

rest, a quick step was heard on the crisp snow, on the foot-path beneath the window.

"Hark! some one is coming with news for us," exclaimed Harry, starting up, and hastening to unbar the door.

"It is papa!" cried Ellen.

"It is my own George—my husband!" burst from the lips of Agnes—

"For lovers' ears are sharp to hear."

The next moment the arms of George were clasped about the neck of his bride.

We will not describe their greeting.

The next morning brought home all the volunteers of our district, and the long delayed nuptial *fête* of George Hilton and his bride took place on a day of public rejoicing for the return of our brave defenders.

The wedding cake which had remained whole while the Canadas were in some danger of falling to pieces, was getting somewhat stale by that time, I guess; but it had been carefully stored by the thrifty mother of the bride, and when it was placed in the centre of the supper table it looked better than at its first appearance, for it was garlanded with victory laurels and ribbons of the loyal color, which looked very lively among the white roses and orange blossoms, its original decorations. It was cut up with three cheers—one for the bride, one for the bridegroom, and the third for the colony and its brave volunteers.

C. P. T.

Rice Lake, April, 1854.



"An extent of territory comprising one half of what is now called Russia in Europe, has been annexed to Russia within the last sixty years, and, consequently, more than half the European inhabitants of the empire having been recently subjugated, are more or less disaffected; of these, sixteen millions, or about one fourth of the entire population of Russia, *do not profess the Greek faith*. The Mohammedan subjects alone number two millions and a half. The protection of the Greek religion has been proclaimed as the ground upon which the present anti-Mohammedan Crusade was commenced."