

about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go!"

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister, as they were selecting what each should wear; would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away.

"But it must appear such a mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task."

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the ball. Edward who was the only occupant of the room, seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness."

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart,—how long this evening will be, without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me!—Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son! How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flocked around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting."

"Edward have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company, for a little while before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness: her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders, and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man, he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hand upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing

thought to Edward who lent his little help to its adornment."

"Edward how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart, when life smiles so brightly on you, and guardian angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty, self-denying spirit wrestles with himself: when, gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this—I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; beloved of my soul, light of my sightless eyes, dearer to me than language can express, you must not thus throw yourself away."

He would disengage the arm that is clinging to his neck, but she nestles closer still.

"Mary!" he cried wildly, "remember! Blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me—not blind for me—Here, Edward, here my resting place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her mother's love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then; rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those Angels among whom, in Heaven, he shall see her—see her, at least, no longer blind!

The Clergy Reserve Lands.

(From the Globe.)

As great ignorance still appears to prevail on the subject of the Reserve endowment, notwithstanding all that has been printed about it, we copy a statement of the present condition of the fund, both in Upper and Lower Canada:—

UPPER CANADA.

Number of acres reserved for the Protestant clergy, under the authority of the Act of 1799, being one-sixth of all the lands surveyed up to 1849.	2,412,200
The quantity authorized by that Act was only one-eighth; in consequence of which, there remain to be deducted.	399,000
Number of acres sold up to 1st January, 1853.	1,364,302
Number of acres given for the 57 Rectories.	15,048
Number of acres unsold, January 1853.	1,032,859
Annual Revenue from the Reserve Fund.	£31,404

Distribution of the Annual Revenue.

Church of England	£15,119
Church of Scotland	7,553
Roman Catholic	1,466
Methodist	777
9 Presbyterian ministers	676
Surplus undisposed of	£5,618
	£31,402

LOWER CANADA.

Number of acres reserved for the support of a Protestant clergy, under the Act of 1799, being one-seventh of the surveyed lands.	934,052
The quantity authorized by the Act was only one-eighth—to be deducted in consequence.	127,259
Number of acres sold up to 1st January, 1853.	392,807
Number of acres unsold	541,750
Annual interest from the fund	£3,509

Distribution of the Revenue in Lower Canada.

Church of England	£2,159
Church of Scotland	1,054
Surplus undisposed of	£226

The endowments in Lower Canada have been very ill managed—since nearly 400,000 acres have been sold, with an apparent net result of only £55,000; but there still remains a very large quantity of lands undisposed of which must now be of great value—of far too much importance to permit of the whole question being settled, without the consent of Lower Canada being asked.

MILITARY.—It is said that orders have very recently been received by the Commander of the Forces to withhold discharges, whether free or otherwise, from men now serving in the regiments stationed in Canada.

WHAT MISS BREMER SAW OF SLAVERY IN AMERICA.—I beheld the old slave hunted to death because he dared to visit his wife—beheld him mangled, beaten, recaptured, fling himself into the water of the Black River, from which he was taken into the power of his hard master. And the law was silent! I beheld a young woman struck for a hasty word, upon the temple, so that she dropped down dead! And the law was silent! I heard the law, through its jury, adjudicate between a white man and a black, and sentence the latter to be flogged, when the former only was guilty. And they who were honest among the jurymen in vain opposed the verdict! I beheld her, on the shore of the Mississippi, only a few months since, a young negro girl fly from the maltreatment of her master, and he a professor of religion, and fling herself into the River.—*Honest of the New World.*