

"Covet Earnestly the Best Gifts."



**AUTUMN PRAYERS**

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SO NEAR,  
AND YET SO FAR.

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W. H. WOODS

# AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 1.

## SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

[See Engraving.]

"I heard a saying in Egypt, that ambition  
Is like the sea wave, which the more you drink,  
The more you thirst—yea drink too much, as men  
Have done on rafts of wreck, it drives them mad."

IT'S a shame, Don, that you have to make a lumber wagon of the buggy every time we go to town; I declare if it were not for Aunt Prue I would not ride with you. Just see that old tin boiler strapped on behind; and bless me! if every pan and kettle the kitchen affords isn't inside of it! Do, please, leave them behind just this once. Tom can take them to town when we come back."

"Don't be foolish, Nellie," said Don, "I have them all safely stowed away, and Nora told me that she needed some of them this very afternoon. Jump right in, and I will leave them at the shop before we reach the stores." And Mr. Johnson, a handsome, manly looking young fellow, offered his hand to his wife to help her into the buggy.

Nellie, however, was vexed; and pretending not to see his offered hand, put her foot upon the step and was soon in her seat beside Aunt Prue, who had been quietly waiting for the little flurry of storm clouds to blow over; and with a light spring Mr. Johnson took his place on the front seat, and gathering up the reins, they were soon on their way to the city, leaving a slight cloud of dust behind them, as the well groomed ponies seemed hardly to touch the ground with their well shod hoofs. The morning was perfect, and the country lovely. Upon one side of the road swept the blue limpid waters of the river, while upon the other flared the gorgeous colors of the autumnal wood made almost dazzling by the bright rays of the October sun shining in unclouded splendor.

The cloud however did not lift from Nellie's brow; and after one or two unanswered attempts at conversation, Don turned his attention to his horses and was silent until they reached the shop, when jumping out he handed to a boy in waiting the cause of his wife's displeasure, and giving a few hasty words of direction with regard to repairs, he was soon in the buggy again and driving rapidly towards his office.

"Shall I drive you to the store, Nellie, or will you walk from here?" he asked with a pleasant smile, as he slightly drew rein before the front of a brick building over the door of which the sign, D. Johnson, M. D., threw back the sunshine and invited the afflicted ones of earth to enter.

"I prefer walking," said Nellie, "unless Aunt Prue wishes to ride."

I shall enjoy a walk of all things, this lovely morning," said Aunt Prue cheerfully, as she gave her hand to Don, who helped her from the buggy with as much gallantry and care as if she were young, lovely and the queen of his heart. Nellie sprang out lightly, before he had time to offer his assistance, and drawing Aunt Prue's arm within her own, turned to walk away without even a look towards her husband, when he laid his hand lightly upon her arm and asked:

"Shall I send the ponies around for you at noon; we will lunch at the Union, and drive home later, after the mail comes in?"

"Do as you like," she answered carelessly, not giving even a glance in exchange for the look of affection which he bent upon her; and walked away as though it were a matter of course that he should esteem her favor, should yield to her and extend these unanswered courtesies with-

out reference to the spirit in which they were met.

The calm, gray eyes of Aunt Prue took this all in at a glance, and her heart misgave her for the happiness of Don and Nellie. She was very quiet as they walked along, and could not help noticing that Nellie was preoccupied with her own thoughts. When the store was reached, even the bright fabrics displayed to tempt her love of beauty seemed to create but a passing interest; and making a few necessary purchases, they left. It was necessary for Aunt Prue to make one or two parting calls, for on the morrow she would start for her home in the West; but though the ladies were intimate friends of Nellie's, she seemed restless and preoccupied, and made the calls very short, to the evident surprise of the hostesses.

"What shall we do now, Aunt Prue?" she said as they turned into a shady avenue. It is but a few minutes after eleven, and the buggy will not come until twelve."

"Why were you in such haste to leave Mrs. Thurston's, Nellie; she seemed anxious to entertain us and have us stay longer?"

"The truth is, Aunt Prue, I was restless and wanted to get out into the fresh air. What do you say to a stroll down by the lake? We can rest on the rustic seat by the foot-bridge, and you will enjoy it as a farewell visit."

"Let us go," said Aunt Prue, "for I have a few words that I wish to say to you, Nellie, before I leave you."

A short walk brought them to the miniature lake; and sitting down beneath the shade of an elm, Nellie disposed her shawl so as to protect Aunt Prue from drafts, and sitting down by her, said: "What is it, Aunt Prue; we have but a short time to ourselves?" Aunt Prue took Nellie's hand in both of hers, and bending her eyes tenderly upon her said: "Nellie, I am going home to-morrow, and it may be that I shall not visit you again in years, but I can not leave without warning you that you are in danger of wrecking your happiness forever; and when I say your happiness I mean Don's happiness as well, for there is no longer any possible chance of separating the two. You must be happy together or together miserable.

Nellie would have drawn her hand away, but the thought of the near separation

softened her heart, for she was attached to her aunt with more than ordinary affection; and steadying her voice she said: "Do not think, Aunt Prue, that an affair so simple as that which transpired this morning is going to end so disastrously; Don and I will make up before night, and be more loving than ever."

"There you are mistaken, Nellie; and you must pardon me for saying that Don has done nothing wrong in this case. If you really had any occasion for treating him ungenerously as you have done, I should feel less uneasiness on your account; but if you can do this without provocation, what will you do when he shall really offend, and need your forgiveness?"

"Why Aunt Prue! Do you think he ought to have loaded on that lumbering stuff, when I begged so hard for him to not do it?"

"The question goes back of that, Nellie. When you came out and saw it already there, ought you to have asked him to unload it, especially as you knew it was necessary that the things should be mended to-day and there was no other way in which they could be brought to town?"

"This is not the first time, Aunt Prue, by a great many, that Don has done the same thing, and he knows how I hate it. I think it is real unkind of him to have no more regard for my wishes."

"You dislike to have it done, Nellie, because it hurts your pride; you can have no other reason, and must confess that a very poor one indeed, and one which can not under any circumstances justify you in crossing his wishes. With Don it is a matter of convenience, a saving of time and money. In both of these you are just as much interested as he is, and it ought not to be a crossing of your will at all; for it is impossible to separate your interest from his, just as much as it is to separate your happiness from his. It is because the occasion seems so trifling, the cause so inadequate to the effect, that I fear for you."

"Why, Aunt Prue! what is the effect?" said Nellie, slightly opening her eyes and elevating her eyebrows?

"The effect is present loss of happiness, and it will be the death of love if persisted in."

The color rose in Nellie's cheeks, and her heart gave a smothered throb. She

knew that the first was correct, for she was always unhappy when these differences occurred. The morning ride, which should have been so pleasant, had lost all its charm. The shopping she had come to the city on purpose to do, had most of it been undone, and the social calls which she would have so much enjoyed at another time, had been almost unbearable. There was a sense of dissatisfaction with herself, a wish that she had been more amiable, and a sudden revelation of the utter selfishness of her action, which tended in no wise to help her to composure. Could it be possible the last would follow? Would the time ever come when she would not love Don? Don, the handsome, noble lover of her girlhood, the father of her angel babes and manly little boy with golden brown curls so much like Don's. No; that never could be; her love for Don was a part of her very life, and she knew that no power on earth could untwine it from the fibers of her being—but what if Don should ever cease to love her?

"The love of man," continued Aunt Prue, "is always more or less selfish. They seldom exhibit the self-denying, self-sacrificing love of woman; and when they do not find the happiness they seek at home, they will seek for it elsewhere. Ah, Nellie, should that time ever come in your life, you would give your all of earthly possessions, yea, you would almost barter your soul for those very tones and looks of affection which to day you would not raise your eyes to receive; and it will be too late; they will never come back to you."

"Oh, Aunt," said Nellie, with almost a sob in her voice; "don't, please don't talk of such dreadful things! I fear I have been very selfish; but I promise you that I will try to think of these things differently, and to mend my ways. It is time now that we were going, for the carriage will be waiting for us."

Many were the thoughts which crowded through the brain of Nellie as they walked towards the store; but she was troubled and silent. Aunt Prue, feeling that she had said enough, left her to her own reflections. Arrived at the store they found the office boy waiting with the ponies; and just as Nellie stepped into the buggy, he handed her a note. A single glance revealed to her the hand writ-

ing of Don; and in spite of every effort her hand trembled as she opened it. It ran thus:

"DEAR WIFE:—I am summoned to D—— for consultation. Have just time to catch the train. Do not know how long I may be gone. Bid Aunt Prue good bye for me. In haste,  
DON."

Had Nellie been alone, she would have kissed the paper where his hand had rested; but she controlled herself and handed it to Aunt Prue. Her first thought was to take the reins and drive home; but a moments reflection showed the selfishness of this; and telling the boy where to drive, she forced herself to partake of some refreshment, and by a powerful effort during the rest of the day, she controlled her feelings and helped Aunt Prue in packing her trunk and preparing a basket of lunch for an early start in the morning. But when she had said good night, and retired to her own room, she threw herself down by her sleeping boy and wept the tears which had been burning her eyes for all the afternoon. After a time she grew calmer; and remembering that she must be up early in the morning, she laid aside her clothing, and taking her boy in her arms, sought relief in sleep.

But relief came not, though she slept. Again the scenes of the morning were re-enacted; but there was a change. It was not Don now who was appealing to her for look or word; but it was she who stretched forth appealing hands to him in vain. Again she reached forth her hand for the note from him; but this time it said: "I am gone beyond the seas, forever and forever." Then there came a great mist of darkness before her eyes, and suddenly she felt as though her heart was being torn from her body; but still life clung to her, and she could not die. She felt her face was being seamed and scarred by age, and yet she lived on. Lived, but not at home with a halo of love and light around her; but banished to a world of storm and darkness without, unloved, unpitied and uncared for.

The fierce winds beat against her shivering form. They lifted the tattered garments from her shoulders; placed heavy wreaths of snow upon her midnight hair; and she knew now that her heart was being torn from her, because there was no

longer any love upon which it could be fed. Standing in the storm, the light from what had once been her home streamed out upon her; but she had no part in it. She was cold and dead, only that her heart was yet so crushed, so torn and bleeding, so full of bitter agony that it could not die; and above her head, above the storm, the bells rang out: "So near, and yet so far."

But the scene changed. The past came back, and now she was putting on her bridal robes. How fair and white her brow; how rich the bloom on her cheek, and how soft and dimpled her hand as she placed it in the hand of her true and loyal love! Oh horror! what a change! She was not now the bride; but another stood in her place; and her heart quivered again and was rent anew, but could not die; and again the bells pealed out: "So near, and yet so far."

Then the scene changed and she was a mother. Quiet and pale she lay with her first born beside her. Oh, what thrills of joy passed through her soul! and she raised her hand to pull her husband's head down near enough that her lips might kiss him; when, bitter agony, it was not her lips he pressed, but the lips of another; and again her heart bled and was torn, but could not die; and the bells pealed out: "So near, and yet so far."

Then, again, she sat with her first born in her arms; felt again the dumb agony of grief as she saw the cold shadow of death steal on apace; and when his work was done, when her angel boy was dead, dead, and they took him from her arms, she threw herself upon her husband's bosom; but another was there, and again the bells rang out: "So near, and yet so far."

Death came again, and again the agony was repeated; and the heart could not die, but must still live on, and the bells still ring.

Once more she is in the storm and darkness; and as the bells ring out again, she sees her boy,—her living, beautiful one, rise up from his bed and listen with a glad smile to those distant chimes ringing the death of her soul. Then the heart ceased to throb, and her bloodless lips cried out in agony: "Oh, God, give me back the light and warmth of love, or let me die and be at rest."

Cold and trembling, Nellie awoke to

find herself in her own bed, and to know she had been dreaming; but so terribly real had been her dream that she found it impossible to banish it from her mind, or for some time to realize that she was not that pitiable thing—an unloved wife.

There was no more sleep for her eyes that night; and going back over the events of her married life she marvelled that it was possible she had ever held with such irreverent hands that most priceless of all the gifts of God to man, the gift of love. In the silence of night she recalled the many times when she had crossed the wishes of her husband upon provocations so slight that they now seemed to her less than straws. In her dream, wild and weird though it was, she had tasted the bitterness which many a woman has daily, yes hourly, pressed into her cup; and she could realize now—she thought to its fullest extent—the value of that, which having entered so fully in her possession it had never entered her heart that she could lose. She was faithful to every duty of motherhood, even to causing unfaithfulness many times to her duty as a wife. Looking back now she saw that often the wants of her children might have been fully ministered to by others, but there were needs of her husband to which none on earth but she could minister. Social life without her husband's love was but an empty name, and woe to her when the day should come in which his heart would turn to another to fill the need. She shivered and drew her boy yet closer to her heart as she remembered the terrible agony of her dream when she threw herself upon his bosom but found another already sheltered there. It was no source of comfort to her then that he had vowed to love and cherish her while life remained. Love could die; and she recalled the words of the poet:

"It takes long days of golden sun,  
And many a drop of rain,  
To start one flower from winter's blight  
To bud and bloom again."

"Don's love for me shall not die if I can prevent it," was her mental resolve. "Without his love life would be nothing to me." Ah, Tennyson, there are other things beside ambition, of which mortals may drink too much and go mad! Thank God for the warning words of Aunt Prue, but above all do I thank him that they have not been spoken too late. How



ould I ever have been so mad as to tamper with my happiness and the happiness of my family in a way so reckless! Neither is this all, for the madness which possesses men and women to commit such wrongs will surely bring upon them the anger of that God who has power to destroy both soul and body in hell. There will never be any worse hell for me than to know that I have driven Don to seek from another woman the tender, loving sympathy he failed to get from me.

Despite all the mental conflict and sleeplessness of the night, Nellie arose early, and quietly prepared Aunt Prue an appetizing breakfast, and accompanied her to the early train. There was in her manner a subdued thoughtfulness quite unusual to her; but occasionally her own sparkling self would flash out, for she made a desperate effort to conceal her mental depression from her aunt. The last good byes were spoken; and with promises of writing soon, Nellie stood watching the train as it moved out from the depot with its living freight of throbbing, restless humanity, hurrying through life, and fretting that the speed of travel was but slow at best.

