

MODES OF.

If you live according to the dictates of nature, you will never be poor; if according to the world's caprice, you will never be rich.

Seneca.

FOR PLEASURE.

He that spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces.

Fuller.

SOULLESS.

Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise, They would not learn, nor could advise; Without love, hatred, joy or fear, They led—a kind of—as it were, Nor wish'd, nor cared, nor laughed, nor cried;

And so they liv'd, and so they died.

Prior.

LOGIC.

BENEFITS OF.

It was a saying of the ancients, "Truth lies in a well;" and to carry on this metaphor, we may justly say that logic does supply us with steps, whereby we may go down to reach the water.

Dr. I. Watts.

DEFINITIONS OF.

Logic is the science of the laws of thought, as thought,—that is of the necessary conditions to which thought considered in itself is a subject.

Sir W. Hamilton.

Logic is a large drawer containing some useful instruments, and many more that are superfluous. A wise man will look into it for two purposes; to avail himself of those instruments that are really useful, and to admire the ingenuity with which those that are not so, are assorted and arranged.

Colton.

LOGICIAN.

THE.

He was in logic a great critic, Profoundly skilled in analytic; He could distinguish and divide A hair 'twixt south and southwest side; On either which he would dispute Confute, change hands, and still confute.

Butler.

LOGIC AND METAPHYSICS.

Logic and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.

Colton.

LOQUACITY.

CHARACTER OF.

A talkative fellow may be compared to an unbraced drum, which beats a wise man

out of his wits. Loquacity is the fistula of the mind—ever running, and almost incurable.

Feltham.

DANGER OF.

Learn to hold thy tongue. Five words cost Zacharias forty weeks' silence.

Fuller.

A SIGN OF VANITY.

Speaking much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is a niggard in deed.

Sir W. Raleigh.

TEDIOUSNESS OF.

O! he's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house;—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far, Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me

In any summer house in christendom.

Shakespeare.

TORMENT OF.

But still his tongue ran on, the less Of weight it bore, with greater ease; And with its everlasting clack, Set all men's ears upon the rack.

Butler.

WORTHLESSNESS OF.

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in Venice: but his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Shakespeare.

LOVE.

Love is the salt of life; a higher taste It gives to pleasure, and then makes it last.

Buckingham.

Love! wholightest on wealth, who makest thy couch in the soft cheeks of the youthful damsel, and roamest beyond the sea, and 'mid rural cots, thee shall neither any of the immortals escape, nor men the creatures of a day.

Sophocles.

Love is to the heart what summer is to the year—it brings to maturity its choicest fruits.

The sweetest joy, the wildest woe is love; The taint of earth, the odor of the skies in it.

Bailey

A heart full of coldness, a sweet full of Bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness, Which maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred

By desire nursed oy delight, weaned by jealousy

Kill'd by dissembling, buried by

Ingratitude;—and this is love.

Lilly.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite in the finite—of the ideal made real.

Carlyle.

It is to be all made of fantasy, All made of passion, and all of wishes, All adoration, duty, and observance; All humbleness, all patience and impatience,

All purity, all trial.

Shakespeare.

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs

Being purged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;

Being vexed, a sea nourish'd with lovers' tears.

What is it else? a madness most discreet, A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Ibid.

ACTIVITY.

Love is ever busy with his shuttle; Is ever weaving into life's dull warp Bright gorgeous flowers, and scenes Arcadian

Hanging our gloomy prison-house about With tapestries, that make its walls dilate In never-ending vistas of delight.

Longfellow.

ADVANTAGES OF.

Love keeps the cold out better than a cloak. It serves for food and raiment.

Ibid.

It is better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson.

Love is life's end! an end, but never ending;

All joys, all sweets, all happiness, awarding;

Love is life's wealth, (ne'er spent, but ever spending,)

More rich by giving, taking by discarding; Love's life's reward, rewarding in reward-

ing;

Then from thy wretched heart fond care re-

move;

Ah! shouldst thou live but once love's sweets to prove,

Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love.

Spenser.

ALL IN ALL.

'Tis the caress of ev'rything;

The turtle dove;

Both birds and beasts do off'rings bring

To mighty love.

'Tis th' angels' joy; the gods' delight: man's bliss;

'Tis all in all; without love, nothing is.

Heath.

ANTIDOTES TO.

Diffidence and awkwardness are the two antidotes to love.

Hazlitt.

ANXIETIES OF.

Love is the perpetual source of fears and anxieties.

Ovid

ARBITRARINESS OF.

