

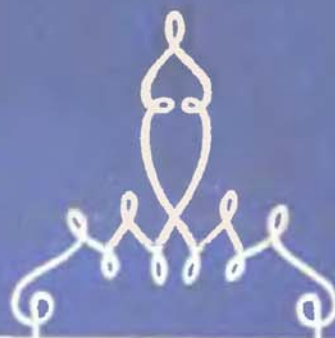
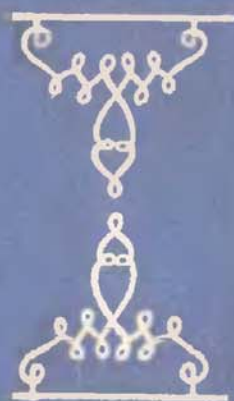
SIMILES AND THEIR USE

by

Grenville
Kleiser



CROSSET & DUNLAP
New York



SIMILES AND THEIR USE

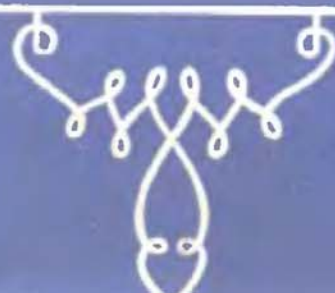
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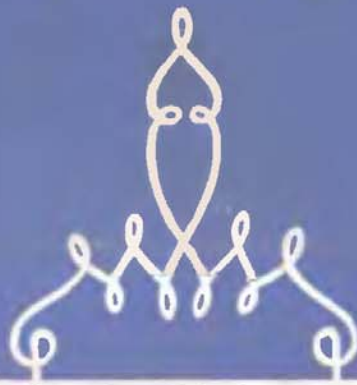
GRENVILLE KLEISER



If you wish to lend freshness, originality, vividness and accuracy to your written and spoken language—whether it be in a letter, speech, theme, or report—then you should make a study of the art of simile.

Not only does this volume tell you when and how to use this useful element of expression, but it contains what is probably the finest collection of classic and modern similes chosen from the vast treasure-house of the English language—both prose and poetical.





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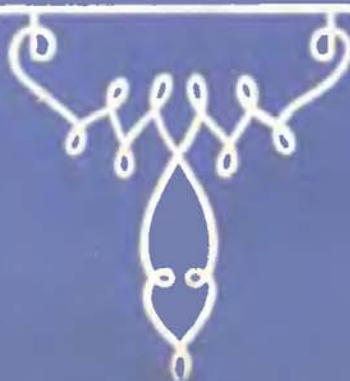
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\$1.00

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Every public speaker, writer, poet, correspondent, advertising writer, etc., knows the value of the simile to give vividness and color to his style of expression. Yet no use of ornamentation in the written or spoken language is subject to such dangers and abuses as the simile.

In this book the author tells you how to use the simile, the form and kind to use, and when to avoid it through risk of artificiality and the danger of becoming trite and obvious. He tells you, also, how many of the world's keenest minds have employed the simile successfully, and under the three headings: PROSE, POETRY and BIBLE he gives thousands of the choicest similes in all English literature.

Selection was made with the idea that each simile should be of practical or inspirational value, that threadbare, antiquated, and slangy similes should not be admitted.

All in all, it is a work that is well-nigh indispensable to every worker in written words and to every public speaker.

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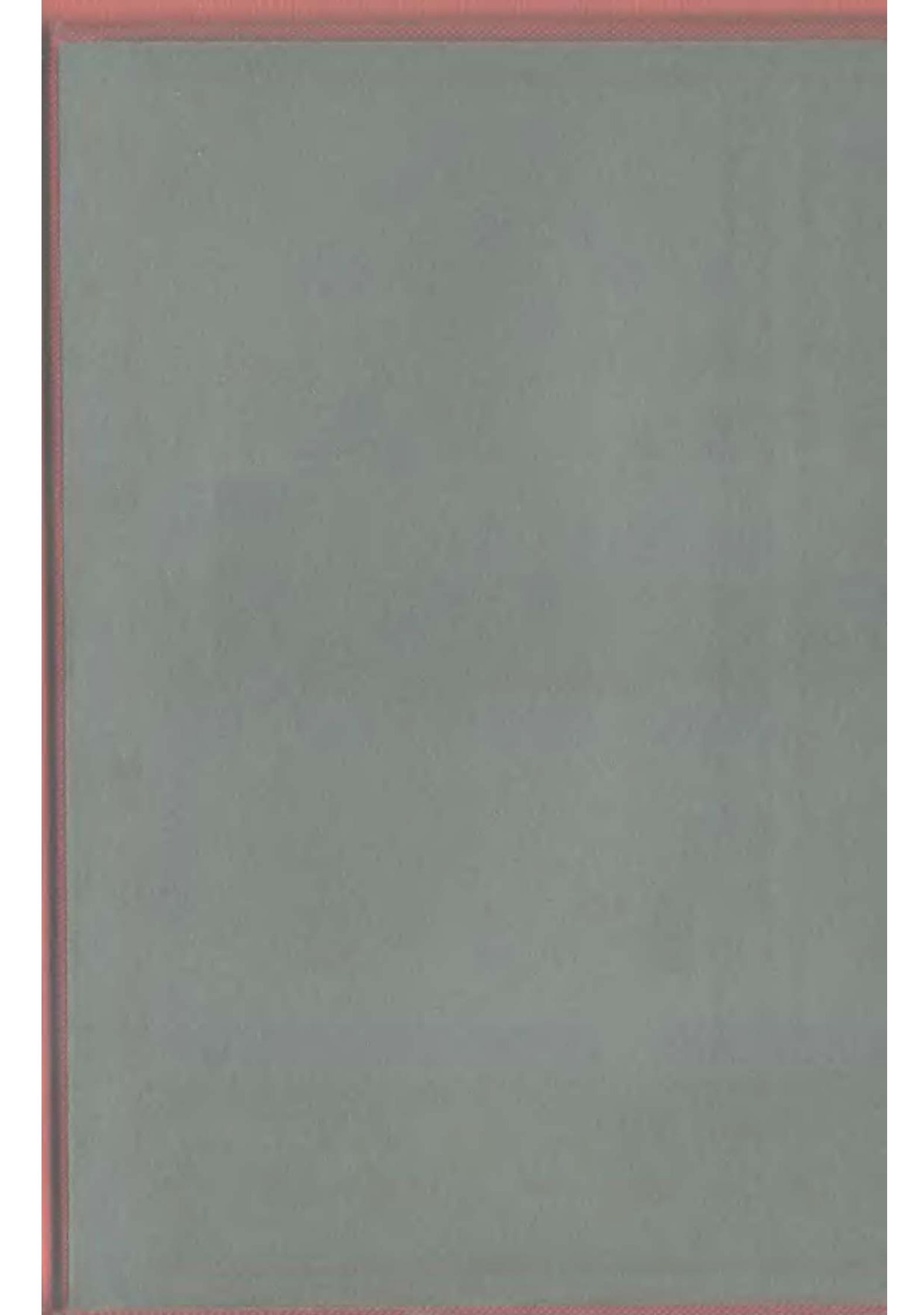
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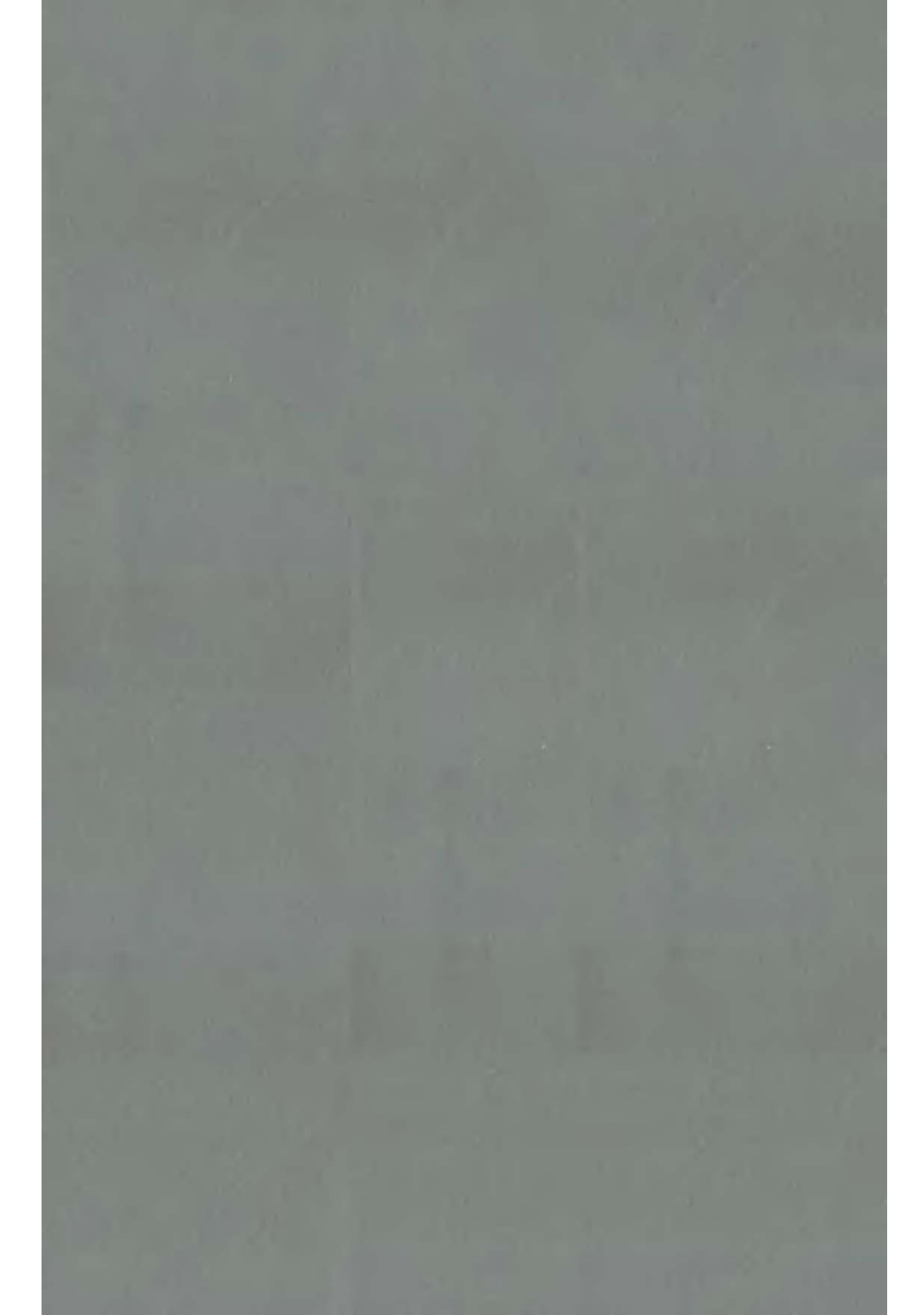
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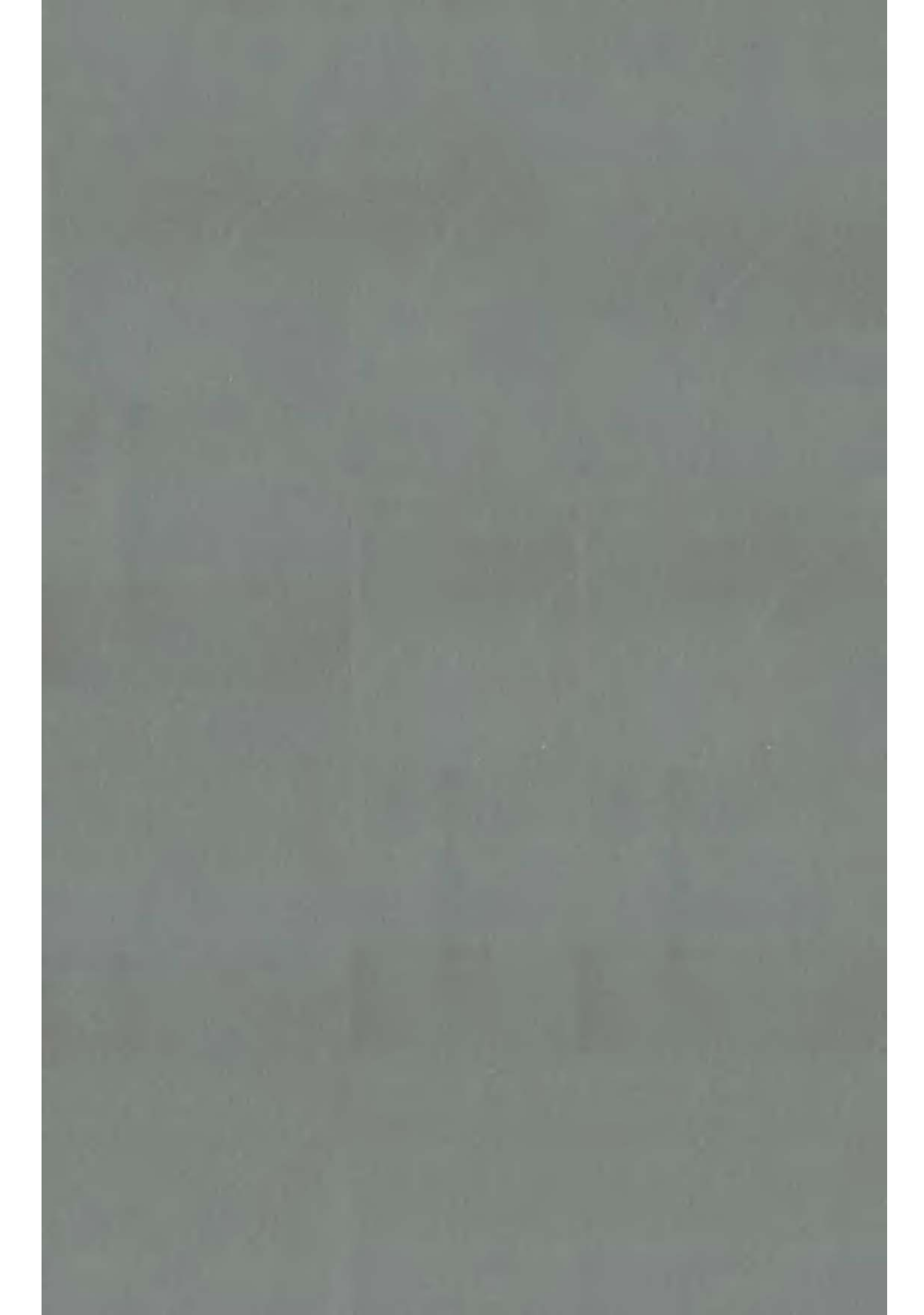
AND THEIR USE

BY GRENVILLE KLEISER

CHICAGO
EDWARDS







**SIMILES
AND THEIR USE**

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GRENVILLE KLEISER

Formerly Instructor in Public Speaking at Yale Divinity School, Yale University. Author of "Training for Authorship," "How to Speak in Public," "Great Speeches and How to Make Them," "Fifteen Thousand Useful Phrases," "How to Build Mental Power," etc., etc.



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PREFACE

THE Simile has long been recognized as a useful element of expression. Many years ago a writer said:

“The prophets of God were moved, as their writings do manifestly prove, to fetch from plants, herbs, and other natural things, many right and fine similitudes and proper comparisons, to adorn their sermons and garnish their speeches withal, to make the same by such familiar means the easier to be conceived and the readier to be believed.”

In the Bible will be found similes of great scope and variety. Writers of both the Old and the New Testaments have freely drawn comparisons with beasts of the field, birds, rain, wind, lightning, trees, mountains, and the like. Distinguished authors of every land have used the simile as a form of effective expression.

This book has been planned for the convenient use of the literary student. He is recommended to study it earnestly, and to supplement it with a note-book in which to keep further similes of his own choosing.

In compiling this work examples have been taken from the books of many well-known writers, to whom grateful acknowledgment is hereby made. In the words of Montaigne: “I have here only made a garland of choice flowers; I bring nothing of my own but the thread that binds them.”

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

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SIMILES AND THEIR USE

SIMILES AND THEIR USE

THE Simile is generally regarded as a purely poetic accessory—as an artifice which, belonging to the realm of poetry, is sometimes divorced from its proper relationship and forced into the association of prose. Now to a certain extent that is a true conception. Simile is always the product either of the fancy or of the imagination, and is therefore a poetic attribute; but the distinction between poetry and good prose is one that has puzzled the brains of philosophers of almost every age, and it has generally ended in a purely technical definition; for the truth is that the essentials of good poetry and good prose are not very different. Still, simile is a poetic ornament mainly, and the similes that leap to one's mind when one hears the word mentioned are nearly always taken from famous poems; one instinctively thinks of such similes as Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, "long and lank and brown as is the ribbed sea-sand," or Shakespeare's schoolboy "creeping like snail unwillingly to school." The reason for this is clear; simile is an imaginative, and therefore poetic, means of giving a vivid description or of expressing a truth. The famous similes of poetry are so numerous that they occur to one of their own accord; for they are generally so just that they have a special life of their own. But they are no less useful and no less beautiful in prose: tho no prose writer could deliberately "sit and play with similes," as Wordsworth did with his daisy, they are some-

times one of the most beautiful and striking means of description possible, and certainly every prose writer—especially prose writers whose aim is both brevity and vividness—should make a study of the art of simile.

I say “make a study” quite deliberately, for when you come to ornament it is a matter more of study than of anything else—a study of form, the kind of simile to use; of when to employ it, and how; of when to avoid it; of the kind of simile that should never be used at all; of its values and its dangers.

Now the dangers of simile are many, and the first thing to do is to make sure that you have such an understanding of these that you do not fall into any one of the many pitfalls they present; that once done, you should consider their value, both as a means of ornament and as a means of implying a secondary meaning through association of ideas; and then you will be able to make use of them fearlessly and effectively.

The dangers in the use of simile are chiefly these:

- (1) The fear of giving an air of artificiality to your work.
- (2) The risk of engendering a florid style.
- (3) The manufacture of “false” simile—that is, one that does not adequately convey your meaning, or which gives an impression only to a few readers.
- (4) The use of too obvious similes.
- (5) The habit of pressing a simile too far, or insisting too heavily on it.

We will take these dangers in order, and see how they affect style and see if we can discover any means of certainly avoiding them.

(1) *Artificiality*. This is nearly always due to what I may call the deliberate use of simile—that is, to a trick too often used by inexperienced authors of imitating deliberately the type of simile used by authors whose style they admire. For instance, new authors who very much admire the style of such a paradoxical writer as G. K. Chesterton can not help seeing that he achieves some of his best effects by a singularly bold use of simile or metaphor and they mistakenly think that they can achieve a like effect if only their similes are sufficiently startling. Therefore they quite deliberately manufacture similes; and the reader of taste can distinguish these artificial devices as easily—often more easily—than the inexperienced writer can manufacture them. For the essence of a good simile is that it should be one of two things: either it should be spontaneous, a word-picture that leaps at once to the eye both of the writer and of the reader; or it should be selected with an eye to its own absolute fitness to the subject, with no regard for startling or for soothing the imagination of the reader. It must be absolutely exact, or it fails completely; and the more spontaneous it is the more likely it is to present the picture you have in your mind. To return for a moment to the poets: Coleridge's line about the Ancient Mariner is excellent; it calls up a picture to the mind at once, and that exactly the picture he meant to convey; but Wordsworth's excellent similes for the daisy, being of the fancy rather than of the imagination, are only of the second class; they are deliberate searchings, playings with pictures, rather than the flashes of truth. And this is curious in that it was

Wordsworth who gave Coleridge that very line descriptive of the Ancient Mariner; it is a proof that his imaginative power was as strong every bit as his fanciful whimsies, and that the ability to see and to study can be of equal force in one individual. So, study for similes if you like; sit down like Wordsworth before a simple thing like a daisy, and see in it a nun, a shield, a Cyclops, a court lady, a star; but do this only with a very present sense of the danger of artificiality, and look rather for the similes that spring to the mind than for the deliberate results of thought. Above all, *never* employ simile because some one else does, or because you think that to have a simile in this place or that will give your work an "artistic" effect. It will be about as artistic as the futile woolwork and poker-work of our grandmothers.

(2) *Floridness*. This is a horrible word, but it is the only one that adequately expresses my meaning. I mean by it the overloading of ornament—the employment of so much simile that it cloy the imagination and wearies it unnecessarily. For you must not forget that the realization of a simile does necessitate the use of quite a considerable amount of imaginative power, and that if you force your reader to a rapid series of such realizations, he will have none left for the more important realization of your story. Crowded ornament is always a sign of either a very young or a decadent art; too often it displays the very weaknesses it is intended to conceal, or calls the attention to the fact that description can not be adequate, or so much simile could not be necessary. Even really great word-artists sometimes fall into this particular form of temptation—for it is a temptation and a strong one to an exuberant fancy to let the habit of simile and metaphor grow on one. For in-

stance, in the earlier works of Conrad the simile is often excessive; I once counted over sixty similes in the first six chapters of one of his early novels. Not that they were not good similes in themselves; they were, excellent; but the number of them satiated the mental palate as overrichness of foliation wearies the eye in architecture, or over-elaboration of a phrase cloyes the ear in music. Especially is this so in short stories where you have not enough space to "spread"; you must weed out your similes as carefully as you select your descriptive phrases and adjectives and adverbs.

(3) *Falsity*. As I explained when I first employed this word, I mean by "false" simile one that is not *absolutely* true—one, that is, that does not absolutely convey your meaning, or which conveys it only to a limited number of persons. Similes such as these are thoroughly bad art; they imply a limited imagination, or a half snobbish attitude, or a lack of intuition on the part of the author; and yet one meets with them in the very writers who are often held up as models of style. Such a simile is that used by Stevenson in his "Art of Writing," when he says of the original map of "Treasure Island" that the "harbours pleased me like sonnets." That is the simile of a special class—the class of *litterateurs*, almost of pedants. It would not be comprehensible to men of humble birth, not even to some men of education to whom a sonnet is but a poem written in a certain rather dull meter. And the fact that the shape and position of his imaginary "harbours" gave to Stevenson precisely the same pleasure that he derived from the reading of, say, a sonnet of Shakespeare, even if it is to be taken as being literally true, is not a good simile, since to the average reader it conveys but little. How can he know what kind of pleasure it

was that Stevenson derived from reading sonnets? And, therefore, how can the simile help him to understand the kind of pleasure he got from those harbors of Treasure Island? But when Dickens says that he read a book "with the greedy avidity of a hungry schoolboy devouring plum cake," then we know where we are. It isn't as pretty a simile as Stevenson's; it isn't pretty at all; but it puts a very vivid picture before the mind not only of one person, or of one class of persons, but of every human being who has ever seen a schoolboy and cake in close juxtaposition. For Dickens, whatever his faults (and they are many, no one can deny), was certainly very human, and all his similes have the true ring, the ring of humanity; and Stevenson, despite all his many excellencies, was a man of letters first, and very consciously. Avoid, therefore, the false simile, and seek only those which convey your exact meaning not only to yourself but to every one of your readers who has a spark of imagination.

(4) *Obviousness*. Perhaps I need hardly insist upon this, altho the number of obvious similes that one meets with every day compels me just to draw your attention to the danger. In short-story writing, where your chief aim is to make the maximum impression with the minimum of words, you really can not afford space on any but the most necessary description; even if your story is one that depends on description for its effect this is true, for a very obvious simile does not help the impression that you are endeavoring to create in the very least—it rather detracts from it, since it at once gives an unavoidable air of the commonplace. Such similes are the small change of the literary bankrupt; it is a poor invention that has to use such phrases as "a face as red as fire," "a voice as sweet as

a lark's" "lips like cherries," "a face like vinegar." and yet you can hardly pick up a magazine without coming upon similes just as commonplace and inexpressive as these. There is only one trick in modern magazine journalism that is worse, and that is the growing habit of breaking away from the stock simile into the artificial.

(5) *Elaboration*. This includes two faults—the over-insistence on a simile, straining it to fit at every point; and the overfull description both of your subject and your simile. Take, as an example of the first, the following:

"Life is like the mythical river Hydaspes of ancient fable; like it, it comes from a dark and unknown source; like it, it traces its way, slowly and mysteriously, through the desert; like it, it flows into the great unknown sea of eternity."

Now this is a thoroughly bad simile; it is bad through falsity, through sham dignity, and through meretricious use of adjectives. Take it point by point. Life, says the author, is like the mythical river Hydaspes because it comes from an unknown source; but the source of the river was the only thing about it that had any foundation of truth. The second point of comparison is that both life and the river "trace their way, slowly and mysteriously, through the desert." Now the very fact that the river was a mythical one destroys this at a blow; for the course of the Hydaspes was entirely unknown, and it might just as well have been through forests or mountains or even underground as through a desert; then, what is this desert through which life is said to flow? Is it the earth? The earth is not a desert. It can not be time. What is it? I do not know, and I have a very shrewd suspicion that the author

of the simile has no more idea than I have. Finally, tho the river of life certainly does flow into a "great and unknown sea of eternity," no one can say the same of the river Hydaspes; for if its course is known, so is the sea into which it flows; and who can say that it flows into a sea at all? For all these reasons, I call such a simile as this utterly false. False also are the use of such words as "slowly" and "mysteriously," neither of which can be applied to all forms of life, and false is the whole impression of solemnity and gravity which depends on a false comparison and false use of adverbs.

The second kind of elaboration, the over-full description, can be seen in such a passage as this:

"She was like the country to which she belonged; the red of its beech leaves was in her hair, the brown of the earth in her eyes, the sweet air of the fields in her breath; the roses of the hedges bloomed anew in her cheeks, the golden-brown of the cornfields glowed in the healthy brown of her sun-kissed skin; the height, strength, and slenderness of the beech-trees was hers, the freedom of the winds, the sureness of the stars, the generosity of the whole generous earth."

There is altogether too much of this. You begin to wonder where it will stop, for if you once begin on a catalog of physical, mental, and moral charms, comparing each to a feature of the landscape, there is no reason why you should stop under a couple of thousand words or so, which you can not afford. Besides it is insisting too much on one aspect of your heroine; and it is allowing far too little for the intelligence and imagination of your reader. If you have once indicated the lines you mean in such a comparison as this, the rest should be left to the imagination

of your reader to fill in, for it is bad art to leave nothing unexplained.

So much for the dangers of using simile. I have insisted on them because they are many and great, and betray the unwary user into the hands of the critics most infallibly. But when you once know the dangers of your path it is well for you to see the beauties that it offers, so that when you are sure what to avoid you may be equally sure what to use.

The main uses of simile are four, and are as follows:

- (a) Purely descriptive.
- (b) Associative.
- (c) Ornamental only.
- (d) To give an effect of proverbial wisdom.

(a) *Purely descriptive.* The use of simile for description is, as I said at the beginning, the chief use to which it is put; it behooves you, therefore, to be especially careful in your use of it, so that you employ it to the very best advantage in this capacity. Now, generally speaking, descriptive passages are of three kinds—of persons, of interiors, and of natural scenery; and, of these three, simile is the most effective in the last. Even Dickens, who employs a great deal of simile, uses it chiefly in his descriptions of places, and does not make use of much simile in his interiors or personal descriptions; thus, there is far more simile in “The Old Curiosity Shop,” which gives more scope for outdoor passages, than in such a book as “Nicholas Nickleby,” where there is more action, and the interest depends chiefly on personages. Dickens’ similes are generally extremely good—apt, striking, with nothing of pedantry in them; but as his books do not offer much scope for their employment, I would refer you to Conrad as a master rather than to any

other author of fairly modern date. His similes are extraordinarily good; they are apt, easily understood even by those who have never seen the sights he is describing, and they are above all poetic and dignified; they are, indeed, quite extraordinarily beautiful, and give you the picture he is attempting to convey far more truly and far more vividly than any number of pure descriptions could do. Take, for example, this, from "Lord Jim":

"The young moon, recurved and shining low in the west, was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold, and the Arabian Sea, smooth and cool to the eye like a sheet of glass, extended its perfect level to the perfect circle of a dark horizon."

Or this brief passage from "Typhoon":

"A faint burst of lightning quivered all round as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests."

These are taken quite at random; if you looked, you would find a dozen as good or better within a few pages of the earlier and more ingenuous books of Conrad. The only fault, indeed, is that there are so many. It argues a quick, impatient imagination, and each simile is excellent in itself; but the quantity, the very richness of them, tires the reader to whom each means a fresh imaginative effort. But read Conrad to see what simile of the descriptive type should be—read carefully, and you will see what an extraordinarily vivid pictorial imagination is his. It almost resembles the simile descriptions in the Old Testament in its richness and variety.

Descriptions of people are often given both very vividly

and very briefly (a great point for the teller of short stories) by the use of simile. Take this, from a novel of last year's date:

"Her face was like a large and limply stuffed cushion on which the features have been carelessly grouped and fastened on by means of a pair of glasses like a safety pin."

Or this, from a rather older novel:

"Her skin was like the skin of a sucked grape, soft and wrinkled."

Or this, from "Typhoon" again:

"The second engineer appeared, emerging out of the hold streaked with grime and soaking wet, like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well."

Each of these passages conveys a description by means of a simile which could not possibly be as effectively made in any other way. For this power of conveying one description by means of another is not only good in itself, but it is good in this way—that it allows the reader to make his own picture, and so conveys to him his own individual interpretation of the scene you are trying to present. Your idea of the appearance of a chimney-sweep coming out of a well is probably a little different from mine; so the simile means something to you that it does not mean to me, and we each create our own picture, as we should if we were actually on board the *Nan-Shan*.

(b) *Associative*. The second use of simile is nearly as important as that of pure direct description; it is this, to suggest by means of the simile employed the hidden character of the thing you are describing. Thus Dickens,

describing a fire which is going to cause an incendiary blaze, says:

"The fire glowed sullenly, like the eye of a savage beast half asleep."

That prepares you for the fact that it is going to do harm. If you read that a character in a book has eyes "like a wolf's," you know that he will have something of the wolf in his nature; if, on the other hand, he has eyes "like a dog's," you understand that he will probably be faithful as a dog is; and yet a wolf's eyes are very like a dog's. You can thus use simile to insinuate a characteristic which you do not wish to put into so many words. This is very useful—if you do not allow it to lead you into making obvious similes and indicating stock characteristics, as is the case in this second example. The first example is good, for the simile is not too commonplace, and the intention of implying evil is clear; the second is both a commonplace simile and depends for any truth it may have on the stock idea of the natures of dogs and wolves.

(c) *Ornament*. This is a quite legitimate, tho very dangerous, way of employing simile. Sometimes a simile put in merely to improve the rhythm of a sentence, or to enhance the effect of a description already given, is justified by its result; but the dangers are obvious. You run the risk of creating an impression of artificiality or of overloading. However, when you have really mastered the difficult art of creating good simile, either by careful comparison in your mind's eye or by the study of the means employed by such creators of simile as Conrad and Mr. Chesterton, you can well experiment with the ornamental use of simile. It is particularly effective in a story written in a

rather bare, straightforward style; the sudden introduction of a particularly apt simile arrests the attention, and forces the reader to take particular note of the passage in which it occurs. So, too, it is often very effective to recur to a simile already made in order to recall the circumstances under which it was first made. For instance, in "Lord Jim," when the author wishes to remind the reader of the state of mind of his hero on an earlier occasion without putting it before him in so many words, he again makes use of the simile employed on the earlier occasion. He again refers to the "thin gold shaving" of the moon and the sea "like a sheet of ice," and immediately the reader thinks of the first occasion on which the similes were used—the time before the desertion of the *Patna*—and instinctively compares the old Jim with the new. Dickens uses this artifice, too, but less delicately; he repeats his simile again and again, and at intervals so short that he uses the device as a hammer to drive in his intention.

The ornamental use of simile in sentence-rhythm is a very subtle one. It is too vast a subject to be entered into here; I will just say that sometimes the whole balance of a sentence depends upon the effective use of simile—a sonorous or impressive sentence depending on a dignified simile taken from a vast fact of creation, such as time, life, death, or eternity; a musical sentence requiring something daintier and lighter, such as a simile taken from birds or flowers or running water; and a rugged style needing yet a different type, more abrupt and startling, less polished, more paradoxical.

(d) *Proverbial*. The air of ancient and elemental wisdom that some authors strive so hard and so unsuccessfully to attain can often be gained by the right use of simile; but

here your effect will depend entirely on the choice of the kind of simile. Simile is used very largely by country folk and peasants of all lands, particularly Celts; but their similes are of a very particular kind, and to get your effect you must know exactly the kind of thing that peasants say. "As cold as charity," for instance, is a peasant saying as old as the fourteenth century at least, and it has the true elemental ring; it might be found in the Bible, or in any book that contains a true rendering of the thought of a simple people. In Ireland you hear people saying such things as "the two hands of him were as cold and as wet as a milestone and the rain streaming over it," or, "sure, he's no more good than a feather in a storm of wind." You do not hear them saying (as a certain Irish private, famous in modern literature, is made to say): "Their little bare feet were better than the white hands of a Lord's lady, and their mouths were like puckered roses." Simile is a good way of achieving your effect if you are speaking of peasant life, for it is one of the poetic beauties of genuine peasant speech; but it must be such simile as would naturally occur to a cowherd or a fisherman or a washerwoman.

You can also get an effect of ancient lore by the employment of simile; but this should be simile of a quite different kind. Your models should be the Psalms, the Book of Job, the Book of Proverbs, Bunyan, Traherne, Sir Thomas Browne, and other famous men of the seventeenth century.

It would be foolish to leave the subject of simile without a word about metaphor. Metaphorical speech is less deliberate, more instinctive, than complete simile, and its pitfalls are as many. You have heard of the orator who exclaimed, "I smell a rat—I see it in the air! Gentlemen, we must nip it in the bud." Metaphors are always getting mixed like

that; they are as tricky as a skein of fine silk, and must be as carefully watched. But they can be employed more freely, for they are so much a matter of every-day speech that their use does not imply the same imaginative effort that is required by a simile.

To acquire a free, bold, and good use of simile, I should advise you to do three things: first, and most important, to watch the similes that occur to you instinctively, rejecting the bad and storing up the good for future use. If you are not quite sure whether it is good or not, see if it has any of the faults we have been discussing—whether it sounds false, artificial, forced, or obvious. If, as far as you can judge, it is free from these blemishes and also adequately expresses the idea you wish to convey, you may be sure that the simile is a good one, in itself; whether you will make a good use of it in a short story depends on whether the style of the simile is fitted to that of the story. Secondly, you can deliberately practise making metaphors and similes, trying to compare the people and things you see every day to something that will at once give a good idea of the real object and at the same time be original; for you must at all costs avoid the obvious simile, which is mere waste of time. You should, if you wish to become really good at simile, try your best to steer a straight course between the Scylla of the obvious and the Charybdis of the artificial; a task which is worth the doing both in creating pleasure for yourself in the sheer delight of the art, and for the additional beauty that it will give to your descriptive passages. Thirdly, when you have both sifted your “inspired” similes and carefully created them out of your fancy and your observation, you should read those authors who are especially successful in the art of simile, noticing how they

obtain their effects—whether by using an out-of-the-way simile for an ordinary object, by finding the simile that exactly fits, by finding a simile between two extraordinarily different things, by sheer poetic beauty, by a humorous comparison, and so on. Above all, do not let this study influence you too greatly; do not imitate slavishly, whatever you do; and see to it that when you employ a simile it is good in itself, suited to your story in style, neither obvious nor artificial and above all that it exactly conveys the idea that you have in your mind to every class of reader. Then you will be making good simile.

PROSE SIMILES

PROSE SIMILES

A

ABSENCE

When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

ABSTRACTION

He fed himself like a somnambulist.

ACCEPTANCE

The opinion in time came to be accepted, like a quack medicine, mainly because it was well advertised.

ACCUSATION

She hurled the accusation at him like vitriol.

ACQUAINTANCESHIP

He extended the circle of his acquaintance like a stone dropped into the water, ever widening until it included every one and there was no room left to expand further.

ACTING

He threw himself up and down the stage like a demented steam-roller.

ACTION

His action was solid, like a principle, and masterful, like an instinct.

She saw her plan of action and took it like a sword in her hand.

ADMIRATION

She gulped admiration avidly, as a schoolboy gulps tarts.

ADOLESCENCE

She was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters, like a rosebud blushing forth among guardian thorns.

ADRIFT

I am like a sailor far beyond a place of anchorage, **adrift** on a boundless ocean.

ADROITNESS

He was as adroit as a rhinoceros.

ADVERSITY

Adversity is like the cold period of the former and of the latter rain—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit, the date, the rose, and the pomegranate.

He was defenseless against the treachery of adversity, to whose open assaults he could present a firm face; like a cliff that stands unmoved the open battering of the sea with a lofty ignorance of the treacherous backwash undermining its base.

Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials.

The storms of adversity, like those of the ocean, rouse the faculties and excite the invention, prudence, skill, and fortitude of the voyager.

ADVICE

I remembered the advice to be like a block of ice.

AEROPLANE

The aeroplane twisted and fluttered in the crossed beams of the searchlights like a gigantic moth caught in a web of flame.

AFFECTION

A large capacity for affection attracts other people like a magnet.

Her affection enveloped him like a garment.

His affection had snapped like a thread in a flame.

She twined about his heart like ivy.

The affections are like lightning; you can not tell where they will strike till they have fallen.

AFFLICTION

Affliction, by its darkness, refreshes us, as the night refreshes the day; it enriches us, as the plow enriches the field; it multiplies our joy, as the seed by planting is multiplied a thousandfold.

AGE

A man in old age is like a sword in a shop window.

As winter strips the leaves from around us, so that we may see the distant regions they formerly concealed, so old age takes away our enjoyments only to enlarge the prospect of the coming eternity.

Gray hairs seem to my fancy like the light of a soft moon silvering over the evening of life.

He carried his years as a robust oak of our mountains carries its myriad leaves; as decoration, but without bending.

His family is as old as the hills.

Like a housewife in her lumber-room, age often shrinks from the wise sacrifice of useless possessions.

My age is falling from me like a garment.

The age of man is like a book; infancy and old age are the blank pages, youth is the preface, and man the body or most important part of life's volume.

AGILITY

He leaped over the wall like a tiger, and fled.

He leaped across the pavement like a panther.

He was a little man, dry like a chip and agile as a monkey

She was agile as a nymph.

Suddenly a man was discovered clambering up the rigging with the agility of a wildcat.

AGITATION

Before her eyes he trembled as a reed shaken by the wind.

Everybody began to stir, to change positions, like leaves suddenly lifted in a breeze.

His head was turning round and his heart vibrating like a harp-string.

I started many times from my pillow, tossing the clothes from me and gasping as if I had been sinking into the abyss.

I write with every nerve quivering and every muscle taut; with my blood rushing through my veins like a cataract, as it were, and my heart thumping like a sledge hammer.

AGONY

An intolerable agony preyed like a vulture at his heart.

AIR

Close, hot air lay like a blanket about his head.

The air, as I came downstairs, was fresh and crisp in the garden, and touched my face like a mental tonic.

The air as they sped through it was like cool, spiced wine.

The air was as dense and as warm as water under the shelter of the lofty trees.

The air was full of the odor of fallen leaves, affecting the spirits like a gentle, old-world song.

The air was like a furnace.

The air was like ice-water on her burning cheeks.

The extreme sharpness of the air acted on his nerves like an astringent.

The keen crystal air pricked like champagne.

AIMLESSNESS

For years they had gone their way in life like navigators without a goal or a compass.

He became like a ship without keel or rudder, bereft of aim.

He was like a man walking blindfolded.

The boy wandered about like a lost spirit.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.

ALACRITY

The commandant wheeled round at the words as sharply as if he had felt a prick from a sword-point.

ALARM

He started like one awaking from sleep.

ALLEGORIES

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make everything about them clear and beautiful.

ALLITERATION

His tricks of alliteration stick out like so many bristles.

ALONE

Like an eagle at sea, he was alone.

AMBITION

Ambition is like hunger; it obeys no law but its appetite.

Ambition is like love, impatient both of delays and rivals.

She burnt her ambitions and her hopes like a sacrifice on the altar of her love.

To attempt to reach the height of our ambition is like trying to reach the rainbow: as we advance, it recedes.

AMIABILITY

Amiability is the sunshine of the soul which causes smiles to bloom on the lips and it expands the heart as the rays of the sun open the buds of the rose.

1.

AMUSEMENTS

Amusements are to religion like breezes of air to the flame: gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.

ANGER

A man in anger is like a ship in a storm without a pilot.

A radiance of anger ran over her like summer lightning.

Anger blazed out like a fierce sun.

Anger brooded and bred in his heart like a fierce hawk.

Anger had fallen on him like a blanket.

Anger is like the waves of a troubled sea.

Her anger dispersed before his humor like foam before a breeze.

In this little man, anger raged like a tempest.

The angry voices clashed against each other and fell like opposing waves.

The growing anger in his face was like a sky darkening before a clap of thunder, shade upon shade imperceptibly coming on, the gloom growing mysteriously intense in the calm of maturing violence.

The passion of anger, so long restrained, so long eaten in secret, burst suddenly loose and shook him like a sail.

ANGULARITY

He was lank and spare, opening his long legs with an angular regularity like a pair of compasses.

ANNOYANCE

The thought annoyed him like the jar of rude noises or like sand blowing into face and eyes.

ANSWER

The answer came like the crack of a whip.
The answer came soft and clear as a bell.

ANTICIPATION

Her lips parted, as tho she were waiting for some one with eager anticipation.

ANTIQUITY

The place was far too old, like a wine that has lost its flavor.

We visited scenes where the past fills the air with a sense of it like the smell of pine forests.

ANTITHESIS

To him the two ideas were as different as the poles.

ANTS

A train of brown ants marched along the path, two abreast, like a minute, endless army.

APATHETIC

There he stood apathetic and motionless as a statue.

APATHY

A sort of quiet apathy was drifting over her, as sands drift up across an unsheltered lonely rock.

APHORISMS

The short sayings of wise and good men are of great value, like the dust of gold or the sparks of diamonds.

APOLOGIES

Quietly, without demonstration, strewing low-voiced apologies like bunches of withered violets, he went out.

APPEARANCE

As he spoke, the waxen pallor of his cheeks increased until he looked like a corpse with living eyes.

He had the look of a weasel and the mien of a man of letters.

He looked like a bloodless ghost.

He rose, unsteady, long, pale, indistinct, like a vapor exhaled by the earth.

He was a black-haired, picturesque fellow, as supple as a panther, reckless and yet wary.

He was as soft and daintily colored as a girl, had long curved lashes to his gray eyes, a pathetic droop to his lips, the bloom as of a peach on his cheeks.

His brows were drawn into a heavy scowl; his lips curled back in a snarl that showed his teeth; he looked like a dog defending his master.

She beheld herself pale as a white rose.

She blanched till she looked like death itself, and put her hands to her heart as tho she had been stabbed.

She looked like a flower broken by the rain.

She looked like a flower which had been laid away in some sweet, secret place, which the wind had not blown nor the sun parched.

She looks as clear as morning roses newly washed with dew.

She made a pretty picture, like a delicate, blurred pastel in the twilight of the parlor.

She seemed like a queen just stepping from a canvas.

She seemed to me the moment she entered the dining-room like the embodied spirit of her house.

She was a delicate little woman, as soft, timid, bright-eyed and friendly as a squirrel.

She was delicate, fresh and flower-like.

She was pale, tense, and as motionless as the looking-glass before her.

She was rosy like the dawn.

She was very pretty: as graceful as a bird, and graceful much in the same way; as pleasant about the house as a gleam of sunshine falling upon the floor through a shadow of twinkling leaves, or as a ray of firelight that dances upon the wall as evening is drawing nigh.

The child had hair like the night, eyes like the blue of the sky, and face like the dawn.

The hideous old man was like some loathsome reptile.

The man was slight and shrunken like a withered brown leaf.

There was something foppish in his appearance, like a distorted echo of past elegance.

When alone, her face was like a death-mask.

APPLAUSE

Applause broke out like a thunder-clap, pealing heavily through the big auditorium.

The thunder of applause, like a sudden whirlwind, shook the building.

APPRAISAL

He listed her characteristics like an invoice of goods.

She turned her eyes upon him, measuring him with a glance that shivered over him like ice-water.

APPREHENSIONS

Apprehensions fled across her face like a flight of starlings that with a thousand whirring wings put out the light of the sun.

ARGUMENT

Argument is like an arrow from a crossbow, which has equal force tho shot by a child.

The progress of his argument was like that of an army which burns, consumes, and devastates every particle of sustenance in the enemy's country, overcoming resistance by the destruction of supplies.

ARMS

His arm lunged out like the arm of a windmill in a gale.

His big extended arm was like the limb of a mighty tree on a windless day.

He spread out his arms like a crucifix.

Her arms, outstretched in the dark, were like enfolding and protecting wings.

Her arms were thin, with large elbows, like the bones of a strange bird.

His arms suddenly dropped, like a snapped harp-string.

His arms were drawn back and bent like the crank-shafts of an engine.

AROUSED

He came to himself like one roughly shaken from sleep.

ARRESTING

The effect made upon the spectators of this scene by the stranger's concise speech, was as if a barbarous tomtom were suddenly struck in the middle of a piece of music.

ART

The greatest art is always as obvious as the sea, and as immeasurable.

ASSOCIATIONS

A multitude of vague associations suddenly rose in my mind like a swarm of disturbed bees.

ASTONISHMENT

She stood for some seconds petrified, as if turned to stone.

ATMOSPHERE

A still and earthy atmosphere overcame him, like an overheated catacomb.

The atmosphere oppressed her like a leaden weight.

They simply had the power of creating an atmosphere in which my spirit found itself swimming like a goldfish in a bowl, wondering how it got in and how it could get out.

ATTACK

A furious gale attacked him like a personal enemy.

ATTITUDE

He sat, neat and little, his white-spatted feet crossed, his head cocked on one side like an intelligent sparrow's.

He saw her standing forlorn on the terrace, like a lonely rock in the sea.

His attitude was imposing: he sat as a mountain sits on a plain.

She fell asleep after tea, curled up like a kitten in the big armchair.

She peered timorously at him, with her pretty head on one side, like an inquiring bird.

ATTRACTION

All the children scampered up and crowded about the two men like a flock of birds.

He attracted me like a magnet, and guided me like a light.

Like moths to a flame, from all parts of the world visitors are making their way southward, attracted by these flickering lights of pleasure.

The ladies fluttered round his chair like humming-birds.

ATTRIBUTES

The finest qualities of our natures, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.

AUTHOR

In the true literary man there is ever, acknowledged or not by the world, a sacredness; he is the light of the world; the world's priest, guiding it, like a sacred pillar of fire, in its dark pilgrimage through the wastes of time.

AUTOMATICALLY

The woman returned to her work like a machine restarted after an accident.

AUTUMN

Autumn came as a king in full panoply of state.

Autumn revels in boisterous gaiety, playing pranks like a schoolboy on the first day of his holidays.

Magnificent autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim clad in russet weeds; not like a hermit clad in gray; but like a warrior with the stain of blood on his brazen mail.

The whole spirit of autumn is frolicsome and changeful as that of an eager child.

AVARICIOUSNESS

The avaricious man is like the barren, sandy ground of the desert, which sucks in all the rain and dews with greediness, but yields no fruitful herbs or plants for the benefit of others.

AWAKENING

The village awakened from a sleep almost as deep as that of death.

B

BANKRUPTCY

Many bankruptcy proceedings are like a sinister farce, bursts of laughter and absurdity in a setting of mute anguish.

BANKS

The craggy banks rose high, like fortifications.

BARBER

A barber fluttered round with scissors, like a new kind of butterfly.

BARGAIN

To bargain with him was like going into a tiger's cage with a bit of raw meat in one hand.

BARGES

The barge lines snapped like shoe-strings.

Huge rudderless barges were borne westwards, broadside on, like straws on the surface of a hurrying brook.

The huddled barges lying in the stream looked like reptiles seeking the warmth of each others bodies.

BARK

The bark of the tree was gnarled and overlapped like the scales of some fabulous dragon of the days before the flood.

BASALT

Pillared masses of black basalt framed the white plain like an open portal.

BATS

A bat flitted past like a circling flake of velvety blackness.
Bats flew like little ghosts in the gloaming.

BATTALIONS

Battalions moved forward like ants across the field.

BAY

I see a bay, a wide bay, smooth as glass and polished like ice, shimmering in the dark.

The bay lay like an enormous semicircular and unroofed temple open to the ocean, its walls of mountains hung with draperies of mourning mists.

The bay was as dark as the inside of a whale.

BEACH

The semicircle of beach gleamed dimly, like an illusion

The surf and the sand made the beach like that marvellous Tom Tiddler's Ground of childhood, where silver and gold lie for the gathering.

BEARD

He had a great gray beard like a goat.

He had a rich brown beard, soft as silk.

He was lost behind his great beard as behind a snow-drift.

His beard was like an outspread fan of white feathers.

In the moonlight his long beard gleamed like a silver breast-plate guarding the inmost secret of his heart.

BEARING

The women were tall and as straight as sunflower stalks.
You are still as straight as an arrow.

BEAUTY

As she undressed, her beauty fell into ruins like a house of painted cards.

Beauty abode in her face as the scent within the rose.

Beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance, or a sharp sword beyond reach: the one does not burn or the other wound those that come not too near them.

Beauty is like an almanac: if it last a year it is well.

Beauty, like a bank-note, has a face value, both socially and commercially.

Beauty unaccompanied by virtue is as a flower without perfume.

Her beauty lighted up unexpectedly, like a torch.

She had a certain dispassionate beauty, like logic.

She was beautiful as a morning in springtime.

She was as beautiful as dawn, as entrancing as mystery.

She was slender and beautiful and pure, like some sacrificial virgin.

BEHAVIOR

Her behavior to him was marked by a somewhat cold dignity, which, like a barrier of ice, repelled the warmth of his admiration and attention.

BELLS

The huge and veiled voice of the cathedral bell tolled the hour, like Time become articulate.

The sound of a bell, thin and alert, was like the throbbing pulse of the sunset glow.

The chime of the bells echoed distinctly, like the airy syllables of names.

BELLOW

He bellowed like a bull seeking combat.

BENEVOLENCE

That is benevolence, finely executed, which, like the Nile, comes from hidden sources.

BEREFT

He felt bereft as trees that suddenly have dropped their leaves.

BETEL

They chewed betel with bright red mouths, like men tasting blood.

BEWILDERMENT

He stared about him like one pitchforked into a different world.

We glided past like fantoms, wondering and secretly appalled, as sane men would be before an outbreak in a madhouse.

BIBLE

The Bible among books is as a diamond among precious stones.

BIGOT

The mind of the bigot is like the pupil of the eye: the more light you pour into it, the more it will contract.

BILLOWS

The great billows rolling together hurled themselves like giant assassins upon the vessel.

BIRCHES

The birches stood about them like frozen feathers.

The fringe of feathery birches stood like filigree-work above him on the cliff.

BIRDS

About the schooner, as around the only point of interest, a tropic bird, white as a snow-flake, hung and circled and displayed, as it turned, the long vermilion feather of its tail.

Birds, like fluffy balls, drowsed on branches.

She paused now and then to watch the shy redbirds that fitted like flame-jets in and out of the trees.

The pigeons came in countless hordes like an army of invasion.

BIRTH

A man that is born falls into life as a man falls into the sea; if he tries to climb out into the air he drowns; but he will swim if he submits to the element and by his own exertion make the deep, deep sea keep him up.

BITTERNESS

His adversary's swift practical way of setting to work and accomplishing his ends without allowing his opponents the luxury of phrase-making and prolonged debate, was like worm-wood to him.

BLACKNESS

A cold blackness like a damp blanket enveloped them.

The equipage was softly lined with satin and was drawn by two Arabian mares as black as polished ebony.

The sudden blackness dazzled him like lightning.

There was a great blackness like a pall.

BLANKNESS

He stared at her blankly, like a deaf and dumb man wondering what it was all about.

BLESSINGS

God's blessings fall, like the gentle rain, impartially upon all.

BLIGHT

A blight had spread over her beauty like the decay of a flower that feeds a canker in its heart.

BLINKING

He was blinking like an owl.

BLOOD

My blood boiled like liquid fire in my veins.

She felt the blood racing through her like a mill-dam loosed.

BLOOMS

There were blooms of violets, somber velvet splendors; blooms of blue that radiated in streaks sharp as swords; blooms of black and white that smelt of incense and extinguished wax-lights.

BLOSSOM

The pear blossom on the lawn was like summer snow against the sweet lilac.

BLOWS

His cruel blows were as sharp and clear as those from a cutlass.

BLUSH

She blushed as softly as the mark of your breath upon the window-pane.

BOATS

The boat glided past like a phantom.

The boat rocked quick and light, like a child's cradle.

The boat was prancing like an unbroken horse.

The little boat bounded over the waves like a nutshell.

The little boat darted away as lightly and swiftly as a skimming swallow out on the shimmering water.

I watched the white-sailed boats skimming like flecks of silver across the blue-green water.

The boat spun round like a top.

The ferryboats were like great white swans.

BODY

His body trembled tensely, like a released harp-string.

His body was hale and strong like seasoned hickory tanned by wind and rain.

BOLT

Out of a blue summer sky a bolt as of death smote her.

BOOKS

A book, like grape-vine, should have good fruit among its leaves.

A great book is like a ship deep freighted with immortal treasures, breaking the sea of life into fadeless beauty as

it sails, carrying to every shore seeds of truth, goodness, piety, love, to flower and to fruit perennially in the soil of the heart and mind.

Like a snake, the book carried poison with it.

The book is as simple and sincere as the talk of an unselfish friend.

A house without books is like a room without windows.

Books, like friends, should be few and well-chosen.

Books, like proverbs, receive their value from the stamp and esteem of the ages through which they have passed.

Books, matched as to size and color, were drawn up in lines like soldiers in shiny, stiff uniforms, standing to a perpetual attention.

BOOTS

His boots came bumping along the passage like boxes.

BOUGHS

The boughs of the trees are twisted as if in pain.

BOULDERS

Scattered boulders lay like the remains of a wall battered to pieces and scorched by lightning.

BOUNDLESSNESS

Boundless as the ocean is a mother's love.

BOUNTEOUSNESS

Like dew upon the parched ground, so was her life a benediction to the desolate village folk.

BOUNTY

Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely.

BRAIN

His brain was like some engine pounding at high pressure.