We will take the liberty granted to those who at best weave their stories from fragments, whether those fragments be from real life or from the realms of imagination, and will look over the shoulders of Aunt Prue while she peruses a letter which has just found its way to her quiet western home. After wiping her glasses and adjusting them carefully on her head, she opened her letter and read as follows:

“Home, January 1st, 18—

“DEAR AUNT PRUE: Perhaps you have thought me tardy in redeeming my promise of writing to you. Doubtless you received my postal in reply to yours, informing me of your safe arrival at home; but now I have the morning to myself, and am going to write you a long letter. Do you remember the conversation we had by the lake the day before you left us? I know you do; but I never told you of the dream I had that night.”—

Here Nellie related what our readers already know, and continued:

“This was a revelation to me of the precipice upon the very verge of which my feet were standing. Into this I saw that slowly, one by one I myself was cast-

ing the flowers of my happiness with a careless hand; and that unless I ceased this madness, I would very soon, despoiled and heart broken, go forth into a dark and lonely life, entirely shut out from the love of home; and though I might to all appearances be its mistress, the light, warmth and joy would be forever dead, and only the dull agony live on. Don would in time seek from others the sympathy in his pursuits and pleasures he failed to find in me. Such thoughts were terrible, and during the two days of his absence I suffered such torments as I hope never to know again. ‘I am gone beyond the seas, forever gone.’ kept ringing in my ears; and such was my agony that had I not during those days have learned the true meaning of prayer, I believe I should have died or lost my reason. I remembered one night, as I lay awake, that there was in God’s word an invitation for the weary and heavily laden to come to him for rest. I was so thoroughly miserable that even in the most remote corner of my heart there was not left a single hiding place for pride or rebellion; and upon my knees I pleaded with God for mercy and help. If the answer to prayer is evidence of its being heard, then I know that God heard mine, for peace and quiet came to my soul; and going back to my bed I slept the first restful sleep I had known since Don left me—slept to be awakened by his kiss upon my lips, and to hear his cheery voice saying: ‘Why, Nellie, is this the hour you’re to be found in bed when I am not at home?’ Let me tell you, Aunt Prue, it did not take my arms long to find their way around his neck; and I sobbed out my great joy as I held him close, close to my heart—feeling that it would be bliss to die then and there, rather than to ever slight his love again; and I am still of the same opinion.

“I learned that he had intended telegraphing me, so that I would not be uneasy, but he had expected every hour to be released, and hasten home; and as he had frequently been called away before, he did not think that I would be at all alarmed. Of course he knew nothing of my mental condition, and consequently had not been unusually anxious. I was not yet prepared to tell him the terrible experience through which I had passed; but my eyes followed his every movement as though I could never tire of gazing on his

dear form, lest it should vanish from my sight.

"After breakfast he proposed a ride in the fresh air, and I assure you I made no excuses (as I had often before done); neither did I sit with averted head, upon the back seat, as when you were with us; but bestowing Harry with his nurse there, I nestled down by Don's side, slipping my hand in his arm and chatting like a freed bird to its mate. And, Aunt Prue, I do not believe that I ever was so happy before in all my life; that Don was ever half so dear to me, not even on our wedding day, as he was then and is now.

"My Nellie, what roses!" he said, as he tapped my cheek lovingly.

"They have bloomed since you came back, Don," was my answer.

"Ah, little wife, you have not forgotten how to flatter yet; have you?"

"Yes, and I trust forever; but not how to speak the truth."

"But, Aunt Prue, I must hasten. I have not yet told Don the experiences of those days; but have been testing myself, trying to see if I could be true to the resolution I have formed. It is not all plain sailing, for men are not always as reasonable as they might be, nor as amiable, and Don is only a man after all, and many times my patience has nearly given way. But I told you, Aunt Prue, that I had learned to pray. I never leave my room in the morning until I have asked God for my daily bread. He knows that I mean grace and strength for each particular trial which will meet me, as well as the grace of thankfulness for each pleasure he places within my reach. And it may seem strange

to you, but without my saying a word to Don about my own determination to overcome my selfishness, and place his comfort and happiness before my own, I think that he feels it intuitively; for he crosses my feelings far less often than he used to do, and in many ways shows far more thoughtfulness.

"You will see that I am writing you on the first day of the year. I am not receiving calls to day, and Don will be home to dinner. As we dine early, I intend to have a quiet chat with Don, and tell him all that I have told you; and then perhaps we will pledge each other to begin life anew. But I hear the buggy coming, and there is Don. Good bye.

"Your loving Nellie.

"P.S.—As I told you, Aunt Prue, Don and I had a long talk last night. I told him everything, and he confessed to me that his heart was getting very sore over my selfish willfulness. He did not call it by so harsh a name, but that is just what it was; and he had about made up his mind to join a social club as soon as he came home. He will never join one now, Aunt Prue, except the one of which we are both members; and we shall always bless the day you came to visit us, for it will remain in our memories as the Red Letter Day of our married life. The bells of the New Year are ringing to day, but their chimes are full of gladness; and within our home is a song of joy unset to words or music, but it steals along as perfume on the breeze, while the angel of silence whispers:

"Till death doth us part."

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## HOME HAPPINESS.

PROBABLY nineteen-twentieths of the happiness you will ever have you will get at home. The independence that comes to a man when his work is over, and he feels that he has run in out of the storm into the quiet harbor of home, where he can rest in peace with his family, is something real. It does not make much difference whether you own your house or have one little room in that house, you can make that one little room a true home to you. You can people it with such moods, you can turn it with such sweet fancies, that it will be fairly luminous with their presence, and it will be to you the very perfection of a home. Against this home none of you should ever transgress. You should always treat each other with courtesy. It is often not so difficult to love a person as it is to be courteous to him. Courtesy is of greater value and of more royal grace than some people seem to think. If you will but be courteous to each other, you will soon learn to love each other more wisely, profoundly, not to say lastingly, than you ever did before.

## LEAD ON, O LORD.

BY JOSEPH DEWSNUP, SEN.

Lead on, O Lord! 'Tis thine to know  
The path wherein my feet may tread.  
I feel thy hand; my soul's aglow  
With love to thee, O Christ, my head!  
'Tis light, 'tis life, when thou dost lead;  
My staff, my stay, my Lord indeed.

Lead on, O Lord! 'tis mine to feel  
The perfect love unknown to fear;  
With confidence and humble zeal  
To follow thee; thy name to bear;  
To show thy marks, my Lord divine,  
In this eternal soul of mine.

Lead on, O Lord! 'tis thine to teach.  
Thou art my guide, the life, the way.  
Thy perfectness I can not reach  
Except thou lead me day by day;  
The pastures of my soul prepare,  
And feed me with thy loving care.

Lead on, O Lord! 'tis mine to hear.  
Thy tender voice with whispered peace  
Proclaim the heavenly mansion near,  
Where love shall last, and joy ne'er cease.  
Sweet Angel lips the chorus raise,  
While ransomed throngs declare thy praise.

Lead on, O Lord! 'tis thine to bless.  
The power to thee alone is given  
To cover up my nakedness;  
My soul to lift from earth to heaven;  
To advocate my cause with grace;  
In mansions fair prepare my place.

Lead on, O Lord; for now I know  
Through thee, the Father's holy love,  
The love that sent thee here below  
To lead me to the courts above.  
My Mediator, Lord and King,  
To thee my life, my all, I bring.

MANCHESTER, England,  
18th Oct., 1888.

## NOTES ON THE WING.

BY ELDER D. S. MILLS.

IN fulfillment of a long standing promise, on the 11th of July, in company with Elder Goff, I left Los Angeles for the north. We had quite a cosmopolitan company in our car during our first twenty-four hours' ride, and among the curiosities was a man eighty-nine years old, of singular appearance, quite stately in his bearing, with long white hair and beard, and he was a free and fluent talker. He and I soon engaged in quite an animated conversation. He gave his name as D. W. Strickland; said he was from the world Saturn, and had visited different worlds; was now on earth for the sixth time; and is to come three times more, filling the figure 9, and that will make him perfect. Said he had been to Palestine; to Alaska twice, and was now on his way there again, to prepare the way for the return of the Ten Tribes. Said he heard from them often, and they are soon coming this way. He stopped at Turlock Station in Merced county to see Mr. Mitchell, who has seven hun-

dred thousand acres of land there, and to arrange with him for settling the first colony there, on their arrival, etc. Said he had been sent to go on through this time, and so bring them through the sea, but was not quite sure he should succeed in getting through the ice this time; if not, he should meet a messenger from them. Said they would be here and in Palestine in 1901. I asked him if he had ever been connected with the Saints. He said he knew all about them; lived in Kirtland in 1834, and his wife was a member of the church there, but he belonged to a higher order; while evolution and transmigration were true, spiritualism was the key to it all; that we held some power, but nothing to what we would when we get on the true circle in the ninth degree of the seventh order in the third quorum—but he stopped, adding, "You don't understand it now." But I understood enough to pity the poor old man, so restless and solitary in his last hours of a wasted life. Truly when the light of God in man becomes darkness,

how great is that darkness; and I mentally asked, What next?

We passed the famous loop in Pelia-chapi at daylight, giving us a grand view of its picturesque scenery as we went thundering on through its narrow defiles, along the route made famous in staging times when travellers often paid tribute to the road agents of Piburcio Vasques—the assassin of Davison, the brother-in-law of Bro. Burton.

On down the great San Joaquin valley, white for harvest of small grain; we pass over familiar ground till we leave the valley beneath the shadow of Mt. Diabalo—whose towering height we ascended one night twelve years ago, with Bro. Joseph, to get a sweeping view of the snow-capped Sierras by sun-rise, just as the God of day kissed those giddy peaks; a more glorious sight than which I have never beheld.

After catching a glimpse of Benicia, with a neigh from our iron steed we run skirting Suisun Bay. The worthies are again recounted, and soon Oakland is shouted. The point and the pier are reached in the dim twilight; the splendid ferry connection is made, and again after a lapse of years, we stand where I stood as a stranger thirty-four years ago this very month. But oh, how changed is San Francisco, as well as myself!

Again I stand on the same spot where I then stood a neophyte in this latter day work, and a convert of, and student of, and companion with, Bro. Parley P. Pratt. To him I listened as his powerful voice rang out in thunder tones through the halls of San Francisco, proclaiming the gospel of the kingdom as a witness in this primitive city. Bro. Pratt has gone over the river, while his prophetic words upon my head still live, and are in fulfillment.

Again we move on, up Market street, amid smoke and dust, surrounded by a living stream of restless mortals, stopping on O'Farrel street, at the familiar and hospitable home of our good friend and should be brother, Mr. A. A. Sanders. There we were warmly welcomed by the entire household, and the hours flew apace in pleasant chat. His second son, Frank, has just returned from a trip around the world, and I was much interested in his descriptions of the great pyramids and massive Sphynx, with other historic places he visited and which I have intended to

visit, including Palestine—which, before its final restoration, I desire to gaze upon while I consider its past, present and future, in the minds vivid panorama.

Next morning we made the store of our well known brother, George Lincoln. We called on his invalid mother, who had been longingly looking for our arrival. In fervent prayer and earnest administration we, with her, felt comforted and blessed by kind Father, as we had done many times among the household of faith. We still contend for her recovery by the power of God, through that faith once delivered to the saints. This simple, mild, efficient God-given remedy is by saints highly prized in every age. To us it speaks with its New Testament certificates, and with the the voice of an army of living witnesses, confirmed and sealed by the Spirit of God; all testifying in the ears of this generation in tones a thousand times louder than the thunders of Sinai ever sounded in the ears of ancient Israel, while two of a family and one of a city obey his word and know of the doctrine. But unbelieving multitudes rush on after a Will-o'-the-wisp, ever learning but never coming to a knowledge of the truth as revealed from heaven, while rocks and trees on every hand are used to advertise the numberless (as a rule) quack nostrums of unprincipled men—unscrupulous vultures, drinking the life-blood of this generation, moved by a counterfeit spirit, swayed, tossed to and fro by every windy doctrine. Brother Paul's standing advertisement is in fulfillment, both in letter and in spirit; and the vision surely speaks to all who hear, believe and obey. Yes, in this city alone every line written is fully verified; and alas! in what city is it not that every form of doctrine, while denying the true power thereof, flourisheth? And where shall the Son of Man lay his head on earth to-day, while from temples and palaces, and in the noisy streets, with trumpet and drum, loud shouts of Lord, Lord, ascend from zealot worshippers in spirit, but not in truth? No wonder that the divinely inspired John, as he beheld this condition in this the hour of God's judgment, cried out in the anguish of his soul: "Quickly; amen! even so; Come, Lord Jesus;" and we will add, "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven," and will work accordingly.

Familiar faces not a few we met, and the saintly handshake with soul in it we

enjoyed with loved ones, both in San Francisco and in Oakland, visiting, teaching, counseling; and in private and in public, as we lifted our voices we felt the witnessing Spirit of our Father as promised by his Son. We thus spent a busy fortnight in trying to strengthen, unite and encourage the Saints, as led by the Spirit to do. My heart yearns over them; my very soul doth love them. Yes, their prayers have been heard and answered in my behalf, when at death's door I lay, else I should not now be penning this. My prayers shall continue in their behalf.

And, while I rejoiced with the living, my eyes were moist with irrepressible tears as I gazed upon the life-like pictures of the loved departed, Elders Andrews, Phillips, Anderson and others whose records are made, and their works do follow them. May their bereaved families ever strive to emulate their virtues, and may the heartfelt hopes and prayers of the departed be fully realized upon their heads in the great reunion.

As the fogs and winds of the bay affected Brother Goff's throat and lungs seriously, producing an attack of pneumonia, we left on the 28th of July for the central district, bidding adieu, for a short time to kind, warm-hearted loved ones with whom we hope to spend a happy eternity.

Again, over ground rendered sacred by a thousand fond reminders, in Nahum's chariots we speed us on through Alameda and Santa Clara counties, via San Jose to Hollister, San Benito county, to the loved home of Bro. J. M. Range and family, who so gladly received the gospel when we proclaimed it to them years ago. Here, too, we were welcomed and met by Bro. John and Albert Carmichael, rising young men, soon to become strong standard bearers for Zion, and witnesses to the nations. I felt happy as I perceived the now apparent truth, as spoken at their confirmation. To Bro. John it was said he should ere long take his father's place, and should become "a swift witness to the nations, a pillar of strength, an honored counselor in Zion;" and to Albert, he too should proclaim the gospel in mighty power, and his soul should delight in the service of God. These with other promises are sure. Bro. John is now president of the same branch and of the same district his honored father was while living, while those who spoke the

words were hundred of miles distant when they were being fulfilled, and taking no part in the fulfillment. He is also the strength and the comfort of his mother in her bereavement—the only son with her now—to so watchfully administer to her every want, while all are kind and very affectionate. Her heart swells with gratitude to the Giver as her accepted prayers ascend with those of other noble mothers of Zion.

Next day, taking his best team, Brother Range carried us on up the Old San Benito Creek twenty miles, to Bro. J. A. Lawn's home, where the salutations were such as might be expected by those who know them as we do—while our ears rang, our hands ached, our souls rejoiced. He too has sons soon to go forth in the ministry to help sweep the earth with truth. It makes me rejoice wherever I go, to see the noble "Zion's Hopes" preparing for the front rank, with Zion's sons and daughters to reign on the earth the great thousand years.

Calling at Bro. Root's, again the welcome is sounded, and our aged brother, Jeremiah Root, enthusiastically rejoices in spirit while he repeats the happy past spent in company with the beloved martyrs, and testifying of the same order, truth, and power in this, as he enjoyed in that organization. He delights in reading the revelations of God then given through the loved prophet, and those now given through his no less prophet son, as promised to the Saints then. It is good to hear these sure recitals from the lips of old, time-scarred veterans, as their countenances are lit up with the light of God.

On we move, following the meandering stream up the long rock-bound canyon about twenty miles, and stay for the night at the old Saints' home, "Carmichael Ranch." Words are poor vehicles to convey the feelings such meetings produce; but the spirit pictures remain on the mind tablets where the past is recorded, as in years fled we met in prayer and praise—with those departed, whose joyous voices echo even now. Elder J. Carmichael, Sisters Root, Hodgson and Alexander, with whom I went into the water years ago, all faithful in life and firm in death, have fought the good fight, finished the course and kept the faith. Their crowns, like Bro. Paul's, are secure. None can

rob them of their glorious reward. Elder Carmichael's work dates back to an early day, in England. The waves of his labors 'circle round with the shock' still. In faith he was firm and immovable as the everlasting hills. While of such servants the world is not worthy, and with others their names are not enrolled on the pages of worldly fame, yet in the royal archives they shine forth and in the great Lamb's Book of Life—yes, real Life. Let us all now lay up treasure in Heaven, and reap with them a reward as eternal as its giver.

