

*Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interest he meets with present pleasures; but love is the sun against whose melting beams the winter cannot stand. There is not one human being in a million, nor a thousand men in all earth's huge quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love.—TUPPER.*