

THE

SPRINGS
of JOY



TASHA TUDOR

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Simon & Schuster Books for Young Readers









For out of ourselves we can never pass,
nor can there be in creation what in the creator was not.

Oscar Wilde
The Critic as Artist



If one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams,
and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined,
he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

Henry David Thoreau
Walden





We are such stuff as dreams are made on . . .

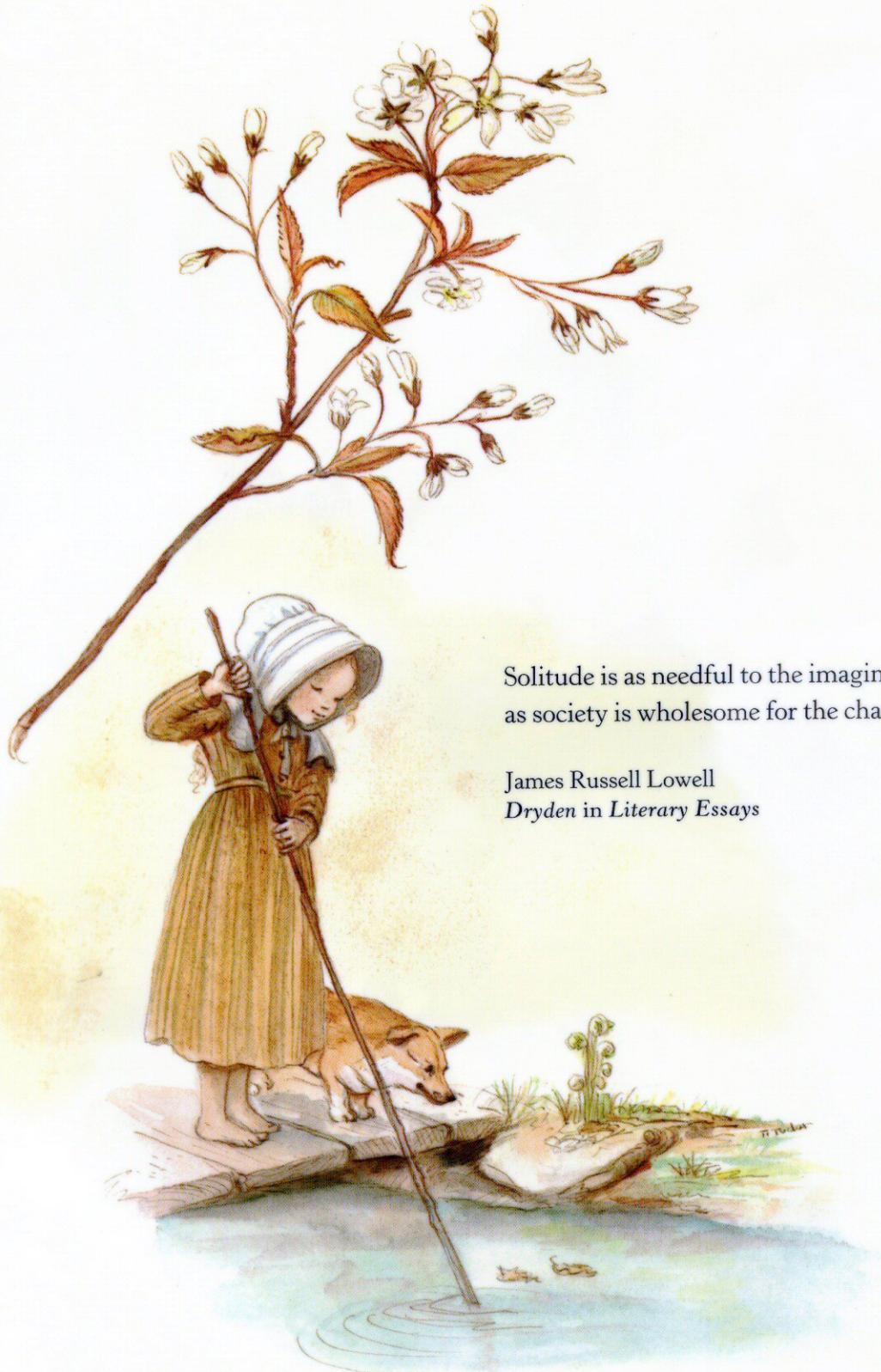
William Shakespeare
The Tempest



The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little soon forgotten charities of a kiss or smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable and genial feeling.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge
The Improvisatore





Solitude is as needful to the imagination
as society is wholesome for the character.

