

his reluctance to confide her to Blanchard; but he could not, in honour, rescind the promise he had given.

"No, my dear child, I dare not be so selfish or so unfaithful to my word," he replied; "if I could only prevail on him to leave the army, we might all be happy."

"Not for worlds, my father, said Belinda, vehemently; "not for worlds. There could be no happiness in a measure so opposed to his sense of honour and for which he might hereafter most justly reproach me. No, no, his duty calls him hence. Mine is to obey, my father."

"Belinda," said Mr. Harrington, gazing with astonishment upon her; "can it be possible that you love Blanchard to the extent you have said, and make this sacrifice to duty?"

"Can I give a stronger proof of love than to say I would leave country, friends, all else dear to me on earth, for his sake; yes, all," she continued, clasping her hands, and gazing upwards with an expression of devout fervour; "save Him who died for my redemption."

Mr. Harrington was much affected. He mingled tears with his embraces, as he said:

"Yes child, most beautiful, most beloved, the religion which produces such practice *must* be perfect. Go, Belinda, to your rest; I would wish to be alone. May Blanchard prove deserving of a treasure whose full value I never knew till it is about to be lost to me. Go, dearest, I can speak no more tonight."

Belinda would have lingered, for a thousand painful emotions crowded on her heart, but her father waved his hand to her, when she slowly and sorrowfully retired.

On gaining her own room, she threw herself on her knees and wept long and bitterly. The situation in which she was placed, to one like her, was indeed trying, yet she knew that she had but one course to pursue, which was fervent prayer for Divine help, and a steady purpose to obey the influence of God's Holy Spirit, for whose guidance her petitions were offered up in humble faith. On the following morning, she confided to me all her thoughts, her hopes, her fears. I fully anticipated, after the fearful night which had called the strength of her attachment for Blanchard so prominently forward, that if he urged it, she could not refuse to reward the self devotion which he had exhibited. Is there one who will feel disappointment in her decision?—if so, they expect more from human nature than it will ever afford. I do but trace that which I know, and have felt, and have seen. Perfection is reserved for another and a brighter world.

Mr. Harrington had promised to see Blanchard again before he left the parsonage, he having expressed an earnest desire for an interview with Belinda, but this, under existing circumstances, was

difficult, since delicacy and consideration for the feelings of Lindsay, forbade her accompanying her father to his house, but she wrote a few hurried lines, which she intrusted to Mr. Harrington, and then confined herself to the privacy of her own apartment until his return. In a few hours she was summoned down stairs, when she perceived a carriage standing before the hall door; she almost trembled as she turned the lock to enter the library, how was her emotion increased on beholding Harvey Blanchard, his cheek pale from the pain he had suffered, and from want of rest, yet there sat on his fine countenance an expression of triumphant happiness, which revealed his thoughts. She flew towards him, unable to trust her voice, and placed herself by his side on the sofa—his wounded arm rested in a sling, but with the other he pressed her in silence to his heart.

"This intractable friend of yours would not pass St. Margarets without seeing you," said Mr. Harrington, smiling; "but his surgeon waits for him in the carriage, and forbids him more than five minutes. I will go and keep watch that he does not exceed them," and he left the room as he spoke.

"You are then recovering, dear Harvey," said Belinda, now venturing to look up. "Oh, what an awful night it was; I would not suffer what I then did again for worlds."

"To me it was one full of happiness," replied Blanchard, "since I knew not before the strength of your affection. God bless you, my own darling Belinda, for the confidence you have reposed in me. Until last Saturday, I never dared to hope that you would consent to share my fortunes, and accompany me abroad, and without that certainty I would not have asked you, as I could brook no denial."

"Proud man, must you never meet denial," asked Belinda, with a faint smile, as she gazed upon his noble and most beautiful countenance.

"Not from you," he returned, with an answering smile.

"Then, to lower that high bearing, I should have withheld awhile my promise—the boy will soon forsake the butterfly which he has so easily caught, I fear."

"Belinda, you consider me unstable, fickle, wavering; nay, you need not blush so deeply, I can read well your thoughts, which are as open as your fair brow. I may have been so till I knew you, but there is something in you scarcely to be defined, which has had the power to rivet my affections; the very first evening we met, your image found a place in my heart, and in all my wanderings since I left you, there has it remained enshrined, even when I might have seemed to give my thoughts to others—aye, often amidst scenes of revelry have you stood before me, like an angel, and saved me from self reproach. Belinda, an honourable attachment is our best safeguard."