Love, sole lord and monarch of itself, Allows no ties, no dictates but its own.

To that mysterious arbitrary power, Reason points out, and duty pleads in vain.

Motley

ATTRACTION OF.

Love goes toward love, as school boys from their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

Shakespeare.

Thou demandest what is love? It is that powerful attraction toward all that we conceive, fear, or hope beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves.

Shelley.

Love is the loadstone of love.

Anon.

AUDACITY.

Love, like a wren upon an eagle's wing Shall perch superior on ambition's wing And mock the lordly passion in its flight.

Darcey

AN AVENGER.

Let none think to fly the danger For soon or late love is his own avenger.

Byron.

WITH BEAUTY.

Love that has nothing but beauty to keep it in good health is short lived, and apt to have ague fits.

Erasmus.

OF HEAVENLY BIRTH.

Love is of heavenly birth

But turns to death on touching earth.

L. E. Landon.

BLINDNESS OF.

Love's of a strangely open simple kind, And thinks none sees it 'cause itself is blind.

Cowley.

But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Shakespeare.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the
mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted
blind.

Ibid.

THE GREATEST BLISS.
Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss;
Since every other joy, how dear soever,
Gives way to that and we leave all for love.

Rowe.

CALMNESS IN.
Let us love temp'rately; things violent last
not;
And too much dotage rather argues folly,
Than true affection.

Massinger.

CANKER OF.
As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Shakespeare.

CAPRICE OF.
Love's a capricious power: I've known it
hold
Out through a fever caused by its own
heat;

But be much puzzled by a cough or cold,
And find a quinsy very hard to treat.

Byron.

CAUTION AGAINST.
Love not! love not! the thing you love
may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and
strange,
The heart still warmly beat, and not for
you.

Mrs. Norton.

CAUSES OF.
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

Shakespeare.

CHARACTERISTICS OF.
In the soul, love is a passion for reigning;
in minds it is a sympathy; in the body it is
a latent desire to possess the object loved.

La Rochefoucauld.

* Men often proceed from love to ambition,
but seldom return from ambition to love.

Ibid.

The pleasure of love is in loving. We are
happier in the passion we feel than in that
we excite.

Ibid.

The more we love the nearer we are to
hate.

Ibid.

Love in all its tenderness, in all its kind
ness, its unsuspecting truth.

Bulwer.

Love, doubt, hope, ecstasy—the reverse,
terror, inanimate despondency, agonized
despair.

Ibid.

CHARITY OF.

Love is like a painter, who in drawing the
picture of a friend having a blemish in one
eye, would picture only the other side of the
face.

South.

CHARMS OF.

Thou sweetest thing
That e'er did fix its lightly-fibred sprays
To the rude rock, ah! wouldst thou cling
to me

Rough and storm-worn I am, yet love me as
Thou only dost, I will love thee again
With true and honest heart, though all un-
meet

To be the mate of such sweet gentleness.

Joanna Baillie.

I know a passion still more deeply charming
Than fever'd youth e'er felt; and that is
love,

By long experience mellow'd into friend-
ship.

Thomson.

COMFORT OF.

There is a comfort in the strength of love;
'Twill make a thing endurable, which else
Would overset the brain, or break the
heart.

Wordsworth.

CONCEALMENT OF.

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in
thought;

And, with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Shakespeare.

I find she loves him much because she
hides it,

Love teaches cunning even to innocence;
And where he gets possession, his first work
Is to dig deep within a heart, and there
Lie hid, and like a miser in the dark,
To feast alone.

Dryden.

CONCENTRATED.

Love! what a volume in a word! an ocean
in a tear!

A seventh heaven in a glance! a whirlwind
in a sigh!

The lightning in a touch—a millennium in
a moment!

What concentrated joy, or woe, in bless'd
or blighted love!

Tupper.

CONNUBIAL.

She is so conjunctive to my life and soul
That as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.

Shakespeare.

The true one of youth's love, proving a
faithful helpmate in those years when the
dream of life is over, and we live in its re-
alities.

Southey.

She was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts
Which terminated all.

Byron.

FIRST CONSCIOUSNESS OF.

Oh! there is nothing holier in this life of
ours than the first consciousness of love—the
first flutterings of its silken wings—the
first rising sound and breath of that wind
which is so soon to sweep through the soul,
to purify or to destroy.

Longfellow.

CONSTANCY OF.

There is nothing but death
Our affections can sever,
And till life's latest breath
Love shall bind us forever.

Percival.