James Russell Lowell
Dryden in Literary Essays



Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call today his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd today.

John Dryden
Imitation of Horace





... when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.

William Wordsworth
Ode, Intimations of Immortality



If the day and night be such that you greet them with joy,
and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented
herbs, is more elastic, more immortal—that is your success.
All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause
momentarily to bless yourself.

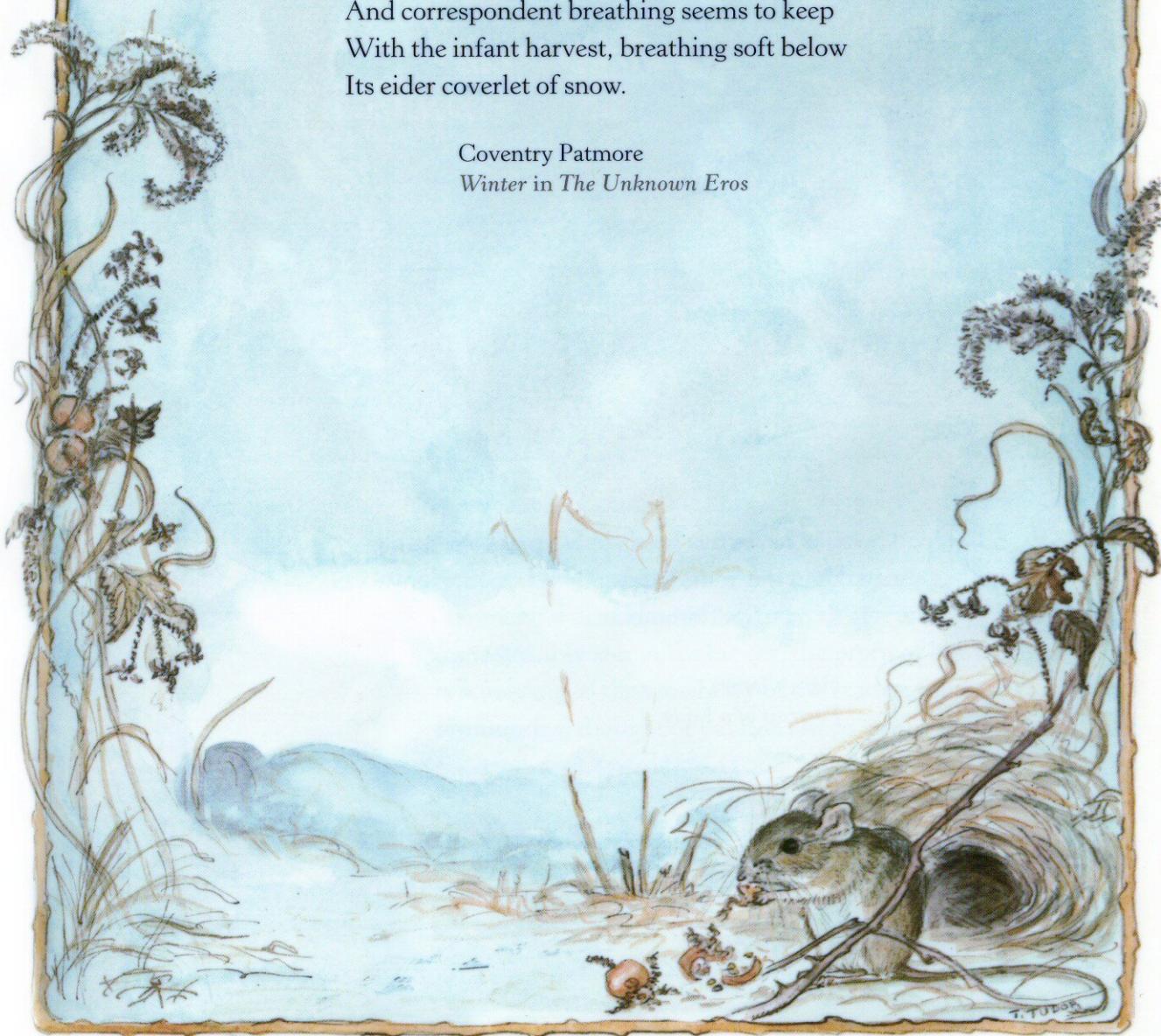
Henry David Thoreau
Walden

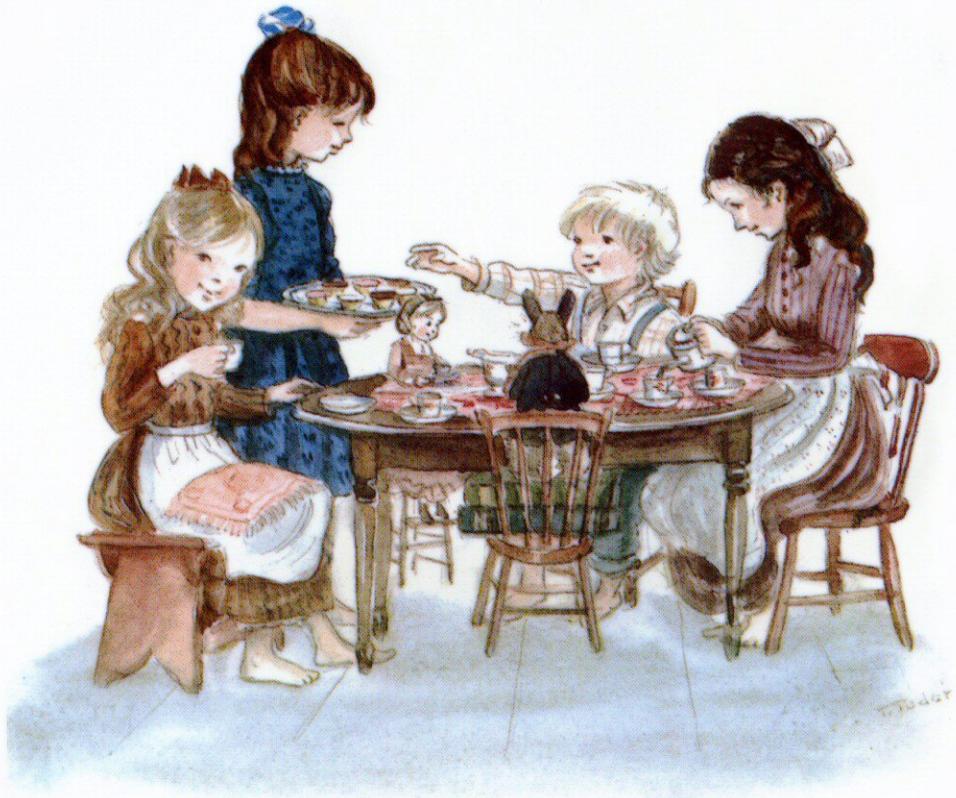


I, singularly moved
To love the lovely that are not beloved,
Of all the seasons, most
Love Winter, and to trace

The sense of the Trophonian pallor on her face.
It is not death, but plenitude of peace;
And the dim cloud that does the world enfold
Hath less the characters of dark and cold
Than warmth and light asleep,
And correspondent breathing seems to keep
With the infant harvest, breathing soft below
Its eider coverlet of snow.

Coventry Patmore
Winter in The Unknown Eros





There are few hours in life more agreeable
than the hour dedicated to the ceremony
known as afternoon tea.

Henry James
Portrait of a Lady





'Tis the good reader that makes the good book;
in every book he finds passages which seem
confidences or asides hidden from all else and
unmistakably meant for his ear; the profit of books
is according to the sensibility of the reader; the
profoundest thought or passion sleeps as in a mine,
until it is discovered by an equal mind and heart.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Success



What would the world be, once bereft
Of wet and wildness? Let them be left,
O let them be left, wildness and wet,
Long live the weeds and the wildness yet.

Gerard Manley Hopkins
Inversnaid



Be like the bird
That, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way
Beneath her and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings.

Victor Hugo
source unknown



There is no season such delight can bring



As summer, autumn, winter and the spring.

William Browne
source unknown





No heaven can come to us unless our hearts
find rest in it today.
Take heaven.

The gloom of the world is but a shadow;
behind it, yet within our reach, is joy.
Take joy.

