

A SECOND LIFE.

Love is not to be reason'd down or lost
In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
'Tis second life; it grows into the soul
Warms ev'ry vein, and beats in ev'ry pulse.

Addison.

LOWLINESS OF.

It is not in the mountains
Nor the palaces of pride,
That love will fold his wings up
And rejoicingly abide;
But in meek and humble natures
His home is ever found
As the lark that sings in heaven,
Builds its nest upon the ground.

Blanchard.

A MADNESS.

Love is merely madness; and I tell you,
deserves as well a dark house and a whip,
as madmen do; and the reason why they
are not so punished and cured, is that the
lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are
in love too.

Shakespeare.

HOW TO MAKE.

If you cannot inspire a woman with love
of you, fill her above the brim with love
for herself;—all that runs over will be yours.

Colton.

MASTERY OF.

Love is your master, for he masters you.

Shakespeare.

Love never fails to master what he finds
But works in different ways in different
minds,
The fool enlightens and the wise he blinds.

Dryden.

MATERNAL.

A mother's love!
If there be one thing pure,
Where all beside is sullied,
That can endure,
When all else passes away;
If there be aught
Surpassing human deed or word, or thought,
It is a mother's love.

Marchioness de Spadara.

Earth held no symbol, had no living sign
To image forth the mother's deathless love.

Mrs. Hale.

What is a mother's love?
A noble, pure, and tender flame
Enkindled from above.

James Montgomery.

Maternal love! thou word that sums all
bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss,—fullest when
most

Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of
God!

O'erflowing most when greatest numbers
drink.

Pollok.

There is none

In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that
within

A mother's heart.

Mrs. Hemans.

The love of a mother is never exhausted,
it never changes, it never tires. A father
may turn his back on his child, brothers
and sisters may become inveterate enemies,
husbands may desert their wives, wives
their husbands. But a mother's love en-
dures through all; in good repute, in bad
repute, in the face of the world's condem-
nation, a mother still loves on, and still
hopes that her child may turn from his evil
ways, and repent; still she remembers the
infant smiles that once filled her bosom
with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful
shout of his childhood, the opening promise
of his youth; and she can never be brought
to think him all unworthy.

Washington Irving.

MIRACLE OF.

The greatest miracle of love is the cure of
coquetry.

La Rochefoucauld.

A MISER.

Love, a penurious god, very niggardly of
his opportunities, must be watched like a
hardhearted treasurer.

Dryden.

True love's a miser; so tenacious grown,
He weighs to the least grain of what's his
own.

Dryden.

MODERATION IN.

Mod'rate delight is but a waking dream;
And of all pleasures love is the supreme;
And therefore love immod'rate love de-
serves;

Excess o'ercomes, but moderation starves.

Crouse.

Love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Shakespeare.

MUTABILITY OF.

There is no truth in love,
It alters with the smile of fortune's sun,
As flowers do change by culture.

Love cools, friendship falls off,
Brothers divide.

Shakespeare.

MUTUALITY OF.

When love's well-timed, 'tis not a fault to
love;

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the
wise,

Sink in the soft captivity together.

Addison.

Love is an alliance of friendship and ani-
malism; if the former predominate, it is a
passion exalted and refined, but if the lat-
ter, gross and sensual.

Colton.

Love is an affection of union whereby we
desire to enjoy perpetual union with the
thing loved.

Luther.

It is vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness.

Byron.

A NETTLE.

Such is the posie love composes,
A stinging nettle mixed with roses.

Brown.

NOBILITY OF.

Love did his reason blind,
And love's the noblest frailty of the mind.

Dryden.

They say, base men being in love, have
then

A nobility in their natures more
Than is native to them.

Shakespeare.

OBJECTS OF.

Let thy love be at the best so long as
they do well; but take heed that thou love
God, thy country, thy prince, and thine
own estate, before all others; for the fan-
cies of men change, and he that loves to-
bay hateth to-morrow; but let reason be
thy schoolmistress, which shall ever guide
thee aright.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

OMNIPRESENCE OF.