BRAMBLES

The brambles twisted about like long arms seeking to seize their prey in their claws.

BRANCHES

The pine branches crackled as with merriment.

BRAYING

He brayed like a tube of brass.

BREATH

Through the hush of the night, there steals a cool, soft breath, like the sigh of some spirit of morning longing for the dawn.

BREATHING

The slow rise and fall of his breast went on, powerful and regular, like the heave of a calm sea.

To breathe was like drinking an elixir in which imagination and memory had both dissolved their pearls.

BREEZE

The breeze stirred like a waking man.

The faint breeze in the myrtles was like a sleeper's sigh.

A fresh breeze seemed to arise, a little shiver went over the surface of the water, as if the engulfed orb cast a sigh of satisfaction across the world.

The soft breeze blowing against his face felt like a caress from heaven, and stars were hanging like drops of dew in the dusky ether.

Breezes rose and died like the passing of a throng.

BREVITY

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

The span of his life from the boyhood which he could recall so vividly, seemed brief to him as a summer day.

BRIDESMAIDS

Two gauzy little bridesmaids fluttered about like butterflies.

BRIGHTNESS

She was like a sunbeam on a sullen sea.

The sudden brightness of her face was like a sunburst through a cloud.

BROOK

Looking up the dell, I saw a brawling brook issuing in foamy haste from a covert of underwood, like a racehorse impatient to arrive at the goal.

BROW

His brow was as dark and threatening as a storm-cloud at nightfall.

The judge's brow was white like alabaster—like Justice itself.

BRUSQUENESS

He drove the thought away impatiently, as he would have brushed away a fly that threatened to settle on a sacred and beautiful picture.

BUBBLES

Broken bubbles are like Humpty Dumpty: they can't be put together again.

BUILDING

He built like a good bridge-maker, so that the stress confirmed and strengthened the fabric.

It was the dream of my youth to build a tower there, with three or four little rooms in it, and walls as strong as a lighthouse.

The building was as airy as a bird-cage.

BULLETS

Bullets fell like hail, chopping and swishing the bushes. The bullets played about them like spray.

BUST

On the glazed and locked bookcase a bust in marble kept guard over the enclosed treasure, like an enchanted Moor.

BUTT

He stands in history like some figure of straw, at whose riddled reputation every aspirant for a virtuous renown lets off his pistol.

BUTTERFLIES

A number of butterflies flopped up and down along the ground like dead leaves.

The butterflies had opal-tinted wings, like the sun shining on the waterfalls.

BUZZING

In her ears sounded a buzzing like the murmur of a waterfall.

C**CACTUS**

She saw a cactus writhing like a hairy serpent.

CALL

He put his mouth to the keyhole and called through it like a hoarse breeze.

Pure as the snow-wrapped crystal world and sweet as the soft gray twilight came the call of a quail.

There came a call out of his heart sad as the call of passing birds at night.

CALMNESS

A calmness seemed to rise around us, imperceptibly, like the still rise of a flood in the night, obliterating the familiar landmarks of emotions.

She was as calm as a blue sea lying asleep in the sunshine.

CANAL

Even in daylight there is much to impress the imagination in that broad street of water, which for half a day's journey runs as straight as an arrow.

CANDELABRA

Candelabra, gnarled and intertwined like branches of trees or horns of strange animals, stood out from the walls.

CANDLE

The candle flared, upright and pointed like a dagger.

The candle was burning, and the owner of the voice had turned, holding it in such a fashion that its rays surrounded her like an aureole.

CANOE

Her canoe looked like a dream-craft.

CAPE

The cape she had swung round her shoulders was blown over her head, wrapped round her face, and twined about her arms like fetters.

CAPRICIOUSNESS

Clever folk are as changeable as the barometer.

CAPTAIN

At sea, the captain of the ship is a remote, inaccessible being, surrounded with invisible aids, like the prince of a fairy-tale.

CAPTIVITY

I remained caught as it were, in a web that imprisoned every faculty and sense, a web fine as gossamer, yet unbreakable as iron.

CAPTURE

A pretty idiot I should be to let myself be snared like a bird.

CAREER

His career has been built up, stone by stone, like a solid Gothic cathedral.

His career has the breath, the dignity, the majesty, the round and full completeness of a Miltonic epic.

CARICATURE

He looked like a cruel caricature of himself.

CARPET

The carpet was of a thick softness into which my feet sank as tho it were moss.

The carpet was as brown as fallen pine-needles in October.

CASTAWAYS

We two, alone in an open boat, were like men in a roomy grave, the silence of the sea like the silence of death.

CASTLE

The castle was gray and grim like a brooding sentinel.

CATCHWORDS

There are little catchwords which flit along the current of universal thought as lightly as a bit of thistledown.

CATECHISM

The questions of a catechism are as instructive as the tapping of a hammer on an iron box to discover what is inside.

CATHEDRAL

The great house of God—the cathedral—grew up from the soil like a tree, like a banyan, like a copse, like a forest of foliage; see how it flames at sunset, see how it flowers at dawn!

CAUTIOUSNESS

He closed the door as cautiously as a prudent man closes his pocket whenever shabby-genteel visitors appeal to him.

CAVES

The cave twisted and turned like a clever labyrinth.

Smaller caves, like side-chapels to the nave of the larger one, raised damp, mysterious walls.

CEDARS

The huge cedars held out their black-green fans like Eastern canopies.

CEILING

The vaulted ceiling was a pavement of sapphires, like the body of heaven in its clearness, sown with silver stars.

CEREMONY

He tramped through the ceremony like a man through a ploughed field.

CERTAINTY

Punishment followed, as certain as the thunder-crash follows the lightning.

CESSATION

The storm of war retreated like the ebb of the tide.

CHAGRIN

The howl of rage and chagrin at his escape was like that of a pack of hungry wolves.

CHAIRS

There were chairs like squat little monsters gorged with horsehair and steel springs.

CHALLENGE

The fearless challenge was like a clear bugle-call in the night.

CHANDELIER

Each chandelier, muffled in holland, looked like a monstrous tear dropping from the ceiling's embossed eye.

The crystals of a great chandelier clicked like long and glittering icicles.

CHANGE

His change of mind was as quick as a swallow's turn in flight.

Just as old furniture tarnishes in time, so everything was slowly becoming faded to her eyes, and to be taking on pale, dreary shades.

The change in his mood came as swiftly and as gloriously as daybreak rises and spreads over the sharp edge of a high mountain.

The change was as imperceptible and as beautiful as the change from babyhood to childhood.

CHANGES

The shifting, kaleidoscopic changes of life play upon our emotions as the wind upon harp-strings.

CHANT

That monotonous chant, mingling with the slow, gliding splash of the river, sounded as weird and mournful as the sough of the wind through leafless trees.

A muffled chanting came from behind the black, flat wall of the forest like the droning of bees from a hive.

CHARACTER

Character is like stock-in-trade: the more of it a man possesses, the greater his facilities for making additions to it.

Her character was as shallow as a looking-glass.

Some germ of character, however small, oftentimes sparkles in the life of the most degraded, like the gleam of a tiny diamond in the mud.

The other's upright nature intimidated him like a reproach of conscience.

CHARITY

Charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness, which steals on the heart like a rich perfume, to bless and to cheer.

Charity, like the sun, brightens every object on which it shines.

His charitable acts, like the gentle dew of night as it refreshes the rosebud, solaced many an aching heart.

CHARM

Day by day, hour by hour, the charm of the place sank deeper and deeper into me, like warmth into cold limbs, or the approaches of sleep into tired limbs.

She had the simple charm and delicate vigor of a wild flower.

CHASTE

She was as chaste as ice and pure as snow.

CHATTER

Her voluble chatter ran on like the sound of a rippling brook.

They chattered like a flock of excited magpies.

CHEEKS

He pressed his lips lightly on the boy's fresh cheek, as cool and soft as a rose-leaf.

He was as red-cheeked as a winter apple.

Her cheeks faded as skies fade at twilight.

Her cheeks were red as pomegranates.

His cheeks were like cream-colored silk stained with rose petals.

CHEERFULNESS

As sunshine brings out the flowers and ripens the fruit, so does cheerfulness, the feeling of freedom and life, develop in us all the seeds of good, all that is best in us.

CHEST

His chest was as powerful as a blacksmith's bellows.

CHILDREN

Often, while looking at the arched portal, I have been gladdened by the sight of a score of little girls and boys in pink, blue, yellow, and crimson frocks bursting suddenly forth into the sunshine like a swarm of gay butterflies that had been shut up in the solemn gloom.

The children, beneath their enveloping umbrellas, looked like a procession of low mushrooms.

CHIMES

She heard the chimes pulsate in musical beats through the silence, like a sweet voice made tremulous by tears.

CHIMNEYS

The factory chimneys rose perpendicular against a grimy sky, each slender like a pencil and belching out smoke like a volcano.

CHIN

He had a chin like the toe of an old boot.

Her chin was like the loop-end of a hairpin.

CHOLERA

The cholera, like a sharp scythe put into a field of ripe corn, mowed down the inhabitants by hundreds.

CHORUS

The chorus, like a mighty breath of patriotism, filled her heart to overflowing.

CHRISTIAN

The Christian is like the ripening corn: the riper he grows the more lowly he bends his head.

CHRISTIANITY

Christianity is like a river which has received affluents from all sides.

CHURCH

The church smelt musty and venerable, rather like the cover of an old Bible.

CIRCUMSTANCE

Circumstance, like lightning, tore a rent in the vaporous cloudland of romance, and knowledge thundered in her ears.

Circumstances form the character, but like petrifying waters they harden while they form.

CITY

Like a mirage the city will all glow again and again in visions of the night.

Like a pretty woman, the city has mysterious fits of ugliness or beauty.

The city hummed like a distant bee-hive.

The city was like a fairyland or a nightmare, as the mind chose to take it.

The city was like a newly whitened sepulcher.

The great city lay like a tired ocean, and like an ocean it seemed to sleep, full of its living as well as its dead.

CLINGING

He clung to me like a drowning man.

CLOCKS

The very clocks in the house were like his affairs, incapable of being wound up.

CLOTHES

His soaked clothes were as heavy as lead, cold and dripping like an armor of melting ice.

CLOUDS

A cloud arose, opaque like a wall.

A huge, long, black cloud hung pendent like a great dragon.

A long, low cloud, blue-green as a peacock's tail, trailed on the horizon.

A thunder-cloud lay like a solid obstacle in the ship's path.

Snowy bits of cloud raced across the sky, like sails against the blue of the ocean.

There was a ghost of a cloud, falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil.

Clouds hung round the horizon like the retreating masses of a discomfited army.

Clouds lay across the west like woven skeins.

Clouds swept like stately galleons across the intense blue of the July sky.

He saw dark and glossy clouds like a serpent's back.

Light clouds of pink and white drifted like the fluttering blossoms that fall from apple-trees in spring.

Overhead, little fleecy clouds drifted like unraveling wool across the clear sky.

The clouds drifted away, like white sheep.

The clouds floated through the unruffled bosom of the stream like heavenly thoughts through a peaceful heart.

The clouds hovered over everything like the breast and wings of a dove, and from all the viewless gardens they summoned the smell of flowers.

The clouds, like curls of foam, hovered over the sea.

The clouds, lying motionless in the blue sky, were like celestial sand-banks in a celestial sea.

The clouds mounted like smoke from a volcano.

The clouds veiled the mountain-top like the smoke of incense ascending from the altar of the worshiping earth.

The clouds were as heavy as if weighted with lead.

The clouds were scurrying over the sky like great black vessels on a foaming sea.

The country was ruby-colored, violet-tinted on the horizon, with a flurry of gray clouds like flocks of geese.

The fine delicate clouds were like a transparent gauze enshrouding precious jewels that lie, exciting our curiosity, behind it.

The moon, racing through a world of flying clouds of every size and shape and density, some black as inkstains, some delicate as lawn, threw the marvel of her Southern brightness over the same lovely and detested scene.

The rain-clouds, torn and driven in huge white shapes along the mountains to the South, were like an army of giants with chariots and white horses hurrying away.

The sky was bright blue, with little, white, hurrrying clouds, round and fat and cushiony, like a baby's pillow.

The white clouds of summer, like great birds of light, slowly soar and hover.

CLUMSINESS

He climbed with hippopotamus-like agility over the fence.

CLUTCH

She clutched at her hair as a witch might clutch at a mass of twining serpents.

COAST

The air was mild, the sky was a full-blown blue, and the coast hardly three miles away from us, met the eye like the canvas of a moving diorama.

The French coast lay ahead, vague, like a suggestion of darkness.

COLDNESS

An unseen hand was laid on his, cold as death itself.

Her hand lay passively in mine, chill as a frozen snowflake.

She noticed, as they shook hands, that his long, bony fingers were as cold as icicles.

The cold bit like fire on the hands and face.

The cold was so intense that it seemed to bite the flesh like the sharp teeth of an animal.

COLLAPSE

His scheme collapsed like a house of cards.

Presently he collapsed, like a loosened bundle, upon the steps.

She fell headlong from her strength—a fall like the Tower of Babel, with the crumbling of dust and the confusion of tongues.

She swayed like a dead body swung from a gallows.

Shuddering like a shot bird, she fell senseless.

The collapse of that industry shook the East like an earthquake.

COLLISION

I dreaded a collision with her as if she had been a serpent, or a furnace of fire, or a hedge of thorns.

COLOR

A faint color crept through her cheeks like the deepening hue on the petals of an opening rose.

A purple, dark as the bloom of the darkest grape, had settled down over the whole of the distant landscape.

His cheek became as white as the paper on which I write.

I saw the color rush over her fair, pale cheeks like a sudden glow of sunset on alabaster.

She was as yellow as a quince.

The color of the city was an exquisite thing—it was like a pearl that late afternoon.

The color was as delicate as the inner tint of a lilac blossom.

COLUMNS

A holy obscurity prevailed amid the multitude of columns, which were like the trunks of trees of a regularly planted forest.

COMMUNICATION

This communication fell into the little parlor like a thunderbolt, and tore up the domestic hearth savagely.

COMPANIONSHIP

A pleasant companion is as good as a coach.

COMPLEXION

A slight flame, like a straw fire, rose into the pallor of her complexion.

As he entered the graveyard he looked at the keeper, an ugly, dismal old fellow, as pale and yellow and greasy as a wax candle.

He had a complexion like a Stilton cheese and eyes like a prawn's.

Her color changed like running water whose spring is deep.

Her coloring was like that of a June rose.

Her complexion was a delicate pink and white, like a piece of fine porcelain.

Her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine.

Her complexion was as pale as marble.

Her complexion was pink and white, like a wax figure.

COMPLIMENT

Compliment was like salt on the wound of her humiliation.

COMPOSURE

A soothing calm swept over him, as tho some passing angel's hand had touched his brow in benediction.

CONCEALMENT

As the clouds veil the sun, so selfish sorrows hide the radiance of divine love.

CONCLUSION

The conclusion was as plain as the sun in the sky.

CONFESSION

Confession is like an anesthetic to the wounds inflicted by remorse.

CONFIDENCE

Confidence came to him like a warm breath.

CONFUSION

She was covered with confusion as with a garment.
 Strange names of unknown places and people buzzed in my ears like a sort of unintelligible spell.
 The rioters ran confusedly, like terrified sheep.

CONSCIENCE

His conscience was as tender as a baby's finger-tips.

CONSCIOUSNESS

Consciousness of his presence thrilled through her like a warm current through cold water.

CONSPICUOUSNESS

A solitary scarlet tulip grows in the border, like a soldier in a crowd at a cricket match.

CONSTANCY

He is as constant as the northern star.

CONTEMPLATION

He considered the prospect very slowly, like a child contemplating a new toy.

CONTEMPT

The stinging contempt of the tone pierced like an arrow.

CONTENT

A vaguely sweet content pervaded his being, like the odor of early roses pervading warm air.

CONTROVERSY

If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean.

CONVENTIONALITY

Conventionality surrounded her like an arid desert.

CONVERSATION

He broke into conversation like a criminal taking refuge in a sanctuary.

He led her deftly into the conventional phrases that precede confidence as you steer a boat through shallow, rapid-running water to reach the deeps beyond.

His conversation sparkled like a meadow-brook that drew men's best thoughts from them like water from a spring.

His conversation was like a dictionary compiled by a lunatic.

The buzz of conversation surged through the hall like the noise that might be made by thousands of swarming bees.

Their conversation was like the deadliest kind of duel with cold-eyed Fate as the dispassionate arbiter.

CONVICTION

The conviction strode across his mind as a searchlight strides across a dark sky.

COOLIES

The coolies swarmed on the hatchway ladder like bees on a branch.

COPE

His jewelled and embroidered cope, weighing down his fragility, was like an incarnation of the dignity, sanctity, and responsibility of his office.

CORAL

On the beach lay lumps of white coral, like bleached skulls.

CORD

The wet, thin cord of the lead-line swished like silk.

CORNFIELDS

Beyond the river stretched the yellow cornfields, the higher land like a rugged red skeleton from which the soil had been washed.

CORRESPONDENCE

The action of a man of business sorting his letters is curiously like that of a player arranging his cards, putting in one place the trumps, in another the cards of no account, and in another those that may perhaps be useful.

COUNTENANCE

His countenance has the coldness as well as the grace of a chiselled one.

COUNTRY

The country in winter is like a grave, a kind of God's Acre where dead things are buried.

The country was like a seething cauldron.

COWARDS

Base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark.

CRAFT

A native craft flitted by, as elusive as a shadow.

CREATIVENESS

He strikes his ideas out of his material as the sculptor reveals the breathing life in the stone.

CREDIT

Credit is like a looking-glass which, when once sullied by a breath, may be wiped clean again, but if once cracked can never be repaired.

CREEDS

Creeds are like thistle-down, wind tossed and blown, but deeds abide throughout eternity.

CREW

The crew were dumb and hungry as a pack of wolves.

CRIES

The cries, which had become a continuous kind of growl, like the death-rattle of a dying man, began afresh with extraordinary violence.

CRIME

Crime retreats before light like crawling vermin that dares not show its face.

CROWDS

A busy crowd was eddying on the boulevard, staring, halting, murmuring, flowing along like a river, full of placid gaiety.

An innumerable crowd spread like a black robe over the shore.

He became lost in the swarm of brown and yellow humanity like a straw in the eddy of a brook.

He came in sight of a surging crowd spread over the town square like a dark carpet patterned by splashes of lamplight.

He emerged from the crowd like a diver from the sea.

Roaring and chafing like an angry sea, the crowd pressed after them.

The crowd broke and scattered like frightened rabbits.

The crowd of gaily dressed dancers unravelled itself like a bobbin of gold and of silk.

The mad throng jostled and flowed about them like leaves in autumn round a dead bird.

The crowds were as thick as flies round a honeycomb.

CROWS

Crows, winging above them, stood out against the sky like pencil marks on clean paper.

CRUELTY

The letter was couched in a refinement of cruelty that cut like a knife.

CRUSHED

As the last straw breaks the laden camel's back, that piece of underground information crushed his sinking spirits.

He was crushed like a worm under a boot.

CRY

A cry arose whose shrillness pierced the air like a sharp arrow.

His cry rang out like a pistol-shot upon the intense silence.

His modulated cry returned, leisurely and monotonous, like the repeated cry of a bird.

Instantly, in the emptiness of the landscape, a cry arose whose shrillness pierced the still air like a sharp arrow flying straight to the very heart of the land.

The cry pursued him like a vengeance.

The cry was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the mind.

They heard a cry like the moaning of the wind.

CRYING

The dull crying of children at their lessons sounded like the murmuring of an assemblage of melancholy pigeons.

CUP

She gave me tea out of a cup that looked like a pink-lined egg-shell.

CURIOSITY

She behaved exactly like an angler who lifts his rod from time to time to see whether the fish is nibbling at the bait.

The curate nosed it out like a slot-hound.

CURRENT

The current snatched him like a blade of grass.

CURTAINS

The very curtains in that gloomy house hung like palls.

CURTSEY

When she curtseyed she descended into her outspread gauzes like an opera-glass shutting up.

D

DAFFODILS

Daffodils like new-minted gold gleamed below the hedge.

DAINTINESS

The little bride in filmy white and her maids in silver and gold, looked as dainty as if a fairy had woven their frocks out of gossamer and the wings of butterflies.

DAISIES

Daisies twinkled like stars on a sky magically green.

DANCERS

Some of the dancers swayed gracefully, like willows.
The dancers spun giddily round, like gyroscopic tops.
The dancers wavered like thin flames in a draft of wind.
The dancing girls were like spinning midges.

DANCING

Dancing makes me feel like a giant refreshed, and afterward
I sleep like the proverbial top.
He danced like a wound-up clockwork figure.
Her dancing was as light as a zephyr.
She danced as airily as a flower on the wind.

DANGEROUS

He is as dangerous as a dynamite bomb.
She was placidly dangerous, like a lake with a quicksand
bottom.

DARK

He was as dark and fierce as a mountain thunderstorm.
She was as dark as a Spaniard.

DARKNESS

Darkness fell like a palpable curtain.
Darkness invaded the world stealthily, like a thief.
Darkness lay like a deep trench between the houses.
Darkness, like a black curtain, fell again and hid the fearful
vision from her.
Darkness rested on the face of the waters, and blackness of
thick darkness lay like a pall over the hopes and aspirations
of men.
He discovered a steep stone staircase leading down into what
seemed to be a vast well, black and empty as a starless mid-
night.
The darkness draped the earth as with a pall.

DAWN

Gradually over the wide lands the dawn was coming up, and
ever growing in beauty as it came, like the peal of an organ

played by a master's hand, growing louder and lovelier as the soul of the master warms, and at last giving praise with all its mighty voice.

DAYLIGHT

Daylight came like a glow in a ground-glass globe.
He saw a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

DAYS

Day like a weary pilgrim had reached the western gate of heaven.

That day remained like a mark on her soul, a kind of mystic wound.

Some are white days, full of a sparkle of sunlight, like a spray about the water.

DEAFNESS

He was as deaf as a tradesman's dummy.

DEATH

As they toiled, death stood silent behind them, like a cold-eyed and inflexible taskmaster.

Death lies on her like an untimely frost upon the sweet flowers of the field.

Death sometimes retreats before a firm tread, like a startled snake.

He plunged to his death from the clouds, like an eagle struck by a thunderbolt.

His death was like the unclouded sun sinking into rest at the close of day.

Like a noble tree struck down by lightning, he fell dead.

The shipwrecked men were rocked into a sleep as deep as the unfathomable waters.

The man had dropped out of the world as a stone crumbles from a bank into a stream, unnoticed and unregretted.

DEBUT

The girl dawned upon the social horizon like a summer sunrise in her young splendor.

DECAY

The glory of the woman had withered in a night, as grass and as the flowers of grass.

DECEIT

He was very circumspect in his deceit, like a showman who babbles diverting pleasantries as he returns a bad coin in your change.

DECISIONS

His decisions were as merciless as death.

DECISIVENESS

His action was due to something profound, something elemental—a realization that clove like a dividing spear.

DEEDS

All the deeds of his opponents were as black as ink.

DEER

Deer were stealing like fantoms through the soft moonlight.

DEFECTS

The wise man's defects are like the eclipses of the sun; they come to every one's knowledge.

DEFINITION

As clear as a tide-mark, the green ends and the barren land begins.

DEGRADATION

A fine nature at a degrading task is like a race-horse drawing a costermonger's barrow.

DEJECTION

He was whimpering foolishly, like a dog that can not fight grief with thought.

There, under the blowing breath of the wide Cyprian morning, the last remnants of dejection fluttered away like cobwebs.

DELICATENESS

She looked like a delicate flower bending before a bitter east wind.

She was as delicately reared as a foreign bird.

DELIGHT

Her delight in him lingered with half-open wings, waiting for a pedestal from which to begin its flight, like those birds that can not rise from a flat level.

DEMEANOR

He restrained himself and remained upright, cold, supercilious as a rock.

DENUNCIATION

His denunciation of the plot swept the gathering like a tornado.

DEPARTURE

He burst out of the door like an explosion.

She left her home as a moth leaves a darkened room: unless a light were rekindled to lure her home, she would never return.

DEPRESSION

It was a rushing, dark wave of depression that seemed to break over her, like a real wave of the sea, filling her with vague dread and a sense of helpless dismay.

My depression lies on me like a fetter of lead from which I can never free myself.

The old insidious feeling of depression returned and hovered over her mind like a black bird of ill omen.

DERELICT

A derelict is like a ghoul on the prow to kill living ships in the dark.

DESCRIPTIONS

His descriptions were apt to read rather like a nurseryman's catalog.

DESERT

The dark sands of the desert extended as far as the eye could reach in every direction, and glittered like a steel blade in bright sunlight.

DESERTED

She vanished and slammed the door upon me, leaving me alone like a man new fallen from fairyland into the black darkness of the night.

DESIRES

The desires and longings of men are vast as eternity.

DESOLATION

As I read the answer, the last remnant of my youth dropped away, as if it were a covering cloak that, dropping, left me naked and shivering before the eyes of a cruel world.

DESPAIR

Despair hides, like a thick fog, the visionary fields of memory.

He felt alone with his despair, like a lonely figure by the shore of a somber and hopeless ocean.

She was driven by despair like a hare by hounds.

DESPERATION

I fled to you as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

The ragged figure took hold of the door-handle and, like a bird in a snare, looked round the hall desperately.

The wretched cling eagerly to the most uncertain chances, just as the shipwrecked clutch at any floating fragment.

DESTINY

Destiny is like an implacable machine of which we are both the victims and the tools.

DESTRUCTION

At the approach of the molten stream houses collapsed like castles of cards.

Houses were carried bodily away and smashed like nuts.

DEVELOPMENT

She seemed to have expanded like some beautiful flower.

DEVOTION

Devotion, like fire, goeth upward.

DEWDROPS

The dewdrops lay like pearls on the grass.

DIAMONDS

The arch of diamonds spanning her dark hair flashed and glittered like a bridge of stars over dark rippling water.

DIFFERENCE

The difference between the two ideas is as deep as the sea.

DIFFICULTIES

Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance.

DIFFICULTY

It would be as difficult as keeping a dozen glass balls in the air simultaneously.

DIMNESS

Here and there, from the masts of anchored brigs and fishing-boats, gleamed a few red and green lights burning dimly like fallen and expiring stars.

DIRECTNESS

He went to his subject as straight as a homing dove.

DISAPPEARANCE

All their vain terrors shrivelled up like ghosts at sunrise.

He disappeared like a fantom behind the ominous gorse bushes.

He vanished with the swiftness of a bird.

He went out under the quiet stars, and like a spirit, disappeared in the deep shadows of the woods.

Her doubts vanished like the morning dew.

Her resentment vanished like a dimple from the water.

Like a cloud melting in air, or a ghost vanishing into the nether-world, he had mysteriously disappeared.

She vanished, like a swift shadow, into the greater shadow of the alley.

She vanished like a white cloud absorbed in clear space.

The picture vanished like a rainbow in a swirl of cloud.

They slowly moved off and disappeared like shapes breathed on a mirror and melting away.

We are not allowed yet to know by what means and devices this thing, this miracle, or conjury was wrought, when a whole army, with artillery and baggage, did a vanishing feat or disappearing trick like the neatest trap-door effect in melodrama.

DISAPPOINTMENT

A look of resigned disappointment crossed her face like a shadow.

DISASTER

As when an avalanche bears down a mountain forest, twigs and bushes suffer with the giant trees, so in great financial disaster do little lives in remote places suffer pitiful destruction.

DISCIPLINE

As the end approached he desired to stand like a soldier in the ranks, waiting the word of command which should bid him fall out.

DISCONSOLATE

She stood there like a disconsolate specter.

DISCORDS

The discord smote him like blows.

DISCOURAGEMENT

Discouragement crept over the other's exuberance as a cloud creeps over the summer sky.

DISCOURSE

Discourse buzzed round my ear like a blue-bottle.

DISCOVERY

He regarded his find reverently, like a miser finding a hoard of gold, like a pilgrim who comes suddenly upon a miraculous relic.

His discovery blossomed out like a flower of incredible and evil aspect from the tiny seed of instinctive suspicion.

DISCRETION

Discretion is like the decent clothing on the nakedness of our minds.

DISILLUSIONMENT

He felt as disillusioned as a child who walks across the stage and sees the trickery of the theater.

Like iced water on feverish flesh, the cold truth doused his ardent dream.

DISPOSITION

As the sun is best seen at his rising and setting, so men's native dispositions are clearest seen when they are children, and when they are dying.

DISSOLUTION

Old things were dissolving like a dream.

DISTANT

He was as distant as the Alps and quite as frosty.

DISTASTEFUL

We are affected by certain flourishes of language unpleasantly, as by things misplaced and somewhat gaudy.

DISTRESS

My throat was dry, my hands were icy cold, I trembled like a leaf.

DISTURBANCE

The scene, looked at from above, was singularly like the disturbance caused by stirring up a lot of ants with a stick.

DOCK

The dock was like a sheet of darkling glass, crowded with upside-down reflections of warehouses, of hulls and masts of silent ships.

DOMINATION

He ruled audiences like an uncrowned king.

DOUBTS

A veil of doubt and mistrust came over their faces, like a fog creeping up from the marshes to hide the hills.

By degrees, like a chilling wind, doubt began to creep upon him.

Doubt is like fog: it hides things but it does not destroy them.

Doubt passed like a cloud over the sun of her assurance.

The doubt pestered him: it circled round him like a fly settling again and again on the same spot.

Doubts rise up like mist; they are secret and gnawing like a worm, and more chilling than the certitude of death.

Her doubts vanished in his presence as shadows before the sun.

Their doubts and questionings were dissipated like fogs.

DOVES

Wood doves cooed in the trees like invisible lovers unable to cease from gushing.

DOWNS

Plump on the horizon appear the heath-clad downs, their glowing purple clear and luscious as the bloom on a peach.

DRAPERIES

The draperies shimmered like moonlight.

DREAMLESSNESS

His nights were as dreamless as the sleep of death.

DREAMS

Like a glittering crystal shattered to fragments, his dream of ecstasy collapsed.

Dreams like echoes chased themselves in and out of the cells of his mind all night.

Life, in fact, lay upon dreams like rose-leaves; and I daily wandered for hours about the enchanted town, and gathered the materials out of which the dreams were made.

The dreams of poets come like music heard at evening, from the depth of some enchanted forest, wafted over a wide water.

DRESS

Her pallor made her dress like a long white shroud.

Liquid brown eyes, dewy red lips, ruddy cheeks, little head, curved, reedy, swaying figure, clad all in gossamer white, fine and light as a lace cobweb, she came over to him.

She arranged her dress as quickly and skillfully as a bird preens itself.

She was dressed like an old picture.

The folds of her gown waved and floated like silky clouds around her.

DRINKER

He stood drinking, his head thrown back, motionless and grotesque as some strange, hideous Eastern carving.

DRUM

He heard the beat of the drum, regular and muffled like the beating of a heart.

DRYNESS

Their throats were as dry as summer dust.

DUMBNESS

Friends and foes sat there dumb as is a stone.

She became suddenly dumbstruck, her lips tight shut like the strings of her money-bag.

DUPES

They were in his hands like so many cards.

DUST

The horses' hoofs scattered the dust like spray.

E**EAGERNESS**

He is as eager as a greyhound on his game.
He was like an animal that scents its prey.

EAGLE

The eagle poised like a feather on the air.

EARTH

In the blinding white heat the earth spun and shone like a mote of dust.

The earth heaved convulsively, like the breast of one who struggles with mighty grief.

The earth lay like a great emerald, ringed and roofed with sapphire; blue sea, blue mountain, blue sky overhead.

The earth lay smiling, fresh and innocent, like a little child.

ECHOES

Echoes stayed with the dying woman, as stay the voices in the hills.

EDUCATION

A human soul without education is like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the color.

Boys in his care grew like out-of-season fruit in a hothouse.

That system of education did not encourage a child's mind to open like a flower, but opened it by force, like an oyster.

EFFACEMENT

Her instinct was to hide, like a poor, wounded animal.

EFFICIENT

He looked like and was about as efficient as an old photograph.

EJACULATION

He sat bolt upright and shot out the word like a bullet from a gun.

ELMS

All night I was haunted by those elms, which appeared as gray women in cloaks of strange mist.

ELOQUENCE

It is of eloquence as of a flame: it requires matter to feed it, motion to excite it, and it brightens as it burns.

ELUSIVENESS

She was away again by herself, like a tantalizing sprite of the woods.

She was like a subtle carp, who amused herself at his precautions, nibbled at the bait and suddenly escaped.

EMBARRASSMENT

She sailed over the embarrassment as a swallow sails on an upland wind, with a consummate absence of effort.

EMOTIONS

Emotions closed over him like a dark and bitter sea.

With most of us, great moments of emotion are merely ripples on a lake, like something written in water.

All loving emotions, like plants, shoot up most rapidly in the tempestuous atmosphere of life.

The emotions of youth are swift as the wind.

EMPIRE

Extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor.

EMPTINESS

Dinner-parties and such functions were to him as empty as an echo.

ENCHANTMENT

She spread enchantment about her like a fragrance.

ENCONIUMS

Their gentle encomiums strung him like darts.

ENCOURAGEMENT

She jumped to the encouragement as an animal jumps to the food held above it.

ENGINEER

The engineer appeared out of the stokeshold streaked with grime and soaked with sweat, like a chimney-sweep coming out of a well.

ENGINE-ROOM

The engine-room resembled the interior of a vast monument.

ENGINES

Engines in the sheds were gliding like tame dragons into the allotted corner grooved out to the inch for their reception.

The thump of the engines reverberated regularly like the strokes of a metronome beating the measure of the vast silence.

ENTHUSIASMS

His enthusiasms were of a fitful and perverse character, like those wet weather springs of the hill country which must need be favored by a season of replenishing rain before they bubble forth into the light of day.

ENTRANCE

She entered and passed out as silently as a sunbeam, save that she left her light behind.

ENVY

As a moth gnaws a garment, so does envy consume a man.
As rust corrupts iron, so envy corrupts man.

Envy, like flame, blackens that which is above it and which it can not reach.

Envy lurks at the bottom of the human heart, like a viper in its hole.

EPHEMERAL

Her glowing beauty faded from his memory like the brief blaze of a showy firework fading in mid-air.

ERECTNESS

She stood up, straight as a candle.

ESCAPE

I crept away, slinking through the trees like a terrified beast that shuns some fierce pursuer.

ESTUARY

The opening of the estuary appeared, shining like bits of silver inlaid clear and sharp on the dark land.

EVANESCENCE

She passed away from him suddenly and swiftly, as a mist fading into heaven.

She seemed to be in the throes of some horrible convulsion, but this passed like a flash across her features; lightning could not be more rapid, nor death more swift.

The faintest shadow of a wondering smile flickered over his countenance, like the reflection of a passing taper-flame on a faded picture.

The picture of that fair face and form flitted before me like a mirage.

When he looked again, they—like a vision seen—had stolen away and gone.

EVENING

The evening came to her like a smiling and gentle friend.

The evening light was dying on the water as a child might die on its nurse's breast.

The evening was suave as a Roman prelate.

The still autumn evening was like a magic mirror.

EVENTS

Certain events stand out like mountain peaks above the plain of common experience.

Events and circumstances mold character as the furnace and the potter mold clay.

The first spring of great events, like those of great rivers, are often mean and little.

EVENTUALITY

To show him a distant eventuality was like showing the beauty of a wild landscape to a purblind tourist.

EVILS

All its evil burst through, as flames writhe and burst from the darkness of smoke.

Evil haunted him like a shadow.

Knowledge of evil corrupts the blood like a subtle poison.

Evils in the journey of life are like the hills which alarm travelers on their road: both appear great at a distance, but when we approach them we find they are far less insurmountable than we had conceived.

EXACTITUDE

Like Conscience itself, his interrogator had gone straight to the point, struck home.

EXAMINATION

He examined his own conscience like a man holding a court-martial.

EXCITEMENT

All the while, the excitement of the three adventurers glowed about their bones like a fever.

EXCLAMATION

Exclamations came from all parts of the table like squibs from a set of fireworks.

EXHAUSTION

From disaster, like a spent swimmer, he came desperately ashore, bankrupt of money and consideration.

He felt himself too exhausted to drag his weary limbs any farther, having a stomach as empty as his pocket.

EXPANSION

He expanded like a frog in a shower.

EXPECTANCY

Like children stumbling in the dark, we stretch out our hands into the unknown.

EXPERIENCE

Experience is converted into thought as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin.

To most men experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

EXPLORATION

She explored new minds, like a traveler in unknown lands.

EXPRESSION

He glared round like a bull at bay.

He had somewhat the look of sailors accustomed to squinting the eye in looking through spy-glasses.

He had the curious expression only to be found in the East, an expression of appeal and devotion like that of a faithful dog.

He was laughing silently, his face twisted into a grimace like a leering mask.

Her cheeks were flushed and her face was lit by a strange exaltation, transfigured, like that of a painted saint.

Her expression fell from the height of anticipation as a house of cards falls piteously to the table on which it is reared.

His expression of thought and feeling was free from self-consciousness and was like a mirror of the emotions of the reader.

It is only out of fulness of thinking that expression drops perfect like a ripe fruit.

The concentrated expression knitted her thick eyebrows as with a very tight band.

The expression was fleeting as the reflection of lightning.

When he returned to the dining-room, he turned upon his guests a face like that of a corpse with the eyes as yet unclosed.

EXTREMES

The temperaments of the two men were as far asunder as the poles.

EXULTATION

A queer exultation took him by the throat like an enemy.
I sat exulting like a conqueror.

EYES

Her eye glittered like that of an aged and cruel bird.

His was an eye of an unusual mingled brilliancy and softness, somber as coal and with lights that outshone the topaz; an eye of unimpaired health and virility; an eye that made you beware of the man's devastating anger.

A jealous veil hid her features; he could scarcely see her eyes gleaming behind the gauze, like two agates lit up by the sun.

He had eyes like button-holes.

He had small, deep-set eyes, perfectly round like a fish's, and of no particular color.

He has flaw-seeing eyes, like needle-points.

He stared at me in silence, his gray eyes expanding like those of an eagle.

He was confronted with a pair of eyes like glinting sword-blades.

He was somewhat startled at the bitter scorn of the flashing eyes that, like two quivering stars, were blazing upon him.

He was thin, sallow, eager in manner, with shining eyes, almost toad-like, a yellowish-white complexion and coal-black hair.

Her big black eyes flashed like her diamonds, and she gesticulated slightly when she spoke.

Her blue eyes were calm, deep and beautiful as the summer sky and the summer sea.

Her blue-gray eyes were clear as truth itself.

Her clear bright eyes shone like new-created stars beneath the soft cloud of clustering fair hair.

Her dark eyes shone like stars and her lips were cherry-red with excitement.

Her eyes are like big, black fires.

Her eyes began to fill like the sky in the breaking of the dawn.

Her eyes gleamed like daggers.

Her eyes glittered like basilisks.

Her eyes glittered like cut stones.

Her eyes glowed like coals.

Her eyes had the limpid clearness of a shallow brook running over pebbles.

Her eyes mysteriously followed him and looked at him steadfastly like stars shining out of the misty air.

Her eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river: a clear, deep, liquid radiance, the reflection of ethereal fire.

Her eyes stared out like lamps whose flame had been extinguished.

Her eyes were as full of secrets as a deep pool in the hollow of a wood.

Her eyes were as clear and cool as mountain water when the sunlight is upon it and golden flecks come and go in its brown depths.

Her eyes were black and luminous as the sky of night itself.

Her eyes were bright and greedy as a raven's.

Her eyes were brilliant as deep, clear wells are, in which the mellow moonlight sleeps fathom-deep, between black walls of rock.

Her eyes were dark, almost as violets.

Her eyes were deeply blue, the color of the Adriatic when a fleeting cloud spreads a curtain of hyacinth over the sheeted turquoise bed.

Her eyes were haggard and wrinkled, like the skin of an old glove.

Her eyes were as impersonal as stars.

Her eyes were large and dark, and as expressive as those of the wild creatures among which she loved to be.

Her eyes were like a brown brook, sparkling deep yet bright in the sun.

Her eyes were like frozen sapphires.

Her eyes were of steely coldness, and seemed to transfix him as with barbed arrows.

Her eyes were pale, like dreams.

Her eyes were shining under her eyebrows like rays of light darting under the arched boughs in a forest.

Her eyes were tremulous, like molten gold.

Her happy eyes shone, brown and clear in her flushed face, like agates.

His bright blue eye, which shone with uncommon keenness and splendor, had its vivacity augmented by fever and mental impatience, and glanced from among his curled and unshorn locks of yellow hair as fitfully and as vividly as the last gleams of the sun shoot through the clouds of an approaching thunder-storm.

His eyes are like the black caverns where the dragons live.

His eyes bored like steel gimlets into those of his enemy.

His eyes flashed a steel-like lightning.

His eyes glared like the eyes of a wild-cat.

His eyes glittered out of the darkness like disks of fire.

His eyes had a curious hawk-like look.

His eyes had become as ink in his pale face.

His eyes looked out with a watchful steadiness that, like the sharp edge of a diamond, seemed warranted to cut through the brittle glass of a lie.

His eyes shone like a dazzling white flame.

His eyes shone with a quiet light, still and even as the tint of the heavens.

His eyes were as small red suns seen through a fog.

His eyes were as somber as the storm-blackened winter sky.

His eyes were brown, with a rat-like glare in them.

His eyes were dark, with a brilliant under-reflection of steel-gray in them, that at times flashed out like the soft glitter of summer lightning in the dense purple of an August heaven.

His eyes were hidden by heavy eyelids, and looked like curtained windows.

His eyes were like black lakes troubled like fantastic moons.

His eyes were like blue ice.

His eyes were like lamps set in a high watch-tower of intellect.

His eyes were like the azure glint of glaciers.

His eyes were like those of a swan when its neck is drawn up and back in anger.

His eyes were like tiny steel rings round the dead black of the pupils.

His fierce eyes blazed like fire in tinder.

His little eyes glittered like mica disks.

More lustrous than the light of the gems she wore was the deep, ardent glory of her eyes, dark as night and luminous as stars.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories: they are strongest for things a long way off.

She had bright, eager eyes, like a bird, and hands that fluttered nervously.

She had eyes as deep, as velvety, as blue-black as old-fashioned pansies.

She had eyes like forget-me-nots.

She opened wide her eyes, as pretty as pale flowers.

She wore a thick white veil, through which only the faintest sparkle of her eyes glimmered like flickering sunbeams

The clear blue gleam of her eyes slid between her lashes like a stream between waving reeds.

The dove-like eyes filled brimful.

The eyes are sky-blue, shining, innocent, infantile, and in them the internal emotions ebb constantly, like flowing water.

The eyes beneath the half-closed lids were harder than steel.

The eyes were like the frozen blue of a clear winter sky.

The fine lights sparkled in her eyes like crystalline fires.

Their eyes were sunk in hollows, as dull and black as charcoal.

Those eyes seemed to strip bare his innermost thoughts, as lightning strips bark from a tree.

Those eyes were as deep and mysterious as death.

To her the other woman's eyes were like lenses concentrating a burning sun upon her face.

Two star-like eyes opened like blue flowers outspreading to the sun.

When she raised her eyes it was like a sudden glimpse of the sea.

EYEBROWS

Her eyebrows were jet black and in repose were arched like a rainbow.

His black eyebrows met over his nose like clouds settling on a mountain.

His eyebrows were like black horseshoes.

EYELASHES

The lashes of her closed eyelids curled upward like the petals of a flower.

EYELIDS

Her eyelids were delicately discolored with tears, like rain-beaten flowers.

F

FACES

A face that can not smile is like a bud that can not blossom and dries up in the stalk.

All traces of her former agitation had disappeared, leaving her face fair and radiant as a spring morning.

At the sound of the opening door she turned swiftly, her whole delicate and lovely face lighting up like a flower in a ray of sunshine, the lips slightly parted, and a deep and happy light shining in her violet eyes.

He had a face exactly like a lemon—shape, color, everything.

He had a face like a benediction.

He had a face mottled like bad marble.

He had a hard face like a hatchet, tipped with an aggressive black goatee beard.

He had a long, horse-like face, which with age became bovine and swamped in fat.

He was short and thick, with such a long, solemn face that it looked like an india-rubber mask stretched to breaking-point.

Her colorless face and alabaster brow were like the limpid surface of a lake, which by turns is rippled by the impulse of a breeze and recovers its glad serenity when the air is still.

Her face became fixed like a palely colored mask of plaster.

Her face became rigid like a dead person's, and her lips opened to scream, but no cry came.

Her face moved as if controlled by steel springs.

Her face shone out like a growing glory-flower in the tangled wilderness of his thoughts.

Her face was all wrinkled and ruddy like a winter apple.

Her face was as colorless as the paper in her hand.

Her face was as dark and pensive as a forest.

Her face was glowing like a peony.

Her face was like a crumpled, whitey-brown paper bag.

Her face was like a delicate rose in shadow.

Her face was like an April sky.

Her greatest charm lay in the face, which was almost infantile in its shape, and delicate as a moss rose.

Her lovely countenance was fair and brilliant as a summer morn.

Her sweet face passed like a dream through those haunts of misery and care.

His beaked face and hollow eyes were like a vision of death.

His countenance hung like a pall.

His face had just as much play of expression as a watchman's rattle.

His face had settled into a solemn cast, like hardening clay.

His face had the pallor of death.

His face is as dry and yellow as parchment.

His face, like the dawn, was a struggle between light and darkness.

His face looked as tho it was chiseled in marble and set with a pair of eyes as hard as jade.

His face looked like a cast admirably modelled in yellow wax.

His face reflected his passing emotions like a magic mirror reflecting the gliding passage of unearthly shapes.

His face was a dull saffron in hue, and immobile as a statue's.

His face was crumpled, infinitely prim, crow-footed like an ivied wall.

His face was as sharp as a pen.

His face was as solemn as a requiem.

His face was as white as a tallow candle.

His face was like a death-mask.

His face was like a lighted lamp.

His face was like a sinister mask, hollow and hungry with sorrow.

His face was like colorless rock.

His face was like the autumn sky, overcast one moment and bright the next.

His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth.

His face was permanently set and colored; ruddy and stiff with weathering; more like a picture than a face, yet with a certain strain and a threat of latent anger in the expression, like that of a man trained too fine and harassed with perpetual vigilance.

His face was shining and crimson between white whiskers, like a glowing coal between two patches of snow.

His face was simple and impenetrable as granite.

His face was so gnarled and twisted and dark that it looked like a gargoyle.

His face was sunken and worn, like a skull.

His face was vacant as an untenanted house.

His face wore an owl-like gravity.

His frank, amiable face helped him, and, as a lucky star, lighted the way before him.

His ruddy and serene face glowed like true metal on the anvil.

His smile made his face look like a creased leathern mask.

His weather-beaten, impassive face streamed with tears, like a lump of chipped red granite in a shower.

I looked down and saw a little face, pale as carved ivory.

Once more her face set like a flint.

She had a face like the moon, and great round eyes.

She held up her face like a beautiful Medusa.

She was as wan-faced as a flower by moonlight.

That face of yours looks like the title-page to a whole volume of roguery.

The beauty of her face, so quiet and so softly colored, was like that of some fair, half-opened flower about which the light seems to hover.

The color of his face was like that of old white wax.

The face was characterized by an expression of childlike innocence and candor.

The face was weather-beaten like a sailor's.

The lines of his face were set, giving an expression of indescribable cruelty, and he glared at the lawyer like a tiger.

The look of the face was as sharp as steel.

The sailor's grim face appeared a moment later, emerging like the face of a hermit crab from its shell.

Old crones, with silvery hair and faces creased like medlars, tottered along with baskets on their feeble heads.

She saw children's faces clustering like a nosegay.

The faces of those innocent children were like so many daggers in his breast.

The faces were church-like in their gravity.

The swaying white faces, turned all one way, seemed like the heads of giant wild flowers in a dark field, shivered by rain.

They had faces like grotesque masks.

Young faces turned up to him, like empty vessels waiting to be filled.

FACTS

She held to these facts like guide-ropes on a swinging bridge.

FAIR

Both sisters were fair as lilies.

FAITH

Faith and works are like the light and heat of a candle: they can not be separated.

Faith is as intangible as the ether, ineluctable as gravitation.

Faith, like light, should ever be simple and unbending.

Her faith was like a glorious and triumphant banner streaming in the wind of her progress.

Like the bud that sleeps in its sheath and waits for the spring, the life of the man of faith is big with promise.

FAITHFULNESS

Her words were good in his ears; she was true as steel.

FALL

The men fell, streaming like a mass of rolling stones down a bank.

FALSEHOOD

To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a saber, for tho the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.

FALSITY

A false friend is like a shadow which attends only when the sun shines.

She was false and worthless as a spurious coin.

FAME

As the pearl ripens in the obscurity of its shell, so ripens in the tomb all the fame that is truly precious.

Fame is like fire: when you have kindled it you may easily preserve it, but if you once extinguish it you will not easily kindle it again.

Fame to the ambitious is like salt water to the thirsty: the more one gets the more he wants.

He wore his fame as lightly as a child might wear a flower just plucked and soon to fade.

The way to fame, like the way to heaven, is through much tribulation.

FAMILIARITY

He knew the sailing capacities of every vessel in the fleet as well as a shepherd knows his sheep.

FANCIES

The child's wild fancies were lulled and hushed to rest like broken waves.

FANCY

His roaming fancy, like a bird hypnotized by a hawk, fluttered, stayed suspended, and dived back to earth.

My fancy soars like a kite and faints in the blue infinite.

FASHION

Fashion and frivolity revolve like the wheel in a squirrel's cage.

FATE

I am awed by the suddenness of men's fate, which hangs over them like a cloud charged with thunder.

Like the course of a river, fate moves forward in an irresistible stream.

She was held like a victim on the scaffold of indecision with the noose of fate about her neck.

FAVORS

The memory of past favors is like a rainbow: bright, vivid and beautiful, but it soon fades away.

FAWNING

He went back to her like a fawning spaniel.

FEAR

A fearful anguish nailed him to the spot, a fear to know the worst, a dread of the truth; and he did not stir, hiding as a hare, starting at the least sound.

Fear goaded her on as an unwilling beast is goaded into battle.

Fear lashed her like a whip.

He stood trembling like a frightened deer which is seeking a place of refuge.

She crouched like some desperate creature at bay.

She started at his touch as if a serpent had stung her.

The little sisters were all huddled together, like sheep before the dog of the shepherd.

To try to overcome fear is like catching a specter by the throat.

FEARLESSNESS

With me she was as frank and fearless as a tame robin.

FEATURES

His biographer speaks of his high, cliff-like forehead, his eyes that looked like flames, and his lips like a woman's in their expression of spotless purity.

His features looked as if they had been chiseled with a very blunt instrument.

His features were always thin and clearly cut as a knife, but a keen edge had been lately added.

Their passive, bronze-like features betrayed no intelligence.

FEELING

His feeling was as strong as a mountain river.

Something swift and ardent stirred in his blood, like the flowing of quicksilver.

The feeling excited in him was powerful, but it was momentary, like the lightning which blazes through a midnight sky, which is but just seen ere it vanishes into darkness.

FEELINGS

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

Her feelings went round like a weather-cock.

Men's feelings are always purest and most glowing in the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunrise and sunset, but throughout the day are gray and cold.

FEET

The moonlight fell on his feet, making them gleam like marble.

FICKLENESS

She was as fickle as a changeful dream.

FIDELITY

She venerated the woman and brought her, like a good retriever, all the local news.

FIERCENESS

His look was as fierce as a famished wolf.

FIGURE

He is large-framed, massive, with bull-like shoulders and a great head, fronted with a square, strong face.

He was one of the smallest man-figures I ever saw, shaped like a pair of tongs.

Her figure swayed in the dusk like a ghostly tree.

Her graceful figure rose like a slender, flower-crowned lily stalk, amid other flowers of gaudier hue.

Her slender figure was swaying like a dainty hare-bell.

Her slender figure waved like a willow in the wind.

Her white figure glimmered like a shadow at one end of the darkened room.

The cook, a red-faced woman whose figure was like a barrel with a belt round it, was bustling about the tables.

The figure was delicate as a sea-mist.

The weird figure moved about like a ghost of some prehistoric being.

FINGERS

Her slim fingers twisted and locked themselves nervously, like a tangle of snakes.

His fingers curved and stiffened like the talons of a hawk.

His long, delicate hands, lying on the pretty, bright covering of the couch, were colorless, the fingers like ivory sticks.

FIRE

A fire lay on the hill like a crown on a beautiful and savage head.

I saw across the river a big fire, like a golden ball in the blackness of the night.

The bright fire sparkled like a rich jewel.

The fire glared sullenly, like the eyes of a fierce beast half amazed stare.

The fire burned cheerily on the hearth, now and then purring like a cat full of happy content.

The fire flared up with a noise like a whirr of wings.

The fire glared sullenly, like the eyes of a fierce beast half asleep.

The fire seemed to stir and creep like the light of a glow-worm.

FIREFLIES

About the fragrant shrubs fireflies glinted like showers of silver sparks.

The fireflies made the fields look like a lake trembling with the reflection of stars.

FIRMNESS

He endured, firm as the oak on rocky heights.

FISH

Like living silver plunged in liquid emerald, the great fish became visible.

The salmon was as red as a cardinal's hat.

FISHERMAN

The fisherman was, in appearance and scent, like a weedy beach when the tide is out.

FISHING-BOATS

Now and then one or two fishing-boats would flit across the inky water like dark messengers from another world bound on some mournful errand.

FITFULNESS

I felt as fitful as a bat.

FLAGS

Flags made a flutter like little yellow and white and red birds among the brown ridges of roofs.

FLAMES

The flames roared and writhed about the prison wall like blazing serpents.

The flames swept through the building like a whirlwind.

FLATTERY

Flattery is like false money: it impoverishes those that receive it.

He swallowed my flattery as easily as a fish swallows bait.

FLEETING

The flashing idea of liberty now fled from him like a dream.

The men, as we went by them, all glanced back at the carriage, showing bronzed wild faces and dark eyes and mous-

taches, and were presently lost to sight, like images seen in a dream.

FLIGHT

A humming-bird probed a honeysuckle at my side and darted away like a sunbeam.

He fled from the room like a hunted animal.

She rose to her feet, rushed across the room, jumped lightly out of the open window on to the smooth green turf below, and ran away like the wind.

