

Many happy months followed this day : my beloved James from that time considered me as his future wife, and gave me every proof that he loved me most sincerely. Yet he showed not his regard by vain and flattering speeches, or by any idle discourse, but treated me with respect, even when he was most cheerful. And he did this, I hope, not only to please me, but because he considered that purity of heart is necessary to real happiness, both here and hereafter; for, as the Lord Jesus Christ says, blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. *Matt. v. 8.* We never failed to go to church twice every Sunday; and on a week day when our daily work was done, he would read the Bible to us, while I was busied with my spinning-wheel.

On a Sunday evening, we sometimes took most pleasant walks among the woods, upon the hills, and in the meadows by the river side; talking of holy and heavenly things, of the days when we should be old, and when we should look back upon our youth, and remember with sorrow all our faults, our vanities, and follies, but call to mind, with delight, those hours when we have been enabled to walk as in the presence of God: we wished so to number our days, that we might apply our hearts to wisdom. *Psalms xc. 12.*—O! wherefore should young men and women, when they meet together, think that they prove their love for each other, by vain, if not wicked, discourse? Why should they forget these words of the Holy Bible? Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to edify, that it may minister grace unto the hearers, and grieve not the Holy Spirit. *Ephes. iv. 29, 30.*

Why should immortal beings forget that they are immortal, and think and discourse only of the corrupt things of this world? I thank my God, that, through his grace, I never, by suffering any vain or light discourse, misled and injured the immortal soul of the dear companion of my nearly happy days.

But I run too much into length; it is sufficient to say that my days passed most pleasantly away, till my cousin James had nearly completed his twentieth year. I knew no other sorrow but the death of my aunt; and now and then was grieved to find, that James had not conquered the impatience of his temper.

For, sometimes he would fancy that I did not love him, but liked some other person better than himself; and then he vowed, that he would leave his country, and go beyond