

keep on its course, till lost in eternity it ends there where it first began ; yet as heaven can repair whatever evils time can bring upon us, we ought never to despair—but business requires our attendance ; business the youth's best preservative from ill, as idleness his worst of snares—Will you go with me?

BARNWELL.

I'll take a little time to reflect on what has pass'd, and follow you. [*Exit Trueman.*] I might have trusted Trueman, and engaged him to apply to my uncle to repair the wrong I have done my master ; but what of Millwood ! must I expose her too ? ungenerous and base ! then heaven requires it not—but heaven requires that I forsake her. What ! never see her more ! Does heaven require that ?—I hope I may see her, and heaven not be offended. Presumptuous hope !—dearly already have I prov'd my frailty ; should I once more tempt heav'n, I may be let fall, never to rise again.—Yet shall I leave her, forever leave her, and not let her know the cause ? she who loves me with such a boundless passion !—Can cruelty be duty ? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. The love of life, and fear of shame, oppos'd by inclination strong as death or shame, like wind and tide in raging conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt : how then can I determine ?

*Enter* THOROWGOOD.

THOROWGOOD.

Without a cause assign'd or notice given, to absent yourself last night, was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it, but hope I am prevented. That modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame : when we have