The night is short, and all too early morning dawns to rouse us from our dreamy reverie. Moving on up a few miles we stop—yes, we have to stop and stay over night, for we are at Bro. Albert and Sr. Mary Page's, and the word is: "You shall stay over night, and we will bring in Saints and have a social meeting once more." It was done, and a goodly number assembled, and it was truly a feast to us, long to be remembered; but the sleep part of the night is short again, as might be expected, and a reluctant parting comes.

We pass Bro. Burton's old place, where late night vigils were kept by us years ago in our rehearsing the oft-told story of the marvelous work and wonder, as with tearful eyes they listened. Our souls were knit together, and he arose in might, and in the strenght of Israel's God bore forth the heavenly message in distant lands. On the right we pass the home of brother and sister Creamer, still rejoicing in faith and good works as when we last saw them, only they have advanced in their knowledge of truth and in the things of the kingdom. But on we go. Brother Goff is fast recovering in this dry, pure air. Bitter Water and Peach Tree are passed, calling on sister Buck's, en route, in a lonely place—seldom can meet with Saints—surrounded by sad experiences, as are many in their present scattered condition, praying for the redemption of Zion. We now spend a short week in Long Valley—the days and nights flew too swiftly apace—we would fain have checked the wheels of time, or stayed his hand upon the dial—as we enjoyed Heaven on earth, communing with the blest sons and daughters of our God; each as himself or herself the other loved—the sure Spirit uniting Heaven's bright ones was with us—and at the thought of part-

ing we prayed more earnestly, "Thy kingdom come." Verily this Reorganized Church has come to stay, and the best thinkers are beginning to realize it—let us all ever stay with and help roll it on to final triumph. Were it not for the Saints there, Long Valley would be esteemed as a dry, forbidding place; but with old Bro. Perry Davis, (not of pain killer fame, but of sin killer notoriety), with his numerous family, holding the fort at the head of the valley, near forty miles from San Benito, while on down through six miles to its mouth we find Bro. James Smith and sister Betty, sister Cook, Elder John Holmes and sister Anna, Bro. Jacob Smith and sister Missey, with their choice families, all alive in the light of God, with continuous meetings, it makes a holy place, a lovely habitation, even with the thermometer at 116° in the shade; and while gazing upon the sun-burnt and clean, wind-swept hills surrounding, I could not help thinking, as I prayed, that when the scourges and desolations decreed move through the land, they will surely pass over there, as over ancient Israel, if they shall continue to live by every word that proceedeth forth from the mouth of God. We were much pleased to note the lively interest taken in our best-of-all Sunday School work, by the earnest and able corps of workers there, with the growing bright Hopes of Zion. And wherever we go we find the highest meeds of praise ascribed and given our church publications. Not one could be dispensed with, any more than one of our regular meals. The appreciation is just, for it is much easier to obtain a supply of suitable food for the nourishment of the body than for the proper growth of the spirit and body of Saints. While earth yields abundantly the former, Heaven chooses its own blest messengers to convey the latter, all working harmoniously with God; and where the greatest harmony exists, the more of Heaven is now enjoyed, the food is richer by far, and is real life and light to the growing sons and daughters of God.

Many outsiders are reading with deep interest AUTUMN LEAVES, and the demand for it will soon be so great that I believe the former numbers will need another edition. Many complete volumes will be wanted, and they will be had regardless of cost. Many are also enquiring what complete bound volumes of the HERALD

will cost, and whether they can be had. Many family libraries will require them, and do already.

Again after the sweet comes the bitter parting; reluctant adieus are said, the

warm hand shake moves the soul, and its windows are dimmed with moisture. Tremulous lips utter the deep prayer, "May God bless you."

SAN BENITO, Cal., Aug., 1888.

## WHAT THE STAR-LED WIZARDS SAID.

FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

BY S. F. WALKER.

### I.

Three wise men, skilled in mystic eastern lore,  
By mutual impulse met an hour before,  
As strangers met, yet with a common hope,  
Where springs abound on Zebleh's western slope.  
On dromedaries mounted, forward press  
Toward the great Arabian wilderness.  
Like sloop before the wind each willing beast  
Files off with swinging stride toward the east,  
As reckless of the whirling sands are they,  
As petrel of the ocean's roar and spray.  
The track of commerce o'er the shifting plains  
From age to age one beaten path retains.

The shadows lengthen with the waning day,  
Direct before they glide and point the way.  
Behind, now Zebleh sinking on the sight,  
Cyclopean ruins seems of red and white;  
All else, ahead, around, on either hand  
A level ocean bed—a sea of sand.  
In circling line the sky and desert blend,  
Or in the distant, dim perspective blend,  
As sinks the sun in the far hazy west,  
And falling shadows slink away to rest,  
The camels by intuitive impulse kneel  
And make with moans their piteous appeal.  
Adown the riders slip from off their backs,  
In sympathetic haste unloose the packs,  
And wash their faces with parental care,  
And place supply of the accustomed fare.  
As suddenly as if by magic reared,  
And silently a striped tent appeared.  
A fervent prayer to heaven was then addressed;  
And food partaken after being blessed.

### II.

One, Self named, with shoulders broadly spread,  
Bearded, with beating brow and massive head,  
Eyes aquiline, and nose-bridge like a beak,  
Now seated on a mat, begins to speak:  
"From Oroomeea's lake-laved plain I come,  
Where was my father's and forefathers' home.  
As warrior chief, no honor is my due;  
An idea, only, brings me into view.

If ideas in the scale of life have weight,  
Then great is he whose ideas are great.  
An idea all my purposes has wrought;  
My life has turned upon a single thought.  
Of all the efforts of the mind, the chief  
Is the high thinking that is called belief.  
A century's half, by day and night have I  
Watched every movement of the earth-or sky  
To understand the mystery that impends;  
To know the good or ill-that destiny portends;  
And of my joy and hopes the secret spring  
Is what is tokened of a coming king.

"Even as a Mede I've mastered astral lore,  
And of philosophy no Greek has studied more,  
Of Israel's history my soul's aflame;  
I'm more a Jew than those who bear the name.  
Why all this sack and search the light to find?  
This strength-consuming hunger of the mind?  
This retching of the soul with strong desire?  
And in my quick'ning pulse a leaping fire?  
By subtle sympathy of heart and mind  
My future weal with Israel's seems entwined;  
And, linked with Israel's destiny,  
I seem the special care of deity.  
But whence this active mental sympathy  
If not by tie of consanguinity?  
If I'm not of the heaven-honored line,  
And thus included in the grand design.  
The darkness of the nations to dispel  
And glory bring to chosen Israel?  
When counting o'er the tribes I call the name  
Of Ephraim, my pulses thrill and flame.  
I need no record of ancestral tree;  
My promptings tell my genealogy.  
My life force lends to every nerve a thrill  
When turn my thoughts to Zion's holy hill.  
And I shall see before my journeyings cease  
The wondrous Counselor, the Prince of Peace."

### III.

Glendy, a Chaldean of the ancient line,  
With ready zeal takes up the theme divine:  
"There was a time, as vouched by legends old,  
Of innocence, and called the Age of Gold;

A time of vigor, when the plastic earth  
 Gave beings of supernal beauty birth.  
 The trees untended, ample fruitage bore,  
 And man, as pleased him, plucked their mellow store.  
 And flowing down from Paradisiac Mount  
 Were healing streams from youth-preserving fount.  
 The plumage of the birds that arbores there  
 Seemed bathed and brushed in some diviner air.  
 Woodland and stream, and hill and dale were fair,  
 And joy and peace and love were everywhere—  
 A happy life, prolonging age and clime,  
 And not in keeping with this later time,—  
 A careless, love-crowned Eden-world, where sin  
 And moil and grime had never entered in;  
 And man looked forth upon the bright array  
 In conscious pride that nature owned his sway.  
 So well affectioned and devout was he,  
 He seemed a kinsman of the Deity;  
 And denizens from distant worlds of space  
 Came and held converse with him face to face.  
 But there's in man a ceaseless, quenchless fire  
 That whelms all present good in wild desire.  
 Gaining the mountain top, he fain would try  
 From toppling ladder-rounds to reach the sky.  
 Within him stirs a frenzy of the soul  
 That brooks not human, nor divine control.  
 Touched thus with folly, prone to go astray,  
 Careering high and on he missed his way,  
 And countless ills upon himself he brought;  
 And sits amid the ruin he has wrought.  
 A God in ruins, he a God-like sense retains  
 As fragrance round the broken vase remains.  
 And not entire the ruin and the rack;  
 From our advanced position looking back  
 We see along the linked, succeeding ages  
 A line of prophets, heroes, seers, and sages,  
 Extending down to him we call our Master,  
 Not least though last, great Zoroaster.  
 His lifetime was an era of transition  
 Between our own and ages of tradition,  
 He from that bordering, legendary age  
 Transmitted us its goodly heritage  
 Of mystic wisdom which the stars unfold  
 And seers enwrap in vision saw and told  
 Of heaven's foreordered and unfailing plan  
 To bring back Eden lost to erring man.  
 This bow of promise has the ages spanned;  
 The time of restitution is at hand.  
 The promise is of a great legislator—  
 A governor, a priestly mediator,  
 A Savior, demigod, divine yet human,  
 And called the Son of God, yet born of woman.  
 'Tis written on the tablets overhead  
 That woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head.  
 "All nature is a unit, and the spheres  
 Are rounded by the law that rounds our tears.  
 The fire struck from flints is but the same  
 As that in the most distant worlds aflame.

A single power, a Universal Soul  
 Holds all things, men and worlds in firm control.  
 A motion on the earth—the slightest jar,  
 Is known and felt in the remotest star.  
 Our thoughts are substance, and our souls  
 Part of the power that all the heavens controls.  
 Our inner being and the outer world so blend  
 That nature's movements on our own attend;  
 Who walks abroad, in keeping with his pace  
 Are all the movements of the worlds of space.  
 All that which in our lives seems accident  
 Is but the working of divine intent.  
 In future grouping of the orbs we trace  
 All the vicissitudes of Adam's race.  
 The sign of a new cycle now appears,  
 And earth has passed six thousand evil years;  
 A better cycle now begins for earth;  
 The stars betoken an illustrious birth.  
 The ruling planets in the fishes' sign  
 Are joined and with the moon are trine,  
 And Jacob's House and Virgo mount the track  
 Along the world-encircling zodiac.  
 The sign long waited for, and seen afar  
 Illumes the vault. Behold Messiah's star!  
 The heavenly hosts assert his rightful sway;  
 Him shall the tribes of every clime obey;  
 And odors sweet and regal gifts I bring  
 For all my nation to confess our king."

## IV.

Linsey, the third, a Babylonian Greek,  
 On the entrancing theme begins to speak:  
 "My father, me, in pride and love parental,  
 Proficient made in matters oriental.  
 A man of many tongues, a traveler, he  
 A scholarly companion made of me.  
 Led by his counsel, I have sought to know  
 All that tradition, all that records show.  
 The world around I've searched, the sky above,  
 The false to topple and the true to prove.  
 I've wisdom gained from every human source,  
 And meditated much on nature's course.  
 Unceasingly as drops the hour's sand,  
 As constantly as moves the dial's hand,  
 My thoughts have dwelt upon past history  
 And sought to solve the future's mystery.  
 To aid my search I join the way you go,  
 And feel of souls in sympathy the glow.

I too have found antiquity ablaze  
 With promises relating to these days.  
 Egyptian, Persian, Hindoo, Greek, Phoenician,  
 Have common store in the old-time tradition  
 Of primal blessedness and direful fall,  
 And promise made the mother of us all.  
 That one in time to come, of human birth,  
 The Golden Age shall bring again on earth;  
 And earth and men and all by sin accursed  
 Shall be restored to what they were at first.  
 This promise of a future restoration



Has been to every age its consolation.  
 The veil that hides the past, to seers withdrawn  
 They sang the glory of the age agone;  
 But comforted themselves with dream and vision  
 Of coming good, and second Age Elysian.  
 This double thought has through the years extended —  
 A race's memory with its great hope blended.  
 This faith and hope that has each age delighted,  
 With pen and chisel oft has been indited;  
 And artizan with patient zeal has wrought  
 In forms and lengths the symbol of this thought.  
 In temple walls, in pillars towering high,  
 And traced in figures on the vaulted sky,  
 The primal loss and hope of restoration  
 Has found from age to age perpetuation.  
 And sculptured on the Egyptian hemispheres  
 The Virgin's conquering hero son appears;  
 And searching through the ages farthest back,  
 He is blazoned on the Hindoo Zodiac.  
 Thus sculptured stone and shining constellations  
 Attest him the desire of all the nations.

"While ancient records and the ruins are rife  
 With incidents pertaining to his life,  
 The Hindoo sculptor, as if bolder grown,  
 The manner of his death has wrought in stone,  
 Explaining why the Cross has been the sign  
 Of joy supernal and of life divine—  
 A treasured symbol in all times and places,  
 By savage tribes and cultivated races;  
 By ancient Persians on their foreheads borne;  
 By Syrian kings of line most ancient worn;  
 By old Egyptians held in sacred awe,  
 In holiest holy niched—the sacred *Tau*.  
 Thus heralded from west to farthest east,  
 As king and hero, prophet and high-priest,  
 Old prophets, sybils, seers alike proclaim  
 His nature, office-work, and even his name.  
 The Roman bard the prophecies rehearses  
 Of him as found in ancient sybilline verses;  
 And far-famed, old-time Greek philosophers,  
 Were his professed prospective worshipers;  
 And Grecian bard, takes up the wondrous tale:  
 'Hail, great physician of the world, all hail!'

"The straightened circumstances of the Jews  
 Marks this a time for them new life to choose.  
 The Augean foulness filling every land  
 Bespeaks a cleansing Hercules at hand.  
 The towering hight of ruthless Roman power  
 Marks for the human race the darkest hour.  
 While Cæsar loads the body down in chains,  
 One only hope humanity retains.  
 The universal death of liberty  
 Marks heaven's time to set the spirit free.

"The fruitage of the ages is not lost,  
 And every good is worth the ills it cost;  
 And seeming ills, in greatest blessings end,

And nature's forces ever upward tend.  
 By methods harsh and from material crude,  
 Is wrought perfection and beatitude.  
 The darkest night the gladdest morning brings,  
 The phoenix from her ashes ever springs.  
 The course of time is an ascending track,  
 The dial on the heavens goes not back;  
 'Mid wondrous tokens of benignant power,  
 The clock of time now strikes a cyclic hour."

## V

"This converse better is than sleep, though late,"  
 Said Self, "'Tis a time to meditate.  
 While heaven's bannered glories round us sweep,  
 We with the heavenly hosts will vigils keep.

