

with his school or playmates. Above all, he strengthens the power and love of doing good deeds, by acts of kindness and benevolence—little, if any, by precepts.

The evident design of our Creator is, to have all the other powers exercised, so as to strengthen the moral powers; to be effected and shown, by love to God and our neighbor—by good works—by efforts to benefit our fellow-men—by seeking opportunities to bestow favours—by aiming, in every act, to make some fellow-being or some creature happy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WEDDING.

It was a clear moonlight night in autumn, in 1724, and the old garrison house of the valiant Captain Wheelright, the terror of all the Indians within twenty miles of Wells, was brilliantly illuminated for the wedding of the veteran's daughter, to a young and valiant ranger belonging to the band of Captain Harman. The house was crowded with guests, principally with military men, for at that period every man was a soldier, and every woman, if she could not merit that appellation, was at least worthy of being a soldier's wife.

It was a grand time—that wedding!—There was an abundance of maple sugar and pumpkin pies, and all the young ladies within 36 miles, had been invited to partake of the festivities on the occasion. The dance went nimbly down the rude hall, and every one seemed desirous of adding something to the general expression of merriment and joy.

Yet there were watchful eyes and anxious hearts amidst the joyous assembly. At every sound from without—the sudden bark of a dog, or the creaking of the old trees in the autumn wind, a thrill like that of electricity passed through the throng of revellers.—More than once had the hands of the rangers instinctively fastened on their rifles, which leaned ready for execution, in every corner of the building. It was known to all that the eastern savages were in motion; that the implacable hate of the red men was brooding like a thunder-cloud over the encroaching advance of the English. The inhabitants of Wells had not indeed suffered recently from the vengeance of their subtle enemy—but they felt no security from the vengeance of foes, who were unappeasable in their resentment, and whose transient forbearance, like the crouch of the panther, or the coil of the roused rattle snake, might be only the preparation for a sudden and deadly blow.

But the wedding went on without interruption. The beautiful Emily Wheelright stood up with the young lover before the venerated clergyman. She was a fine specimen of natural beauty—her dark hair fell richly and carelessly upon her neck—her

full cheek glowed with the freshness of health and the free waist and unconfined form, gave to her motions an elasticity and a gracefulness to which the modern victim is a stranger. And the bridegroom in the strength and manly proportions, presented a striking contrast to the fashionable exquisite of modern days.

The rites were concluded: and Charles Hanwell had just imprinted on the blushing cheek of the bride the ceremonial kiss, when a terrific cry from without rang through every nook of the mansion. All sprang on their feet at the fearful alarm. The next instant the report of the rifles came sharply on their ears.

'To arms!—the heathen are upon us!' shouted Captain Wheelright, snatching his musket from the hooks by which it was suspended.

There was a sudden rush towards the door. The moon shone full upon the wild scenery around, but there was no visible traces of an enemy. At length a solitary figure made its appearance at a remote corner of the building. 'Help, for heaven's sake!' said a well known voice. 'I am wounded. The bloody red skins are abroad.'

The wounded man staggered slowly toward the half bewildered group. At that instant a rifle flash gleamed from the nearest thicket. The aim was a fatal one, for its unfortunate object had nearly reached his comrades sprang suddenly and convulsively from the earth, and fell dead at their feet. The exulting whoop of an invisible foe was drowned in the report of the muskets of the white men, which were now directed to every bush and thicket.

'To your horses men!' exclaimed Capt. Harman, as the dusky forms of the enemy became visible at a distance, which was beyond the certain aim of his rangers. Charles Hanwell turned anxiously to his bride—she was deadly pale; she did not join in the cries and tears around her—but she sat still and white as a statue. 'Do not be alarmed,' said Charles, affectionately pressing her hand. 'The savages will not molest us after one vigorous attack from our rifles and there is little danger to be apprehended. Be quiet, we shall return immediately.'

The spirit of her father was strongly within the heart of Emily. 'Go, Charles,' she said, 'and may God preserve!' A party had already mounted, and in a moment the band to which he belonged disappeared in the shadows of the surrounding woodlands. Captain Wheelright undertook to garrison his dwelling with the remainder of the company.

It would be impossible to describe the anxiety with which the wedding guests listened to every sound which came from the direction which the rangers had taken. The trampling of their horses gradually died away; then the sound of fire arms was heard;

and ever and anon, the shrill and terrible war-cry of the savages rose fearfully on the wind.

The heavy tread of horses soon announced the return of the adventurers. They wheeled into the rude enclosure, and the next moment Harman confronted the agitated assembly. 'The vile heathen,' he muttered between his clenched teeth; and turning to the bride, 'your husband is among the missing! It has been a horrid night's work!' and he threw himself into a chair, apparently exhausted.

'Is he dead?' ejaculated Emily Hanwell, springing up, and grasping convulsively the hand of the soldier. 'Tell me Captain Harman, as you hope for mercy, tell me, is he dead?'

'Your husband is a prisoner,' said Harman, 'but he fought desperately before he yielded. He was overpowered by numbers, and we were unable to effect his rescue.—

There was a fearful skirmish for the Indians were twice our number. They have lost many of their bravest warriors, and some of my own little troop are now lying cold and stark beneath the moonlight.'

'And you have left your comrade to perish by the foul tortures of the enemy!' said Emily Hanwell, her tone of entreaty changing to that of indignation, 'to die by the fire and scourge, without a blow for his rescue—without so much as a wound received in his defence! Would to heaven that the powers of man were mine!

She trembled in every limb, and her tears fell fast. The countenance of Harman worked for a moment with resentment, but he overcame the feeling, and turning to his comrades, he avowed his resolution of pursuing the retreating foe, and attempting once more the rescue of the prisoner. The party immediately acquiesced—several new recruits volunteered their services, and in a few moments a second sally was made from the mansion.

It boots not now to relate the particulars of the rescue—suffice it to say that the foe was overtaken—and that in the struggle which ensued the prisoner was liberated.—The party immediately returned to the house of the veteran Wheelright. His daughter met them at the door; after one long embrace of her husband, she clasped with her heart-felt gratitude, the rough and war-worn hand of Harman, and from that moment he was regarded as brother by Charles Hanwell and his bride.

A RIDDLE.

*Little Miss Fidget, with only one eye,
A prodigious length of tail lets fly,
And as she skips from gap to gap,
She leaves a bit of her tail in the trap.*

A Needle.