

Love

Love is the offspring of a purer clime,
Not native to a blighted world like this,
The one memorial of a happier time,
E'er faithless falsehood coiled within a kiss.
—*Dewart.*

Life hath moments when a glance,
A flushing of the cheek perchance,
A word, the cadence of a word,
Tells us what ne'er from lips was heard.—*Hemans.*

Ah, Love, without thee, human life,
A tedious round of cares would be,
A strange fatigue, continual strife,
And tiresome vanity.—*Smythe.*