

later age repentance. Can you hope to escape the pleasantry of those who have but little sympathy with your Condition, & as little interest in your welfare. On all occasions of public association, whether for the purpose of worship or amusement, the gaping crowd will press forward on the tiptoe of curiosity "to behold, to adore & to approve!!" The joke will pass & wit flash. A wondrous way, in one group, with Clapham allusion, will exclaim, Venus & Vulcan! Thrice happy pair! Another, with Keener sarcasm, will describe you as the Union of life & death in the same bond - the world & the grave slipping each other - a young rose bud nipped by the frosts of wintry age - young blood beating life time to the slow & languid pulsation of artificial life & old decrepitude! Could you bear, think you, to be the subject of such mockery as this? If you do not shrink from the thought, with the instinctive sensitiveness of untouched & undullied purity, you must be more or less than human.

Think not that you will be able to secure the alternative of complete retirement. You will be subject to the will of your husband, who will take more delight in exhibiting you as a trophy won in his old age, than he now feels in the frequent & indelicate exhibitions of his wealth. It ~~would~~ ^{would} be to him a species of triumph. It would be the gratification of a pride incident to dotage. Though super-annuated, he would vie with the more youthful in little artifices, on your person, & prance about you with the apparent ardour of youth, & all - all, with old, haughty affectation. Could you endure this, think you? I appeal to your deliberate judgment; to your pride; to the higher aspirations of your soul. Where is your ambition; your sense of the usual dignity; your self respect? Had you not rather confide in the resources of a consoling & unflinching religion; in the merits & promises of a Saviour, in whom you put so much trust, than in the embraces of a cheerless & decrep