

And here he naturally says: "Foreswear it sight, I ne'er saw true beauty till this night."

Then the charming delightful way in which he first meets her may be appearing to us bold and familiar but at the same time to true lovers it is sweet, gentle and irresistible. In the distance he looks on her, he has been electrified at first sight by the sympathetic magnetism of nature the mind, the eye, and the soul have found the sought for food. He looks on her with the insatiable longing of love, his soul thirsts for the congenial sympathy which instinct tells him is in sight, and with her the feeling is reciprocated. They are within the grasp of that sure and powerful force which nothing can withstand, the magnetism of love. Slowly and softly he approaches her, his face beaming with the glow of passion, his step firm and elastic, in his eye one looks into the depths and wishes that he might melt and run away in a stream of delightful pleasure. He is the very symbol of beauty, of noble, grand and godlike manhood. She, how her eye beams forth the fire of love, warming her white cheeks into a glow, soon interspersed with the white streaks of doubt and timorous expectancy. Clothed in the graceful delicate garments, bedecked with the rich jewels of Italian pride in the first garments of womanhood, she stands like a new and full blown rose. God forbid that such a scene should be blackened by the breath of Satan, misery. Gently he takes her hand:

"If I profane with my unworhiest hand,
This holy shrine the gentle sin is this;
My lips to blushing pilgrims ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss."

Then the reply:

"Good pilgrim you do wrong your hand too much
Which mannerly devotion shows is this;
That saints have hands to touch and palm to palm
Is the holy palmers kiss."

And etc., etc., runs the first brief but delightful conversation.

Then the second meeting with Romeo in the "Garden of