

light on a bed at the farthest corner. Belinda looked fearfully towards it, but it appeared unoccupied. She turned from this to a couch, and there lay extended the form of Harvey Blanchard—his cheek pale as death itself, his head shorn of all its glossy hair, and his arms tossed above it—an Indian Lebado was thrown carelessly over him. Mr. Murray drew the agitated Belinda close up to him, at the same time laying his finger on his lip; hers seemed moving in secret prayer, as she knelt down by his side, and bowed her head on the couch. After a silence of many minutes she ventured to look in his face, there was a convulsive movement in his features, which expressed the disturbed state of his mind, and she shuddered. Mr. Harrington, who had lingered below with Mrs. Blanchard, had now entered with her, and as he gazed on the affecting objects before him the words seemed to ring reproachfully in his ears, "Those whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

"But thou knowest I did what I conceived my duty," he mentally groaned; "Oh, punish me not by this young man's death, most gracious Lord."

The sleep of Blanchard was brief. On unclosing his eyes, they fell on the kneeling form of Belinda; their dull, glazed expression, told how unconscious he was of her presence. She attempted to take his hand, but he started up wildly exclaiming:

"Ha! the evil spirit—let it not haunt me—I have seen such in my dreams—off, off, touch me not—begone."

How dreadful were these words to the unhappy girl. She turned to Mr. Murray, fearfully.

"You must not heed him," he said softly; "it is ever thus, in such seasons of delirium—the most beloved objects become those of hatred and distrust—he seldom allows his mother to approach him. Come Blanchard, my friend," he continued, placing his head back quietly on the pillow, "lay still my good fellow, there are none here to harm you."

"Do you not see the spirit?" he wildly cried; "haul up the anchor, and let us be gone. Hark how the breeze freshens—we have passed St. Margerets, no lights are there—all is dark, dark, for Belinda is dead."

Again would the weeping girl have raised his hand, but he dashed her from him with violence.

"Will you dare?" he demanded in angry tones; "away from my sight—see, she falls! ha, ha, ha!"

Belinda would indeed have fallen, had not Mr. Murray caught her.

"Oh! Harvey, my beloved boy, it is your own beautiful wife," said his distressed mother, drawing near him; "do you not know Belinda?"

"Wife, I have no wife—they forced her from me—and though she implored me to take her, yet I would not—did you not hear her wild shrieks—they murdered her after I was gone."

"Oh, this is too much, I cannot bear it," ex-

claimed the wretched Belinda, pressing her hands over her eyes that she might hide him from her sight; "my father, my dearest father, pity your poor child, and pray for her—I cannot pray, the words I would utter are an agony to me."

Mr. Harrington placed her on his knee, and as her face rested on his bosom, he murmured words of affection, of hope, united with fervent prayers to Almighty God, that this bitter cup might pass from her. Mr. Murray earnestly solicited her to leave the room, and retire to the one which had been prepared for her reception.

"As your presence seems to produce so much additional excitement," he said; "you must for his sake forego appearing before him, until a salutary change takes place."

Mr. Harrington, in low tones, enquired his opinion of Blanchard's state; he answered doubtfully and with hesitation, at the same time adding that his naturally good constitution and his youth, aided by Divine Providence, might rise against the increasing exhaustion, produced by such constant unnatural vehemence.

"This is all I can say at present," continued Mr. Murray; "I shall remain with him until the crisis of his disorder has passed, which we may look for ere very long—may it realize our hopes, and not our fears."

Belinda cast one long and sorrowing glance towards the couch. Blanchard had again started up, and was calling on the names of his companions—it was a heart-rending spectacle, from which she at length suffered herself to be led, while his voice, his wild laugh rang in her ears, until she gained her own apartment, accompanied by Mrs. Blanchard, who seemed to feel deeply for the affliction she beheld. She embraced her again and again, with fond affection, for who could so well sympathize in all her sufferings as this devoted mother, who, beholding in her the most cherished object of her beloved son, naturally felt drawn towards her in no common degree. After remaining some time with her, she departed, promising to call her at early dawn, or sooner, if her presence were required. The prayers which the unhappy Belinda breathed this night, were offered more in heavy sighs and moanings, than in words—but her Heavenly Father knew the thoughts of her heart, He beheld her humbled and prostrate before him, He witnessed the faith, the resignation she displayed, and when did He turn from the broken and contrite spirit—even where the requests may in mercy be withheld, will He support, and console, and eventually make up for all that He takes away.

Belinda had but just laid her aching head upon her pillow, when her anxious father entered the room, he could not go to rest until he had seen her once more.

"Alas, my child," he said, as he hung affectionately over her, "if remorse for having done that which