

is civilized or savage—whether he has conversed with the great ones of the earth through those ever vocal monuments—their works—whether to him nature is an unmeaning map of mere appearances, or whether he touches all upon which he gazes with the magical wand of philosophy; in short, by the man's face to a great extent do you measure his mental calibre. And you read still more clearly the heart. Benevolence, if it be in the heart, will radiate through the countenance, and will make as delightful to the gaze as the heavens serene, when cleared from every cloud they declare the wide-spread glory of the King of day.

The eyes beam mildly with the persuasive light of love, or flash with anger like the lightning that darts from the blacking sky that forbodes the terrors of the coming storm. And by the face we soon learn to know the man, who, in the spirit of the greatest of all conquerors—the self-conqueror—prefers another to himself, as well as him, who, inflated with that pride which furnishes a microscopic eye to the neighbors faults, yet blinds the wretched subject to his own, that pride which, says plainly without the use of words, “stand aside, for I am holier than thou.”

From the lips pour forth the thunders of the storm. From them come the poison-fanged words of wrath that keep an Achilles from the fight, and Grecian chiefs from their homes, while the walls of Troy, cursed by the Adulterer's tread, still stand. From the lips come words of slander that “eat as doth a canker.” But it is also from human lips that flow the mighty arguments of a mother's love—the sister's fond reproof—the wife's utterances of tenderest sympathy and the sweetheart's scarcely audible “yes” that bears floods of rapture to the lover's fluttering heart.

This is the face, these the lips that receive the touch that declares what love means. If love be the deepest feeling—the best feeling of the heart,

then it demands the best—the most emphatic expression. Hence the philosophy of a kiss. When a kiss is real—means what it ought to mean, is it trifling? Is love a trifle? if so, then the expression of it is; if not, then the kiss of love is a sacred thing.

We kiss the hand in token of loving subjection—the forehead to mark our esteem—the cheek in cases of ordinary affections—but he who gains access to the lips must by some artifice of love's cunning weaving have entered the innermost shrine of the heart, and have carried off the very Palladium which untutored young innocence boldly declared no mortal hand should ever touch. They who pay their adorations to no stranger heart alone can place their offerings on this shrine. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and the very fact that the lips express the thoughts of the mind and the feelings of the heart throws around them a peculiar importance as the most direct channel, so to speak, from the head and heart. It follows then, quite naturally, that the union of lips should be the expression to signify that most intimate union of hearts implied in that state—love—which can belong alone to man—of all the creatures that move on this earth. That it does express such, is clear from facts with which we all are familiar. See how the child when separated from its mother's favour—from the light of her countenance—in which it is wont to bathe continually—see how uneasy it is after its little passion is over, until it feels that it is drawn as close as ever to her heart, and gets again the expression of that nearness in the maternal kiss.

The law of gravitation brings the comet back to the sun after its wild peregrinations, and a corresponding law in the human soul attracts it, after often a wide separation, back again to the wondrous centre, from which it seems impossible that it should always stray. Thus, the lover who has built up the frowning walls of iron hate between