

but I wish
of gaiety
-He talks
Perhaps I
my love is
ent's plea-
places are
musements
efs. Have
t, Emily?

passion is
restore him
e partiality
s loyalty of
without re-
virtue; I
guished his
s of wealth
nmon eyes.
e; I think
anting mo-
ments—

ments—Emily, that week of tender confi-
dence is all my life, the rest is not worth
numbering in my existence.

My father to-night gives a ball to Lord
Melvin, with whom I am again unwillingly
obliged to dance. I wish not to dance at
all; to make this sacrifice to the most
beloved of men: why have I not courage
to avow my sentiments, to declare he
alone—This Lord Melvin too, I know
not why, but I never see him without
horror.

O Emily! how do all men sink on the
comparison! he seems of a superior rank
of beings. Your Julia will never give her
hand to another; she swears this to the
dear bosom of friendship.

This detested Lord Melvin is at the
door; he will not let me proceed; he tells
me it is to a lover I am writing; he says