

liest day fixed. Whole pages could not express all I felt at this time for my sweet young favourite, whose present excitement I knew to be far beyond her strength. When she went to bid adieu to her mother, while tears of agony bedewed her cheeks, Mrs. Harrington calmly said, as she half raised herself from her couch to embrace her :

"Good bye, my dear; you will in all probability go to Dublin; I wish you would choose for me a rich silver grey poplin dress; stay, I think I have a ribbon of the shade—Sparkes, look for it in that drawer; not there—then it must be in the lower one."

Vain, heartless woman, even while I felt anger I thought how far more due was pity. Most affectionately did Belinda take leave of me, and thank me for the blessing which, dear girl, she said I had proved to her amidst her trials. I could scarcely speak to her, so overpowered was I by emotion; but I gained her promise to write to me constantly. She saw Lindsay also, and never had I witnessed any want of fortitude in him until he pressed her hand, and gazing on her sweet pale face, as she stepped into the carriage with her father, beheld it drive rapidly away. He then covered his eyes with his handkerchief and stood for a while silent. What his thoughts were I could not tell, but as he turned to bid me farewell, the expression on his countenance was one of unutterable regret and sorrow. From that moment St. Margerets became to me desolate, and most gladly did I leave it to return home, two days subsequently. The sequel of my beloved girl's story I have collected from her letters since that period, and I now continue it in my own words.

Belinda bore the fatigues of her journey to Ireland, better than her anxious father had expected, notwithstanding the very boisterous weather they encountered in the channel. Mr. Harrington would have proceeded by easy stages to——, but each night that they halted she was so restless and anxious, that he soon found it more trying to her health, than the fatigue of constant travelling—she was impressed with the miserable idea that she would arrive too late.

"Oh, if I am only permitted to behold him once more," she would exclaim, in a voice of agony; "I think I could yield him up in resignation—spare him, spare him until then, most gracious Saviour, and then they will be done."

It was late in the evening, when, after several days, they reached the Glen of the Echo, in which stood the residence of Mrs. Blanchard. They drove down a circuitous road, shaded in summer by the spreading branches of elm trees, over a singularly constructed bridge, which arched a deep ravine—the scene was wild, and at this season dreary; the house was a pretty low white building, with sloping roof in the cottage style. The door was opened for them by Blanchard's own servant. Poor Belinda, how dreadful were her feelings at that moment—she endeavoured

to speak, but words were denied her, and she could only clasp her hands and gaze in the man's fate.

"How is Captain Blanchard—does he live?" demanded Mr. Harrington, in a tone of deep anxiety.

"Oh then, by the powers he does sir, God be praised," replied Connolly, "the mistress has been expecting you and the young lady all this blessed day."

"Great God, I thank thee," murmured Mr. Harrington, with fervour, as he raised his eyes to Heaven. "Belinda, my beloved child; do you hear? your husband lives, your prayers have been heard."

She was lifted from the carriage, and conveyed into the house, where Mr. Murray received them. He applied restoratives to the temples of the fainting girl, and addressed her soothingly and encouragingly."

"May I see him—may I go to him immediately?" were the first words she uttered, when a copious flood of tears had relieved her.

"In a little time you shall," replied Mr. Murray kindly, "but I should wish to see you more composed first, and that you endeavour to prepare your mind for the alteration you will find."

"I am prepared for every thing," she cried; "all I prayed for, was to behold him again. Oh, do let me go at once."

"I will announce you to Mrs. Blanchard, who is now in his room," returned Mr. Murray; "we dare not leave him by himself for an instant. Sit down, I entreat of you—I shall not detain you many minutes."

Mr. Harrington supported his trembling daughter, as she remained waiting, and watching in that state of mind which may be imagined, but can never be described—the military cap of the dear sufferer lay on a table, and near it his sash and sword; even these mute objects had power to touch the inmost chord of her heart—a beautiful portrait of him, taken when a boy, adorned the chimney piece—Belinda could scarcely discern it through her tears; but the same lofty, noble countenance, the eloquent blue eyes, the smile, were all traced by a master hand, which appeared to have delighted in its subject; the picture served to rivet her attention until the return of Mr. Murray, who came, accompanied by a tall interesting woman, clad in mourning. She instantly came forward and received Belinda in her arms—neither could speak; yet that one fond embrace seemed to act as a cordial on the drooping, afflicted mother, and the young and sorrowing bride.

"Now, my dear young lady, you shall come to him," said Mr. Murray, taking her hand to lead her away; "he is at present sleeping, which is the happiest moment you could see him in; but this will never do," he continued to the poor trembling girl, "courage, there is a good child—this way."

On gaining the door of Blanchard's room, Mr. Murray cautiously unclosed it; one solitary lamp was burning on the table, while the fire threw its flickering