"The unbroken stretches of this desert place  
 Give us a gauge to measure upper space.  
 The depths where circling worlds move in accord  
 Our measures of infinity afford;  
 The orbits vast, with fixed and certain trend  
 Bespeak duration that shall never end;  
 The thoughts, eternity, infinity,  
 Are our conceptions of divinity.  
 From earthly solitudes goes forth the soul  
 To scan the solitudes where cycles roll;  
 To mount the watch-towers on the rounds  
 Of circling orbs and ages without bounds  
 To find a theme as vast as its desires,  
 Or flame as quenchless as its living fires;  
 Eager its fate, its source, its scope to learn,  
 Yet not for self alone its high concern,—  
 The millions dead, the millions yet to be,  
 To know their predetermined destiny.  
 By love of man for man the proof is given  
 That love supernal is the law of heaven.  
 Thus borne to realms afar on fancy's wings,  
 We find the answer of our questionings.  
 The ear that hears young ravens when they cry  
 Will answer back the faintest human sigh.  
 Love infinite has covenanted the birth,  
 Of a divine Redeemer on the earth.

"My brethren, you are right; this hope we trace  
 Adown the years descending with the race;  
 But in connection with this joyous birth  
 A grievous death alike is shadowed forth.  
 Even Abel's better offering signifies  
 A better still which it but typifies.  
 The brazen serpent Moses lifted up  
 Is symbol of the world-reviving hope.  
 Discerned of old by Israel's kingly bard,  
 A man of sorrows was, with visage marred,  
 Rejected, unesteemed, aggrieved, despised,  
 Afflicted, smitten, wounded and chastised,—  
 The Master of Magicians read the date  
 In heavenly counsels predeterminate.  
 Thus is disclosed the symbolled mystery  
 Guarded in holy of holy's secrecy.

The wounded hands the son of Iddo saw,  
 Explain the meaning of the mystic *Tau*.

"But turn we from this awful immolation;  
 The time befits acclaim and exultation.  
 The bending heavens with loving ardor glow;  
 Each starry face is yearning o'er the scene below;  
 And waves of heavenly glory bursting forth,  
 Bathe in a mellow haze the waiting earth.  
 All nature celebrates the natal hour;

The scene and theme the senses overpower.  
 It is enough, O God! the heart can hold no more!  
 Bow down my soul, the Infinite adore!  
 A child is born, to us a Son is given  
 Whom shall obey the hosts of earth and heaven

"The light that o'er the eastern border glows  
 And on our way its mellow radiance throws,  
 Is Israel's ancient cloud of pillared fire;  
 'Twill guide our steps to him our souls desire."

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY H. A. STEBBINS.

### CHAPTER X.

#### THE BOOK OF MOSIAH.

The People of Mosiah and Those of Zarahemla Become one People.—Death of Mosiah and Reign of Benjamin.—Zeniff Returns to the Land of Nephi.—Benjamin Executes Justice and Teaches Righteousness to His People.—His Son Mosiah Succeeds him as King.—Ammon Goes South and Finds the Descendants of Zeniff.—They had Likewise Discovered the Land of Desolation.—The Plates of Gold.

IN the last chapter was given an account of the discovery of the people of Zarahemla by Mosiah and his company of Nephites, and of the finding of the tablet upon which was engraved a brief history of the Jaredite colony and their destruction in the land northward not long before the coming of the people of Zarahemla into the region of country south of the Jaredite possessions.

After becoming acquainted with each other the people of Mosiah and those of Zarahemla united as one people and chose Mosiah to be their king. Amaleki made a record of these events in his time, among other things mentioning also that Mosiah died and that his son Benjamin succeeded him as the leader of the people. Amaleki wrote of the trouble that the Nephites had with the Lamanites of his day, but he said that the Nephites continued to be successful in their resistance to the Lamanite encroachments, driving them away each time that they appeared.

When he became old Amaleki delivered the plates and records to King Benjamin, for he knew him to be a righteous man in the sight of the Lord, a just man, one who revered sacred things, and therefore he would see that they were kept safely. Before his death Amaleki instructed the Nephites in the law of God. He said that

all that was good came from the Lord, while all that was evil originated with Satan. He taught them further about the great Messiah, and of his coming and work of redemption for the race, saying that men ought both to come unto him and to believe in the gifts of the gospel that were by him.

About this time Zeniff and a number of others returned from the land of Zarahemla into the land southward. There they settled near the Lamanites. Of them more will be written hereafter.

In the land of Zarahemla, as they continued to call it, was there peace throughout the days of Benjamin. As before stated he was a good man, and he taught his sons Mosiah, Heloram and Helaman in such a manner as would cause them to be men of wisdom and understanding also, if they paid heed to his teaching and example. In this way they became learned in the prophecies and history of the Hebrew nation, and in the various records of their ancestors upon this land. He also instructed them as to the way of salvation, and concerning the love, the mercy, and the justice of God. Indeed Benjamin was one of the greatest and best men that the Book of Mormon gives a history of, because he was noted for his personal holiness of life, and also for his righteous precepts unto all the people over whom he ruled. Furthermore, he was assisted by good men in his efforts to teach the people in the things of God's law. These labored with all their might to induce the people to live virtuously and honestly, and to be wise and pure in speech and conduct. Thus, through the work of Benjamin and his ministers, was there peace and con-

tentment in the land, as well as prosperity and abundance, during his days.

As Benjamin became old he gathered the people and proclaimed to them that his son Mosiah should be their King in his place. He reminded the assembled people that he had taught them the commandments; that he had not permitted any of them to kill or to steal, to rob or to commit adultery; nor had he allowed them to be enslaved or imprisoned. Neither had he taxed them for his own support, or taken their gold or goods to enrich himself. Instead of this, he had not only worked with his own hands to supply his wants, but had also labored greatly to increase their prosperity. He told them that he had wished to teach them the lesson that when they were in the service of each other, or doing each other good, they were really in the service of God. And if they thanked their king so much for what he had tried to do for them, how much more, he said, ought they to be thankful to the great Creator for the immeasurable good that he had accomplished in their behalf, as their father and friend. Then he announced that he was too feeble to be their king any longer, and that God had commanded him to appoint Mosiah in his stead. So he gave to Mosiah the charge of the nation, and also committed into his hands the engravings of the Nephites, the records of the prophets, and the compass (or director), and the sword of Laban. He exhorted the people to keep the law of God that was already written, and also the commandments that should thereafter be given them through Mosiah as their prophet and king, such as circumstances would make necessary to be received for their instruction and guidance. He warned them against divisions and contentions amongst themselves, and directed both old and young to keep themselves free from sin and transgression. They were to do this by observing the commandments and by taking for an example those happy ones who had kept them, and who had the Spirit of God as their guide and their Comforter. For such were blessed in all things, he said, and if they indeed made themselves faithful in all things; they should obtain eternal happiness and dwell in never ending bliss.

Benjamin also taught them that the Son of God would come to earth and would dwell for a season in a mortal body,

ministering the gospel unto men, healing the sick, causing the lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear; that he would suffer temptation, weariness, hunger, and thirst, the same as other men; that the Jews would scourge and crucify him, but that on the third day he would rise again, to judge the world in due time; that by his blood he would atone for the sins of the world, so that all those who should believe in him and come with repentant hearts, should receive a remission of their sins. Concerning little children he said that they had no need of repentance, because Christ's blood atoned for the sin of Adam, and for all sins except those that were done against light and intelligence, or those that were knowingly and willfully committed.

He declared that there was no other name whereby man could be saved but by the name of Jesus Christ, and that there would be none other name given for that purpose, either in time or in eternity. The infant should not perish, but men would drink damnation to their own souls except they would humble themselves and become as little children in their faith, and in love and humility. For, from the fall of Adam, men had by nature been enemies to God, and to his way of righteousness; but whenever they will put off the natural or perverse man and become as a child in meekness, in patience, and in loving submission to the father, they will indeed be his children. To him they must be obedient, and also have faith that he will do all things well, as their loving parent and Creator. But those who do not submit to his wise rule will not be justified, and none of them will be found blameless before God at the last day except little children. He taught them that all men will be judged and rewarded according to their works, in the degree that they were good or bad, and the wicked and perverse will shrink from the presence of God in that day.

While Benjamin thus preached to them the hearts of the people were touched, even they were moved upon by the Spirit of God so much that they humbled themselves greatly and cried out for a remission of their sins, saying that they believed in Jesus Christ the Son of God. Then the Spirit of the Lord came upon them and they had great joy. When Benja-

min saw this he taught them that after believing in Christ they should depart from their sins and remain steadfast in the faith of Christ from thenceforth, calling upon the Lord daily, and being humble of heart and soul. By doing this they could always retain a remission of their sins, and they would also increase in the knowledge of God continually. He said that while in that state of mind they would not have any desire to injure each other or to do any wrong, for they would love justice and peace, and would render to everybody that which was their due. Neither would they then permit their children to fight or to serve Satan the father of sin, or to go uncared for, or to be in trouble. Rather would they teach them to love each other, to speak the truth, and that their deeds should be righteous.

Furthermore they would also give of their substance to those who needed aid, so that none of the poor would put up their petitions to them in vain, if they indeed lived after the manner that he had taught them. Even if one suffered by reason of his own follies and transgressions they ought not permit him to want, or to perish because of his past sins. He said that if any did so they had need to repent of their sin in so doing. For, in their dependence upon God for every good they have, all men are as beggars, the houses and lands, the goods and money that they enjoy having all come into being through the wisdom and goodness of God, the common father of all men. Whatever they had really belonged to him, and their lives also, therefore those who were rich should assist the needy, and so should those too who had sufficient for themselves and some to spare beyond their needs, everyone doing according to what he had. But all this ought to be done in wisdom, and with judgment, because it was not required that any man should go farther or do more in any way than he had strength or power to do.

Whoever borrowed anything of his neighbor should return the same to him, for to keep it would be wrong, and by so doing he might cause the neighbor to commit sin too. Furthermore, they must watch themselves and take heed to their thoughts and words and ways; for there are many ways to do wrong, and if God's people were not always upon the

watch they might quickly and easily go astray.

After hearing these teachings of King Benjamin the people accepted them with one heart and one mind, and they entered into a covenant to keep the commandments of God thenceforth, and to do his will.

From that time Mosiah began to reign in his father's place, beginning with the four hundred and seventy-sixth year from the time Lehi left Jerusalem. And Mosiah walked in the ways of the Lord, as his father had done, keeping the commandments and executing justice among the people. Thus they continued to have peace and prosperity in the land of Zarahemla, as the Lord had said should be the case.

But, in time, Mosiah and his people desired to obtain knowledge concerning the fate of Zeniff and his colony who went south towards the Lamanites, in the days of Amaleki and King Benjamin. Therefore a company, with one named Ammon as their leader, went out and sought for the descendants of that colony. After traveling many days they came to the borders of an inhabited land, and Ammon and three others went in and were brought before the ruler of the people. This king was Limhi, the grandson of Zeniff. Ammon made known who he was, and Limhi and his people were glad to hear about their brethren in Zarahemla. Then they brought into the city those who came with Ammon and entertained them. Ammon found that Limhi and his people were under bondage to the Lamanites, Zeniff having so much desired to dwell in that land that he had entered into a treaty with the Lamanites by which the latter taxed them, and now the system had become very oppressive and burdensome.

Then Limhi gathered his people and spoke to them about their present condition, and of how much they had suffered, a great deal of which, he said, had come upon them because of their transgressions and by reason of their departure from good ways. They had even slain one of God's prophets who came declaring the word of the Lord and the coming of the Messiah. At the request of Limhi Ammon related the history of his people from the time of Zeniff's departure, and also he rehearsed the precepts of King Benjamin concerning the necessity of righteousness and godliness being had among them.

After the people had dispersed to their homes Limhi told Ammon that some time previous to Ammon's arrival a company of men had gone out from them to seek their brethren in Zarahemla, and, not knowing the way that their fathers had come, they had failed to find it, but had passed by and gone farther north till they came to the land that the people of Zarahemla had first found, a land that had evidently been inhabited by a great people, by a mighty and warlike race, for the dry bones of men and beasts thickly strewed the ground, and the ruins of their cities and villages covered a wide area of country, so far as they explored the end not being found. These men returned by the way that they went, bringing with them, as evidences of their discovery, several brass and copper breast-plates and the hilts of swords, the blades of which had been destroyed by rust. Also they found and brought with them twenty-four gold plates that were covered with engravings, a translation of which Limhi desired to have made in order that they might know the history of the people who had perished, and the cause of their destruction. Ammon said that he could not interpret them, but that King Mosiah had the gift from God of translating unknown languages; for he was not only a prophet but was also a seer, and unto him was shown things past and things to come. He had this knowledge by the Urim and Thummim, through which the Lord revealed such instruction as would guide Mosiah and his people in wisdom's ways. When he heard this Limhi rejoiced, not only because of the record that they were now likely to read, but also because God was thus present with his people, giving them knowledge and understanding in like manner as he had given instruction to their fathers. So Limhi praised the name of the Lord. [x]

(x) In writing concerning Peru, the land of the Nephites and the Lamanites, it is well to bear in mind that ancient Peru contained within its limits all that region which is now included in several other kingdoms. Baldwin mentions on page 237 of his book that the Peru of the Incas took in the territory now known as "Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili as far down as the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude." He writes that the remains of the ancient people "are found to some extent in all these countries, although most abundantly in Peru," that

is in the portion of that vast territory which is now known as Peru.

With this in mind let us also consider the fact that antiquarians and historians have written that, for some cause, the original people became divided into various tribes or nations. On page 65 of "Ancient America" Baldwin says that if the different peoples who were found in North and South America by the Europeans all belonged originally to the same race then time, development and "different conditions of life had divided this race into at least two extremely unlike branches." One has only to read the Book of Mormon to discover that this idea of the learned is according to the record written by those who gave a history of the two people who were indeed so very unlike, and that the book also tells of the divisions that occurred which caused various nations or governments to be organized from the originals. We will see this as we progress in the investigation of the subject, and as we study the writings and make extracts from the findings and conclusions of the students of antiquarian lore. The following is gathered from Baldwin:

"That the civilization found in the country was much older than the Incas can be seen in what we know of their history. Their empire had grown to be what Pizarro found it by subjugating and absorbing a considerable number of small states, which had existed as civilized states before the time of the Incas. The conquest of Quito, which was not inferior to the Valley of Cuzco in civilization, had just been completed when the Spaniards arrived. The Chimus, subjugated a few years earlier, are described as even more advanced in civilization than any other Peruvian community. The small states thus absorbed by Peru were much alike in manners, customs, manufactures, methods of building, and general culture. It is manifest that their civilization had a common origin, and that to find its origin we must go back into the past far beyond Inca-Rocco, the first of his line, who began the work of uniting them under one government.

"Moreover, there were civilized communities in that part of the continent which the Incas had not subjugated, such as the Muyscas on the table-land of Bogota, north of Quito, who had a remarkable civil and religious organization, a temple of the sun built with stone columns, a regular system of computing time, a peculiar calendar, and who used small circular gold plates as coin. They have been described by Humboldt.