She shrank back out of the fork of the old ash-tree, and, like a stricken beast, went hurrying, stumbling away amongst the stones and bracken.

The boys ran like a frightened flock.

FLOOR

The floor was scrubbed and waxed like mahogany and shone like a jewel—a real mirror.

The waxed floor reflected her coldly, like a sheet of frozen water.

FLOWERS

Irises wave their lance-like shafts of flowers, yellow, mauve, royal blue and white, in the gently stirring air.

Poppies flame out in a rich orange, like the sun, and beyond them the arctotis silver-blue, have the shimmer of moonlight.

Purple and golden irises, pansies—blue and creamy white as the crest of a wave—a wilderness of marguerites, pink-tipped meadow rue, campanulas, lilies, dog-roses, fiercely scarlet poppies, cornflowers, wine-tinted tares, chicory, dazzle and delight.

She loved the flowers almost as living things; and her memory associated them with hours as bright and as fleeting as themselves.

The flowers glowed resplendently with hues as deep as those which flush the sky to tropical glory at the hour of sunset.

The flowers were so massed that they looked like myriads of painted butterflies which had settled there and were fanning their wings in the sun.

There were delphiniums, like sentinels standing at ease; masses of phlox; carnations and clove pinks; thyme and rosemary; verbena and lavender; sweet-peas and gaudy nasturtiums.

FLUSH

A red patch glowed angrily in either cheek, like an active wound.

FOG

A dense yellow fog hung over the metropolis like a pall.

Fog stood all round like something watchful and solid; then it lifted as a shutter lifts.

In the fog we felt like men buried under a mountain of cottonwool.

The fog flowed slowly across the face of the moon, like the ghost of a dead cataract.

The fog was like a muffling pall of gray wool.

The morning fog floated like the bridal veil of Aphrodite.

FOLIAGE

The moonlight falling on the drooping palms made their quivering fronds look like silver fountains.

FOLLOWER

His follower hung behind him like a morose shadow.

FOOTMAN

A footman stood, white and bolt upright, like a highly respectable ghost.

FOOTPADS

He saw figures, wary of movement and perfectly silent of foot, like beasts of prey slinking about a camp-fire.

FOREBODINGS

Dark forebodings passed one after the other like clouds across his mind.

FOREHEAD

A forehead, compact and solid as a block of granite, overhung small, bright, intelligent eyes of a light hazel.

FORESTS

The forest was like an accomplice, guarding him vigilantly with an air of seclusion, of mystery, of invincible possession.

The gigantic wall of leaves came gliding against the port-hole like a shutter.

The gloom of the forest fell on her, mournful, like a winding sheet.

The charm of tropical forests is as distinct as a voice.

Those great forests were as solemn as temples.

FORETHOUGHT

In life, as in chess, forethought wins.

FORMS

In the distance she saw a long file of horrid forms swaying like ears of corn in a field, stealing along like goblin shapes.

FORSAKEN

The people felt as sheep having no shepherd.

FORTITUDE

He met life as a strong swimmer meets the sea.

FORTUNE

Fortune is like a coquette: if you don't run after her she will run after you.

Fortune is like a woman: coy to be wooed, but grateful to be won.

Good fortune, like ripe fruit, ought to be enjoyed while it is present.

So great a fortune was like a golden mantle: it covered its owner and all that he did.

Swift Fortune is, as it were, the ally of patient Time.

Many fortunes, like rivers, have a pure source but grow muddy as they grow large.

FOUNTAINS

Fountains dropped gems of fire, as if handfuls of rubies, sapphires, diamonds, and emeralds were being scattered with liberal hand, making music as they fell, like an exquisite symphony of color.

FRAGILE

She is like a fragile butterfly whose wings crumple at a touch.

FRAGRANCE

A fragrance lingered about everything that she touched, a fragrance as of lavender.

Wild flowers nestle in the thyme-scented turf; their sweet, clean fragrance steals out like a caress.

FRAILITY

She was like a frail and passive vessel into which the other emptied all the flood of her accumulated scorn and wrath.

She was modest and frail as a lily.

The frail body rose up like a bent bow.

FREEDOM

He feels free as a bird in the vast wind-swept spaces of the sky.

She felt as free as the four winds.

The sudden attainment of freedom from all restrictions makes one feel like a dog after a long muzzling.

FRESHNESS

Your freshness seems like that of buds in rain.

FRIENDSHIP

A friend is like a window through which sunshine enters into the chamber of our souls.

Sweet is the memory of parted friends: like the mellow rays of the declining sun, it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart.

A true friend, like the ivy that clings to the walls of the old deserted castle, is ever by one's side to comfort us in sorrow and rejoice with us in prosperity.

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship must be seen in adversity.

False friendship, like the ivy, decays and ruins the walls it embraces.

Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story,

inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly vision.

Friendship is like the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Friendship that flows from the heart can not be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring can not congeal in winter.

Friendship with the evil is like the shadow on the morning, decreasing every hour; but friendship with the good is like the evening shadows, increasing till the sun of life sets.

Such is friendship, that through it we love places and seasons; for as bright bodies emit rays to a distance, and flowers drop their sweet leaves on the ground around them, so friends impart favor even to the places where they dwell.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorus—seen plainest when all around is dark.

True friendship is like sound health; the value of it is seldom known until it is lost.

FRIGHT

He looked round with a frightened air, like an animal scenting danger.

She turned like a caught beast, wild and blanched with horror.

FRIVOLITY

Her frivolity dropped from her like a mantle.

FROST

The frost caught the eye in every direction, like a bewildering flash and gleam of jewels.

The frost glistened like a coating of sugar.

FURNITURE

The tables and chairs were placed in rows, like figures in a sum.

FURY

A blaze of fury and righteous scorn burned his face like a brand.

Fury passed over her like a sirocco, leaving her parched and shrivelled.

Her petty fury was a fixture in the house, like the gas-stove and the electric light.

His fury was as terrible to face as the chance of annihilation.

The towering fury and intense abhorrence in her eyes stopped him like a fire across his path.

FUTILITY

Attempts to relieve his financial difficulties were like pouring water into a sieve.

FUTURE

The future is contained in the present, as the plant within the seed.

The future spread before him like sunrise at sea.

G**GALE**

A gale, like a display of unbridled passion, brings profound trouble to the soul.

The stormy winter gale cut like a scythe.

GALES

Gales fasten on you like vampires until they have sucked all your strength and spirit and even all your hope, and you are like the empty shell of a man.

He thought of his innumerable buffetings in the gales which howl like wolves about the mouth of the channel.

GARDEN

The flower garden was as brilliant as stained glass.

GARMENT

The long, delicate garment of palest green looked like moonlight on a pool, or a clear brook, or sea-water over white sand.

GASP

He gasped like a landed fish.

GAZE

He held her eyes for an answer as one holds metal in a vise for the testing.

Her large eyes beamed piteous wonder and reproach upon me like bland stars shining solemnly on a criminal in his cell.

His stare was cold and as piercing as a gimlet.

She moved lightly and silently, and looked around her with a long searching gaze, like that of a cat, and her general appearance conveyed an idea of hunger and wicked ferocity.

GENEROSITY

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.

GENIUS

Genius, like the sun upon the dial, gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light.

GENTLENESS

He spoke to her in tones gentle and sweet as the south wind on a summer evening.

GESTURE

He raised his hand with a gesture like the movement of a swaying flower.

He took a timid sideway glance at his visitor and twitched his beard as a magpie twitches her tail.

She held her head on one side and puffed herself out like an angry bird.

She held up her hand like an enchantress pronouncing a spell.

She put her pretty head out of the hammock like a bird's out of its nest.

She snapped her little white fingers like castanets.

The old man passed his hand across his forehead as if to dispel a cloud.

GIRL

A young girl is like a temple: you may pass by and wonder what mysterious rites are going on in there—what prayers, what visions.

GIRTH

He had increased his girth like a noble old tree, presenting no symptoms of decay.

GLANCE

A sharp glance from a massive face gives the impression of extreme efficiency, like a razor-edge on a battle-ax.

He looked at me quietly, and the glance was great like the sea.

He slowly glanced around him, like an ox from beneath his yoke.

His glance seemed like lightning to his terror-stricken children.

His glance was as heavy and trenchant as an ax.

His glance was as keen and bright as that of an eagle.

I have seen a glance from him crumple a subordinate like tissue paper.

Our glances crossed for a moment like rapiers.

The glances exchanged were like the thrust and parry of swords.

GLEAMS

Gleams like long pale flames trembled upon the polish of metal.

GLIMMER

That elusive glimmer in the sky began already to pale in luster and diminish in size, as the stain of breath vanishes from a window-pane.

GLIMPSES

The glimpses we get of others are like the shifting rents in sea-fog—bits of vivid and vanishing detail, giving no connected idea of the general aspect of a country

GLOOM

Gloom seemed to envelop him from head to foot, like the shadow of a passing cloud.

GLOOMY

He was glum as an undertaker.

GLOVES

We saw a pair of ancient gloves, like withered leaves.

GLOW

The glow under the furnace door was like a pool of flaming blood radiating quietly in a velvety blackness.

GOD

As the sun shines not only for a few trees and flowers but for the wide world's joy, so God sits effulgent in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life.

He felt like a god in the dawn of the world.

GOLD

Gold, like the sun which melts wax and hardens clay, expands great souls and contracts bad hearts.

GOOD

Good poured into his life like a flood.

GOOD NATURE

Good nature is the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

Good nature, like a bee, collects honey from everywhere.

GOODNESS

True goodness is like water, in that it benefits everything and harms nothing.

GOVERNMENT

The Government was to him like a cruel deity, a juggernaut.

GRACE

Grace comes into the soul as the morning sun into the world.

GRACIOUS

She was as small and gracious as a fairy.

GRASS

Grass plots lay like pieces of green carpet carefully pegged out.

The grass beneath their feet was soft as velvet and dotted with myriad wild flowers.

The grass rustled like a lady's gown.

The long grass rippled like a green sea.

The sea of grass lies spread around like falcons on the wing.

The tall grass wriggled under the north wind like eels.

Young blades began to peep from the sod, like millions of tiny needles.

GRATITUDE

The grounds of gratitude are as the sands of the seashore in number.

GRAVITY

Grave as an organ was his speech.

GREATNESS

Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God.

Human greatness is short and transitory, as the odor of incense in the fire.

GREETINGS

He showered about his friendly greetings like wild spring rain.

GRIEF

Stunned by her grief and the loss of all she loved, she was like the sole survivor on a lonely shore from the wreck of a great ship.

Woman's grief is like a summer shower: short as it is violent.

GRIN

The manager grinned at him like a shark, every tooth bared.

GROANING

There was a groaning like the death-rattle.

GROPING

I groped as among shadows.

GROUND

The ground under her feet rang like iron.

GROWL

He growled at his work like an industrious gorilla.

GROWTH

Her growth and change had been so slight that it was like the feeble opening of a poor flower.

GUIDANCE

As men steer their ships by the attractions of the star, so the world is guided by its faith.

GUILE

He was as unconscious of the net woven for him as is the young fish in the ocean.

GUILT

Guilt upon the conscience, like rust upon iron, both defiles and consumes it.

GULLS

Gulls soared like flying sickles of silver over the opal sea.
The tide was low, and on the veined bottom of the harbor gulls were scattered motionless, like bits of waste paper.

GUNS

Each gun went up, tearing slowly through the bushes like a wild pig rooting its way in the undergrowth.

GUNSHOT

A gunshot rang out like an ominous voice.

H

HABITS

Habit may be likened to a cable: every day we weave a thread, and soon we can not break it.

Habits are like the wrinkles on a man's brow.

Habits, tho in their commencement like the filmy line of a spider, trembling at every breeze, may in the end prove as links of tempered steel, binding a deathless being to unknown felicity or wo.

HAIL

The hail lashed his face like a whip.

HAIR

Gray hairs seem to my fancy like the light of a soft moon, silvering over the evening of life.

He had a shock of black, curly hair that fell over half his forehead like an otter-skin cap without a peak.

He had shining black hair, as stiff as bristles.

Her auburn hair, bathed in sunbeams, glittered like the gloriole of a saint.

Her beautiful hair, always massed in twists and curls, shone like burnished gold.

Her beautiful hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, made a setting for her face.

Her flaxen hair shone and glinted like raw gold in sunshine.

Her glossy, pale brown hair was as straight as an Indian's.

Her golden hair fell loosely round her like sunbeams round a rose.

Her hair clustered round and round her classical head in curls like those of a hyacinth.

Her hair fell in bright ripples like a gush of gold from the ladle of a goldsmith.

Her hair flew from behind her ears and twirled about like an animated mop.

Her hair gleamed like molten gold in the firelight.

Her hair had come untwisted like a rope suddenly uncoiled, for she was as lively as a fish; that hair—if only you could have seen it! It was like gold.

Her hair had the ripple, the endless flow, the luster, of running water.

Her hair was like a badly constructed bird's nest.

Her hair was like burnished copper.

Her hair was like the dusk.

Her hair was of a warm, brown hue, like an autumn leaf with the sun upon it.

Her hair was soft and silvery like the gray mist of the river in the morning.

Her hair waved about her like a flag.

Her luxuriant hair was like the sweep of a swift wing.

Her raven-black hair was freshly curled, and shone like her raven-black eyes.

Her rich brown tresses fell like a long cloak around her.

Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.

His fluffy, fair hair, soaked and darkened, resembled a mean skein of cotton thread festooned round his bare skull.

His gray hair was so accurately combed and flattened over his yellow pate that it made it look like a furrowed field.

His hair and whiskers, deficient in color at all times, now in the sunshine looked more like the coat of a sandy tortoiseshell cat.

His hair shone in the sun like a chestnut fresh from the burr.

His hair was tangled, like trampled grass.

His locks, when he shook his head, were like a mane.

His long white hair streamed round his head like a silver halo.

His thick mass of snow-white hair shone in the sunlight like spun silver.

His unkempt hair was blacker than midnight against his pallor.

My hair, once ebony black, is white as a wreath of Alpine snow.

She wore her red hair high on her head like a coiled torch.

She was crowned with a heavy wealth of red-gold hair, twisted in great coils, bound about with pearls, and smouldering like molten metal where it fell rippling along her neck.

The hair on his face, carrotty and gleaming, resembled a growth of copper wire.

The hair of their heads became rigid as quills.

The heavy mass of hair swept across her face like a sheltering wing.

The straggling white hair rested on her wrinkled forehead looking merely like snow fallen on sculptured stone.

HANDS

Her hand was as fair and fine as a lily.

Her hand was as soft as the downy fluffing of the pussy-willow.

His hand stretched like a pigeon's wing as he placed a brooch on her neck.

One hand was clenched so that the veins on the back of it stood out like blue silk cords of various thickness.

The hand shone like agate in the dark.

That hand was like the prophet's rod of old: her softening tears sprang forth beneath its touch.

He rubbed his hands together till the dry skin sounded like crackling parchment.

Her hands are like white butterflies.

Her hands lay clasped in her lap, stiff and pallid as wax.

Her little white hands were fluttering like doves that fly to their cotes.

Her small hands were as soft as rice paper.

His great hands bulged like brown boxing-gloves on the ends of his furry forearms.

His hands were devoutly folded like a virgin martyr.

His hands were nervous and sinewy as those of a practised swordsman.

She stretched out her hands to him—hands as fine and fair as lily-leaves.

HAPPINESS

As a lily from a bulb needs cultivation, the flower of happiness must have some form of gardening to bring it to perfection.

Happiness is like a butterfly which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight on you.

Happiness is like a sunbeam which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring.

Happiness is like sunshine: it is made up of very little beams.

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the way of supreme and ever-shining benevolence.

Happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in endless circulation.

Happiness, like the blue of the sky, can not be lasting; for the earth to yield its fruits requires the rain; and man, to estimate at their true value this life and the next, has need of tears

Happiness ran through him like light.

She looked as happy as a rose-tree in sunshine.

HARBOR

It was very dark and the well of the harbor yawned like a pit.

HARDNESS

He was as hard and as cold and as bitter as the November weather without.

She is a being hard as flint, impressionless as adamant.

HARDSHIP

To those people, every fresh increase in taxes comes like a blow in the face.

HARMONY

His full barytone chimed in with her delicate and clear soprano as deliciously as the fall of a fountain with the trill of a bird.

My step had fitted in with hers as harmoniously as the two notes of a perfect chord.

Their lives were like two notes played in tuneful concord, their spirits were spiritually akin.

HARSHNESS

He rubbed his chin with a noise like the scraping of nutmegs.

HASTE

She hurried from him, stumbling in her haste, like a hunted thing.

HAT

His hat left a line like a red equator about the globe of his head.

His shiny hat was always seen where men were thickest, like a hero's helmet in an epic battle.

She wore a hat like a cart-wheel.

She wore a hat like a Rubens picture, soft white feathers curling over the broad brim.

HATRED

Hatred distils a corrosive virtue into commonplace words, like a drop of powerful poison falling into a glass of water.

Man's hate can be as coldly brutish as an iceberg, and as insensate and indiscriminate as a fog.

The hated name of his rival uttered by his servant was like a spark thrown into powder.

HAZE

A thin and delicate haze of mist hung over the land like a pale violet veil through which the sun shot beams of rose and gold, giving a vaporous, unsubstantial effect to the scenery, as tho it were gliding with us like a cloud-pageant on the surface of the calm water.

HEAD

He bared his bushy head, as white as the snow of his own mountains.

He had a noble head, like the bust of a patriarch.

He threw up his head like a baying hound.

Her head drooped like a snowdrop on her slender throat.

My head dropped on my breast like lead.

His head hung out of the window, distended and tossing like a captive balloon.

His head was as still as a stone-head on a column, fixed to look one way.

His head was round and nearly as bald as an orange.

The old man bowed his gray head, which was like a gnarled

oak-stump, with a few leaves fluttering about it, withered by autumnal frosts.

HEALTH

Health and good humor are to the human body like sunshine to vegetation.

HEART

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in the lowest estate.

A woman's heart is just like a lithographer's stone: what is once written on it can not be rubbed out.

At his warm touch her heart had beat as quickly as the wing of a caged wild bird.

Her heart beat like a trip-hammer.

Her heart was beating like the muffled thumps of a drum.

Her heart was like a derelict, just lifting its head above the sea that threatened to engulf it.

Her heart was sensitive and sore, like an exposed nerve.

His heart beat more and more slowly, more gently and uncertainly, like a spring that is growing exhausted, like an echo that is sinking away.

In the heart, as in the ocean, the great tides ebb and flow.

The heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

To try to read hearts is like trying to touch the sky with the hand.

HEAT

The earth was like an oven.

The heat of a summer afternoon lay brooding on the silent wood, and was like lead upon his heart.

The heat of the day dropped from the air like a falling veil.

The heat waves rose from the desert like smoke.

HEATHER

The heather bloomed like a purple mist under the golden sun.

HEAVENS

The heavens were like an azure, sun-lighted field, over which white fleecy clouds, like young lambs at play, drifted at will.

The vault of the heavens brooded over the earth with a cup-like closeness.

HEAVINESS

His presence weighed heavily on his victim, like a poisoned atmosphere.

Something weighed on her spirit like a presentiment of the long boredom of the monotonous life about to begin.

There was such a weight of unutterable things pressing on my soul, like a pent-up storm craving for outlet, that every step measured itself as almost a mile.

HEIGHTS

The far-off blue heights were like incoming waves sweeping toward an unseen shore.

HELP

She helped him with his tasks like a kind fairy leading a wayfarer through a thorny thicket.

HELPLESSNESS

He floated feebly along, like a branch that spins in an eddy.

HESITANCY

He went slowly upstairs, hesitating from stair to stair, like a courtier of recent creation, apprehensive of the greeting which he was to receive from the king.

Her mind was poised like a diver on a summer day before he plunges into the glittering green water.

HILLS

The shoulder of a hill was seen faintly, like a shadow on the sky.

At the second bend of the road the hills sailed into full vision—the solemn hills in the long line of peak and hollow, velvety, dark, and brooding sleep, like a bank of cloud edging the pale sky.

In the distance the desolate, rocky hills rolled like a solid wave along the horizon.

Hills seen on a dark night are like rounded black masses of arrested thunder-clouds.

The green hills like smooth, undulating billows, rolled upward.

The hills bounding the sweet vale rise from north to distant west like guardians of the land.

The hills on either side stood fast, uncompromising, clear-set in the atmosphere—like strong thoughts, petrified, hewn out by conscious energy—yielding only in the distance to the tender influence of light and air.

The hills were like men's dreams, standing elusive and fair beyond their reach.

The only new feature was a number of isolated hills, perfectly flat at the top and looking like artificial fortifications.

HILLOCK

Before him was a low hillock covered with stubble, which after the harvest looked like a shaved head.

HILLSIDE

The hillside glowed with color like the dream of a demented artist.

HILLTOP

The hilltop is sheeted like a ghost in gray rain.

HISTORY

A history should flow like a stream.

History has tides like the sea.

History is like a mighty drama enacted upon the theater of time, with suns for lamps, and eternity for a background.

HOLD

The hold was deep as a well, black as Tophet, tipping back and forth like a seesaw.

HOLIDAYS

The holidays came and went by like mile-posts from the windows of an express train.

HOME

Like a buzzard's nest, their home hung over the village on the unfriendly sides of the bleak slope.

HOMELESS

She was like a white shadow, homeless in the ugly gray world.

HONOR

Honor is like the eye, which can not suffer the least impurity without damage.

Honor, like life, when once lost never returns.

True honor is bright and clear as a mirror, and the slightest breath dims it.

HOPES

A sudden hope radiated her fair face with a soft, bright flush, as lovely as the light of morning falling on newly opened flowers.

Her hope fell withered like a budding flower nipped by a rough wind.

Hope gradually dispelled the sadness that overshadowed his face, as the dawn dispels the darkness.

Hope grew fainter and fainter as the days passed, like the shadow the sun casts on the sun-dial, paling as the hours pass until it grows undiscernible.

Hope is like the sun, which as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Hope is like the wing of an eagle soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

She rejoiced in the possession of a hope which should be as an anchor in all the storms of her life.

A woman's hopes are woven as sunbeams: a shadow annihilates them.

His hopes and ambitions were driven to and fro like a brave craft struggling against shipwreck.

His hopes and longings were as softly dim and distant as the first faint, white cloud-signal wafted from the moon in heaven, when, on the point of rising, she makes her queenly purpose known to her waiting star-attendants.

His hopes were shattered as a vase struck by lightning.
My hopes had tasted the unusual as a tiger tastes blood.

HOPEFUL

There she was, fresh and hopeful as the morning itself,
bounding with the light step of a light heart over the lawn.

HORIZONS

The horizon ended, as it does at sea on a clear day, in one
line of light as sharp as the cut of a saber.

He saw only horizons as boundless as hope.

HORROR

The horror of it broke upon me like a deluge.

There was a horror in his mind as dark as the scene and as
indefinable as its remotest verge.

HORSES

The horse, with mane erect, foaming flanks, and legs like
steel, clove the air like an arrow.

The horses scattered and tore past him like a whirlwind.

HOST

He was left stranded by the ebbing tide of guests like a
castaway on a strange islet—a reef of multi-colored flowers
and arabesques under his brown boots.

HOTEL

The hotel was as empty as a rifled tomb.

HOURS

The gliding hours shivered like winds.

The hours of that night burned in his brain like molten lead.

The hours passed like the beads of a rosary.

HOUSES

A house without woman or firelight is like a body without
soul or spirit.

The great house, needing habitation more than ever, was like a body without life.

The house is as gloomy and gray as a gaol.

The house is set in trees, as a jewel is set, close by the river.

The house looked like a mangy dog, with wisps of dry grass sticking out from the thatch.

The house was as fresh as her cheeks, as trim as her shape.

The house was as quiet as a sepulcher.

The house was as still as a temple in a city of the dead.

The little house was to him like a refuge from the naked hugeness of the moonlit night.

The old creeper-covered house blushed like a sunset.

There is an old house, crooked and lichened with age, but mellow like a sun-ripened plum.

In the moonlight the piled-up, shuttered houses had coloring like that of flowers at night—pale, subtle, mother-o'-pearl.

Some of the houses are like primitive strongholds.

The houses crowding along the shining sweep of moonlit river, stepping into the water in a line of jostling, gray silvery forms mingled with black masses of shadow, were like a spectral herd of shapeless creatures pressing forward to drink from a spectral and lifeless stream.

The houses looked as insecure as card castles.

The houses were like little friendly faces seen after a nightmare.

HOVER

He hovered over his belongings like a hen over her brood.

HULL

The hull was hauled up on the muddy slope like the carcass of some big river animal.

HUM

There was a loud, incessant hum, like the noise that thousands of flies would make in a paper box.

HUMANITY

His humane temper was like a strange and precious flower blowing on the hotbed of corrupt revolutions.

HUMILIATION

He behaved like a whipped cur, growling when he dared, but fawning and whimpering at a word.

He went out on tip-toe without a murmur, like a dog put out of the room by his master.

Humiliation clung to her like a cold shroud.

HUMILITY

I followed behind, as in the footsteps of a god.

HUMMING

The old lady hummed softly to herself all the time, like the drone of a bee.

HUMOR

Her humor was like a fine blue flame that scorched everything within reach.

His humor bubbled like a fountain and danced like light.

His humor was like a low, sweet, bubbling geyser spring.

There is a sweetness in her letters, a gentle humor perceptible, that dances through her prose like a sparkling sunbeam.

HUT

They showed him a stone hut like a cubical boulder.

HYSTERIA

Hysteria, like rising water in a gage, was leaping in sudden bounds within her.

I

ICE

Below me were frozen rivers, expanses of silent ice, which now and then flushed with a glare like fire; and down the middle, a ribbon of curving darkness, hurrying water flowed with a noise that was heard fitfully.

IDEAS

Round and round like a flying mote the troublesome idea circled in his brain.

The idea was as invigorating as a sea breeze.

The idea was luminous and terrifying, like a flash of lightning in a serene sky.

The suggestion was as sudden as lightning.

Ideas are like beards: men do not have them until they grow up.

Ideas are like shadows: substantial enough until we try to grasp them.

Ideas are like tramps, vagabonds knocking at the back-door of your mind, each taking a little of your substance.

Ideas flowed into his consciousness as easily as dawns the morning light and shadows flee.

Ideas, like ghosts, must be spoken to before they will explain themselves.

There is nothing more attractive than to follow the trail of one's ideas, like a hunter tracking down game, without holding to any road.

IDLENESS

An idle man is like a house that has no walls; the devils may enter on every side.

His genius had been lying idle, like a lion in a thicket.

Idleness, like fire, is a splendid servant but a cruel master.

Idleness weighed on him like a great fatigue.

IGNORANCE

A soul tormenting itself in ignorance is like a small bird beating about the cruel wires of a cage.

Her ignorance was broken into with profane violence, like a temple violated by a mad, vengeful impiety.

Unless we know, day by day, what people are doing in our nation, in our town, in our village, we should be like men wandering about in the dark.

ILL-LUCK

Ill-luck is like the hate of invisible powers interpreted.

Ill-luck spurred him as a reckless rider spurs a spirited horse.

Petty ill-luck dogged him like the meanest of yapping curs.

ILLUSIONS

The great concert hall, with its closely packed throng of people, appeared to fade away like vanishing smoke.

Illusions are like the beguiling voices of sirens luring men to their death.

Illusions are like visions of remote, unattainable truth, seen dimly in a dream.

The girl was like a wild creature struggling under a net woven of her own illusions.

ILLUSIVENESS

Everything that passed before his eyes was, as it were, in a kaleidoscope, vivid and glowing, but yet intangible.

IMAGE

Her image restrained him like an angel's hand from anything unworthy.

IMAGINATION

Imagination, like some magic dye, tinges the dull web of Life till it becomes the rainbow veil of Romance.

The sunshine and shadow slept on the silent floor, and slowly for some time I paced to and fro, trying to fix in my mind the shifting meanings of the place, which were making my imagination flicker like mother-of-pearl.

IMITATION

Speculators generally move like a flock of sheep.

IMMOBILITY

He sat there like a carved figure, with his face in his hand.

He stands immovable, like a dead tree which neither north nor south wind shakes.

He stood immovable as granite.

Her face might have been cut out of wood for all the expression it had.

The faces of the two maids were as immovable as the starched white frills of their aprons.

The lids fall and the young face becomes still, colorless as marble.

IMPARTIALITY

He was as impartial as sunshine.

IMPASSIVITY

He was as impassive as a toad.

She stood with her back to the fire with the stolid impassivity of a screen.

IMPATIENCE

He foamed like a tight-reined horse.

IMPERTINENCE

There was a kind of veiled impertinence in her tone, a something that was sinister, just as if one had seen the gleam of a rapier in the folds of a velvet doublet.

IMPOTENCE

Directly he left the house in the morning, she felt like a prisoner without a gaoler, unable to escape but comparatively free.

I have seen him waving his hands like signals of distress, whilst he struggled vainly to think of the word he wanted.

IMPRESSION

Her mind caught the impression as a spider's web catches the unwary fly.

I have a mental picture of him as clear as a steel engraving.

The impression she made upon his heart was as deep as that made by the shadow of a flying bird on a rock.

INCLINATION

Her whole delicate body bent toward him unconsciously, as a flower bends before the wind.

INCONGRUITY

Beautiful lives have blossomed in the darkest places, as pure white lilies in the slimy, stagnant waters.

INDECISION

Her decision flickered and wavered like a candle flame in a draft.

INDELIBILITY

There are things and there are faces which, when felt or seen for the first time, stamp themselves upon the mind like a sun image on a sensitized plate, and there remain unalterably fixed.

INDIFFERENCE

He had the sorrow of seeing his tenderest words slide from his daughter's heart as if it were of marble.

He turned and threw the cigaret into the fire with an air of finality and of indifference, as if it were our two lives he was throwing away.

Her indifference to his censure chafed and galled him like a stiffening wound.

She drew her air of proud indifference about her like a veil.

INDISTINCT

He sat indistinct and still, like a meditating Buddha.

INDOLENCE

The people were as careless and indolent as cats.

INDUSTRY

Those human beings busily employed in making, packing and conveying stuffs, are like the stir and industry of a hive.

Like a swimmer, he breasted the slow-moving tide of mental indifference and entered the rapid current of ambition.

INFLEXIBLE

He stood as inflexible as an oak.

INFLUENCE

His influence was as transient as a breath upon a mirror.

His sympathetic influence surrounded them as resistlessly as a pure atmosphere, in which they drew long, refreshing breaths of healthier life.

One cheerful soul can influence an entire community, just as one flower will fill a room with sweet odors.

The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.

Weak as a silken thread, yet stronger in its persuasive force than a grasp of iron, that soft, light pressure controlled and restrained her.

There are in all our lives certain influences, certain moments, coming from the outside, irresistible, incomprehensible, like the mysterious conjunctions of the planets.

INGRATITUDE

He was viewed as a creature of the blackest ingratitude, canting about his rights like a fraudulent bankrupt, in order to escape the payment of his just debts.

INNOCENCE

Innocence is like a polished armor: it adorns and defends. She is as innocent as the young moon.

She was as innocent as a flower on the altar of the Madonna.

INSECT

The sun mounted high, and at last the insect stirred, outspread its wings, and at midday flew uncertainly from the reed, like a wavering beam of green light.

INSENSIBILITY

The people were as insensible as bronze.

INSISTENCE

She has a way of hanging about my memory like a fragrance one would not be quit of.

The call of the sea is as incessant as the sea-birds wheeling on the wind.

INSTINCT

She just took the peace and beauty of tree and grass as a child takes its mother's milk.

INTELLECT

His well-balanced intellect had the brilliant quality of a finely-cut diamond.

The highest intellects, like the tops of mountains, are the first to catch and reflect the dawn.

The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it.

The intellect is like steel: it must strike against something of the same resisting quality as itself before sparks of fire can be generated.

INTENTIONS

Good intentions, like very mellow and choice fruit, are difficult to keep.

INTERIOR

Lighted interiors floated by as pictures float before the eyes in a whirling zoetrope.

INTERRUPTION

The speaker took the interruption as a runner takes the hurdle in his stride.

INTUITION

Intuition shot upwards through her like a flame of fire.

Something profound and subtle and incalculable, like an unexpressed understanding, a secret mistrust, or some sort of fear was between them.

INVASION

We require a firm resolution to resist the invasion of what is new in reading, because it flows like an unceasing river.

INVITATIONS

To him, invitations to luncheon came like a release from prison.

IRIDESCENCE

He pointed to a part of the horizon where a greenish, filmy iridescence could be discerned floating like smoke on the pale heavens.

IRONY

His irony fell shattered before her gravity like a glass ball against steel.

IRRESOLUTION

He felt irresolute and uneasy, like a baffled thief.

He was irresolute, detached, like a ghost without a home to haunt.

I was like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed.

IRRESPONSIBILITY

She felt like an automaton, guided by some wholly extraneous influence.

IRRITABILITY

His irritability had vanished like the dew off one of his roses.

IRRITATION

A certain quick irritation, like that produced by the teasing buzz of some venomous insect, affected his nerves.

ISLANDS

After the rain the island smoked like a hot cinder.

The island stands in the sea like a hat, having a central mountain mass and a broad rim of very flat and fertile land.

The low island lay in the dull distance ahead, wan and deprecatory of aspect, like a thing desiring to be left alone in the morose embrace of solitude.

Islands, dark, crumbling shapes, stand out in the sunlit haze like the remnants of a wall breached by the sea.

Islands, quite flat, lay just awash like anchored rafts.

The islands stood reflected upside-down in the unwrinkled water like carved toys of ebony disposed on the silvered plate-glass of a mirror.

ISLE

The isle was like the rim of a great vessel sunken in the waters.

ISOLATION

He wore his isolation like armor.

J

JEALOUSY

Jealousy is a familiar kind of heat which disfigures, licks playfully, clouds, blackens and boils a man as a fire does a pot.

Jealousy springs up like some evil weed in the fairest garden, unexpected, unaccountable, ineradicable.

She was caught in the swirl of jealousy as in a sucking whirlpool.

JEWELS

Her jewels to her looked as dull and dim as her tarnished honor.

JOINTS

The joints of their limbs were like knots in a rope.

JOURNEY

The journey was like a vision in which nothing was real but his own torment.

JOY

Joy rose in the girl's heart as song bubbles in a lark's throat.

He felt as joyous as the cadence of the sea.

JUDGMENT

As the touchstone which tries gold, but is not itself tried by gold, such is he who has the true standard of judgment.

It is with our judgments as with our watches: no two go just alike, yet each believes his own.

JUNGLE

The jungle closed behind him as the sea closes over a diver.

The jungle surged up like a rioting invasion of soundless life.

JUSTICE

Justice is like the north star, which is fixed and all the rest revolve about it.

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear to a few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

K**KEENNESS**

He was as keen as a tiger in his hunt for news.

KINDNESS

Little acts of kindness are stowed away in the heart like bags of lavender in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them.

KINGDOM

He found a kingdom spacious as the skies.

KINGS

Kings are like stars: they rise and set; they have the worship of the world, but no repose.

KISS

Her good-night kiss rested like a blessing on his smooth, boyish forehead.

Her kiss on his forehead was light, feathery, and soft as a snowflake.

She bent over him and kissed his forehead; a caress as brief and light as the passing flutter of a bird's wing.

KNOWLEDGE

According to the townspeople's notions, he knew everything and was in their eyes something like a walking encyclopedia.

If men will but listen, knowledge of their fellows will come like a gentle dawn instead of like lightning, blinding and blasting them.

The desire for knowledge, like the thirst for riches, increases ever with the acquisition of it.

L**LAKE**

She was staring at the calm, mirror-like surface of the little lake.

The distant lake gleamed like a sheet of silver.

The frozen lake, on which the ice was three feet thick, and

solid as rock, was like a vast smooth bed, covered with a white counterpane.

The unbroken smoothness of the lake spread itself out in the moonlight like a sheet of molten gold.

LAMPS

A red gleam twinkled in the window, warm like a spark of human affection.

A few street lamps appeared in the windy darkness like penny dips in a range of cellars.

The long row of globular lamps above the iron standards looked like a barbarous decoration of ostrich eggs.

The ordinary lamps common to the watches of the night on board a vessel at anchorage burned dimly here and there, like red, winking eyes.

LAMP-POSTS

There were cast-iron lamp-posts, gilt like scepters.

LAND

I saw land like a purple fringe upon the golden sea.

LANDSCAPE

The air made every landscape in the island like a live chameleon, always iridescent with melting and changing color; and what it did to the mind was every bit as various.

LANES

Devonshire lanes are as full of sweet surprises as a maid in her teens.

LANGOUR

Haughty langour stole over her face like the shadow of a cloud.

She was already beginning to droop like a flower that needs water.

LANGUAGES

The Italian language is pleasant, but without sinews, like a still, fleeting water; the French delicate, but ever nice, as a woman scarce daring to open her lips for fear of marring her countenance; the Spanish majestic, but fulsome, running too much on the *o*, and terrible like the devil in a play; the

Dutch manlike, but withal very harsh, as one ready at every word to pick a quarrel. Now we, in borrowing from them, give the strength of consonants to the Italian, the full sound of words to the French, the variety of terminations to the Spanish, and the mollifying of more vowels to the Dutch; and so, like bees, gather the honey from their good properties and leave the dregs to themselves.

Their language is like a voice of nature, like the noise of the fire, or the forest, or the rapids.

Dead languages were her prey, and she dug them up and feasted on them like a ghoul.

LAUGH

He laughed a pitiful, mawkish laugh, like the sound of rinsing a bottle.

Her laugh seemed to ring through the woods like silver bells.

Her laugh was like the first note of a bird's song.

Hers was a clear, vibrating laugh, as mellow as the note of a thrush in springtime.

His laugh was like the roar of a convivial lion.

His merry laugh sounded like a bass viol.

That little laugh of hers was as cold and sharp as the clash of steel.

The old dealer laughed with a crackling sound in his withered throat, like the rattling of stones in a tin pot.

LAUGHTER

A girl's laughter is often empty and innocent, like her mind.

He heard a shout of childish laughter, clear and liquid as the song of a bird.

He laughed a shrill, high laugh, like the crow of a cock.

His laughter fell like a blight on their innocent and flower-like merriment.

His laughter rang empty and hollow as an echo.

Laughter acts like a disinfectant on morbidity.

She broke into a peal of laughter, ringing and sweet as the chime of bells.

The flowers seemed to whisper strange things to me—of rose-colored lives, where each hour brought a fragrance of its

own; of blue skies and young laughter, like the sound of chiming bells.

LAUNCH

The launch seemed weary, like a live thing whose strength is ebbing.

LAW

A law overcharged with severity, like a gun overcharged with powder, will each of them grow rusty by disuse, and neither will be resorted to, from the shock and recoil that must inevitably follow their explosion.

The blind working of the law is like the blind working of Fate.

Knowledge of the law is like a deep well, out of which each man draweth according to the strength of his understanding.

The law is like a labyrinth to which only a few have a key; and they pay dearly for its possession.

LEAFAGE

The young leafage shimmered like a veil of golden gauze.

LEARNING

A learned woman is like a bogey stuffed with scholastic straw.

His learning, like ill-arranged luggage, was so tightly packed that he could never get at anything he wanted.

Learning is like mercury: one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

LEAVES

The fallen leaves were dancing madly, like a carnival in rough carousal.

The grass under the crab-tree was starred with crocuses and with merry daffodils, with their spear-like leaves that pushed up energetically, and their golden heads that nodded in the breeze.

The leaves hung shining and still, like leaves forged of heavy metal.

LEER

He sat leering and chuckling like an over-fed Mephistopheles.

LEGENDS

Legends are like pictures seen through a fog: it lifts and shows a glimpse, then as quickly closes in again.

LETTERS

His letters reflected like a broken mirror the troubled images of his wandering heart.

LIBERATION

This powerful movement of the soul must be freed from its gloomy body like a bird from its cage.

LIBERTY

Liberty has its roots in the hearts of the people, as the tree in the hearts of the earth; like the tree it raises and spreads its branches to heaven; like the tree it is ceaseless in its growth, it covers generations with its shade.

She was glad to get out of the room as a wild bird to be freed from a cage.

LIBRARY

I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and molder in dusty oblivion.

LICHEN

Stars appeared to grow in the branches, and the lichen, silvered by the same light, looked like icicles.

LIE

A lie makes me sick, as biting something rotten would: it has the flavor of mortality.

She covered the lie with words as Eugene Aram covered the corpse of his victim with leaves.

LIFE

All life is like that—a journey to the bottomless pit, with just enough flowers on the path to make us walk along it.

Beautiful as is the morning of day, so is the morning of life.

He accepted his odd life as a child accepts a fairy tale, unquestioningly.

He lived his life like a man playing ball, careless whether he won or lost.

Her life glided on like a river.

Her present life was like a dream of forgotten days.

His life grew like a wild flower.

His life moved toward a light as the dawn steals through the curtains of a sick man's window.

His life was as passionate and lawless as his heart.

His life was like an open book.

His whole life in detail was unrolled before him like a panorama.

Let your life be like that of the summer air, which has times of noble energy and times of perfect peace.

Life in the abstract is like a gay pageant; and it has the same sordid aspect if you go behind the scenes.

Life is exactly like a game; and one must keep the rules, even if they seem severe.

Life is like a kaleidoscope whose colors and figures are continually dissolving and shifting, and fortunate is he who learns to accept the combinations as they come.

Life is like a mettlesome horse: handle it firmly and it will carry you whither you will; touch it timidly and it will throw you in the dust.

Life is like a network of twisted paths surrounded by chasms.

Life is like a rainbow, compact of the darkness of clouds and the glory of the sun.

Life is like a shadow, a vapor, a wind, a leaf driven to and fro, a flower cut down at eventide.

Life, like a spent steed, was panting toward the goal.

Life, like the waters of the seas, freshens only when it ascends toward heaven.

Life passed from her face like a light removed.

Life rolled before her silent and black as the Styx.

Life stretched before her like the sun's path in that clear sky.

Our life is like Alpine countries, where winter is found by the side of summer, and where it is but a step from a garden to a glacier.

She wandered through life like a child in an enchanted garden.

The circle of their daily life was as unbroken as the marriage ring itself.

The dreary superficiality of this mode of life is covered by the glitter of wealth as the stupid clowning of a harlequin is covered by the spangles of a motley costume.

The fabric of life is as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it is like the transiency of the dew.

The inner life of man is like electricity: we do not recognize its power until it is gathered up and turned to some special purpose.

The life of a good man is like a sudden rainbow flung across the gloom of meanness, deceit and cruelty of the world by the radiance of the goodness of God.

The months and years of her life drifted, like dead flowers, upon the sea of Time.

The morning of life is like the dawn of day, full of purity and imagery and harmony.

The new life was like a forest to him, boundless and impenetrable, up-springing, intertwining.

The old man said he was merely passing on in the world, like the shadow over the sun-dial.

The record of a good and useful life soon becomes like an archaic curiosity, a screed traced in obsolete words in a half-forgotten tongue.

The stream of city life flowed on, indifferent to wealth and poverty, to good and evil, like the broad river flowing side by side with it.

The vanity of human life is like a rivulet, constantly passing away and yet constantly coming on.

There are men to whom the whole of life is like an after-dinner hour with a cigar.

There is a hidden side of life which, like the other hemisphere of the moon, exists stealthily in perpetual darkness, with only a fearful ashy light falling at times on the edge.

You can not dam up life like a sluggish stream; it will break out and flow over a man's troubles, close upon a man's sorrow like the sea upon a corpse.

In that condition he was stirless, breathless, white as marble, cold and inanimate as stone.

LIGHT

A great burst of light, like a caress from the rising sun, enveloped the waking world.

A new light shone like a stedfast star in her deep brown eyes.

A pale yellow light broke along the horizon, almost as the primroses break out along the horizon of winter.

An intrusive shaft of light pointed like a finger at the two figures.

The light of the shaded reading-lamp lay like a sheltered pool.

The mast-head light was blurred by the rain like a last star ready to dissolve.

The pallid light gave to the solid earth the texture and the mobility of clouds.

The red side-light of the ship glowed large in the rain like a fire on the brow of a hill seen through a mist.

There was a kindly light on his brown face like the reflection of a fadeless sunbeam.

He looked at the dim twinkle of the lights in the village—very few and uncertain in their glimmerings, like glow-worms shining in a moist tangle of green.

Lights played about the gigantic pillars, and like will-o-wisps whisked away.

The eyes of the great city, like the eyes of a cat, began to flame in the dark.

The lights of the advancing ship looked like bright eyes in the restless head of some invisible monster ambushed among the waves.

The lights of the town, seen from the height, were like threads of fire crossed and recrossed in a net.

The little lights twinkled and went out like a swarm of fire-flies on a summer night.

The ship's three lights, like three companion stars, held their unswerving course.

They drifted out on the lake at sunset and saw the lights of the villages spring up like bright jewels at the water's edge.

Twinkling lights chased each other like restless glow-worms.

LIGHTHOUSE

The lighthouse looked down on us like some tall, black-capped giant.

LIGHTNESS

He was like a feather floating in the work-a-day atmosphere
Light as a bird, she sprang forward.

She moved as lightly as a piece of feather down blown on a summer breeze.

She moved like a leaf in the wind.

LIGHTNING

Lightning leaped from the piled clouds like inspiration from confusion.

Now and again a flash of lightning shot across the sky, like an arrow before the battle of the storm.

The sheet lightning was like the flashing of a gigantic lantern hidden below the horizon.

LIMBS

His limbs and muscles were like the gnarled head of a beech.

LIPS

Her lips were parted like poppy-petals.

Her lips were parted like the thinly, delicately curled petals of a rose.

Her lips were soft and cool as flower petals.

Her lips were tenderly red, like the color on budding apple-blossoms in early spring.

She had a face completely colorless, lips like gray mold, and burning black eyes.

LIQUOR

The liquor warmed my stomach like sunshine.

LISTENING

He turned his ear like a hunter toward the slightest sound.

There she sat, she knew not how long, listening, listening like a hunted hare.

LIVELINESS

He felt himself careering like a yacht with favoring wind.

LOAFERS

There were loafers who, like flies, congregate naturally near the water.

LOGS

Huge logs plunged downward like water monsters.

LONDON

I saw London at night, with its great, dark, chiseled shapes, its gleaming lights, like droves of flying stars.

LONELINESS

He was like the Sphinx in his gigantic loneliness.

She bloomed in her loneliness like the Sleeping Beauty in the enchanted wood.

LOOK

A look passed over his features like a strange light.

At the words he gave her a look black as the raven's wing.

He looked as black as a thunder-cloud.

He looked fixedly at her, every muscle in his face rigid as stone.

She looked into his eyes as the sighted bird stares into the barrel of the gun.

The queen cast a flaming look like a flash of lightning.

LOSS

The loss of love is as bitter as aloes.

LOST

She felt like a lost child in the staring streets.

LOVE

A young woman in love builds her fairy palaces of trifles light as air, and they are decked with flowers of fancy as delicate as the first shuddering blossoms of the spring.

Her slighted love was fluttering within her like a bird, and in her dreams it flew away and nestled, like a wandering bird come home, upon his heart.

In youth, Love is ever on the wing, but, like the birds in April, it hath not yet built its nest.

Love comforteth like sun after rain.

Love dwells in sunshine like a tremulous, subdued and impassioned note.

Love is like a rare flower that takes root in the heart and blossoms in the soul.

Love is like the moon: when it does not increase it decreases.

Love, like a full chord struck from a magic harp, set his pulses throbbing.

Love, like fire, when once kindled is soon blown into a flame.

Love, like the shadow of a great rock, should lend shelter and refreshment.

Love made no answer, but strode on inflexible as the will of God.

Love smiled like an unclouded sun.

Love tore at her like an agony of pain.

Love wandered in her heart like a castaway.

Love with old men is as the sun upon the snow: it dazzles more than it warms them.

She put Love like a god on the altar of her heart and worshiped it.

The spirit of love is intangible as sunlight, as mystic as the wind.

Wherever the light of love enters the clouds of evil are chased away as the darkness of the night is dispelled by the dawning of the day.

LOVELINESS

Her loveliness unfolded like a flower in the sun.

Her loveliness was like that of a delicate rose opening into summer bloom.

It was a haunting burden, a dying fall, a murmurous refrain, sung softly in my ears as the loveliness of the autumnal trees stole into my brain like a whisper of dreams.

Loveliness, diffused rather than concentrated, lies like a magical veil over the whole landscape.

She was as lovely as a landscape in a dream.
She was as lovely as the dawn and gorgeous as the sunset.

LOVERS

They sat in the wood, wandered on the hills, rode in the valleys, cooed a little even, like the doves hidden in the green shadows of the glades, and making ceaseless music.

They sat together like two turtle doves.

LOVE-SONG

A long-song, burning as strong wine, tender as the murmur of the sea on mellow, moon-entranced evenings, was being played.

LOYALTY

She is as true as the dial to the sun.

LUPINS

Lupins like fairy minarets rose from the tiny palm-trees of their fringed leaves.

M

MACHINERY

The connecting-rods were big-jointed skeleton limbs.

MADNESS

He is mad as the winds of a wild winter.

MAIDENS

Maidens, like moths, go to the glare.

MAJESTY

She looked, in her majesty of scorn and beauty, like a fallen spirit.

MALIGNANCY

The second mate was lying low, like a malignant little animal under a hedge.

MAN

A man, like a watch, is to be valued for his manner of going.

Already man can burrow in the earth like a mole, skim the ocean like a gull, and fly over the land like an eagle.

He was a little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey.

Man's attitude to women is like his attitude to electricity: it lights him on his way, it warms him home, it even cooks his dinner for him; but what sort of conquest do you call it when he never knows what it is that he has conquered?

MANNER

He had a way like a keen-edged knife.

His manner was as eager as tempestuous winds.

His manner was like using a steam-roller on a bed of mignonette.

MANTLE

Her mantle fell to the floor with a rustle as of falling leaves.

MANY-SIDED

He presents his subject in various points of view, like the facets of a diamond.

MAP

The map fascinated me as a snake fascinates a bird.

MAST

The blazing mast darted down into the sea like an arrow of fire.

MASTS

The masts rose from the chaos like tall trees from a tangle of undergrowth.

MATHEMATICS

The study of mathematics is like climbing up a steep and craggy mountain; when once you reach the top it fully recompenses your trouble by opening a clear and extensive prospect.

MEANING

His meaning was as clear as crystal water.

MEANNESS

His talk of meanness and cruelty came like a splash of cold water on a flame.

MECHANICAL

He shook his gray head to and fro like a moveable porcelain figure.

She did not speak, but after the first glance moved like a sleep-walker.

MEDITATION

The line dividing meditation from sleep is as thin as a thread in a spider's web.

MEDITATIVENESS

A church-like meditateness pervaded the room.

MEDLEY

All sorts of articles were here, as if it were a rummage sale.

MEETING

They had come together unavoidably, like two ships becalmed near each other.

To meet her—but to see her pass—was like a gleam of sunshine in the dull November of his life.

MELANCHOLY

Melancholy invaded her like a dream, penetrating and subtle as a poison.

MELODY

Clearer and clearer the note of each instrument ascends, like larks arising from the dew, till suddenly they all blend together and a new melody is born.

She sang a weird, wild melody that seemed, like a running torrent, to have fallen from the crests of the mountains, bringing with it echoes from the furthest summits, mingled with soft wailings of a mournful wind.

The melody was as soft and child-like as the innocent babble of a small brooklet flowing under ferns.

The murmurous current of that melody was like the night itself, sighing, throbbing, languorously soft.

MEMORIES

A chaotic confusion of memories began to whirl and drift through his mind like flotsam and jetsam tossed upon a storm-swept sea.

Bygone things passed like dreams before the inner eye of the spirit.

Memories rose again and swept over him like an engulfing wave.

She planted memories everywhere, as seeds are cast upon the earth—memories whose roots hold till death.

MEMORIZE

She noted the least details of that silent minute, as one notes in the calendar one date among all others, as one underlines in a book the passage that has stirred one most.

MEMORY

A good memory is not like a post-office, that takes in everything; but like a well-edited periodical, which prints nothing that does not harmonize with its intellectual purpose.

A memory assailed him like a noisy and unrestful dream.

A sudden memory rang in his brain like a chime from some far-distant tower.

Experiences like these are always fresh to look back upon; one takes them away with one not dead but living; and memory, when it broods over them, is like the air of spring, every time opening new flowers.

Her memory came to him now with a freshness and fragrance as tho a cluster of cool lilies were suddenly laid in feverish hands.

Memory is like moonlight: the reflection of brighter rays from an object no longer seen.

Memory is like the faint flavor of a cup quaffed to the bottom.

Memory, like a purse, if it be overfull that it can not shut, all will drop out of it.

My own memory of going away in this manner lies like a golden haze on the most distant part of life that I can remember.

Our memory often passes like a ripple in the water or a breeze in the air.

The memory lay like a waste in his silent heart.

The memory of her rushed upon him like a flood of invigorating warmth and light.

The memory of it struck my heart and pierced it like the refrain of a familiar song loved in the days of our youth.

There is a remembrance which will not be excluded; a memory like a shadow—vague, variable, indefinite, unsteady; and like a shadow too, in the impossibility of my getting rid of it while the sunlight of my reason shall exist.

They were dear and faithful friends, whose memory, like precious odors embalming the holy dead, must abide with me to the last.

MEN

Men, like bullets, go farthest when they are smoothest.

Men moved on the hillside like ants at work.

MERCY

God's mercy is as boundless as the ocean.

MERIT

True merit is like a river: the deeper it is the less noise it makes.

MERRINESS

All went merry as a marriage-bell—all, except the weather.

MESSAGE

The kindly message came to her like a friendly oar in the dark sea of trouble.

The message caught his heart like a warm hand and pressed it.

METHOD

Method, like fire, is a good slave but a bad master.

MIDSUMMER

Midsummer, like an army with banners, was moving through the heavens.

MIMICRY

The stars came out in the heavens and the fireflies mimicked

them in the lower air, as men may feebly imitate the goodness of a better order of things.

MIND

A weak mind is like a microscope, which magnifies trifling things but can not receive great ones.

As an accomplished musician recognizes all false tones to be outside the realm of music, so Jesus, aware of the harmonies of divine Mind, instantly detected whatsoever was unlike that Mind.

As the soil, however rich it may be, can not be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

He has a large and adventurous mind, which roves like a searchlight.

