Tuesday afternoon

Your attention in writing me before you left out this Morning was one of those delicate Compliments, which give a nameless pleasure to sensible minds! — I am now convinced, that in the wide circle of the universe, there are not two souls so completely form'd for each other as Ours. —

My Spirits are a little weighted to day — but I'm not unhappy — last night I saw you low & depress'd — my heart was bent upon soothing & raising your Spirits — the Intention was good, but it led me perhaps too far. — today, I am quite sensible of it — even, "present in the very lap of Love" I was check'd at the idea of impropriety — however, I hope to be enabled to do better in future. Happy, for me, I've learnt not to depend on my own weak resolves — but on the "Rock of Ages" —!

I must forgive you — but I wish you may not need to ask it on the same account again. — why, do you allow yourself in melancholy Reflections? I trust you are seeking the Divine blessing on your careful Effort for a livelihood — & if so, can you not rely on His Goodness who "feeds the young Ravens when they cry"!

Besides, has not Clarindas fondest warmest Friendship been sought ardently after as your Chief Earthly Happiness — and has it not been attained to your utmost wish? Ah! Sylvander, it is indeed attained — it will depend on yourself to secure it — while you are the same — Clarinda will be so too. — what a complicated Creature is Man! a little month ago, Clarindas affections, would (you thought) have made your happiness complete — that is ensured — and other wishes spring up, & command your arixious pursuit: I will be so — till we be united to Infinite Perfection — I can now carry you with me to God's footstool — there, I pour out my ardent requests for your Success in Life, for your happiness in Eternity! — 'tis only since Saturday last, I could do so — and I feel a sensation so delightfull, so serene, as makes me almost hope that Heaven itself approves our union. — I tremble for many, least she feel an involuntary throb in your Favour. — I'm not so much affraid of you — amiable, & Bonie as she is — I think Clarinda is more entirely Congenial to the Heart of Sylvander —

Why did not you see Her first? Young, Blooming, disengaged! — but — tis too late — Dear as I love Her — I could not spare her a Heart so precious to mine — no, unless you wished it! 'twould be an Effort more than Human! Come, tomorrow Every as soon as you can get off — you'll see no stars — without at least, within you'd find the Star Venus which always attends the Sun you know. interrupted

a Call from Mr. Kemp — offering, to Pay Andrew's quarter at School — I have refused it — I told him "unless I had his Friendship, I would not be under Pecuniary Obligations" — He Expressed Compassion for my Situation — a talbot in a Strain that has melted me a good deal! Oh! If I be disappointed in my Lent — I'll not wound you even with the Cruel Supposition — I see you with your noble Patron — may He who has the "Hearts of all in his hand" turn many to love & serve you — Adieu! my Prayers & wishes are yours

I thought this letter would be welcome on your return.

Your's Clarinda

Armida
Jo Brown

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