

of a leaden, changeless hue? Why hang not the clouds like sponges in the sky? Why the bright tints of the morning, the splendor of noon, the gorgeous hues of sunset? Why, in a word, does the great firmament, like an ever-turning kaleidoscope, at every revolving hour present to man a new and beautiful picture in the skies? I care not that I shall be an-

swered that these and all other beauties, whether of sight or sound, are the results of arrangements for other ends. I care not, for it is enough for me that a benevolent God hath so constituted us, as to enable us to derive pleasure and benefit from them; and by so doing he hath made it incumbent upon us to draw, from so abundant a source."

A RIDE TO A WESTERN WEDDING.

Among the checkered scenes of Missionary life on the frontier, there are not many more pleasant than a genuine Western wedding. The heartiness, the bold dash, the generous hospitality of the thing, often the novel phases of social life which it reveals, together, of course, with the fee which is rarely small in proportion to the abilities of the parties, make the event quite welcome to the toiling preacher.

One day, on answering a modest knock there stood before our log house door a young man, barefooted, coatless, with well patched pants and rimless hat, whose face, beaming with bashful happiness, would at once have suggested his errand, were it not for his garb, or, rather, want of garb.

"Are you the minister?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

Then followed a pause.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked.

"Y-a-s. I came to see if you could come down to Mr. L's next Thursday and marry a couple."

"Where does Mr. L. live?"

"Seven miles below here, on the other side of the river. They want you at two o'clock, Thursday afternoon."

"I will endeavor to be there at the time," said I "but . . . are the parties?"

"Oh," he replied with a look which was its own interpreter, "you will know when you get there."

After getting all the directions needed for finding the place, I was about closing the interview, but my caller lingered as if he had more to say, and after embarrassment, asked what I charged

for marrying folks.

"I generally leave that to the parties," said I.

Then ensued another pause, broken, at length, by saying in a depressed tone.

"I have no money now; perhaps you wouldn't come down and marry us, and wait for your pay?"

"That I will I replied. And Providence permitting, you will see me at precisely the hour mentioned."

The cloud lifted from the sun-burnt face, and smilingly thanking me, he hurried away.

Seven miles in prairie land is a short distance; but not being in a mood to walk, I engaged a horse of a neighbor. Meanwhile, for the two intervening days it rained down incessantly, moderating the fall on Thursday. On calling for the horse, however, the owner was loth to let him go.

"Elder," said he, "are you used to managing horses?"

"Somewhat! why?"

"Because, he added, my horse is high-spirited, and has a bad trick of throwing folks. Few can ride him without getting hurt. The fact is I didn't sleep a wink last night worrying about consenting to let you have him; and I don't feel right to let him go without speaking to you of it."

"How does he throw his riders?" I asked.

"By suddenly jumping at one side.—He's powerful at jumping—beats all the horses I ever saw in that line."

"I can look out for him."

"He'll outwit you, Elder. I hope you won't try it."