

a round of dissipation, which fatigue and pall upon the senses, happiness arises from the fulfilment of our duties, in contentment, and in peace."

Towards noon, Mr. Harrington returned, accompanied by his brother. Belinda flew to meet him, and was most warmly folded in his arms.

"Ah my little Bell," he exclaimed; "always the first to welcome old uncle Sam; "why, what a fine blooming lass you are grown my girl, and who is this kind and smiling lady with you?"

"This is Mrs. Mary Selwyn, uncle," replied Belinda; "a very dear friend."

"Is she so," said Captain Harrington, pressing both my hands; "then she must be mine also—but where is my sister, and Miss Marion?"

"They are in their rooms, I believe," returned Mr. Harrington; "you will see them presently at dinner—would you like to adjourn to yours—I will show you the way."

"I know the way well enough, changed as it is since the days of my good old mother; bless my heart, what finery," he continued, springing up stairs, and gazing round him, and his stentorian voice was heard as he proceeded down the gallery in a kind of discontented *growl*, until it died away in the distance.

"That is a natural character at least," said I, turning to Belinda.

"And yet under his rough exterior, is concealed one of the kindest, one of the softest hearts," she replied: "my uncle Sam, I am sure, could not harm the worm that crawls in his path."

On entering the drawing room, a few minutes before dinner, I found Captain Blanchard added to the family circle, Mr. Harrington having invited him in the morning to meet his brother; and, to my further gratification, Mr. Lindsay was announced soon afterwards. I marked his sudden start on beholding Blanchard, and an expression on his countenance almost indefinable, but he checked it instantly, and advanced towards him, holding out his hand, which the other, instead of receiving, drew himself haughtily up, and bowed in the coldest manner. It was the first ungracious act I had witnessed in him, and I felt sorry. Belinda looked much distressed, while the hectic of a moment passing over Lindsay's interesting face, he turned away. Captain Harrington talked for every one during dinner, and amused us by narrating many sea stories, with infinite humour and drollery. He was evidently pleased with Blanchard, whose conversation interested him, from his having travelled over scenes familiar to himself.

"How soon do you think you will sail, uncle," asked Belinda, in the lowest tone, as she sat next him, her voice trembling as she spoke.

He turned to look at her ere he replied.

"My child, how soon? is it for the sake of uncle Sam you put that question so fearfully, or is he go-

ing to run away with one of your sweethearts? Nay, never blush so, my girl," he continued, patting her on the head, for in an instant his penetrating glance which Blanchard cast upon her; "I spoke but in jest, I scarcely think we shall get off for some weeks, as the Bellona has to go into dock to undergo repairs."

These were glad tidings for Belinda, but she dared not raise her eyes to thank him.

Captain Blanchard engrossed so much of the attention of our little party, that I devoted mine entirely to Mr. Lindsay, who was evidently depressed in spirits. While conversing with him, I could not help regretting that the afflictions of Belinda had not rather been placed on him, whose mind and tastes, and pursuits were so completely her own, added to a soundness of judgment rarely to be met in one so young.

"United to him, what peace, what happiness would have been hers," I mentally said; "while now, nothing but trials appear to await her."

Short sighted mortals that we are, how constantly we would err, and rue the hour, if we were left to guide our own destinies.

The evening proved so very beautiful, that on retiring from the dinner table, I induced Belinda to accompany me in a walk; we tried to prevail on Marion to join us, but were unsuccessful.

"My sister is afraid that the sea breezes might be rude to her tresses," said Belinda, laughing, as she tied on her neat straw bonnet; "she has a horror of appearing in the character of a Blouseabelle."

We proceeded in our favourite direction of the cliff, and our conversation gradually became so interesting and absorbing, that we were not aware of the distance we had gone, until we found ourselves near to the poor widow's cabin.

"Shall we go on and visit her," asked Belinda; "it would detain us but a very little longer."

I assented, and we proceeded with quickened steps; on entering the humble abode, we perceived her seated with her children round her, at tea. She started up immediately, saying:

"Dear ladies, this is very kind in you, but I fear me you are late for the tide, it has been rising some time."

We looked out, and to our dismay discovered that it was indeed the case.

"Belinda, my dear child," I exclaimed; "we had better hasten back with all speed, for they would be miserably anxious at home, were we to be detained here; I wish we had been more ob-

serving."

"We have not far to retrace our steps along the sands," replied Belinda; "I have repeatedly done it in less time than we have now to spare."

The woman gazed without anxiously.