

LIBRARY We know books

Where
Love
REIGNS

Martha Yeilding Scribner

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How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight

For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.

I love thee to the level of everyday's

Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.

I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;

I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.

I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose

With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,

Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,

I shall but love thee better after death.

—*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

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I chose my wife, as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well.

—*Oliver Goldsmith*



The simple lack of her is more to me than others' presence.

—*Edward Thomas*

Whoso loves
believes the
impossible.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning

THE AUTHORESS

by Grace Aguilar

*I*t is no shame now, dear Granville, to confess how deeply and constantly I have returned your affection; but listen to me, ere you proceed further. I do not doubt what you say, that your prejudices are all removed; but are you certain, quite certain, that a woman who has resources of mind as well as of heart can make you happy, as you believe? At one-and-twenty you could have molded me to what you pleased. I doubt whether I should have written another line, had you not approved of my doing it. At one-and-thirty this cannot be. My character—my habits are formed. I cannot

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draw back from my literary path, for I feel it accomplished good. Can I indeed make your happiness as I am? Dearest Granville, do not let feeling alone decide.”

“Feeling! Sense! Reason! Clara—my own Clara—all speak and have spoken long. Make my child but like yourself, and with two such blessings I dare not picture what life would be—too, too much joy.

