

ceased to love him, who, as you yourself own, sees no other object than you in the universe?

Adieu! Yours,

ED. RIVERS.

You know not the heart of your Rivers, if you suppose it capable of any ambition but that dear one of being beloved by you.

What have you said, my dear Emily? *You will not marry me in Canada.* You have passed a hard sentence on me: you know my fortune will not allow me to marry you in England.

END OF VOL. II.