Oh, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,

But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns to her god when he
sets

The same look which she turned when
he rose.

Moore.

Love me little, love me long.
I have a heart! but if it could be false
To my first vows, ever to love again,
These honest hands should tear it from my
breast,

And throw the traitor from me.

Southern.

He is blest in love alone
Who loves for years, and loves but one.

Sir A. Hunt.

True love can no more be diminished by
showers of evil-hap, than flowers are
marred by timely rains.

Sir P. Sidney.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither
can the floods drown it.

Herrick.

CRAVINGS OF.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may bind my heart,
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round.

Mrs. Hemans.

WHAT CREATES.

There can but two things create love, per-
fection and usefulness; to which answer on
our part, 1, Admiration, and 2, Desire; and
both these are centred in love.

Jeremy Taylor.

CREDULITY OF.

Love is an affair of credulity.

Ovid.

A SCARE-CROW.

Curse on this love, this little scare-crow,
love;
That frights fools, with his painted bow of
lath,

Out of their feeble senses.

Otway.

CURE OF.

Ridicule is perhaps a better expedient
against love, than sober advice; and I am
of opinion, that Hudibras and Don Quixote
may be as effectual to cure the extravagance
of this passion, as any one of the old
philosophers.

Addison.

DARING OF.

Love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to
prey,
And if it dares enough 'twere hard
If passion met not some reward.

Byron.

A DEBT.

It is a dangerous experiment to call in
gratitude as an ally to love. Love is a debt,
which inclination always pays; obligation,
never; and the moment it becomes luke-
warm and evanescent reminiscences on the
score of gratitude serve only to smother the
flame.

Colton.

DIFFICULT TO DEFINE.

It is difficult to define love; all we can
say is that in the soul it is a desire to rule,
in the mind it is a sympathy, and in the
body it is a hidden and delicate wish to
possess what we love—plus many myste-
ries.

La Rochefoucauld.

DEFINITIONS OF.

Love is the root of creation; God's es-
sence.

Longfellow.

For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

Scott.

DELIGHTS OF.

Love's soft sympathy imparts
That tender transport of delight
That beats in undivided hearts.

Cartwright.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers to Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Coleridge.

DEMANDS OF.

Friendship requires actions. Love re-
quires not so much proofs, as expressions
of Love. Love demands little else than the
power to feel and to requite love.

Richter.

NOTHING DIFFICULT TO.

Nothing is difficult to love; it will make a man cross his own inclinations, to pleasure them whom he loves. *Tillotson.*

DISAPPOINTMENT IN.

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundation sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favourite passion. *Addison.*

DISSEMBLED.

I cannot love, to counterfeit is base, And cruel too; dissembled love is like The poison of perfumes, a killing sweetness. *Sewell.*

OF THE DISOBLIGING.

It is the privilege of human nature above brutes, to love those that disoblige us. *Antoninus.*

DIVINITY OF.

What thing is love that naught can countervail?

Naught save itself, ev'n such a thing is love And worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail

As lowest earth doth yield to heav'n above, Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf And can be bought with nothing but with self. *Sir W. Raleigh.*

Love is a god

Strong, free, unabounded, and as some define

Fears nothing, pitieth none. *Milton.*

ECONOMY IN.

Economy in love is peace to nature Much like economy in worldly matter: We should be prudent, never live too fast, Profusion will not, cannot always last. *Dr. Wolcot.*

EFFECTS OF.

Love is a passion whose effects are various; It ever brings some change upon the soul; Some virtue, or some vice, till then unknown, Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant. *Brooke.*

END OF.

The end is, to have two made one In will and affection. *Ben. Jonson.*

FOUNDED ON ESTEEM.

For all true love is founded on esteem, Plainness and truth gain more a generous heart

Than all the crooked subtleties of art. *Duke of Buckingham.*

As love without esteem is volatile and capricious, esteem without love is languid and cold. *Johnson.*

ETERNITY OF.

Love's reign is eternal, The heart is his throne, And he has all seasons Of life for his own. *G. P. Morris.*

Love is old,

Old as eternity, but not outworn: With each new being born, or to be born. *Byron.*

EVANESCENCE OF.

O! love is like the rose, And a month it may not see, Ere it withers where it grows. *Bailey.*

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth Th' uncertain glory of an April day! Which now shows all the beauty of the sun And by-and-by a cloud takes all away. *Shakespeare.*

It is not love that steals the heart from love; 'Tis the hard world and its perplexing cares, Its petrifying selfishness, its pride, Its low ambition, and its paltry aim. *Catharine Bowles.*

EXCESS OF.

