

You, Blanchard,' replied his friend; 'to prove the instrument of leading you to a better knowledge of divine things, I would sacrifice my life. Nay, look not so incredulous—you cannot imagine the feelings of a minister, or the weight of responsibility he endures, when he faithfully considers the high trust which is committed to his keeping; but I have an additional object in view—the happiness of one, dear to us both, is connected with your eternal welfare.' Blanchard started, while a frown darkened his fine face. 'Ha, what mean you sir,' he said, 'with a return of that hauteur he used to show towards Lindsay. 'I mean,' replied Lindsay, mildly, 'that a mind constituted as Belinda's, would be miserable, were she allied to one whose sentiments are so completely dissimilar.' 'But with Mr. Lindsay her happiness would be insured, is that what you would say?' and the words were spoken in a tone of bitter irony. 'Blanchard, this is not a time to talk lightly,' returned Lindsay, with agitation; 'in me you behold no rival, but a most sincere friend. I would not have ventured to touch upon this last subject, did I not feel that my earthly days were numbered. Belinda I love as a dear sister, and I should I behold a fairer promise of happiness opening before her, than that which I fear me is in store for her.' This announcement seemed to forcibly strike Blanchard; his manner underwent a rapid change, his countenance instantly became illumined with an expression of pained surprise and regard. The eyes of Lindsay had never rested on so beautiful an object as at that moment, and he mentally said: 'Can this being be formed to moulder into dust forever, and the spirit to be cast into outer darkness—oh, God forbid.' The door now opened, and little Gertrude entered the room; she ran towards her uncle and knelt before him, clasping her hands to say the accustomed prayer, ere she retired to rest. Blanchard watched her with interest, and listened with attention to her petition, simply and naturally expressed—her fairy figure so exquisitely formed, and the too delicate complexion gave her almost the appearance of a seraph, and as she rose after receiving the blessing affectingly bestowed by her youthful guardian, Blanchard drew her towards him, and pressed his lips on her snowy forehead in silence, while a tear stood in his eye. 'More worth to me at that moment,' continued Lindsay, rising; 'than the richest diamond, the emerald of the eastern Rajah, for I felt that his heart was touched; and now, Mrs. Mary, lest I should weary you, as I feared I might my patient, I will say farewell. He will remain with me until tomorrow, when I regret to say he leaves me, as his surgeon finds it inconvenient to attend him at so great a distance. A few days, I trust, will see him quite recovered—pray tell Belinda so,' and he extended his hand, which I warmly pressed. He saw that my feelings were much affected, and that I with dif-

iculty answered him, and with a benignant smile on his countenance he hurried away, while I rejoined Belinda. With what absorbing interest and devout gratitude she listened, as I narrated to her in full our interview, I need not say, or how copiously her tears fell at the prospect of losing a friend such as Lindsay. Alas, where was she to find another like unto him?

The important arrival of Baron Feldbach took place this day—my expectations in so august a personage had been rather elevated; but I was disappointed on beholding a short stout man, with very florid complexion and most heavy unmeaning countenance, which was however in great part concealed by the mustache of flagrant memory. He was presented to me in great form by Mrs. Harrington, who appeared charmed with every thing he said or did. I soon discovered that he was considered in the light of an accepted lover, by Marion; I felt surprised, but when I learnt that he was supposed to have great possessions in Germany, my surprise vanished, since these were sufficient to endow him with a thousand charms. Uncle Sam, who was essentially of the old English school in his prejudices, viewed him most suspiciously.

"He is one of my lady sister's foreign friends, I suppose," said he, in what he intended as a whisper to me; "I should laugh if he proved to be a school-master."

But it was evident from his discourse, that the acquaintances of the Baron were persons of high rank and pretensions, and that he had been accustomed to move in the best society abroad. What more could a parent like Mrs. Harrington desire, and with much pride and delight was he introduced by her to all her friends, amongst whom the intended marriage of her daughter soon became a topic of conversation. I shall be forgiven if I seldom allude to Baron Feldbach, he fills but a dull back ground in my *tableau vivant*, yet to complete my group, his presence cannot be dispensed with.

"Belinda," said Mr. Harrington to his daughter, as we were separating for the night, "I would wish to speak a few words to you;" and he led her into his library. "My dear girl," he continued, as he closed the door and placed a chair for her, "you have always been a good and dutiful child; and the last year, during which we have been constantly under the same roof, has, I confess, endeared you much to me; you have proved my solace and have made home an abode of domestic peace, which, for ages, was a stranger to me. Must I then relinquish this newly discovered treasure and part with you?"

"My dear father, what can you possibly mean?" replied Belinda, with a look of pained astonishment; "Surely you are not going to send me from you again?"

"Certainly not, unless by your own desire; but after all I have heard and witnessed since the return