Love is omnipresent in nature as motive
and reward. Love is our highest word,
and the synonym of God. Every promise
of the soul has innumerable fulfillments;
each of its joys ripens into a new want.
Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelook-
ing, in the first sentiment of kindness, an-
ticipates already a benevolence which shall
lose all particular regards in its general
light. The introduction of this felicity is
in a private and tender relation of one to
one, which is the enchantment of human
life; which, like a certain divine rage and
enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period,
and works a revolution in his mind and
body; unites him to his race, pledges him
to the domestic and civil relations, carries

him with new sympathy into nature, en-
hances the power of the senses, opens the
imagination, adds to his character heroic
and sacred attributes, establishes marriage,
and gives permanence to human society.

Emerson.

NOVELTY IN.

The beauty of novelty is to love as the
flower to the fruit; it lends a lustre which
is easily lost, but which never returns.

La Rochefoucauld.

PAIN OF.

O love! how hard a fate is thine
Obtain'd with trouble, and with pain pre-
serv'd,

Never at rest.

Lansdowne.

A mighty pain to love it is

And 'tis a pain that pain to miss, !

But of all pains the greatest pain

It is to love and love in vain.

Cowley.

A PARTING.

The consciousness of being loved softens
the keenest pang, even at the moment of
parting; yea, even the eternal farewell is
robbed of half its bitterness, when uttered
in accents that breathe love to the last sigh.

Addison.

THE BEST OF PASSIONS.

Why should we kill the best of passions,
love?

It aids the hero, bids ambition rise

To nobler heights, inspires immortal deeds,
Ev'n softens brutes, and adds a grace to
virtue.

Thomson.

PATERNAL.

Certain it is that there is no kind of affec-
tion so purely angelic as that of a father to
his daughter. He beholds her both with
and without regard to her sex. In love to
our wives there is desire; to our sons there
is ambition; but in that to our daughters
there is something which there are no
words to express.

Addison.

In a father's love, like a well-drawn pic-
ture, he eyes all his children alike, (if
there be a parity of deserts,) never parch-
ing one to drown another.

Fuller.

A PEARL.

Love is a pearl of purest hue,

But stormy waves are round it;

And dearly may a woman rue,

The hour that first she found it.

L. E. Landon.

PERMANENCY OF.

Love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention;
But lives, when that exterior grace,
Which first inspired the flame decays.
'Tis gentle, delicate and kind,
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will, with sympathy endure,
Those evils it would gladly cure;
But angry, coarse and harsh expression,
Shows love to be a mere expression;
Proves that the heart is none of his,
Or soon expels him if it is. *Cowper.*

PERSPICACITY OF.

Love sees what no eye sees. Love hears
what no ear hears, and what never rose in
the heart of man love prepares for its ob-
ject. *Lavater.*

For lover's eyes more sharp-sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's sight
See more than any other eyes can see. *Spenser.*

She knew—
For quickly comes such knowledge—that
his heart
Was darkened with her shadow. *Byron.*
WITH PITY.

Of all the paths to woman's love
Pity's the straightest. *Beaumont and Fletcher.*

AND POVERTY.

When poverty comes in at the door, love
flies out at the window.

POWER OF.

The power of love,
In earth, and seas, and air, and heaven
above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful rod;
By daily miracles declared a god:
He blinds the wise, gives eyesight to the
blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's
mind. *Dryden.*

The power of love in all ages creates angels. *Longfellow.*

Almighty love! what wonders are not thine!
Soon as thy influence breathes upon the
soul;

By thee, the haughty bend the suppliant
knee;

By thee the hand of avarice is opened
Into profusion; by thy power the heart
Of cruelty is melted into softness;
The rude grow tender, and the fearful bold. *Patterson.*

Nothing is so fierce but love will soften,
nothing so sharp-sighted in other matters
but it throws a mist before the eyes on't. *L'Estrange.*

Love conquers all things, and let us yield
to love. *Virgil.*

BINDING POWER OF.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or
bind so fast, as love can do with only a sin-
gle thread. *Burton.*

CUNNING POWER OF.

