

the anxiety our lengthened absence must have caused, but we now hastened forward, while Captain Harrington's loud voice proclaimed our safe arrival to the anxious father, who met us at the hall door.

"There is your child," said he, as he placed the exhausted Belinda on the sofa; "and thank God that you behold her again, for only half an hour since, and I would not have given that for any one of our lives." And he emphatically snapped his fingers.

Mr. Harrington looked aghast.

"Your absence has caused us all great uneasiness," he said, turning to me; "and I have sent people in every direction to seek for you. Poor Lindsay is with them. I was on the eve of mounting my horse, which is waiting at the door, when I heard your voices. In the name of Heaven what has detained you?"

While I briefly endeavoured to explain, I heard Blanchard address a few words to Captain Harrington, who nodded, when he would have left the room had not Belinda called to him.

"Whither would you go tonight," she said anxiously, as she endeavoured to raise herself; "I am sure my father will not suffer you to depart. Pray, pray, remain until tomorrow."

He leant over her, affectionately smiling, as he replied:

"Belinda, dearest, I have a duty to perform which your own good sense must feel to be necessary."

"You are not going amongst those dreadful looking men again. Oh, Harvey, tell me!" she exclaimed, with agony depicted on her countenance.

"No, no, fear not; good night," and he turned hastily from her; at the same time Captain Harrington informed his brother of the smugglers' retreat, adding, in a low voice:

"Blanchard intends giving notice to the coast guard, and will guide them to the spot."

I shuddered while Mr. Harrington, pouring out a goblet of wine, which stood on the table, approached him with it, saying:

"Harvey, take care of yourself. My horse is at your disposal. Let us hear from you tomorrow."

Blanchard hastily drank off the wine, thanking him by a look; and ere another word was spoken he had disappeared, and we heard the clang of his horse's hoofs down the pathway, a few minutes afterwards.

"That is as fine a fellow as ever stepped—be the other who he may," said Captain Harrington; "and I hope he may live to be a general. Bell, my girl, he has saved your life, this night; may you never forget it. Come, cheer up my lass, what ails thee now?" and he sat down by her.

"Oh, dear Uncle, I fear he has returned to the cliff," returned Belinda, whose tears were flowing copiously; "I know him so well—he is so determined—so desperate."

"He is just what a soldier ought to be, child, and if you dared keep him from his duty, by any of your pining woman's fears, I would—" here he paused for an expression, as his voice rose in anger: "I would throw you over the cliff myself."

"Nay, spare her, my dear sir," said I, smiling at his vehemence; "and reserve all your scoldings for me, as the elder of the two; my want of observation has been the cause, I fear, of all our distresses this night."

"Very true, very true; I daresay your tongue was running nineteen to the dozen, and the waters would have swept you off with the last new fashions, or the character of your neighbour hovering on your lips, had not Blanchard, to our cost, proposed our going out to meet you; but you behaved very well, I must say," he continued, pressing both my hands, "and, for a woman were wonderfully quiet and silent, while necessary."

Mr. Harrington was now engaged in bathing the temples of Belinda with restoratives, and in endeavouring to soothe and console her. I was surprised that her mother and sister were absent in such a moment; but I learnt that Mrs. Harrington had been affected by violent hysterics, in consequence of her alarm for her daughter, and that Marion was with her. I strove to conceal my own fatigue, that I might be useful to others; and I would not leave the dear Belinda until I saw she was more composed, and had consented to retire to bed. I then most gladly adjourned to my own room, where my heartfelt thanksgivings were offered up in prayer and my earnest petitions breathed for the preservation of our gallant deliverer, whose danger was not yet over.

(To be continued in our next.)

SOURCE OF PERPLEXITY.

THAT which makes our view of the present state of the world a source of perplexity and horror, is the consideration that every human heart bears in itself a type, more or less distinct, of those powers and that happiness which have been the portion of the most exalted minds. There is, perhaps, no spot on earth, however dreary, in which the germs of many plants, and the larvæ of shining and light-winged insects are not hidden, though for thousands of years undeveloped, and still expecting the warm breeze that shall call them out into life and beauty.

SAILOR'S WIT.

A lady at sea, full of delicate apprehensions in a gale of wind, cried out among other pretty exclamations, "We shall all go to the bottom: mercy on us, how my head swims!" "Madam, never fear," said one of the sailors, "you can never go to the bottom while your head swims."