Her mind had changed its course like a feather on the breeze.

His mind flew round the serried circle of facts that surged up all around him like a creature that, finding itself imprisoned, dashes round and round, trying to find a weak spot through which it may squeeze itself and escape.

His mind is like a ship at sea, storm-tossed and at the mercy of the winds.

His mind may best be likened to a highly sensitized photographic plate, which need only be exposed for the hundredth part of a second to anything in life or literature, in order to receive upon its surface the firm outline of a picture which could be developed and reproduced at will.

His mind was as chaotic as a rag-bag.

My mind is like a bird that poises for a while over past and present ere soaring into the far future.

My mind, like a floating cloud, drifted lazily over the waves of sound.

She had a mind as sharp as a needle.

The landscape of the mind, against which our thoughts and expectations move, when the wind of the imagination is active changes as quickly as the clouds.

The young mind offers and unfolds itself to the influence

of divine wisdom as the heliotrope turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.

Unreplenished minds soon fail, like rivulets which dry up in summer.

MINES

The desolation of deserted mines distressed her like the sight of human misery.

MIRTH

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds and glitters for a moment.

MISERLINESS

One always receiving, never giving, is like the stagnant pool in which whatever flows remains, whatever remains corrupts.

MISERY

Such tearless, dry misery bruises the heart like a hammer.

MISTS

A fragrant mist lay like a soft shroud over the garden.

A gossamer mist trailed scarf-like along the river banks.

Faint mist wreaths rose and floated in gossamer-like folds about the trunks of the trees.

Far over the Eastern plain, a white mist stretched like a lake.

The mist on the marshes was like a gauzy and radiant fabric, hung from the wooded rises inland, and draping the low shores in diaphanous folds.

Wisps of mist floated like trails of luminous dust.

Mists floated down the river like departing visions that had haunted it by night.

The blue mists hung delicately, like some sky-flung web of palest turquoise over the waters of the lake.

MOAN

She heard a moan whose heart-rending sadness was like some poison turning the blood cold in the veins.

He moaned like a dismal autumn wind.

MOB

The mob dizzied about her like a cloud of wasps.

The mob howled and foamed before the building like an angry sea against a stone pier.

The wild beings who made the mob were one and all raging and roaring like the fires they kindled.

MODESTY

She was as modest as a violet.

MOMENT

A moment, long like eternity, elapsed.

The moment was to her what the gap in the wall of riders before him is to the jockey: she saw straight to the winning-post.

MONASTERY

Lovely and remote, all by itself at the foot of a mountain, in a circle of the hills, an old monastery stands, now used as a farm, with one rose window like a spider's web, spun delicate in stone tracery.

MONEY

He liked to make his money move, he loved to see it moving, as a busy globule of quicksilver that absorbs the smaller bubbles with which it comes in contact.

Money flowed like water.

Money that is to some a whole world is to others a mere crumb in a Sahara of starvation.

MONOTONY

He was like a human barrel-organ with a list of little tunes which he played over and over again.

MOODS

A mood is sometimes like a fickle companion that, to-day guiding you on the true path, to-morrow, with the same eyes, the same step, the same impulse, will lead you hopelessly astray.

Her mood was gay and bright as a spring morning.

Her moods are complex and fluctuating as the winds on the sea.

MOON

He noticed over the street, in a clear sky fast deepening to indigo, the thinnest slip of a new moon, like a bright swallow, with wings bent back, flying toward the ground.

He was still there when the moon, like a shadow lamp, flooded the fields with the sad, soft light of wasted dreams.

My port-hole was open, and I could see the sinking moon showing through it like a white face in sorrow.

Over the desert the moon hung like a great jewelled lamp, suspended by a chain of brilliant stars.

She could now see the moon rising, of a thick gold like a coin, above the woods.

The capricious moon leaped forth like the pale ghost of a frenzied dancer, standing tip-toe on the edge of a precipitous chasm of black clouds.

The curved bow of a new moon hung clear and bright as a polished sickle.

The full moon was rising slowly; round and large, she hung like a yellow shield on the dark, dense wall of the sky.

The moon gleamed like an opaque lamp in the sky.

The moon glimmered through the window like a melancholy memory.

The moon is like a golden-robed empress of all worlds as she sweeps in lustrous magnificence through the dense violet skies.

The moon is like a woman rising from a tomb.

The moon, like the round shield of an angel warrior, shone brightly against the dense blue background.

The moon looked like a white face in sorrow.

The moon plunged headlong through the clouds, now submerged, now free, like a strong swimmer amidst a surf.

The moon soared high up, like a great beacon.

The moon was flying like a storm-driven ship through the sea of clouds.

The moon was like a single and immense pearl of great luster set upon the brow of night.

The moon was like a soul within the brain of the great sleeping world.

The moon was still high and bright, and her reflection made

the waters of the bay appear like a warrior's coat of mail woven from a thousand glittering links of polished steel.

The moon was struggling through a ridge of clouds, lighting the sky like a revolving lamp at sea.

The new moon had risen looking like the silvery edge of a sickle in the sky.

The new moon seemed to rest on the very edge of the mesa; the uplifted horn looked like a white flame rising from purple shadows.

The round moon on the dark sky was like a circle of burnished silver on a robe of black velvet.

The young moon was like a slender shaving thrown up from a bar of gold.

MOONLIGHT

Moonlight is as haunting as a ghost: it has all the dispassionateness of the disembodied spirit and something of its inconceivable mystery.

The moonlight enveloped them like a misty halo.

The moonlight quivered on the water like shimmering silk.

The sheen of the moon descended, cold and pale, like the ghost of dead sunlight.

They walked out to the flat roof like men stepping onto a sheet of shining silver.

MORNING

Morning seemed to hang like an opaline mist in the air.

The summer morning glittered on the river like laughter.

MOSS

Moss covered the exterior of its walls, like rich velvet tapestries, so thick and hardy was the growth.

MOTION

The motion was easing as sleep, and healing as still prayer.

MOTIONLESS

He stood motionless, like a tall beacon among the shoals of furniture.

He stood there motionless like a statue which was waiting to be placed in position.

She knelt motionless, like a creature stricken to death.

She was as motionless as a wind that has died.

They stood in little groups as still as exquisitely-modelled statues.

MOUNTAINS

The mountain was like a colossal embodiment of silence.

Above the hot and dusty plain the snow-capped mountain rose like a marble dome above a sordid city.

The mountain rose drearily before me, like a barrier shutting out the living world.

The mountain was four-square, like a blockhouse.

Craggs and peaks piled high in the air like thunder-clouds.

Mountains loomed in the moonlight like night-rack on the horizon.

Never before had she known the majesty of darkness that oppresses a solitary being at night in the midst of a wild country, over which the mountains, like a company of giants, seem to bow their lofty heads.

On all sides arose bare and lofty mountains, uplifting their stony peaks around us like the walls and turrets of a gigantic fortress.

The dark mountains were outlined with a softness as of black velvet.

The mountains loomed like clouds against the milky sky where the moon soared.

The mountains were all ruddy and glowing, like lamps at a festival.

The serrated summits of the mountains were running like a wall to our left, rising above us some four or five thousand feet.

We can not tell why nor wherefore those mountains trouble the soul like music; they lift our longings above the life that fetters us, and they carry them beyond the regions of care.

We saw a high outline of mountains, dim and afar, like a blue mist at noon.

MOURNFULNESS

He looked as prim and melancholy as a mute at a funeral.

MOURNING

Like a mother who never forgets her dead child, she, a woman, did not cease to mourn her lost love.

She looked, with her sable clothing and hooked nose, like a bird of ill-omen.

MOUSTACHE

His moustache curled twice, like a corkscrew.

MOUTH

Her mouth was like a coral bed with seed pearls peeping through.

His mouth closed tight like an unyielding steel trap.

His mouth was hard and straight, like a seam across his face.

His mouth was wide open and flabby, like an overripe fig.

The mouth, fringed with a short, silky beard, was small but firm as granite.

The mouth was as thin as the gash of a razor.

MOVEMENT

A few persons crossed the highway now and then, like flitting shadows.

A wave of movement passed through the crowd from end to end, passed along the heads, swayed the bodies, ran along the jetty like a ripple on the water, like a breath of wind on a field—and all was still again.

As an arrow from the bow, he had gone to the house of mourning.

He approached, making detours like a dog, furtive and intent, that desires to draw near to some object without seeming to do so.

He felt himself borne along as if by the current of a stream.

He moved like a man compelled by the charm of a magician, dazed and unwitting.

He moved several times up and down, like a cork buoyed upon the waves of the sea.

He saw the fierce, tall woman slip through the crowd like a snake to its prey; and some compunction touched him when he thought of the prey.

He skimmed through the long passage like a swallow.

He wriggled like a beautiful bronze snake.

His figure seemed to writhe like that of a snake about to strike.

His movement, like that of the sea, is tranquil, strifeless, obedient as a child.

I have been tossed about like driven foam.

I saw him gliding like a ghost rather than walking.

Like a white swan, she sailed softly past him up the aisle.

Movement passed over the crowd like a ripple on water—like wind over a field of grain.

Round and round she floated wildly, like an opal-winged butterfly.

She drifted in the dance like a great water-lily caught in the swirl of a mill-pool.

She fluttered down the passage like a rose-leaf on the wind.

She fluttered here and there like a beautiful butterfly in a garden of roses.

She had stolen out of the room like a little shadow, unnoticed by her companions.

She made her way to the hall at an amazing pace, like a big, gaily-painted ball bobbing downstairs.

She moved like a cloud before the wind.

She retired sideways, like a heap of crabs, of which her clutching hands were two and her creeping face half-a-dozen more.

She sped through the place swift and noiseless as a deer.

She started off again like a hare, darted into the kitchen, ran round it twice like a trapped animal, and as he came near her she suddenly opened the door into the garden and darted out into the night.

She swept the children upstairs as a whirlwind sweeps thistledown up a hillside.

She threw herself forward as swiftly as a bird pinioning its way into space.

She was light on her feet, light as thistledown.

She writhed her slim body like a snake through tufted grass.

She writhed in his grasp like a little black cat.

The butler retired like a shadow retreating on a wall.

The horse moved like a living machine, neither turning his head nor slackening his gait.

The legs of the horse struck the ground with the precision of a piston-rod.

The schooner looked up close-hauled and was caught and carried away by the influx like a toy.

There was a ghost-like stealthiness in his movements.

Three waiters pivoted upon their heels like tops.

To and fro he paced like a caged brute, his mind whirling through the universe of thought and memory.

We saw nameless, shaggy figures, home-going men and women in unfamiliar clothing, journeying, like fantoms, we none of us knew whither.

MULTITUDE

All the village swarmed out like a hive of bees.

The fickle multitude, like the light straw that floats on the stream, glide with the current still, and follow fortune.

MURMUR

A soft murmur of hidden creature-things rose like an invisible haze from earth, and nothing moved in all the horizon save the black kites high in the blue air and the white butterflies over the drowsy meadows.

There arose a dull murmur, like that of a distant swarm of bees.

The deep murmurs of the crowd rose like the responses in some satanic litany.

MUSCLES

His muscles moved in and out and looked like the coils of a snake around the branch of a tree.

MUSIC

A magnificent rush of music poured from the organ, like a sudden storm breaking through clouds.

A ripple of music answered his delicate touch, music as soft as the evening wind murmuring among willows.

At that moment a triumphant burst of music rushed through the dome like a strong wind sweeping in from the sea.

I drowsed, as it were, with my eyes open, till presently the music died softly away like a retreating wave, and ceased altogether.

Music is like the memory of joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul.

She heard rippling music, like the sweet babble of a brook over stones.

Slowly, softly, majestically, as tho an angel stepped forward, the sound of music stole on the incense-laden air.

Snatches of hexameters and pentameters, mixed with English melodies—sometimes many together, sometimes singly—like notes loosened by the different stops of an organ, filled my mind with a tumult of noiseless music, as I breathed the breath of the wild thyme and the myrtle,

Softly and tremblingly the organ music crept through the hushed air, like a whisper of the sea or the ripple of a stream.

The air was alive with the sound of antique instruments, as a field of clover in summer-time is alive with the hum of bees.

The music kept up a low but furious muttering, like a crowd in the distance.

The music of the dance drew her like the voice of a siren.

The music was like the mystery of the sea.

The round, harmonious notes came falling gently on one another like drops from a fountain trickling on flowers.

With a surging, jubilant sound, like the sea in a storm, the music seemed to tread past in a measured march of stately harmony.

MUSICAL

He went on talking in that rapid, fluent way of his that was as musical as a bird's song.

MUTE

She sat mute and motionless as the summer night.

MYSTERIOUS

Birds and trees and flowers were secretive and mysterious, like expectant motherhood.

N**NAME**

He had a name like the sound of a trumpet.

NARRATIVE

The narrative of his flight reads like one of the romantic flights from the Arabian Nights.

NATURALNESS

The children, trained in that atmosphere, as naturally turned to God for help in time of need as the sunflower follows the sun, keeping its face always toward the light.

NATURE

He felt the unbounded safety and peace that could be read on the silent aspect of nature like the certitude of fostering love upon the placid tenderness of a mother's face.

Her whole nature was as passionate, as spontaneous, as thrilling and as grave as the song of the nightingale.

Nature, like some great artist, carves the shapless block into form, and endows the rude mass with life and beauty.

Nature rose within her barren heart like some great primeval god from the wastes of a desert.

Nature seemed breathing quietly, like a thing alive but asleep.

Nature seemed uneasy with delight, like a child on a birthday morning.

Their natures were as elementally different as fire and water.

NEGLECT

To want of use and habitation, the shows and toys of life seem sensitive like men, and waste as do men shut up in prison.

NEGRO

His black face had silky gleams, like a lump of anthracite coal.

NERVES

Every nerve in my body seemed like a strained harp-string ready to snap at a touch.

Her nerves were strung like a greyhound's after a race.
His nerves seemed to break asunder like so many over-wound harp-strings.

NEWS

Good news from a far country is as cold water to a thirsty soul.

The news came with the unexpectedness of an exploding bomb.

The news fell like a spark dropped on powder.

The thrill of the great news passed through the countryside like an electric current.

NIGHT

It was certainly a wonderful night—a night of enormous silence, of great steady stars, of gold-dusted air, of a sky like a purple dome encrusted with jewelled lights.

Night came as suddenly as a blow.

Night, like a giant, filled the church from pavement to roof.

Over the town the night, glittering and somber, hung like a splendid drapery.

The night breathed on them like a soft caress.

The night descended like a benediction.

The night fled away, as if it were a winged steed, and he careering on it.

The night gathered and spread itself darkly over the city like a threatening shadow of storm and swift destruction.

The serenity of the surrounding night seemed as vast as all space, and as enduring as eternity.

The star-sown night washed round him like a sea.

NIGHTS

The nights chase each other like cloud-shadows on a windy day.

NOBILITY

A noble heart, like the sun, shows its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

NOISE

The noise met him like a slap in the face.

The noise of the city's traffic died away from a restless,

lion-like roar to a far-off buzzing like the humming of a hive of bees.

The noise was like that of a boiler-riveting factory.

The three girls chirruped and chirped like the birds overhead in the acacias.

The windows rattled like musketry.

The early summer noises were as cheerful and restful as a tea-kettle singing or a cat purring.

NOISELESS

She made no more noise running in the dew than a bird following the paths of air.

She was as noiseless as a cypress shadow in the moonlight.

NOMADIC

He dwelt on land provisionally and erratically, as a bird rests on the bough of a tree.

NOSE

He had a keen nose, like a sharp autumn evening, inclining to be frosty toward the end.

He had cruel eyes and a sharp nose like a voracious beak.

The merchant was a bow-legged character, with a flat and cushiony nose, like the last new strawberry.

The nose was like the beak of a bird of prey.

NOTES

Each note of the singer was as true and liquid as a bobolink's.

Birds chirped in notes sparkling like diamonds and stars and prisms.

The notes grew clearer, tho still low and sweet as the twilight notes of a thrush.

The notes of the bird fell through the silvery night like drops of dew.

The notes of the red bird floated out on the air like scarlet streamers.

NOURISHMENT

As the earth needs the sun in order that the gardens may bloom and the trees lift up their great branches, so man needs the presence of God in order that the flowers of the virtues may grow and bloom.

NUMBNESS

Her body felt numb, like stone.

The sensation of numbness began to crawl upward, like some gigantic insect.

NURSE

The nurse was buxom, broad, heavy, be-ribboned, like a prize animal at a cattle show.

O

OBEDIENCE

She obeyed her heart as a slave her lord.

OBLITERATION

The landscape was being swiftly obliterated, as if some giant hand were dragging a dark curtain across it.

The world of his memory had vanished like a dream.

OBSCURITY

A sudden obscurity, like a heavy cloud, darkened all visible things.

OBSTINACY

Obstinacy and contradiction are like a paper kite: they are only kept up so long as you pull against them.

OBVIOUSNESS

The tragedy was as plain as a pikestaff.

OCEAN

Far off the empty ocean, smooth and polished within the faint haze, seemed to rise up to the sky like a wall of steel.

The ocean sends a melodious murmur which dies away in the soul like a beautiful wave on the beach.

The sleeping ocean lay like a waving and glittering mirror, smooth and polished on its surface.

ODES

His odes are like gems of pure ivory: they possess an ethereal and evanescent beauty like summer evenings.

OPINIONS

His opinions are as light as thistledown.

OPPORTUNIST

He caught at the craze of the time and used it like a man catching a magic horse to harness to his preposterous chariot.

OPPORTUNITY

The opportunity fluttered away like a feather on the wind.

OPTIMISM

Veins of optimism, like threads of gold ran through the texture of their talk.

ORGAN

The organ shuddered like a forest of pines in a tempest.

OUTCRY

He uttered a yelp like a pinched Pomeranian.

OUTLOOK

His outlook was as gloomy as the Labrador coasts.
The outlook was as welcome as ice in summer.

P

PACIFICATION

The ocean lulled the exiles as on a mother's breast.

PAIN

A pain clutched her like a living creature.
He crouched down in the grass and writhed in torture like a hunted animal wounded to the death.

The pain was appalling, but he thought he had gripped it at last, and could hold it so, like a wrestler.

He went home like a man stung by a whole swarm of bees, like a man scalded with boiling water.

PALLOR

He answered in a weak, low voice, with a cheek that had turned gray like the ashes of a wood-fire in the dim morning light.

He was pale as a carved figure of ivory.

She had a face like a mask cut out of white paper.

She turned white as a snowdrop.

The pallor of his face grew dusky, like a white plate filmed over with dust.

PALMS

Palm leaves like sword blades threatened the pool.

The three tall palms looked like three heads in confidential criticism of the dark mangroves.

PANIC

Blind panic drove them in a swaying, surging mob along the shore, like a herd of cattle afraid of the water.

PANORAMA

At our feet the world lay like a map.

PARASOLS

Slowly, bareheaded, with a parasol—red like a poppy held up to shelter her face—she came smiling across the scented hay in the sunshine, toward him.

Bright domes of parasols swayed above the carriages, like full-blown blossoms on the edge of a vase.

PARDON

God pardons like a mother who kisses away the repentant tears of her child.

PARROT

A green parrot, brilliant like an emerald, swung in a cage that glittered like gold.

PARTIZANSHIP

Party feeling had been stormy, like crossing tides.

PASSION

A genuine passion is like a mountain stream: it admits of no impediment.

As the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting on the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have brought together, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

Passion beat like a rhythmic melody between them.

Passion beat like an urgent sea against her heart.

Passion muttered in his heart like a caged beast.

Passion seized her as a tempest seizes a slender tree.

Passions are like floods and streams: the shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

PASSIVITY

Her childish passivity was like a slow poison in his veins, creeping gradually, leaving fire wherever it touched.

PAST

Her past yawned behind her like a terrible and unseen abyss.

His mind was raking up the past as a man unearths some buried thing that the mold has rotted.

The past haunts us like a shadow.

PATHS

A distinct path led in that direction, lying like a thread amongst boulders and green bushes, and disappearing over the sky-line.

Red paths, like cataracts of rust, stream under the dark foliage that clothes the low cliffs as with a garment.

PATIENCE

He stood patient and still, like a worn-out cab-horse.

He waited for customers like an old spider for flies.

Her patience, goodness, youth, innocence, devotion were like so many flowers on which he set his heel.

There came a little pause between them, like the tension of the elements before the break of the storm.

PEACE

Like the rainbow, peace rests upon the earth, but its arch is lost in heaven.

PEAKS

Jagged peaks, sharp as scimitars and sparkling with ice, caught fire and seemed to melt away in an absorbing sea of radiance.

The snow peaks were cut like cameos upon the brilliant azure of the sky.

PEARL

It was a very large, round pearl, as white and beautiful as the condensed tear of a goddess.

There is something cold, white, secret and virginal about a pearl, something it brings with it from the ocean bed where it lies hidden like the secret love in a maiden's heart.

PEN

The strokes of a pen need deliberation, as much as those of the sword need swiftness.

PEOPLE

To and fro flowed constant streams of people like the rays of a star.

PERCEPTION

Moments of perception of the beautiful come rarely, a sudden brightness among gray hours, like blossoms springing from a ledge in a rock-face.

PERFIDY

To innocence perfidious speech is harmless; it drops at its feet like a spent arrow.

PERFUME

When bepearled with dew, the peonies shed their golden hearts in perfume which ascends like incense heavenward.

PERSISTENCE

He persisted stupidly, from sheer fright, like an animal that will not leave a burning stable.

PERSONALITY

He has a personality as incapable of an attitude as a bed-post.

Her personality remained with him like a haunting melody.

PERSPICACITY

His mental eye was as fine as a microscope for almost imperceptible distinctions.

PERSPIRATION

Perspiration fell like rain into his beard.

The inhabitants streamed with perspiration, like over-driven horses, and were too lazy to mop their faces.

PETULANCE

He resumed his seat grumbling like a beaten dog.

PHRASE

The bitter phrase scathed and cut like a scourge.

The phrase clung to him like a pursuing fury.

PIANIST

The pianist's style showed strength of conception, blended grace and strength of rhythm, steely but flexible, like a fine sword-blade.

PIANO

The chill grand piano was like a sober and polished sarcophagus.

PICTURES

Dark pictures passed like shadows before her fancy.

PICTURESQUE

He was picturesque and remote as a legend.

PIGEONS

Pigeons were cooing like a rising breeze.

PINES

The dark, unchanging pines stood like quiet tokens of immortality among the gay but transitory foliage of their neighbors.

PLACIDITY

Calm he was, and gentle as night.

His days went down like an evening sun in a cloudless autumn sky.

His life has been placid as a mill-pond.

The water was smooth, and land and sea lay like a sleeping child.

Those people have an ox-like placidity not quite favorable to any brilliant intellectual display.

PLAIN

The encircling plain is like water in its tracklessness.

The level plain was green and yellow, and infinite in reach as a sea.

PLANS

She sketched it in her mind in a few deft strokes, as an artist sketches in charcoal a passing face.

The plan was strangely vague and unseizable as the dreams of sleeping flowers.

His plans, like derelict ships, lay drifting without mast or rudder on the waste of waters.

PLANT

A plant shot out green claws like a new kind of lobster.

PLEASURE

Pleasure broke over her face, broke the glaze of her bottomless eyes with a gleam like the sun's when in still water it betrays deep green paths of light.

Most pleasures, like flowers, when gathered, die.

PLIABILITY

I would place myself like clay in your hands; you should mold me to your own will.

PLUMPNESS

She was as plump as a quail.

POET

A poet banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody.

The fancy of the poet alights on everything beautiful and extracts sweetness therefrom, as the bee does the flower.

POISE

She seemed to me just to poise on the earth like a delicate butterfly on a flower.

POLITENESS

Politeness is as natural to delicate natures as perfume is to flowers.

POND

The little pond with its fountain is as serene as a happy dream.

The pond glimmered darkly, like a magic mirror.

PORT

He looked down on the Eastern port, its ships like toys, its brilliant activity like a holiday pageant, with the eternal serenity of the Eastern sky overhead.

PORTHOLES

A lighted porthole stared out on the night, perfectly round like a small full moon.

The portholes shone like dilated eyes.

POWER

Social power was to her like a jewelled scepter.

The consciousness of power was like a sweet taste in his mouth.

PRAISE

Praise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity.

She enshrined him in her heart, offering her praise and admiration like a heathen priestess offering incense to a stone idol.

PRATTLE

The brook prattled like an inconsequential schoolgirl.

PRAYER

As the fading coals are rekindled by a breath, so prayer refresheth the heart.

PRECEPTS

His precepts pierce to the very depths of the soul and spirit, straight as an arrow to the mark.

PREDICTIONS

All the predictions of the gloomy poets were scattered like the autumn leaves.

PREENING

Women were fluttering and rustling and preening like a flock of birds.

PREMONITION

It was curious how the idea of some coming trouble seemed to be with me like some dark shadow walking at my side and whispering to me to be prepared.

PREOCCUPATION

The young man did not move, but stood like one lost in dreams.

PREPAREDNESS

He slipped into the hedge he had left like an actor who rushes to the wings as the curtain rises on a tragedy.

PRESENCE

He felt her close presence about him like a warm, enfolding radiance.

Her presence broke upon him like a flood of sunshine.

Her presence is as fragrant as lilacs.

PRESS

The Press screeches catchwords like a confounded company of parrots instructed by some devil with a taste for practical jokes.

PRIDE

Dark pride and change succeeded, sweeping over her form and features like an angry chord across the strings of a wild harp.

For years I have been watching the pageant of poor human pride and vanity drift past me like shadows on the shore of a dead sea.

He was like a madman in his wounded pride.

I was as pleased and proud as a man who has helped to win a battle.

If he could, he would scatter my pride and lay it low as ruthlessly, as thoughtlessly as I scatter the white ashes from this glowing fire.

PRINCIPLES

Principles in the face of hunger are like thistledown in a hurricane.

PROFILE

He had a profile like a Cæsar on an old Roman coin.

PROGRESS

It was a progress as ominous and stately as the march of a storm across the sky.

PROMISE

It was a promise with a fulfilment close at hand, yet undeclared, like a snow-white cloud with the sun behind it.

PROMONTORIES

Far beneath us, between the mountain base and the sea, lay a belt of groves and olive yards, dotted with gleaming villages, and fringed with little promontories that ran into the waves like mulberry leaves.

PROSE

Prose, when it is perfected, will be as sweet as the talk of gracious-minded women, as simple as the parlance of serious

men; and it will not have to hide the art of its construction, for it will be a thing born, not made, and will live from the pen as it lives from the lips.

PROSPECTS

As a gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener, so our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts.

PROVIDENCE

Like a flash of light there passed through my mind the thought that Providence had not only thus opened the way for me, but with an imperative finger had directed me to walk in it.

PRUDENCE

He moved prudently, like a suspicious cat.

PROWLERS

Street prowlers came surging up, silent, like a mob of ugly specters.

PURITY

A child, as innocent and fresh as a flower just bursting into bloom, smiled to me.

Her purity of soul shone like a flawless diamond.

She was as pure and unapproachable as a star.

She was as pure, as stainless as the image of the morning star trembling in a drop of perfumed dew.

She was pure as a drop of dew.

PURPOSE

As the tree exists for its fruit, so a man for his work.

PURPOSELESS

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder.

PURSUIT

He felt like some soul in Purgatory pursuing a flying angel.

Like a nymph pursued by a faun who held dominion over the groves, she, fugitive, kept looking back.

Q**QUARRELS**

The quarrel was sweeping them on like a river in flood.

The quarrels of lovers are like summer showers that leave the country more verdant and beautiful.

QUESTIONS

A question cut him short, like a pang of pain.

The question confronted him like an uneasy ghost.

The question trickled forth slowly and icily, as if from some frozen cavern.

He fires off his questions with the sharpness and rapidity of a machine-gun.

Questions pressed forward in her mind like a chorus of children fretting with intense desire.

QUICKNESS

His left arm whipped out like a lizard's tongue.

QUIETNESS

The quiet was startlingly tense and unsafe, like a slender hair holding a sword suspended over one's head.

A woman was seated upon a hillock, quiet as a shadow.

All was quiet as the grave.

The forest seemed as quiet as death.

The gentleness of heaven is on the sea, and the holy time is quiet as a nun breathing with adoration.

The holy hush of early morning rested like a benediction upon the scene.

The utter silence outside, combined with the quietude of the room, acted like a soporific on me.

R**RACE**

The race of people was like a procession of ghosts.

RACER

The lithe racer swerved like a bird on the wing.

RAGE

He sprang up like a caged lion.
Rage swept through his veins like a fiery and potent wine.
The rage of the man flashed in his eyes like lightning.

RAIN

A hateful autumn rain was drizzling as tho through a sieve.
Sheets of fine rain were borne down the combe, like a dim veil which the little gusts of wind threw into folds.
Sweeping gusts of rain came up before the storm like showers of steel.
The drops of rain which had beaten on her hair looked like the dew upon a flower fresh gathered.
The rain fell like a cataract.
The rain swept down like a broken sea.
The rain swept on into the darkness like a flood into a cavern.
The rain was like a myriad tiny spears boring into the sail.
There was heavy slanting rain, stinging like whip lashes.
They heard the beating of the indefatigable rain on the panes, as on a drum, as if it were keeping time to a funeral march.

RAINDROPS

Raindrops lay like steel beads on his coarse coat.

RAJAHS

The Rajahs in gay silks looked like a bed of tulips.

RAPTURE

Away he went, his heart leaping like a wood-fire.

RASHNESS

Experience has shown me that to utter the word "Style" to a circle of cultivated readers is as rash as to whistle when an avalanche is on the move.

RAVENOUS

He ate and drank with the voracity of a famished hound.

RAYS

Great glittering rays spread upward like lifted lances poised against the purple and roseate clouds.

The sun's rays sprang from the east like golden arrows.

READERS

Many readers are like a sponge, which imbibes everything and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier.

Some readers are like the hour-glass; their reading is as the sand: it runs in and runs out, but leaves not a vestige behind.

READING

He read deliberately, like one approaching with slow feet and alert eyes the glimpse of an undiscovered country.

His reading is like deep-toned thunder blended with whispering raindrops.

His reading of the chapter was like the progress of a man on the treadmill.

Much reading is like much eating: wholly useless without digestion.

The reading of his book spanned a wet afternoon like a rainbow.

The reading of his verses is like opening a window into a garden.

REALIZATION

Like a lightning flash tearing open the heavens, another frightful realization broke in upon her brain.

REASON

Like the moon upon a night of clouds and wind, her reason shone and darkened.

Reason, like a shattering seige gun, thundered through her romance, tumbling the images down from their shrines.

REASONING

Her reasoning is as clear and definite as is that of mathematics.

RECEPTIVITY

Like an animated human sponge, he absorbed the very well-springs of their knowledge and experience.

RECOIL

At the mention of the birth-mark, she shrank as if a red-hot iron had touched her cheek.

RECOLLECTION

He recalled the whole incident swiftly and clearly, like the flash of a magnesium light into the niches of an ancestral hall.

Like a flash his image comes back to me.

The old air came back to her like a phantom out of the past.

The well-remembered lines came back to him with fresh beauty, like an old jewel when new facets are cut on its lustrous surface.

REFLECTION

A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

I saw myself reflected in the mirror as in a pool.

In the greenish glass of the old mirror, her face looked far off and wavering, like the livid face of a drowned corpse at the bottom of a pool.

The reflection was pale and steady like the light from a lamp or a candle.

The sun's rays were reflected in the smooth surface of the sea as in a mirror.

The sun had gone behind the clouds, and the waters were cold and steely, but there was no wind, and they reflected as in a mirror the bare trees, which had once been arrased with their leafy tapestry to close in this hidden temple.

REFUGE

As the harbor is the refuge of the ship from the tempest, so is friendship the refuge of man in adversity.

REJUVENATION

Just as the warmth of sun in spring touches the bare trees standing stripped of all, seemingly dead, and wakens to life

all the beauties of nature, so the love of God wakens to life and power and loveliness all that lies dormant.

RELIGION

Religion without great hope would be like an altar without a living fire.

RELUCTANCE

He bowed in a surly and grudging fashion, like a rough beech tree which bends before the gale because it must.

He led the way like a thief going to the gallows.

REMEMBRANCE

Fragrant as a crushed rose is the sweet flower of remembrance.

The business of that night lies in my mind like a black cameo.

The remembrance of it has seared my heart like molten lead.

It is the season when remembrances seem to yield their sweetest fragrance, as flowers in the evening dew.

REMINISCENCES

He brought out reminiscences of his boyhood, that were like beautiful pictures.

Reminiscences often spring up, like flowers, about uninteresting places.

REMORSE

His sense of wasted time, of vanished opportunity, seemed to roll in upon his soul like waves of darkness.

Remorse is like a fearful specter living in the heart of a man and sometimes looking out of his eyes.

REPARTEE

His repartee flashed out like lightning.

REPORT

The report struck me like an iron hammer.

REPUTATION

Reputation is like a meteor, which blazes a while and disappears for ever.

REPUTE

Good repute is like fire: once kindled it is easily kept alive, but when extinguished, not easily lighted again.

RESERVE

Each of us makes for himself a little shelter of reserve to creep into, as a tortoise withdraws into his impenetrable shell.

Like a mantle, he gathered his reserve about him again.

RESOLUTION

An air of resolution came and went upon his face like a vain and passing shadow.

RESPECTABILITY

She wore respectability like a big, comprehensive cloak.

RESPONSE

His response was prompt as an echo.

RESPONSIBILITY

Responsibility hung like a millstone round my neck.

Responsibility looms large at night, like a big, indistinct, perhaps a dangerous shadow.

RESPONSIVENESS

She came to them with touching alacrity, very like a dog who, left at home when the family goes for a holiday, takes at once to those who make much of it.

REST

Let your rest be perfect in its season, like the rest of waters that are still.

Then there stole into my fancy, like a rich musical note, the thought of what sweet rest there must be in the grave.

RESTLESSNESS

He drifted on restlessly like a lost spirit.

He was as restless as a swallow.

The man is as restless as the sea.

RETICENCE

He is, like the Sphinx, rather reticent.

His dignified reticence was dropped as a warm cloak falls in the sunshine.

RETRACTION

She shrank a little, like a high-spirited animal unjustly beaten.

RETROGRESSION

We have seemed to slip back into the old sour divisions with the same fatal facility as a boat slips down the current when once the rowers rest on their oars.

REVERIE

Reverie, like a mist, leaves no trace behind.

REVOLUTION

Like some turbulent little city of old Greece, she had made her revolution.

REVOLUTIONS

Revolutions were to her like a puerile and bloodthirsty game played with terrible earnestness by depraved children.

RHYTHM

Its exquisite smoothness of rhythm was like the ruffle of a woodland stream.

RIDING

He rode like a centaur.

RIGGING

The tangled rigging was like monstrous cobwebs half swept down.

RIGIDITY

He held me off with one hand and arm rigid as iron.

He is as rigid as a concertina.

She sat down with a corpse-like stiffness.

She sat incapable of thought, or speech, or outward show of grief: as rigid and almost as white and cold as marble.

Suddenly he shuddered, recoiled a step, and stood like one turned to stone.

RIPPLING

The rippling of water, at times, was like the tinkling of tiny bells.

RIVER

A river like an immense snake uncoiled.

Away in the blue distance wooded hills ran down to where the river gleamed like an unsheathed sword.

Going up that river was like traveling back to the beginning of the world.

How lovely the little river is, with its dark, changing wavelets! It seems to me like a living companion while I wander along the bank and listen to its low, placid voice.

In that entranced moment of dawn the river was revealed to him for all time, like a fair face often seen before there is suddenly perceived in it the expression of an inner and unsuspected beauty.

The cold river closed about him like a prison.

The distant noise of the river seemed like the humming of a swarm of bees.

The river is like a slipping floor of marble, green with veins of dirty white, made by the scum that was foam.

The river ran like a narrow snake between jagged ice.

The river roared and raced before him like a savage guide.

The river shone like a golden ribbon.

The river sweeps onward and out of sight like the silver robe of a queen vanishing into stately distance.

The river wound like a serpent through the sand, and the bridges were like scales across it.

The shining sinuosity of the river was like an immense letter S of beaten silver.

The silent river was shaded and still as a forest path.

Two quickened rivers ran like silver girdles unclasped.

ROAD

The long winding, dusty road stretched before us like a white serpent.

The open road seemed to glide over the dark plain like a stream.

ROADSTEAD

The roadstead was as level as a floor made of one dark and polished stone.

ROAR

For a lion—and he really was a lion in his way—his roaring was dove-like.

He roared with a bull-like loudness and fury.

The frenzied roar of rapture and admiration from the masses of people resounded like the breaking of billows.

ROCKS

The immense blunt rock was like a disfigured head, that contemplated fixedly the white turmoil of the sea.

As much as three hundred meters in height, slender, round, twisted, hooked, deformed, unexpected and fantastic, these amazing rocks looked like trees, plants, animals, monuments, men, monks in garb, horned devils, gigantic birds, a whole population of monsters, a menagerie of nightmares petrified by the will of some eccentric divinity.

Some rocks were like vast animals around which molten granite had been poured.

The rocks were like enchanted elephants lying asleep.

There were rocks slender like spires, and rocks squat like martello towers

ROMANCE

I drank the romance of the past like a glass of mental absinthe.

Romance is, as it were, the gate through which every woman enters the garden of life.

Romance is like a magic ring which can take you here, there and everywhere, making matter—the body—a thing of naught.

Romance is like a pinch of seasoning in the fattening dishes of commerce.

The romance vanished from his mind like a wisp of smoke in the wind.

ROMANTIC

He felt as romantic as a knight in armor.

ROOFS

The glass roof glittered in the sun like a sinister eye.
The roofs of the houses shone like silver under gauze.
The slopes of the roofs glistened, the dark broken ridges succeeded each other without end like somber, uncrested waves.

ROOMS

The little room looked as shining and precious as a gem.
The warm, friendly aspect of the room smote him like that of a familiar face met during an unavowable errand.
The rooms seemed to be in cold and unsympathetic mourning, like hired mutes at a rich funeral.

ROOTS

A mass of intertwining roots showed in the shallow bank like a knot of writhing serpents.
Huge serpent-like roots wandered over the rocks, seeking moisture and nourishment afar for the trees.

ROUGHNESS

He was as rough as granite and as unyielding as the mountains and hills.

RUMBLING

In the midst of the flurry on deck they heard a rumbling like an empty furniture van trotting over a bridge.

RUMOR

Rumor is always flying, bat-like, about the squalid court, and skimming in and out of everybody's windows.

RUSH

The rush of sailors into the seething mob was like the splash of cold water into a boiling cauldron: the commotion died at once.

S**SABBATH**

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden.

SACRIFICE

To sacrifice your life to the heathen is like selling your soul to a brute.

SADNESS

She had a feeling of sad emotion, as if the veiled future cast its shadow over her heart and brain.

SAILS

One sail, far off, lay like a petal of apple-blossom on the sea.

The sail shone in the moonlight like an arm draped in silver.

All the spread sails were fallen, clinging to the masts like empty balloons.

The sails shone like flames on the clear horizon.

SAILING

Watching an unknown coast as it slips by your ship is like thinking of an inscrutable enigma.

SAILORS

A sailor without a ship is like a restless and uneasy ghost seeking salvation.

Profane men living in ships, like holy monks living in monasteries, develop traits of profound resemblance.

There were three grimy sailors, shoulder to shoulder like three dirty owls.

SANCTUARY

The venerable sanctuary held its post like some lonely old god of memory brooding over vanished years.

SAND

He watched the voluminous yellowish convolutions of sand rolling up to the surface of the blue water, like massive clouds drifting slowly upward on the unfathomable sky.

The moving sand was like the marching of men.

SANDBANK

The long sandbank, lying just awash, was exactly like a man's spine covered by a delicate skin.

SATIATED

He sat there like a gorged vulture.

SATIRE

The shafts of her satire fell harmless, like poisoned arrows pointless and unavailing against the armored resistance of his complete faith in himself.

SATISFACTION

My mind settled, like a weary butterfly upon a rose, on the recreations and amusements of life.

She felt a thrill of satisfaction such as the man who first cut a diamond must have felt, or the man who first found a pearl in an oyster shell.

SATURATION

He absorbed and dripped water like a supersaturated sponge.

SCATTER

The children scattered like a flock of birds.

SCENES

The whole scene was like an absurd dream.

They beheld a scene as magnificent, as delicate, as stupendous as a piece of inspired music.

Those scenes drifted by him as a pageant.

SCENTS

The scent of attar of roses was like the sound of a note struck on an instrument.

The air was very still, and the sweet scents of the earth, dissolved in dew, rose like incense.

SCORN

Her scorn ran off him as water flows off marble.

SCOUNDREL

He was an abominable scoundrel, with his youth already soiled, withered like a plucked flower cast out to rot on a heap of rubbish.

SCREAMS

Panic-stricken screams pierced his heart and his brain like daggers.

SCRUTINY

All his faults seemed to spring into prominence, as if she were looking at him under an invisible magnifying glass.

SEA

Facing me, through a pass with walls of gray limestone, blue like a wild hyacinth, was the misty, sparkling sea, and beyond it, peak upon peak of glittering snows and shadows, hung in the air the mountains of Asia Minor.

Gloomily gray and grand in its onswEEPing wrath, the sea rose and fell like moving mountains convulsed by an earthquake.

He beheld a green, hard sea—green like a furrowed slab of jade.

He ran out to the sea as to a beckoning playfellow.

It is the chiding sea, the raging sea, the roaring sea with a voice like an angry boar's, defiant and threatening.

Like an awakened conscience, the sea was moaning and tossing.

The rippling of the calm, green sea fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth.

The sea had the surface and the shimmer of an undulating piece of gray silk.

The sea hissed like twenty thousand kettles.

The sea is deep, like your eyes; wide, like your charity; unsullied, like your soul.

The sea is like some fierce, hungry animal waiting its chance to eat us up.

The sea looked both black and sparkling, like a pool of ink.

The sea looked like a wide satin ribbon shaken out and shimmering with opaline tints.

The sea neither glimmered nor shone; it lay like a low, level cloud across the horizon.

The sea rumbled like an earthquake.

The sea spread out like a wrinkled marble floor.

The sea stretched like a silver mirror away to the sparkling mist of the horizon.

The sea was as smooth and cool as a sheet of ice.

The sea was as smooth as a bowl of oil.

The sea was like a mirror in which lay the reflection of the unclouded sky.

The sea was like a shield of undulant steel, over which the white crests of breakers spread as films of smoke.

The sea was like an eternal requiem for its victims.

The sea was polished, was blue, was pellucid, was sparkling like a precious stone—as if the whole terrestrial globe had been one jewel, one colossal sapphire, a single gem fashioned into a planet.

The sea was so calm that it was like a huge sheet of steel.

The sea was terrific—a slaty gray streaked with white foam, like quartz veins.

The sea was white, like a cauldron of boiling milk.

The sea, without a ripple, without a shudder, smooth, still, shining under the dying day, seemed like a huge and polished metal plate.

The wild sea rose and fell like moving mountains convulsed by an earthquake.

They beheld the distant sea, like a lavender haze across the flats.

There was the sea, profound and glistening as the gaze of a dark blue eye.

The unbreathing, concentrated calm of tropic seas is like the deep introspection of a passionate nature.

SEA-BIRDS

The sea-birds, flying across the roughening waves, dived like winged sunbeams among the rising and falling crests of foam.

SEA-FOAM

Flakes of sea-foam were flying through the air like sleet.

SEA-GULLS

A flock of sea-gulls floated round our vessel, like fairy boats, some of them rising every now and then with eager cries to wing their graceful flight high through the calm air, and alight again with a flash of silver pinions on the translucent blue.

SEA-LIFE

Sea-life is an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives.

SEA-WEEDS

Branching sea-weeds reflected blue lights from every point, like a thousand damasked sword-blades.

SEARCH

The search for ivory was as hazardous, as beset with fantastic dangers as the search for an enchanted princess sleeping in a fabulous castle.

SECLUSION

The seclusion in which we lived among the hills was like that in which a family of squirrels lives in the forest.

SECRECY

I shall be as secret as the grave.

SECRET

A secret in his mouth is like a wild bird put into a cage, whose door no sooner opens but it is out.

He kept those secret thoughts as the sea buries the secrets of some criminal who has given a heavy corpse into its keeping.

SECURITY

The house was wrapped in security as in a velvet mantle.

SELECTION

He selected people as a miner sifts dross from gold.

SELFISHNESS

The selfish man may have much wealth, but like the waters of the sea it quenches the thirst of none.

The selfish man withers up like an isolated sterile tree.

Universal subservience had developed in her the selfishness natural to spoilt children, who, like kings, make a plaything of everything that comes to hand.

SELF-LOVE

His mad self-love rose from his rags and destitution like a corpse from the dark horrors of the tomb.

SELF-SATISFIED

He was like some panting, victorious dog that is chidden by its master for a street brawl.

SENSATION

A tumult of sensation beat about him like the sea upon a rock.

His pale face had suddenly flushed scarlet, and he felt a pricking as of needles in his body.

The mere possibility of forgetting shook him like an ague.

My earthly senses are closing over my spirit like the leaves around the heart of a rose at sunset.

SENSES

My stupefied senses became aroused from the lethargy of despair, and stood up like soldiers on the alert, armed to the teeth.

SENSITIVENESS

He drew himself in, like a snail whose horns have been touched.

She was like a sensitive plant, for all her crudity.

SENTENCES

Every sentence was as direct as a point-blank shot.

The sentence blazed, luminous and terrifying, like lightning from a serene sky.

The sentence stung like a whip-lash.

He said it in brief, rapid sentences, which came down like the strokes of a great hammer.

His sentences are as full of life and joints as a serpent.

His sentences bend beneath the weight of his thought like a branch beneath the weight of its fruit.

SEPARATION

Separation lay like a vast shadow between us.

SERPENT

The serpent was oscillating like a pendulum, its tongue playing like forked red lightning.

SEXTON

He suddenly appeared at the cathedral door, all in black, like an avenging spirit.

SHADOW

The faint moonlight came through the grating, and a shadow like a net lay on the floor.

SHADOWS

A brood of shadows leaped like things of life.

Grim shadows followed him like noiseless ghosts.

Shadows lay thick, like dead men strewn on a battle-field.

Shadows moved about her like thoughts made tangible.

Shadows stole here and there like acolytes.

The shadows of a winter evening gathered in the forest and climbed like trooping spirits up the rocky mountain side.

The shadows of the clouds walked over the hills like dark ships over an emerald sea.

SHADOWY

Dim and immense he saw them across the swift-falling dusk, shadowy as forgotten centuries that can not die.

SHAKEN

Shaken like a plum tree by the portly gentleman, the boy seemed likely to fall to pieces, but remained silent and resigned.

SHALLOWNESS

He is like a timid and vacillating professor, arguing ever in phrases and contemptuously ignorant of the facts.

Her mind is as shallow as a tin pan.

This pretty creature is as shallow as a crystal cup.

SHAME

Crouching down against the wall, she crawled by her like some lower animal.

SHARPNESS

He remarked that she was as sharp as a razor straight from the strop.

SHAWL

The evening wind blew her thin shawl about her like a gossamer sail.

SHELLS

There were shells of every shape and hue: some delicate as rose leaves, some rough and prickly, others polished as ivory, some gleaming with a thousand iridescent colors, others pure white as the foam on high billows.

SHIPS

A ship in a storm is like a living creature thrown to the bestial fury of a mob.

A ship without a man is like a body without a soul.

Amid the haze a single ship hung motionless, like a white cloud.

He took the tiller, and like some obedient monster, heavy with sleep, the ship swung round and stole softly on her way.

I beheld a ship in full sail struggling against the heavy onslaught of the wind on that heaving wilderness of waters, like a mere feather lost from a sea-gull's wing.

It was an old ship, lean as a greyhound.

No sooner was she clear of the harbor than she began to disport herself more like an unwieldy porpoise having a good

dive, or a playful whale at her watery gambols, than a staid, respectable vessel.

The ship buzzed fore and aft like a disturbed hive.

The ship floundered on like an exhausted creature driven to its death.

The ship plunged like a creature gone mad with fright.

The ship reeled as a clubbed man reels before he falls.

The ship sailed like a witch.

The ship stole away from the dock in the gray dawn like a ghost leaving the solid earth to return to a region of dim shades.

The ship stole on smoothly, like a crowded planet speeding through the dark ether behind a swarm of suns.

The ship swept on her way like some freak swallow with one white wing.

The vessel rode easily enough, and only pitched her nose into the yellow sea from time to time, throwing a cloud of spray over the length of her decks, like a bird at its bath.

The whole ship swayed like a sapling in a gust.

New ships interest me like charming young persons just starting on joyous careers.

The fishing smacks set their restless sails and stole back like a huge flight of homing pigeons.

The ships glided over the water like huge sailing butterflies.

The ships of war prowled like guardian giants along the coast.

Trading ships prowled up and down between the islands like a lot of sharks ready to snap up anything you let drop.

SHIPWRECK

She sank like a flat-iron, and her mast-head lamp went out like a lighted match you throw down.

SHOCK

I awoke with a start and a pang, like the shrinking shiver one feels in passing from a room full of warmth and the perfume of flowers into one that is bare and chill.

SHOES

His shoes gamboled over the cabin floor like a pair of playful puppies.

SHOPS

In another street we came upon the shops of the barbers, bare to the public eye as the interior of a doll's house.
The shops yawned like cavernous lairs.

SHOUTS

Their shouts rolled like a peal of thunder.
His shout rang like the blast of a warning trumpet.

SHOUTING

Bursts of shouting rose and died away like gusts of wind on the plain.

SHRINKING

He shrank into his clothes like a shriveled nut or a cold monkey.

SHUDDER

A shudder, as of extreme cold, ran through his veins.

SIGH

A deep sigh ran, like the first sound of a rising wind among trees, through the heretofore motionless multitude.
A faint sigh was heard, like the flight of a bird in the night.
He sighed like a steam-engine.

SIGHT

Her sight rushed unerringly to the spot, like an iron-filing to a magnet.
The sight, as I realized it, affected me like a burst of devotional music.

SIGNIFICANCE

The significance of it sank into my soul like lead into a pool of water.

SILENCE

A breathless silence followed, like the ominous hush of a heated atmosphere before a thunder-clap.

A death-like silence oppressed all nature.

A moment's silence followed—a silence that seemed heavy and dark, like a passing cloud.

He stood as silent as the hush of evening.

He tumbled into silence as into a well.

Her silence was like the protest of an invincible unbelief.

His tense silence was as ominous as a lowering cloud.

Intense silence enveloped like a cloak the wilderness in which the ship lay.

She listened and looked on in a silence as cold as winter.

Silence hung over the room like a pall.

That awful silence made itself felt like a deadly chill on the sun-lit air.

The ghostly silence crept like a wan river through a shivering dusk.

The intense silence of the forest, like that of a great empty cathedral, fascinated him.

The place was as silent as the tender hush of twilight.

The silence between them was like a deep, calm pool.

The silence seemed to crush him down like his own grave-stone.

The silence was like the calm of heaven.

There was a heavy silence between us for a moment, like the hush in a room where some one has just died.

There was a silence deep as death.

He was as silent and as resigned as the deserted house on the hill

SILK

Her silks rustled like leaves in an autumn wind.

SIMILE

An apt and expressive simile is like a flower of rare perfume and beauty blooming in the garden of thought.

SIMILES

The few similes in it, which lie like shells on a beach of sand, pleased me.

SIMOOM

A fierce simoom had been hurling the hot sand against the shut windows like spray from a wild golden sea.

SIMPER

Her mother's simper faded before the icy beauty and scorn like a forced flower before a bitter wind.

SIMPLICITY

Even among these dark clouds a touch of whimsical simplicity stole like a faint thread of light, and relieved my mind by at last justifying a laugh.

SINGING

The girl sang as sweetly as a thrush.

The phrasing was flawless, spare but sonorous, like old music; the voice like a rich old port; the gestures economical but free.

SINS

Sins are like circles in the water when a stone is thrown into it: one produces another.

SITTING

The men squat like monkeys high above her deck.

SITUATION

She felt the situation strained, taut like a wire between them.

SKIN

Her skin was as soft and fair as a blush-rose.

Her skin was soft and wrinkled, like the skin of a sucked grape.

His skin was as white as that of a corpse.

His skin was like a piece of leather wrinkled by continual contortions.

The old woman had a wrinkled skin, the color of parched earth.

The pallid skin of his face looked like an ivory mask carved into a frown of reckless despair.

The setting sun touched with red her sunburned skin, which, like a piece of pottery, seemed to absorb the last beams of the day.

The skin of his face was like a piece of brown parchment.

The once weather-beaten brown of her skin had now become a clear set olive, like old ivory.

SKULL

She mumbled and moaned like a witch, and the death's head showed beneath her yellow skin like the reflection in the mirror of a necromancer.

SKY

A strip of clear sky diffused a dull yellow like tarnished brass.

Great stars flashed in a desert sky, a sky deep and soft like purple velvet.

Orange trees, palms, cypresses, the spires of silvery mountains shone under a sky that gleamed like a single jewel.

Overhead the sky was like a steel vault, picked out with the burnished points of stars.

The black and starry sky was like bespangled velvet.

The blackness of the sky was like a dark echoing vault.

The cold sky was dotted with stars like the points of icicles.

The dome of the sky above was a transparent Prussian blue; lower down in the east it was clear like alabaster.

The sky flowered like a hanging garden.

The sky lost its brilliance as suddenly as blued steel when one blows his breath upon it.

The sky seemed to droop over the world like the roof of a tent.

The sky was all blue and white and clear as turquoise and matrix.

The sky was blood-red, immense, streaming like an open vein.

The sky was clear as a pale, polished sapphire.

The sky was cloudy, nebulous, white as milk.

The sky was like a shield of steel jewelled with stars.

The sky was of one dense uniform rose-color from west to

east, soft and shimmering as a broad satin pavilion freshly unrolled.

The sky was pearl-like and pure as an opal.

The sky was tenderly flushed with pink, like the inside of a delicate shell.

The sky where the sun was setting was like a lake of blood.

The vault of clouds seemed to rise and heighten, and suddenly, through a rift, a long ray of sunshine fell upon the fields, and presently the clouds separated, showing the blue firmament, and then, like the tearing of a veil, the opening grew larger and the beautiful azure sky, clear and fathomless, spread over the world.

