

the soldiers with his sword, forbade them, on their lives, to harm the Indian, "comrades!" he exclaimed, "let us take him alive, he is far too brave to die!" and before Argimou had ceased to struggle, he was a disarmed prisoner at the mercy of his enemies.

(To be continued.)



### MARRIAGE HYMN.

God of the marriage hour!

Joyous, yet trembling, at thy feet we bow!  
Bless with the strength of all-creating power,  
And with thy spirit, seal the solemn vow!

We know that thou art near,  
Guiding the humblest sparrow lest he fall,  
With mirth and song why mingle doubt and fear?

When light is on our path should clouds appal?  
'Tis ever thus on earth.

Hope, on its eagle pinions seeks the skies,  
Love springs triumphant from immortal birth,  
Yet these are fettered with encumbered ties.

The solemn vow hath been  
"One for eternity, in faith and prayer!"  
Cleanse from each breast the slightest shade  
of sin,  
Make them, henceforth, thine own peculiar care!

Futurity unveil!  
Show us their pathway brightening 'till it close!  
Vain prayer! which may not in its strength prevail,  
To win unchanging bliss, and sweet repose.

Grief hath its stormy hour,  
And joy its brief and passionate control,  
But grant us peace, the Christian's holy dower,  
To guide our bark unshattered to the goal!

We would be wholly thine!  
Guide through life's mazy labyrinths our feet.  
Take us, at last, from this thy earthly shrine,  
A band unbroken, to surround thy seat!



It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once, and borrow for awhile, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness, so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true.

### BEAUTY AND INNOCENCE.

Innocence and beauty!

Themes the angels sung,  
Mid the bowers of Eden,  
When the world was young,  
Ere a flower had withered,  
Or a hope had fled,  
Ere a cloud had gathered,  
Or a tear been shed.

Innocence and beauty!

Though the world is old,  
And crushed its hopes and flowers,  
In the serpent's fold,  
The heavens dark above us,  
The earth bedew'd with tears,  
Still we dream of Eden  
When their light appears.

Innocence and beauty!

What their image gives?  
Childhood, in its gladness,  
Loving all that lives;  
'Tis like spring to nature,  
'Tis like stars to night,  
Hope her rainbow colours  
From childhood's eye of light.

Innocence and beauty!

When the curse was felt,  
And manhood's brow was clouded  
With the gloom of guilt,  
Then mercy, as the token  
Of pardon to our race,  
Left the seal of heaven  
On every fair young face.

Innocence and beauty!

How their holy power  
Strengthens timorous duty,  
And gladdens sorrow's hour;  
When the soul is weary  
With its wayside cares,  
And life's path is dreary,  
Or beset with snares.

Innocence and beauty!

Types of heavenly bliss,  
Who but greets their presence  
In a world like this?  
The young face fraught with feeling,  
Where love and thought unite,  
Is fair as opening lilies,  
And pure as falling light.



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