

"Faith! if ever a man was lost, *he* was; if not, I don't know a scrap of theology."

"Now, Henry, how you thwart me!"

"I'll go and see Mary, and find out what's the matter."

"Tell me before you go."

"How can I tell the disease until I examine the patient?"

"Hear him again!"

When Henry passed out, "If," said Emma, "if Mary has such a heart-sickness as that, Dr. Harry's skill to discover it is about as good as my own." Her curiosity in regard to what she began seriously to think was a real secret, was now fairly excited. She was delicate in asking Mary herself anything about the matter. Further than hint at it in a jocular way, she never attempted anything. But in Mary's absence, she assailed the husband upon all sides, and upon all occasions. 'Twas, however, a vain inquiry.

The doctor was secret-proof. His secrecy on this head was altogether owing to the great reluctance which he ever felt in making any allusion whatever to the melancholy fate of him who was long ago lost, but not yet found.