

"We are all, every one, concerned in it my child; not your husband only. Rebellion has broken out in the province. Toronto is threatened with fire and sword; and every man, be his station what it may, is called upon to arm himself and obey the mandate of the Governor, to enrol himself under the banner of his Sovereign, and march to the defence of the capital, or be marked as a coward or traitor. Your brother is the bearer of of this declaration."

Silence was now commanded, and standing forth in the midst of the ring that formed around him, Edward, with loud and distinct voice, read the proclamation of the Governor. Very different was the effect produced on the mind of his audience; for while some of the young ladies wept and turned pale, the servants who occupied the open doorway cried, and almost screamed aloud. The old men and fathers looked grave and stern; while among the young men all was excitement and energy; even the newly-made bridegroom, forgetful of his agonised partner, partook of the general enthusiasm, and stood with flashing eye and animated tone, eloquently declaring his readiness to join the gallant band of loyal volunteers. It was not till he caught the pleading glance of his pale bride's dark eyes fixed so mournfully upon his face, that a sense of her desolation of heart struck him, and, as if to atone for his seeming forgetfulness of her whom, but a few minutes before, he had so solemnly vowed to cherish, in joy or sorrow, he hurried to her side, and tenderly drawing her arm through his, led her to the sofa, and placing himself at her side, strove with all a lover's fondness to soothe and comfort her; but it was a hard trial for them both, and the very suddenness of the shock and the vague notion of the perils that threatened her husband, added to the anguish of the parting.

This was not a time indeed to talk of marrying and giving in marriage. All was now hurry and excitement. Every bosom responded to the loyal appeal—every hand was warmly linked in one bond of loyal brotherhood; young and old, the weak with the strong, swore to fight bravely in defence of their hearths, their altars, their adopted country, and their youthful sovereign.

"Come, my friend," said Capt. Denham, Agnes's uncle, an old veteran N. E. Loyalist, the most collected person in the room, "let us drink health and happiness to our little bride and