SLEEP

He looked in his sleep like a corpse laid out according to some strange rite.

Sleep came late, reluctant, like a tired man dragging himself to his journey's end.

Sleep gripped him as suddenly as a magic spell.

SLIGHT

She was slighted in her own house, put aside like a bad picture with its face to the wall.

SLOTH

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

SMALLNESS

I felt very much like a small insect under a microscope.

SMILE

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape: it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

A charming smile, like a white dawn, came and vanished.

A foolish smile played now and then on his loose mouth like a weak flicker from an expiring flame.

A ghost of the old smile lighted her face, making it more ghostly yet, like the gleaming of a candle through a death mask.

A half smile hovered round her happy lips like a bright butterfly around a flower.

A slow smile ran over her face as a pen runs over paper, writing wondrous words.

A smile flitted over her face like a ghost.

A smile lay on his vacant face like a pale streak of paint on a whitewashed wall.

A smile like moonlight passed over her face.

A smile struck upon his face and fell upon it like a jewel from a plate of iron.

Again he smiled—that smile as glitteringly chilled as a gleam of light on the edge of a sword.

He set a smile at the end of his sentence like a seal on a locked door.

He smiled at me, and it was like the light laughing upon the earth.

Her lips slowly parted with a smile like the slowly unfolding petals of the red bud.

Her smile came suddenly, like a burst of sunshine over a brown and desolate landscape.

Her smile was as dim and fleeting as a cloud.

Her smile was as refreshing as a draft from a cool spring.

Her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day.

Her smile was like a burst of spring sunshine upon a bank of primroses.

Her smile was like sunlight coming through some minster window.

Her smile was like twilight, so curiously were its light and darkness blended.

Her tender smile was radiant as summer sunshine.

His face lit up with a wan smile, like a sudden ray of light falling on a clouded landscape before the sun sinks below the horizon.

His smile vanished like the sun behind a cloud.

It was a wicked sort of smile, as dangerous as a sunstroke.

She smiled through her tears, and that smile was like the morning light playing upon a small stream.

The child looked up with a smile as sweet as the fragrance from a rose.

The smile faded like a rainbow amongst gathering clouds.

There was something in his smile like the snarl of a tiger.

When he smiled, his heavy, stern countenance was radiant with a flash of intelligence and wit like the sun emerging from a cloud.

With a smile and a curtsy as pretty and as light as a flower might make to the wind, she left me.

SMOKE

A far-off silvery column that came from some burning weeds was going up like the smoke of the first sacrifice.

A tiny whisp of smoke coiled and writhed in the air like an adder.

The heavy wreaths of smoke parted like drapery drawn aside from a picture.

The smoke rose from the chimney as straight as a column, and stood over it like a high-spreading tree.

The smoke thickened, lying below the roofs of the houses as you may see a long cloud cutting the slope of a mountain.

SMOKING

He let off smoke from his pipe like a steam engine.

SMOOTHNESS

The surface of the water was so tranquil that it looked like a floor of gray marble stretching away like an immense desert.

SNAPPISH

The horse gripped the bit as a fretful dog clamps a bone which his master pretends to wrest from him.

SNEER

The sneer swept like a gust of air over his dull glow of anger.

SNOW

Feather drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine-boughs, flew like white-winged birds.

For several weeks the beautiful, undefiled snow lay like a shroud on the face of the quiet earth.

Snow swirled past his ankles like foam.

The pure white snow covered all the hillside, hanging on the pine-trees like fleecy blankets.

All over the pastures on the hillsides a light film of snow had fallen, delicate as the veil of a bride adorned for her marriage.

SNOWFLAKES

Every little flake of snow was a perfect crystal, and they fell as gracefully as if fairies of the air caught water-drops and made them into artificial flowers to garland the wings of the winds.

SOFTNESS

The light on her face was as soft as the first ray of sunlight upon the dewy-feathered morn.

SOLEMNITY

In his flurry his solemnity fluttered about him like a disordered garment.

SOLITUDE

She felt as solitary as an eagle in the sky above the hills.

She lived at the top of the old house like a quiet bird in a pleasant cage.

SOLUTION

The solution came to him like a flash of lightning.

SONG

From her throat the song gushed forth, fluid, limpid, crystal as a stream.

She sang indolently, like a blackbird.

She sings like a lark in full sunshine.

Song is like the dews of heaven on the bosom of the desert.

Suddenly, like a shot bird closing its wings, the song fell silent and dived headlong back to earth.

The silly, pointless words and tune in the vastness of the silver night sounded like the buzzing of a fly in the dome of St. Peter's.

The song of a thrush rippled like running water.

The song stole through the room like the fluttering breath of a soft sea wind.

SOPHISTRY

Sophistry is like a window curtain: it pleases as an ornament, but its true use is to keep out the light.

SORROW

A dull sorrow, like a half-lulled sense of pain, was always present to her.

If you drown sorrow it haunts you like a dripping ghost for the rest of your life.

She looked like the ghost of all the sorrow in the world.

Our sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem black in the distance but grow lighter as they approach.

SOUL

Her soul soared upward like a vivid flame.

Her soul was like a harp ready to break into beautiful chords.

Here was actually a soul clear as glass.

His soul shrank and quivered as a bare body quivers, expectant of the lash.

She has a soul as fresh and pure as the laughing water.

The soul of the man had sprung from sleep like an awakening giant.

Our souls were like some vast and silent cathedral, wherein no sound is heard.

SOULLESS

She was a lovely creature, as soulless and heartless as a dressmaker's stuffed model.

SOUND

A sound sweet and far as the chime of angelic bells in some vast sky-tower rang clearly through the air.

At intervals there was a dull, metallic sound, like the guttural twang of a violin string.

From the distant streets the sound of the traffic came to his ears in a long, low roar, like the breaking of surf upon shingle far away.

He heard a long, sweet, shuddering sound, like the upward wave of wind among high trees.

He jingled the money, and the sound in the silence was like the breaking of a thousand tiny pieces of glass.

It was a mere temporary rumor, a local sound, like the tone of a bell which has just tolled among the towers, filling the ear for a moment, lingering transiently in echo, and then passing away like a thing that was not.

Over their heads a cricket clove the air in its flight with a grating sound like that of a diamond on a pane of glass.

Sound entered the room like a harsh person.

The low lapping of the water sounded like somebody whispering old secrets that she seemed half to hear, garrulous histories of the dead.

The mass of sound filled his ears and brain, and flowed through his heart like maddening wine.

The sound of vespers, faint and dim in the distance, trickled like a little stream into their ears.

The sound was continuous, like the passing of a train; no rise or fall could be distinguished; minute by minute the ocean heaved with an equal potency against the invisible isle.

The sound was like a far-off hubbub of waters.

The sound was like the rushing of wings.

The spirit of the place kept sounding in my ears, faint and plaintive like the voice of an Aeolian harp.

There was a sound like the murmur of rippling waters.

With a hoarse sound in her throat like the growl of a tigress, she rose to her feet.

SPARROWS

The sparrows rose like brown leaves on a gust of wind.

SPECTATOR

He looked on at his protégé's performance like a stately showman who is pleased to see his bear dancing well.

SPEECH

A printed speech is like a dried flower: the substance indeed is there, but the color is faded and the perfume gone.

As a vessel is known by the sound whether it be cracked or not, so men are proved by their speech whether they be wise or foolish.

He began again with an abrupt start, as if his speech had been ground out of him, like the tune of a music-box, by turning a handle.

His speech flowed like a gentle and translucent stream.

Natural speaking, like sweet wine, runs glibly over the palate.

To say those words seemed as impossible as to lift the sun out of the sky.

SPEED

He bore her away with arrow-like speed.

Quicker than lightning these thoughts, which it takes too many words to describe, flashed through the storm and darkness of his breast.

She darted from the house as if fleeing from an assassin.

She fled noiselessly up the dark staircase with the speed of an arrow.

SPELL

The spell was dissipated like mists before the morning dawn.

Like some spell, the name had apparently turned her to marble.

SPINSTERS

Old maids in splendor are like sumptuous scarecrows, and have the same effect.

SPIRES

The slender spire of the convent chapel rose into the sky like a white finger pointing to heaven.

The spires of churches uprose like beacons on a maze of shoals without a channel.

SPIRIT

A wounded spirit, like a bird with a broken wing, flutters into some hole, there to die quietly of inanition.

His spirit was quenched with sorrows like a fire beneath a pile of ashes.

My spirit was like a broad sea, alive all over with sunlit ripples.

SPIRITUALITY

Spiritual truth is changing human thought silently but surely as does the leaven the mass in which it is working.

SPITE

He was spiteful, lying low in his shelter like a little vicious animal under a hedge.

Spite and malice sprang up like a poisonous undergrowth beneath the words of elegant flattery and dainty compliment.

SPLENDOR

A soft silken splendor lay like the smile of God upon the earth.

SPRAY

A drenching spray was beating against the gable like a frantic thing that wanted shelter.

The spray, tossed high over interrupting rocks and boulders, glittered as it fell like small fragments of broken opal.

SPRING

Spring lifted its promise of life like a child out of the cradle of the earth.

We met nothing but open country, on which, like breath on a glass, spring was breathing a faint mist of greenness.

SPRING-TIME

Spring-time filled the valley to the very brim with color and perfume, as a goblet is filled with wine.

STAINED-GLASS

The glass of the rose window glowed like fiery coal in the deep carvings of a wheel of stone.

STAIRCASE

I saw a swept and ungarnished staircase, as arid as a desert.

STARS

A yellow twinkle of a star appeared like the head of a pin stabbed deep into the smooth, pale, shimmering fabric of the sky.

Above him sparkled the morning star, white and glittering as a silver lamp.

Now and then a solitary star gleamed forth, like a spark glowing through smoke.

The morning star blazed like a torch.

To the east, which was all pink, the day-star sparkled like a diamond.

Through the darkness outside the door, he saw a star shining white and leaping like a pulse.

He glanced up at the clustering stars hanging like pendent fire-jewels above him.

In the black sky the stars hung like lamps of fire, seeming wonderfully close and low.

In the pale sky the stars trembled like slow tears.

More stars flew, like shining fireflies, into space.

Stars flashed signals like beleaguered garrisons of heavenly hosts.

Stars glinted remotely, like diamonds set in gun-metal.

The clustering splendor of the stars in the clouded sky was like a diadem on a lowering brow.

The stars, clear as diamonds, rested sparkling on the mountain-tops.

The stars come out in the sky like diamonds embroidered on deep purple velvet.

The stars flickered like candles blown upon by a monstrous and invisible being.

The stars from under and above the black clouds are like eyes frowning and flashing down at men with purposed malevolence.

The stars glistened like polished steel.

The stars had gone out, passing silently like sentinels whose watch is done.

The stars seemed to look at her intently, as if for the last time, and the cluster of their splendor sat like a diadem on a lowering brow.

The stars were shining like sparks of fire in the dark sky.

Three stars appeared in a row, leaping in and out between the crests of waves like the distant heads of swimmers in a running surf.

STARLINGS

The starlings chattered like old women.

STATUES

She stood before them like a statue with eyes horribly and wickedly alive.

The rows of sculptured saints stood round the altar like a gorgeous escort attending the venerable ecclesiastic.

STATURE

In the doorway, erect and still as a pine, stood a very tall woman.

They were of equal stature, straight and tall as poplars.

STEAM

Steam was blowing off, and its deep rumble made the whole night vibrate like a bass string.

STEAMBOAT

The old steamboat rang under my feet like a biscuit-tin kicked along a gutter.

STEAMER

A steamer with her fires out is as cold and still and pulseless as a corpse.

STEP

She mounted the steep trail as lightly as a fawn.

The man entered with skulking, noiseless, cat-like step.

STIFFNESS

He lay down on the sofa as if he were a lay figure of wood, without a hinge or a joint in him.

STILLNESS

A deep hush fell around the circle and every listener was still, even as the rustling leaves hang motionless when the light breeze falls away in the hour of sunset.

A gentle stillness as vast as the world seemed to envelop her. Her stillness was that of deepest waters.

She is as still as an unruffled lake on a perfect summer day.

She sat as still as a crouched tigress.

The bay was still as a glittering sheet of glass.

The place was unutterably still and deserted, like a house seen in a dream.

There was the stillness of the tomb all around, as tho the air, too, were dead.

STONES

The fields are strewn with old, gray stones, which on a November day look like a flock of sheep.

STORM

A squall arose in those waters like a monster, swallowing the stars in whole constellations.

The sound of the storm was like a trampling and triumphant multitude.

The storm came like the sudden smashing of a vial of wrath.

The storm leaped at us like a wolf, out of the darkness.

STORM-CLOUDS

In the distance, heavy storm-clouds, black as soot, were piling up one upon another above the steppe.

STREAMS

The sound of the stream rose like fairy music from the glen.

The stream runs like a silver thread.

The stream was like spun silver in the sun.

It is delightful to saunter along those limpid streams, which wander like veins of silver through the bosom of the country.

STREETS

He dwells in a little narrow street, always solitary, shady and sad, closely bricked in on all sides, like a tomb.

All the streets seemed to radiate like the spokes of a wheel from a great edifice in the center.

The streets, full of jumbled color, were like a damaged kaleidoscope.

There was something solemn in the deserted streets from which, like bodies without souls, all character and expression had departed.

To the two children the city streets were like the broad

leaves and tall trees of a desert island in the tropics, shutting them off from the world.

STRENGTH

He seemed to have the strength of a lion in him and the fleetness of a deer.

His strength was like a solid wall.

Like a chain, a man's real strength is in his weakest part.

STRIDE

He had a long, plodding stride like a camel's.

He had two long strides, like a pair of eager compasses.

He strode like a giant among midgets.

STRUGGLE

Amid the verbiage of the complicated document she struggled like a fly in treacle.

She struggled against silence like soda-water against the cork.

They flung themselves like madmen into the struggle.

STUBBLE

It was autumn, and on both sides of the road stretched fields yellow with the stubble of oats and wheat, covering the soil like a badly shaven beard.

STUDIES

Short studies are, or should be, things woven like a carpet, from which it is impossible to detach a strand.

STYLE

He writes an almost perfect style, as clear and easy and natural as running water, and as full of lights and shades and deeps and shallows.

His short, quick periods fall upon the ear like the rapid-firing of a well-served battery.

His style is as prosaic as an auction catalog.

His style is broad and sweeping, like a river in its fulness and its might.

His style responds to his every mood as the strings or keys of a musical instrument respond to the touch of the master's fingers.

His style was flexible and sinuous, natural, easy, unforced as a bird's song.

His style was one in which every word was the right word, and every sentence marched to the predestined end with the order of marshaled battalions.

SUCCESS

Success follows right naturally as day.

SUCCESION

Like flakes of snow that fall imperceptibly upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another.

SUDDENNESS

He shot out of his chair like a long jack-in-the-box.

SUFFERING

Her face was like the very face of the suffering world.

SUGGESTION

He started as if the suggestion had seared his flesh like a hot iron.

SULLENNESS

A face that can not smile is like a bud that can not blossom, which dries up on the stalk.

No chilled spring, lying uncheered by any ray of sun in the depths of a black cave, could be as sullen and as cold as he.

SUMMER

Summer, like a contented guest with his hopes fulfilled, still lingers in the valleys, plains, and near the streams.

The summer is like a miser who is making a show: there is niggardliness in his magnificence.

SUN

At that moment, like a fire springing from the sea, the sun rose.

I have seen the wind put the pent-up anger of his heart into the aspect of the inaccessible sun, and cause it to glare fiercely like the eye of an implacable autocrat out of a pale and frightened sky.

Like a sudden flash of memory or spirit kindling up the mind of an old man, the declining sun shed a glory upon the scene, in which its departed youth and freshness seemed to live again.

Only a vestige of the sun remained far off, like a red spark floating on the water.

The autumn sun rises like an unwilling servant, with tardy and reluctant feet.

The first beam of the sun shot upward like an arrow of gold.

The low sun hung, glowing, darkened and crimson, like an ember snatched from the fire.

The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky, and by ten o'clock in the morning seemed almost to have perched on the moors like some great flaming bird.

The sun danced on the waters like countless fairies on a floor of glass.

The sun glowed with a subdued radiance like an enormous burning ruby.

The sun had burnt for an hour, like the fire of a thrifty candle.

The sun had just dropped behind the waving line of dunes and dragged the fierce wind with him like a tiger in leash.

The sun lay like a great harvest moon, shedding down on us its cold yellow light.

The sun rose soft and white as an autumn moon behind a cloud.

The sun seemed like a devouring fire which scorched and burned her until she was nearly blind.

The sun shone with a brightness as soft as moonlight.

The sun was eating up the mist like a dragon.

The sun was like a vast red eye, ablink over the edge of the moor.

The sun's color lay like a jewel on the quiet sea.

SUNBEAMS

A sunbeam came and rested beside her like a gilded snake.
A sunbeam lay in her hand like a little golden, fluttering bird.
A sunbeam lay like a finger on the white cloth.
Sunbeams quivered on the wall like golden water.

SUNLIGHT

A straight beam of sunlight shot like a golden spear into the dark little room and lighted up the whole scene.

I saw the sunlight flash on her hair like the heavenly halo above the forehead of an angel.

Sparrows bathed in sunlight like a stream.

The glory of the evening sunlight glittering on one side of the fall made it gleam like a sparkling shower of molten gold.

The sunlight crossed the landscape like a lingering caress.

The sunlight fell greedily on her, like an invisible swift hand touching her all over, and especially caressing her throat and face.

The sunlight lay upon the valley like liquid gold.

The warm spring sunlight lay like a filmy veil of woven gold on the young grass.

SUNSET

From that flaming sign in the west poured a pink radiance as of falling rubies.

Sunset came with a glow like the reflection of a fire.

The golden and violet sunset melted pearl-like into the black cup of night.

The western sky attracted us, as here the sun was setting like a red, round globe shining through thick veils of amber, copper and mauve.

SUNSHINE

I raised my eyes and saw the purple shadows being cloven and scattered one after another by long rays of late sunshine that poured like golden wine through the dividing wreaths of vapor.

The day was fair and still, and the sunshine, falling on the white birches, was like the purity of heaven.

The sunshine was serene and faintly warm, like the heart of a good old man.

The warmth of the spring sunshine spread everywhere, like a benediction.

When I awoke it was full morning, and the sunshine poured into my room like a shower of gold.

SUPPLENESS

He was as supple as an eel.

SUPPOSITIONS

There are moments when hideous suppositions besiege us like a throng of furies and violently force the portals of our brain.

SUPPRESSION

I had to choke back my rage at its hottest, like Vesuvius swallowing its own lava.

SURF

The surf around the rocks was like snow.

The voice of the surf, heard now and then, was a positive pleasure, like the speech of a brother.

SURPRISES

It took him by surprise, as blinding daylight in the eyes of a sleeper.

The surprise of it was like a tile falling on my head.

Surprises are like misfortunes, and never come alone.

SUSPICION

Suspicion had rankled in the woman like a poisonous thorn or an eating ulcer.

Suspicion hovered over him like a hawk.

Suspicion, like the flickering shadow cast by a candle, glimmered and quivered in her mind.

SWAYING

She was swaying like a lily bending to the wind.

SWEAT

Three drops of sweat stood out like pearls on his forehead.

SWIFTNESS

He came and went with a swallow's swiftness.

Her needle flew swiftly, like a gleam of light, over her embroidery.

His action was as swift as thought.

She pressed his hand and fled with the swiftness of a bird toward the flight of steps.

The light feather of a boat darted away with the swiftness of a bubble in a whirlpool.

SYMPATHY

A sympathetic heart is like a spring of pure water bursting forth from the mountain side.

On the verge of love grows sympathy, as thyme—soft, scented and soothing—grows on the edge of an abyss.

To enjoy such full and roomy sympathy seemed to be the supreme reward of experience, like the good inn after the bleak high road, the oasis after the sandstorm, shade after glare, the dressing after the wound, sleep after insomnia, surcease from unspeakable torture.

T

TABLE

The polished table, like a sheet of smooth brown water, reflected our faces dimly.

The polished table stretched out like a Dead Sea on which fruit dishes and decanters lay at anchor.

There was a long table, white and inhospitable as a snow bank.

TACITURNITY

He is as taciturn as an Indian.

He wore taciturnity like armor.

TALK

Her talk flowed on as gently, as unceasingly, as idly, as a brook.

Her talk was as petty, as irritating, as incessant, as the buzzing of an importunate fly.

His talk was like an incessant hammer upon her resolve, shattering her strength.

In England, the small talk is heavy like water; in France it is light as air.

Natural talk, like plowing, should turn up a large surface of life, rather than dig mines into geological strata.

One ought to bear faithfully and patiently the stream of tiresome talk that pours, as from a hose, from the lips of diffuse and lengthy conversationalists.

Our talk was unpremeditated and unstudied, quick as lightning, springing out of the interest or the situation of the moment.

She talked as a brook babbles—pleasantly, but without depth.

She talked mechanically, like a medium in a trance.

She talked with the avidity of a thirsty man drinking.

Talk flickered out like a dead match.

The rapid talk was like balm laid upon burnt flesh.

The talk between them was straight, like the shaft of a spear.

There were charming ladies, talking as busily and sensibly as a clock ticks.

TALKERS

Great talkers are like leaky vessels: everything runs out of them.

TALKING

Talking is like playing on the harp: there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibration, as in twanging them to bring out the music.

TEARS

Fresh tears stood on her cheeks as doth a dewdrop on a gathered lily almost withered.

Her tears fell like dew on my burnt and callous soul.

Her tears shone like drops of crystal.

His tears, at first slowly gathering, like the sweat of cold stones, now fell faster and thicker, like a heavy rainstorm.

Tears as large as heavy drops of rain trembling on the long silken eyelashes.

Tears suddenly filled her eyes so that they shone like flowers in dew.

The burning tears that fell from time to time seemed like the fiery lava flood of a volcano.

The ready tears dropped like diamonds from her curly lashes.

Two large tears rolled down her cheeks like dew upon a rose.

Without the solace of tears the poor wounded solitary heart would flutter like a bird with broken wings and sink down in the dust.

TEETH

His teeth shone like yellow dominoes.

His teeth were pointed like the fangs of a wolf.

In the gloom his teeth glistened evenly, like the keys of a piano in a dusky room.

The mouth had teeth as formidable as those of a wild boar.

The white teeth of the mulatto shone like a keyboard.

TEMPER

A cheerful temper spreads like the dawn, and all vapors disperse before it.

Good temper, like a sunny day, sheds brightness over everything.

He has a temper as fierce as the winter wind on an open sea.

TEMPERAMENT

His temperament reduced everything to a smooth surface, polished but cold, like a sheet of ice.

TENDERNESS

Her tenderness hovered over him like the flutter of wings.

The child saw the play of infinite tenderness rising like a great tide from unfathomable springs.

TENSION

There was a curious tension in the air, like the oppressive sense of heat before thunder.

TENTATIVE

It is a matter for experiment, like flying.

TERMINATION

She broke off with the air of a spider at the end of a single strand.

Brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot.

TERROR

He ran like a hunted creature into the cave.

Terror came upon him, with a sweep and a rush through the air like Death upon the wing.

Terror scatters self-command as a whirlwind scatters chaff.

The terror grew and grew till it seemed like some vast encompassing presence threatening my very life.

TESTIMONY

Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow: the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it.

THOUGHTS

A great thought leaps into the brain like a lightning flash.

A noble thought beautifully expressed is like a precious stone set in gold.

A thought pierced her keen as a dagger.

He eagerly plunged into thought as a bather into water.

His mind was overflowing with thought as a river in the season of flood.

His thought darted like a skimming bird.

His thought skimmed like a bird on the varying wind of his emotion.

How insignificant was the thought that had started the train of discovery—like an accidental spark that suffices to ignite the charge of a tremendous mine.

I tried to get the mastery over the rising tide of thought, memory and emotion that surged in my soul like a tempest.

One all-absorbing thought had complete possession of her mind, a thought which seemed to open up the paths of the future just as a ray of sunlight piercing through the clouds lights up a gleaming path on the horizon of the sea.

The thought of her possible departure caught him like a vise.

The thought sat upon her like a brooding evil spirit, frayed her nerves to waste.

The thought stung him like a sharp arrow.

The thought swept him along like a torrent.

The thought tingled through his sensitive blood like wine.

The thought was like a brake on the whirl of his desire.

There ran through her mind a thought, violent, short-lived and illuminating, like a twist of lightning that admits the eye for a second into the secret convolutions of a cloud.

Thought burnt into his mind like acid into metal.

A flood of thoughts came on him like rushing waters.

All the thoughts that crowded up within her seemed to flash like arrows from her eyes.

Brave and cheerful thoughts flow like limpid waters that gleam and laugh and chatter to the flowers and the birds and the blue heaven.

Chaotic thoughts, like raging waters, were seething through his brain.

Good thoughts, like rose-leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

Her thoughts flew about like autumn leaves.

His own thoughts returned, like stinging insects, in a cloud.

His thoughts drifted, like a moth to the candle, like a seed to the nearest shore.

His thoughts jumped about like busy and officious demons.

His thoughts raged and beat against the unknown shores of the future as a windswept ocean against a rocky coast.

His thoughts unfolded themselves like budding leaves and blossoms.

His thoughts were as dark as the night.

His thoughts were elaborately polished and clear, like cut diamonds.

His thoughts were lovely, like the spirits of the evening.

In his head there was a whirl of lame, blind, mute thoughts, like a dance of terrible cripples.

My thoughts took flight like a flock of frightened birds.

Great thoughts, like great deeds, need no trumpet.

Her dulled thoughts woke slowly until she started into full realization of her position, like a person waking in sudden contact with a venomous snake, experiencing a mad desire to fling it off and run screaming away.

Her thoughts raced like lightning.

Her thoughts were like dry leaves in an eddy of wind.

Her thoughts were like restless sea birds.

Old thoughts like home-returning birds began to hover round his soul.

Strange thoughts rushed over her like a flock of frightened, black birds.

Swift as running fire, his thoughts flew back to the moment when she had pinned a rosebud in his coat.

The man's thoughts are like the winds, as varying and as uncontrollable.

The thoughts came thick as autumnal leaves.

The thoughts into which our spirit is suddenly plunged are like a shoreless sea, in which we may swim for a moment, but where our love is doomed to drown and die.

The thoughts of man can be numbered like the years of his life.

Thoughts beat like an engine under my skull.

Thoughts, like snow-flakes on some far-off mountain side, go on accumulating till some great truth is loosened, and falls like an avalanche on the waiting world.

Thoughts of happiness, banished for a while, returned like the glorious sunshine after a lowering storm.

Thoughts rattled loose in his head like hard pebbles.

Thoughts reflected in his mobile face like clouds sweeping over the hills.

Thoughts went past like rifle bullets.

THREATENING

He entered the room like a ram ready to rush at his rival.

THRILL

An odd thrill passed through me: it was like seeing a dream come true.

THROAT

Her dress was cut square at the neck; and from that square her throat, dazzlingly white, shot up as stiff as a stalk which should find in her face its delicate flower.

Her white throat rose like a flower-stem from the dense blackness of her dress.

His throat was as dry as a lime kiln.

The throat was shapely and smooth as a column of alabaster.

THRONGS

The throng divided and dispersed in either direction, like sheep before a dog.

Throngs of people swept forward and backward like the ebb and flow of an ocean tide.

THUNDER

A clap of thunder, short and sharp as a quick volley of musketry, crashed overhead.

A loud peal of thunder, like a salvo of artillery, accompanied their departure.

A single, distant clap of thunder came from the sea like a gun of distress.

The thunder growled in the air like the passion and anger in her thoughts.

The thunder reverberated over the mountains in tremendous volleys, as of besieging cannon.

There was a lion-like hungry roar of thunder.

THUNDER-CLOUD

A thunder-cloud over the gulf suddenly blazed and crashed like a sinister pirate-ship of the air, hove-to above the horizon, engaging the sea.

TIMBER

Smashed timber lay cross-wise on the deck like trees in a wood after a hurricane.

TIME

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes, heavy and slow.

The days passed like the unwinding of a reel of silk, each day

a round, the body of the reel growing thinner, and the mass of silk lying entangled and wasted on the floor.

Time stretched behind her like a mist.

TIMIDITY

He paused in his work and shrank like a timid animal looked at in a cage where flight was impossible.

He shrank from a close examination of life and from passion as from a devouring flame.

She could feel the timid, rapid beating of his heart, as if he were a little animal in a trap.

TOLLING

The tolling of the bell echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating thunder.

TOMTOMS

The everlasting and regular thud of the tomtoms came to the ear as the beat of a human heart.

TONES

Her tones were as soft as the west wind's sigh.

The pure, sweet, passionate tones pierced the ear like the repeated chime of golden bells.

TONGUES

He used his caustic tongue like a scourge.

Her tongue felt like leather in her mouth.

Her tongue went as fast as her needle.

That barbarous tongue of yours is like the imperfect clapper of a broken bell.

People's tongues will wag, like a mandarin's head at a touch; and like a mandarin's head when set a-wagging, not know how to stop.

TORCHES

The flame of the torch streamed with a fluttering noise like a flag.

The mountain was dotted with single torches like drops of fire fallen from the sky.

TORTURE

I put my hand up again to my forehead that was hot and burning with fire, like the fire that was scorching my benumbed brain, searing and burning my wretched heart.

TOUCH

He touched life lightly, like a skilled musician running nimble fingers over the keys and striking a chord half by accident here and there which was sonorous and had a deeper meaning.

Her touch was as soft as a falling petal.

The delicacy of his touch was like that of a spider.

TOURISTS

Periodical invasions of tourists came like relays of migratory shades condemned to speed headlong round the earth without leaving a trace.

Tourists are often like their own luggage: they carry home only the labels of places.

TOWN

The town below hung like a great rose jewel, scintillating, palpitating in the heat.

The town faded from sight at the bend of the river like a picture created by fancy on the canvas of the imagination.

The town is to be seen as tenderly hued as an opal, as fresh and dewy as a garden at dawn.

The town, like a giant in seven-league boots, had made a stride and passed that house, and had now set his brick-and-mortar heel a long way in advance.

TRACTION-ENGINE

The traction-engine was really motionless, but it seemed grim, black and formidable, like some hideous monster lying in wait.

TRADITIONS

He is dominated by traditions as ancient as the pyramids.

TRAFFIC

An endless stream of cabs and cars moved like a slow river.

TRAIN

The shadow of the train on the frosty platform quivered like a criminal.

The train came up with a shriek, looking like a great devouring monster.

The train paused like a living thing conscious of peril.

The train rushed forth from the station, winding through the arches like a black snake till it had twisted itself rapidly out of sight.

The train staggered slowly into the station like a prey-laden monster into its lair.

TRAMCAR

The huge car of the cable tramway navigated cautiously up the human stream with an incessant blare of its horn, like a steamer groping in a fog.

TRANSFORMATION

She was like a slim Greek statue, come alive; or perhaps Galatea, disappointed with the world, turning back to marble.

TRANSIENCE

His influence was as transient as a dewdrop.

The fair face of his beloved flitted past him as a wandering moonbeam flits athwart a cloud.

The scene passed as quickly as a wind stirring the somber trees in the woods.

TRANSITION

Passing out of the morning sunlight into a house was like going into a prison.

She did not now seem like a timid gazelle, but like an angry lioness.

Smiles and frowns chased each other over his open face like sun and shadow over a wind-swept plain.

TRANSPARENCY

It seemed to him that he was transparent like a thing of glass, and that his guest must be able to see not merely the trouble of his soul, but the fact that was its cause.

The solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive.

TRAVEL

Travel is the refreshment like that felt by a fevered cheek when a pillow is turned and the touch of the linen is cool again, produced in the mind by new colors on the mountains, new scents in the atmosphere, forests with unknown borders, roads that lead into mystery, castles that rise from the mists of an enchanted past, and men whose aims and characters one can not despise, not knowing them.

TREACHERY

A broad and inviting passage lies directly before the navigator, while, like the flattering prospects of life, numberless hidden obstacles are in wait to arrest the unheeding and ignorant.

To listen to the advice of a treacherous friend is like drinking poison from a golden cup.

TREAD

Her graceful tread seemed almost leopard-like in its unconscious freedom.

His tread was as light and elastic as that of a young fawn.

TREASURE

He regarded the treasure not as a mere fact, but as something far-reaching and impalpable, like the true expression of an emotion, or the emergency of a principle.

TREES

A big tree towered, regal as a king.

The tree looked like a gigantic skeleton.

The tree rose high above the jungle, was straight as an arrow, pure white, and glistened in the sunlight.

A few lofty fir trees behind the house showed their dark waving foliage above the roofs, and some yew trees that had once been trimmed as a sort of ornament to the corners, now made for it a setting of dismal festoons, like palls at a funeral.

A few trees round about the window stood out against the bluish background like branching corals dimly seen in the depths of a calm sea.

Across the moor a sea of shallow mist was rolling; and the trees in the valley, like browsing cattle, stood knee-deep in whiteness.

Frost-rimmed trees drifted past like fantoms.

Leafless trees, white as leprosy, stood up like ghosts from the water.

The gnarled old trees bent toward each other and away like dwarfs.

The great trees stand like sentinels in the moonlight.

The living trees, to the slenderest twig, the lightest leaf, seemed like things carved in stone.

The pines were swinging with the wind, filling space with a murmur like the sound of distant harps.

The single birch glimmered among the pines like a spirit of the wood.

The stunted trunks and huge heads gray with lichens rose above the reeds and undergrowth like misshapen dwarfs.

The tall poplars on the skyline bent like a rod beneath the first rush of a salmon.

The tall trees—poplars and cypresses—stood like spires.

The trees swayed, writhed and labored like giants before the force.

The trees were bare and shivered in the night wind like sick men in delirium who have left their beds and whose wasted limbs are shaken by fever.

Trees appeared in the darkness like great black fantoms chasing one another.

TREE-TOPS

The feathery, silver tree-tops were like motionless spray.

TREMBLING

I stood before her, quivering in every nerve, and shaking like one in an ague-fit.

She began to tremble violently, like a sail shaken by the wind.

TREMOR

A light tremor, caused by a sensation like an electric shock, ran through the frame of the woman in the easy-chair.

TRIALS

Like men, nations are purified and strengthened by trials.

TRIFLES

Trifles as light as air may scatter and utterly destroy the sensitive gossamer threads extending between one heart and another.

TRIVIALITIES

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of our life succeed one another.

TROUBLES

He was like the victim of an unholy spell—bereft of motion and speech, and obviously in pain.

Private trouble vanishes in a financial crash as a cottage vanishes in an earthquake.

These are stumbling-blocks of our own making, and like mere specks of dust between us and the clear light of eternity.

TRUCK

A railway truck lay on its side like the carcass of a dumb animal.

TRUTHS

Some have souls so dead that the winged words of truth drop at their feet like stones.

Truth illuminates like the sun.

Truth is impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Truth is more precious than rubies.

Truth, like the light, shineth in darkness.

Truth shines by its own light, like the sun.

These desperately hard truths came rattling down upon me like a shower of stones.

TRUTHFULNESS

Her truthfulness was as the noonday clear.

TUGS

The tug seemed to glide on the surface of the water like a toy on a sheet of plate glass.

Tugs went by, smoking like the pit of perdition.

TULIPS

Beds of tulips looked like brilliant mosaics on a floor of green marble.

TWILIGHT

The twilight, like a floating veil, hovered over sea and land.

Twilight falls softly, like the wings of a brooding bird.

Twilight is like death: the dark portal of night comes upon us to open again in the glorious morning of immortality.

TWITCHING

The twitches played like summer lightning over his face.

U**UNCERTAINTY**

She was like a date in history to a boy who remembers that it meant something, but what, is not quite sure.

The issue is in grave doubt, and the country stands like a man in a fog, uncertain of the path, puzzled by the confusion of tongues, and half-disposed to give up the venture.

UNCONTROLLABLE

He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls.

UNDERSTANDING

They understood each other's nods and hints like a cipher language.

UNINTERESTING

The subject is as barren of interest as a whitewashed wall.

UNITY

He beheld a unity where all objects fell into place as in a picture.

UNIVERSE

The universe breathed like a sleeper.

UNNATURAL

She was like one of those strange animals one sees, that follow instincts that seem the very reverse of nature's.

UNRESISTING

Our boasted faith and trust and patience are swept like straws from our grasp in the tempest of wo.

She drooped like a blossom bent by the wind.

UNSTABLE

His repentance was as unstable as water.

She is as unstable as water, and as hard to hold as a puff of wind.

UNSTEADINESS

The girl tottered to her feet—had to balance like a rope-dancer to keep upon them.

UNWILLINGNESS

He paused reluctantly, like a dog whistled back from the chase.

UPHEAVAL

All things gross, refined, material and spiritual were shaken up in my life like the fragments in a kaleidoscope, ever changing into new forms and bewildering patterns.

UPRIGHTNESS

She was, body and soul, like one of her own beech-trees—as upright, as determined, as slender, as grave and as gay; and she had the same air of knowing all the secrets of nature—of being one with God.

The old lady rose upright as a tower.

V**VACILLATION**

Her decision flickered and wavered like a candle flame in a draft.

VAGUENESS

We often see men and things hazily, as through a fog.

The valley lay like a ribbon thrown into the midst of the encompassing hills.

VANISHED

She rushed to the door and vanished like a bird in the air.

Vanished like a fleet of clouds, like a passing trumpet-blast, are those splendors of the past.

VANITY

She is as vain as a peacock.

VAPOR

A thin vapor hung in the air and waved to and fro like a veil.

Suspended in the air, like the shimmer of a soft and delicate veiling, wavered and floated a mist of vapor.

VENGEANCE

She turned upon him like a wounded panther.

VENUS

Venus was like a choice jewel set low on the hem of the sky.

VERDURE

Like great billows rolling away into the far distance, the green verdure goes tumbling toward the horizon until it spends itself on the desert.

VERSE

His verse winds like a procession of the Conscript Fathers, stately and low, going into the Senate House.

VESSEL

The vessel plunged forward driven forcibly by a swooping gust of wind, and scudded across like a wild bird flying before a tempest.

VIBRATION

The deep-toned vibration of the escaping steam was like the defiant trumpeting of a living creature of the sea, impatient for the contest.

There came a prolonged, deep vibration of the air, like the roll of an immense and remote drum beating the charge of the gale.

VICIOUSNESS

An animal-like hatred was the dominating note of his face and carriage.

VICTIM

She was like a victim bound to the altar of pleasure.

VIGIL

The last dragging minutes of a vigil are irritating, like a gun that hangs fire.

VIGOR

I'm like a giant refreshed with wine.

VILLAGE

Down in the valley by the river, the little village looked like a handful of toy cottages thrown down in a careless cluster by a giant's hand.

It was a little village, a hamlet of granite hanging there, fastened on like a veritable bird's nest and almost invisible on the huge mountain.

The village lay at my feet, small yet clearly defined as a miniature painting on porcelain.

The village lay in a trance like death.

VIRTUES

Virtue is like a rich stone, best set plain.

Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed.

The finest qualities of our nature, like the bloom on fruits, can be preserved only by the most delicate handling.

Virtues, like essence, lose their fragrance when exposed.

VISION

A sudden warning vision flashed like lightning through her brain.

His clear vision saw through the other's meek hypocrisy like air.

VISITORS

Visitors dipped in and out of that cold and awful house like buckets in a well.

VIVACITY

Her vivacity had dropped from her like the pretty cloak she had thrown aside.

VOICE

A low moaning voice arose suddenly, like the scream of the storm.

Clear and sweet, clear as the ray of dawn, sweeter than the smallest silver bell that rang the hour of rest, was that slender voice floating on the odorous and translucent air.

He called in a harsh, tuneless voice like a cracked bell.

He had a voice like a muffled bell.

He spoke, and his voice was soft music, like the sound of the wind in the trees.

He started the hymns in a clattering voice, not unlike a cracked bell.

Her accents broke through the silence like clear notes of music sweetly sung.

Her rich, heart-shaking voice vibrated like a tolling bell.

Her voice broke over them like silver rain.

Her voice, clear as a bell ringing in frosty air, cut through the silence like a sweep of a sword-blade.

Her voice is as musical as purling water.

Her voice pealed like a trumpet.

Her voice, the music of a gushing spring, is like a cooling draft to parched lips.

Her voice thrilled her listener like the song of a lark thanking God for morning.

Her voice tinkled like ice in a pitcher.

Her voice rose wheeling like a skylark and rained down to silver notes.

Her voice was as softly langorous as the last note of a love-song.

Her voice was like a golden link between him and all his life's love and happiness.

Her voice was like a lark's, and her smile like the very sunshine.

Her voice was like an echo of song.

Her voice was like the music of a stream.

Her voice was magical as a music-making sea.

Her voice was mellow as a golden flute.

Her voice was so deep, and manner so sheepish that it was as surprizing as a roar from a lamb.

His effortless strong voice seemed to come out as naturally as a river flows.

His piercing, reproachful voice penetrated every part of the spacious square like a sonorous bell ringing over a still landscape.

His shrill voice would go wailing along the empty quay like that of a lost bird.

His thick voice drowsed in the air like the obstinate droning of a bumble-bee.

His voice cheered the traveler like food and fire and wine.

His voice floated lightly and passed away like the sound of big guns on a cold, dewy morning.

His voice had the velocity, the penetration, almost of a lightning flash.

His voice, modulated to an exquisite softness, struck on the ears of the listeners like a note of cheerful music.

His voice rang out like a silver clarion.

His voice rang out like the blast of a warning trumpet.

His voice rose and fell in rhythmic rush like the wind surging through many leaves.

His voice seemed like some wonderful music that one hears only in dreams.

His voice sounded as distant, as monotonous, as aloof, as the voice of a priest chanting dull prayers in an empty church.

His voice sounded like some weird and mysterious echo.

His voice was as the bracing north wind coming blowing up a valley when the air is heavy with decay.

His voice was both pathetic and irritating, like the bleating of a sheep on a gray day.

His voice was harsh and dead, like the rasping sound of a wood-file on the edge of a plank.

His voice was harsh and grating as a rusty hinge.

His voice was like a ghost's.

His voice was like a scourge.

His voice was low and deep, like the growl of an angry beast.

His voice was steady, precise and metallic, as the notes of a bell striking the hour.

His voice was thin, like the buzzing of a mosquito.

His voice, with its hint of sardonic amusement, was like a trumpet call to battle.

It was a clear, bell-like, staccato voice.

It was a voice as deliciously clear and mellow as a golden flute tenderly played.

Like a silver note of music played afar off and dropping liquidly through space, came the farewell echo of her voice.

Like a sun through mist, his blithe voice cleaved through her distress.

Like a wind from the snow-mountains, the voice came in a thin stream.

Like her voice, the woman was altogether of a pleasant depth.

She had a limpid voice, fluid, crystalline as a spring of water.

The room was filled with the penetrating soft sound of his voice as a conservatory is filled with the scent of flowers.

The singer's notes were as clear as dewdrops.
 The slow rumblings of his voice were like the last efforts of a spent thunderstorm.
 The sweet familiar voice was like a breath of music.
 The tones of the voice were now as tender as a girl's, now ringing like a trumpet over roof and sea.
 The trembling of his body made his voice sound like a bleat.
 The sound of his voice was like a stone cast into still water.
 The vibrant voice struck like an electric shock.
 The voice forced itself into my mind like the ticking of a clock in the night.
 The voice has a strange effect of quietness, like the serene glow of a halo.
 The voice rushed toward me like a mighty wind broken through by thunder.
 The voice was as clear and mellow as a golden flute.
 The voice was like the soft notes of a vesper hymn.
 To hear her voice was as unexpected as seeing a vision.
 In comparison with his organ tones, the voices of contemporary singers seem as penny whistles.
 The soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft and warble along the roof and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven.
 The tremulous hum of voices sounded like the sea.
 Their voices rang out in the night like the song of two nightingales.
 Their voices were as cold and hollow as the winter wind.
 There he sat, as voiceless as the sphinx.

W

WAIST

Her waist was like that of a barrel.

WALKING

He came, walking cautiously and noiselessly, like a cat.
 His gliding walk was as level and wary as his voice.
 His slow, laborious walk was like the creeping of a repulsive

beetle, the legs alone moving with horrid industry while the body glided evenly.

She walked like a goddess of beauty.

She walked as lightly as if wings had been upon her shoulders.

WALL

The soil there is banked up and sustained by a wall that runs round it like a balustrade, and it communicates with the promenade by a flight of steps.

WANDERING

We wander at will, as butterflies on sunny days.

WANING

His life was going out like a candle.

WARMTH

The warmth held him like a caress.

WARNING

He would have quite forgotten the warning were it not that it sometimes shadowed his dreams, like the wing of a dark, ominous bird.

WARNINGS

My warnings fell like snowflakes that melt and vanish on the bosom of a stream.

WASHING-DAY

Washing-day got into the house like a monster, befogging the passages with his breath and covering the banisters with a clammy perspiration of fear.

WATCH-CHAIN

He went about with a gold watch-chain like a great cable.

WATER

The bay, motionless as a mirror, reflected all the splendid tints with a sheeny luster.

The leisurely swishing of the water to leeward was like a drowsy comment on the ship's progress.

The surface of the water looked like tarnished silver in the early light.

The surface of the water was tinted like a blue-bell.

The water beneath him was like black, lucent marble, veined with the snowy foam which eddied from the ship's bows.

The water of the harbor scintillated below, like a mirror with a thousand facets.

The water shone like a polished patch of silver.

The water was so clear that it looked like a strange, unsteady, pellucid green air.

Like low, lulling music came the distant mellowed noise of waters.

The clash and uproar of the disputing waters rolled in their ears like the grand, sustained bass of some huge cathedral organ.

The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence.

WATERFALL

The falls are as richly diaphanous as a precious stone, and glow from within with a deep, inexplicable light.

The thread of a slender waterfall flashed like a sword.

WATERWAY

Ahead of the vessel, the narrow vista of glassy water was a blaze of purple and golden color, arranged in a faultless harmony of tone that was like music or lyrical verse in its direct appeal to the emotions.

WAVES

One wave, brilliant as the flush of a summer's dawn, rippled toward me.

A broad ray of moonlight, flashing on the scarcely moving waves, made them like the armor of a giant.

A mass of enormous billows rolling steadily on together hurled themselves like giant assassins upon the frail and helpless vessel and engulfed it.

Small waves licked the land like furtive tongues seeking some dainty food with sly desire.

There was a solemn and perpetual rush and roar of waves like the sound of a great organ.

Waves boarded the ship like pirates.

WEAKNESS

The knowledge of weakness is like a hint of a destructive fate ready for us all.

WEARINESS

At night the men dropped to sleep like beasts of burden.

The accumulated weariness of all those years overflowed her like a rising tide.

WEATHER

In that sunny weather at sea the world looked like one colossal sapphire—like a single gem fashioned into a planet.

Tho the fine weather did not last, it was a promise of better things, like the letter that precedes a welcome friend.

WEATHERCOCKS

The weathercocks pointed like so many ghostly fingers to the cruel, dangerous seas.

WELCOME

Her welcome was like a day of summer sunshine in a winter month.

We received her timidly, for she seemed to come in like cold weather.

WHISKERS

His whiskers stood out like the bristles of a cat.

WHISPERING

We were whispering together like two children in the hush of some great cathedral.

WHISTLE

She whistled to herself—a low, tuneless whistle like a black-bird's.

He whistled like a butcher-bird, loud and harsh, without melody.

WILDERNESS

The silent wilderness struck me as something great and invincible, like Evil or Truth.

WILLOWS

Along the towing-path lean, gaunt willows shot up into the sky like witches' brooms that the wind was combing out.

WIND

In that house there was a constant reverberation of wind, so that it sounded like a great shell which the inhabitants must perforce hold to their ears.

It was a wind with breath that cut like a razor and a voice like a shrieking Fury.

The air lashed his face like a stinging wave of water.

The gale blew in fitful bursts that sounded like salvoes of great guns firing over the ocean.

The high wind of the night still prevailed and sent the white clouds scudding rapidly, like ships running a race, across the blue fairness of the sky.

The night wind came upon us like a benediction.

The night wind swept by me as if it were a weird power of evil.

The passage of the wind through the trees sounded like an angry sea.

The sobbing wind is fierce and strong; its cry is like a human wail.

The westerly wind asserting his sway from the south-west quarter is often like a monarch gone mad, driving forth with wild imprecations the most faithful of his courtiers to shipwreck, disaster and death.

The wind came like the first sigh of the East on my face, like a charm, like a whispered promise.

The wind fell on him like a personal enemy.

The wind got between them like a solid wedge.

The wind howled in the stove: something howled and squeaked as tho a big dog had strangled a rat.

The wind in the chimney wailed with a flute-like softness.

The wind made a noise like the shouting of a lot of crazed men.

The wind seemed like some great fantom whose garments rustled as it stalked along.

The wind shrieked about the corners of the house and rattled the windows like some restless spirit clamoring for admittance.

The wind was not exactly blowing, but sounding in the air like the sea in a shell.

The wind would catch her yellow hair sometimes and wind it across her bosom like a scarf.

The winter wind, like a spent runner, moaned among the trees.

There was a breath of wind as soft as an angel's whisper.

With a great swoop the wind came down the shaft, licked the walls, struggled for escape, and roared like a caged beast.

The caprice of the winds, like the wilfulness of men, is fraught with the disastrous consequences of self-indulgence.

The winds cut like a whip.

WINDOWS

The room had a tiny window all fretted like lace.

How distinctly he remembered the journey and his arrival at the house; the shrouded windows, like sightless eyes, had looked out at him.

Like veiled faces, showing no emotion, these many discreet, lighted windows seemed to watch his indecision.

The rows of yawning windows gaped like the empty sockets of blind men's eyes.

The windows were little narrow slits like screwed-up eyes.

WINE

The wine was like liquid sunshine.

WINTER

Sunny winter weather is like a windfall, like a godsend, like an unexpected gift from the goddess of Luck.

Winter was howling on the trace of Spring like a lion in pursuit of a fawn.

WISHES

Wishes, like painted landscapes, best delight while distance recommends them.

WIT

He was gifted with a razor-like wit.

His wit is as sparkling as dewy grass.

Wit and humor are like those volatile essences which, being too delicate to bear the open air, evaporate almost as soon as they are exposed to it.

WITTINESS

A witty writer is like a porcupine: his quill makes no distinction between friend and foe.

WOBEGONE

He looked as wobegone as a bust of Dante.

WOMAN

A smart and mindless woman is like a silly book in a beautiful binding.

He read the woman as you read a book in which you only need to cut the pages and refer sometimes to the glossary at the end.

In love a woman is like a lyre that surrenders its secrets only to the hand that knows how to touch its strings.

The working of a woman's mind is like a frog: you can be almost certain of the jump, but of the direction—never.

Woman is like the reed, which bends to every breeze but breaks not in the tempest.

Women, like stars, look best at night.

WOMANHOOD

Child and woman were mingled in her fair face and slender form like spring unwilling to depart when summer comes.

WOOD

The wood murmured like a falling sea in the buffeting wind.

WORDS

A word sometimes deals destruction through time like a bullet flying through space.

The meaning of each word struck home like a bullet.

The solemn word seemed to toll slowly through the still air like a knell.

The word captured the eye as a sharp cry captures the attention.

The word leaped from his lips like a shriveling flame.

He seemed to fling his words with a rapid jerk of his right arm, as one hurls a pebble.

Her bitter words stung like whips.

Her detached words were like falling icicles.

Her words fell one by one like cuts from a deliberate whip.

Her words were charged to the full with meaning, like a brimming cup beneath an ever-flowing fountain.

His gentle words healed like medicines.

His spoken words sounded like the music of the spheres.

His words came like the click of an engine.

His words fell one by one, like the blows of a sledge.

His words froze like ice and cut like steel.

His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip around him at command.

His words, uttered with such assurance, penetrated to my heart like a salutary balm.

His words passed by the warped nature of his friend like the idle wind, and left no more trace upon him than the snowflake when it has melted into the purpling sea.

His words were as clear as a statue, as symmetrical as the noblest monument, as rightly ordered as an army in battle array.

His words were inarticulate as the bubbling of the rivers.

His words were like manna to her taste.

His words were like the notes of a melancholy song in the minor key, gaining effect by repetition.

His words were separated one from another like a peal of distinct bells.

His words were sharp as a two-edged sword.

I felt her words like a chill hand on my heart.

In these days some words are like firebrands, and he who casts them forth incautiously may kindle flames that only the forfeit of his life can quench.

Like a peal of a trumpet echoed the words.

Our words should fit our thoughts like a glove.

Our words were like a tiny flowery island in an ocean of silence.

Search, and you will find words that crush, like the battle-ax of Richard, or cut like the scimiter of Saladin; words that sting like a serpent's fangs, or soothe like a mother's kiss; words that unveil the depths of hell or point out the heavenly heights of purity and peace; words that recall a Judas, words that reveal a Christ.

She dropped the words one by one, like stones into an abyss.

She got hold of words as a child gets hold of tiny poisonous pills, and used them both playfully and dangerously.

She had again the sensation of the words beating upon her like blows which she was powerless to resist.

She tried to marshal into sentences words that, like a flock of witless sheep on open ground, would not be driven but ran this way and that in foolish imbecility.

She wrapped up her intention in words as a jeweler wraps up a precious gem in tissue paper.

Some words are as refreshing as a summer shower, others oppressive as desert heat.

Some words are sharp and precise, like Alpine needle-points; others heavy and ragged like great nuggets of gold; still others are glittering and gay, like imperial gems.

Some words have been used so long that they have become like familiar furniture, worn-out and faded, but still dear.

The awful words seemed like the unchaining of some horrid monster.

The caressing words touched fibers of the young man's heart as if it were some responsive instrument.

The hasty words fell like a thunderbolt.

The sound of words fluttered high and low, like a capricious feather in a faint stir of air.

The words burnt into his brain like fire.

The words came thick as hail.

The words dropped like honey from her lips.

The words fell like a thunderbolt.

The words flowed like blood from a vein.

The words from those sweet lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass.

The words of some authors stand out like fresh paint, or shriek from their context like a megaphone.

The words of the speaker were like a spark to gunpowder.

The words seared like red-hot iron.

The words were bitter as winter blasts.

The words were uttered with a suave softness like the flow of treacle.

To him words were as clay to the sculpture.

When the mind grasps the matter, words come like flowers at the call of spring.

With words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.

