flowers, deck the grass, colors the wings of birds, floats in
the clouds, flows in the water, lights up the gems in hidden
mines, haunts oceans, coral depths; beauteous in the sunshine, smiles
in the landscape—Earth, Sea, and Sky with beauty overflowing.
More beautiful than there is woman, that beauty which breath-
eth from her face, and speaketh to the heart, that sparkles in her
eye, closes her hair, waits on her steps, waves and lightens,
Aurora Borealis-like in each graceful movement. She charms
are her; which art cannot boast or nature rival—The masterpiece
of creation—His last—His loveliest work.

There is music in the song of birds—in the flow of water
and murmur of its fall, in the wind from its gentlest breath
to the louder organ tones that swell amid the harmonies of
Nature's mighty temple. The ocean has its voiceless anthems
and the chords of the great universe move in harmonic choirs,
and the rolling spheres, which 'weave the dance that meas-
ures their years,' have melodies which jar not; But, more
far than any sea than all these is the seraph voice of woman—
soft dulcet tones, as have an echo in every heart—a chord in
every breast, which trembles to your minstrelsy, and sings
responsive sympathy. More musical are ye than the tones
up the swellest flute, or the strings of the Aeolian harp, when
they quaver to the voiceless spirit of the air.

But what would all these adornments be worth were it
not for the soul whose virtues shine through all and harmon-
ize the whole—for the intelligence, which irradiates her com-
tenance and gives her all that poets dream, with all the
raiment enthusiasm can hope for. Her persuasion is more