

' my Life?—my Death would have been happier for us both.'— ' Happier for us both !' cried he, ' Could Racks or Wheels kill me so painfully as *Sophia's* !—I cannot bear the dreadful Sound—Do I live but for her?'—Both his Voice and Look were full of inexpressible Tenderness when he spoke these Words, and at the same Time he laid gently hold on her Hand, which she did not withdraw from him ; to say the Truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few Moments now passed in Silence between these Lovers, while his Eyes were eagerly fixed on *Sophia*, and hers declining towards the Ground ; at last she recovered Strength enough to desire him again to leave her ; for that her certain Ruin would be the Consequence of their being found together ; adding,— ' O Mr. *Jones*, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel Afternoon.' I know all, ' my *Sophia*,' answered he ; ' your cruel Father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you.' ' My Father sent you to me !' replied she, sure you dream.' ' Would to Heaven,' cries he, ' it was but a Dream. O *Sophia*, your Father hath sent me to you, to be an Advocate for my odious Rival, to solicit you in his Favour—I took any Means to get Access to you—O speak to me, *Sophia*, comfort my bleeding Heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle Hand—One Moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me—Nothing less than this cruel Occasion could, I believe, have ever conquered the Respect and Awe, with which you have inspired me.' She stood a Moment silent and covered