

Do I not know love ? and does this reproach come from the man on whom my heart doats, the man, whom to make happy, I would with transport cease to live ? can you one moment doubt your Emily's tenderness ? have not her eyes, her air, her look, her indiscretion, a thousand times told you, in spite of herself, the dear secret of her heart, long before she was conscious of the tenderness of yours ?

Did I think only of myself, I could live with you in a desert ; all places, all situations, are equally charming to me, with you : without you, the whole world affords nothing which could give a moment's pleasure to your Emily.

Let me but see those eyes in which the tenderest love is painted, let me but hear that enchanting voice, I am insensible to all else, I know nothing of what passes around me ;