

low, etc the offence can be forgiven—what is honour, whose demands would overturn all that God considers great and exalted and good?—Surely a quality so noble must be perverted and cruelly distorted before it could produce results so balful, so ruinous.”

The vehemence with which the young minister uttered this, betrayed the intensity of his feelings—his eye kindled, his cheek flushed with holy ardour, while thus engaged in his duty to his Divine Master, and his earthly friend. Blanchard’s determined countenance underwent no change, as he stood with folded arms before him.

“Lindsay, your opinions are no doubt perfectly correct,” he replied; “nor do I deny their merits, but while the world sanctions duelling, and a slur would be cast over him who neglected to observe its claims, I do not possess the moral courage to defy it.”

“Alas, what a bad master is the world,” said Lindsay; “and what slaves are they who suffer themselves to be controlled by its false and unhalloved laws—in the sight of God what more deadly sin can exist than revenge—it is a passion so fearful in its nature, so frightful in its indulgence, that in wisdom and mercy He will not confide it to his sinful erring creatures, but takes upon himself the awful charge. ‘Vengeance is MINE,’ saith the Lord, ‘I will repay.’ How are you then justified in going forth to meet your enemy—compose your dark thoughts Blanchard, your trembling agitation, your violence, and in humbleness of spirit ask yourself how far your own sins have contributed to the present evil. This would be courage in reality, requiring more firmness, more manliness, more heroism, than the most glorious achievement gained by the high souled warrior; his conduct is considered great—this would be divine. You tell me you are guiltless—you must have very inadequate conceptions of the hold which sin has over your heart if you think so, and this is the saddest error which cleaves to fallen man—he is not aware of his state, if he is free from gross sin and but follows the customs and ways of the world, he is quite satisfied—conscience never troubles him—the remembrance of a judgment to come, viewed in the distance, appears dim and obscure. Alas, this is ‘crying peace where there is no peace.’ You may at least charge yourself with wilfully closing your ears to all serious impressions; in having in this last instance acted with extreme thoughtlessness, and situated as you are, inconsistency—you have never allowed yourself time for reflection—surely you have no defence to offer for this. Does not the mariner, who is steering in a difficult and dangerous pass, amidst shoals and rocks, keep constant watch, and make those frequent observations which will lead him in safety to the desired haven. The most minute action of our lives requires some thought, and shall

that which involves our salvation, be alone neglected, alone forgotten. I see you are impatient; bear with me, Blanchard, for my spirit groans within me when I reflect on where you may be in a few hours hence, should you persist in yielding to the dictates of blind haste and passion—and all the misery you will have heaped on one of the purest, the most confiding of earth’s creatures. Will not the name of Belinda stay you?” and he approached him nearly, laying both his hands on the arm of the agitated young man, and looking earnestly and beseechingly in his face.

“Oh, God, name her not, I implore you,” cried Blanchard, with deep emotion; “yes, that was a new agony, when I reached home last night to find her note laying on my table, full of all her own beautiful sentiments, yet written under heavy sorrow for her father’s losses. How did I curse my folly at that moment, and execrate the vain woman who had caused it, and who I have since found, could dance and smile while her favourite child was confined to bed seriously ill.”

“Blanchard, let me impress this truth upon your heart,” returned Lindsay; “never trust that woman who makes the faults of her husband the subject of discourse, particularly to a young man like yourself. It is not my object to offer remarks upon the conduct of Mrs. Fortescue, which your own judgment condemns, nor can it too severely condemn, since her vanity, greedy of admiration, light, frivolous, and totally unworthy the dignity of a wife, a mother, has led to all this misery; let the time given me be spent in urging you to pause one night, ere you dare in your present unprepared state, expose your life, your soul, to endless woe. You have a widowed mother, for mercy’s sake forget her not; you would not make her childless?”

“Lindsay, I may not stay to listen to you,” cried Blanchard, wildly; “nay hold me not, it is in vain. I fully appreciate your motives; I honour them—but it is now too late to draw back. Should we meet no more,” and his voice became hoarse and indistinct, as he drew a sealed packet from his bosom; “give Belinda this, and assure her that never for one moment has another than herself, found a place in the wayward heart of Harvey Blanchard. My friend, Mr. Danvers, has charge of a letter to my —”

Here he paused, unable to proceed—still Lindsay would have held him, but he broke from his grasp, and hurried past him. Little Gertude met him as he was leaving the house.

“Ah, my Harvey, is that you,” said the innocent child, clasping his knees; “where are you going?”

He raised her in his arms; he covered her with kisses, and then rushing out, he mounted his horse, and dashed off towards the town.

The fisherman’s boy, who daily brought fish to St. Margerets, was unusually late this morning.