

“ She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I’ve used.”

—*Shakespeare.*

“ O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is
done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever,—all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are
at rest.”

—*Tennyson.*

“ Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.”

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

“ And there shall be no night there ; and they need no
candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth
them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.”—*Bible.*