

Love

Alas! what else is love but sorrow? Even
He who made earth in love, had soon to grieve,
Above its first and best inhabitants. Byron

Love reigns a very tyrant in my heart,
Attended on his throne by all his guard
Of furious wishes, fears, and cruel suspicions. Otway

Man

What is man
When the worst heart can wear a brow of virtue,
And false appearances smile us to destruction?
And yet what is he not, when crowned with truth,
With every social virtue? Moore

Man to the last is but a forward child;
So eager for the future come what may,
And to the present so insensible!
Oh, if he could in all things as he would,
Years would as days, and hours as moments be;
He would, so restless in his spirit here,
Give wings to Time and wish his life away. Rogers

Manners

Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues
He write in water. Shakespeare

Memory

There are moments in life that we never forget,
Which brighten and brighten as time steals away,
They give a new charm to the happiest lot,
And they shine on the gloom of the happiest day.
J. E. Percival.

Melancholy

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still.
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill. Cowper

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Shakespeare.

Money

Bad money! bad word! Beware, I say,
And beware, I say again!
Men make false money every day,
And money makes false men. Keats

Mobility

The question is not, art thou
In the mobility?
This is the question: Is there
Mobility in thee? Seim

Night

Night is the time for rest;—
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed! James Montgomery.

Precipitancy

All things would be done so nice
Could we only do them twice. Goethe.

Sorrow

You've seen the lightning flash at night
Play brightly o'er his cloudy pile,
The moonshine tremble on the height,
When water glitters cold and bright,
And like that flash, and like that light,
Is sorrow's vain and heartless smile. J. I. Whittier.

Sin

Human it is, sin to commit;
Donkish is it, in sin to live;
Christ-like is it, sin to hate;
God-like is it, sin to forgive. Logan

Stars

But the stars the soft stars:—when they gather above us,
I gaze on their beams with a feeling divine;
For as true friends in sorrow more tenderly love us,
The darker the heavens the brighter they shine.
Mrs Amelia B. Wilbey.