The power of love consists mainly in the
privilege that potentate possesses of coining,
circulating, and making current those false-
hoods between man and woman, that would
not pass for one moment, either between
woman and woman, or man and man. *Colton.*

ENNOBLING POWER OF.

Such is the power of that sweet passion,
That it all sordid baseness doth expell,
And the refined mind doth newly fashion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, and would itself ex-
cell;

Which he, beholding still with constant
sight,
Admires the mirror of so heavenly light. *Spenser.*

MAGICAL POWER OF.

O magic of love! unembellish'd by you,
Has the garden a bush, or the herbage a
hue?

Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art
Like the vista that shines through the eye
to the heart? *Moore.*

O love! thou bane of the most generous
souls!

Thou doubtful pleasure, and thou certain
pain!

What magic's thine that melts the hardest
hearts

And fools the wisest minds. *Lansdowne.*

REDEEMING POWER OF.

Man while he loves, is never quite de-
praved,

And woman's triumph is a lover saved. *Lamb.*

REFINING POWER OF.

Love is that passion which refines the soul;
First made men heroes, and those heroes
gods,

Its genial fires inform the sluggish mass;
The rugged soften, and the tim'rous warm;
Gives wit to fools, and manners to the clown. *Higgin.*

WINNING POWER OF.

Is there no way to bring home a wander-
ing sheep, but by worrying him to death? *Fuller.*

NO PRUDENCE IN.

To love and to be wise is scarcely granted
to the highest. *Laberius.*

PURITY OF.

O Love! thy essence is thy purity!
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy
flame

And it is gone forever, and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame. *L. E. Landon.*

QUALITY OF.

The love which is nursed through shame
and sorrow, is of a deeper and holier nature
than that which is reared in pride and fos-
tered in joy. *Bulwer.*

RAPTURE OF.

Strange that a love-lorn heart will beat
With rapture wild amid its folly!
No grief so soft, no pain so sweet
As love's delicious melancholy. *Mrs. Osgood.*

RELIGION OF.

It makes us proud when our love of a mis-
tress is returned; it ought to make us
prouder still, when we can love her for her-
self alone, without the aid of any such sel-
fish reflection. This is the religion of love. *Hazlitt.*

NOT THE EFFECT OF REASON.

Love's not the effect of reason, or of will,
Few feel the passion's force because they
choose it,
And fewer yet, when it becomes their duty. *Elizabeth Haywood.*

NO REMEDY FOR.

Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure. *Pope.*

REQUITED.

O love! requited love, how fine thy thrills
That shake the trembling frame with ecstasy
Ev'n every vein celestial pleasure fills;
An inexpressible bliss is in each sigh. *Sir S. E. Brydges.*

REWARD OF.

Love's measure is the mean; sweet his an-
noys;

His pleasures life; and his reward all joys. *John Ford.*

ALLOWS NO RIVAL.

O love! thou sternly dost thy power main-
tain,

And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thee all fellowship disdain. *Dryden.*

Love, well thou know'st, no partnership
allows,
Cupid averse rejects divided vows. *Prior.*

SCIENCE OF.

The science of love is the philosophy of
the heart. *Cicero.*

SENSITIVENESS OF.

Love is a plant of the most tender kind,
That shrinks and shakes with every ruffling
wind. *Granville.*

LIKE A SHADOW.

Love like a shadow flies, when substance
love pursues;

Pursuing that which flies, and flying what
pursues. *Shakespeare.*

A SICKNESS.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using. *Daniel.*

AT FIRST SIGHT.

Who ever loved that loved not at first
sight? *Marlowe.*

SLIGHTED.

