

goodness is indeed infinite—thy ways inscrutable; receive my humble thanksgiving.”

“Bless my heart, what is all this,” cried uncle Sam, starting up at the sound of our voices; “has the Baron carried away any of the plate with him?”

Mr. Harrington answered him by revealing the good news, when a prolonged whistle expressed his astonishment; then walking up to his brother he said in a tone of earnestness:

“Belinda is now no longer portionless, and if you, to gratify your dogged obstinacy, banish that fine fellow, Harvey Blanchard, I will never forgive you.”

“Samuel, you never were a father,” replied Mr. Harrington; the events which have made that young man more known to me, have determined me not to trust him with my gentle child; he would break her heart in a month. No, no, it may prove a trial to her to part from him, but my resolution is fixed; no power on earth shall alter it.”

“Let us waive this distressing subject tonight, my dear sir,” said I, anxious that he should reflect more calmly and dispassionately, ere Belinda was doomed to hear his severe, though, perhaps, wise resolve.

Have you no message for your patient, sorrowing daughter?”

“Tell her that she is my only blessing, that I will see her tomorrow; say all that your own kind heart will prompt,” he continued, pressing my hands in his, “for tonight leave this packet with me, as I wish to study the interesting document of my excellent brother with more attention; God bless you.”

He accompanied me to the door, when I left him to return to Belinda. During my absence, she had seen Mrs. Harrington and her sister, which had rather added to her distress.

“It is painful to me to witness their total want of resignation to the divine will,” said she; “perhaps in my mother it may not be so surprising, who from long indulgence, cannot view a reverse of fortune, which will deprive her of many fictitious means of happiness, without shrinking; but Marion, the gay the light hearted Marion, to be so completely overwhelmed, astonishes and pains me deeply.”

“It is only what I expected, my dear girl,” I replied; “the gay spirits of Marion were not built on any substantial base, but on excitement; the moment this ceases, they fail her; she has no refuge to fly to amid her sorrows, which consequently prey and corrode on her heart; the world which, in her days of sunshine, smiled and caressed her, will offer but poor comfort, amid the storm.”

“Dear Marion closes her ears to the comforts of religion,” returned Belinda, mournfully; “I attempted to reason with her, but I only rendered her irritable, and when I mentioned the little shower of good fortune which had unexpectedly fallen upon me, she received it with apathy; the good, she said, was to me, how could that affect her, as if I could receive any

benefit which I would not gladly share with my sister; she appears to feel the desertion of Baron Feldbach at such a time sensibly; his conduct certainly appears strange and mysterious; happily the sorrows of the heart are spared her, since she loved him not, alas, these are the heaviest to bear,” and again did the tears of Belinda gush forth; “did my father speak of Harvey to you,” she enquired with emotion. “He named him; my child,” I replied, “and he bids me say that tomorrow he will see you himself.”

“I fear he is very angry with him, and I dread to hear the resolutions he may have formed. God help me and support me.”

“Look forward with hope, my Belinda, your father is all kindness and will consult your ultimate happiness depend,” and I repeated to her all which I thought might console her under the pressure of her present feelings.

The day following, Uncle Sam took his favourite cane from its accustomed corner in the hall, and with an air of great determination, quitted the house, as if his mind was fully made up on some point which none should oppose; he remained absent several hours, and on his return, held a long conference with Mr. Harrington, the result of which did not immediately transpire, but the astounding intelligence that the Bellona was to sail in two days, was soon known throughout St. Margerets. Poor, poor Belinda, how my heart bled for her, yet nobly did she sustain her trials, resigning herself with the fullest confidence to the will of her Heavenly Father. So touching and so beautiful an instance of the power of religion, I had never witnessed before in one so young.

It was Saturday, and we were sitting together, retracing all the occurrences of the past week, which had been so fraught with anxieties, when Fanny entered and presented a note to her young lady; the moment Belinda cast her eyes on the superscription, her cheek blanched to the hue of death.

“Is there any one who waits?” she enquired with a quivering lip.

“Captain Blanchard’s servant is below,” replied Fanny, “and he was desired to take back an answer. Oh, Miss Belinda, he says his master is looking dreadfully ill.”

“Fanny leave me for the present,” returned the distressed girl, “I will ring when my answer is ready;” she then unclosed the note, and as she read, a faint scream burst from her lips; I gazed on her in alarm. “Oh this is terrible; this is indeed a dark picture of a mind alienated from God,” she cried in agony; “alas, how great is my punishment for loving one possessed of such passions—for suffering him to usurp such empire over my thoughts and affections. Read it, dear Mrs. Mary, for my eyes are blinded with my tears.”

The note ran thus:

“Belinda, I am at this moment sitting alone in my room; no eye is upon me, save His who I have of-