

have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease?—If my pardon or love be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

BARNWELL.

This goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.*] O sir, you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I shou'd abuse your mistaken bounty to receive it. Tho' I had rather die than speak my shame; tho' racks could not have forc'd the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

THOROWGOOD.

Enough, enough; whate'er it be, this concern shews you're convinc'd, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into.—When we consider the frail condition of humanity, it may raise our pity, not our wonder, that youth should go astray; when reason weak at the best oppos'd to inclination, scarce form'd, and wholly unassisted by experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the slave of sense. The state of youth is much to be deplored; and the more so, because they see it not, being then to danger most expos'd, when they are the least prepar'd for their defence. [*Aside.*]

BARNWELL.

It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

THOROWGOOD.

I never will. Yet be upon your guard in this gay thoughtless season of your life; when the sense of pleasure's quick, and passion high, the voluptuous appetites, raging and fierce, demand the
strongest