Didst thou but know as I do,
The pangs and tortures of a slighted love,
Thou wouldst not wonder at his sudden
change;
For when ill-treated, it turns all to hate,—
And the then darling of our soul's revenge. *Powell.*

The adoration of his heart had been to
her only as the perfume of a wild flower,
which she had carelessly crushed with her
foot in passing. *Longfellow.*

SONG OF.

The first sound in the song of love,
Scarce more than silence is, and yet a sound.
Hands of invisible spirits touch the strings
Of that mysterious instrument the soul,
And play the prelude of our fate. *Ibid.*

BORN OF SORROW.

Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless
as they,
But the love born of sorrow, like sorrow is
true. *Moore.*

SOUL OF.

O artless love, where the soul moves the
tongue

And only nature speaks what nature thinks. *Dryden.*

OF TWO SORTS.

Love is of two sorts, of friendship and of
desire; the one betwixt friends, and the

other betwixt lovers; the one a rational, the other a sensitive love; so our love of God consists of two parts, as esteeming God, and desiring of him. *Hammond.*

DISTURBING SPIRIT OF.

We paint love as a child,
When he should sit a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world. *Croly.*

STRENGTH OF.

Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned. *Solomon's Song viii, 6, 7.*

SUPREMACY OF.

To her love was like the air of heaven,—invisible, intangible; it yet encircled her soul, and she knew it; for in it was her life. *Miss M'Intosh.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred frame. *Coleridge.*

Love was to his impassion'd soul
Not as with others, a mere part
Of its existence, but the whole:
The very life-breath of the heart. *Moore.*

O, the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which broken, break them, and drain off
the soul
Of human joy, and make it pain to live. *Young.*

SUSPICIOUSNESS OF.

Love will suspect where is no cause for fear;
And there not fear where it should most
distrust. *Shakespeare.*

SYMPATHY OF.

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind
In body and in soul can bind. *Scott.*
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your
care. *Shakespeare.*

SYMPTOMS OF.

The most powerful symptom of love is a tenderness which becomes at times almost insupportable. *Victor Hugo.*

The first symptom of love in a young man is timidity, in a girl it is boldness. The two sexes have a tendency to approach, and each assumes the qualities of the other. *Ibid.*

TIMIDITY OF.

No lesse was she in secret heart affected,
But that she masked it in modestie,
For feare she should of lightnesse be de-
tected. *Spenser.*

A TYRANT.

Fantastic tyrant of the amorous heart,
How hard thy yoke! how cruel is thy dart,
Those 'scape thy anger who refuse thy
sway,
And those are punished most who most
obey. *Prior.*

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and nice suspi-
cions. *Otway.*

UNALTERABLE.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds—
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.
Shakespeare.

UNCONQUERABLE.

Oh, love! unconquerable in the fight. *Sophocles.*

UNIVERSALITY OF.

Love's force is shown in countries cased in
ice,
Where the pale polestar in the north of
heaven
Sits high, and on the frozy winter broods,
Ev'n there love reigns.
There the proud god, disdaining winter's
bounds,
O'erleaps the fences of eternal snow,
And with his warmth supplies the distant
sun. *Dryden.*

Heaven's harmony is universal love. *Cowper.*

SPIRIT OF THE UNIVERSE.

Love is the great instrument of nature
the bond and cement of society, the spirit
and spring of the universe. Love is such
an affection as cannot so properly be said to
be in the soul, as the soul to be in that: it
is the whole nature wrapped up into one
desire. *South.*

UNPURCHASABLE.

Like Diana's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought. *Longfellow.*

UNREQUITED.

Why have I been born with all these warm
affections, these ardent longings after what
is good, if they lead only to sorrow and
disappointment? I would love some one,
love him once and forever—devote myself
to him alone—live for him—die for him—
exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this
world there is none to love me as I would
be loved—none whom I may love as I am
capable of loving! How empty, how deso-
late the world seems about me! Why has
heaven given me these affections, only to
fall and fade? *Longfellow.*

SUM OF THE VIRTUES.

Why love among the virtues is not known?
It is, that love contracts them all in one. *Donne.*

VIRTUOUS.