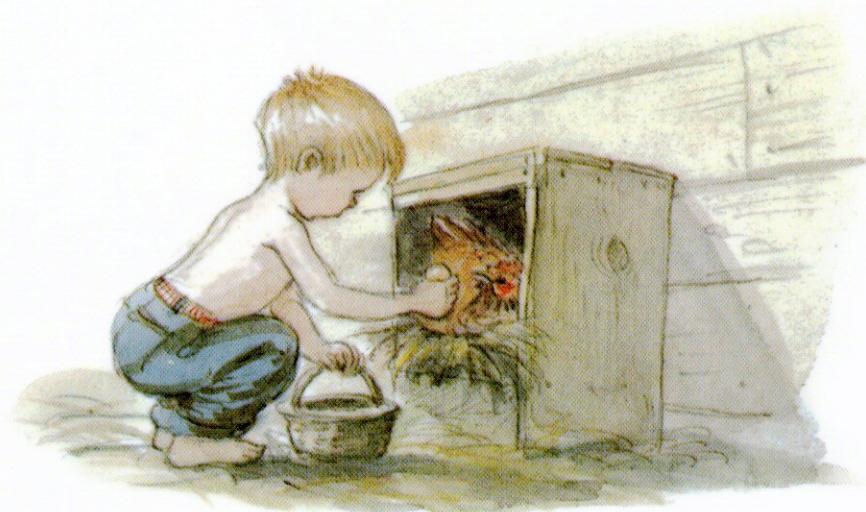
Fra Giovanni
source unknown





People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are.
I don't believe in circumstances. The people who get on in this
world are the people who get up and look for the circumstances
they want, and if they can't find them, make them.

George Bernard Shaw
Mrs. Warren's Profession





We live, as we dream—alone.

