

Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Quotes

*Men, People, Real, Sweet, Marriage, Children, Mean, Life, Long, Roots, Years,
Self, Eye, Heaven, Spring, Money, Heart, World, Doe, Friendship*

Keep what is worth keeping and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

O, the mulberry-tree is of trees the queen! Bare long after the rest are green; But as time steals onwards, while none perceives Slowly she clothes herself with leaves.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

With faces like dead lovers who died true.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

according to the old joke, married people are often like little boys bathing, who cry with chattering teeth to the boys on the shore, 'Do come in, it's so warm' - it is not always warm.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Ethics, as has been well said, are the finest fruits of humanity, but they are not its roots

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

A person who is careless about money is careless about everything, and untrustworthy in everything.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

It is not work that kills, but "worry."

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Silence sweeter is than speech.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

How the sting of poverty, or small means, is gone when one keeps house for one's own comfort and not for the comfort of one's neighbors.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Those whose own light is quenched are often the light-bringers.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

It is the Christmas time: And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth, In glorious grief and solemn mirth, The shining angels climb.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

The irrevocable Hand That opes the year's fair gate, doth ope and shut
The portals of our earthly destinies; We walk through blindfold, and
the noiseless doors Close after us, for ever.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Young Dandelion On a hedge-side Said young Dandelion Who'll be my
bride? Said young Dandelion With a sweet air, I have my eye on Miss
Daisy fair.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

A secret at home is like rocks under tide.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

O, the sweet, sweet twilight just before the time of rest, When the black
clouds are driven away, and the stormy winds suppressed.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Now, I have nothing to say against uncles in general. They are usually
very excellent people, and very convenient to little boys and girls.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

It is astonishing what a lot of odd minutes one can catch during the day, if one really sets about it.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Loud wind, strong wind, sweeping o'er the mountains, Fresh wind, free wind, blowing from the sea, Pour forth thy vials like streams from airy mountains, Draughts of life to me.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

We are all of us very perfect creatures so long as we are not tried.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

If I had to write a book, I could not find anything in the world worth saying - as is indeed the case with many voluminous authors.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

The man who does his work, any work, conscientiously, must always be in one sense a great man.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

There is no sorrow under heaven which is, or ought to be, endless. To believe or to make it so, is an insult to Heaven itself.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

We never discover the value of things till we have lost them.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

There are no judgments so harsh as those of the erring, the inexperienced, and the young.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

No virtue ever was founded on a lie. The truth, then, at all risks and

costs - the truth from the beginning. Make a clean breast to whomsoever you need to make it, and then - face the world.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Action is the parent of results; dormancy, the brooding mother of discontent.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

God makes many poets, but he only gives utterance to a few.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Love never stands still; it must inevitably be either growing or decaying - especially the love of marriage.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Many true words are spoken in jest.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

The life of action is nobler than the life of thought.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Be loving, and you will never want for love; be humble, and you will never want for guiding.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

A true test of friendship, to sit or walk with a friend for an hour in perfect silence , without wearying of one another's company.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

A parent, unlike a poet, is not born - he is made.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

the worst times come to an end if you can only wait long enough.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Autumn Into earth's lap does throw Brown apples gay in a game of play,
As the equinoctials blow.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Our natural and happiest life is when we lose ourselves in the exquisite absorption of home, the delicious retirement of dependent love.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

absence ... smothers into decay a rootless fancy but often nourishes the least seed of a true affection into full-flowering love.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

What small account The All-living seems to take of this thin flame
Which we call life. He sends a moment's blast Out of war's nostrils, and
a myriad Of these our puny tapers are blown out Forever.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Happiness! Can any human being undertake to define it for another?

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

... what a fatal thing in pictures, books, or human lives, is a lack of proportion.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

we are so scornful when we are young!

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

there is nothing so absolute as the tyranny of weakness.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

When the ship is going down we trouble ourselves little enough about the style of the cabin furniture.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Better no marriage, than a marriage short of the best.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

One cannot make oneself, but one can sometimes help a little in the making of somebody else. It is well.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Nothing but a speck we seem In the waste of waters round, Floating, floating like a dream, Outward bound.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

O how beautiful is morning! How the sunbeams strike the daisies And the kingcups fill the meadow Like a golden-shielded army Marching to the uplands fair.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

We have not to construct human nature afresh, but to take it as we find it, and make the best of it.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Why cannot one always do, not only the right thing, but at the right time?

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

The plan of this world is infinite similarity and yet infinite variety.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Down in the deep, up in the sky , I see them always, far or nigh, And I shall see them till I die The old familiar faces.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Alack, this world Is full of change, change, change--nothing but change!

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

To-morrow is ah, whose?

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

O blest one hour like this! to rise And see grief's shadows backward roll; While bursts on unaccustomed eyes The glad Aurora of the soul.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

One only "right" we have to assert in common with mankind--and that is as much in our hands as theirs--is the right of having something to do.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

An author departs; he does not die.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

To accept the inevitable; neither to struggle against it nor murmur at it--this is the great lesson of life.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Happiness is not an end - it is only a means, and adjunct, a consequence.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

our right or wrong use of money is the utmost test of character, as well as the root of happiness or misery, throughout our whole lives.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

never was there a thoroughly noble nature without some romance in it.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

... it does not do to tell great people anything unpleasant.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

As we sail through life towards death, Bound unto the same port--heaven,-- Friend, what years could us divide?

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

Autumn to winter, winter into spring, Spring into summer, summer into fall,-- So rolls the changing year, and so we change; Motion so swift, we know not that we move.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

The wonder is not that some married people are less happy than they hoped to be, but that any married people, out of the honeymoon, or even in it, are ever happy at all.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

A perfect marriage is as rare as a perfect love. Could it be otherwise, when both men and women are so imperfect? Could aught else be expected? Yet all do expect it.

~Dinah Maria Murlock Craik

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