Words came breaking through the music like buds breaking from their surrounding leaves.

Words came like dull throbs of pain beating between his lips.

Words flowed smoothly like the waters of a fountain.

Words of the wise fall like the tolling of sweet, grave bells upon the soul.

Words were rushing from her like a torrent of earth let free by a landslide.

WORK

He sat at his work with a dainty steadfastness and purpose, like a cat watching by a mouse's hole.

Heroic are the patient works, countless as the stars, which unselfish souls are doing under one impulsion, viz., the obligation of Christian debt to help what and where and when they can.

His work consisted in building up a public opinion which, in the days of durable solidity, seems, like the great Gothic cathedrals to absorb into itself the individuality of the architect.

Some work makes your immortal soul shrivel up like a parched pea.

WORLD

As old Atlas carried the world on his shoulders, so must we carry the world on our hearts.

The high hills that touched the starry sky belonged to a yellow world like an orange.

The world lay like a sunlit valley at their feet.

The world to him was like a building whose every window was shut and had a blind drawn down.

WORSHIP

The influence of family worship is great silent, irresistible and permanent. Like the calm, deep stream, it moves on in silent but overwhelming power.

WORSHIPERS

The worshipers streamed in, like bees to a flower-garden.

WRANGLING

They wrangled and croaked above the yet warm corpse like two famished ravens.

WRITERS

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are: the turbid seem the most profound.

There are some writers of a quiet, even temperament, whose sentences flow gently along like a stream through a level country, that hardly disturbs the stillness of the air by a sound; there are others vehement, rapid, redundant, that roll on like a mountain torrent forcing its way over all obstacles, and filling the valley and woods with the echoes of its roar.

WRITHING

The little man writhed like a weasel.

WRITINGS

It was the instinct of her life to write, as it is the instinct of the fountain to flow.

His writings are as purposeless as dreams.

WRONGS

Her wrongs came back upon her like heaped waters of a flood.

Y**YACHT**

A sloop yacht was scudding before the wind like a frightened bird.

Quivering like an eager race-horse ready to start, the yacht sprang forward.

The outline of the yacht was now truly spectral, like a ship of black cobweb against the moon.

The yacht rested on perfectly calm waters, shining like polished steel.

The yacht steamed into the harbor like a slow-moving swan.

YAPPING

The sharp yapping was unbearable, like stabs through one's brain.

YELL

He yelled and swam lustily, like a merman.

YELLOW

She was as yellow as a quince.

YOUTH

His bright and golden youth was like a breath of fresh air from his native hills.

O the fire of Youth, presently to be quenched by Time, more cruel, more pitiless, more bitter than the sea—like the flame of a burning ship surrounded by an implacable ocean and an impenetrable night.

Youth and ardor are quenched by cynicism like a bright flame by icy water.

Youth, like white paper, will take any impression.

Z**ZEAL**

Zeal without knowledge is like fire without a grate to contain it; like a sword without a hilt to wield it by; like a high-bred horse without a bridle to guide him.

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES

MISCELLANEOUS SIMILES

A

A beautiful face is like a diviner's rod; it draws out any beauty that lurks in its surroundings.

A dull unrest had become part of his inner tumult, a premonition falling over him like an advancing shadow.

A flash of light cleft the darkness like a descending scimitar.

A four-year-old child may absorb and love the truth as the flowers do the sunshine and the rain.

A frank smile played over her features as gracefully as a breeze among flowers.

A gauze, intangible as fine cinders, covered the blue domes of the city, and the horizons, after one last flare, were veiled from sight.

A little man, dry like a chip and agile like a monkey, clambered up.

A meaningless jumble of color is as discordant to the eye as the false note of music to the ear.

A sense of gloomy fear seemed to be slowly but persistently mantling round the mournful looking houses, like a misty rain.

A slight chill, as if a breath of imminent winter had touched him, communicated itself to his heart.

A terrific gust of rain just then swept against the windows like a shower of small stones, accompanied by the shrieking yowl of the wind.

A tint of humility, soft as the heart of a moonbeam, mantled the earth.

A train passed by with a flash of its lights, and plunged like a thunderbolt that roars and expires, into the mouth of the tunnel.

A very fluent speaker, hoarse in voice, but cunning in the vibrations he could lend it, he was in action as light and fierce as a flame; at rest as massive as a block of stone, impervious to threats or prayers or tears.

A warm soft breeze played among her fair locks like a caress from heaven.

A warm south wind began softly to stir, like the sigh of an awakening sleeper.

A wild night!—full of storm and quarrel, with occasional dashes of cold rain sweeping down on the shrieking blast like gusts of angry tears.

A woman's scream rose shrill and clear, piercing the even tones of the speaker like the stab of a knife.

A zealous soul without meekness is like a ship in storm, in danger of wrecks: a meek soul without zeal is like a ship in a calm, that moves not so fast as it ought.

Above the silver sea arose a crimson disk, clearly defined, almost sharp, like a disk of metal fresh from the forge.

Absence in love is like water upon fire, a little quickens, but much extinguishes it.

All the memories of its ancient days cling to the sanctuary like a wizard's cloak and wrap it in a sort of mysterious silence.

All this news was packed into this one issue of the paper like raisins in a pudding.

Already faded, she was silent, slim and supple as a serpent.

Amid the shadow-haunted shrubberies on the hillside of the garden, where tiny rivulets trickle like silver threads amid the mossy rocks and red earth, great clumps of pink and crimson and white peonies gleam at one with their wax-like petals.

An exquisite pale flush of pink glowed in the east, uncurling like the petals of a rose.

An idea suddenly pierced her heart like a red-hot iron.

An instantaneous chilling hush fell on the assemblage as tho an icy wind had swept through the room, freezing into silence the animated stream of conversation.

And drop by drop, with the scrupulous care of a lapidary counting pearls, the curé poured me out two fingers of a golden-green liquor, warm, shimmering, exquisite.

As in a flash of a mirror, he beheld her, bony, worn, sordid, unacceptable.

As she walked, the golden nimbus round her form glowed with a thousand brilliant and changeful hues, like the rainbows seen in the spray of falling water.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that encloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

As the aeroplanes passed over the sea in a long procession, they resembled a flock of huge sea-birds.

As the flower reaches to the light, so must humanity find its freedom by attaining the divine standpoint.

As the sudden onrush of a high wind drives the cloud-banks before it and clears the sky, so the announcement of that misfortune swept away the misunderstanding between them.

As the sun returns to the east, so let our patience be renewed with dawn; as the sun lightens the world, so let our loving-kindness make bright the house of our habitation.

As when the rain-clouds disperse and the sun shines out once more, heaven and earth are filled with a chastened light, sweet to behold and very wonderful, so because of our lost ones, because of the old grief at their loss, the visible world is touched with a new light, a tenderness and grace and beauty not its own.

As yet there were but fragile sketches he had traced, like the patterns made by hoar-frost on a window-pane, which the breath of a child can dissolve.

At each turn their eyes met and their concealed anxiety then passed like a shadow over their mute countenances.

At every turn he found himself nonplussed by a creature ungraspable as a butterfly.

At the barest thought of it, the dread again closed about her like ice.

B

Beneath the golden shower of sunlight that fell through the trees she stood, white and upright as the column of a temple.

Beneath them, floating like drapery about the sides of the mountains, mists were rising and parting in radiant clefts beneath the rays of the sun.

Blowing through the country like a steadily increasing gale, could be felt the force of public anger, public condemnation.

Bright drops of dew sparkled like brilliants, and puffs of perfume rose like incense swung at unseen altars.

Byron's mind was, like his own ocean, sublime in its yeasty madness, beautiful in its glittering summer brightness, mighty in the lone magnificence of its waste of waters, gazed upon from the magic of its own nature, yet capable of representing, but as in a glass darkly, the natures of all others.

C

Clear as crystal, the water hurried along its channel, carrying tiny leaves and sticks like microscopic boats with it.

Clouds everywhere!—clouds of fantastic form and giant shape, clouds like rocky fortresses set on the summits of high mountains, clouds resembling huge ruminative animals wallowing in ether, clouds heavy and threatening, suggesting pent-up thunder and jagged flame!

D

Country parishes are as free from danger and strife, and as full of corruption, as the tomb.

Darkness was falling, and alone and undisturbed I watched Cyprus melt away like a dream on a windless sea that was colored like a faded violet.

Detail after detail of pinnacle, crag and precipice swam into sight as if fashioned out of oxidized silver, whilst here and there a cloud-shadow made a blue moving stain on them, or a flock of milk-white clouds settled on some aerial peak.

Diamonds as brilliant as the glittering of crossed daggers, sapphires as blue as the lightning, pearls as pure as the little folded hands of a dead child, opals as dazzlingly changeful as woman's love, I offer you.

Discovery and disappointment had clung like a shadow to every plot in which he had borne a part.

Dissolved by his indifference, the past vanished like a white powder in a glass of water.

Divine thought girded him as with a suit of armor.
Doubt fell like a fog about his heart.

E

Each word was as complete and separate in enunciation as notes of music struck slowly.

Even as the sun sends forth its limitless light and heat, so God gives the riches of His being to all His creation.

Every man there knew that the flinging of a missile, or even the upraising of an arm, would be as a spark in a powder-mine.

Every now and then the little party of climbers was lost to view, but then promptly reappeared among the snow, sometimes hanging on like threaded spiders to the face of the cliff, and occasionally crawling like ants along a narrow ridge.

F

Fair girls in beautiful array flitted hither and thither like troops of exquisitely plumaged birds.

Fear of his failure chilled her like the touch of a dead hand.

Fig- and plane-trees grew there, and a mill-wheel was turning, making a sound like that from a busy hive.

Flying fish, darting ablaze with topaz and with jacinth tints, reflected in the sun as if a flight of crystal prisms had suddenly found life, all joined the general thanksgiving as they skimmed lightly on the tops of waves and disappeared like showers of diamonds in the spray.

For a mere moment her eyes rested so confidently in his that it was almost as if their hands had met.

For me there is something unendurable in men herding like cattle.

For those few seconds she was as dumb as an image of stone.

From time to time, his generally calculating nature, which used to reason out his worst crimes, would let itself go in some ferocious outburst, as unexpected as the spring of a tiger.

G

Galloping like a deer to the place of his former observations, he rode for a moment swiftly in short and rapid circles, as if still uncertain of his course, and then darted away like a bird that had been fluttering around its nest before it takes a distant flight.

Gifts are as the gold which adorns the temple; grace is like the temple that sanctifies the gold.

God's blessings, even as His rain, shower down upon all.

Good-nature, like a bee, collects honey from every herb; ill-nature, like a spider, sucks poison from the sweetest flower.

H

He carried his head well back, like a soldier, and his hot face had even a look of arrogance, which was suddenly contradicted by his eyes, that were literally as humble as a dog's.

He could lie low and wait, crouching, watching for his prey, and make his spring unerringly at last; then the jaws of his purse would uncloze, a torrent of coin would be swallowed down, and, as in the case of the gorged reptile, there would be a period of inaction; like the serpent, moreover, he was cold, apathetic, methodical, keeping to his own mysterious times and seasons.

He glared about him like a tiger at bay: his face was flushed and swollen like that of a man in apoplexy; the veins in his forehead stood out like knotted cords.

He had a little black eye which glittered like a diamond, and rolled about like a ball of quicksilver, and a white moustache, cut short and stiff, like a worn-out brush.

He had a pitiful countenance, like the knob of a stick curiously carved into a fantastic head.

He had hard-edged, angular features, a long, square chin, and dark gray, curiously intent eyes which shone through the semi-fog like two somber lamps.

He had pulled himself together and left the room slowly, like a walking statue.

He had risen like a rocket, and when his first hour was over, no one ever fell in such a shower of expiring sparks.

He held his heart as in a vice.

He is sharp as a ferret and agile as a cat.

He kept his posture of dumb expectation like a stalled ox.

He knows the river as a mother knows her child—her waywardness, her petulance, her little outbreaks of rebellion, her dreaminess, her loveliness.

He lifted his pipe to his lips and blew a joyous succession of swift, unhesitant notes, as throbbing as the heat, as vivid as the sunshine.

He looked up with peering eyes that narrowed at the corners like those of a snake.

He met the other man's inquiring eyes with his own special gimlet glance, sharp as the point of a screw.

He moistened his lips with his tongue, drawing that member between his teeth with a sharp smacking sound as of satisfactory nut-cracking.

He passed out of the room and out of the house, moving like the fury of the storm.

He raised his eyebrows till they rose like rainbows to the horizon of his pale, straw-colored hair; and next darted them down, like an avalanche, over the twinkling, restless, fluttering, little blue eyes, which then became almost invisible.

He rose in the dusk—tall, pale, wavering, indistinct, like a vapor exhaled by the earth.

He sank down as if the whole fabric of life had crumbled within.

He saw his own image in the burning mirror of his conscience like that of a man condemned to death.

He scented his rival like a well-trained dog.

He shook his head like a worried bull, or as a dog shakes water from his pelt.

He stood rigid and motionless, like the corpse of one whom the breath of the flames has suffocated in some fire, and whom death has seized in a fixed position, in the middle of a half-finished gesture, with his arm outstretched and his mouth open.

He thought of the waste of effort and of time—that elusive, irrecoverable treasure, whose sands are as dust of diamonds.

He threw himself into the crowd, which had rapidly hemmed him in, buffeting it from side to side like a swimmer in troubled waters.

He traced the beginning of the great inflow of gold which now encrusted him and rolled him up as it were in a yellow metallic shroud, a singular and separate creature, apart from other men.

He traveled with the swiftness of the wind through a storm of sleet and snow.

He trod the ground like an elephant.

He walked mechanically, like a machine set to go and going without consciousness or a thought.

He was as brave as a hawk and as hardy as a wolf.

He was as pale as ashes and prodigiously serious.

He was conscious of the past like an insuperable lead weight dragging at his attempted progress.

He was stung by an absurd and maddening idea, which was like a presentiment that has nothing to justify it, but which nothing can drive away.

He was very unobtrusive, small like his house, lean like his purse, shabby as his furniture, humbler than his bric-a-brac.

He went from group to group, like a king among his courtiers, distributing slight nods, handshakes, glances and words that indicated a good understanding or a tinge of reproach.

He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

Her beauty left me cold as ice, impervious as adamant.

Her beauty was like that of a splendid piece of sculpture—cold, marble.

Her black tresses, parted on her white forehead, were folded up in multiplied circles on the back of her head, and fastened with pins of silver, projecting on every side, like the rays of the sun.

Her destiny had been fulfilled; her soul had blossomed to its full bloom, and could now only close in silence about the secrets of its bliss, like a rose that shuts its petals and fades.

Her exquisite face was lying there like a cameo, its expression quite changeless.

Her eyes are twin torches in the heaven of her face; her speech has the melody of happy birds; her hair has the wind's fragrance that kisses violet fields—my love! Her presence, like the breath of Spring, calls forth the flowers to greet the happy glances of her eyes and kisses of her feet.

Her eyes became fixed on him in a stony light of terror, like a creature in anguish before her executioner.

Her eyes shone like stars.

Her eyes were as candidly blue as flowers.

Her eyes were cold and hard, and he fancied that there was almost a look of hatred lurking in their clear depths—like the dim shadow of some monster in a limpid pool.

Her eyes were like burning sapphires.

Her eyes were like night, but lustrous as night with all her stars.

Her eyes were like polished gold agates.

Her eyes were like the azure of metal or precious stone.

Her eyes were shining like the pearls in the necklace.

Her eyes were wonderful orbs—large, almost unnaturally large; deep, lustrous, yet keen, defiant and pitiless, and dark as the unsunned depths of an unfathomable mountain-tarn.

Her face, responsive as a wave of the wind, relaxed.

Her face was blanched as white as the painted walls.

Her face was like carven wax.

Her face was pallid as a pearl.

Her fixed eyes were like those of a captive bird or animal, that gaze at us yet seem not to see us, but to look through and beyond us.

Her fun sparkled like champagne.

Her gaiety fell—headlong—like a shot bird.

Her hair was clear brown, touched with gold, like autumn beech leaves.

Her heart sank like a ball of lead.

Her husband was a gaunt old man with a face gray as ashes and dim, colorless eyes.

Her low voice grated like the sound of a boat suddenly running on shallows.

Her musings lifted her as on wings.

Her rich black hair, which rose shaggy and erect above her forehead, fell behind in long tresses like surging billows, and flowed over her neck like seething, bubbling waters.

Her skin was like ivory, with a delicate glow that never faded, soft and shining as moonlight.

Her smile faded as a spot of sunlight wanes, veiled by a cloud.

Her soul stormed up in her as quickly as flame.

Her supernatural, sprite-like laugh rang through the night, producing a shrill harmony, like plates of glass being beaten together.

Her words seemed aglow as with sunlight.

Here and there I saw a clearing, like an island of light, among the dark waves of continuous tree-tops.

His black-rimmed glasses gave him a certain owl-like aspect.

His conscience became suddenly and staringly luminous, like the dial of a city clock.

His countenance was peaceful as is a calm evening, in the hush of the trees, and the still moonlight; his whole person breathed the majesty of nature, as simply beautiful, as purely spontaneous as a mountain or a cloud.

His eyebrows came down like thatched eaves above his eyes.

His eyes fixed on her face, staring through it at some vision, some faint, glimmering light—far out there beyond—as a traveler watches a star.

His eyes, like lamps of electric flame, burned through and through me; and like a distant echo I heard the deep vibrating tones of his voice.

His eyes were like smouldering coals.

His face was like that of a demon.

His face was like the rising sun, radiant with good fun, good humor, good deeds, good news and good living.

His face, with shaven cheeks sucked-in, and smudged-in eyes, was like a ghost's under a gray bowler.

His hair was of a ruddy gold, and the glance of his eyes could be a caress or cold as a flash of steel.

His hand is as light as the sweep of a cloud, as swift as the flash of a sunbeam.

His heart felt light as a swallow he had seen that morning, swooping at a gray feather, carrying it along, letting it flutter away, then diving to seize it again.

His impersonal gaze, from eyes like large brown beads, awoke within her a latent sense of conquest.

His life, lacking her presence, seemed suddenly empty and meaningless, like a ring from which the jewel has fallen out.

His perpetual dreams of the future, by which he isolated himself from the present, kept him ever at a distance, and made him as inaccessible as a god.

His pliant muscles were like cords of steel, and very powerful.

His queer, fiery-eyed face was pale as death, but his manner composed.

His round dark eyes were like those of some shy animal peering inquisitively but shyly at the passer-by.

His silk hat was as glossy, and his clothes as spick and span as if they were upon a tailor's model.

His smiles were rather melancholy, and accorded badly with his great moustaches, under which his playfulness lurked as comfortably as a shy bird in its native thicket.

His style was as limpid as crystal and as sharp as a stiletto.

His thin lips closed upon the word like the lid of a spring matchbox.

His thought is sometimes dressed in royal purple and adorned with gold embroidery, sometimes clothed as simply as ever was village maiden.

His tranquillity was like a flimsy garment, and seemed to float at the mercy of a casual word.

His voice held the word like a caress.

His whole life—all his happiness—passed before him like a flash of lightning.

Humility is as gentle as the dawning of light.

I

I bend like a rose and fly like a bird to the hand that would caress me.

I built up my life upon my love for you, and you have shattered it like glass.

I fell to comparing her flower-like face with this or that particular flower, and I had thought of her as a snowdrop at first; then a wind-flower, the March anemone, with its touch of crimson; then various white, ivory, and cream-colored blossoms with a faintly seen pink blush to them.

I looked through the coming days as one looks through a telescope out to sea, and I could watch the end approaching like a fantom ship—neither slow nor fast, but steadily and silently.

I raised one of the scattered golden locks that lay shining like a sunbeam on the pillow and kissed it tenderly.

I will be as harsh as truth and as uncompromising as justice.

I will be as secret as the grave, if you so desire.

In her lavender wrap she was like a drooping branch of flowering lilac.

In reading novels we are like people who flock from the side streets and alleys of some city to look at a royal procession or an historical pageant.

In severe trials he stood even as a great light on a stormy sea, comforting, helping, and healing in the dark hour.

In the hollows of the roof, enamels like petrified flame displayed their rich eastern tints.

In the soft lamplight, many a cheek flushed like a rose in June.

In the terrible silence his breathing could be heard, like that of a wild beast at bay.

Instead of the busy, ever-recurring image of self, let the thought of God be present with us, like the sea, silent and unfathomable, like the light and air, living and infinite.

Intensity of nature, as manifested in quick speech and jerky movement, is like friction to machinery, self-destructive.

It seemed to me that there was a light upon the mountains—a faint light like the pale shimmer of starlight; it was like the snow reflecting the light from the shapes that moved over it.

It was a strange, cold unhappiness, pressing over her like a cloud.

It was as if you were talking to a statue rather than to a fellow-creature.

It was a wild night, with a gale of wind, a wind that scratched and tore and howled at doors and windows like an angry cat spitting and spluttering.

It was as tho some huge, almost invisible force wrestled with him, flung him down and held him relentlessly in the world's mire.

It was one of the many unwearying, beautiful days which, like a procession of angels, bring us new and ever more perfect joy.

It was rather a curious, thin face, soft brown, like a biscuit.

Its long, gray walls lay like a gleaming girdle clasped round a sleeping forest of minarets, palms and cypresses, with some low domes amongst them, white as wood anemones and, looming over all, the bulk of the great cathedral.

L

Lakes, like polished shields, came gradually into view.

Like a dream, that evening glided on.

Like a swallow winging swiftly, she flew to the couch and kissed the child with pretty demonstration of affection.

Like a whirlwind the storm of thought went over him, and left his heart like a desert heaped with burning sand.

Like giant flames fighting in the breeze, great standards fluttered and creaked.

Like the sheep in the fable, full of courage in the wolf's absence, she preached to herself and laid down admirable plans of conduct.

Like the stars for multitudes were the cowslips.

Like the tall old house with its high windows and squat chimneys, he was marvellously self-contained.

Little joys refresh us constantly, like our daily bread, and never bring disgust; great ones, like sugar bread, refresh us briefly and then bring satiety.

Loneliness overwhelmed her like a flood let loose.

M

Memories of her past, as transparent as the lake, rose up in a crowd in her mind, like white ghosts across the crystal depths.

Midnight passed, and with it the clouds slowly opened and the moon shone out, lighting up the grounds with their orange-trees and statuary, and the distant panorama of the unchanging city, until it spread before me like a fairyland.

Mists rose at evening in the woods, spreading melancholy as a sad tale that floats, like a mist, over those who hear it.

My greatest gratitude for release from those dark days lies in the fact that they have vanished as a dream in the night.

Myriads of fireflies swarmed together so that they appeared to the eye like a luminous cloud.

O

Obedient to her will, Fate had turned like a magnetized needle.

Often we fail to recognize that the evil confronting us is as unsubstantial as a shadow, because we lack the courage to grapple with it.

Oh, but he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret and self-contained and solitary as an oyster.

On the side of the hill the little town hung like a white dream above the peaceful depths.

Onion soup was threaded through our whole trip like a motif.

Our intellectual nature is like the chameleon and takes color from that from which it feeds.

Out of that lake of rustling leaves rise, like the masts of ships crowding a port, church-towers, the belfries of pious convents, the domes and turrets of great buildings walled into cities.

Over the sea the horizon was as brightly sharp as a curved sword.

Overhead was a wind-blown cloud, like a ship a-sail.

P

Peace, like the unbroken calm that death bestows on a tortured sufferer, overspread stream and shore.

Proof of distrust at that moment was really like the probing of a wound.

Q

Quick as a bird of prey he was, and at times as inert; dark as night, eagle-faced, flat-browed, stiff and small in the head, clean-featured, with decisive lips.

R

Romance is like a stained-glass window which colors one's outlook on life; common sense is plate-glass, plain but very clear.

S

She became suddenly volatile as a bit of quicksilver.

She could arrange a bowl of flowers like an artist, and paint them like nature.

She drank in the delight of mingling with the purity of the water and the sky, of melting into them and losing herself, like smoke rising into the air.

She dropped at my feet, white as snow, inert as stone.

She faced the night like a steersman at the wheel of a ship plowing through dark, unknown seas.

She found him installed in her house, in the place of honor, like a piece of family furniture.

She had a sweet little head like a doll, a tiny round face, pale and exquisitely delicate.

She let her children grow up like those plum-trees which thrive along the highways at the pleasure of the rain and sun.

She looked like a long-stalked flower spinning round and round.

She looked like a specter with her eyes inflamed by tears.

She looked like one of those brown, lean, noisy grasshoppers, which strike their heads against the almond trees with their sudden hops.

She made a gesture with her hands as of tearing up an invisible agreement.

She moved her slender white hands a little nearer to the blaze of the fire, and shivered, as a flower might shiver when touched by the faintest breath of wind.

She opened her hand and released the minute fragments of a letter, which floated down through the air like a miniature snowfall.

She sat imperturbable like the sphinx.

She saw the soft outlines of the woman's face gradually disappear, her cheeks become as white as porcelain, her eyes colorless, as tho the springs of life were drying up in her.

She spoke primly, her lips opening and shutting on her words like a kind of mechanical valve.

She stood in the bright pathway like a tall blue flower slightly swayed by the wind.

She stood motionless, like a figure cut out of stone.

She swallows the most improbable things like a carp does—hook and a yard of string as well.

She was a child of earth and sun, exquisite, with her flossy hair a shining chestnut gold, her eyes like the bugloss, her whole face like a flower, or rather like a ripe peach in bloom and color.

She was a plain little woman, whose left eyelid dropped like a permanent wink, in curious contrast to her habitual expression of soured dignity.

She was a veritable queen of the fairies, as dainty as a drop of dew, as piercing to the eye as a flash of light.

She was draped in a long, orange-colored gown, and looked as tho she were enveloped in the flames of the setting sun.

She was expanding like some belated blossom denied its appointed season by a prolonged bleakness.

She was like a corpse washing about with slack limbs in the ugly surf of life.

She was like a lovely and fragile vessel tossing on the troubled waters of perplexity and doubt; and he, like a scaly monster of the deep, swam down below her and kept his shining eye upon her, watching until she should suffer shipwreck to come and devour her.

She was much given to the carrying about of small bags with snaps to them, that went off like little pistols when they were shut up.

She wore a rather wonderful frock of something that shimmered like the sea.

She wore primrose with gauze like smoke.

Silvery mists had suddenly risen and spread like floating white crape over the landscape.

Slowly gliding in and out of the crowd were veiled Turkish women, muffled in white like ghosts, showing nothing but the gleam of their dark eyes, and attended sometimes by a negro black as ebony.

Small creatures as fine as filmy lace peeped from their habitations.

Smartly dressed women were chattering like magpies.

Smiles and frowns chased each other over that open countenance like sunshine and shadow on a windswept plain.

Some persons are like harbors of refuge, to which every vessel will run in distress.

Still as the vast silence above and around him, he sat there entranced.

Such bad weather weighs upon my power of work like lead.

Such eyes as were now bent upon him were like nothing in the world except railway signal lamps with the light in them very much intensified and enlarged.

Suddenly he was flooded with happiness, as if he had been drenched in sparkling delightful water.

Suddenly something sharp and brilliant, like the glitter of a sword or a forked flash of lightning, passed before my eyes, and the lake, the mountains, the whole landscape, vanished like a fleeting mirage.

Suspicious of new friends, and contemptuous of new ideas, he passed through the days like a machine, occasionally getting out of order, but never completely running down.

T

Tears rose to the old woman's eyes; a gleam as of sunset over autumn woods lit her wrinkled face.

Telegraph wires and railways and distant farmhouses swept by like flying specters.

The acrid friendship which reigned between these two ladies had in it something like the pungency of very strong smelling-salts.

The arrival of a traveler at the village inn was like a breath of fresh air admitted into a close room.

The beautiful springs from her footprints like the violet from the tears of evening.

The bells tolled a lament like the cries of souls in torture.

The bosom of the river began to glow like a stream of shimmering gold.

The boy gathered impressions as thickly clustered as the purple bunches of a vintage.

The bureaucrat sat at his post, mysteriously self-possessed, like an idol with dim, unreadable eyes.

The cause occurred to him in a flash that ignited his anger like a ready charged explosive.

The clean salt breath of the sea and the large drafts of space and silence were as bread and meat to his soul.

The clouds looked like great black vessels on a foaming sea.

The cowslips came trooping with swift delight, like a happy song from a heart in love.

The day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven; the sun had pillowed his head upon the western wave, and evening stopped to unloosen the latchets of his sandal-shoon, and the stars came out like sentinels at night to take their place in the silent watches.

The delicacy of color was like a lyric poem or a haunting melody.

The detachment crawled up the hill like an elongated tortoise.

The disorder affected him profoundly, unreasonably.

The dog was combed and decked like a ram for sacrifice.

The distress of mind that had hung upon me like a heavy cloud now rolled away.

The dull human roar of the great metropolis thundered in his ears like the rushing of many waters.

The dust hung about like smoke; the noise was like thunder.

The dust lay on the road deadening their footfalls like a carpet.

The dying twilight, the color of blood and death, now lit up the sky like a bonfire.

The figures of the clerks, enveloped in a studious gloom, were like strange shapes at the bottom of the sea; while the little strong-room, where a lamp always burned, was like the cavern of some ocean monster looking on with a red eye at these mysteries of the deep.

The first line is as soft as honey-dew, as suggestive as the light of dawn on sleeping flowers.

The fir-woods stood like black velvet regiments fronting the oncoming splendor.

The flames were leaping one upon another, like the incoming waves of the billowy deep, ever changing and seething like an army of hissing serpents.

The flat, barren grounds spread under the moon like an immense sheet of unbleached linen.

The fluted clear lawn of her elbow sleeves was like a scented mist.

The fog poised like a wet veil over most things, and made the red iron mounds and heaps of flotsam into looming shadows that shimmered uncertainly.

The fresh fragrance of the light autumn wind and the strong forest scents came up like an intoxicating incense for those who stood admiring this beautiful country.

The gale rampaged violently outside, and shrieked like a drunken fury.

The girl threw her head slightly back and all the curls gathered in a bunch and shook like bronze flowers.

The girl's face remained as serious as the eastern sky when the opposite sunset is too feeble to make it glow.

The girl's freshness appealed to him as the thought of a sea-breeze will appeal to a man with fever.

The gleam in his cold, expressionless eyes bored through the soul of the would-be borrower of cash like a gimlet.

The golden age is not behind us, like a burnt-out star, but before us as the master-light of all our seeing.

The grace of a perfect life seemed to have fallen upon him like a royal robe.

The great cliff struck upward like a menace.

The hermit stood before me, dignified as a tree in the midst of Nature, and awe-inspiring as the evening itself.

The hesitation and the tone in which he said the last word, showed her like an electric flash what was in his own mind.

The hours sped by; the blue sky blushed and then grew pale, like the face of a maiden wounded by love's dart.

The houses nestle upon the heights like a flock of white goats.

The idea persisted; it clung to him like a sturdy beggar.

The intellectual forces of humanity must act, like floods and winds, according to their own laws.

The intellectual possession of the independent thinker is like a beautiful picture which stands before us, a living thing with fitting light and shadow, sustained tones, perfect harmony of color.

The invading bandits vanished before daylight like an army of phantoms.

The isles of enchantment looked like flowers on the violet waves.

The lake lay like a flat disk under the sun-glare for long hours.

The light network of living golden rays still quivered before my eyes, till all at once they seemed to change to a rippling sea of fine flame, with waves that gently swayed to and fro, tipped with foam-crests of prismatic hue like broken rainbows.

The little English clergyman and his amiable, capable wife, swooped down upon us like virtuous but resolute vultures.

The low sun seemed like an incandescent pumpkin-lantern, sinking heavily down a cloudless sheen of sky.

The magic promontory jutted out into the sea, its dark mass forming a silhouette like the head of a hammer.

The man continued to pass to and fro, like a pendulum marking the time.

The man crashed to the ground like some giant oak felled by the ax of a woodman.

The man, like some great lazy mastiff, conscious of ulterior strength, rose and shook himself.

The masculine intellect is like a sword, and even without a keen edge its weight makes it a formidable weapon; while woman's wit is like a penknife—sharpen it as you will, it is capable of no serious task.

The masonry seemed like a chamois leaping from crag to crag, and the whole place for a moment or two was like one of those dreams which end with the sleeper falling from some frightful and unimaginable height.

The men hearkened with gaping mouths, like children listening to a nursery tale.

The moon rose through the haze, but it shone with a lurid glare like the eye of a drunken man.

The moon was full, big as the bottom of a pail all of gold.

The moon was rising above the horizon, as large as a sun; the sea cut it in half and turned quite white like a sheet of snow covered with little diamonds.

The moonlit peak struck upward, like a sword unsheathed.

The music, the inexpressible peace and beauty of the scene, were like caressing hands laid on his responsive spirit.

The narrow inlet of water lay still and limpid, among rugged masses of rock, like an aquamarine set in ebony.

The oppressors showed themselves again like vultures scenting carrion.

The outline of the mountains was singularly bold and fantastic, cutting the sky with summits like spires or isolated citadels.

The pensiveness passed from her bright face like a passing cloud from a star.

The pretty little lady held her coffee-cup between her hands just like a squirrel holds a nut.

The pure idea that dwells in a poem is suffused in the poetic utterance as sunshine breaks into beauty in the mist, as life beats and blushes in the flesh, or as an impassioned thought breathes in a thinker's face.

The rain streams down like harp-strings from the sky.

The recollection of it is like a tangled skein of thread I am trying in vain to unravel.

The ridge of the mountain was as sharp and narrow as a notched razor.

The river glistened in the faint starlight like the dark, glossy scales of some huge snake.

The river glittered like armor.

The roar of the shouting and cheering echoed and reechoed, and the excited yells of rejoicing resounded like thunder.

The sails of two becalmed fishing-smacks showed like dim blurs through the haze.

The sea was like lead, the sky like smoke.

The sea was roaring like a soul in torment.

The second engineer appeared, streaked with grime and soaking wet, like a chimney sweep coming out of a well.

The sense of fatality and sadness passed from her as a cloud, and her earnest, delicate face became again serene, even softly happy.

The significance of the remark loomed up suddenly, like the beetling cliffs that the fisherman sees hanging over him when fog lifts in the channel.

The silent, lustrous night seemed to be keeping vigil, like a lady whose lover has not kept tryst.

The silver cliffs, embosomed in dark, luxuriant foliage, looked like the battlemented towers of some gray, feudal castle.

The slyness of a cat was visible under her narrow black eyes, as small as gimlet holes.

The slumbering country awoke with a bound, quivering throughout like a drum beaten by drumsticks.

The snow-white island lay like a child in arms, between two branches of the great river.

The soft whispering of the wavering grass was like a breath of wind rippling the limpid surface of a lake, like the rustling of a light dress and lovers footsteps coming near, and passing, then lost upon the air.

The sources of pain and pleasure, love or resentment, are like springs that feed the mountain lakes—inpenetrable, unfathomable, inexhaustible.

The stars emerged delicately, as the eyes of fawns shining through the green loom of the forest.

The stars shone languid in the pale sky; they looked like points of light coming to life here and there in a vast milky way.

The steps of that house shone like silver, the borders of the garden loomed like garlands, and the windows were bright like diamonds.

The storm-clouds that encompassed me cleared and parted as if cloven by a silver streak of light.

The sun poured down like molten copper.

The sun was low and showed as a red ball of fire through the thickening mist.

The sun's gold core plowed through the billowing cloud-banks and the lake, caught it in a wrinkling trail, as tho a mammoth vial of gold ink spilled over the water's surface.

The thought struck him like a bullet.

The understanding of God's laws and of Him as unchanging Principle destroys error of every description, even as light destroys darkness.

The uproar and contention and ugliness pierced him like arrows.

The verse flows of itself, full of music, powerful as the roaring of the torrent amongst the rocks, as the rolling of thunder in the clouds; soft as the swishing of an evening shower, or the gentle breath of a summer night breeze.

The very grace of her soul had become as hardened as her eyes; the gifts of her Creator were flung to the winds like her wild hair; within and without, she was a storm-beaten and splendid ruin.

The voice was like the faint jangle of an old thin piano.

The white streak of the ship's track lay across the sea like the straight line drawn by a pencil across a chart.

The whole of her delicate frame was seized with trembling, and quivered like a lyre.

The wild cry had a dismal note in it like the shriek of the wailing wind.

The woman now seemed like some supple leopardess poised on the swift verge of murder.

The words of the man were as balm.

The wind moaned dismally, and she could feel it like the touch of cold fingers on her face.

The window, which was open to the night, showed the moon hanging like a large, floating halo of gold about her head, the stars like flowers strewn over the heavens, and the glint of the sleeping sea.

The word rang like a knell in his dazed brain.

The workers are a picturesque crowd, hard as nails, with bronzed faces and eyes alive and keen as a ferret's.

The world opened up to her like a flower filled with color and life.

Their appearance and their movements throughout had been as fantom-like and silent as the shadows which were now engulfing the house.

There arose masses of fleecy clouds like Alpine snow-peaks, and out of these sprang the moon, round and bright as a silver shield.

There had been a sudden fall of soft snow after some spring weather, which covered the world with a light, fluffy blanket.

There is a stillness in the aspect of those who have felt deeply, which deceives the common eye—as rivers are often alike tranquil and profound, in proportion as they are remote from the springs which agitated and swelled the commencement of their course, and by which their waters are still, tho invisibly, supplied.

There is but one direct way—single and simple as a maiden, uncompromising as a straight line.

There was a sense of hush and fuss like a continuous whisper.

There was no wind, not a leaf turned on the trees—a sinuous sheeting of the countryside like a red-gold armor.

There were endless arms that waved erratically, like branches in a wind.

They are a people meek as lambs, patient as asses, courageous as lions, treacherous as jackals.

They resembled those brilliant peers who shone like intellectual stars around the throne of Elizabeth.

They stood in groups or streamed to the cashier's window, like bees to and from the hive.

They were as free as the air, and nearly as thin.

They were like two children, and as gay as the spring.

They would fain see me all my life tethered to the law, like a browsing goat to a stake.

This atmosphere of cloud serves like the waves of the sea, flinging up opaque billows which softly poised themselves, swayed or eddied violently, caught bright rosy hues from the shafts of sunlight, or showed themselves translucent here and there as a lake of liquid silver.

This peasant's hair, beard and eyes were black as soot.

Thy nod is as the earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile as the dawn of the vernal day.

Time and care had set marks on his face like two grim foresters who mark a tree that is soon to fall.

To crown all there was a rusty, rimless hat, shaped like an inverted flower-pot.

Torrents hurled themselves headlong from the summits of the mountains, sweeping tons of granite with them like straws into the valley below.

True humility is as patient as the rock beaten by a million waves.

V

Virtuous men are like some herbs and spices, that give not out their sweet smell till they be broken or crushed.

Vitality and joy radiated from her like a halo.

Vivid strands of red, gold and silver chase each other across the sky, rushing to greet the first twinkling star, that shines like a silver lamp.

W

Wait yet for one hour, while the east again becomes purple, and the heaving mountains, rolling against it in darkness like waves of a wild sea, are drowned one by one in the glory of its burning; watch the white glaciers blaze in their winding paths about the mountains, like mighty serpents with scales of fire; watch the columnar peaks of solitary snow, kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; their long avalanches cast down in keen streams brighter than the lightning, sending each her tribute of driven snow, like altar-smoke up to the heavens; the rose-light of their silent domes flushing that heaven about them and above them, piercing with purer light through its purple lines of lifted cloud, casting a new glory on every wreath as it passes by, until the whole heaven, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving

flame and tossing, vault beyond vault, as with the drifted winds of many companies of angels; and then, when you can look no more for gladness, and when you are bowed down with fear and love for the Maker and Doer of this, tell me who has delivered his message unto men.

We cling tenaciously to old customs and traditions, also superstitions, handed down like the old bed-quilts from parents to children from generations past.

When she smiled that dimple flew about the corner of her mouth like a twilight moth vaguely fluttering at the rim of a red flower.

White as a snow-flake, impassive as marble, she seemed to be walking in her sleep, her eyes fixed on vacancy.

With a crackling like the sound of silken banners, the splendid, barbaric orgy of the Aurora Borealis began.

With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses.

Within the deep, shadowy embrasure, like a jewel placed on dark velvet, was seated a girl spinning.

Y

Yellow and white butterflies looked like animated flower petals.

You have crushed out hundreds of human lives in your factories as if they were mere ants swarming under your iron heel.

You talk like a book.

Your fame is as worthless as a grain of sand blown by the breath of the sea; your pride and your triumph evanescent as the mists of the morning that vanish in the heat of the sun.

You're like some gorgeous flower in a conservatory.

Youth's sorrows, like April showers, are transitory.

POETIC SIMILES

POETIC SIMILES

A

ABSENCE

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere.

Sonnet XCVII.

SHAKESPEARE

Thou art gone from my gaze like a beautiful dream,
And I seek thee in vain by the meadow and stream.

Thou Art Gone

GEORGE LINLEY

ADORNMENT

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn,
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptured thrill of joy.

Address to Edinburgh

BURNS

ADVERSITY

Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, book in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

As You Like It

SHAKESPEARE

Act II. Sc. 1.

AFFECTATION

He mouths a sentence,
As curs mouth a bone.

The Rosiad

CHURCHILL

AFFECTION

Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affections can not hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Twelfth Night

SHAKESPEARE

AFFLICTION

Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
 Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
 As night to stars, wo luster gives to man.

Night Thoughts, Night IX.

YOUNG

AGE

The spring, like youth, fresh blossoms doth produce,
 But autumn makes them ripe and fit for use:
 So Age a mature mellowness doth seat
 On the green promises of youthful heat.

Cato Major, Part IV.

SIR JOHN DENHAM

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
 But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
 Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner;
 Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years;
 Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
 Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Œdipus

DRYDEN

Time rides with the old
 At a great pace. As travelers on swift steeds
 See the landscape fly and flow behind them,
 While the remoter fields and dim horizons
 Go with them, and seem wheeling round to meet them,
 So in old age things near us slip away,
 And distant things go with us.

Michael Angelo

LONGFELLOW

Tho I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly.

As You Like It
Act II. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE

ALARM

As wasps, provoked by children in their play,
 Pour from their mansions by the broad highway,
 In swarms the guiltless traveler engage,
 Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage;

All rise in arms, and, with a general cry,
 Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny:
 Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
 So loud their clamors, and so keen their arms.

Homer

POPE

AMBITION

Many a shoal
 Marks this stern coast, and rocks, where sit the Siren
 Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.

Kenilworth

SCOTT

How like a mounting devil in the heart rules the unreined ambition!

Parrhasius

WILLIS

ANGER

What sudden anger's this? How have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing.

Henry VIII.

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 2.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

Julius Cæsar

SHAKESPEARE

Act IV. Sc. 3.

ANXIETY

His breath was like inconstant flame
 As eagerly it went and came;
 And I hung o'er him in his sleep,
 Till, like an image in the lake
 Which rains disturb, my tears would break
 The shadow of that slumber deep.
 Then he would bid me not to weep,
 And say, with flattery false yet sweet,
 That death and he could never meet,
 If I would never part with him.

Rosalind and Helen

SHELLEY

APPEARANCE

Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty.

Richard II.

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 3.

Neat and trimly drest
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

Henry IV

SHAKESPEARE

Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 3.

APPLE BLOSSOMS

The apple blossoms' shower of pearl
Tho blent with rosier hue,
As beautiful as woman's blush,
As evanescent too.

Apple Blossoms

L. E. LANDON

APRIL

For April sobs while these are so glad ;
April weeps while these are so gay,—
Weeps like a tired child who had,
Playing with flowers, lost its way.

April

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

ART

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

A Psalm of Life

LONGFELLOW

Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.

Essay on Criticism

POPE

ARTIFICE

Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale ;
Say that she frown ; I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew ;

Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
 Then I'll commend her volubility,
 And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
Taming of the Shrew SHAKESPEARE
Act II. Sc. 1.

ASPIRATION

As flames ascend
 As bodies to their proper center move,
 As the proud ocean to the attracting moon
 Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
 Devolves its winding waters to the main,
 So all things which have life aspire to God,
 The sun of being boundless, unimpaired,
 Center of souls.
Pleasures of Imagination AKENSIDE

ASSUMPTION

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus.
Julius Cæsar SHAKESPEARE
Act I. Sc. 2.

ASTONISHMENT

Fixt in astonishment, I gaze upon thee,
 Like one just blasted by a stroke of heaven,
 Who pants for breath, and stiffens, yet alive
 In dreadful looks,—a monument of wo.
Merchant of Venice SHAKESPEARE

ATTENTION

They fix attention, heedless of your pain,
 With oaths like rivets forced into the brain.
Conversation COWPER

AUTUMN

While the whole fabric is ablaze
 With varied tints, all fused in one
 Great mass of color, like a maze
 Of flowers illumined by the sun.
Keramos LONGFELLOW
 It was Autumn, and incessant
 Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,
 And, like living coals, the apples
 Burned among the withering leaves.
Pegasus in Pound LONGFELLOW

B

BALLOT-BOX

A weapon that comes down as still
 As snowflakes fall from the sod;
 But executes a freemen's will,
 As lightning does the will of God;
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks
 Can shield you; 'tis the ballot-box.

A Word from a Petitioner

PIERPONT

BARGE

And the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That fluting a wild carol ere her death
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs.

Morte d'Arthur

TENNYSON

BEAUTY

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

She Walks in Beauty

BYRON

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
 Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
 And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
 That ope in the month of May.

The Wreck of the Hesperus

LONGFELLOW

O, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Faustus

MARLOWE

Helen, thy beauty is to me
 Like those Nicean barks of yore
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
 The weary, wayward wanderer bore
 To his own native shore.

To Helen

POE

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
 It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,
 Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
 Beauty too rich for us, for earth too dear!

Romeo and Juliet
Act I. Sc. 5.

SHAKESPEARE

And with the tempest, so that ocean
 And earth and sky shone through the atmosphere;
 Only, 'twas strange to see the red commotion
 Of waves like mountains o'er the sinking sphere
 Of sunset sweep, and their fierce roar to hear
 Amid the calm; down the steep path I wound
 To the sea-shore—the evening was most clear
 And beautiful, and there the sea I found
 Calm as a cradled child in dreamless slumber bound.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

'Twas an evening of beauty, the air was perfume,
 The earth was all greenness, the trees were all bloom
 And softly the delicate viol was heard,
 Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

Cities of the Plain

WHITTIER

BELL

How like the leper, with his own sad cry
 Enforcing his own solitude, it tolls!

The Buoy Bell

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER

BIRD

The little bird sits at his door in the sun
 Atilt like a blossom among the leaves.

The Vision of Sir Launfal

LOWELL

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star in heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

* * * * *

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought,
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it needed not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from
 the view:

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged
 thieves.

To a Skylark

SHELLEY

BLESSINGS

Like birds, whose beauties languish half concealed,
 Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
 Expanded, shine with azure, green and gold;
 How blessings brighten as they take their flight.

Night Thoughts, Night II

YOUNG

BOOKS

Books, books, books!

I had found the secret of a garret room
 Piled high with cases in my father's name;
 Piled high, packed large,—where, creeping in and out
 Among the giant fossils of my past,
 Like some small nimble mouse between the ribs
 Of a mastodon, I nibbled here and there
 At this or that box, pulling through the gap,
 In heats of terror, haste, victorious joy,
 The first book first.

Aurora Leigh

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps
Like a wrecked argosy.

A Life Drama

ALEXANDER SMITH

BRAVERY

The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield and save:—
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,
Now moved with pity.

Don Juan

BYRON

Canto VIII.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpet's clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire.

Taming of the Shrew

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 2.

BREATH

His breath like silver arrows pierced the air.

Winter

FRANCIS ANNE KEMBLE

BREEZE

A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of a dream.

The Wind and Stream

BRYANT

BREVITY

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man had power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

Midsummer Night's Dream

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 1.

BRIGHTNESS

She moved this earth a shape of brightness,
 A power, that from its objects scarcely drew
 One impulse of her being—in her lightness
 Most light some radiant cloud of morning dew
 Which wanders through the waste air's pathless blue
 To nourish some far desert; she did seem
 Beside me, gathering beauty as she drew,
 Like the bright shade of some immortal dream
 Which walks, when tempest sleeps, the wave of life's dark stream.
The Revolt of Islam SHELLEY

C**CAPITULATION**

For now my love is thaw'd;
 Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
 Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Two Gentlemen of Verona SHAKESPEARE
Act II. Sc. 4.

CESSATION

And soon
 Their hushing dances languished to a stand,
 Like midnight leaves when, as the Zephyrs swoon,
 And on their drooping stems they sink unfanned.
The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies HOOD

CHANGEABLENESS

Women, like summer storms, awhile are cloudy,
 Burst out in thunder and impetuous showers:
 But straight the sun of beauty dawns abroad,
 And all the fair horizon is serene.
Tamerlane ROWE

CHASTITY

As chaste as unsunn'd snow.
Cymbeline SHAKESPEARE
Act II. Sc. 5.

CHEEK

And his cheek was like a rose in the snow.
The Last Leaf HOLMES

CHILDHOOD

As the moth around a taper,
 As the bees around a rose,
 As the gnats around a vapor,
 So the spirits group and close
 Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

A Child Asleep

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

O child! O new-born denizen
 Of life's great city! On thy head
 The glory of the morn is shed,
 Like a celestial benison!

To a Child

LONGFELLOW

CITY

Over the utmost hill at length I sped,
 A snowy steep:—the moon was hanging low
 Over the Asian mountains, and, outspread
 The plain, the City, and the Camp below,
 Skirted the midnight Ocean's glimmering flow;
 The City's moon-lit spires and myriad lamps
 Like stars in a sublunar sky did glow,
 And fires blazed far amid the scattered camps,
 Like springs of flame which burst where'er swift Earthquake stamps.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

CLOUDS

And the hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain.

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year

LONGFELLOW

COMMAND

Those he commands, move only in command
 Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
 Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
 Upon a dwarfish thief.

Macbeth

SHAKESPEARE

Act V. Sc. 2.

COMMOTION

Commotion shook
 The whole assembly such as heaves the flood
 Of the Icarian deep, when south and east
 Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove;
 And as rapid west descending shakes
 Corn at full growth, and bends the loaded ears,
 So was the council shaken.

Iliad

HOMER

COMPLIMENT

Current among men
Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
The Princess TENNYSON

CONCEALMENT

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.
Twelfth Night SHAKESPEARE
Act II. Sc. 4.

CONQUEST

Shy as a squirrel that leaps among the pine-tops,
Wayward as the swallow overhead at set of sun,
She whom I love is hard to catch and conquer,
Hard, but oh, the glory of the winning, were she won!
Love in the Valley GEORGE MEREDITH

My sick heart shows
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe,
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
Henry VI. SHAKESPEARE
Pt. III. Act V. Sc. 2.

CONTRASTS

Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the
oakleaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the
wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of
her tresses!
Evangeline LONGFELLOW

For, where the irresistible storm had cloven
 That fearless darkness, the blue sky was seen,
 Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven
 Most delicately, and the ocean green,
 Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,
 Quivered like burning emerald; calm was spread
 On all below; but far on high, between
 Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,
 Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest shed.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

CONVERSATION

But conversation, choose what theme we may,
 And chiefly when religion leads the way,
 Should flow, like waters after summer show'rs,
 Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers.

Conversation

COWPER

COUNSEL

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve.

Much Ado About Nothing
Act V. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE

COURTESY

How sweet and gracious, even in common speech,
 Is that fine sense which men call Courtesy!
 Wholesome as air and genial as the light,
 Welcome in every clime as breath of flowers,
 It transmutes aliens into trusting friends,
 And gives its owner passport round the globe.

Courtesy

JAMES T. FIELDS

COWARDS

So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
 As doves do peck upon the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

Henry VI.

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 4.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk.

Merchant of Venice
Act III. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE

CRUELTY

Those cruel eyes, like two funeral tapers
Have only lighted me the way to death.

A Valentine

HOOD

Cruel and cold is the judgment of man,
Cruel as winter, and cold as the snow.

By-and-By

LEWIS J. BATES

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave.

The Seasons

THOMSON

D**DAFFODILS**

We die as your hours do, and dry away like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning'd dew
Ne'er to be found again.

Daffodils

HERRICK

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle in the milky way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the bay.

The Daffodils

WORDSWORTH

DARKNESS

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

The Day is Done

LONGFELLOW

DAWN

Slowly buds the pink dawn like a rose
From out night's gray and cloudy sheath;
Softly and still it grows and grows,
Petal by petal, leaf by leaf.

The Morning Comes Before the Sun

SUSAN COOLIDGE

DAY

Now in his Palace of the West,
Sinking to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fann'd to rest,
'Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;

While 'round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept—
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch the last smile e'er he slept.

The Summer Fête

MOORE

DEAD

Like foam on the crest of the billow,
Which sparkles and sinks from the sight;
Like leaf of the wind-shaken willow,
Tho transiently, beauteously bright;
Like dew-drops, exhaled as they glisten;
Like perfume, which dies soon as shed;
Like melody, hushed while we listen,
Is memory's dream of the dead.

BARTON

DEATH

As lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.

Sohrab and Rustum

ARNOLD

Quick! Quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift: for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.

Sohrab and Rustum

ARNOLD

Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd!
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

And Thou Art Dead

BYRON

Oh! Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

*Oh! Why Should the Spirit of
Mortal be Proud?*

WILLIAM KNOX

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

*Romeo and Juliet
Act IV. Sc. 5*

SHAKESPEARE

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Sonnet IX.

SHAKESPEARE

DECAY

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flower dishevell'd in the wind;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream;
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him ignoble graves.

Task, Bk. III.

COWPER

All, that in this world is great or gay,
 Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

Ruins of Time

SPENCER

DEEDS

How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice

SHAKESPEARE

Act V. Sc. 1.

DEFIANCE

"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die."
 Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round.

The Lady of the Lake

SCOTT

DEPRESSION

The evaporation of a joyous day,
 Is like the last glass of champagne, without
 The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
 Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
 Or like a soda bottle, when its spray
 Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
 Or like a billow, left by storms behind
 Without the animation of the wind.

Don Juan

BYRON

Canto. XVI. St. 9.

All day the darkness and the cold
 Upon my heart have lain,
 Like shadows on the winter sky,
 Like frost upon the pane.
On Receiving an Eagle's Quill WHITTIER

DESERTION

When I remember all
 The friends, so link'd together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed!
Oft in the Stilly Night MOORE

DESTRUCTION

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown!
The Destruction of Sennacherib BYRON

Who shall face
 The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?

