

anguish of suffering.

A bed with its snowy counterpane and tasteful curtains, stood in a corner of the apartment. On it reclined the dying mother, the emaciated frame and hectic cheek marking her a victim of consumption.

"I am so glad to see you," said she extending her hand. "It is a long while since a minister of the gospel has entered our door, and yet I regret you have been put to so much trouble and exposure in coming. God will reward you. But I wish to speak to you about this marriage."

From her remarks I learned that the family were from New England. Her husband, on his return from the war, removed them to the West, making one or two temporary locations, then selling out and going still further into the unsettled woods. It was while on their way out that the young man to whom their daughter was now engaged made their acquaintance, and joined his fortunes with theirs. It was under circumstances of great trial to them and his presence and aid were peculiarly acceptable, indeed indispensable.

With untiring zeal he devoted himself to their comfort, and whether on the long journey in the emigrant wagon, or in the toils incident to making a new home, he was like a son and brother.

"We came here," said the mother, "because of my health, thinking the climate might do for me what medicine could not. I now see it was too late. But for my husband and George's sake, who have sacrificed so much on my account, I hope this settlement may prove productive some day. They have secured a good tract of land that must be valuable by-and-by; but we are land poor now, all our money is gone. Another season, however, we hope our crops will bring us something more than the necessities of life. George is like a child to me; and what is more he is a Christian. Annie and he are tenderly attached, and despite our present poverty I shall rejoice in knowing that they are united before I am called away."

But the few friends that had been invited had come, the simple words that made two inseparably one were uttered, and then as the table was being laid, bride and bridegroom poured forth their joy in Christian song. Strangely touching was it, here, on the lonely prairie, to listen to wedded love thus expressed. Very happy were they, and comely too, in the

freshness and vigor of their youth. And as we gathered around the well spread board the sick mother taking once more her place at the table, her face beaming the peace she felt, there was a glow of happiness in my heart I never experienced before as guest at a marriage feast.

"Well, Elder," said my Methodist friend as I alighted at his door on my return, not a limb broken, eh? But you had to swim the river?—guess you didn't get much of a fee though, did you?"

"Never better paid in my life—what's my bill for Black Hawk?"

"Well, seeing you feel so rich, I think I shan't charge you anything this time.—All is, I am glad you got back safe and sound."

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SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing-birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak only pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy, almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest and at morning when you rise, and through the day about your daily business.

Self-culture should be the aim of all. Have courage enough to review your own conduct; to condemn it where you detect your faults; to amend it to the best of your ability; to make good resolves for your future guidance and to keep them.

If Satan ever laughs, it must be at the hypocrites, they are the greatest dupes he has—they serve him better than others and receive no wages.—*Laurie.*

Cherish no feeling in your heart toward another, that you are not willing to have another harbor against you.

The vain man idolizes his own person, and here is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right.