For oh! so wildly do I love him That paradise itself were dim And joyless, if not shared with him. *Moore.*

A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable

Beyond all manner of so much I love you. *Shakespeare.*

Lookest thou at the stars? If I were heaven, With all the eyes of heaven would I look down on thee! *Addison.*

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light? Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,

Mingle with life, and form my very soul? *Young.*

EXPANSIBILITY OF.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills. *Richter.*

There is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be not spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men humane and charitable. *Bacon.*

EXTREMES OF.

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme. *Homer.*

FANTASTIC.

Love is full of unbefitting strains, All wanton as a child, skipping and vain; Form'd by the eye, and therefore like the eye;

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms. *Shakespeare.*

OUR FATE.

Love is not in our choice, but in our fate. *Dryden.*

Love is not in our power, Nay, what seems stranger, is not in our choice;

We only love when fate ordains we should And, blindly fond, oft slight superior merit. *Frowde.*

MUST BE FED.

Love's but the frailty of the mind, When 'tis not with ambition join'd; A sickly flame, which if not fed, expires, And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires. *Congreve.*

A FIRE.

Love is a fire, that burns and sparkles, In men as nat'rally as in charcoals, Which sooty chemists stop in holes When out of wood they extract coals; So lovers should their passion choke, That though they burn, they may not smoke. *Butler.*

FLAME OF.

Affection lights a brighter flame, Than ever blazed by art. *Cowper.*

CANNOT BE FORCED.

I cannot love him; Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth In voices well divulged, free, learn'd and valiant, And in dimensions, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him! He might have took his answer long ago. *Shakespeare.*

FRENZY OF.

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's phrenzy; but the cure Is bitterer still. *Byron.*

Come, gentle night; come, loving black brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,

Take him and cut him out in little stars, And he will make the face of heaven so fine,

That all the world will be in love with night,

And pay no worship to the garish sun. *Shakespeare.*

THE GIFT OF GOD.

True love's the gift which God has given To man alone beneath the heaven. *Scott.*

HAPPINESS OF.

The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved. *Victor Hugo.*

A CELESTIAL HARMONY.

Love is a celestial harmony Of likely hearts, compos'd of stars' consent, Which join together in sweet sympathy, To work each other's joy and true content, Which they have harbour'd since their first descent, Out of their heavenly bowers, where they did see And know each other here below'd to be. *Spenser.*

HERALDS OF.

Love's heralds should be thoughts Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams, Driving back shadows over low'ring hills: Therefore do nimble—pinion'd doves draw Love, And therefore hath the wind—swift Cupid wings. *Shakespeare.*

HOLINESS OF.

Holy and fervent love! had earth but rest For thee and thine, this world were all too fair!

How could we thence be wean'd to die without despair? *Mrs. Hemans.*

HONOR IN.

Love is a passion Which kindles honour into noble acts. *Dryden.*

HOPEFULNESS OF.

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair

But love can hope where reason would despair. *Lord Lyttleton.*

Ah! love every hope can inspire; It banishes wisdom the while; And the lips of the nymph we admire Seem forever adorn'd with a smile. *Shenstone.*

HUMILITY OF.

Love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Shakespeare.

IDEALITY OF.

He is in love with an ideal,
A creature of his own imagination,
A child of air, an echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating,
She floats upon the river of his thoughts.
Longfellow.

ILLCIT.

Nuptial love maketh mankind, friendly
love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth
and embaseth it. *Bacon.*

The sacred love o' weel-placed love,
Luxuriantly indulge it,
But never tempt th' illicit rove
Tho' nothing should divulge it;
I waive the quantum of the sin
The hazard o' concealing
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! *Burns.*

IMMORTALITY OF.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no
more die than virtue itself. *Erasmus.*

They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly,—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth;
But love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there.
Southey.

IMPARTIALITY OF.

Love gives esteem, and then he gives de-
sert;
He either finds equality or makes it;
Like death, he knows no difference in de-
grees,
But flames and levels all. *Dryden.*

INDICATIONS OF.

How to know a man in love—your hose
should be ungartered, your bonnet un-
banded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe
untied, and everything about you demon-
strating a careless desolation.
Shakespeare.

In many ways does the full heart reveal
The presence of the love it would conceal.
Coleridge.

If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain.
If bursting heart, and maddening brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine.
Byron.

