The heralds shy of warbling hours,
And tiniest blooms, dew-gemmed, are born
About the feet of stately flowers.
Life needs must have of all some need;
Then pipe thee clear and true, my reed.

—Maud Wyman.

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Be satisfied with nothing but your best.

—E. R. Sill.

Aspire, break bounds! I say,
Endeavor to be good, and better still,
And best!

—Browning.

It is a comely fashion to be glad :
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

I find earth not gray, but rosy,—
Heaven not grim, but fair of hue.
Do I stoop? I pluck a posy.
Do I stand and stare? All 's blue.

—Browning.

It is both pleasant and wise to have a large acquaintance, to know life broadly and at its best ; but our intimate friends can never, in the nature of things, be many. We may know a host of interesting people, but we can really live with but a few. And it is these few and faithful ones whose names I see in the dying light of the old year and the faint gleams of the new.

—Hamilton Wright Mable.