

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Room in THOROWGOOD's House.

MARIA.

HOW falsely do they judge, who censure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here? I know I am unhappy, yet cannot charge myself with any crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, that should provoke just heaven to mark me out for sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsely to accuse ourselves, heaven must abhor; then is it just and right that innocence should suffer, for heaven must be just in all its ways. — Perhaps by that we are kept from moral evils, much worse than penal, or more improv'd in virtue: or may not the lesser ills that we sustain be made the means of greater good to others? might all the joyless days and sleepless nights that I have past, but purchase peace for thee,

Thou dear, dear cause of all my grief and pain,
Small were the loss, and infinite the gain;
Tho' to the grave, in secret love I pine,
So life and fame, and happiness were thine.

Enter TRUEMAN.

What news of Barnwell?

TRUEMAN.

None. I have sought him with the greatest diligence but all in vain.

MARIA.

Does my father yet suspect the cause of his absence?

TRUE-