

2 THE HISTORY OF

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; all that has no relation to you passes away like a morning dream, the impression of which is effaced in a moment: my tenderness