No more can impure man retain and move
In that pure region of a worthy love
Than earthly substance can unforced aspire
To leave his nature to converse with fire. *Ibid.*

'Tis love combined with guilt alone that
melts

The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth,
But virtuous passions prompt the great re-
solve,
And fan the slumbering spark of heavenly
fire. *Johnson.*

Without love no virtue can be perfect. *Hermes.*

NEVER WASTED.

Talk not of wasted affection! Affection
never was wasted.
If it enrich not the heart of another, its
waters returning
Back to their springs like the rain, shall fill
them full of refreshing.
That which the fountain sends forth returns
again to the fountain. *Longfellow.*

GIVES NO WARNING.

Love seizes on us suddenly, without giv-
ing warning, and our disposition, or our
weakness, favours the surprise; one look,
one glance from the fair fixes and deter-
mines us. Friendship on the contrary, is a
long time in forming, it is of slow growth,
through many trials and months of famili-
arity. *La Bruyere.*

THE WAY TO WIN.

That you may be loved be amiable. *Ovid.*

LIKE WINE.

All love at first, like gen'rous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine,

But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free;
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder. *Butler.*

Love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliss,
Heighten'd indeed beyond all mortal pleas-
ures,

But mingles pangs and madness in the
bowl. *Young.*

WISDOM IN.

The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the gods above. *Dryden.*

WOMAN'S.

Lightly thou say'st that woman's love is
false,

The thought is falser far—
For some of them are true as martyrs' le-
gends,

As full of suffering faith, of burning love,
Of high devotion—worthier of heaven than
earth,

O, I do know a tale! *Maturin*

Pure as the snow the summer sun
Never at noon hath look'd upon—
Deep, as is the diamond wave,
Hidden in the desert cave—
Changeless, as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves—
Hopeless, often, when most fond—
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity—
And this woman's love can be. *L. E. Landon.*

Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 'tis lost, life has no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone. *Byron.*

The soul of women lives in love. *Mrs. Sigourney.*

There is in the heart of woman such a deep
well of love that no age can freeze it. *Bulwer.*

Oh, the love of woman—the love of wo-
man! How high will it not rise? and to
what lowly depths will it not stoop? How
many injuries will it not forgive? What ob-
stacles will it not overcome, and what sacri-
fices will it not make, rather than give up
the being upon which it has been once
wholly and truthfully fixed? Perennial of
life which grows up under every climate,

how small would be the sum of happiness without thee? No coldness, no neglect, no harshness, no cruelty, can extinguish thee! Like the fabled lamp in the sepulchre, thou sheddest thy pure light in the human heart, when everything around thee there is dead forever.

Carleton.

THE WORD IN LATIN.

Hear me exemplify love's *Latin* word;
As thus: hearts join'd *amore*: take a from thence,
Then *more* is the perfect moral sense;
Plural in manners, which in thee do shine
Saint-like, immortal, spotless and divine:
Take *m* away, *ore* in beauty's name,
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame.

Middleton.

THE WOUND OF.

The wound's invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Shakespeare.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship never.

Colton.

Love weakens as it grows older, while friendship strengthens with years.

Stanislaus.

LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.

We can sometimes love what we do not understand, but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.

Mrs. Jameson.

LOVER.

ADVICE TO A.

A man is in no danger so long as he talks his love; but to write it is to impale himself on his own pot-hooks.

Jerrold.

ANXIETY OF A.

The gnawing envy, the heart fretting fear,
The vain surmises, the distrustful shows,
The false reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,

The feigned friends, the unassured foes,
With thousands more than any tongue can tell.

Do make a lover's life a witch's hell.

Spenser.

BEST ADVISER OF A.

An old, a grave discreet man, is fittest to discourse of love matters; because he hath likely more experience, observed more, hath a more staid judgment, can better discern, resolve, discuss, advise, give better

cautions and more solid precepts, better inform his auditors in such a subject, and by reason of his riper years, sooner divert.

Burton.

