

at times shrouding him in such a haze of crimson or golden splendour, that he seemed a heaven sent seraph circled by a visible glory. There was no sorrowful pining thought blended with the glad beginnings of my love. Earth and sky seemed brighter than before, human faces wore happier smiles, and 'living things were girdled by my widening tenderness. I sought out dear poetry, and learnt her sweet low hymns, and chaunted them softly to my own glad heart. I held high commune with the mighty of old, men of renown, for what but genius can be the interpreter of passion? The world weariness had passed away; I descried from afar the transient abode of happiness, and I resigned myself to the current of events, which I hoped would drift me towards it. I knew not of the gulf that yawned between. There was *not*, perhaps, one of my acquaintance who would not have regarded as a debasement my alliance with a poor curate, such as Trevor, and I was as yet so far tainted with their false motions, as to interpret his slowness in seeking my intimacy into the timidity of a humble adorer. Often, as I caught his eye fixed steadily upon me, I translated its pitying or reproving silentness into the language of admiration, to which I was so much better accustomed. I had not yet attained to true love's perfect humbleness. I knew not that Trevor's unworldliness would reckon a virtue of more account than an estate in a wife's dowry; or that he would never think of finding his life's friend in such a giddy flattering child of folly as I appeared to be—as but for my love of him, I would have been. But I was soon to know the passion's "pain and power," the wasting restlessness of doubt and fear. I soon grew peevish and impatient hearted," as I marked the many occasions of seeking my society, which he let pass unheeded. I grew weary of crowded assemblies, where I in vain watched for his face, and listened for his voice. And when he did come, and when he greeted me with his placid and gracious smile, I felt the sick chill of hopelessness steal over me, as I contrasted his mild indifference with the passionate worship of my own "shut and silent heart." Sometimes I fancied that he was wrapt too high in heavenly contemplation to dream of earthly love. His enthusiasm too, glowing as it was, was yet so holy, so calm! But is not enthusiasm ever calm, and a'ways holy?

And does not true insight into the life of things convince us that the loftiest and purest intellects are ever twin born with the warmest hearts, that tenderness & genius are seldom or never divorced? When I witnessed Trevor's fervent piety, and heard his touching eloquence, I felt that they both sprang from the pure depths of an affectionate heart—I knew that he would love *loftily, holily*, and for ever, but I feared, alas! that I could never be the blessed object of his love. I had found the only human being who could call forth the latent energies and affections of my soul, but his eye was averted—I had no space in his thought. I knew the firm and steady character, on which my weak and turbulent nature could have cast itself so fondly for support, but it had no sympathy with mine: I saw the haven in which my heart would fain have "set up its everlasting rest," but it rejected me. Sometimes the thought would arise that, could he know of my devotional attachment, he would not fail to yield a rich return. But could the raising of an eye-lash have gained his love, at the risk of revealing my own, the revulment would not have been made. I would have rejected his regard if it sprang from such a source. This is not pride, nor prejudice, nor education—it is the very soul and centre of a woman's being: I was conscious that my face was but too apt to betray my thoughts, and I was terrified lest any one should detect my preference for Trevor. Lord E— alone suspected it. His jealous eyes were for ever rivetted upon my countenance, and he alone read aright my wandering, vacant eye, and changing cheek. His shrewdness had long been aware of the impassioned temperament that lurked beneath my sportive manners, and he believed me very capable of lavishing my fortune and affections upon one of Nature's noblemen—a prodigality which he was determined, if possible, to prevent. He did not dare openly to slander the high character of Trevor, but he had recourse to the sneers and "petty brands which calumny do use," in hopes of depreciating him in my estimation. When he saw with what ineffable scorn I smiled upon such attempts, he artfully insinuated that my partiality was known, and believed to be gently discouraged by Trevor himself, but at the same time professed his own disbelief of any thing so preposterous,