

better, gentler, wiser man. Love, my friend, is the fulfilling of the whole law. What are we without it? — poor, vile, selfish animals; our very virtues themselves so exclusively virtues on our own behalf as to be well-nigh as hateful as our vices. Nothing so opens and improves the heart; nothing so widens the grasp of the affections; nothing half so effectually brings us out of our crust of self, as a happy, well-regulated love for a pure-minded, affectionate-hearted woman!”

“There is another kind of love of which we sailors see somewhat,” I said, “which is not so easily associated with good.”

“Love!” he replied. “No, Mr. Lindsay, that is not the name. Kind associates with kind in all nature; and love — humanizing, heart-softening love — cannot be the companion of whatever is low, mean, worthless, degrading, — the associate of ruthless dishonor, cunning, treachery, and violent death. Even independent of its amount of evil as a crime, or the evils still greater than itself which necessarily accompany it, there is nothing that so petrifies the feeling as illicit connection.”

“Do you seriously think so?” I asked.

“Yes; and I see clearly how it should be so. Neither sex is complete of itself; each was made for the other, that, like the two halves of a hinge, they may become an entire whole when united. Only think of the Scriptural phrase, “*one flesh*”: it is of itself a system of philosophy. Refinement and tenderness are of the woman; strength and dignity of the man. Only observe the effects of a thorough separation, whether originating in accident or caprice. You will find the stronger sex lost in the rudenesses of partial barbarism; the gentler wrapt up in some pitiful round of trivial and unmeaning occupation, — dry-