

so good as it used to be. Belinda, I wish you were with her, to cheer her solitude."

Belinda faintly smiled, while tears filled her eyes.

"You expect to remain abroad for some years, I fear," she enquired, in a faltering tone.

"We do—surely you will not refuse to see me, once and alone, ere we part, perhaps for ever."

"Alas! for what purpose—if, as you say, we may meet no more—the less we see of each other in the meantime, the better."

Ere he could address her again, he was called away by Mrs. Harrington, to look at some beautiful engravings, and he came not near her again.

"Heaven be praised, that this most trying day is over at last," exclaimed Belinda, on our meeting at night in her own room; "dear Mrs. Mary, but for you, I know not how I should have gone through it. Now do tell me truly, what your opinion is of Harvey?"

"My dear Belinda, it is quite impossible for me to decide so hastily, but the little that I may say, is in his favour. Light and thoughtless as you have considered him, he has still remembered you with affection, and in many slight instances has shown a warmth of heart, which to me is full of promise—permit me to ask has he ever proposed to you seriously?"

"Not exactly," replied Belinda with a deep blush; "but he has constantly expressed the wish that I was known to his mother, of whom he always has spoken with deep affection."

"I wish we could avert this going abroad," I continued, after musing awhile; "it appears most unfortunate at this time, and yet let me feel humbled for my haste. Has not God willed it? therefore it must be right. How many links, which connect the chain of events, are unseen by us, and which, were we to behold, would display to us the goodness of our Heavenly Father—the things we murmur at may spring from the greatest mercy, while those we would desire might prove our ruin. Oh for more faith, to trust Him in all our anxieties."

"Is it not strange that my uncle's ship should be the one selected to take out the troops, and that Harvey should be so constantly associated with our family," said Belinda; "may we not trace the Divine hand in this also, dear Mrs. Mary?"

"Assuredly we may, my dear girl; is there aught which His power has not decreed? and how frequently, from causes trivial in themselves, the greatest consequences have arisen; the meanest instrument, when guided by Him, might alter the destiny of nations—we have only to look around us to behold this truth daily. Let us not, therefore, tremble when mountains rise between us and our hopes—for the same God who commanded the Israelites to go forward, when the dark waves dashed around them, and made a path-way through the

deep waters, so that they sank not, is still watching over us and all whom we love. It is infidelity to confine His means within the compass of our poor imaginations—let us rather humbly spread our hopes and desires before him in prayer, and if He approves them, we are assured that He will grant them at that time which he considers best for us."

A few days after this, Mr. Harrington announced that Baron Feldbach had written to accept an invitation at St. Margerets.

"I am happy to hear it, my dear," replied Mrs. Harrington, complacently.

"And we shall have another guest," continued Mr. Harrington, with a slight hesitation in his manner; "my brother Samuel has arrived off P—and will be with us today."

Belinda started and turned very pale, while Mrs. Harrington, exclaimed:

"Your vulgar sailor brother—how extremely provoking—what a charming companion for Baron Feldbach."

"I have not seen him for four years, and I confess the idea gives me pleasure," returned Mr. Harrington, evidently hurt; "Belinda, my dear," he added to her, as he rose to leave the room "I am sure you will kindly give orders about arranging your uncle's apartment. I am going into P—to meet him."

"I will see to it immediately, dear papa," replied poor Belinda, who, with difficulty restraining a flood of tears, was glad to make her escape.

"Is it not annoying that Captain Harrington should just arrive at this time, Marion," said her mother.

Marion shrugged her shoulders, but returned no answer.

"It is one of the evil effects of marrying when very young, and not having the whole family reviewed before me," continued Mrs. Harrington; "my dear Mrs. Mary, picture to yourself a perfect sea monster, who has scarcely ever been in ladies' society—his voice alone shatters my poor nerves; he always speaks as if he were commanding his crew."

"My dear friend," I replied, laughing; "I regret that I have no sympathy to spare for your distress—and I trust it may not be called upon in any heavier misfortune—you cannot appreciate your many blessings until you have experienced their loss."

"I have surely experienced enough already, in being obliged to leave my charming abode in Paris, and such society, for this solitude; and so fond of pleasure as I am too, it is really very, very trying."

"Poor lady, I pity you," said I; "not for the losses you enumerate, but that you should prefer pleasure to happiness."

"Are they not the same?"

"Most decidedly not. While pleasure consists in