

young man—he led her to an arbour and placed himself by her side, when he strove to soothe her with all those expressions of affection and solicitude which were the most likely to have the effect. He had felt hurt and offended at being so constantly refused admittance to see her. And it was difficult to make him understand all the delicacy of her motives.

“As the friend of your uncle, had I no claim to being made known to your father,” he enquired reproachfully.

“I intended to do so in a little time,” replied Belinda; “but just now he is scarcely ever at home, and I almost feared to see you often. Oh, you know not all I have lately suffered from self reproach, nor can you ever know or comprehend, until your heart opens to religious impressions.”

“Until I am more like your lackadaisical friend, the parson, I suppose,” said Blanchard, with a slight curl on his beautiful lip.

“Harvey, I may not listen to such words,” returned Belinda, rising; “Mr. Lindsay is my most valued friend, and worlds would I give that you were more like him—while from him I derive strength and peace, from you I experience remorse and care—I beseech you leave me.”

“Thus then we part,” said Blanchard; “and the companion of many happy hours is cast off without a sigh.”

Belinda gazed on him, her whole countenance convulsed with agony—she fervently clasped her hands as she replied:

“Harvey, my constant prayers shall be offered for you, that God will change your heart—never, never shall I forget you—for are you not linked with recollections of those most beloved, those now gone—particularly her to whom you proved as a son, in the kindness and attentions you afforded her in the days of her helplessness. Heaven bless you, and preserve you.”

Blanchard folded her in his arms, and pressed his lips on her fair brow.

“Farewell, dearest,” he exclaimed; “God knows when we may meet again.”

“Yet stay one moment,” said Belinda, sobbing; “you have not yet told me where you are going.”

“We proceed tomorrow to —, our destination will be D—, for at least a time.”

“Then you are not going out of England—I am at least thankful for that—will you keep this for my sake, and promise that you will occasionally look into it,” and she gave him a small volume, which had been the companion of her walk.

“This is one of your good books, I suppose,” said Blanchard, smiling, as he received it; “yes, dear Belinda, I will preserve it carefully, in remembrance of you,” and he placed it in his bosom.

“How much I now regret that you are unknown

to my father,” returned Belinda, still lingering; “had I thought you would so soon leave P—, I would not have been so tardy—but it may not be too late even now—will you come with me to the house and we will seek him.”

“Not now, Belinda, for I have more to do this day than I have time I fear to complete it in—accompany me to the end of the shrubbery, and then I must leave you.”

Most sorrowfully was this short walk performed, Belinda hung on his arm, while little Gertrude ran before them. The gate leading to the road appeared in sight, when they paused; a few more words were spoken, another fond embrace, when Blanchard, without daring to look back, hastened from the spot, and was out of sight in an instant.

That evening Belinda communicated to her father, her knowledge of Blanchard, and gave into his hands the sealed packet, which had been entrusted to his care by Colonel Harrington. On opening it, an enclosure for Belinda was discovered, with directions that the contents should not be disclosed, until she had attained the age of nineteen. It contained also the watch and seals of her uncle, with a few other valuables—a small testament, which he had constantly carried in his bosom, and a letter addressed to his mother. In this he stated that Harvey Blanchard was the only child of a particular friend of his, who had been killed at Waterloo, leaving him at the age of five years to the care of his young mother, who had made every sacrifice to give him the best education in her power. She possessed a small property in Ireland, left to her by her husband, which it was her pride to improve for her son, who now became the sole object for whom she cared to live. Colonel Harrington expressed a great affection for the boy, and his interest it was that had obtained for him a commission in his own regiment, previous to its going to India. He described him as possessing many fine qualities, but which had been overrun by numerous weeds, owing to the false indulgence of his mother. During his residence with him at Calcutta, he had taken great pains to instil religious principles into his mind, but he always evinced impatience and dislike to the subject. “As he is,” continued the letter of Colonel Harrington; “I behold in him but a splendid meteor, which may any day set in darkness.” The concluding page was written only a few days before his death, and was thus expressed: “Harvey Blanchard has been constantly with me, during my trying illness; I have been unable to prevail on him to leave my bedside, even for a few hours rest. May the Almighty God hear the prayers which I shall offer for him. He is promoted into a regiment in England, and will shortly sail—I entrust him with this, and a few trifles for you; the packet addressed to Belinda, she will open as I have