Joseph Conrad
Heart of Darkness

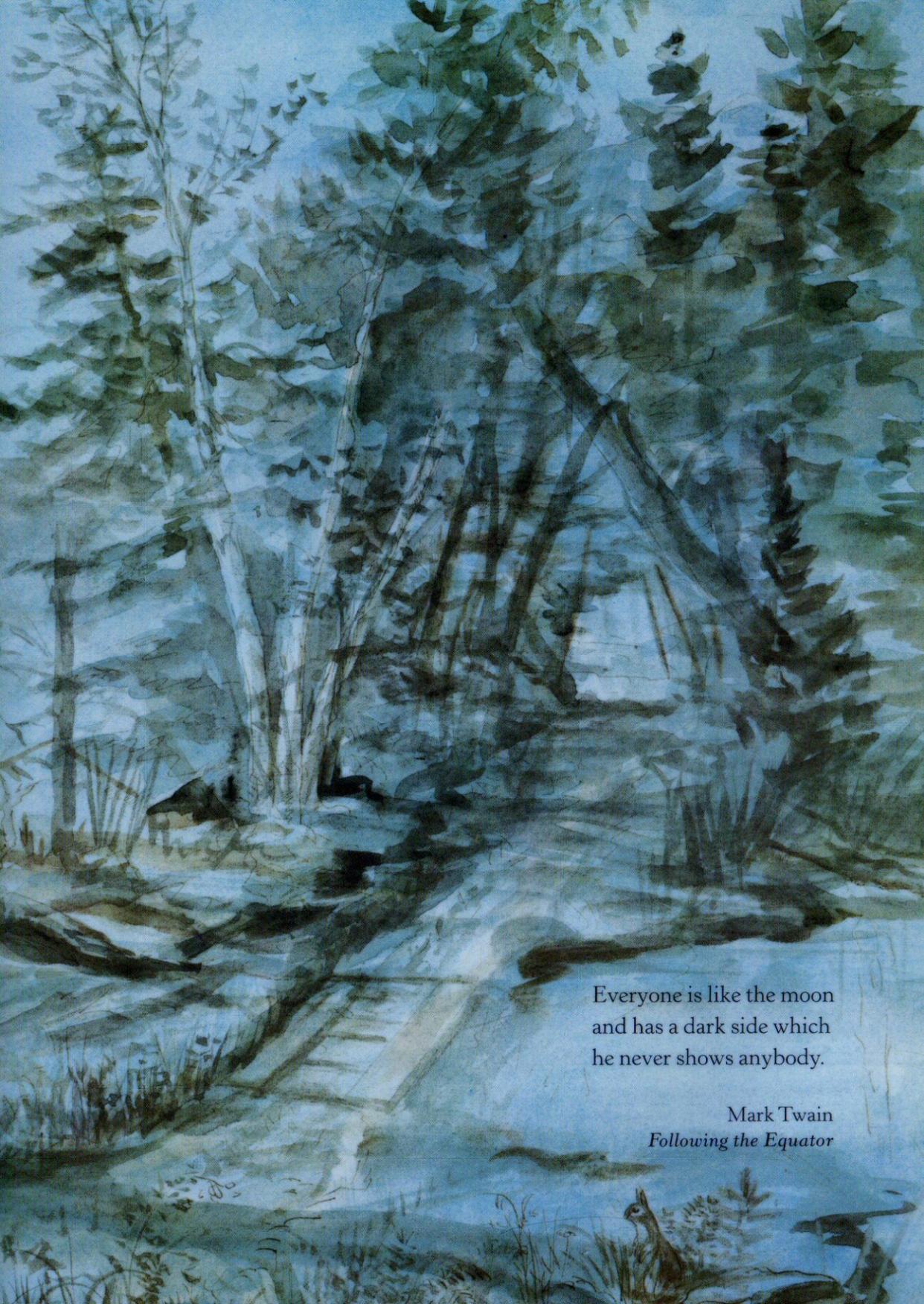




All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

Edgar Allan Poe
A Dream Within a Dream



A detailed watercolor painting of a forest floor. In the foreground, several large, fallen tree trunks and branches are scattered across the ground. The ground itself is covered in a mix of light-colored soil and patches of green grass. In the background, there are many tall, slender trees with dark, textured bark and lush green foliage at the top. The overall composition is a vertical landscape.

Everyone is like the moon
and has a dark side which
he never shows anybody.

Mark Twain
Following the Equator



Beloved Pan and all ye other gods who haunt this place,
give me beauty in the inward soul,
and may the outward and the inner man be at one.

Socrates
Dialogues, Phaedrus



In the life of each of us, I said to myself,
there is a place remote and islanded,
and given to endless regret or secret happiness.

Sarah Orne Jewett
The Country of the Pointed Firs

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour.

William Blake
Auguries of Innocence



T. Tudor

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

William Wordsworth
Ode, Intimations of Immortality





No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent,
a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less,
as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of
thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved
in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls;
it tolls for thee.

