

my talisman against evil is prayer, and my trust in God alone."

Lord Blondville pressed the hand of his beloved as she spoke, when again they moved on, and entered the hall of the castle. Mrs. Bennett, Ursula, Annetta, and the female domestics received them with low curtsies and respectful greetings. Amy cast one look of affection on her faithful Ursula, ere she ascended the staircase to the drawing room, where every luxury and magnificence were presented to the eye. Here she was met by Lady Emily, who unable to be present at the ceremony, now fondly clasped her in her sisterly embrace, shedding tears of love and chastened joy. The windows were all thrown open, the balconies were filled with the most delicious flowers, while the groves resounded with the song of birds. Amy gazed upon the scene, her young heart powerfully affected; the Earl seemed scarcely less so—he led her towards the spot which commanded a view of the fountain, apart from the observation of all. Here he folded her again and again to his heart, exclaiming:

"Now am I indeed repaid for the months of anxiety I have endured in waiting for this day. Amy, I have had fearful thoughts—I have fancied I so little deserved the rich blessing I now call mine, that it would be taken from me. You must help me, dearest, to render thanks where they are due—is it not happiness to be again here together," he continued, as her tearful eyes were fixed affectionately upon him; "and here too forever. Nay hold not up that dear warning finger, I cannot heed it to day," and he playfully lowered it.

"*Non si puo aver le rose, senza le spine,*" said Amy, smiling.

"Ah, say you so, my own beloved—at least may no thorn ever wound you, which your faithful Harold would be unable to remove. May our first meeting prove symbolical of our future lives."

"Amen," responded Amy, as he again conducted her into the room, to take her station at the splendid banquet.

And now the strangers were departed, and none surrounded Amy save those who were most beloved. Mr. Martyn had been unusually moved by the ceremony of the morning, but after one hour spent in the solitude of his study, he came forth calm and tranquil as ever. The blessing he breathed, as the youthful Countess knelt to receive it, proceeded from his heart, and was the pious aspiration of a Christian, whose spirit looked beyond the present scene to that brighter world, where his best hopes were garnered—his treasure laid. Yet benignantly did he smile on the happy forms floating before him, for no morose gloom attached itself to his religion, which was serenely cheerful, and therefore true; the only earthly hope he had indulged, was the union of the two beings dearest to him. This was now accomplished, and the child of Agnes, as

the wife of the noble Harold, he felt would be cherished and loved as she deserved—while he would still be near to watch over both, and guard them against the perils of prosperity, and from forgetting, in the things of time, those belonging to eternity.

Nor was the wish of good Mrs. Bennett ungratified—for the stranger who may have the curiosity to visit Elondeville Castle, will be shown in the picture gallery of that splendid edifice, a most exquisitely finished portrait of the Confided.

(Conclusion)

(ORIGINAL.)

HOME.

Written on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

The shadows of dawn from bright Phœbus retiring,
Awake all creation from slumber and rest,
While on the St. Lawrence, serene and inspiring,
I view the green isles that repose on his breast.

Transported I gaze on the bright scene before me,
Where nature smiles sweet through her varied charms,
Till the fond recollections of childhood come o'er me,
And all the fair prospect of beauty disarms.

O'er the scenes I have left, my fond memory still wanders,
And fancy revisits wherever I roam,
And my heart feels a pang of bereavement, andponders
On all the endearments I left with my home.

O where is that Briton so dead to all feeling,
Though fortunes bright beams on his destiny smile,
(When his heart its most secret desires revealing)
Will sigh not again for his own native Isle.

For the name of his country is dear to the stranger,
Where'er he may wander, whatever his doom,
Though by troubles assail'd and surrounded by danger,
His heart like the needle still turns to his home.

Roll on, mighty river, roll on to the ocean,
And bear my fond sighs o'er the evergreen sea,
That encircles my country in playful commotion—
Thus Scotia I still am united to thee.

G. R.

POPULAR IGNORANCE.

It is only in the ignorance of the people, and in their consequent imbecility, that governments or demagogues can find the means of mischief.—Prof. Austin on Jurisprudence.