 The vast hulks
 Are whirled like chaff upon the waves; the sails
 Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
 Are snapped asunder.
Hymn of the Sea BRYANT

Yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered; as, when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks or mountain pines,
 With singed top, their stately growth, tho bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath.
Paradise Lost MILTON
Book 8. Lines 612-15.

DEVOTION

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
As Down in the Sunless Retreats MOORE

DEW

Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew.
Night Thoughts. Night IX. YOUNG

DISCIPLINE

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
 But changes, night and day, too, like the sky;
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
 And darkness and destruction as on high;
 But when it hath been scorch'd and pierc'd and riven,
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye
 Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood turn'd to tears.
Don Juan BYRON

DISCLOSURE

As night the life-inclining stars best shows,
 So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.
Hymns and Epigrams of Homer GEORGE CHAPMAN

DISEASE

A cheek, whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray.
The Prisoner of Chillon BYRON

DISSOLUTION

Like the lily,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head and perish.
Henry VIII. SHAKESPEARE
Act III. Sc. I.

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind.

Tempest

SHAKESPEARE

Act IV. Sc. 1.

DOWNFALL

I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness,
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

Henry VIII.

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 2.

DREAMS

Come with soft, rounded cheeks,
 And eyes as bright
 As sunlight on a stream.

Come Back in Dreams

ROSSETTI

DRIFTING

I am as a weed,
 Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
 Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
Childe Harold. Canto III.

BYRON

DULLNESS

A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
 An oracle within an empty cask;

 He says but little, and that little said
 Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
 His wit invites you by his looks to come,
 But when you knock it never is at home.

Conversation

COWPER

DUTIES

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
 The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless
 Are scattered at the feet of Man, like flowers.

The Excursion

WORDSWORTH

E

EAGLE

He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

The Eagle

TENNYSON

EMOTION

For there are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together.

Courtship of Miles Standish

LONGFELLOW

ENCOURAGEMENT

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

The Deserted Village

GOLDSMITH

ERRORS

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

All for Love

DRYDEN

EVANESCENCE

And, like a passing thought,
She fled in light away.

The Vision

BURNS

How fading are the joys we dote upon!
Like apparitions seen and gone;
But those which soonest take their flight
Are the most exquisite and strong;
Like angel's visits short and bright,
Mortality's too weak to bear them long.

The Parting

JOHN NORRIS

But the snow-white sail that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone
As an angel's wing through an opening cloud
Is seen and then withdrawn.

Pilgrim Fathers

PIERPONT

But thou art fled,
 Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn
 Robes in its golden beams,—ah! thou hast fled!
 The brave, the gentle and the beautiful,
 The child of grace and genius.

Alastor

SHELLEY

As fades the iris after rain
 In April's tearful weather,
 The vision vanished, as the strain
 And daylight died together.

Music in Camp

JOHN RANDOLPH THOMPSON

EXCELLENCE

For thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
 As is a wingèd messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Romeo and Juliet

SHAKESPEARE

EXPECTATION

To-morrow, what delight is in to-morrow!
 What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
 Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down,
 Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
 Where childhood waits with weary expectation.

The New Pastoral

READ

EXPERIENCE

Experience, like a pale musician, holds
 A dulcimer of patience in his hand,
 Whence harmonies we can not understand,
 Of God's will in his worlds, the strain unfolds
 In sad perplexed minors; deathly colds
 Fall on us while we hear and countermand
 Our sanguine heart back from the fancy-land
 With nightingales in visionary wolds.

Sonnets

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Perplexed Music

EXPRESSION

But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Essay on Criticism
Part II.

POPE

EYES

In her eyes a thought
Grew sweeter and sweeter, deepening like the dawn,—
A mystical forewarning.

Pythagoras

T. B. ALDRICH

With eyes that look'd into the very soul . . .
Bright—and as black and burning as a coal.

Don Juan

BYRON

Canto IV. St. 94.

Her eyes, fair eyes, like to the purest lights
That animate the sun or cheer the day;
In whom the shining sunbeams brightly play,
While Fancy doth on them divine delights.

From Menaphon

ROBERT GREENE

Menaphon's Eclogue

On women Nature did bestow two eyes,
Like heaven's bright lamps, in matchless beauty shining,
Whose beams do soonest captivate the wise
And wary heads, made rare by art's refining.

From Philomela

ROBERT GREENE

Sonnet

Thy deep eyes, amid the gloom,
Shine like jewels in a shroud.

Christus

LONGFELLOW

Golden Legend

O lovely eyes of azure,
Clear as the waters of a brook that run
Limpid and laughing in the summer sun!

The Masque of Pandora

LONGFELLOW

Bright as the sun her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Rape of the Lock

POPE

Canto II.

Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long, fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb, and line through line interwoven.

Prometheus Unbound

SHELLEY

F

FABRIC

A fabric huge
Rose like an exhalation.

Paradise Lost
Bk. I.

MILTON

FACE

And her face so fair
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air.

Don Juan
Canto IV. St. 29.

BYRON

He had a face like a benediction.

Don Quixote
Bk. II. Pt. I. Ch. IV.

CERVANTES

Her face was like an April morn
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand
That held her sable shroud.

William and Margaret

DAVID MALLET

Her face is like the milky way i' the sky,—
A meeting of gentle lights without a name.

Brenmoralt
Act III.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

For his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east.

Morte d' Arthur

TENNYSON

FADED

She faded, like a cloud which had outwept the rain.

Adonais

SHELLEY

FAITH

As still to the star of its worship, tho clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,
So dark when I roam in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to Thee.

The Heart's Prayer

MOORE

FALSITY

As false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son.

Troilus and Cressida SHAKESPEARE
Act III. Sc. 2.

FAME

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapor;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

Don Juan BYRON
Canto I. St. 218.

FANCIES

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams.
Or like hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

Il Penseroso MILTON

FANCY

While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

The Task COWPER
Bk. IV.

FASCINATION

I could not choose but gaze; a fascination
Dwelt in that moon, and sky, and clouds, which drew
My fancy thither, and in expectation
Of what I knew not, I remained. The hue
Of the white moon, amid that heaven so blue
Suddenly stained with shadow did appear;
A speck, a cloud, a shape, approaching grew,
Like a great ship in the sun's sinking sphere
Beheld afar at sea, and swift it came anear.

The Revolt of Islam SHELLEY

FEAR

Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!

The Ancient Mariner

COLERIDGE

And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.

Hamlet

Act I. Sc. 1.

SHAKESPEARE

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me:
And all my followers to the eager foe
Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,
Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.

Henry VI.

SHAKESPEARE

FEELING

Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy, that betrays where the anchor is hidden.

Evangeline

LONGFELLOW

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

Holidays

LONGFELLOW

FEET

Like snails did creep her pretty feet
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

Aph. Upon Her Feet

HERRICK

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.

Ballad Upon a Wedding

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

FIERCENESS

Black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand.

Paradise Lost Bk. II.

MILTON

FLAG

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
 To hover in the sulfur smoke,
 To ward away the battle stroke,
 And bid its blending shine afar,
 Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory!

The American Flag

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

FOLLY

A wise man poor
 Is like a sacred book that's never read,—
 To himself he lives, and to all else seems dead.
 This age thinks better of a gilded fool
 Than of a threadbare saint in wisdom's stool.

Old Fortunatus

THOMAS DEKKER

FOOLISHNESS

Man, proud man,
 Drest in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weep.

Measure for Measure
Act II. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE

FOREST

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
 Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
 Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
 Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

Evangeline

LONGFELLOW

FORTITUDE

As monumental bronze, unchang'd his look;
 A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
 Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier
 The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook;
 Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
 A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

Gertrude of Wyoming

CAMPBELL

FRANKNESS

As frank as rain
 On cherry blossoms.

Aurora Leigh

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

FRENZY

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

Hamlet

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 1.

FRESHNESS

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

William and Margaret

DAVID MALLET

FRIENDS

Friends are like melons. Shall I tell you why?
To find one good, you must a hundred try.

Epigram on Friends

CLAUDE MERMET

G**GARLANDS**

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is wrinkled?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled.

All for Love

BYRON

GENEROSITY

I have a soul that, like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Sebastian

DRYDEN

GENTLENESS

They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet.

Cymbeline

SHAKESPEARE

Act IV. Sc. 2.

GLADNESS

The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks.

Among the Trees

BRYANT

GLOOM

Gloomy as night he stands.

Odyssey

HOMER

Bk. XI. Pope's trans.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

King Henry IV.

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 1.

GLORIES

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But look'd to near have neither heat nor light.

The White Devil

JOHN WEBSTER

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind.

Richelieu

BULWER-LYTTON

Act V. Sc. 3.

GLORY

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself

Till, by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Henry VI.

SHAKESPEARE

Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.

GOD

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee,
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

God

DERZHAVIN

GRACEFULNESS

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Cities of the Plain

WHITTIER

GRASS

The green grass floweth like a stream
Into the ocean's blue.

The Sirens

LOWELL

GRATITUDE

Our father's God! from out whose hand
 The centuries fall like grains of sand,
 We meet to-day, united, free,
 And loyal to our land and Thee,
 To thank Thee for the era done,
 And trust Thee for the opening one.

Centennial Hymns

WHITTIER

GRAVE

On a lone barren isle, where the wild roaring billows
 Assail the stern rock, and the loud tempests rave,
 The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
 Like fond weeping mourners, lean over his grave.

The Grave of Bonaparte

LEONARD HEATH

GRIEF

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
 Short as it is violent.

Basil

JOANNA BAILLIE

Last she stood up to her queenly height
 But she look like an autumn leaf,
 As tho the fire wherein she burned
 Then left the body, and all were turned
 To winter of life—long grief.

The King's Tragedy

ROSSETTI

Now in this golden crown like a deep well
 That owes two buckets, filling one another,
 The emptier ever dancing in the air,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down and full of tears am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

King Richard II.

SHAKESPEARE

H

HAIR

Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air.

The Bard

GRAY

Her cap of velvet could not hold
 The tresses of her hair of gold,
 That flowed and floated like the stream.
 And fell in masses down her neck.

Christus

LONGFELLOW

The Golden Legend, Pt. VI.

Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

The Blessed Damozel

ROSSETTI

Golden hair, like sunlight streaming
On the marble of her shoulder.

The Lover's Vision

J. G. SAXE

HAPPINESS

And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Childe Harold
Canto III.

BYRON

HARMONY

A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly,
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon the pool of tone,
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide
And clarified and glorified
The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the warm concave of that fluted note
Somewhat, half song, half odor forth did float
As if a rose might somehow be a throat.

The Symphony

SIDNEY LANIER

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!

A Canadian Boat Song

MOORE

As sweet and musical
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Love's Labor Lost
Act IV. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE

HEART

And tho at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like an ocean
That can not be at rest.

Resignation

LONGFELLOW

The heart is like an instrument whose strings
 Steal nobler music from Life's many frets:
 The golden threads are spun thro' Suffering's fire,
 Wherewith the marriage-robcs for heaven are woven:
 And all the rarest hues of human life
 Take radiance, and are rainbow'd out in tears.

Wedded Love

GERALD MASSEY

There are some hearts like wells green-mossed and deep.

Living Waters

CAROLINE SPENCER

Her heart is like an out-bound ship
 That at its anchor swings.

Amy Wentworth

WHITTIER

HEAVINESS

As full-blown poppies, overcharg'd with rain,
 Decline the head, and drooping kiss the plain,—
 So sinks the youth, his beauteous head, deprest
 Beneath his helmet, drops upon his breast.

The Iliad of Homer
Book VIII.

POPE

HEEDLESSNESS

The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard.

The Eve of St. Agnes

KEATS

HONOR

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
 For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
 And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
 So honor peereth in the meanest habit.

Taming of the Shrew
Act IV. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE

HOPE

One hope, like a keen sword of starting threads uphung.
Revolt of Islam

But still there clung

BYRON

Hope, like the gleaming taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers our way;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

Captivity

GOLDSMITH

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home, at last.

The Deserted Village

GOLDSMITH

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
 At objects in an airy height;
 The little pleasure of the game
 Is from afar to view the flight.

To Hon. Charles Montague

PRIOR

Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho strong,
 Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenes;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.

Night Thoughts
Night VII.

YOUNG

HOPELESSNESS

Friendless and hopeless—like a lonely tree,
 On some bare headland straining mournfully,
 That all night long its weary moan doth make
 To the vexed waters of a mountain lake.

Cromwell

ARNOLD

When no hope is, life's a warning
 That only serves to make us grieve,
 When we are old;
 That only serves to make us grieve
 With oft and tedious taking-leave,
 Like some poor-nigh-related guest,
 That may not rudely be dismissed.

Youth and Age

COLERIDGE

HORROR

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Hamlet Act I. Sc. 5.

SHAKESPEARE

HORSE

His mane is like a river flowing,
 And his eyes like embers glowing
 In the darkness of the night,
 And his pace as swift as light.

The Blood Horse

BARRY CORNWALL

HUMILITY

Bow, stubborn knees! and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.

Hamlet

Act III. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE

I

ICE

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

The Ancient Mariner

COLERIDGE

IDLENESS

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

The Ancient Mariner

COLERIDGE

IDLER

An idler is a watch that wants both hands,
As useless when it goes as when it stands.

Retirement

COWPER

IMPATIENCE

So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.

Romeo and Juliet

Act III. Sc. 2.

SHAKESPEARE

INDICATION

The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day.

Paradise Regained

Bk. IV.

MILTON

INDIVIDUALITY

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean

JAMES MONTGOMERY

INDULGENCE

'Tis ever thus: indulgence spoils the base;
Raising up pride, and lawless turbulence,
Like noxious vapors from the fulsome marsh
When morning shines upon it.

Basil

JOANNA BAILLIE

INFLUENCE

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The center mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads.

Essay on Man

POPE

INFREQUENCY

Like angel visits, few and far between.

Pleasures of Hope

CAMPBELL

INGRATITUDE

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless child.

King Lear

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 4.

INSECURITY

Soon these will slip from out the twig's weak hold,
 Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.

Maple Leaves

T. B. ALDRICH

INSPIRATION

Great thoughts, great feelings came to them,
 Like instincts, unawares.

The Men of Old

LORD HOUGHTON

INTERRUPTION

Or ere I could
 Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north
 Shakes all our buds from growing.

Cymbeline

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. 3.

J**JEST**

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
 As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.

Two Gentlemen of Verona

SHAKESPEARE

Act II. Sc. 1.

JOY

Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
 Like the wave.

A Question

ARNOLD

A new joy,
Lovely as light, sudden as summer gust,
And gladsome as the first-born of spring.

The Picture

COLERIDGE

JUDGMENT

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heartstrings,
And the smart twinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

The Day of Judgment

WATTS

K

KINGS

Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

Hellas

SHELLEY

L

LAKE

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue,
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy.

Lady of the Lake
Canto III.

SCOTT

LANDSCAPE

And the landscape
Lay as if new created in all freshness of childhood.

Evangeline

LONGFELLOW

LAUGHTER

Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the South,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.

Ariel

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

LEAVES

The yellow poplar leaves came down
And like a carpet lay,
No waftings were in the sunny air
To flutter them away.

Strife and Peace

JEAN INGELOW

LIBERTY

Then liberty, like day,
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heaven
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.

The Task
Bk. V.

COWPER

LIES

These lies are like the father that begets
them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable.

Henry IV.
Pt. I. Act II. Sc. 4.

SHAKESPEARE

LIFE

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.

Epistle to James Smith

BURNS

Men deal with life as children with their play,
Who first misuse, then cast their toys away.

Hope

COWPER

This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And tho it sometimes seem of its own might
Like to an eye of gold to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
But in that pomp it doth not long appear;
For when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

The Happy Heart

DRUMMOND

Man's life is like unto a winter's day,
Some break their fast and so depart away,
Others stay dinner then depart full fed;
The longest age but sups and goes to bed.
Oh, reader, then behold and see,
As we are now so must you be.

Horæ Succisivæ

BISHOP HENSHAW

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive; and successive rise.

Iliad

HOMER

Bk. 6, Pope's trans.

Art is long and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, tho stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

A Psalm of Life

LONGFELLOW

Thy life, a long dead calm of fixed repose;
No pulse that riots and no blood that glows;
Still as the sea ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promised Heaven.

Eloisa to Abelard

POPE

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.

King John

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 4.

We have two lives;
The soul of man is like the rolling world,
One half in day, the other dip in night;
The one has music and the flying cloud,
The other, silence and the wakeful stars.

Horton

ALEXANDER SMITH

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die.

Summer Rose

R. H. WILDE

All my past life is mine no more;
The flying hours are gone,
Like transitory dreams given o'er,
Whose images are kept in store
By memory alone.

Love and Life

JOHN WILMOT

LIGHT

The magic car moved on.
 Earth's distant orb appeared
 The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;
 Whilst round the chariot's way
 Innumerable systems rolled
 And countless spheres diffused
 An ever-varying glory.
 It was a sight of wonder: some
 Were horned like the crescent moon;
 Some shed a mild and silver beam
 Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
 Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,
 Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
 Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
 Eclipsed all other light.

Queen Mab

SHELLEY

LONGING

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sighed for thee;
 When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
 And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
 And the weary Day turned to his rest,
 Lingered like an unloved guest,
 I sighed for thee.

To Night

SHELLEY

LOSS

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
 That things depart which never may return;
 Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
 Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
 These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,
 Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore;
 Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
 On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;
 Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood;
 Above the blind and battling multitude;
 In honored poverty thy voice did weave
 Songs consecrate to truth and liberty—
 Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
 Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

To Wordsworth

SHELLEY

LOVE

O, the toils of life!

How small they seem when love's resistless tide
Sweeps brightly o'er them! Like the scattered stones
Within a mountain streamlet, they but serve
To strike the hidden music from its flow
And make its sparkle visible.

Paul Isham

ANNA KATHERINE GREEN

All the heart was full of feeling: love had ripened into speech,
Like the sap that turns to nectar, in the velvet of the peach.

Adonais

WILLIAM WALLACE HARNEY.

Love is like a landscape which doth stand
Smooth at a distance, rough at hand.

On Love

ROBERT HEGGE

Like Dian's kiss, unask'd, unsought,
Love gives itself, but is not bought.

Endymion

LONGFELLOW

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consumed her early prime;
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek,
She died before her time.

William and Margaret

DAVID MALLET

A love large as life, deep and changeless as death.

Lucile

OWEN MEREDITH

The moods of love are like the wind;
And none knows whence or why they rise

The Angel in the House

COVENTRY PATMORE

Love is full of unbefitting strains;
All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;
Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,
Full of stray shapes, of habits, and of forms,
Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
To every varied object in his glance.

Love's Labor Lost

SHAKESPEARE

Act. V. Sc. 2.

But true love never yet
Was thus constrained; it overleaps all fence;
Like lightning, with invisible violence
Piercing its continents; like Heaven's free breath,
Which he who grasps can hold not; like Death,
Who rides upon a thought, and makes his way
Through temple, tower, and palace, and the array

Of arms; more strength has Love than he or they;
 For it can burst his charnel and make free
 The limbs in chains, the heart in agony,
 The soul in dust and chaos.

Epipsychidion

SHELLEY

LOVELINESS

All plumed, like estridges that with the wind
 Baited, like eagles having lately bath'd;
 Glittering in golden coats, like images;
 As full of spirit as the month of May,
 And as gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.

King Henry IV.

SHAKESPEARE.

Pt. I. Act IV. Sc. I.

M

MAIDEN

Maiden, crowned with glossy blackness
 Lithe as panther, forest roaming.

Song from "The Spanish Gypsy"

GEORGE ELIOT

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
 In whose orbs a shadow lies
 Like the dusk in evening skies,
 See'st thou shadows sailing by
 As the dove, with startled eye,
 Sees the falcon's shadow fly.

Maidenhood

LONGFELLOW

MAIDENS

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
 And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
Childe Harold, Canto I.

BYRON.

MAN

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are,
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew,
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood:
 Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in and paid to night:

The wind blows out, the bubble dies,
 The spring intombed in autumn lies;
 The dew's dried up, the star is shot,
 The flight is past, and man forgot.

On the Life of Man

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot.

Essay on Man, Epistle II.

POPE

See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command:
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband.

Hamlet

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 4

MARCH

In fierce March weather
 White waves break tether,
 And whirled together
 At either hand,
 Like weeds uplifted,
 The tree-trunks rifted
 In spars are drifted,
 Like foam or sand.

Four Songs of Four Seasons

SWINBURNE

MEDITATION

Happy the heart that keeps its twilight hour,
 And, in the depths of heavenly peace reclined,
 Loves to commune with thoughts of tender power—
 Thoughts that ascend, like angels beautiful,
 A shining Jacob's-ladder of the mind!

Sonnet IX

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

MELODIES

But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
 The holy melodies of love arise.

The Arsenal at Springfield

LONGFELLOW

MEMORIES

As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
 As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me.
Pulpit Eloquence AMELIA B. WELBY

MEMORY

Memory watches o'er the sad review
 Of joys that faded like the morning dew.
Pleasures of Hope CAMPBELL
 And memory, like a drop that, night and day,
 Falls cold and ceaseless wore my heart away!
Lalla Rookh MOORE
V. P. of Khorassan

O, it comes o'er my memory,
 As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
 Boding to all.
Othello SHAKESPEARE
Act IV. Sc. 1

MERCY

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
 Upon the place beneath.
The Merchant of Venice SHAKESPEARE
Act IV. Sc. 1.

MERIT

For as one star another far exceeds,
 So souls in heaven are placèd by their deeds.
A Maiden's Dream ROBERT GREENE

MISFORTUNE

The good are better made by ill,
 As odors crush'd are better still.
Jacqueline SAMUEL ROGERS

MODESTY

Modest and shy as a nun is she.
Robert of Lincoln BRYANT
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
The Deserted Village GOLDSMITH

MOON

Pale through the azure expanse of the sky the moon was ascending;
 Like intangible snow its breath of silvery vapor
 Softly fell through the fields of the air.
Calpurnia H. H. BOYESEN

'Tis midnight:—on the mountains brown
 The cold round moon shines deeply down;
 Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
 Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light,
 So wildly, spiritually bright.

Siege of Corinth

BYRON

How like a queen comes forth the lonely Moon
 From the slow-opening curtains of the clouds;
 Walking in beauty to her midnight throne!
 The stars are veil'd in light: the ocean-floods,
 And the ten thousand streams, the boundless woods,
 The trackless wilderness, the mountain's brow,
 Where winter on eternal pinions broods,
 All height, depth, wildness, grandeur, gloom below
 Touch'd by the smile, lone Moon! in one wide splendor glow.

Diana

GEORGE CROLY

Such a slender moon, going up and up,
 Waxing so fast from night to night,
 And swelling like an orange flower-bud, bright,
 Fated, methought, to round as to a golden cup,
 And hold to my two lips life's best of wine.

Songs of the Night Watches

JEAN INGELGW

The moon shines white and silent
 On the mist, which, like a tide
 Of some enchanted ocean,
 O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
 Spreading its ghost-like billows
 Silently far and wide.

Midnight

LOWELL

Then the moon, in all her pride,
 Like a spirit glorified,
 Filled and overflowed the night
 With revelations of her light.

Daylight and Moonlight

LONGFELLOW

Day glimmer'd in the east, and the white Moon
 Hung like a vapor in the cloudless sky.

Italy

SAMUEL ROGERS

The curled moon
 Was like a little feather
 Fluttering far down the gulf.

The Blessed Damozel

ROSSETTI

The noble sister of Poplicola
 The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
 That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
 And hangs on Diana's temple.

Coriolanus

SHAKESPEARE

Act V. Sc. 3.

MORN

Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
 Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
 The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
 Kisses the blushing leaf.

Autumn

LONGFELLOW

MOTIONLESS

Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
 And moveth all together, if it move at all.

Resolution and Independence

WORDSWORTH

MOUNTAIN

Thou too again, stupendous Mountain, thou
 That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
 In adoration, upward from thy base
 Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
 Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
 To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise,
 Rise like a cloud of incense, from the earth!

Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni

COLERIDGE

MOUTH

Those cherries fairly do enclose
 Of orient pearl a double row,
 Which, when her lovely laughter shows,
 They look like rosebuds fill'd with snow.

An Howre's Recreation in Musike

RICHARD ALISON

MURMURING

He scarce had finished, when such murmur filled
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds which all night long
 Had roused the sea.

Paradise Lost

MILTON

MUSIC

Music sweeps by me as a messenger
Carrying a message that is not for me.

Spanish Gypsy
Bk. III.

GEORGE ELIOT

That strain again! It had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.

Twelfth Night
Act I. Sc. I.

SHAKESPEARE

Then dulcet music swelled
Concordant with the life-strings of the soul;
It throbbed in sweet and languid beatings there,
Catching new life from transitory death;
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, falls and swells by fits,
Was the pure stream of feeling
That sprung from those sweet notes,
And o'er the Spirit's human sympathies
With mild and gentle motion calmly flowed.

Queen Mab

SHELLEY

To hear the restless multitude forever
Around the base of that great Altar flow,
As on some mountain islet burst and shiver
Atlantic waves; and, solemnly and slow,
As the wind bore that tumult to and fro,
To feel that dreamlike music, which did swim
Like beams through floating clouds on waves below,
Falling in pauses, from that Altar dim,
As silver-sounding tongues breathed an aerial hymn.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes.

The Lotus Eaters

TENNYSON

MYSTERY

It flows through old hushed Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream.

Sonnet

LEIGH HUNT

It visits with inconstant glance
 Each human heart and countenance;
 Like hues and harmonies of evening,—
 Like clouds in starlight widely spread,—
 Like memory of music fled,—
 Like aught that for its grace may be
 Dear, and yet dearer for its mystery.

Hymn to Intellectual Beauty

SHELLEY

N

NATURE

More dark
 And dark the shades accumulate. The oak,
 Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
 Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
 Of the tall cedar overarching frame
 Most solemn domes within, and far below,
 Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
 The ash and the acacia floating hang
 Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents, clothed
 In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
 Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
 The gray trunks, and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
 With gentle meanings, and most innocent wiles,
 Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
 These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
 Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
 Make network of the dark blue light of day
 And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
 As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
 Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
 Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
 Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
 Sends from its woods of musk-rose twined with jasmine
 A soul-dissolving odor to invite
 To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
 Silence and Twilight here, twin-sisters, keep
 Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
 Like vaporous shapes half-seen; beyond a well,
 Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
 Images all the woven boughs above,
 And each depending leaf, and every speck

Of azure sky darting between their chasms;
 Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
 Its portraiture, but some inconstant star,
 Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,
 Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
 Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
 Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
 Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.
Alastor

SHELLEY

NEARNESS

When our two lives grew like two buds that kiss
 At lightest thrill from the bee's swinging chime,
 Because the one so near the other is.
Brother and Sister

GEORGE ELIOT

NIGHT

How beautiful this night! the balmiest sigh,
 Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
 Were discord to the speaking quietude
 That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
 Studded with stars unutterably bright,
 Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
 Seems like a canopy which love had spread
 To curtain her sleeping world. Yon gentle hills,
 Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
 Yon darksome rocks, whence icicles depend
 So stainless that their white and glittering spires
 Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep
 Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn tower
 So idly that rapt fancy deemeth it
 A metaphor of peace;—all form a scene
 Where musing solitude might love to lift
 Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
 Where silence undisturbed might watch alone—
 So cold, so bright, so still.
Queen Mab

SHELLEY

NIGHTINGALE

Like a wedding-song all-melting
 Sings the nightingale, the dear one.
Book of Songs

HEINE

NOON

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs!

I Stole Along the Flowery Bank

MOORE

NOURISHMENT

For as nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,
So poets live upon the living light.

Festus

BAILEY

O

OCEAN

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers.

Childe Harold
Canto IV.

BYRON

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there,
Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere;
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds,
Edged with intolerable radiance,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath;
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Queen Mab

SHELLEY

OPINION

Opinion governs all mankind,
 Like the blind's leading of the blind;
 For he that has no eyes in 's head,
 Must be by a dog glad to be led;
 And no beasts have so little in them,
 As that inhuman brute, Opinion.

Miscellaneous Thoughts

BUTLER

OVERPOWERED

And midway its leap his heart stood still
 Like a frozen waterfall.

The Vision of Sir Launfal

LOWELL

P

PANSY

The pansy in her purple dress,
 The pink with cheek of red,
 Or the faint, fair heliotrope, who hangs,
 Like a bashful maid her head.

Spring Flowers

PHOEBE CARY

PASSION

His soul, like bark with rudder lost,
 On passion's changeful tide was tost;
 Nor vice nor virtue had the power
 Beyond th' impression of the hour;
 And O, when passion rules, how rare
 The hours that fall to virtue's share!

Rokeby

SCOTT

PASSIONS

Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

The Silent Lover

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

All thy passions, matched with mine,
 Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

Locksley Hall

TENNYSON

PERFECTION

A poem, round and perfect as a star.

A Life Drama, Sc. 2.

ALEXANDER SMITH

PHANTOM

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight:
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament;
 Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
 Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

She Was a Phantom of Delight

WORDSWORTH

PLEASANTNESS

We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
 When such are wanted.

To the Daisy

WORDSWORTH

PLEASURES

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
 Or like the snow—falls in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Vanishing amid the storm.

Tam O'Shanter

BURNS

POMPOSITY

A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
 Is like a clown in regal purple dressed:
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
 Such labored nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

Essay on Criticism

POPE

POPPY

Summer set lip to earth's bosom bare,
 And left the flushed print in a poppy there:
 Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,
 And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth red like a lion's it drank
 The blood of the sun as he slaughtered sank,
 And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine
 When the eastern conduits ran with wine.

The Poppy

FRANCIS THOMPSON

POWER

Power, like a desolating pestilence,
 Pollutes whate'er it touches; and obedience,
 Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,
 Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame
 A mechanized automaton.

Queen Mab

SHELLEY

PRAISE

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
 That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
 The bashful maiden's cheek appear'd,
 For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard.

Lady of the Lake
Canto II.

SCOTT

PRAYER

Like one in prayer I stood.

Voices of the Night

LONGFELLOW

As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
 Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
 So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
 Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.

The Heart's Prayer

MOORE

More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

Morte d' Arthur

TENNYSON

PRECISION

Like an arrow shot
 From a well-experienc'd archer hits the mark
 His eye doth level at.

Pericles

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. I.

PRETENSE

With books and money plac'd for show
Like nest eggs, to make clients lay,
And for his false opinion pay.

*Hudibras***BUTLER***Pt. III. Canto III.***PRIDE**

Why he stalks up and down like a peacock,
—a stride and a stand.

*Troilus and Cressida***SHAKESPEARE***Act III. Sc. 3.***PROLOGS**

Prologs, like compliments, are loss of time;
'Tis penning bows and making legs in rime.

*Prolog to Crisp's Tragedy of Virginia***DAVID GARRICK****PROMISE**

Her face betokened all things dear and good,
The light of somewhat yet to come was there
Asleep, and waiting for the opening day,
When childish thoughts, like flowers, would drift away.

*Margaret in the Xebec***JEAN INGELOW****PROMISES**

Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloomed and fruitful were the next.

*Henry VI.***SHAKESPEARE***Pt. I. Act. I. Sc. 6.***PROPAGATION**

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,—
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.

*The Iliad of Homer***POPE***Book II.***PURITY**

Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above.

*The Bride of Abydos***BYRON**

As pure as a pearl,

And as perfect; a noble and innocent girl.

*Lucile***OWEN MEREDITH**

Like the stain'd web that whitens in the sun,
Grows pure by being purely shone upon.

Lalla Rookh

MOORE

The V. P. of Khorassan

Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heaven.

Night Thoughts

YOUNG

Night V.

R

RAGE

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls :
Like narrow brooks, that rise with sudden show'rs,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon.

Fair Penitent

ROWE

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

King Richard II.

SHAKESPEARE

Act I. Sc. I.

RAPTURE

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy :
Till the dilating Soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven!

Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni

COLERIDGE

RAVEN

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan; a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue had changed him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.

Translations

ADDISON

Ovid's Metamorphoses

RECOLLECTION

Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.

Pictures of Memory

ALICE CAREY

REFORMATION

And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
 Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

Henry IV.

SHAKESPEARE

*Pt. I. Act I. Sc. 2.***REGRET**

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life! the days that are no more.

The Princess

TENNYSON

REMEMBRANCE

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
 As some soft chime had stroked the air;
 And tho the sound had parted thence,
 Still left an echo in the sense.

Eupheme

BEN JONSON

RENEWAL

The world's great age begins anew,
 The golden years return,
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn;
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

Hellas

SHELLEY

RESPONSE

Does not all the blood within me
 Leap to meet thee, leap to meet thee,
 As the springs to meet the sunshine.

Hiawatha

LONGFELLOW

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced,
 As some vast river of unfailing source,
 Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
 And opened new fountains in the human heart.

Course of Time

POLLAK

RETREAT

Shatter'd and torn, before the flag they fly
 Like doves, that the exalted eagle spy
 Ready to stoop and seize them from on high.
On the Death of Charles II.

DUKE

RETRIBUTION

Sure as night follows day,
 Death treads in Pleasure's footsteps round the world,
 When Pleasure treads the paths which Reason shuns.
Night Thoughts YOUNG
Night V.

RHYME

For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
 With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
Hudibras BUTLER
Pt. I. Canto I.

RIVERS

Two ways the rivers
 Leap down to different seas, and as they roll
 Grow deep and still, and their majestic presence
 Becomes a benefaction to the towns
 They visit, wandering silently among them,
 Like patriarchs old among their shining tents.
Christus LONGFELLOW
The Golden Legend, Pt. V.

Beneath me flows the Rhine, and
 Like the stream of Time, it flows
 Amid the ruins of the Past.

Hyperion LONGFELLOW
Bk. I. Ch. II.

Return, Content! for fondly I pursued,
 Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between;
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude!
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;
 They taught me random cares and truant joys,
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;
 Maturer fancy owes to their rough noise
 Impetuous thoughts that brook nor servile reins.
The River Duddon WORDSWORTH

ROSES

Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
Rape of the Lock Canto IV. POPE

You love the roses—so do I. I wish
 The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
 From off the shaken bush. Why will it not?
 Then all the valleys would be pink and white,
 And soft to tread on. They would fall as light
 As feathers, smelling sweet; and it would be
 Like sleeping and yet waking, all at once.
 Over the sea, Queen, where we soon shall go,
 Will it rain roses?

Spanish Gypsy Bk. III.

GEORGE ELIOT

RULE

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain?
 Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
 And fickle as a changeful dream;
 Fantastic as a woman's mood,
 And fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood.
 Thou many-headed monster-thing,
 Oh, who would wish to be thy king?

*Lady of the Lake
 Canto V.*

SCOTT

S

SATIRE

Satire should, like a polish'd razor, keen,
 Wound with a touch, that's scarcely felt or seen;
 Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews:
 The rage, but not the talent to abuse;
 And is in hate, what love is in the stews.

Imit. First Sat. Horace

LADY M. W. MONTAGUE

SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
 The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It runneth the earth's wide region round;
 It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
 Or like a cradled creature lies.

The Sea

BARRY CORNWALL

Behold the Sea,
 The Opaline, the plentiful and strong,
 Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
 Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July.

Sea Shore

EMERSON

Like an awakened conscience,
 The sea was moaning and tossing.
Courtship of Miles Standish LONGFELLOW

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.
Twilight LONGFELLOW

SECURITY

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,—
 Tho round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.
The Deserted Village GOLDSMITH

SEMBLANCE

And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
 Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.
Oliver Cromwell DRYDEN

SENSITIVENESS

Much like a subtle spider which doth sit
 In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
 If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
 She feels it instantly on every side.
The Immortality of the Soul SIR JOHN DAVIES

SEPARATION

Two lives that once part, are as ships that divide
 When, moment on moment, there rushes between
 The one and the other, a sea;—
 Ah, never can fall from the days that have been
 A gleam of the years that shall be!
A Lament BULWER-LYTTON

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,—
 Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
 A dreary sea now flows between.
Christabel COLERIDGE

SHADOWS

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
 And, like phantoms grim and tall,
 Shadows from the fitful firelight
 Dance upon the parlor wall.
Footsteps of Angels LONGFELLOW

SHALLOWNESS

And these are joys, like beauty, but skin deep.

Festus

BAILEY

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Epis. to Arbuthnot

POPE

SHIPS

Far out at sea
The ships that flee
Along the dim horizon's line,
Their sails unfold
Like cloth of gold,
Transfigured by that light divine.

By the Sea-Shore

JOHN WHITE CHADWICK

Far, far away, on the horizon's edge,
The white sails of the homeward scudding ships
Gleamed like the lilies in a garden plot,
Or like the scattered shreds of fleecy cloud
Left by the Evening at the gate of Night.

Egeria

CHARLES MACKAY

SIGNS

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapor sometime like a bear or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Antony and Cleopatra
Act IV. St. 14.

SHAKESPEARE

SILENCE

Silently as a dream the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.

The Task, Bk. V.

COWPER

And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound.

The Music Grinder

HOLMES

And, when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the
silence.

Evangeline

LONGFELLOW

They spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statues or breathing stones,
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Richard III. Act. III. Sc. 2. SHAKESPEARE

That silence made me start—
 I looked, and we were sailing pleasantly,
 Swift as a cloud between the sea and sky,
 Beneath the rising moon seen far away;
 Mountains of ice, like sapphire, piled on high,
 Hemming the horizon round, in silence lay
 On the still waters—these we did approach alway.
The Revolt of Islam SHELLEY

SIMILES

In argument
 Similes are like songs in love:
 They much describe; they nothing prove.
Alma Canto III. PRIOR

SIMPLICITY

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung.
A Persian Song of Hafiz SIR WILLIAM JONES

SLENDERNESS

For very young he seemed, tenderly reared;
 Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
 Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
 Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
 By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
 So slender Sohrab seemed, so softly reared.
Sohrab and Rustum ARNOLD

SMOOTHNESS

As smooth as monumental alabaster.
Othello SHAKESPEARE
Act. V. Sc. 2.

SNOW

On turf and curb and bower-roof
 The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;
 It paves with pearl the garden-walk;
 And lovingly around the tatter'd stalk
 And shivering stem its magic weaves
 A mantle fair as lily-leaves.
Midwinter J. T. TROWBRIDGE

And ere the early bedtime came
 The white drift piled the window-frame,
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

Snowbound

WHITTIER

SOLACE

Thou Friend, whose presence on my wintry heart
 Fell, like bright Spring upon some herbless plain;
 How beautiful and calm and free thou wert
 In thy young wisdom, when the mortal chain
 Of Custom thou didst burst and rend in twain,
 And walked as free as light the clouds among,
 Which many an envious slave then breathed in vain
 From his dim dungeon, and my spirit sprung
 To meet thee from the woes which had begirt it long!

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

SONG

Like the river, swift and clear,
 Flows his song through many a heart.

Oliver Basselin

LONGFELLOW

My songs have followed yon,
 Like birds the summer;
 Ah! bring them back to me,
 Swiftly, dear comer!

A Carrier Song

FRANCIS THOMPSON

SORROW

Autumn's sighing,
 Moaning, dying;
 Clouds are flying
 On like steeds;
 While their shadows
 O'er the meadows
 Walk like widows
 Deck'd in weeds.

Autumn's Sighing

READ

How like a widow in her weeds, the night,
 Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
 How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
 Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene.

Night Thoughts

YOUNG

Night IX.

SOUL

My soul is an enchanted boat,
 Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float
 Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing;
 And thine doth like an angel sit
 Beside a helm conducting it,
 Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing.
 It seems to float ever, forever,
 Upon that many-winding river,
 Between mountains, woods, abysses,
 A paradise of wilderness!
 Till, like one in slumber bound,
 Borne to the ocean, I float down, around,
 Into a sea profound of ever-spreading sound.

Prometheus Unbound

SHELLEY

SOUNDS

Sounds these, of deepest silence born
 Like night made visible by morn.

Watching

EMILY JUDSON

Dead sounds at night come from the inmost hills,
 Like footsteps upon wool.

Æone

TENNYSON

SPEECH

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
 Like softest music to attending ears!

Romeo and Juliet

SHAKESPEARE

Act II. Sc. 2.

SPRING

From all the blasts of heaven thou hast descended;
 Yes, like a spirit, like a thought which makes
 Unwonted tears throng to the horny eyes;
 And beatings haunt the desolated heart,
 Which should have learned repose; thou hast descended
 Cradled in tempests; thou dost wake, O Spring!
 O child of many winds! As suddenly
 Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
 Which now is sad because it hath been sweet;
 Like genius, or like joy which riseth up
 As from the earth, clothing with golden clouds
 The desert of our life.
 This is the season, this the day, the hour;
 At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,
 Too long desired, too long delaying, come!

How like death-worms the wingless moments crawl!
 The point of one white star is quivering still
 Deep in the orange light of widening morn
 Beyond the purple mountains; through a chasm
 Of wind-divided mist the darker lake
 Reflects it; now it wanes; it gleams again
 As the weaves fade, and as the burning threads
 Of woven cloud unravel in pale air;
 'Tis lost! and through yon peaks of cloudlike snow
 The Roseate sunlight quivers; hear I not
 The Aeolian music of her sea-green plumes
 Winnowing the crimson dawn?

Prometheus Unbound

SHELLEY

'Tis spring-time on the eastern hills!
 Like torrents gush the summer rills.

Mogg Megone

WHITTIER

STARS

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
 Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.
Locksley Hall

TENNYSON

STEDFASTNESS

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun.

Song

BARTON BOOTH

STILLNESS

Like a river's silent running,
 Stillness shows our depth and cunning.

Still Water

THOMAS DUFFY

STORM

A thousand miles from land are we,
 Tossing about on the roaring sea—
 From billow to bounding billow cast,
 Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast:
 The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds;
 The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds;
 The mighty cables, and iron chains,
 The hull, which all earthly strength disdains—
 They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
 Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Stormy Petrel

BARRY CORNWALL

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

Wreck of the Hesperus

LONGFELLOW

As one that in a silver vision floats
Obedient to the sweep of odorous winds
Upon resplendent clouds, so rapidly
Along the dark and ruffled waters fled
The straining boat. A whirlwind swept it on,
With fierce gusts and precipitating force,
Through the white ridges of the chafed sea.
The waves arose. Higher and higher still
Their fierce necks writhed beneath the tempest's scourge
Like serpents struggling in a vulture's grasp.

Alastor

SHELLEY

A rainbow's arch stood on the sea,
Which rocked beneath, immovably;
And the triumphant storm did flee,
Like a conqueror, swift and proud,
Begirt with many a captive cloud,
A shapeless, dark and rapid crowd,
Each by lightning riven in half.
I heard the thunder hoarsely laugh.
Mighty fleets were strewn like chaff
And spread beneath a hell of death
O'er the white waters.

Prometheus Unbound

SHELLEY

STRENGTH

For strong souls

Live like fire-hearted suns; to spend their strength
In furthest striving action.

Spanish Gypsy
Bk. IV.

GEORGE ELIOT

He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form not yet had lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured. As when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon

In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the archangel.

Paradise Lost

MILTON

STURDINESS

And as firm rock or castle-roof
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill.

Lady of the Lake
Canto V.

SCOTT

SUN

The sun from the western horizon
 Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
 Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
 Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Evangeline

LONGFELLOW

A cloud was hanging o'er the western mountains;
 Before its blue and moveless depth were flying
 Gray mists poured forth from the unresting fountains
 Of darkness in the North; the day was dying;
 Sudden, the sun shone forth—its beams were lying
 Like boiling gold on Ocean, strange to see,
 And on the shattered vapors which, defying
 The power of light in vain, tossed restlessly
 In the red Heaven, like wrecks in a tempestuous sea.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
 Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
 On the level quivering line
 Of the waters crystalline;
 And before that chasm of light,
 As within a furnace bright,
 Column, tower, and dome and spire,
 Shine like obelisks of fire,
 Pointing with inconstant motion
 From the altar of dark ocean
 To the sapphire-tinted skies;
 As the flames of sacrifice
 From the marble shrines did rise
 As to pierce the dome of gold
 Where Apollo spoke of old.

Lines Written Among the Euganean Hills

SHELLEY

SUPERFLUITY

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.

The Waiting Maid

ABRAHAM COWLEY

SURVIVAL

In his own verse the poet still we find,
In his own page his memory lives enshrined,
As in their amber sweets the smothered bees—
As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,
Lies self-embalmed amidst the moldering trees.

Songs of Many Seasons

HOLMES

SWIFTNESS

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed.

Sheridan's Ride

READ

SYMPATHY

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Tho round his breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

The Deserted Village

GOLDSMITH

Nor peace nor ease the heart can know
Which, like the needle true,
Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
But turning, trembles too.

A Prayer for Indifference

MRS. FRANCES GREVILLE

Our hearts, my love, were form'd to be
The genuine twins of sympathy,
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Like chords in unison they move,
And thrill with like vibration.

Sympathy. To Julia

MOORE

T

TATTLING

A secret in his mouth,
Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
Whose door no sooner opens, but 'tis out.

Case Is Altered

BEN JONSON

TEARS

No radiant pearl which crested Fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from Beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which Night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such luster as the tear that flows
Down Virtue's manly cheek for others' woes.

The Botanic Garden

ERASMUS DARWIN

Part II. Canto III.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

The Conquest of Granada

DRYDEN

Act. III. Sc. I.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light;
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

On a Tear

SAMUEL ROGERS

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

Rokeby

SCOTT

Ah, the sweet young rose of hope is dead—
'Twill never bloom again!
And the tears I shed for the beautiful dead,
They fall like the desolate rain.

Murmur of the Rain

WILLIAM WINTER

TEMPERAMENT

She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;

And hers shall be the breathing balm,
 And hers the silence and the calm
 Of mute insenate things.

Three Years She Grew

WORDSWORTH

TEMPERANCE

If thou well observe
 The rule of "*Not too much*," by temperance taught
 In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence
 Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
 Till many years over thy head return;
 So mayest thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
 Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
 Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd, for death mature.

Paradise Lost Bk. XI.

MILTON

TENACITY

As clasps some lake, by gust unriven
 The blue cloud's measureless content
 So my soul held that moment's heaven.

She Came and Went

LOWELL

THOUGHT

Suddenly a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow.

The Eve of St. Agnes

KEATS

These pearls of thought in Persian gulfs were bred,
 Each softly lucent as a rounded moon.

In a copy of Omar Khayyam

LOWELL

THOUGHTS

Great thoughts stand like church spires ,
 Mid village cots.

Festus

BAILEY

My thoughts do twine and bud
 About thee as wild vines about a tree.

Sonnets from the Portuguese ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

And all around them both
 Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

The Princess

TENNYSON

Where music dwells
 Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die;
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
 That they were born for immortality.

Ecclesiastical Sonnets

WORDSWORTH

THUNDER

Then broke the thunder like a whole sea overhead.
Pippa Passes ROBERT BROWNING

TIME

Like wind flies Time 'tween birth and death;
 Therefore, as long as thou hast breath,
 Of care for two days hold thee free:
 The day that was and is to be.
Omar Khayyam BODENSTEDT'S TRANS.

Time has laid his hand
 Upon my heart, gently, not smiting it,
 But as a harper lays his open palm
 Upon his harp, to deaden its vibrations.
Christus LONGFELLOW

Like a dart the present glances,
 Silent stands the past sublime.
Proverbs of Confucius SCHILLER

Time is like a fashionable host
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand—
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles.
Troilus and Cressida SHAKESPEARE
Act III. Sc. 3.

Like the ghost of a dear friend dead
 Is Time long past.
 A tone which is now forever fled,
 A hope which is now forever past,
 A love so sweet it could not last,
 Was Time long past.
Time Long Past SHELLEY

There's a magical isle up the river Time
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a Vesper chime,
 And the June's with the roses are straying.
The Isle of Long Age BENJAMIN TAYLOR

TRANQUILLITY

His head and feet are bare, his hands are bound
 Behind with heavy chains, yet none do wreak
 Their scoffs on him, tho' myriads throng around;
 There are no sneers upon his lip which speak
 That scorn or hate has made him bold; his cheek

Resolve has not turned pale; his eyes are mild
 And calm, and, like the morn about to break,
 Smile on mankind; his heart seems reconciled
 To all things and itself, like a reposing child.

The Revolt of Islam

SHELLEY

TRANSMISSION

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to a remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendor of its prime.

Hellas

SHELLEY

TREASON

Oh for a tongue to curse the slave
 Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
 Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
 And blasts them in their hour of might!

The Fire-Worshippers

MOORE

TRIFLES

Trifles light as air
 Are to the jealous confirmations strong
 As proofs of holy writ.

Othello

Act. III. Sc. 3.

SHAKESPEARE

TRUST

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Thanatopsis

BRYANT

TRUTH

Get but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like
 A star new-born that drops into its place
 And which, once circling on its placid round,
 Not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

A Glance Behind the Curtain

LOWELL

TUBEROSE

The tuberose, with her silvery light,
 That in the gardens of Malay
 Is call'd the Mistress of the Night,
 So like a bride, scented and bright;
 She comes out when the sun's away.

Lalla Rookh

MOORE

Light of the Harem.

TWILIGHT

O, Twilight! Spirit that does render birth
 To dim enchantments, melting heaven with earth,
 Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
 A softness like atmosphere of dreams.

Picture of Twilight

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON

U

UNCERTAINTY

Between two worlds, life hovers like a star
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
 How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge
 Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles: as the old burst, new emerge,
 Lash'd from the foam of ages.

Don Juan

BYRON

Canto XV. St. 99.

UNITY

Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea.

The Ocean

MONTGOMERY

UNWILLINGNESS

And then, the whining school boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

As You Like It

SHAKESPEARE

Act. II. Sc. 7.

V

VERSE

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Essay on Criticism

POPE

Pt. II.

VICE

Vice repeated is like wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself.

Pericles

SHAKESPEARE

Act. I. Sc. I.

VIGIL

Like sentinel and nun, they keep
Their vigil on the green.

The Cambridge Churchyard

HOLMES

VIOLET

Oh! faint delicious spring-time violet,
Thine odor, like a key
Turns noiselessly in memory's ward, to let
A thought of memory free.

The Violet

WILLIAM STORY

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She Dwelt Among the Untrodden Ways

WORDSWORTH

VIOLETS

In the Spring time: April violets glow
In wayside nooks, close clustering into groups,
Like shy elves hiding from the traveler's eye.

The New Pastoral

READ

VIRTUE

Only a sweet and virtuous soul
Like seasoned timber, never gives.

Virtue

GEORGE HERBERT

VISION

I see a chariot like that thinnest boat
In which the mother of the months is borne
By ebbing night into her western cave,
When she upsprings from interlunar dreams;
O'er which is curved an orb-like canopy
Of gentle darkness, and the hills and woods,
Distinctly seen through that dusky airy veil,
Regard like shapes in an enchanter's glass;
Its wheels are solid clouds, azure and gold,
Such as the genii of the thunder-storm
Pile on the floor of the illuminated sea

When the sun rushes under it; they roll
 And move and grow as with an inward wind;
 Within it sits a wingèd infant—white
 Its countenance, like the whiteness of bright snow,
 Its plumes are as feathers of sunny frost,
 Its limbs gleam white, through the windflowing folds
 Of its white robe, woof of ethereal pearl,
 Its hair is white, the brightness of white light
 Scattered in strings; yet its two eyes are heavens
 Of liquid darkness, which the Deity
 Within seems pouring, as a storm is poured
 From jagged clouds, out of their arrowy lashes,
 Tempering the cold and radiant air around
 With fire that is not brightness; in its hand
 It sways a quivering moonbeam, from whose point
 A guiding power directs the chariot's prow
 Over its wheeled clouds, which as they roll
 Over the grass, and flowers, and waves, wake sounds,
 Sweet as a singing rain of silver dew.

Prometheus Unbound

SHELLEY

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
 Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
 So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
 And into glory peep.

They Are All Gone

HENRY VAUGHAN

VOICE

Her voice changed like a bird's:
 There grew more of music, and less of the words.

Flight of the Duchess

ROBERT BROWNING

And like wind in summer sighing,
 Her voice is low and sweet.

Annie Laurie

DOUGLAS

Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
 Heard in the calm of thought; its music long,
 Like woven sounds of streams and breezes, held
 His inmost sense suspended in its web
 Of many-colored woof and shifting hues.

Alastor

SHELLEY

Her voice as a mountain stream which sweeps
 The withered leaves of autumn to the lake,
 And in some deep and narrow bay then sleeps
 In the shadow of the shores; as dead leaves wake,
 Under the wave, in flowers and herbs which make

Those green depths beautiful when skies are blue,
 The multitude so moveless did partake
 Such living change, and kindling murmurs flew
 As o'er that speechless calm delight and wonder grew.
The Revolt of Islam SHELLEY

VOW

For he that strains too far a vow,
 Will break it, like an o'erbent bow;
 And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
 Not he that for convenience took it.
Hudibras BUTLER
Pt. II. Canto II.

W

WASTE

Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
 Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.
Conversation COWPER

Come as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended;
 Come as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.
Pibroch of Donald Dhu SCOTT

WEALTH

Why, man, she is mine own,
 And I as rich in having such a jewel
 As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
 The water nectar and the rocks pure gold.
Two Gentlemen of Verona SHAKESPEARE
Act. II. Sc. 4.

WEDLOCK

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
 To public feasts, where meet a public rout—
 Where they that are without would fain go in,
 And they that are within would fain go out.
Contention Betwixt a Wife, etc. SIR JOHN DAVIES

WHITENESS

Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Romeo and Juliet SHAKESPEARE
Act. III. Sc. 2.

WILL

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They've but one faculty, the will.

Miscellaneous Thoughts

BUTLER

WIND

A mighty wind, like a leviathan,
Plowed through the brine, and from these solitudes
Sent Silence frightened.

Pythagoras

T. B. ALDRICH

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

A Day of Sunshine

LONGFELLOW

The wind breath'd soft as lover's sigh.

Lord of the Isle

SCOTT

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes.

Ode to the West Wind

SHELLEY

And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass.

The Wind

STEVENSON

WISHES

Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.

Night Thoughts

YOUNG

Night V.

WITNESSES

For witnesses, like watches, go
Just as they're set, too fast or slow;
And, where in Conscience they're strait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that side is cast.

Hudibras

BUTLER

Pt. II. Canto II.

WOMANHOOD

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

Beppo, St. 45.

BYRON

WONDER

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?

Macbeth

SHAKESPEARE

Act III. Sc. 4.