"The condition of the people composing the Peruvian empire at the time of the Conquest bore witness to an ancient history something like that reported by Montesinos. There are indications that the country had undergone important revolutionary changes before this empire was established. The Peruvians at that time were not all one people. The political union was complete, but there were differences of speech, and, to some extent, of physical characteristics. Three numerous and important branches of the population were known as Aymaras, Chinchas and Huancas. They used different tongues, although the Quichua dialect, spoken by the Incas, and doubtless a dialect of the Aymaras, to whom the Incas belonged, was

the official language in every part of the empire. There was a separated and fragmentary condition of the communities with respect to their unlike characteristics, which implied something different from a quiet and uniform political history. These differences and peculiarities suggest that there was a period when Peru, *after an important career of civilization* and empire was subjected to great political changes brought about by invasion and revolution, by which the nation was for a long time *broken up into separate states*.

"Here, as in Mexico and Central America, there was in the traditions frequent mention of strangers or foreigners who came by sea to the Pacific coast and held intercourse with the people; but this was in the time of the old kingdom."—Ancient America, pages 270-272.

James Orton, M. A., Professor of Natural History in Vassar College, in his work "The Andes and the Amazon," says:

"When and by whom the Andes were first

peopled is a period of darkness that lies beyond the domain of history. But geology and archæology are combining to prove that Sorata and Chimborazo have looked down upon a civilization far more ancient than that of the Incas. . . . On the shore of Lake Titicaca are extensive ruins which antedate the advent of Manco Capac, and may be as venerable as the lake-dwellings of Geneva. Wilson has traced six terraces in going up from the sea, through the province of Esmaralda toward Quito, and underneath the living forests which are older than the Spanish invasion, many gold, copper, and stone vestiges of a lost population were found."—Page 109.

The period of Manco Capac, as Professor Orton calls it, is traditional, but the ruler who is represented by that name in the annals of Peru, is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the Christian era. With the next chapter will be given more testimony in relation to the history and tradition of ancient Peru.

## ✻ UNDER THE LAMP LIGHT. ✻

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

### VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

In an article on the above subject in *Scribner* for September, Dr. Holland says:

"There are just about four months in the year in which an ordinary country village is a pleasant place to dwell in, viz.: from May to September. The muddy streets and sidewalks of autumn and spring, and the icy and snowy ways of winter, render it uncomfortable for walking and driving. The foliage and herbage of summer cover up the ugly spots, and the greenery of the growing months transforms the homeliest details into the pleasant and picturesque. The moment the greenery disappears, dilapidated fences, broken-down sheds, unkept commons, neglected trees, and the tolerated uglinesses of the village assert themselves. The village is beautiful no longer. There are thousands of villages scattered over the country in which there never has been a public-spirited attempt made to reduce their disorder to order, their ugliness to beauty, their discomforts to comfort. Every man takes care, or does not take care, of his own. There is no organic or sympathetic unity, and the villages, instead of being beautiful wholes, are inharmonious aggregations. Some paint and some do not paint. Some keep their grounds well, and others do not keep their grounds at all. Unsightly wrecks of vehicles,

offensive piles of rubbish, are exposed here and there, and every man apparently feels at liberty to make his belongings as unpleasant to his neighbor as it pleases him. No public sentiment of order is developed; no local pride is fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty fostered; there is apparently no desire for beauty or convenience that goes one step beyond one's home in any case.

"It is therefore, with great gratification that we notice here and there the organization of Village Improvement Societies, and the beautiful work which they are accomplishing. Wherever they have been in existence long enough to accomplish anything, shade trees are planted by the side of the highways; old, neglected commons are fenced in, graded and planted; sidewalks are laid in all the streets, and a public interest in order and beauty is developed, which makes every man more careful of his own. Two villages, of which we happen to know, have been quite transformed within two or three years by the operations of these organizations; and their beneficent and beautiful work, already done, will insure to their localities a certain amount of beauty and convenience for the next hundred years. They have not been met by the public apathy that they anticipated, and they have been enabled by subscriptions, fairs and festivals, to raise sufficient money for the

work they have instituted, while individual citizens have co-operated with them in their schemes.

"There is no good reason why every considerable village of the country should not be made convenient, healthful, and beautiful, by the operations of such societies as these. There is no good reason why a public feeling of pride should not be engendered by them and an earnest purpose developed by them, each village becoming more attractive than its neighbor. Selfish interest is all on the side of the societies; for improvement in value. Emulation between neighbors and between villages is excited, and niggardly property-holders are shamed into efforts to contribute to the popular desire for harmony. This is not a theory, it is experience; for, whenever they have been tried, these societies have done

the work and exercised the influence we have stated.

"Again, these societies are agencies of culture. Developing a public spirit and a feeling of local pride, they can not fail to bear fruit in other and higher directions. Public and domestic architecture will be the first to feel the effect of the new sentiment. Men will build pretty houses, in tone with the new order of things. New ambition will be developed with relation to public buildings and their surroundings. The new town hall will be better than the old. The new church will be an ornament and a glory, which the old one was not. Lyceum, reading clubs, and libraries, are just as natural an outgrowth of a public culture nourished by them, as they are, themselves, the outgrowth of a public necessity."

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## VISION OF LAMONI.

BY A. W. MOFFET.

BY request of brother W., I write a dream or vision I once had, for I do not know whether I was asleep or awake. Some little time prior to the reorganizing of the church, my mind had been running on church matters, and wondering what the result of all the factions of the church would be. I saw in the night myself and three other men on a high rolling prairie. We had a team with us. One of us had a spade, and with it we were spading in the ground. It seemed that a question was asked by some one (not of our number, for there was no one present but the four of us): "What are you doing?" The answer was: "We are preparing to lay the foundation for the redemption of Zion." I looked up from our work, and looked to the north-east and saw two covered wagons coming towards us. In a short time I saw others coming from all directions, until the prairie was covered with emigrants.

I often thought of the dream or vision,

which ever it was, and wondered what it meant, until it passed from my mind.

I thought no more about it until some time after the Committee on Location came here, and I took my team and a spade, and drove them over on the prairie in Fayette township. In the committee were just the number that I saw in my dream or vision. We took the spade to try the depth and quality of the soil; with what results has already been developed.

I think brethren Ackerly and Ross were the two first families in covered wagons that came on to the prairie, and they came from the north-east.

I often thought of the matter when crossing the prairie to preach in the little school-house known as the Black School-house, and wondered if I should see it fulfilled. I often think of it now. I saw this before I was identified with the Re-organization.

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THE United States Senate received a petition from 102,670 citizens of thirty-three states and territories protesting against Utah's admission as a state while a majority of its citizens adhere to Mormonism.

THE expulsion of Jews from St. Petersburg and Moscow, and particularly from Livonia and Esthonia, continues with ever-increasing vigor.

WHEN you are swimming against the tide of public opinion, be assured that you are no dead fish, for they float with it.

## "I'M HOME AGAIN."

BY VIDA.

Softly through my waking senses  
 Thrills a low, sweet burst of song,  
 And as swift come rushing o'er me  
 Memories, a busy throng.  
 I'm a child, glad, gay and care-free;  
 What care I for time or tide,  
 As I roam through field and orchard,  
 And green wood-land cool and wide?  
 There! again those notes are sounding!  
 Ah, my pretty Jennie wren!  
 I believe I am enchanted!  
 No; I'm only home again.  
 I can tell, for o'er those prairies  
 Oft I watched that soft grey light  
 Herald of the bursting morning  
 And farewell to shades of night.  
 No, I see the gleaming marble  
 In the city of the dead;  
 But how wide have grown its borders;  
 Let me count the years now fled:  
 Seven,—Ah, if we counted grave stones  
 For each hope now buried, dead,—  
 Would your city hold their number  
 In those same years as they sped?  
 Hark, I hear a hundred songsters,  
 In the orchard they must be;  
 As I draw aside the curtain  
 What a picture opes to me!  
 How the orchard trees are whitening  
 With their rich, sweet-scented bloom,  
 Which comes like a dream of heaven  
 On soft winds into the room!  
 Talk to me of sweet magnolias;  
 Sing of orange laden breeze;  
 What in life could there be sweeter  
 Than the perfume of these trees?  
 But with these thoughts tears are starting;  
 Must I ever say good-bye  
 And leave all to be a pilgrim  
 'Neath that stranger, western sky.  
 At the corner of the orchard  
 Used to stand a gnarled old tree  
 And 'tis there yet and in blossom,  
 Lived again to welcome me.

Old and bent and shorn of branches,  
 I had thought its time was o'er;  
 But, behold! its head is whitening—  
 Will it ever blossom more?  
 Near it stands my mother's "poem"  
 With each graceful, bending bough;  
 Every leaf, and bud, and blossom,  
 Form a word or line just now;  
 'Tis a small, transcendant crab-tree,  
 And when hazy autumn comes,  
 You will see a richer picture  
 Than these bright, sweet-scented blooms.  
 To the south the corn-field stretches  
 Down into the wooded shade;  
 How those old woods used to echo  
 To the song the wild-birds made!  
 There's an open space I know there,  
 And a road winds through the trees  
 To a lakelet, whose bright surface  
 Ripples to the warm spring breeze.  
 To the left slopes off the meadows  
 Dotted o'er with violets blue,  
 Glistening as the morning sunbeams  
 Finds each tiny drop of dew.  
 I could lead you thus for hours  
 Through the meadow, wood-land, lane,  
 Field and pasture, flower and grasses;  
 For once more I'm home again.  
 Home again—I see old pathways  
 And the school-house on the hill;  
 Hear old names, and in the twilight  
 Listen to the Whip-poor-will.  
 Are these first and best and dearest?  
 Nay! there's something better far—  
 Something that in all my wanderings  
 Ever shines my guiding star.  
 Mother's kiss and father's welcome,  
 Sisters, brothers greet me here;  
 All have grown or changed a little,  
 But as dear—ah, just as dear.  
 I can trace times pencil sketches—  
 Call it age, or care, or pain—  
 On the face of both my parents,  
 Now that I am home again.

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IN the long period of twelve hundred years which elapsed between the reign of Constantine and the Reformation of Luther, the worship of saints and relics corrupted pure and perfect simplicity of the Christian model; and some symptoms of degeneracy may be observed even in the first generations which adopted and cherished this pernicious innovation.

FARMER'S boys who are used to the country, and can get a living there, had better stick to it and not be tempted by dreams of fabulous wealth picked up from the paving stones of great towns. Does any one dare ask the blessing of God upon his whisky or tobacco?



## AN ACROSTIC.

BY RICHARD BULLARD.

**A**nd now, dear friend, thy first year's sowing done,  
**U**nfettered wend thy way as time rolls on;  
**T**ruth shall be spread as thou thy course pursue,  
**U**nfolding as the flower to catch the dew.  
**M**ay youth and manhood find in thee true wealth,  
**N**or age with hoary locks and failing health  
  
**L**ack meat in season, from thy storehouse free,  
**E**ach in their state bless, and be blessed of thee.  
**A**fter the sowing, comes glad harvest day;  
**V**ictory secured to those who watch and pray;  
**E**ternal rejoicing through all time to come;  
**S**heaves garnered, we will shout the harvest home.

## ELIJAH BANTA.

[Concluded.]

**D**URING the years of 1847 and 48, Mr. Banta, with his wife, resided in the village of Elizabethtown, where he followed mining as an occupation; but his heart was alive in the work of God, and the study of God's word was his chief employment when out of the mines. We long had in our possession the well-worn Bible which he used at this time. The margin of its leaves bore traces of fingers many times when he was too impatient, upon coming out of the coal bank to wait for a bath before enjoying at least one chapter from the word of God. As a result of this diligent study of God's word he became not only familiar with the scriptures, but skilful in the use of them to the confounding of those who opposed the truth.

His father was now advanced in years; and feeling the care of the farm becoming too much for him, he wrote desiring that Elijah would return and take charge of it. Accordingly, in 1848, he returned to Indiana, where he resided until the spring of 1865.

Before leaving Pennsylvania he had become dissatisfied with the claims of Rigdon and other factions of the church known to him; and as he was the only one in the county of the peculiar belief held by Latter Day Saints, he gradually lost his first love; and not being naturally of a religious turn of mind, he drifted into politics, and became more or less

engrossed with the things of this world. We do not wish to be understood as saying that he ever for one moment doubted the truth of the work he had embraced, for he never did, neither was he ever ashamed of it, but stood ready to defend it at all times, no matter by whom challenged; and many a time those who in the beginning looked upon the plainly clad, stammering farmer as an easy combatant, scarcely worth contending with, soon found to their cost that they had engaged a foeman worthy of their steel, and were ever after cautious of how they roused him to discussion. Never having known the trammels of sectarianism, he showed neither mercy nor quarter for man-made creeds, and by this means taught those who had no respect for his religion, to both respect and fear him as an opponent of their own.

One or two incidents of his life at this time we wish to notice. The first for the benefit of those striving to obtain a start in life, yet not content with the progress made; the other for the benefit of our young men, that they may realize the fact, that when leaving a place, whether for good or ill, they leave a character behind them. We have before remarked that his father was a well-to-do farmer, but he believed in keeping his property in his own hands while he lived; and when Mr. Banta with his wife went on to the farm, he allotted them a log cabin of one room,

and agreed to pay him twelve dollars a month for his services. This was more in proportion to the expenses incurred by a family than it would be now; but even then it was not a magnificent salary, and many times he felt discontented with his circumstances. Upon one occasion, especially, after retiring for the night, these feelings took possession of his mind, and like the ghost of Hamlet, they "would not down." It was raining, and as the drops fell thick and fast upon the roof, the still small voice of the Spirit propounded one after another these questions: "Have you not good health? Have you not plenty to eat and to wear? Have you not a good bed, and comfortable shelter from the storm?" To all of which he was constrained to answer, "Yes." "How many thousands upon thousands have none of these things?" came the answering voice; and then and there he resolved from that time forth to be satisfied with his circumstances in life. He had not before thought of the poverty and wretchedness in the world, but had been led to murmur by thinking of those whose circumstances in life seemed to be better than his own. There is a lesson contained in this for those who are wise enough to heed it.

At the time when his father wrote for him to come back to Indiana, he was owing a merchant by the name of Teale some twenty-five dollars; and calling upon him, he made an agreement with him to wait for the money till such time as he could send it to him. At twelve dollars per month little was found to spare, and finally he was compelled to borrow the money and send it to pay this debt. We will give the sequel of this bye and bye. And we wish here to mention that small as the log cabin was, the hearts dwelling beneath its roof were found large enough to open its doors to the widow and orphan needing its protection and shelter; and many peaceful days were spent by the writer beneath its humble roof—days never to forgotten, but engraven upon the tablets of a grateful heart, as if written in letters of gold.

In 1859 Mr. Banta was elected Auditor of Johnson county, and filled this position of trust with credit to himself and satisfaction to his party friends, for two full terms.

In 1862 he responded to the urgent request of his country for troops, and enlisted for ninety days, in the One Hundred

and Thirty-second Regiment Indiana Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Vance; and with this regiment went to Nashville, Chattanooga and other points in Tennessee, but was never in any actual engagement.

