

and, in every way, so derogatory to me. This was entirely false, and I thought it so, but the bare imagination of such an indignity caused me to treat Trevor with a haughty coldness well calculated to convict me of impertinent caprice. These, however, were only the feelings that predominated when I was in society; they partook of its pettiness and turbulence—but in solitude, and in the house of prayer, I felt my undeservings, and know how immeasurably high Trevor ranked above me. One Sunday Trevor was absent from church, and his place was filled by a dull and drowsy preacher. My imagination framed a thousand reasons for so unusual an absence. He might be removed to another charge, gone without a word of parting or preparation, or he might be ill and dying. My worst conjecture had scarcely erred. Pestilence had caught him in his merciful visits to the dwellings of disease and want, and he lay in imminent danger of death! O what would I not then have given for a right to tend him! Never, in his proud and happy days, did I so passionately wish to be his sister, his betrothed, his wife, or any thing that could be virtuously his. Had I been empress of the world, I would have bartered my crown and sceptre, for the tearful and unquiet happiness of watching by his sick couch. I envied even the hireling nurses who should smooth his pillow, and read his asking eye, and guard his feverish slumber. Poets have celebrated woman's heroism in braving plague or pestilence for these shrouds, but it asks none—to do so is but to use a dear and enviable privilege; heroism and fortitude are for her who loves, yet dares not approach to share or lessen the danger of the loved. Accustomed as I was to conceal my feelings, it was yet a hard task to mask my anguish from eyes quickened by jealousy and suspicion. I dared not absent myself from the haunts of dissipation, lest it should be said, that I cared more for the danger of a good man than the heartless idlers whose ridicule I dreaded. I rose from a pillow deluged with salt tears, and bound my aching temples with red rose wreaths. I danced, when I would fain have knelt to heaven in frantic supplication for that precious life. I laughed with my lips, when the natural language of my heart would have been moans, sorrowful and many. Every day, I like any other slight acquaintance, sent

a servant to make complimentary inquiries concerning Trevor's health. One day, in answer to my message, my servant brought me intelligence that the crisis of the fever had arrived, and that his fate would that night be decided. It was added too, that the physicians feared the worst. That evening I found it impossible to continue the struggle between the careless seeming and the breaking heart. I shut myself into my own apartment, and gave free course to sorrow. I fled to prayer, and, with incoherent and passionate beseechings, implored that the just man might live, even though I were never more to see him. I read over the church service; as I read, recalling every intonation of that venerated voice, now spent in the ravings of delirium, perhaps soon to be hushed in death! I searched out the texts of Scripture on which he used to dwell, and, while I pondered on the awful event which the night might bring forth, a sudden impulse of superstition seized me. I resolved to seek from the sacred book an omen of the morrow's issue—and, opening in at Lazard, determined to regard the first verse that should present itself as the oracle of destiny. The words that met my eyes were appallingly appropriate, "He pleased God and was beloved, and living among sinners he was translated. And was taken away lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul. Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." These awful words smote me like the fiat of doom. A wild sad yearning to look even upon the walls that enclosed him seized me; and, with some difficulty, eluding the observation of my domestics, I walked towards Trevor's house unattended and unsheltered, through darkness and driving rain. Streets over which I had been often borne in triumph and in joy, I now trod on foot, in tears, and alone, the pilgrim of grief and love.

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Never marry but for love—but see that thou lovest what is lovely. If love be not thy chief motive, thou wilt soon grow weary of a marriage state, and stray from thy promise, to search out pleasure in forbidden places. It is the difference between love and passion, that this is fixed, that is volatile. They that marry for money, cannot have the true satisfaction of marriage, the requisite means being wanting.