

tion to pay visits in the neighbourhood, and Belinda came to me, entreating that I would see him.

"Under existing circumstances, it would distress me to do so," she said. "Can you enter into my feelings?"

"Most truly, my dear girl; I will attend him instantly."

Lindsay was standing at the window on my entrance; he turned quickly round when the door opened, and a slight look of disappointment crossed his features, but he advanced and cordially accepted my hand; I thought him looking far from well.

"I trust Miss Harrington is not still confined to her room?" he enquired anxiously.

"Not entirely, but she has scarcely recovered from the effects of her alarm and anxiety," I replied.

"We both owe much to you and to Captain Blanchard?"

"To me, nothing—nor do I think that Blanchard takes credit to himself for what any would have done, placed in the same circumstances."

"He is still progressing towards recovery, I hope?"

"Yes, I am happy to say. Last night he appeared restless. He finds it difficult to remain in one position, and to which he is obliged to submit."

"You find him an intractable patient, I fear?"

"Much less so than I expected; indeed I can scarcely regret an accident which has made us better known to each other; has removed a prejudice on his part, and given me a better insight into his character than I could have gained in a year, by merely meeting him in society."

"And is that increased knowledge in his favour?" I enquired, with a degree of concern which I could not disguise. He looked at me a moment ere he replied.

"Decidedly so; his chief errors have been strengthened by a faulty education and a want of control in his childhood. His heart is warm—but oh there is much, very much, I could wish to see changed. Mrs. Mary," he continued, while the hectic colour on his cheek, and his faltering voice, expressed the emotion he felt, "the interest I entertain for Blanchard is of no common kind. I know him to be dear to one for whose well-being my prayers have been offered for years, and although this discovery has destroyed hopes which (I hesitate not in confessing to you as her most intimate friend) were once mine, yet would it rejoice me to behold hers consummated with a reasonable prospect of happiness."

"Such sentiments from you surprise me not," I replied, gazing with admiration on the noble minded young man; "yet do they add to my regret that the realization of Belinda's wishes should destroy yours."

"Ah, Mrs. Mary," he returned, in a tone slightly mournful; "offer not praise where none is due—

ere my wishes can be realized, I must go home," and he waved his hand upwards emphatically; "even had Belinda felt for me what I once dared to think, it would have been cruel had I linked her fate with mine, when after a few brief years of happiness, we must have been divided."

I looked astonished and pained while he proceeded:

"You do not comprehend me; but it requires no prophet to foretell that the same malady which has swept away nearly all who were near and dear to me, is ready to seize upon another victim; it creeps slowly and unperceived, like the worm into the bud, but its course is as sure and destructive."

"My dear friend," I exclaimed, while tears filled my eyes; "I trust you are mistaken."

"Oh, heaven forbid," he replied, clasping his hands with a fervency which was startling; "since I have long viewed that hour with the yearning desires of one who rests for mercy on Him who can never fail—who accepts me, and gives me a blessed assurance of eternal happiness, in his own written word. But I came not to speak of myself," he added, after a short pause, which I had no power to interrupt; "I thought it might interest you or Belinda, to hear how Blanchard passed the Sabbath in the parsonage," and he smiled.

When I was enabled to answer him, for I confess that his speech and manner for the moment affected me beyond measure, I expressed my eagerness to hear all that he had so thoughtfully come to recapitulate, and which I record in nearly his own words.

It was not until the evening that Lindsay's duties permitted him to attend exclusively to his guest—he then entered his room and threw himself into a chair. 'You look fatigued,' said Blanchard; 'I hope your labours for the day are over.' 'They are, and for your sake I am glad, I fear you have found it a tedious one.' 'I have certainly felt somewhat like the lion in the net,' replied Blanchard, yawning; 'and never was I more heartily tired of my own company.' 'You are not often alone, I imagine?' 'Never, when I can help it.' 'But is not that paying an ill compliment to your own thoughts and resources?' 'I do not trouble thought much, when I do I am depressed.' 'But in the course of your career, you may be placed in circumstances where you cannot command society; what would you do then?' 'Possibly I might drown or shoot myself,' and he smiled. 'That was indeed said without thought,' returned Lindsay; 'now what would you give to possess a charm, which would render the most desolate spot a paradise, where independent of all earthly fictitious means, you could be supremely happy, and if even borne down by affliction, by pain, by sorrow, your mind would be staid in peace.' 'Such a charm, were it in existence, would undoubtedly be beyond all price.' 'It is beyond all price, my friend, there—