In 1864 he was elected to represent the county of Johnson in the state legislature of Indiana for a term of two years. Before this time expired however, other events transpired which caused him to withdraw, leaving the vacancy to be filled by another man. In 1860 there appeared in the *Cincinnati Gazette* a letter from a correspondent of that paper, written at Amboy upon the occasion of Joseph Smith's taking his place as First President of the Reorganization; and though written in a tone of bantering effrontery and misrepresentation it sounded to the heart of many a waiting Saint the first note of, "Joseph and God to the rescue!" For nearly twenty years a corrupt priesthood, reeking in crime, had had it all their own way; and the odium of ten thousand—yes, twice ten thousand—abominable sins and crimes had been heaped upon the Church of Christ, without one voice raised in her defense or one effort made to separate the truth from falsehood; to vindicate the innocent, or bring the guilty to the bar of justice. Mormonism and polygamy were synonymous; and so greedy is the world for slander, so slow to believe the truth, so ready to believe a lie, that brave and ably conducted as has, from that day to this—over the long stretch of twenty-eight years—been the campaign of the Reorganization, there are yet in our land to be found specimens of ignorance so dense as to believe that Mormonism is represented by the apostate church entrenched in the fastnesses of those western mountains. But to return. All along these years there had been in the heart of Bro. Banta, as in the hearts of ten thousand others of the scattered ones, a hope, undefined and faint at times, but never entirely lost sight of, that the son of Joseph Smith would yet take his father's place; and in the article referred to, he learned with gladness that his hopes had been no vain delusion, but were indeed already realized. Among other names mentioned was that of Elder James Blakeslee, with whom he was personally acquainted, and he knew that what was said of him in the *Gazette* article was utterly false. From this fact he came to the conclusion that the rest

of the adverse statements were most likely of the same character.

Learning that the next conference was to be held in Amboy in 1861, he went there, but did not at that time unite with the church. Returning to Amboy in 1863, he was baptized by Elder C. Jones, and confirmed by Elders Jones and Blakeslee. In the spring of 1865, in order to be with the Saints, he sold his property in Indiana, and resigned his seat in the legislature; and from that time forth identified himself with the church.

In the year 1866, in company with W. W. Blair, he went on a mission to Pennsylvania, and while there had occasion to visit his former home in Elizabethtown. Upon being introduced to a physician of the place, and recognizing him as one he had known before, he said:

“You have not forgotten me have you?”

“I do not remember ever having met you before.”

“Don’t you remember a stammering young man who used to dig coal in your place?”

“Is it possible you are the one!” he exclaimed. “Welcome back, for you are an honest man. Charley Teale has told me about that borrowed money. Welcome back.”

It was pleasing to Mr. Banta to be remembered in this way, and it will be the same to each young man who establishes a name for truthfulness and honesty.

In the year 1868, again in company with Elder Blair, he traveled by the isth-

mus to California, and labored as a missionary, returning to his home 1869.

In the year 1870, in company with I. L. Rogers, David Dancer and Calvin Beebe, he came west with the view of purchasing a large tract of land for a settlement of the Saints. Being greatly exercised with reference to this business, the mind of each one had been drawn out in prayer that they might be guided; might be in the hand of the Lord as clay in the hand of the potter. They were at this time penetrating the state of Kansas. But as our readers will see in an article from Bro. Moffat in this issue, the Lord had decreed otherwise. Bro. Jason W. Briggs had in a vision seen the Saints settled upon the Iowa line; and various others had from time to time received testimonies pointing to the same. Accordingly when these brethren put themselves unreservedly under the Lord’s direction, he moved upon them to return home; and when by appointment of the conference of 1871 they again started upon the same business, they finally decided to buy in Iowa. The result of this purchase is the present prosperous settlement of Lamoni.

In the year 1883 Bro. Banta was elected to the legislature of Iowa, and spent the winter in Des Moines. He is now living in Lamoni, where he expects to spend the days allotted him on earth; feeling now, as he has for many years, that,

“The friends who most cheer him  
On life’s rugged road  
Are the friends of the Master,  
The servants of God.”

## A SUN—DAY DREAM.

Lord of all being! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star;  
Center and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy’s sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

## CHAPTER II.

“THE counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.”—Ps. 33:11.

In the preceding chapter we traced the apostasy of the church, and also the rise of the Reformation, which latter was a limited restoration of gospel light. But we saw that the priesthood was not restored, and consequently there was no one with authority to reconstruct the church. And we will now see that when men undertook this work without such commission they were left to learn that man by his own wisdom can not know God, nor properly set his house in order.

The Protestant churches multiplied as the spirit of inquiry increased; each founding their faith on some particular principle in the Bible, disregarding all others.

Luther and his followers contended that it is alone through faith in Christ, without works, that the sinner is saved. They taught that baptism is a rite by which members are initiated into the church, and was not essential to salvation; that as a mere rite its mode was immaterial.

Calvin, an eminent French theologian, taught that salvation is wholly of free grace; that God had foreordained before the world was made that a part of mankind should be saved, and for the rest there was no hope, no salvation; that grace influencing the hearts of the elect, inclined them to faith. They build on the declaration of scripture, that “by grace ye are saved;” as the Lutherans had built on another, “the just shall live by faith.” Calvin regarded baptism as Luther did, and for much the same reason; namely, that as salvation was assured, whether by grace or faith, water baptism could do no more. Another sect were followers of James Arminius, of Holland, who separated from the Calvinists, rejecting the doctrine of predestination, and holding that salvation was both of grace and faith, or free will; that is, that God willed salvation to all who willed to be saved.

These were the leading sects of the sixteenth century; but all of them divided

and sub-divided into various schools on questions that were constantly growing out of their teachings.

The primitive Baptists taught substantially the same as Calvin, except that they rejected infant baptism as a relic of papacy, retained by both Luther and Calvin. They also held that though baptism is an initiatory rite, it should be performed after the example of Christ, which was by immersion.

The distribution of the Scriptures and the untrammelled study of them increased confusion; for, “what man has done, man can do;” so every man put his own construction upon them, regardless that it is written that no scripture is of private interpretation.

Science sought to throw light upon the puzzling question, What is truth? and itself became hopelessly entangled and divided. But the more distant and difficult seemed the solution, the more the sincere enquirer asked, “What shall I do to be saved?” All felt that something was needed to harmonize the discordant creeds or point unerringly to the right paths. Christ had said: “I am come a light into the world, that whoso believeth in me should not abide in darkness.” Why then this uncertainty? None could say authoritatively: “This is the way, walk ye in it.” One man’s word was as good as another’s; and what one declared to be true, another with equal warrant declared to be false. The Bible alone had not proved a sufficient guide; some lost heart or grew sceptical. A few earnest, thoughtful, prayerful ones became convinced that as Peter had not learned the truth through flesh and blood, so neither could they, and they earnestly sought their heavenly Father for the knowledge of the truth that Peter had obtained, even revelation from himself. Some obtained evidence satisfactory to themselves that God was about to reveal himself again to the world; for he is the same, and unchangeable “the thoughts of his heart to all generations.”

We have seen how the Lord prepared a people through the Reformation, whom he gathered out from all nations where-

ever there were any who thought upon his name, that he might form them into a nation to execute his purposes on Joseph's land.\* And the thought of his heart towards this latter generation we may trace when we see him preparing to gather out from all denominations those who earnestly seek to know the truth as it is in him, in order to build his spiritual kingdom in the land and among a people prepared for it—"Zion, the beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth!"

At last the eventful day has come, the time decreed when the everlasting gospel and the Church of Jesus Christ should again be restored to those that dwell on the earth. That which had been shown to John in vision, on the lonely Isle of Patmos, † was now about to take place.

"Lo from the opening heavens in bright  
array  
An angel comes; to earth he bends his  
way!  
Reveals to man, in power as at the first,  
The fulness of the gospel long since lost."

Joseph Smith, like Martin Luther, was the son of humble, Christian parents, and like Luther he had from early youth sought to learn the truth and to serve God. It was to him that in the year 1827 the angel of the Lord came and revealed the buried record of Mormon, and bade him take it from its place of concealment, promising that he should be able to translate it by the gift and power of God; that it should go forth to all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples; to be a savor of life, and light, and peace to those who received it, and of confusion and destruction to its rejecters and opposers.

You and I, dear reader, have seen this prophecy fulfilled, and see it still fulfilling. Thus was ushered in the last dispensation of the gospel, in the fullness of time. An angel also ordained Joseph, and commissioned him to organize the Church of Christ, and the priesthood, after the pattern of the New Testament. The angel was one of those who had been commissioned under the hands of Christ; as was the one who talked to John on Patmos. †

Joseph was faithful to the heavenly vision, as was John, and the Book of

Mormon was published to the world in 1830, and the church was organized the same year. Those who had been praying and waiting for the salvation of God, like Simeon in the temple at Jerusalem, now flocked to hear the glad tidings as soon as it began to be preached. And its success was glorious, because the word came with power, as well as authority; not as with those who having a form of godliness deny the power. All who have heard the gospel as revealed to Joseph are at once struck by its wonderful harmony and consistency with the scriptures. No spiritualizing of the word, no building on any particular principle therein; but simple, direct following of the whole pattern. This harmony is evidence of its divinity, for we have seen how utterly men have failed in their attempts.

The same year that the church was organized it removed in a body to Kirtland, Ohio; from whence the elders were sent out preaching, and God was with them confirming the word to the believer with signs following, as in the ancient days of the church. Some of them are yet among us who still testify of these things, and they have been faithful and firm in the faith through all the visitations of the church, its scattering and persecutions.

And now let us return to Philip Waldville, whom we left teaching school near Painesville, Ohio, in the same year of the angel's visit to Joseph Smith. He, too, had begun to doubt the correctness of the doctrines taught by the early reformers, and to study more closely into the nature of the gospel of Christ; he saw that some of them must be mistaken, they could not all be right with such conflicting views; but he believed that the truth was hidden in the scripture, if the imperfect mind of man could grasp it. He finally decided that the mistakes were more in form than in substance, and the proper form consisted in baptism by immersion. He could not see that he was making the same mistake that they all had made, which was in attributing to the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, the work of the Holy Ghost, which is the Spirit of revelation, sent to guide into all truth, to show things to come and bring to mind that which is past; and that this Spirit of prophecy and revelation had never been found outside of the true Church of

\* Deut. 33:13-17. † Rev. 14:6.

† Rev. 22:9.

Christ, and without it there was no guide to truth.

The village where Philip was teaching was but a few miles from Kirtland, and the sound of the truth must have reached him. What effect it had upon his mind we do not know; the cry of "false prophet" arose on all sides and confused the minds of many who did not consider that they had no true ones, except those of the Bible whom they could not interpret.

An event that transpired about this time turned Philip's attention from the pursuit of spiritual knowledge to that of love.

Among the many New Englanders who settled in this part of the new state of Ohio was a gentleman from Boston, of whose name we will only say that it is one familiar in the history of Boston from the founding of the city. This family were connected with the Primitive, or regular Baptist denomination, and in their family government were the strictest of Puritans. A member of this family was a beautiful daughter, at this time eighteen years of age. Sweet and gentle in disposition as she was beautiful in person, her pure spirit sought in the strict performance of the duties taught her, to fulfill in her own life the principles of righteousness as exemplified in the life of Christ; but her tender heart shrank from the harshness of Calvinistic decrees, that were harsher still as exhibited in the teachings of the Puritans. In vain she sought to reconcile the doctrines of the parents whom she revered, with the character of the Christ whom she worshiped, whose name and nature is Love.

The Baptist Church at this time was much divided on the question of sustaining missions to the Indians, and to the heathen of foreign lands; the body of them holding it to be inconsistent with the decrees of fore-ordination.

A separation had taken place in their church in 1814, occasioned by the establishment of a mission in Burmah by the Rev. Judson and others. But those who sustained the work found themselves constrained to substitute the tenets of Arminius for those of Calvin.

In 1830 the thrilling story of Judson's labors, suffering and success, reached this land and swept like a flood through the Baptist churches, nearly depleting the old churches and filling those of the new

school with enthusiastic converts. Both Philip and Martha joined them. They were then married, and were residing at a village about one hundred miles from Kirtland. We will leave them there for a time in the enjoyment of their happiness and their religion; when next we visit them it will be to introduce one whose name heads our story. Meantime twelve years will elapse, and it seems necessary to briefly sketch the history of the Latter Day Saints during this time, for we are anxious that our young readers may trace God in history, and learn that he rules in the affairs of men.

The church at Kirtland did not long enjoy its blessings. The Protestant churches and the Catholics forgot their old enmity and made common cause against the Saints, and Church of Christ. They even revived the old spirit of persecution, and forgot the lessons of the Reformation. But history always repeats itself, and ever since the world began, evil has disputed possession with the good; for truth and falsehood are eternally antagonistic.

The church soon removed to Missouri, and was there subjected to still greater persecution and suffering at the hands of those who professed to be Christians and patriots. The Saints were robbed of their property; their houses burned, and they were driven from place to place, and many were shot, among them a white-haired revolutionary soldier and a lad of six years. God has said he will have a tried people, and we see the Saints suffering the same trials of faith that the Saints in all ages had, and though it was severe, it could by no means compare with those scenes of brutality of which we read in the days of the early Christians, or of the Reformation; but how did they stand the trial? The honest in heart came forth as pure gold, more than ever satisfied of the truth of that for which they suffered; some slipped back to the places that they had deserted in the sectarian churches, and soon became the bitterest enemies of the Saints.

The Saints were driven from the state of Missouri, though they were citizens of the same and owning homesteads there for which they had paid, and for which they were never compensated. Illinois offered them homes, and they gathered with the Prophet within her borders and

founded the city of Nauvoo. Alas! the pure in heart and the faithful were not the only ones who gathered in that beautiful city. It is written in the book of Job that when "the sons of God presented themselves before him, Satan came also;" and so he did at Nauvoo.

While the church was still at Kirtland, God had made known to Joseph that there were men among them who were secretly plotting the overthrow of the church by turning the grace of God into lasciviousness, and denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ. Joseph revealed it to the church in these words:—"Verily I say unto you, ye are clean, but not all; and there is none else with whom I am well pleased, for all flesh is corruptible before me, and the powers of darkness prevail upon the earth, among the children of men, in the presence of all the hosts of heaven, which causeth silence to reign, and all eternity is pained, and the angels are waiting the great command to reap down the earth, to gather the tares that they may be burned; and behold, the enemy is combined. And now I show unto you a mystery, a thing which is had in secret chambers, to bring to pass even your destruction in process of time, and ye knew it not; but now I tell it unto you.\* With much further warning they were counseled to be humble and watchful. A few of the earnest and pure kept these warnings in remembrance and were not deceived when the secret "mystery" began to be manifest at Nauvoo. Yet not until recent years has the magnitude of that stupendous plot of wickedness begun to appear.

The Prophet had said that the enemy were "combined," and now it is known that some of those who had been trusted in the counsels of the church were working in the interest of its enemies outside to compass their own scheme of delivering the Church of Christ, once again, bodily unto the enemy of all righteousness. No wonder there was "silence in heaven, and all eternity was pained."

These enemies, both within and without, well understood that this could not be accomplished while the prophet Joseph lived, and his murder was planned. But neither was this hid from the Seer. "I go," he said, "as a lamb to the slaughter,"

and urged the faithful to be steadfast, declaring that God had heard their prayers, and they yet should inherit all the blessings promised them; that in due time the Lord would send one in his stead, who would gather them again, and they then would be purged from the iniquity among them, and be purer and stronger because of their chastening.

