

ON LOVE.

Amid the comfort we'd employ,
The greatest gift appears,
That will afford us ample joy
Through our advancing years.

It now adorns this handsome girl
For with it she is blest,
And thus her gesture does unfurl
What words have not expressed.

Nor will it e'er from her depart
Or leave its hiding place,
But wisely linger in her heart
And there diffuse its grace.

And with its cheer will please her still
And give her constant joy,
While it subdues her stubborn will
And all her vice destroy.

For 'tis a kind reviving thing,
Abounding with relief
That will with disappointment bring
A flood of heavy grief.

