

ning he did so, and clove the wretch to the ground, but not without receiving the point of his weapon in his shoulder. 'Whose voice called me?' vociferated Blanchard. 'Mine, Lindsay's, are you much hurt?' 'It is nothing, thanks to your prompt assistance,' returned Blanchard, dismounting; 'but, good God you are unarmed, here take this,' and he drew a pistol from his bosom. 'My weapons are not carnal,' said Lindsay smiling, as he folded his arms; 'is Belinda, Miss Harrington safe—where have you left her?' 'She is safe and at home.' 'May heaven be praised,' exclaimed Lindsay, with emotion. By this time the smugglers were entirely discomfited, and those who were not killed had been secured; Lindsay marked the cheek of Blanchard suddenly become pale, while his countenance expressed pain. 'You are wounded, Blanchard,' he said; 'suffer me to conduct you to a cabin not far from this, where your arm can be looked to.' Resistance was vain, for a faint sensation stealing over him, he was glad to lean on Lindsay for support, while one of the naval officers led his horse. The poor widow was called up, and his arm was bandaged, and vinegar applied to his temples. Aye, weep on, Belinda, that is quite right love—now would you not give worlds had you been there to do all this for him—it would have made so romantic a scene. Behold him, however, recovered from his swoon, again mounted on his horse, and conducted by Lindsay to his little parsonage, where he remained all night, and from whence my father and I are just now come, as we conceived it but an act of charity to pay him a visit—picture him to yourself, stretched on the sofa, attired in a most exquisite chintz dressing gown and embroidered slippers, no doubt the work of some fair damsel, looking so interesting, with little Gertrude sitting by his side. 'Now this is very kind in you,' he said, on our entrance, while his cheek flushed, and he would have risen, had we permitted him; 'you see I am doing penance for my sins, but considering their magnitude I have escaped very well—why the Parson has metal in him after all, he quite surprised me last night—ah, Lindsay, you are there; your little girl has been sounding your praises, and confiding to me all your secrets.' 'Has she so?' replied Lindsay, smiling, while his pale face instantly crimsoned; 'I hope she has not tired you.' 'Oh no, she is a most amusing little lady, I trust Belinda, your sister,' he continued, turning to me, 'has not suffered from her alarms, I am afraid she did not think me very complaisant last night, but it was not a moment in which I could attend to forms—one scream from her would have ruined us.' 'My sister feels most grateful to you,' I replied; 'but I am sorry to say that she is far from well today—her anxiety for you and Mr. Lindsay has been very great—she reproaches herself as the cause of placing both your lives in danger.' He smiled, and then

asked for my uncle; I told him that I had left him sleeping; 'at least,' said I, 'if I might judge from certain portentous sounds as I passed his door, which indicated that uncle Sam's slumbers are as noisy as his conversation. I hear he was railing most bitterly against all womankind last night; I know not what he will say when he finds you have been a sufferer through their inadvertence.' 'I hope he will consider it a most providential circumstance that a horde of villains, who kept the whole neighbourhood in constant alarm, have been discovered,' returned Blanchard, a sensation of pain convulsing his features as he spoke. 'Blanchard, your arm must be looked at,' said Lindsay, immediately on observing it; 'your old friend Bertha is ready to attend you.' This was our signal to depart; my father, on taking leave, was most profuse in his thanks for the good service he had rendered to you: I never saw him so animated, except when studying the corn laws and inveighing against ministers. 'And now, my pretty nun,' continued Marion, rising; 'your mind, I hope, will be quite at rest—and if you wish to prove yourself a *sœur la charité*, you will perform a pilgrimage to the parsonage, and dress the wounds of your valiant knight with your own fair hands; but of this rest assured, that Lindsay is as careful and attentive as you could be, and their room had such an air of comfort, with the table spread for an early dinner, and a bright fire, that I was almost tempted to exclaim: 'oh that a home like this would smile for me.' Do you think I should suit Lindsay as a wife, and employ myself in making flannel garments and gruel for all the old women in the parish?'

Belinda smiled—"dear excellent Lindsay," she said; "how have the beauties of his Christian character shone forth in his self forgetfulness for one from whom he has received nothing but constant unprovoked slights—may God bless and reward him."

"And, dearest Belinda," I rejoined; "you now perceive how much good may result from what to us appeared replete with misfortune—no doubt the advantage that Lindsay has gained, will be followed up by all that his own good sense, and zeal for the welfare of another, will prompt, aided by the well timed and persuasive eloquence for which he is so famed as a minister. I prognosticate great happiness from our late adventures," and I looked cheerfully as I spoke, on the sweet girl, whose upturned eloquent eyes, and hands meekly crossed on her bosom, expressed the devout gratitude she felt.

Late in the afternoon we descended together to the drawing room, rather with the fear which two culprit children might be supposed to feel, who had played truant, and were not quite sure of the reception they would receive; we encountered uncle Sam in the hall, who shook his cane at us; this certainly did not increase our courage, although I