

men returned who had accompanied Mr. Lindsay; they informed my father that he had gone in another direction, while they, by his desire, had searched for you in the old ruin, which he knew was one of your favourite haunts."

"Alas, alas, and he is in all probability gone to the cliff," exclaimed Belinda, clasping her hands; "alone and unarmed—when will the miseries of this night be over?"

To think again of sleep was now impossible, and we all sat waiting, watching and listening, until the first streaks of daylight appeared in the east; Marion then left us, while Belinda threw herself by my side on the bed, when exhausted nature at length yielded to repose.

The sun was shining brightly into the windows of my apartment when again she awoke—it was the Sabbath day, and the church bells were chiming for morning service. I looked wistfully out, but the fatigues and alarms I had suffered the preceding night, precluded my attendance, and indeed I felt too anxious for my poor Belinda, to have left her. After a slight breakfast, which I prevailed on her to take, I read aloud to her what I conceived would calm and compose her troubled spirit, and I was rejoiced to mark a returning serenity gradually take place of that agonised countenance which had so pained and distressed me. Yes, hope must indeed revive under the blessed influence of God's holy promises: who can still despair and read these words traced by the inspired pen, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;"—"If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask what you will, and it shall be done unto you." Deep is the pity I feel for all those who, in the hour of affliction, know not this strong hold as their refuge. In the days of their mirth and laughter, religion has been thought of, perhaps, as the gloomy resort of the enthusiast; their imagination paints her a melancholy image, whose study would speak to them only of the destruction of every earthly enjoyment, of every thing cheerful and happy in life. Mistaken beings, lift but the veil, and with the eye of faith behold the glories which lie beyond the tomb, that vista will shed a light over thy darkest hours. Can the knowledge of Him be gloom, who is the source of all real happiness and of the purest joys? Oh, never, never—in the words of a pious and powerful writer, believe that there is "no melancholy in religion, and no religion in melancholy."

Mrs. Harrington had sent to make frequent enquiries for her daughter and for me, but I was informed that she was still in her own apartment. Marion accompanied her father to church, and it was with considerable interest we awaited her return, when we hoped to gain some intelligence of our friends. I was sitting at the window of Belinda's pleasant room, whither we had adjourned,

when the carriage drove up to the door. Belinda could not speak, but remained motionless as a statue, in a listening attitude, her lips trembling from emotion. Marion's quick light step was soon heard approaching, and when she entered, a smile played over her countenance; I thought that she had never appeared so beautiful as at that moment.

"All then is well, dear Marion," I exclaimed.

"Yes all, or nearly all," she replied; "why Belinda, child, you look like the spirit of the white lady—I protest I will tell you nothing, for you know I hate scenes, and you seem disposed to favour me with one."

"Marion, I am perfectly prepared to hear any thing you may have to say," said Belinda, whose expressive face portrayed intense eagerness, controlled only by a wonderful and painful effort; "I beseech you keep me not in suspense, my sister."

"Well then, I have seen both Blanchard and Lindsay—nay, I knew how you would immediately become agitated, sit still, else I am gone," and she held her down, while she placed herself by her side. "Now listen, Lindsay preached as usual at church, and I confess, when I beheld his calm placid face as he walked up the aisle, I was relieved, even though his discourse lasted fully an hour. On our departure, we met him at the church gates, when he informed us that Blanchard was at his house, having received a slight wound in the shoulder, from the cutlass of one of the smugglers."

Here Belinda uttered a faint scream, I pressed her hands in mine, as I entreated her sister to proceed.

"It appears," continued Marion, "that Lindsay having sought for you in those spots, where he conceived it likely you might have wandered, suddenly remembered the widow's cabin at the cliff, and thither he proceeded. All was perfectly still for some time, when presently the sound of fire arms, accompanied by loud and angry voices, struck on his startled ears; he heard oaths and execrations, and groans as of those in pain, and he shuddered; he associated your image with the terrific scene, and he wildly called on your name as he rushed forward, a brilliant moon guiding him to the spot. On reaching it, he beheld the coast guard engaged with the whole band of smugglers, who were apparently making a desperate resistance—the commanding figure of Blanchard rose in the midst of them, brandishing his drawn sword, while their vessel appeared in the distance in flames—several wounded men were laying on the beach. It was an awful sight, from which, (being unarmed,) he would have turned away, had he not at that moment seen the uplifted arm of one of the ruffians, prepared to plunge his cutlass into Blanchard's back—the impulse to save him was irresistible, and he darted towards him, exclaiming: 'Blanchard, for heaven's sake, turn and defend yourself.' With the rapidity of light-