

---

HOW DO I LOVE THEE? LET ME COUNT THE WAYS. I LOVE THEE TO THE DEPTH AND BREADTH AND HEIGHT MY SOUL CAN REACH, WHEN FEELING OUT OF SIGHT FOR THE ENDS OF BEING AND IDEAL GRACE. I LOVE THEE TO THE LEVEL OF EVERY DAY'S MOST QUIET NEED, BY SUN AND CANDLE-LIGHT. I LOVE THEE FREELY, AS MEN STRIVE FOR RIGHT. I LOVE THEE PURELY, AS THEY TURN FROM PRAISE. I LOVE THEE WITH THE PASSION PUT TO USE IN MY OLD GRIEFS, AND WITH MY CHILDHOOD'S FAITH. I LOVE THEE WITH A LOVE I SEEMED TO LOSE WITH MY LOST SAINTS. I LOVE THEE WITH THE BREATH, SMILES, TEARS, OF ALL MY LIFE; AND IF GOD CHOOSE, I SHALL BUT LOVE THEE BETTER AFTER DEATH. -- ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

---