John Donne
Devotions XVII

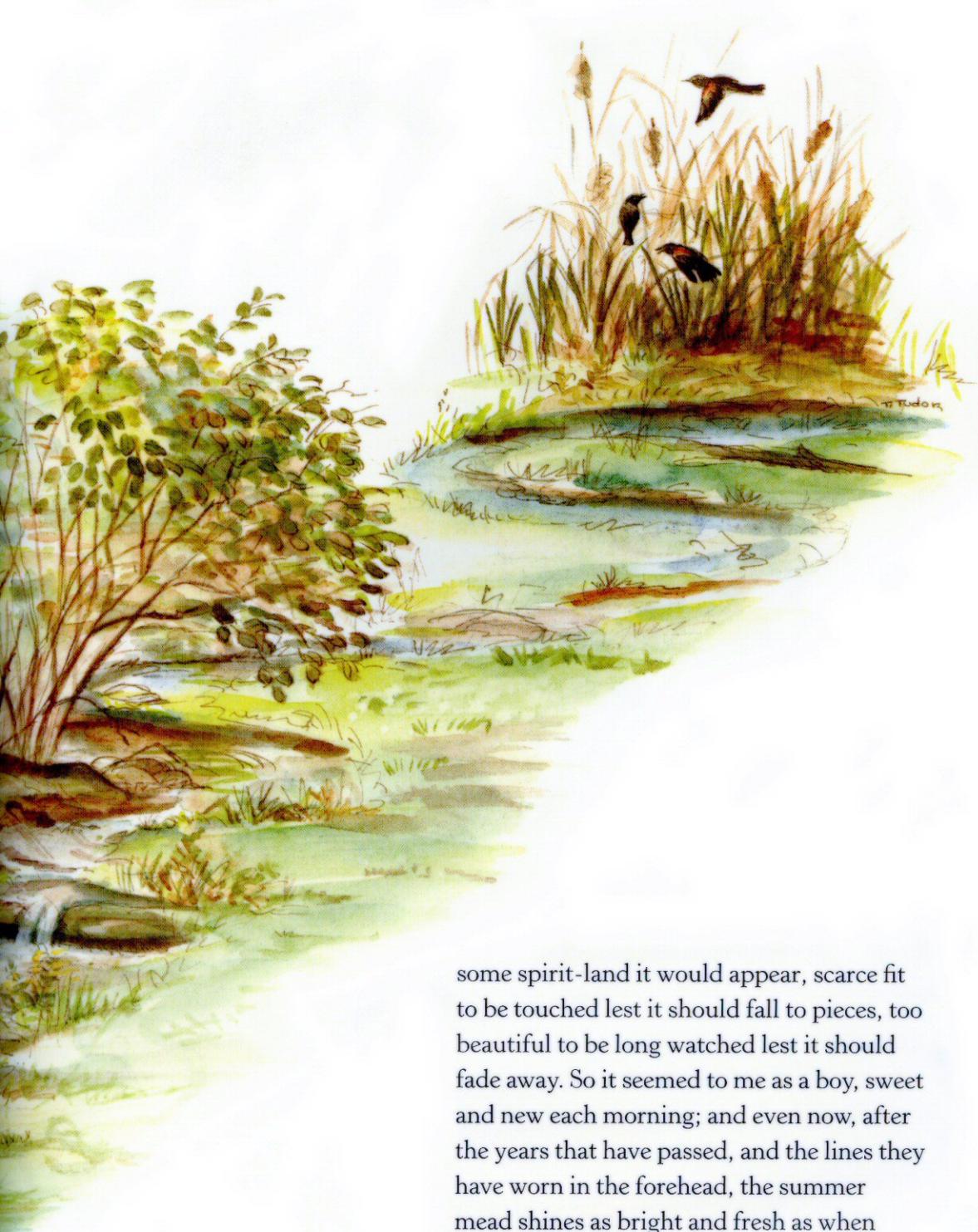


The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat as intangible and
indescribable as the tints of morning or evening. It is a little
star dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

Henry David Thoreau
Walden

If we had never before looked upon the earth,
but suddenly came to it man or woman grown,
sat down in the midst of a summer mead, would
it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the
shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the
sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the
mind would be filled with its glory, unable to
grasp it, hardly believing that such things could
be mere matter and no more. Like a dream of





some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit
to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too
beautiful to be long watched lest it should
fade away. So it seemed to me as a boy, sweet
and new each morning; and even now, after
the years that have passed, and the lines they
have worn in the forehead, the summer
mead shines as bright and fresh as when
my foot first touched the grass.

Richard Jefferies
The Open Air



On the plains of Hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions
who, at the dawn of victory, sat down to wait . . . and waiting, died.

attributed to George Cecil
source unknown



Dreams are the touchstones of our characters.

Henry David Thoreau
*A Week on the Concord and
Merrimack Rivers*



Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But like the seafaring man on the desert of waters, you change them as your guides,



and following them you will reach your destiny.

Carl Schultz

Address, Faneuil Hall, Boston, April 18, 1859



It is eternity now. I am in the midst of it. It is about
me in the sunshine; I am in it, as the butterfly in the
light-laden air. Nothing has to come; it is now.
Now is eternity; now is the immortal life.

Richard Jefferies
The Story of My Heart



There is no duty we so much underrate
as the duty of being happy.

Robert Louis Stevenson
An Apology for Idlers



Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
The Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

Omar Khayyám

translated by Edward FitzGerald

The Rubáiyát



Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Omar Khayyám
translated by Edward FitzGerald
The Rubáiyát



At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's newfangled mirth.

William Shakespeare
Love's Labour's Lost



Love comforteth like sunshine after rain.

William Shakespeare
Venus and Adonis



A home without a cat—and a well-fed, well-petted
and properly revered cat—may be a perfect home,
perhaps, but how can it prove title?

Mark Twain
Pudd'nhead Wilson

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone
you may still exist but you have ceased to live.

Mark Twain
Following the Equator







Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Circles



Life is short but there is always time for courtesy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Social Aims



The only gift is a portion of thyself.

Ralph Waldo Emerson
Gifts





I think I could turn and live with animals,
they are so placid and self-contain'd,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition . . .



Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented
with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind
that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the
whole earth.

Walt Whitman
Leaves of Grass



The finest thing in the world
is knowing how to belong to oneself.

Michel de Montaigne
Of Solitude



If a man does not keep pace with his companions,
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer.
Let him step to the music which he hears, however
measured or far away.

Henry David Thoreau
Walden



I lived with visions for my company,
Instead of men and women, years ago,
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
A sweeter music than they played to me.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Sonnets from the Portuguese



Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain!

Omar Khayyám

translated by Edward FitzGerald

The Rubáiyát