

MARRIAGE IN TWO MOODS.

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Love that's loved from day to day
Loves itself into decay :
He that eats one daily fruit
Shrivels hunger at the root.
Daily pleasure grows a task ;
Daily smiles become a mask.
Daily growth of unpruned strength
Expands to feebleness at length.
Daily increase thronging fast
Must devour itself at last.
Daily shining, even content,
Would with itself grow discontent ;
And the Sun's life witnesseth
Daily dying is not death.
So Love loved from day to day
Loves itself into decay.

Love to daily uses wed
Shall be sweetly perfected.
Life by repetition grows
Unto its appointed close :
Day to day fulfils the year ;
Shall not Love by Love wax dear ?
All piles by repetition rise ;
Shall not then Loves' edifice ?
Shall not Love too learn his writ,
Like Wisdom, by repeating it ?
By the oft-repeated use
All perfections gain their thews ;
And so, with daily uses wed,
Love, too, shall be perfected.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.