

### Happiness.

Oh! there are looks and tones that start  
An instant-sunshine through the heart;  
As if the soul that instant caught  
Some treasure it through life had sought. Moore

True happiness is not the growth of earth,  
The soil is fruitless if you seek it there;  
'Tis an exhalation of celestial birth,  
And never blooms but in celestial air. R. B. Sheridan

### Hope

Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning  
Strung on slender blades of grass,  
Or a spiders web adorning  
In a straight and treacherous pass. Wordsworth

### Hospitality

Sir you are very welcome to our house;  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy. Shakespeare

### Humility

I was not born for courts or great affairs;  
I pay my debts, believe and say my prayers. Pope

### Husbands

Husbands are like lots in the lottery; you may draw forty blanks  
Before you find one that has any prize in him. Marston

### Hypocrisy

O serpent heart, hid within a flowering face!  
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave. Shakespeare

### Idleness

Absence of occupation is not rest;  
A mind quite vacant, is a mind distressed. Colver

An idler is a watch that wants both hands;  
As useless if it goes on as if it stands. Colver

### Ignorance

Ignorance is the curse of God  
Who knows the wing wherewith we fly to heaven. Shakespeare

### Melancholy

Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distill'd!  
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still. Moore

### Ingratitude

Bow, bow thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Because thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude. Shakespeare

### Impatience

A wretched soul bruised with adversity,  
'Tis bid be quiet when we hear it cry;  
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,  
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain. Shakespeare

### Innocence

Innocence unmoved  
At false accusation doth the more  
Confirm itself; and guilt is best discovered  
By its own fears. Babb.

### Jealousy

O jealousy! each other passion's calm  
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!  
Thou king of torments, + thou grand counterpoise.  
For all the transports beauty can inspire. Young

### Kindness

The drying up of a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore. Byron

### Life

Life is a weary interlude,  
Which doth short joys, long woes include;  
The world the stage, the prologue tears,  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;  
The scene shuts up with loss of breath  
And leaves no epilogue but death.

Bishop Henry King.