We will pass over the account of that atrocious murder, so well known to our readers, and only remind them, as Paul reminded the Hebrews that, "where a testament is, there must of necessity be the death of the testator; for a testament is of force after men are dead, otherwise it is of no strength at all while the testator liveth."\* Thus God once more made the wrath of man to praise him, and by their act set an everlasting seal to the truth of this last testament.

The wicked designers no sooner gained control of the church than they proceeded by further agreement with outside enemies to vacate the city of Nauvoo, and remove the church from the state of Illinois. And the deceived ones were led away to the alkaline deserts of Utah, thus fulfilling that remarkable prophecy of Jeremiah: "Thus saith the Lord; Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited." †

Dear reader, they are there still, and God's curses and judgments have long since overtaken them; and the end is not yet.

Those who remembered God's word to them remained faithful through all the desolation; though scattered over the land they were not forsaken, and they confidently looked for the further fulfillment of the prophet's words which related to their gathering again. "For the counsel of the Lord standeth forever, and the thoughts of his heart to all generations." Their hope was surely to be realized, but ere then their faith must undergo further trial by years of weary waiting; meantime we will revisit the peaceful home of the Waldvilles.

\* Doctrine and Covenants, s. 38; p. 3. 4.

\* Heb. 9:16, 17. † Jer. 17:5, 6.

## CHAPTER III.

## BIRTH OF PATTIE.

"The mark of rank in nature  
Is capacity for pain,  
And the anguish of the singer  
Makes the sweetness of the strain."

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them."—Ps. 139:17.

On a bright September morning, a few months before the death of the Prophet, three children stood around a cradle in the home of Philip Waldville. They were affectionately regarding the tiny sister but just arrived. The youngest little "tot" was holding the wee hand of the baby, and gently patting it said, softly, "Pattie, Pattie."

Mr. Waldville hearing it, exclaimed, "See, mother, they have named the baby. We will name her Martha, for you, and then the children's nickname will come pat."

This was the advent of our Pattie, and now the reader will begin to ask, "Who is she for whom heaven has taken so much thought?" We will but hint at whom she is not, for the sum of heaven's thoughts is yet untold. She is not one whose fate it is to stir and thrill the listening world with song; nor art, nor fame, nor wealth has claimed her. For her it was destined that her path, like that of her divine Master, was to be one of sorrow and suffering from her cradle through life.

Mr. Waldville was still engaged in teaching school, and during vacations working at his trade. He was a man who inherited in a large measure the stern nature and inflexible will of his German ancestry. The description of Goldsmith's school-master is so befitting that I can not forbear quoting it:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Conveyed the dismal tidings that he frowned."

Not only did the trembling truants of the school learn to trace the meaning of Philip Waldville's face, but it was almost the earliest lessons learned by his babies at home; a glance at it when he entered was sufficient to let them know whether to stop their mirth and chatter or to go on with it, and they governed themselves

accordingly. If they saw there the pleasing smile that sometimes lightened it, they would cluster about his knees sure of a good time; and their glee was not counterfeited. But if, instead, there appeared the grave, stern look most habitual with him, the sport was checked, voices lowered to a whisper or to silence, and rarely then did they address him unless spoken to. Yet he was not unsocial, and in congenial company was well appreciated, being a well informed man and a good conversationalist. The plain people of the settlement had great confidence in him. They seldom undertook anything of importance without consulting the "squire," as they called him; and they generally brought their difficulties to him for settlement—though he held no office. He used his influence wisely and well. There was seldom an evening when some of them were not found at his fire-side. Although a proud man, he was by no means haughty; the most ignorant and uncultured who came to hear him talk or read were treated with as kindly consideration as the minister or the lawyer who came for a social visit.

The life of Pattie did not differ from that of the generality of infants until her third year, at which time she was attacked by an illness that left its mark on her constitution ever after; but like most children of delicate physical structure, her mind developed rapidly, early showing a quickness to grasp subjects of thought not attempted by the healthier brains of even older children. This tendency was regarded with much apprehension rather than pride by her parents, and their chief aim was to discourage and counteract it as an evidence of a diseased body.

Books for children were few then; the youthful papers and magazines that are so numerous now, the picture books and nursery stories that delight childish hearts to-day, were entirely unknown to Pattie. There was one book in her home, however, of which she never grew weary; this was a large family Bible—a very costly one, and far too nice for constant use; so it was kept wrapped in a cloth, and laid carefully away in an oaken chest, while plainer ones lay on the stand for daily use. The fine Bible contained many beautiful and costly engravings, and the privilege of looking at them was the incentive and



reward for good behavior, and solace in every childish disappointment. The children were not allowed to handle it, but the father or mother would take it from its wrappings, and turning through it explain or tell the stories of the beautiful pictures. There was one that pleased Pattie above all others: it was an exquisite engraving of the infant Jesus in his not less beautiful mother's arms. Pattie saw many pictures of the infant and virgin in after years, but never one that possessed the delicacy of touch and exquisite loveliness of expression and features of this one. The remembrance of it in after years led Pattie to think that pictures have much more to do in childish education than is generally thought of. They speak to the eye and the understanding at once, where the description or narrative of a thing fails to be comprehended, as an older person can easily understand by trying to learn the construction of a difficult piece of work or machinery. Therefore she thought as much care should be taken as to the character of the pictures which little ones see as to the character of the literature.

An incident of those early years was often recalled by Pattie, in connection with that picture. One bright autumnal morning the children were preparing to go on a chestnut expedition, and Pattie was grieving sorely because her mother had decided that the walk was too long for her to accompany them.

"Never mind, dear," said mother, "you and I are going to look at the pictures in the big Bible, to day."

Instantly the tears were brushed away, and while the dishes were put away, the room tidied, and her self arrayed with fresh combed hair and clean apron, the child awaited patiently the promised treat. Her mother brought the precious book, and seating herself in the old straight-backed rocking chair, proceeded to exhibit the pictures. Pattie looked at them all without asking for a story until her favorite was reached, then she said: "Tell me of little Jesus, mamma." With elbows resting on mother's lap, and her eyes in tender, worshipful love on the baby face that smiled back at her from the picture, she listened to the sweet old story of the babe who came from heaven and grew to be a man, so loving little children that he took them in his arms and blessed them.

That scene clung to Pattie's memory all her life; and when in after years she tried to fix a date when she first began to love the Savior, memory always carried her back to the scene of that story and the picture.

While Pattie and her mother were thus engaged, the parents of Mrs. Waldville arrived. They lived at some distance and their visits were rare, so the book was laid away and a joyful welcome given to the dear guests. Standing by her grandmother's knee, Pattie recounted the story of the picture.

"You are my beautiful picture," said grandma, with and affectionate hug.

Now be it known that flattery and praise were as carefully excluded by Philip Waldville from his home as he would close the door on an enemy; and Pattie had never before heard such a remark as grandma's. She looked up with astonished, wondering eyes.

"I, grandma," she asked; "could they make a beautiful picture of me?"

This was before the days of photography; the daguerreotype had just been published a few years before in France, and the art had not yet reached Pattie's home.

"Well Pattie, I have one that I think is beautiful."

"O, let me see it, grandma."

"I can not show it to you, dear, as you look at the pictures in the Bible; but if I tell it to you perhaps you can see it in your mind," said grandma.

Then she described what she had seen when she came to the door: "A pleasant, cheerful room, across the floor of which lay a broad strip of sunlight from the open door, little shadows fluttering across it made by the red and yellow leaves that were slowly dropping to the ground from the trees outside; and right in the sunshine sat a woman on a rocking chair with a big Bible on her lap."

"That's mamma," interrupted Pattie.

Grandma smiled and continued.

"She was showing the pictures to a very small girl who stood by her, and the little one had long yellow hair and blue eyes."

"Where is the picture, grandma?"

"In my mind, dear; and Pattie can have beautiful pictures to look at if she keeps her eyes open to see them; for all

pictures are made from things that are seen."

That was an idea, and the child's quick

mind grasped it at once; thenceforth nature was her picture book, and wonderful things were visible to her imagination.

To be continued.

## HELPFUL HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

The meal unshared is food unblest:  
Thou hoarest in vain what love should spend;  
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end.—WHITTIER.

### HOT-WATER DRINKING.

Drinking hot water, which has now become very common, is not so novel a practice as might be imagined. Dr. McLeans, ex-President of Princeton College, says that he has practiced hot-water drinking for more than fifty years, having taken hot water with a little milk, instead of tea and coffee, since 1829. He says, respecting the use of hot water: "If exhausted by speaking in public or by mental effort, my usual resort is to a cup of boiling water, not only because it is a safer means of recruiting my impaired energy than the use of exhilarating drinks of any description, but for the further reason that it is also as effectual as any other, since by its heat and moisture it diffuses a pleasant warmth through the system, often removing the necessity of using a stronger stimulant and all desire for it. Some years ago, I happened to mention to a friend, one of the leading physicians of Philadelphia, what was my customary drink, upon which he replied that if one was ailing and knew not what ailed him, he could not do a better thing than sip a cup of boiling water as hot as he could take it. And upon repeating his remark to an eminent surgeon of New York City, he gave me to understand that he was fully of the same mind."—*Good Health.*

### DAMP BEDS.

The peril of sleeping in a damp bed is of the greatest, and it is almost ever present. The experienced traveler rarely hazards the risk of sleeping between sheets, which are nearly sure to be damp, until they have been thoroughly aired under his personal supervision at a fire in his bedroom. If this be impracticable, he wraps his rug around him, or pulls out the sheets and sleeps between the blankets—a disagreeable but often prudent expedient. Direct mischief may result from the contact of an imperfectly-heated body with sheets which retain moisture. The

body heat is not sufficient to raise the temperature of the linen or calico to a safe point, and the result must be disastrous if, as is sure to happen, the skin be cooled by contact with a surface colder than itself and steadily abstracting heat all night through. There is no excuse for the neglect of proper precaution to ensure dry beds.

### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

- 1 That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.
- 2 That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though in that case do not scald them.
- 3 Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.
- 4 That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again, by stirring in a little soda.
- 5 That salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.
- 6 That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.
- 7 To remove iron rust, take your garment and put lemon juice sprinkled with salt and place in the bright sunshine. Repeat if the first attempt is not successful.
- 8 Old stockings, ripped or cut open by the seam make excellent cloths for cleaning paint, windows, and picture glasses. They are also very nice for dust cloths, and when smaller than desired may be sewed together.

### THE TRUTHFUL PHYSICIAN.

"Doctor," said the patient, "I believe there is something wrong with my stomach."

"Not a bit of it," replied the doctor, promptly. "God made your stomach, and he knows how to make them. There's something wrong with the stuff you put into it, maybe, and something

wrong with the way you stuff it in and tramp it down, but you stomach is all right."

And straightway the patient discharged him. My! how a man does hate to have the doctor tell him the truth. How he does hate to be told that he ought to be sick, and deserves to be ten times sicker than he is—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Recently, the children found in the sheep pasture, and brought home for mamma to see, a very large, gracefully crooked ram's horn, that the sun and rain and frost of half a score of

years had bleached of every impurity. "Please, mamma, make something pretty of it," they said, and taking up the great bony, crooked, empty shell, ridged from base to tip with waving ivory lines, that the children had confidently put in my work basket, I thought it not impossible. To-day it swings from the cornice of a parlor mantel, suspended with bright garnet ribbons, its serrated surface gilded with gold paint, and its wide mouth filled with a beautiful bouquet of wild grasses and crystalized leaf sprays.

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## SCRAPS.

BY JOHN ATKINSON.

She called me one evening to come up stairs  
And help her to pack the clothes away;  
For she was about to visit her friends,  
Intending a week or two to stay.

Among the quilts was a curious-one  
That had never attracted my eye before;  
It was spotted something like Joseph's coat,  
At least like the one they say he wore.

"What is that?" I asked. "Come here," she said,  
And we sat down together upon the bed.

"This," said she, "was a piece of sister's dress;  
This came from the gown of little Clare;  
That I cut from a piece of Willie's pants,  
The very first that he used to wear.

"That came from Clare's little calico bib;  
And this is a piece of Willie's shirt;  
That's from his suit that you liked so well,  
You remember the dark brown velvet skirt.

"And this was a dress I used to wear  
Before I was married a year or two.  
And this perhaps you remember, I wore  
The night I was introduced to you."

And her fingers went from piece to piece  
While telling the story of every part,  
And a tear rolled down from her dark brown  
eyes  
That told how nearly they touched her heart;  
For oh, what memories gathered there,  
In the scraps our darlings used to wear.

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## FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

IN a small cottage at the edge of a little village named Alto, lived a large family. They were very poor; and with their poverty there was yet another sorrowful, deeper anguish, that rested upon them. It is the old story—a drunkard's home, full of poverty and pain. There were six children, ranging from the oldest, a boy of twenty, to the youngest, a girl of about nine years. Violet, the oldest girl, was rather tall and delicate, as she had been sick for some time and money had been used for medicine and food. Violet worried much over the expense she was to the family, but Mrs. Smythe made the best of all these troubles; and when Violet worried her with complaints about where the

money was coming from, Mrs. Smythe always had a cheerful answer.

Violet's sorrow was not wholly her sickness; there was a deeper sorrow. It was a drunken father and a reckless brother that filled her heart to overflowing with grief.

Violet's friends deserted her, and her sickness took fiercer forms. She prayed earnestly that death might release her from all her sorrow and pain; but God did not will it so, for the darkest hour is just before the dawning.

The daughter of a well to do merchant, and whose name was Irene, found this lowly, modest Violet; and her heart filled with love and pity for her. Irene went

often with baskets of provisions and with her cheering words, until she learned the inmost secrets of the distress. When Irene went out riding she often took Violet with her, and day by day the rosy color came back to her cheeks; and when Violet was able to take up her share of the burden to support the family, Mrs.

Warren, Irene's mother, took Violet to do her light work. Violet often told Irene she was an angel sent from God to bring her back from sickness and sorrow to health and a happy home; but Irene answered frankly: "I did it for love's sake; how could one help but love you, my dear little Violet."

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## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

WE mentioned in a previous chapter that Mr. Clark gave out an appointment for the following Sabbath; and when Daniel rode over to accompany Margery to the meeting he told her that his father intended to extend an invitation to any who might wish to unite with the church to come forward and present themselves for baptism, and added that it was his intention to be baptized.

Margery made no immediate reply to this, but the color wavered in her cheeks, and her heart gave a quick bound as if beating against the walls of its imprisonment; for she longed to cry out: Why should you do this? Why place this barrier between us? But she controlled her emotion by a powerful effort, and, steadying her voice, said:

"I had not expected that you would have acted so soon; but then I am forgetting that this matter is not new to you as it is to me."

"True it is not, and I have great reason to be thankful for the manner in which God has led me, and for the light he has given me in regard to his gospel. I have made my arrangements to start for Kirtland to-morrow, and I earnestly trust that long before my return your mind will be fully made up with reference to the truth of this work; and when it is, I am sure you will not hesitate to covenant with God as I expect to covenant to-day."

"The hour which witnesses my conviction of the truth of the work will find me ready to become obedient to all its requirements," said Margery; "but are you not starting for Kirtland sooner than you expected?"

"Yes, by a few days; but there is a friend of mine going to start to-mor-

row, and I prefer going in his company to travelling alone."

"How long will you remain?"

"That will depend upon circumstances. I am going with the intention of offering myself to the church; and if God so directs that the offering be accepted, then I am no more my own master, but the servant of Christ and his church."