CHOICE OF A.

If I freely may discover
What should please me in my lover,
I would have her fair and witty,
Savouring more of court than city;
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying,
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying;
Neither too easy nor too hard;
All extremes I would have barr'd.

Ben. Jonson.

DEFINITION OF A.

A lover is a man who, in his anxiety to possess another, has lost possession of himself.

Bulwer.

DESCRIPTION OF A.

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved.

Shakespeare.

FOLLY OF A.

A lover is the very fool of nature,
Made sick by his own wantonness of thought,

His fever'd fancy.

Thomson.

HOPE OF A.

A lover's hope resembles the bean in the nursery tale; let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly, that, in the course of a few hours, the giant imagination builds a castle on the top, and by-and-by comes disappointment with the curtal axe, and hews down both the plant and the superstructure.

Sir Walter Scott.

LIKE A HUNTER.

A lover's like a hunter—if the game be got with too much ease he cares not for't.

Mead.

The lover's pleasure, like that of the hunter, is in the chase, and the brightest beauty loses half its merit, as the flower its perfume, when the willing hand can reach it too easily. There must be doubt; there must be difficulty and danger.

Scott.

NECESSITY OF A.

A woman may live without a lover, but a lover once admitted, she never goes through life with only one. She is deserted, and cannot bear her anguish and solitude, and hence fills up the void with a second idol.

Bulwer.

A RESERVED.

A reserved lover, it is said, always makes suspicious husband.

Goldsmith.

LOVERS.

EYES OF.

For lovers' eyes more sharply sighted be
Than other men's, and in dear love's delight

See more than any other eyes can see.

Spenser.

INSTINCT OF.

Lovers have an ineffable instinct which detects the presence of rivals.

Bulwer.

QUARRELS OF.

There is no sweetness in lovers' quarrels that compensates the sting.

Bulwer.

In lover's quarrels, the party that loves most is always most willing to acknowledge the greater fault.

Scott.

TONGUE OF.

Lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

Shakespeare.

VOWS OF.

Doubt thou the stars are fire!

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

Hamlet.

Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false; at lover's vows,
They say, Jove laughs.

Shakespeare.

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Ibid.

O, men's vows are woman's traitors.

Ibid.

NEVER TIRED.

Lovers are never tired of each other,—
they always speak of themselves.

La Rochefoucauld.

LOVING-KINDNESS.

Sweet loving-kindness! if thou shine,
The plainest face may seem divine,
And beauty's self grow doubly bright
In the mild glory of thy light.

Dr. Mackay.

LOYALTY AND PATRIOTISM.

The most inviolable attachment to the laws of our country is everywhere acknowledged a capital virtue; and where the peo-

ple are not so happy as to have any legislature but a single person, the strictest loyalty is, in that case, the truest patriotism.

Hume.

LUST.

CHARACTERISTICS OF.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.

Milton.

EVIL EFFECTS OF.

But when lust,
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,

But most by lewd and lavish arts of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies and imbrutes, till she quite lose
The divine property of her first being.

Milton.

PERSONIFIED.

As pale and wan as ashes was his look,
His body leane and meagre as a rake,
And skin all withered like a dried rooke;
Thereto as cold and drery as a snake,
That seemed to tremble evermore and quake.

Spenser.

TRANSCIENCY OF.

Short is the course of ev'ry lawless pleasure;
Grief, like a shade, on all its footsteps waits,
Scarce visible in joy's meridian height;
But downward as its blaze declining speeds,
The dwarfish shadow to a giant spreads.

Ibid.

UNGOVERNABLENESS OF.

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear; the head-
strong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course;
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.

Rowe.

A VICE.

But virtue never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel join'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

Shakespeare.

WANTONNESS OF.

Servile inclinations and gross love,
The guilty bent of vicious appetite;
At first a sin, a horror ev'n in bliss,
Deprave the senses and lay waste the man;
Passions irregular, and next a loathing,
Quickly succeed to dash the wild desire.

Havard.