

were most amiable—he would wheel her about the grounds in her garden chair, and never seemed to weary with her garrulity upon that subject which formed her only solace. He gave Belinda lessons in drawing, he wrote for her in her album, and lent her books of fiction, which filled her mind with romance—in short, his presence seemed to weave a web of enchantment around her, replete with happiness, and which had but one regret attached to it; this was a most singular prejudice which he had taken to her valued friend, Mr. Lindsay. She ventured to notice it to him, when the light and impatient answer he made, forcibly struck her. That night, on retiring to her room, she began to meditate on all the occurrences which had transpired since his introduction at St. Margerets, when she became much alarmed and distressed, at the powerful ascendancy she had allowed him to acquire over her, to the exclusion of many holy, many happier feelings. She felt, that since he had grown dear to her, she had neglected higher duties—her thoughts had become wandering and distracted, and she did not experience that internal peace which had once been hers. On her knees she acknowledged all this in heartfelt contrition to her Heavenly Father, and besought Him to vouchsafe to her grace and strength, to rise against the sin of suffering any creature to usurp so dangerous an influence. On recalling many slight circumstances, she now for the first time, discovered that Harvey Blanchard must be very defective in his religious views. Had Mr. Lindsay been an older man, she would have confided to him her anxieties, and prayed him to advise her; but this she felt to be impossible, and she wept bitterly the losses she had sustained in her excellent uncle, and the total incapacity of old Mrs. Harrington to guide her.

"Yet let me remember the beautiful precepts she used to inculcate, ere the days of her power had departed," exclaimed the poor girl, clasping her hands; "would she not have led me to the foot of the cross, there to cast my burden—and there to look for help, which never was denied the penitent and contrite sinner. Behold me then, oh, my Saviour—pity me, pardon me, and lead me back to the peaceful fold, from whence I have wandered."

After this salutary self examination, Belinda became more reserved in her manner towards Captain Blanchard; he soon noticed it, and gently reproached her. She evaded his enquiries, and he angrily attributed the change to Mr. Lindsay—he expressed himself with so much bitterness, that the timid Belinda shrank dismayed from him, when he abruptly left the house.

An hour after his departure, Mrs. Harrington was seized with another paralytic affection, while sitting in her chair. She was immediately conveyed to bed, while the physician and Mr. Lindsay were

sent for—but she never spoke more—towards midnight she expired.

Alas, poor Belinda, what a situation for her, and how terrible were the feelings with which she awoke on the following morning, after a few hours of broken slumber, which the kind hearted Bertha had prevailed on her to take. The utmost kindness and sympathy were evinced for her among the small circle of her acquaintance, but, except Mr. Lindsay, she would see no one.

Her father, at this time, was residing in Paris, but he promptly obeyed the melancholy summons he received, and although not a man of much refined sentiment, he possessed those solid qualities which in such a season, were to her invaluable. She felt that in him she had a protector and a sincere friend, and the affectionate manner with which he folded her to his heart, proved a comfort beyond all words. He proposed, after every necessary arrangement had been made, and the last solemn duties towards his departed mother performed, that she should join Mrs. Harrington and her sister, until St. Margerets underwent all the improvements and alterations which were deemed requisite to induce their making it a future home. Belinda, however, felt so great a reluctance to leave a spot, endeared to her by so many fond recollections, that her father consented that she should remain with him, and assist his taste in all the changes he wished to have made.

Mr. Lindsay daily visited them, while the engaging society of little Gertrude, proved a delightful solace to Belinda, with whom she constantly was, either wandering on the beach, or in the favourite haunts of her beloved St. Margerets.

Captain Blanchard had been constant in his calls, to enquire after her health, but they had not met since her loss. She was strolling one morning with her little companion, in the shrubbery, a few weeks subsequent to this event, when suddenly the light form of Harvey Blanchard sprang over the low paling, and stood before her. Thus taken by surprise, she screamed, while the child clung in terror to her dress.

"I beg your pardon, for alarming you," he said; "but I despaired of seeing you in any other way, and I was anxious to say farewell. We have received a sudden order to march from P— tomorrow morning."

On hearing this announcement, so abruptly given, Belinda became much agitated.

"Would it not have been kind to prepare me more gently for this?" she replied, in a tone scarcely audible.

"Most certainly, if I had conceived it would have given you a moment's pain."

"Oh, Harvey!" was all that Belinda could utter. ere a violent burst of tears came to her relief. These at once subdued the proud heart of the intractable