WOODS

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep,
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

The Recollection

SHELLEY

WORDS

But words are things, and a small drop of ink
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

Don Juan

BYRON

Canto II.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd.

Iliad of Homer

POPE

Bk. I.

As when, upon a trancèd summernight,
Those green-rob'd senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmèd by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So come these words and went.

Hyperion

KEATS

There comes Emerson first, whose rich words, every one,
Are like gold nails in temples to hang trophies on.

A Fable for Critics

LOWELL

And her words, which sweetly dropt,
As honey from the comb.

The Course of Time

POLLOK

Words are like leaves, and where they must abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

Essay on Criticism

POPE

In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

Essay on Criticism

POPE

Words are lighter than the cloud foam
 Of the restless ocean spray;
 Vainer than the trembling shadow
 That the next hour steals away;
 By the fall of summer rain-drops
 Is the air as deeply stirred;
 And the rose leaf that we tread on
 Will outlive a word.

Words

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
 To coin new words well suited to the age,
 Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
 And every year a younger race succeeds.

Art of Poetry

ROSCOMMON

Y

YOUTHFULNESS

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
 Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
 Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial bow,
 Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth,
 Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,
 As if her veins ran lightning.

Don Juan
Canto I.

BYRON

BIBLE SIMILES

BIBLE SIMILES

A

AFFLICTION

Thou huntest me as a fierce lion (JOB. 10:16)

AGE

Mine age is departed, and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent; I have cut off like a weaver my life; he will cut me off with pining sickness. (Is. 38:12)

They all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up. (Is. 50:9)

AMORITES

The Amorites which dwelt in that mountain came out against you and chased you as bees do. (DEUT. 1:44)

ANCIENT

The Ancient of the days did sit, whose garment was white as snow and the hair of his head like the pure wool; his throne was like the fiery flame, and his wheels as burning fire. (DAN. 7:9)

ANGEL

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow. (MATT. 28:3)

ANGELS

The living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning. (EZEK. 1:14)

Their appearance was like burning coals of fire and like the appearance of lamps. (EZEK. 1:13)

ANGER

As they gather silver and brass and iron and lead and tin into the midst of the furnace to blow the fire upon it, to melt it; so will I gather you in mine anger and in my fury, and I will leave you there and melt you. (EZEK. 22:20)

He hath bent his bow like an enemy: he stood with his right hand as an adversary. (LAM. 2:4)

His fury is poured out like fire. (NAHUM 1:6)

I will be unto Ephraim as a lion and as a young lion to the house of Judah. (HOS. 5:14)

I will be unto them as a lion; as a leopard by the way will I observe them. (HOS. 13:7)

I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and there will I devour them like a lion. (HOS. 13:8)

The north wind driveth away rain: so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue. (PROV. 25:23)

APOSTLES

Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents as harmless as doves.

(MATT. 10:16)

APPEAL

Give ear, thou that leadeth Joseph like a flock. (PS. 80:1)

ARMY

Thou shalt ascend and come like a storm, thou shalt be like a cloud to cover the land. (EZEK. 38:9)

ASAHEL

Asahel was light of foot as a wild roe. (II SAM. 2:18)

ASSES

The wild asses did stand in the high places, they snuffed up the wind like dragons. (JER. 14:6)

ASSYRIANS

They were as the grass of the field and as the green herb; as the grass on the housetops and as corn blasted before it be grown up. (II KINGS 19:26)

ATTACK

The king of the north shall come against him like a whirlwind. (DAN. 11:4)

We will light upon him as the dew falleth on the ground. (II SAM. 17:12)

B**BABYLON**

The daughter of Babylon is like a threshing-floor, it is time to thresh her. (JER. 51:33)

BELOVED

My beloved is to me as a bundle of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi. (SONG OF SOL. 1:14)

Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon. (SONG OF SOL. 4:11)

BLESSED

He shall be as a tree planted by the waters and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green. (JER. 17:8)

BLOOD

Ye shall not eat the blood; ye shall pour it upon the earth as water. (DEUT. 12:16)

BOASTER

Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain. (PROV. 25:14)

BONDS

He brake them from off his arms like a thread. (JUDGES 16:12)

The cords that were upon his arms became as flax that is burnt with fire. (JUDGES 15:14)

BREATH

His breath, as an overflowing stream, shall reach to the midst of the neck to sift the nations with the sieve of vanity. (Is. 30:28)

The breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it. (Is. 30:33)

Your breath as fire shall devour you. (Is. 33:11)

C**CATASTROPHE**

Thou shalt grope at noonday as the blind gropeth in darkness and thou shalt not prosper in thy way. (DEUT. 28:29)

CHALDEANS, THE

Their faces shall sup up as the east wind, and they shall gather the captivity as the sand. (HAB. 1:9)

Their horsemen shall come from far; they shall fly as the eagle that hasteth to eat. (HAB. 1:8)

CHARIOTS

The chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings. (NAHUM 2:4)

CHASTISEMENT

I was chastised as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. (JER. 31:18)

CHEERFULNESS

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. (PROV. 17:22)

CHILDREN

Their children also multipliedst thou as the stars of heaven. (NEHEM. 9:23)

Thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth. (JOB 5:25)

CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE

Behold, the people shall rise up as a great lion and lift himself as a young lion; he shall not lie down until he eat of the prey and drink of the blood of the slain. (NUM. 23:24)

I will bring the third part through the fire and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried. (ZECH. 13:9)

I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven and as the sand which is upon the sea shore. (GEN. 22:17)

They shall be as the stones of a crown, lifted up as ensign upon his land. (ZECH. 9:16)

CHRISTIANS

Be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world. (PHIL. 2:15)

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. (ROM. 12:3-4)

Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

(I PETER 1:18-19)

CLOUD

Behold there ariseth out of the sea a little cloud like a man's hand.

(I KINGS 18:44)

COMFORT

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.

(Is. 66:13)

CONFIDENCE

Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint. (PROV. 25:19)

I set my face like a flint and I know that I shall not be ashamed.

(Is. 50:7)

CONTENTIOUSNESS

A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. (PROV. 27:15)

As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire, so is a contentious man to kindle strife.

(PROV. 26:21)

CONTINUITY

As the days of a tree are the days of my people. (Is. 65:22)

COUNSEL

Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out. (PROV. 20:5)

COURAGE

He also that is valiant, whose heart is as the heart of a lion, shall utterly melt.

(II SAM. 17:10)

Like as the lion and the young lion roaring on his prey when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice nor abase himself. (Is. 31:4)

CRUELTY

They are cruel and have no mercy; their voice roareth like the sea. (Jer. 6:23)

CURSE

As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come. (Prov. 26:2)

CURSED

Let that man be as the cities which the Lord overthrew. (Jer. 20:16)

D

DAVID

As an angel of God, so is my lord the king. (II SAM. 14:17)
His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the sun before me. It shall be established for ever as the moon and as a faithful witness in heaven. (Ps. 89:36-37)

I am like a green olive tree in the house of God. (Ps. 52:8)

I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place. (Is. 22:23)

Thou art good in my sight as an angel of God. (SAM. 29:9)

DAY OF JUDGMENT

For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven. (MAL. 4:1)

DEATH

As the cloud is consumed and vanished away: so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. (Job. 7:9)

As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up; so man lieth down, and riseth not. (Job 14:11-12)

Drought and heat consume the snow waters; so doth the grave those which have sinned. (Job 24:19)

He is swift as the waters. (Job 24:18)

We must needs die, and are as water spilt on the ground which can not be gathered up again. (II SAM. 14:14)

DECEIT

My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as the stream of brooks they pass away. (JOB 6: 15)

Their tongue is as an arrow shot out; it speaketh deceit. (JER. 9: 8)

DECEIVED

He shall shake off his unripe grape as the vine, and shall cast off his flower as the olive. (JOB 15: 33)

DECEIVER

As a mad man who casteth firebrands, arrows and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbor and saith, Am not I in sport? (Prov. 26: 18-19)

DEFEAT

Thy sons have fainted, they lie at the head of all the streets, as a wild bull in a net. (Is. 51: 20)

DELIVERANCE

As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. (EZEK. 34: 12)

Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler. (PROV. 6: 5)

DESERT

The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. (Is. 35: 1)

DESERTION

He hath set me in dark places, as they that be dead of old. (LAM. 3: 6)

In that day shall his strong cities be as a forsaken bough and an uppermost branch. (Is. 17: 8)

The daughter of Zion is left as a cottage in a vineyard, as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, as a besieged city. (Is. 1: 8)

DESIRE

As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. (Ps. 42: 1)

Hell and destruction are never full; so the eyes of man are never satisfied. (PROV. 27:20)

DESOLATION

How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people! How is she become as a widow! (LAM. 1:1)

I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert. (Ps. 102:6)

I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax. (Ps. 22:14)

I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top. (Ps. 102:7)

My days are consumed like smoke and my bones are burned as an hearth. (Ps. 102:3)

O ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities and dwell in the rock; and be like the dove that maketh her nest in the sides of the hole's mouth. (JER. 48:28)

We roar all like bears and mourn sore like doves. (Is. 59:11)

DESPAIR

I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind; I am like a broken vessel. (Ps. 31:12)

DESTRUCTION

And shall consume the glory of his forest and of his fruitful field both soul and body, and they shall be as when a standard-bearer fainteth. (Is. 10:18)

I reckoned till morning that as a lion so will he break all my bones. (Is. 38:13)

I will bring them down like lambs to the slaughter, like rams with he-goats. (JER. 51:40)

The people shall be as the burnings of lime: as thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire. (Is. 33:12)

The strong shall be as tow and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together. (Is. 1:31)

Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors. (DAN. 2:35)

Therefore as the fire devoureth the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust. (Is. 5:24)

Ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude. (DEUT. 28:62)

DISASTER

As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time when it falleth suddenly upon them. (ECCL. 9:12)

DISTRESS

Anguish hath taken hold of us and pain as of a woman in travail. (JER. 6:24)

He breaketh me with breach upon breach, he runneth upon me like a giant. (JOB 16:14)

I have eaten ashes like bread. (PS. 102:9)

DIVINE PRESENCE

I will consider in my dwelling-place like a clear heat upon herbs and like a cloud of dew in the heat of harvest. (IS. 18:4)

DIVINITY

As the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. (IS. 55:9)

DOCTRINE

My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb and as the showers upon the grass. (DEUT. 32:2)

E

EARTH

I will shake the heavens and the earth shall remove out of her place . . . and it shall be as the chased roe and as a sheep that no man taketh up. (IS. 13:13-14)

EARTH, THE

Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment. (PS. 104:6)

EGYPT

Egypt is like a very fair heifer, but destruction cometh.

(JER 46: 20)

Egypt riseth up like a flood and his waters are moved like the rivers.

(JER. 46: 8)

In that day shall Egypt be like unto women and it shall be afraid.

(Is. 19: 16)

Who is this that cometh up as a flood, whose waters are moved as the rivers?

(JER. 46: 7)

EGYPTIANS

Fear and dread shall fall upon them; by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone.

(Ex. 15: 16)

They sank to the bottom as a stone.

(Ex. 15: 5)

Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them; they sank as lead in the mighty water.

(Ex. 15: 10)

Thou sentest forth thy wrath which consumed them as stubble.

(Ex. 15: 7)

ELECT, THE

They of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth.

(Ps. 72: 16)

Tho ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.

(Ps. 68: 13)

END OF THE WORLD

Behold the Lord shall come with fire, and with his chariots like a whirlwind.

(Is. 66: 15)

I took the little book out of the angel's hand, and ate it up; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey.

(REV. 10: 10)

The heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together.

(REV. 6: 14)

The heavens shall vanish away like smoke and the earth shall wax old like a garment.

(Is. 51: 6)

The shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men.

(REV. 9: 7)

The sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle.

(REV. 9: 9)

The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree

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EVANESCENCE

The multitude of thy strangers shall be like small dust, and the multitude of the terrible ones shall be as chaff that passeth away. (Is. 29:5)

EVIL

As a fountain casteth out her waters, so she casteth out her wickedness. (Jer. 6:7)

EYES

His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of water. (Song of Sol. 5:12)

His eyes were as a flame of fire. (Rev. 19:12)

EZEKIEL

Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not. (Ezek. 33:32)

F**FACE**

His cheeks are as a bed of spices, of sweet flowers; his lips like lilies dropping sweet smelling myrrh.

(Songs of Sol. 5:13)

His countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the cedars.

(Song of Sol. 5:15)

FAVOR

In the light of the king's countenance is life; and his favor is as a cloud of the latter rain. (Prov. 16:15)

FEAR

Fear took hold upon them there and pain, as of a woman in travail. (Ps. 48:6)

His heart died within him and he became as a stone.

(Sam. 25:37)

The fear of a king is as the roaring of a lion. (Prov. 20:2)

The hearts of the people melted and became as water.

(Joshua 7:5)

They shall be afraid; pangs and sorrows shall take hold of them; they shall be in pain as a woman that travaileth; they shall be amazed one at another; their faces shall be as flames.

(Is. 13:8)

They shall tremble as a bird out of Egypt, and as a dove out of the land of Assyria.

(Hos. 11:11)

When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when desire and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer.

(PROV. 1:27-28)

FEET

He maketh my feet like hinds' feet. (II SAM. 22:34)

The sole of their feet was like the sole of a calf's foot; and they sparkled like the color of shining brass. (EZEK. 1:7)

FIRMAMENT

The likeness of the firmament upon the heads of the living creature was as the color of the terrible crystal stretched forth over their heads above.

(EZEK. 1:22)

FLESH

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass.

(I PETER 1:24)

FLIGHT

Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?

(Is. 60:8)

FOLLY

As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.

(PROV. 11:22)

As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool.

(ECCL. 7:6)

FOOL

As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.

(PROV. 26:11)

As a thorn goeth up into the hand of a drunkard, so is a parable in the mouth of fools.

(PROV. 26:9)

As he that bindeth a stone in a sling, so is he that giveth honor to a fool.

(PROV. 26:8)

As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honor is not seemly for a fool.

(PROV. 26:1)

FOREHEAD

As an adamant harder than flint have I made thy forehead.
(EZEK. 3:9)

FORGIVENESS

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed
our transgressions from us. (Ps. 103:12)

I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions and as
a cloud thy sins. (Is. 44:22)

FRIEND

The friend, which is as thine own soul. (DEUT. 13:6)

FRIENDSHIP

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to
man. (PROV. 27:19)

Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance
of his friend. (PROV. 27:17)

FULLNESS

As a cage is full of birds so are their houses full of deceit.
(JER. 5:27)

FURY

He poured out his fury like fire. (LAM. 2:4)

G**GLORY**

He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath
covered me with the robe of righteousness as a bridegroom
decketh himself with ornaments and a bride adorneth herself
with her jewels. (Is. 61:10)

It shall be as when the harvestman gathereth the corn and
reapeth the ears with his arm; and it shall be as he that gath-
ereth ears in the valley of Rephaim. (Is. 17:5)

Their glory shall fly away like a bird. (Hos. 9:11)

Thou shalt surely clothe thee with them all as with an orna-
ment and bind them on thee as a bride doth. (Is. 49:18)

GOD

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. (Ps. 72:6)

He shall stir up jealousy like a man of war. (Is. 42:13)

There is none like thee, neither is there any rock like our God. (SAM. 2:2)

GODLY, THE

Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might. (JUDGES 5:31)

GOD'S THRONE

Before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal. (REV. 4:6)

He that sat was to look upon like a jasper and a sardine stone; and there was a rainbow round about the throne, in sight like unto an emerald. (REV. 4:3)

GOLD

Then shalt thou lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brooks. (JOB 22:24)

Your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew which goeth away. (Hos. 6:4)

GRIEF

Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn as a dove. (Is. 38:14)

Now will I cry like a travailing woman. (Is. 42:14)

They that escape of them shall escape and shall be on the mountains like doves of the valleys, all of them mourning. (EZEK. 7:16)

GROWTH

He shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of the dry ground. (Is. 53:2)

H**HAIR**

Thy hair is as a flock of goats that appear from Mount Gilead. (SONGS OF SOL. 3:1)

HEART

Mine heart shall sound for Moab like pipes. (JER. 48:36)

They have made ready their heart like an oven whilst they lie in wait . . . in the morning it burneth as a flaming fire.
(Hos. 7:6)

HEATHEN, THE

Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem.
(Ps. 79:3)

Thou shalt break them in pieces with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. (Ps. 2:9)

HEAVENS

The heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree. (Is. 34:4)

Yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment: as a vesture shalt thou change them. (Ps. 102:26)

HERITAGE

Mine heritage is unto me as a lion in the forest; it crieth out against me. (JER. 12:8)

Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her. (JER. 12:9)

HOLY CITY, THE

And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. (REV. 21:2)

Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. (REV. 21:11)

The city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. (REV. 21:18)

HUMILIATION

Tho thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence. (JER. 49:16)

HYPOCRITE

He shall fly away as a dream, and he shall not be found: yea, he shall be chased away as a vision of the night. (JOB. 20:8)

I

IDOLS

They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not; they must be borne because they can not go. (JER. 10:5)

IGNORANT

They grope in the dark without light, and he maketh them to stagger like a drunken man. (JOB. 12:25)

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS

As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool. (JER. 17:11)

INCREASE

I have caused thee to multiply as the bud of the field. (EZEK. 16:7)

INDEPENDENCE

Every one turned to his course as the horse rusheth into battle. (JER. 8:6)

INIQUITY

He shall break it as the breaking of the potter's vessel that is broken in pieces. (Is. 30:14)

This iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall whose breaking cometh suddenly. (Is. 30:13)

INNOCENCE

I was like a lamb or an ox that is led to the slaughter; and I know not that they had devised devices against me. (JER. 11:19)

INSINCERITY

Your remembrances are like unto ashes, your bodies to bodies of clay. (JOB. 13:12)

INSTABILITY

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel. (GEN. 49:4)

INVASION

Thou shalt bring down the noise of strangers as the heat in a dry place, even the heat with the shadow of a cloud. (Is. 25:5)

ISRAEL

Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel. (JER. 18:6)

For the Lord shall smite Israel as a reed is shaken in the water. (I KINGS, 14:15)

He couched, he lay down as a great lion. (NUM. 24:9)

He hath as it were the strength of an unicorn. (NUM. 24:8)

His branches shall spread and his beauty shall be as the olive tree and his smell as Lebanon. (Hos. 14:6)

How goodly are thy tabernacles, O Israel! *As the valleys are they spread forth, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters. (NUM. 24:5-6)

I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep that have not a shepherd. (I KINGS 22:17)

I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily. (Hos. 14:5)

The Lord thy God hath made thee as the stars of heaven for multitude. (DEUT. 10:22)

J

JACOB

As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him. (DEUT. 32:11)

He instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. (DEUT. 32:10)

JERUSALEM

As birds flying, so will the Lord of Hosts defend Jerusalem. (II KINGS 21:13)

I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish. (II KINGS 21:13)

JEWS, THE

As the vine tree among the trees of the forest, which I have given to the fire for fuel, so will I give the inhabitants of Jerusalem. (EZEK. 15:6)

How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! (MATT. 23:37)

JOSEPH

His glory is like the firstling of the bullock and his horns are like the horns of unicorns. (DEUT. 33:17)

JOY

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing. (Is. 35:6)

When ye see this your heart shall rejoice and your bones shall flourish like an herb. (Is. 66:14)

Ye shall have a song as in the night when a holy solemnity is kept; and gladness of heart, as when one goeth with a pipe to come into the mountain of the Lord. (Is. 30:29)

JUDAH

Ye shall be as an oak whose leaf fadeth and as a garden that hath no water. (Is. 1:30)

JUDGMENT

But who shall abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? For he is like a refiner's fire and like fuller's soap. (MAL. 3:2)

I will sift the house of Israel among all the nations like as corn is sifted in a sieve. (AMOS 9:9)

Let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream. (AMOS 5:24)

My judgment was as a robe and a diadem. (JOB 29:14)

The ear trieth words as the mouth tasteth meat. (JOB 34:3)

JUST, THE

The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge. (MICAH 7:4)

JUSTNESS

The tongue of the just is as choice silver. (PROV. 10:20)

K**KING**

He shall be as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. (II SAM. 23:4)

They shall be gathered together as prisoners are gathered in the pit. (Is. 24:22)

KNOWLEDGE

If thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. (PROV. 2:4-5)

L**LABOR**

Turn back thy hand as a grapegatherer into the baskets. (JER. 6:9)

LAST DAY

As the lightning cometh out of the east and appeareth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be. (MATT. 24:27)

LAW

Keep my commandments, and live; and my laws as the apple of thine eye. (PROV. 7:2)

LAWFUL FOOD

Even as the roebuck and the hart is eaten so thou shalt eat them. (DEUT. 12:22)

LEPROSY

Behold Miriam became leprous, white as snow. (NUM. 12:10)

LEVIATHAN

He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment. (JOB. 41:31)

His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning. (JOB. 41:24)

Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething-pot or cauldron. (JOB. 41:20)

LIFE

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling? As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as an hireling looketh for the reward of his work; so am I made to possess months of vanity.

(JOB. 7:1-3)

Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward. (Job. 5:7)

My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.

(Ps. 102:11)

My days are swifter than a post; they flee away, they see no good, they are passed away as the swift ships; as the eagle that hasteth to the prey.

(JOB. 9:25-26)

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.

(JOB. 7:6)

Our days on the earth are as a shadow and there is none abiding.

(I CHRON. 29:15)

We spend our days as a tale that is told.

(Ps. 90:9)

Who knoweth what is good for man in this life, all the days of his vain life which he spendeth as a shadow?

(ECCL. 6:12)

LIPS

Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet, and thy speech is comely.

(SONG OF SOL. 3:3)

LORD, THE

His arrow shall go forth as the lightning.

(ZECH. 9:14)

His going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth.

(HOS. 6:3)

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord.

(Ps. 97:5)

They shall walk after the Lord; he shall roar like a lion.

(HOS. 11:10)

Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain.

(Ps. 104:2)

LOVE

Jonathan loved him as his own soul.

(I SAM. 18:1)

LUXURY

Ye are grown fat as the heifer at grass and bellow as bulls.
(JER. 50:11)

M**MAN**

A man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. (Is. 32:2)

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. (Ps. 103:15)

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. (JOB 14:2)

He knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are as dust.
(Ps. 103:14)

I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir. (Is. 13:12)

MANNA

The manna was as coriander seed and the color thereof as the color of bdellium. (NUM. 11:7)

The taste of it was as the taste of fresh oil. (NUM. 11:8)

MEDDLING

He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears. (PROV. 26:17)

MEEKNESS

He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.
(Is. 53:7)

MEN

The moth shall eat them up like a garment and the worm shall eat them like wool. (Is. 51:8)

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up. In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth. (Ps. 90:5-6)

Thou makest men as the fishes of the sea, as the creeping things that have no ruler over them. (HAB. 1:19)

MERCY

As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. (Ps. 103:11)

MESSENGER

As the cold of snow in the time of harvest, so is a faithful messenger to them that send him: for he refresheth the soul of his masters. (PROV. 25:13)

MIDIANITES

The Midianites and the Amalekites and all the children of the east lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude. (JUDGES 7:12)

MIGHTY, THE

They are taken out of the way as all other, and cut off as the tops of the ears of corn. (JOB 24:24)

Thy tongue deviseth mischiefs, like a sharp razor working deceitfully. (Ps. 52:2)

MIGHTY MAN

Behold the Lord hath a mighty and strong one which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. (Is. 21:2)

MOAB

I have broken Moab like a vessel wherein is no pleasure. (JER. 48:38)

MOOD

The king's wrath is as the roaring of a lion; but his favor is as dew upon the grass. (PROV. 19:12)

MORTALITY

The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter! (LAM. 4:2)

The son of man which shall be made as grass. (Is. 51:12)

MOTHER

The mother is like a vine in thy blood, planted by the waters;
she is fruitful and full of branches by reason of many waters.

(EZEK. 19: 10)

MOUTH

He hath made my mouth like a sharp sword; in the shadow of
his hand he hath hid me and made me a polished shaft; in his
quiver hath he hid me.

(Is. 49: 2)

MULTITUDE

They are more than the grasshoppers and are innumerable.

(JER. 46: 23)

N**NATIONS**

Behold, the nations are as the drop of a bucket and are
counted as the small dust of the balance.

(Is. 40: 15)

The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters, and
shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind
and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind.

(Is. 17: 13)

Their horses' hoofs shall be counted like flint and their wheels
like a whirlwind.

(Is. 5: 28)

Their roaring shall be like a lion; they shall roar like young
lions.

(Is. 5: 29)

They shall roar against them like the roaring of the sea.

(Is. 5: 30)

NAZARITES

Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than
milk; they were more ruddy in body than rubies.

(LAM. 4: 7)

Their visage is blacker than a coal; they are known in the
streets: their skin cleaveth to their bones; it is withered, it is
become like a stick.

(LAM. 4: 8)

NEBUCHADREZZAR

He hath made me an empty vessel, he hath swallowed me up
like a dragon.

(JER. 51: 34)

He was driven from men and did eat grass as oxen and his
body was wet with the dew of heaven till his hairs were grown
like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws.

(DAN. 4: 33)

NECK

Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armory.

(SONG. OF SOL. 4:4)

NEWS

As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.

(PROV. 25:25)

NINEVAH

All thy strongholds shall be like fig trees with the first ripe figs; if they be shaken they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater.

(NAHUM 3:12)

The sword shall cut thee off, it shall eat thee up like the cankerworm; make thyself many as the cankerworm, make thyself many as the locusts.

(NAHUM 3:15)

Thy crowned are as the locusts and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day, but when the sun ariseth they flee away, and in their place is not known where they are.

(NAHUM 3:17)

NOISE

Wo to the multitude of many people which make a noise like the noise of the seas, and to the rushing of nations that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters.

(Is. 17:12)

NUMBERS

Surely I will fill thee with men as with caterpillars.

(JER. 51:14)

O**OATH**

This is as the waters of Noah unto me: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth so have I sworn that I would not be wrath with thee.

(Is. 54:9)

OFFENSE

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city; and their contentions are like the bars of a castle.

(PROV. 18:19)

OLD AGE

Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season. (JOB. 5: 26)

OPPRESSION

A poor man that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping rain which leaveth no food. (PROV. 28: 3)

P**PEACE**

I will extend peace to her like a river and the glory of the Gentiles like a flowing stream. (Is. 66: 12)

Then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea. (Is. 47: 19)

PEOPLE

Thou hast made me king over a people like the dust of the earth in multitude. (II CHRON. 1: 9)

PERSECUTORS

Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of the heaven. (LAM. 4: 19)

PHARISEES

Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed are beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones. (MATT. 23: 27)

PITY

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. (Ps. 103: 13)

POOR, THE

Behold, as wild asses in the desert go they forth to their work, rising betimes for a prey. (JOB. 24: 5)

POVERTY

So shall thy poverty come as one that travaileth, and thy want as an armed man. (PROV. 24: 34)

POWER

He shall come upon princes as upon mortar and as the potter treadeth clay. (Is. 41: 25)

It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in. (Is. 40: 22)

Thou shalt thresh the mountains and beat them small and shalt make the hills as chaff. (Is. 41: 15)

PRAISE

As the fining-pot for silver and the furnace for gold; so is a man to his praise. (Prov. 27: 21)

PRIDE

Pride compasseth them about as a chain; violence covereth them as a garment. (Ps. 73: 6)

PRIESTS

As troops of robbers wait for a man, so the company of priests murder in the way by consent. (Hos. 6: 9)

PRINCES

Her princes are become like harts that find no pasture and they are gone without strength before the pursuer. (Lam. 1: 6)

Her princes in the midst thereof are like wolves ravaging the prey. (Ezek. 22: 27)

PROPHETS

O Israel, thy prophets are like foxes in the deserts. (Ezek. 13: 4)

PROTECTION

As a beast goeth down into the valley the Spirit of the Lord caused him to rest; so didst thou lead thy people. (Is. 63: 14)

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm and shall gently lead those that are with young. (Is. 40: 11)

He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock. (Jer. 31: 10)

That led them through the deep as a horse in the wilderness that they should not stumble. (Is. 63: 13)

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn and grow as the vine; the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon. (Hos. 14: 7)

THE PROUD

Like sheep they are laid in the grave; death shall have dominion over them. (Ps. 49: 14)

Who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death and can not be satisfied, but gathereth unto him all nations and heapeth unto him all people. (HAB. 2: 5)

PROWESS

They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. (II SAM. I: 23)

PURIFICATION

He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver. (MAL. 3: 3)

PURSUIT

Mine enemies chased me sore like a bird, without cause. (LAM. 3: 52)

Q**QUIVER**

Their quiver is as an open sepulcher. (JER. 5: 16)

R**RACE**

As a teil tree, and as an oak whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves, so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof. (Is. 6: 13)

RECTITUDE

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. (PROV. 4: 18)

REFRESHMENT

He will make her wilderness like Eden and her desert like the garden of the Lord. (Is. 51: 3)

They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses. (Is. 44: 4)

REJECTION

I am become like dust and ashes. (JOB. 30:19)

It shall be that as a wandering bird cast out of the nest, so the daughters of Moab shall be at the fords of Arnon.

(Is. 16:2)

Thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet.

(Is. 14:19)

REPROACH

As with a sword in my bones my enemies reproach me.

(Ps. 42:10)

REPROOF

As an earring of gold, and an ornament of fine gold, so is a wise reprover upon an obedient ear.

(PROV. 25:12)

RESPECT

They waited for me as for the rain.

(JOB 29:23)

RESTORATION

As the holy flock, as the flock of Jerusalem in her solemn feasts; so shall the waste cities be filled with flocks of men.

(EZEK. 36:38)

They shall say, This land that was desolate is become like the garden of Eden.

(EZEK. 36:35)

RETRIBUTION

The mountains shall be molten under him and the valleys shall be cleft as wax before the fire and as waters that are poured down in a steep place.

(MICAH 1:4)

RICH MAN

Terrors take hold on him as water.

(JOB. 27:20)

RICHES

Riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle toward heaven.

(PROV. 23:5)

THE RIGHTEOUS

He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in season; his leaf also shall not wither.

(Ps. 1:3)

He that trusteth in his riches shall fall; but the righteous shall flourish as a branch.

(PROV. 11:28)

The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion.

(PROV. 28:1)

RIGHTEOUSNESS

As the earth bringeth forth her bud and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth: so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.

(Is. 61:11)

RIVER OF LIFE, THE

He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

(REV. 22:1)

S**ST. PAUL**

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body and bring it into subjection.

(I COR. 9:26-27)

SANCTUARY

He built his sanctuary like high palaces, like the earth which he hath established for ever.

(Ps. 78:69)

SECRECY

The people gat them by stealth that day into the city as people being ashamed steal away when they flee in battle.

(II SAM. 19:3)

SELF-DECEPTION

If any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass: for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.

(JAMES 1:23-24)

SELF-EXALTATION

Tho thou exalt thyself as an eagle and tho thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord. (OBAD. I:4)

SELF-MASTERY

He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls. (PROV. 25:28)

SHADOW

Make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day. (Is. 16:3)

SIEGE

As keepers of a field are they against her round about. (JER. 4:17)

SIN

We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. (Is. 64:6)

Wickedness burneth as the fire; it shall devour the briers and thorns and shall kindle in the thickets of the forests, and they shall mount up like the lifting up of smoke. (Is. 9:18)

SINFUL

As the whirlwind passeth, so is the wicked no more. (Prov. 10:25)

SINS

Tho your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; tho they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. (Is. 1:18)

SINNER

He buildeth his house as a moth, and as a booth that the keeper maketh. (JOB 27:18)

Tho he heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay; he may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver. (JOB 27:16-17)

Trouble and anguish shall make him afraid; they shall prevail against him, as a king ready to the battle. (JOB 15:24)

As a snail which melteth let every one of them pass away. (Ps. 58:8)

As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at the presence of God.
(Ps. 68:2)

As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains on fire, so persecute them with thy tempest and make them afraid with thy storm.
(Ps. 83:14-15)

Let them melt away as waters which run continually.
(Ps. 58:7)

Like the noise of chariots on the tops of mountains shall they leap, like the noise of a flame of fire that devoureth the stubble, as a strong people set in battle array.
(JOEL. 2:5)

Make them like a wheel; as the stubble before the wind.
(Ps. 83:13)

SINNERS

The appearance of them is as the appearance of horses; and as horsemen so shall they run.
(JOEL 2:4)

The morning is to them even as the shadow of death.
(JOB 24:17)

The way of the wicked is as darkness: they know not at what they stumble.
(PROV. 4:19)

Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears.
(Ps. 58:4)

They are as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away.
(JOB 21:18)

They shall be cut down like grass, and wither as the green herb.
(Ps. 37:2)

They shall lick the dust like a serpent, they shall move out of their holes like worms of the earth.
(MICAH 7:17)

They shall walk like blind men because they have sinned against the Lord: and their blood shall be poured out as dust and their flesh as the dung.
(ZEPH. 1:17)

Who whet their tongue like a sword and bend their bows to shoot their arrows, even bitter words.
(Ps. 64:3)

SKY

Hast thou with him spread out the sky which is strong and as a molten looking-glass?
(JOB 37:18)

SLOTH

As the door turneth upon his hinges, so doth the slothful upon his bed. (PROV. 26:14)

SLUGGARD

As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is the sluggard to them that send him. (PROV. 10:26)

SON OF MAN

His countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. (REV. 1:16)

His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. (REV. 1:14-15)

SORROW

Mine eye also is dim by reason of sorrow, and all my members are as a shadow. (JOB 17:7)

Pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord. (LAM. 2:19)

SPEAR

The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam. (I SAM. 17:7)

SPEECH

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. (PROV. 25:11)

SPOIL

Your spoil shall be gathered like the gathering of the caterpillar; as the running to and fro of locusts shall he run upon them. (Is. 33:4)

SPOUSE

A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed. (SONG OF SOL. 4:15)

STARVATION

Our skin was black like an oven because of the terrible famine. (LAM. 5:10)

STRANGER

The lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. (PROV. 5:3)

SWORD

Your own sword hath devoured your prophets, like a destroying lion. (JER. 2:30)

T**TALEBEARING**

Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out; so where there is no talebearer, the strife ceaseth. (PROV. 26:20)

TEARS

Let tears run down like a river day and night. (LAM. 2:18)

TERRORS

Terrors are turned upon me; they pursue my soul as the wind. (JOB 30:15)

THRONE

Above the firmament that was above their heads was the likeness of a throne as the appearance of a sapphire stone. (EZEK. 1:26)

TIME

A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. (PS. 90:4)

TONGUE

His lips are full of indignation, and his tongue as a devouring fire. (IS. 30:27)

TRANSFORMATION

We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. (II COR. 3:18)

TRANSGRESSORS

They return at evening; they make a noise like a dog and go round about the city. (PS. 59:6)

TRANSITION

There was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood. (REV. 6:12)

TREACHERY

Surely as a wife treacherously departeth from her husband so have ye dealt treacherously with me, O house of Israel.

(JER. 3:20)

TREASURE

The king made silver and gold as plenteous as stones, and cedar trees made he as the sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance.

(II CHRON. 1:15)

TRIAL

When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

(JOB 23:10)

TRIUMPH

Moab said unto the elders of Midian, Now shall this company lick up all that are round about us as the ox licketh up the grass of the field.

(NUM. 22:4)

TROUBLE

My heart is smitten and withered like grass.

(PS. 102:4)

TRUTH

As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby.

(I PETER 2:2)

TYRANNY

As a roaring lion, and a ranging bear; so is a wicked ruler over the poor people.

(PROV. 28:15)

U**UNCHARITABLENESS**

Tho I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

(I COR. 13:1)

UNGODLY, THE

The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

(PS. 1:4)

UNREALITY

The multitude of all the nations that fight against Ariel, even all that fight against her and her munition and that distress her, shall be as a dream of a night vision. It shall even

be as when an hungry man dreameth, and, behold, he eateth; but he awaketh, and his soul is empty; or as when a thirsty man dreameth, and, behold, he drinketh; but he awaketh, and behold he is faint and his soul hath appetite: so shall the multitude of all the nations be, that fight against Mount Sion.

(Is. 29:7-8)

UNTIMELINESS

As he that taketh away a garment in cold weather, and as vinegar upon niter, so is he that singeth songs to an heavy heart.

(PROV. 25:20)

V

VACILLATION

He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

(JAMES 1:6)

VENGEANCE

Behold, he shall come up as clouds and his chariot shall be as a whirlwind; his horses are swifter than eagles. (JER. 4:13)

I will scatter them as with an east wind before the enemy.

(JER. 18:17)

VIGILANCE

Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

(I PETER 5:8)

VINE, THE

The hills were covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.

(Ps. 80:10)

VIRTUOUS WOMAN

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

(PROV. 31:14)

VISION

The vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed.

(Is. 29:11)

VOICE

I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder.

(REV. 14:2)

The first voice which I heard was as it were of a trumpet.
(REV. 4:1)

W

WANDERER

As a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his place.
(PROV. 27:8)

WATER

The Moabites saw the water on the other side as red as blood.
(II KINGS 3:22)

WEAKNESS

All hands shall be feeble and all knees as weak as water.
(EZEK. 7:17)

We were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.
(NUM. 13:33)

Wilt thou be altogether unto me as a liar and as waters that fail?
(JER. 15:18)

WEALTH

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.
(MARK 10:25)

WELFARE

My welfare passeth away as a cloud.
(JOB 30:15)

WHEELS

The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl.
(EZEK. 1:16)

WICKED, THE

I will scatter them as the stubble that passeth away by the wind of the wilderness.
(JER. 13:24)

The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it can not rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.
(Is. 57:20)

There is a generation whose teeth are as swords, and their jaw teeth as knives, to devour the poor from off the earth.
(PROV. 30:14)

They lay wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men. (JER. 5:26)

Ye shall tread down the wicked; they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this. (MAL. 4:3)

WINE

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. (PROV. 23:31-32)

WINGS

I heard the noise of their wings like the noise of great waters. (EZEK. 1:24)

WISDOM

Wisdom excelleth folly as far as light excelleth darketh. (ECCL. 2:13)

WISE

They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. (DAN. 12:3)

WORD

As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. (Is. 55:10-11)

His word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones. (JER. 20:9)

Is not my word like as a fire? Saith the Lord. (JER. 23:29)

WORDS

How long shall the words of thy mouth be like a strong wind? (JOB 8:2)

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul and health to the bones. (PROV. 16:24)

The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook. (PROV. 18:4)

WORDS OF GOD

The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times (Ps. 12:6)

WRATH

He was unto me as a bear lying in wait, and as a lion in secret places. (LAM. 3:10)

How long, O Lord? wilt thou hide thyself for ever? shall thy wrath burn like fire? (Ps. 89:46)

Thy fierce wrath goeth over me; thy terrors have cut me off. They came round about me daily like water. (Ps. 88:16-17)

Y**YIELDING**

Hast thou not poured me out as milk, and curdled me as cheese? (JOB 10:10)

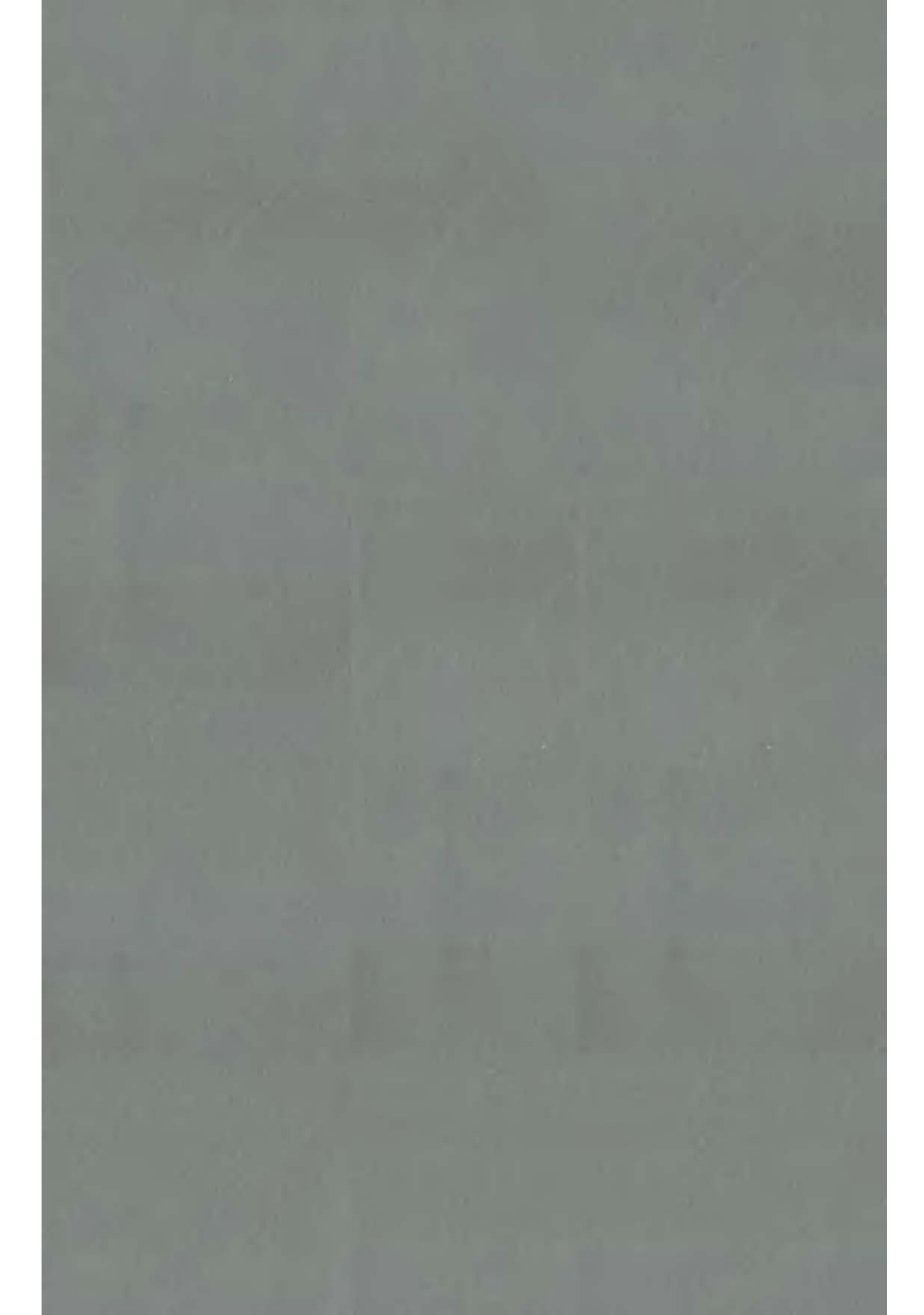
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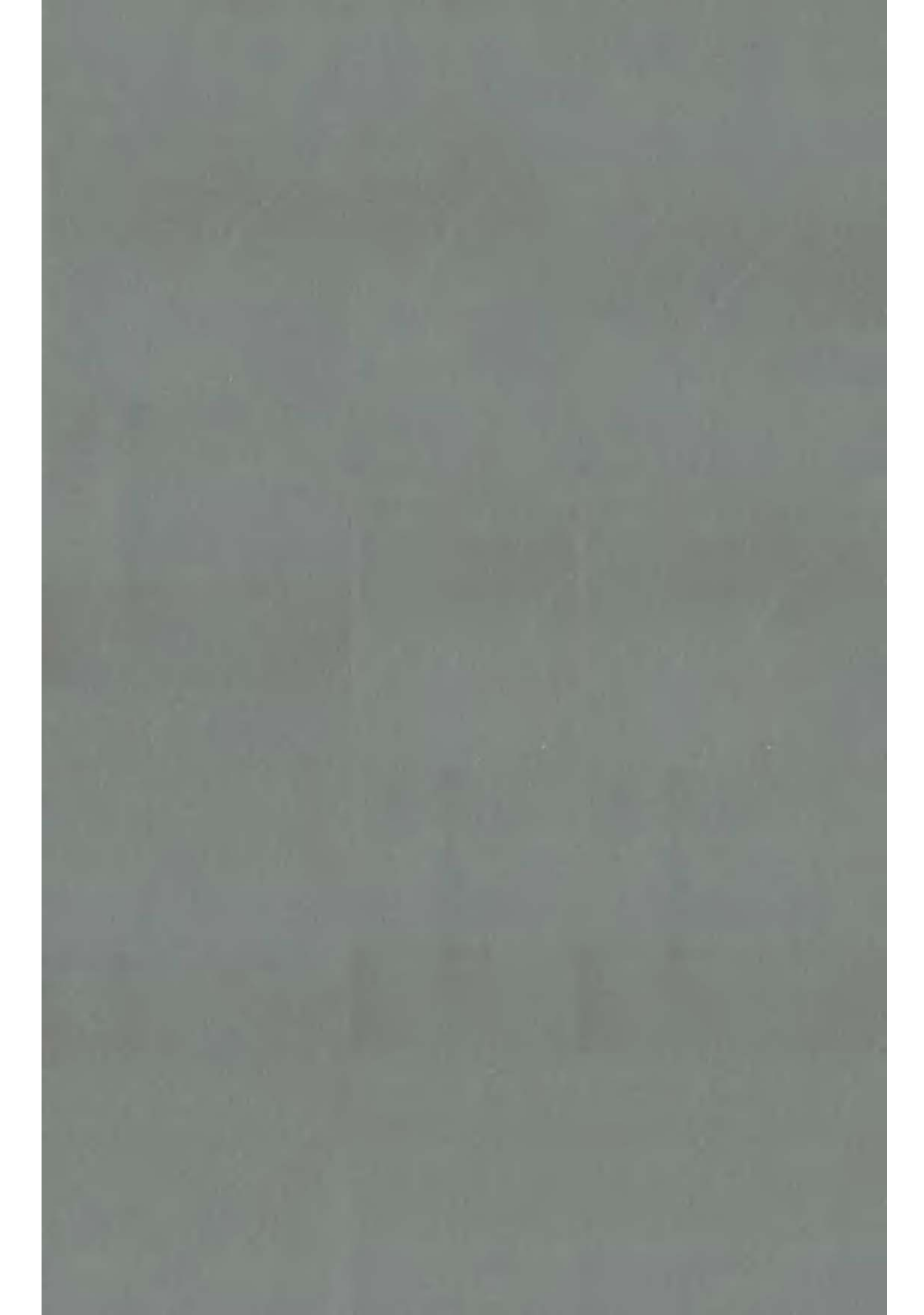
They came upon me as a wide breaking in of waters. (JOB 30:14)

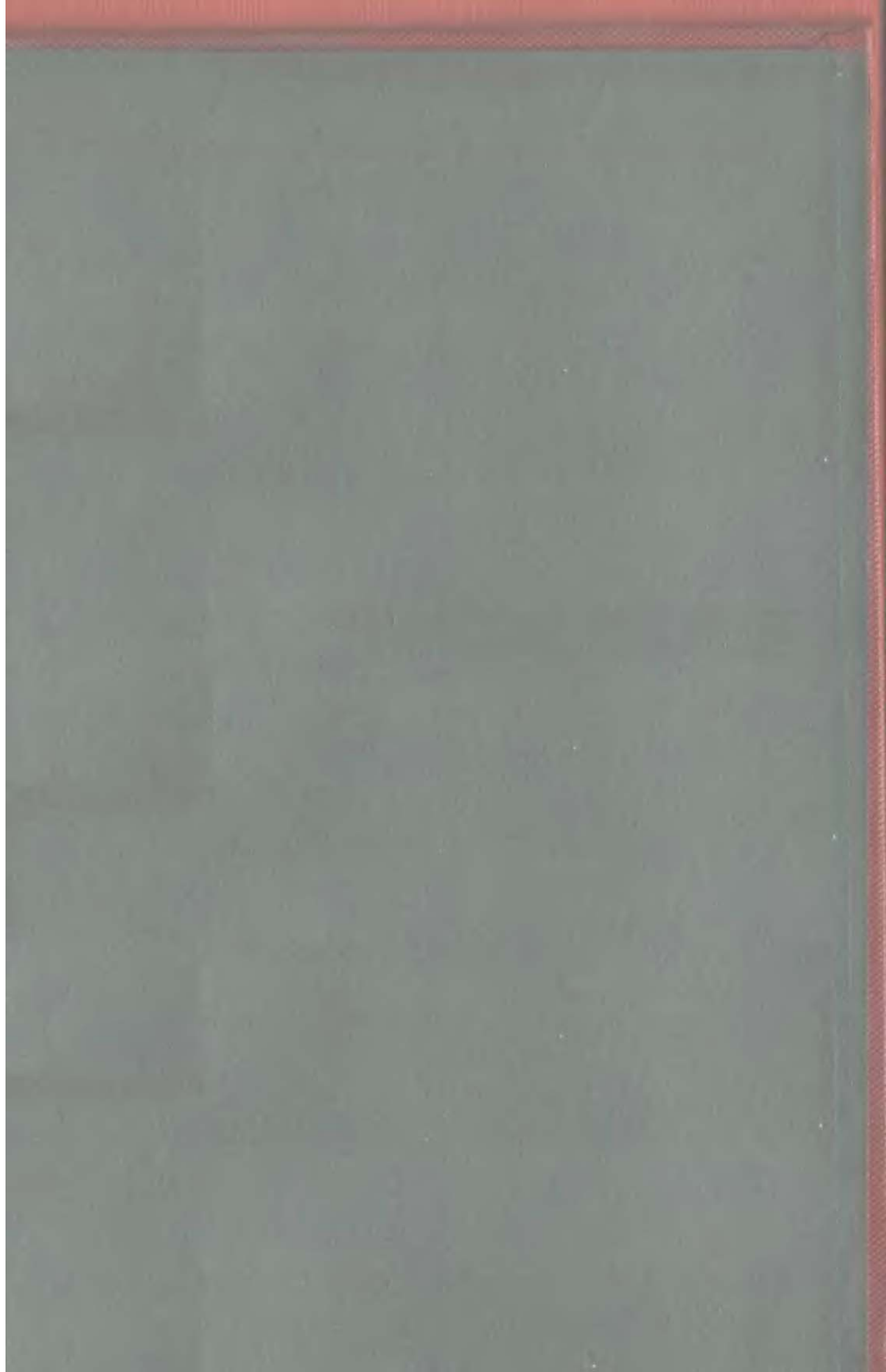
Thy youth is renewed like an eagle's. (Ps. 103:5)

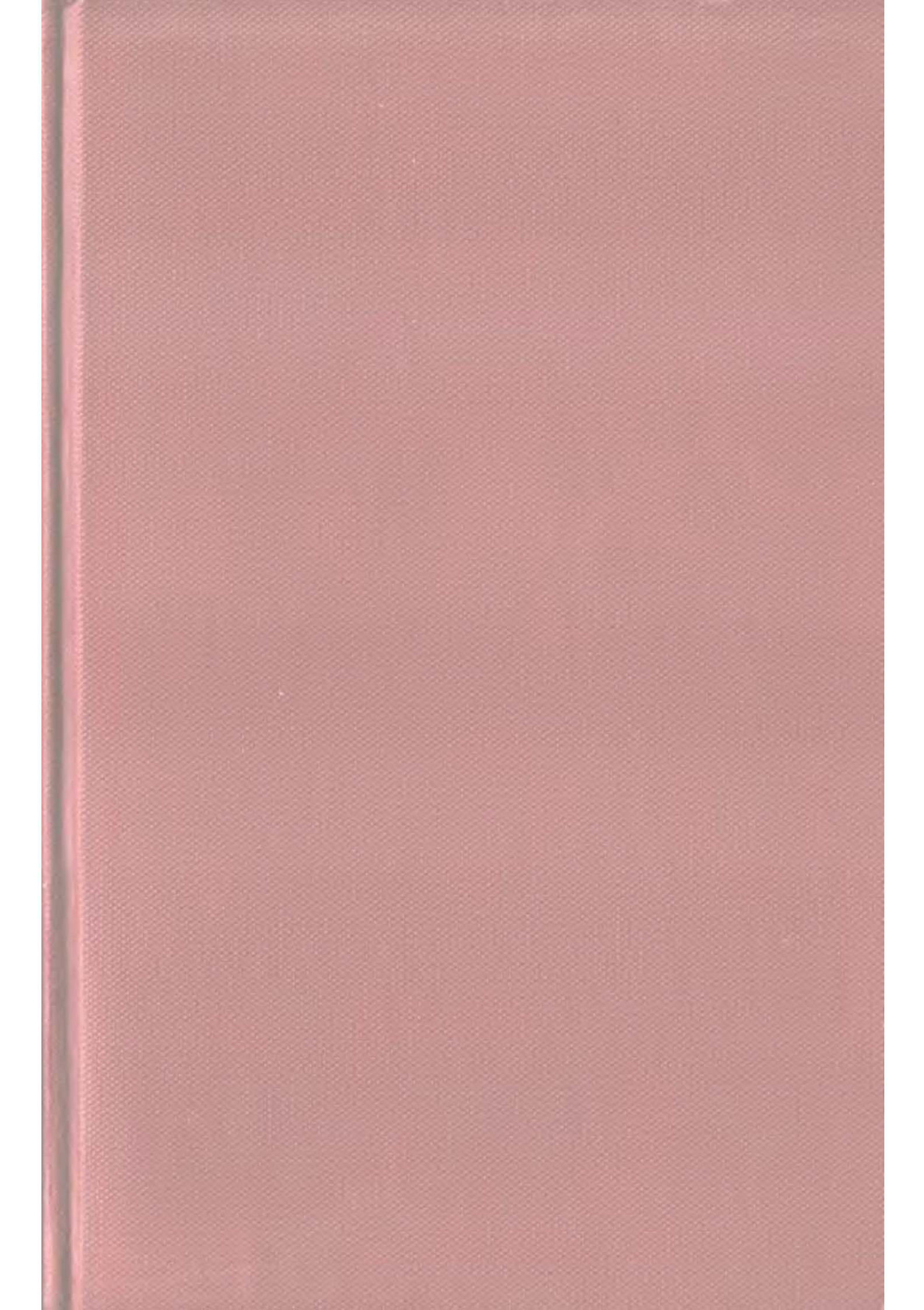
Z**ZION**

I have likened the daughter of Zion to a comely and delicate woman. (JER. 6:2)









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