It is difficult to know at what moment
love begins; it is less difficult to know it
has begun. A thousand heralds proclaim
it to the listening ear, a thousand messen-
gers betray it to the eye. Tone, act, atti-
tude, and look, the signals upon the coun-
tenance, the electric telegraph of touch,—
all these betray the yielding citadel before
the word itself is uttered, which, like the
key surrendered open every avenue and
gate of entrance, and renders retreat im-
possible. *Longfellow.*

You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
Think much, speak little, and in speaking
sigh. *Dryden.*

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne—
A sincere woman's breast; for over-warm,
Or over-cold annihilates the charm. *Byron.*

INFLUENCE OF.

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name;
It heats me, it beats me,
And set me a' on flame. *Burns*

All the passions make us commit faults,
but love makes us commit the most ridic-
ulous ones. *La Rochefoucauld.*

Hate makes us vehement partisans, but
love still more so. *Goethe.*

DELIGHTFUL INFLUENCE OF.

By love's delightful influence the attack
of ill-humour is resisted, the violence of our
passions abated, the bitter cup of affliction
sweetened, all the injuries of the world al-
leviated, and the sweetest flowers plenti-
fully strewn along the most thorny paths
of life. *Zimmerman.*

ENNOBLING INFLUENCE OF.

In loving, thou dost well; in passion not;
Wherein true love consists not. Love re-
fines

The thoughts and heart enlarges; hath its
seat

In reason, and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou mayst
ascend;—

Nor sunk in carnal pleasure; for which
cause

Among the beasts no mate for thee was
found. *Milton.*

Love is the purification of the heart from
self; it strengthens and ennobles the char-
acter, gives higher motive and a nobler aim
to every action of life, and makes both man
and woman strong, noble, and courageous;
and the power to love truly and devotedly
is the noblest gift with which a human be-
ing can be endowed; but it is a sacred fire
that must not be burnt to idols. *Miss Jewsbury.*

TRANSFORMING INFLUENCE OF.

It is possible that a man can be so changed
by love that one could not recognise him as
the same person. *Terence.*

Oh, how beautiful it is to love! Even
thou that sneerest and laughest in cold in-
difference or scorn if others are near thee,
thou, too, must acknowledge its truth when
thou art alone, and confess that a foolish
world is prone to laugh in public at what in
private it reveres as one of the highest im-
pulses of our nature; namely, love.
Longfellow.

INGREDIENTS OF.

True he it said, whatever man it said,
That love with gall and honey doth abound;
But if the one be with the other weighed
For every drachm of honey therein found
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
Spenser.

INSPIRATION OF.

Love various minds does variously inspire;
He stirs in gentle nature's gentle fire
Like that of incense on the altar laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls in-
vade,—

A fire, which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it
glows. *Dryden.*

WITH JEALOUSY.

Love has no power to act when curbed by
jealousy. *Hill.*

WITHOUT JEALOUSY.

Love may exist without jealousy; al-
though this is rare; but jealousy may exist
without love, and this is common. *Colton.*

JOYS OF.

The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness
That worldly chances do among them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness.
Spenser.

Keen are the pangs
Of hapless love and passion unapproved;
But where consenting wishes meet, and
vows
Reciprocally breathed confirm the tie,
Joy rolls on joy, an unexhausted stream,
And virtue crowns the sacred scene with
peace. *Smollett.*

Where strictest virtues softest love unite,
How fierce the rapture and the blaze how
bright!

True joys proceed from innocence and love,
Th' unsteady, by this lesson may improve,
Disdain their vices, and forget to rove.
Havard.

DOES NOT KILL.

Men have died from time to time, and
worms have eaten them, but not for love.
Shakespeare.

KIND OFFICES OF.

"Love covers a multitude of sins."
When a scar cannot be taken away the
next kind office is to hide it. Love is never
so blind as when it is to spy faults. *South.*

LANGUAGE OF.

Love is a child that talks in broken lan-
guage,
Yet then he speaks most plain. *Dryden.*
Flowers are love's truest language.
Park Benjamin.

LETTERS.

To write a good love-letter you ought to
begin without knowing what you mean to
say, and to finish without knowing what
you have written. *Rousseau.*

LATE IN LIFE.

Love's like the measles—all the worse
when it comes late in life. *Jerrold.*

IS LIFE.

Love! thou hast every bliss in store;
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more;
Each other every wish they give:
Not to know love is not to live. *Gay.*

Life without love's a load, and time stands
still;

What we refuse to him, to death we give;
And then, then only when we love we live.
Congreve.