

It cannot damage what it never touches—I hardly know I have a heart; it lies so still under this weight of jewels and brocade. It is only in the silence of my own chamber, when my thoughts flow back to you, that it awakes to life and happiness.

“Everything strikes me as hollow and false, in the life I am at present compelled to lead. People live for the world and its opinions, and not for each other, still less for God.\* They dare not be simple and natural, and love the truth for its own sake—the blessed truth that would set them free from all these conventional forms and ceremonies, that shackle the soul and deaden all its heavenward aspirations. You will laugh at me, Gerard, when I declare to you that I have experienced more real enjoyment in working among the new-mown hay, and inhaling its delicious perfume, when the