

have passed here with you, when I am far away—oh, do not forget me.”

I caught the dear girl to my heart as she spoke.

“Alas,” I mentally said, “is she not like the bird who inadvertently makes its abode in the mast of a ship—while at anchor in the peaceful haven, all is well—she may fly off to the groves and return at pleasure; but when once the noble vessel is launched into the deep, and carried over the dark and stormy waters, where will the bird find rest and security. Where but in Him who suffers not even the sparrow to fall unheeded or forgotten.”

Our first care after the early morning, was to engage uncle Sam to walk with us to the parsonage—we found Lindsay so much recovered, that he received us in his study. He appeared gratified by our visit, and thanked Belinda with a flushed cheek, for all she had so thoughtfully sent him—nor had she now forgotten her young friend Gertrude, whose delight at the contents of the basket we had brought, was unbounded.

“You were very gay last night,” observed Lindsay.

“Aye, they contrived amongst them to turn a once well regulated house out of the window,” replied uncle Sam, gruffly; “if my good mother could see it this morning, I think it would astonish her—but here comes the hero Harvey Blanchard, as if he were carrying an express. How now my hearty, (on his entering) has the wind shifted, are we off today?”

“I wish to God we were,” replied Blanchard, smiling, as he returned our greetings; “I came to enquire for Lindsay; you are better, I trust—that is right. Ah, my little Gertrude, come here,” and the child sprang into his arms; “tell me who am I?”

“You are my Harvey,” she replied, laying her innocent face down on his breast; “are you come to stay again—how is your poor arm,” stroking it as she spoke; he kissed her affectionately, while she continued with an earnest countenance: “my Lindsay was so sad yesterday, he told me no one cared for him but Gertrude—now you love him, do you not? and Belinda loves him dearly, and God loves him, which is better than all.”

Lindsay gently placed his hand over the lips of the dear child, as with a crimsoned cheek he told her she might go to Bertha.

“You will soon visit us again?” enquired Belinda, whose countenance betrayed her feelings.

“Oh yes, I hope to preach as usual on Sunday next, my cough is so much better.”

“Not for two hours, I trust, Lindsay,” said Blanchard.

“Is that for my sake or for my friends?”

“For both perhaps, since I mean to attend your church to hear you, which I believe I never yet have done. Belinda, will you admit me with you?”

Her answer was a happy affectionate smile. I always observed that her manner towards Blanchard, when in the presence of Lindsay, became reserved—I could well understand the delicacy of this change, since the struggle he made to conceal and to conquer his attachment to her was but too evident, the precarious state of his health rendered it an easier task, as he felt by what a slight tenure life was held, while his mind so beautifully regulated, and absorbed by his ministerial duties, raised him above the hopes and disappointments of this sublunary sphere. To me, Lindsay was the most interesting being I had ever beheld, so young, and yet so devoted, so true a Christian. He was zealous in leading his flock to the fold of the true shepherd, and stood firm as the beacon, to warn the unwary mariner from the rocks and sands, where destruction awaited him—but if the faults of others were discussed before him, when he could not defend he would remain silent. He felt that by nature he was evil even as they, and that to grace alone he owed all the good which was manifest in his every word and action—he knew that the inclination to sin belonged universally to fallen man, but while the renewed heart would check its risings and lament over it—the nominal Christian would follow its leadings wherever passion led him, without reflection, without remorse. We would not lengthen our visit, as we were aware that his time was precious, and that he had put aside his papers on our entrance. We met Bertha and her young charge at the door.

“My master will be quite well, now that he has seen you, Miss Belinda,” she said; “God bless your sweet face, it always does my own heart good, but you will soon be leaving us, I fear. Ah, I thought how it would be, when the handsome Captain returned.”

Belinda’s cheek instantly became suffused with blushes, as she stooped to caress Gertrude.

Bertha had been the faithful and attached servant of old Mrs. Harrington, and had nursed Belinda in her early childhood, nor would she have ever left her, but at her own request, who for the sake of the little motherless girl, made the sacrifice. She thought none either so good or so beautiful as her young lady in the world—she admired and liked Captain Blanchard, from the manner in which he was associated in her remembrance with Mrs. Harrington and her favourite son, but she could not reconcile the idea of his carrying her favourite away to “foreign parts,” since she conceived that any country out of England must be barbarous. Uncle Sam had always a kind word for Bertha, and as we were leaving the house he slipped his offering into her hand, saying:

“Aye, Bertha, a handsome face and a piece of red cloth, are sure baits for foolish girls. I thought my little quiet Bell would have passed them by un-