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and the sister of a man rejected by many among the Nonconformists themselves, to become Lady Marlesford. But he is now fifty-one; he has had ample opportunity to know his mind and hers. I am certain that they were destined for each other from the beginning; that although they will never know unearthly happiness, they will never know anything else, in this world, except the utmost possibility of earthly contentment. Marlesford is not Sophy's first love: grief and disappointment have softened the selfish hopes of her youth. She knows that while men are often better than their words or their actions, they are never the precise creatures of a girl's fantastic imagination. Tessa was one who had necessarily to live, move, and have her being in another; she wanted to feel with his feelings, see with his eyes, think with his thoughts. I do not mean that she had no mind of her own. Such was her constitution, that, unless that other self were nothing more or less than her own self on an infallible and masculine scale, she must have discovered her mistake too late and perished of disappointment. There was no likeness possible between her soul and the soul of any man alive. Now that I am accustomed to the idea of her death, I see that she went at the beautiful and fitting moment. Of how many can that be said with conviction? She was taken from the evil to come. It would be an easy and stupid blunder to blame her education for her tempera-