"Do you mean that without any preparation for such a work, you will enter at once upon the ministry?"

"Not without preparation, but I trust I shall have the same preparation which was given to Paul. In writing to the Galatian saints with relation to his conversion, he says: 'When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood.' Luke, in giving an account of the same thing, says: 'And straightway he preached Christ in the syagogue, that he is the Son of God.' No wonder there was amazement when the Jews heard him."

"But was not Paul's case exceptional?"

"Not so much as the others whose history is recorded in the New Testament. Paul had been trained for a religious teacher; but Christ chose fishermen and publicans, and sent them out to preach. I would never dare go in my own strength; but if he calls me, he will give me his Spirit to teach me, and he promises that it shall guide into all truth."

"We have been told that Paul was taught in Arabia, before he went up to Damascus."

"Doubtless he was, but not by man; for upon this point he speaks very plainly:

‘I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me is not after man, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.’ This declaration is so positive that all controversy upon that point should be forever silenced.”

“I find many prejudices lying in my way, and many doubtful questionings arising constantly,” said Margery; “but I believe that I love truth well enough to seek for it, and embrace it if I find it. Father will be at the meeting to day, but I do not think he regards what he has heard with favor; although he has expressed no definite opinion to me, he has warned me to be careful and not to be deceived. I do not think he objected so much to the doctrine, as to the Book of Mormon and the idea of a prophet.”

“I am not surprised at this, for it always has been so. There seems to be a strange antipathy in the minds of most men towards living prophets. You remember Jesus told the Jews that their fathers killed the prophets whose sepulchers they themselves garnished; and upon another occasion he showed them how false was their pretended reverence for the law of Moses, when they were going about to kill him, an innocent man who had done them no harm. I learn that more than one attempt has already been made upon the life of Joseph, and many devices were resorted to in order to obtain and destroy the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated. But God caused them to fail of their object; for he gave warning to Joseph whenever the plates were in danger, and he would remove them to another place. Do you think that your father will oppose your uniting with the church, should the time come that you are convinced?”

“I think not; for he is not a man of strong prejudices, and has never expressed any desire to control the religious belief of his family.”

“It is a relief to me to know this, for I would not like to marry you against the wishes of your parents; but once your consent is obtained, Margery, nothing but death will ever part us. And you will be my wife; I feel it in every fiber of my being. I leave you with perfect assurance that when I return I shall claim you as my own.”

The strong brave heart of Margery,

which during all their ride had been dwelling on the one thought of Daniel’s departure and the uncertainty of the time of his return, broke down completely at this; and lowering her veil to hide the hot tears which sprang to her eyes, she rode for awhile silently by his side. Gaining control of her voice at last, she answered:

“I am searching the word of God, and praying for light and guidance; but I do not feel so sanguine as you do. To me the future looks dark and uncertain. You will mingle with many new friends, and your heart will be so occupied with your work that time will not pass to you on leaden wings, as it will to me; and if I never can believe as you do, then we shall be forever separated.”

“Margery,” said Daniel, as he reined his horse nearer to hers and took her unresisting hand in his, “Margery, be of good courage. It is only very near to the earth that the clouds are hovering. Dear Margery, let me entreat you, lift up your eyes above the clouds, to the mountain tops bathed in the sunlight of God’s eternal truth. It is our spirits speaking to each other from behind the prison bars of these bodies of clay. It is the spirit claiming the companionship of its kindred spirit; and they can no more be separated than the grave could hold the body of Jesus. Clouds may hang low and obscure the sunshine; but in his own due time the Lord will say it is enough, and they will disperse as the vapors of morning before the rising sun. ‘Seek and ye shall find,’ are the words of our Savior, and I have no more fear that he will not guide you than I have that he will not cause the sun to rise in the heavens from day to day. God only knows how I prize your love. Morning, noon and night when I kneel before him to thank him for his mercies and to supplicate blessings upon those I love, I thank him for the gift of your love, my Margery, next to the priceless gift of his only begotten Son.

Nothing but the firm conviction of duty would ever take me from you, nor shall I be long alone; for God has given you to me for a help-meet, and together we shall walk upon life’s journey. My mother and sister will be your friends, and for my sake give an added portion of love to what they have already given you for your own sake; and I know that you will strive to cheer my mother, so this will be

our first parting, and her heart is sore, though she bids me go. I have told her of my love for you, and she is ready to welcome you as her daughter. We are nearing the end of our ride. Promise me that you will cheer up and be your own brave self again. With your permission I shall write you frequently, and shall expect to hear from you."

"If Father does not object," said Margery; and just then coming in sight of the grove where the people were already gathering for the morning service, nothing more was said of a private nature. And after showing Margery to a seat and caring for the comfort of the horses, Daniel sought his own room, where, kneeling in prayer, he besought the Lord earnestly in behalf of Margery, that in his own time and way he would bring her to a knowledge of the truth.

When Daniel had spoken to Margery of a friend who was to accompany him on his journey to Kirtland, he had not thought to mention to her that he was an elder from a distant town, himself on his way to Kirtland to report the results of missionary labors; neither had Margery thought to inquire who this friend was, for her mind was too painfully occupied with the thought of their near parting. But when Mr. Clark took the stand he was accompanied by a stranger. The man was much younger than himself, of medium stature, light-brown hair, and penetrating blue eyes which seemed to take in at a glance the congregation already assembled; and then withdrawing their gaze, he appeared absorbed in thought and seemingly unconscious of things transpiring around him. His personal appearance was very neat, and his countenance very prepossessing; but he seemed very young for a minister, and Margery found herself wondering if he could be the friend of whom Daniel had spoken, and, if so, whether his faith was the same as Daniel's. She was not long in doubt, for after the opening service Mr. Clark introduced to the congregation his friend, Elder Browning, and bespoke their careful and prayerful attention to the subject which he would that morning present to their attention.

Elder Browning then came forward and in a clear, distinct, well modulated voice, read for the morning service portions of the fifth chapter of Mark, taking for his

text the words: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

Making an impressive pause after enunciating the last question, he again referred to them, slowly, deliberately, as though weighing in a mental balance the created universe of God and the soul. There was that about the speaker which from the first sentence spoken, through the entire sermon, held the attention of his audience to its close. It was not the eloquence of studied diction, for he was not master of that; neither was it learning, for frequent mistakes in the use of the English language showed that he had not been brought up at the feet of any modern Gamaliel; but it was the unstudied eloquence of the message of truth which he bore, the eloquence which is imparted by faith and knowledge of that which we strive to impart to others, the perfect ease and mastery which is felt by him who comes commissioned to deliver his message as one having authority, and not as he who runs without tidings—such eloquence as led men anciently to exclaim, "The God's have come down to us in the likeness of men." Going back to the morn of creation, he reviewed very briefly the history of man from the time when God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul; from the time when the Lord looked upon all that he had made and pronounced it very good, down through the swiftly passing ages of man's disobedience, the sin and misery wrought out by the fall, God's covenant of mercy to him and the bow of promise hung over the sin-cursed world that the seed of the woman should yet bruise the serpent's head; through the ages when God spoke to them by prophets, until the world awoke to hear the message of the heavenly host as with a multitude of voices they sang above the plains of Bethlehem a new song to our groaning, sin-smitten earth: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace; good will to men."

"For a time the earth rejoiced in the presence of the Son of God; but soon she opened her pores to drink in his life blood and her sepulcher received his lifeless body. Then was there gloom, despair and anguish in the hearts of his sorrowing disciples and the burden of their wailing was:

‘We trusted it had been he who should have redeemed Israel.’ But hark! Sweeter than the song of the angels upon the plains of Bethlehem comes the announcement of the white-robed messengers sitting by the open tomb of Joseph of Arimathea: ‘He is risen, he is not here; he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall you see him, as he said unto you.’ Again he ate and drank with his disciples, and told them they should be witnesses for him unto the whole world; but charged them to remain at Jerusalem until he should send them the Comforter, who was to bear witness of the truth of their message.

‘Oh, with what joy, what gladness of soul, went his disciples forth to witness unto the world those mighty truths concerning the death, resurrection and ascension into heaven of Jesus, who should save his people from their sins; declaring as they went: ‘There are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, the water and the blood; and these three agree in one. There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one.’

‘But alas, how soon was the earth again left in darkness; and gross darkness covered the minds of the people! The apostles and witnesses of Christ had fallen asleep, many of them sealing their testimony with their blood; and from the very bosom of the church sprang up the seeds of poison and death. False teachers chained the word of God to the cells and desks of their monasteries and churches, and there was in the whole earth a famine for the word of God. Pass we on to the days of Luther, Knox, Calvin, Wesley and a host of others who arose in their own names and in the name of outraged humanity, to vindicate the wrongs of bleeding Christianity. Pass we down the stream of time and search the record of each of these; and turning from our quest, let us confess our disappointment in the result. What are we seeking? We are seeking life and immortality; life for the soul, because we have nothing to gain if we lose it; and if the whole world were ours, it would profit us nothing if the soul were lost.

‘‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.’ Is this the entire message of salvation? Is there not implied in the very terms of this declaration an absolute necessity of believing all that

he taught? Did not he who said, ‘Repent and believe the gospel,’ say also, ‘Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of God?’ Did not he who said, ‘Ye shall be witnesses of me unto the uttermost parts of the earth,’ command also that they ‘depart not from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father?’ Why this tarrying, this waiting for the fulfillment of the Father’s promise? They were his witnesses, but there was another. One of the three witnesses was wanting; and without this witness the confirming, directing and sanctifying power of the gospel was wanting. ‘The blood of Jesus Christ our Lord cleanseth from all sin.’ By faith is that blood applied, therefore faith is necessary—we must believe. If then we do believe, will we hear him say, ‘Except ye be born of the water and of the Spirit,’ and turn away, not deeming his words of any force or value?

‘It is salvation for the immortal soul, which we are in quest of to-day. ‘To know God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent,’ says John, ‘is life everlasting.’ How then shall we obtain this knowledge? Is there a provision, a way by which we may obtain it? ‘Depart not from Jerusalem,’ ye ministers of God’s word, until ye are ready to answer this question. ‘Ye are my authorized ministers—my witnesses, but the witness of God is greater than your witness.’ Paul, who was taught the gospel by revelation of Jesus Christ, declares, ‘No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost,’ hence, then, the importance of this third and last of the witnesses on earth. To this witness pertains not only a part in the earthly record, but also in the heavenly, as witness on earth and recorder in heaven.

‘Is there one among my hearers to-day who desires the salvation of his immortal soul? one who desires life everlasting? We say to that one, ‘Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ We say unto you in the words of Philip to the eunuch: ‘If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest.’ Do you inquire what is this you may do? again we answer you in the question of the eunuch to Philip: ‘See; here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?’ Yonder is water (and he pointed towards the clear-running stream), and it was into just such a stream that John led the Lamb of God

in order to fulfill all righteousness; and we as one of his servants stand before you to-day commissioned to baptize you in his name. Neither left we Jerusalem until endowed with power from on high to say unto you as Peter said upon the day of Pentecost: 'Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you and your children.' Have others brought this message to you? Have the followers of Luther, Calvin, Knox or Wesley ever made you this promise? If so, have you obeyed the call and tested the truth of their words? If you have, then my invitation is not to you, for the witness of God is greater than that of man; but if

you can not to-day say that you know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God because God has given you that knowledge, then why not accept the terms of salvation to-day, test the promise of the Lord, and find him true to his word? See from Calvary the atoning blood as it flows from his wounded side. Yonder is the water, and it is his to confer the Holy Spirit. Will you come? Have you ever doubted the testimony of man? Have you ever questioned the life, crucifixion, resurrection, or ascension of Jesus, then come and in God's own appointed way receive that witness which is greater than the witness of man."

To be continued.

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## THE SCIENCE OF HEALING.

BY ELDER D. S. MILLS.

SISTER WALKER:

YOURS of the 9th inst. came to hand last night with the enclosed. On perusing it the text from which I spoke last Sunday came forcibly to my mind. It was Christ's warning to his elect, according to the Covenant: "Let no man deceive you," coupled with the thirteenth chapter of Revelations. While speaking on it one hour and fifteen minutes I felt the Spirit of the Master aiding me—for surely this is a day of power.

Only two real powers are to work miracles in these last days; and both work through men and women, side by side; the power of life from God, to bless his saints, and the opposite, used to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. Sugar-coated though the latter may be, yet I have always observed one important variation in every phase of its manifold operations, namely, a universal disrespect of Christ's order in receiving and conferring gifts and powers from God (if we admit, for the sake of argument, their power to give them of him).

The questions are often asked: "Can the devil heal the sick? and is not all healing power good? and is not all good of God?" All real good is of God; but there is a way which seemeth right unto men, the end of which are the ways of death (Proverbs 14:12 and 16:25). It

seems right to be relieved of afflictions, without questioning the power; but if the end thereof should be the ways of death, it would not be good nor of God, even though it might be borne and preached by an angel from heaven. Paul has anathematized him; God sends no such angels, though he may permit them to come; and they will shortly come, if they have not already, for the true coin must be closely imitated. Hitherto the counterfeits have been bungling; hereafter we will see them well executed. Hence the gift of discernment will be greatly needed and strongly held by the saints.

But, again, can the devil heal? Answer: Why not, in this controversy? As he is the prince of the power of the air; has the power of death and opens the afflicting avenue to it, he can surely afflict or desist, as will best serve. And if in his miracle-working role he uses moral teachers or operators, it is the more likely to attract and deceive the good and moral who have not the gift of discernment from God. For years Spiritualism has denied the Father and the Son, and has proselyted the most blasphemous among men. It now is fast changing its garb; the wolf is putting on wool, and is becoming very religious—very. While I am certain from my own observations, that the greatest operators are hypocrites, it would be



unreasonable to suppose that their votaries are all pretenders, or dishonest. Many of them, I am satisfied, while deceiving are also being deceived, as it is written. For surely none of them would have the brazen assurance in the day of judgment to say to Christ: "Lord, in thy name (authority) we have cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works," (Matt. 7:32), unless they really believed it true. His answer, "Ye never knew me," proves they were not apostate saints, as many have supposed.

In my examination of the "True Science of the Christian Religion," "Metaphysical Science," "Psychology," "Physiology," "Mesmeric Manipulations," "Mind Reading," "Power of Mind over Matter," etc., I have noticed that vitalized electricity is an important factor, and the leading one in them. Its operations are varied, as are the operators, both in power and in quality. While the mind and spirit of man has large control over matter (or the body and other bodies), sometimes with, at other times without vitalized electricity, yet it must be quite patent to every thinking saint that union of spirit—our spirit with God's Holy Spirit—is in every sense higher, holier and more desirable. It acts as a life power, as an educator, and as an immortalizer: in short, this is the only perfect system, leading us to perfection; and all else is as starlight at mid-day in comparison with it.

Now I do not brand all who are acting, or being acted upon, by other forces, as being led by the devil, for many of them are led by their own spirits in moral issues, and are not under condemnation. Such should be warned ere they give up their agency and will power to the siren song of, "Walk into my parlor," (Spider and Fly). Neither man nor angel can improve upon the strictly pure system of Christ. It is safe to follow him; the closer the better and the safer.

We see in the "Metaphysical Alphabet" extracts from Christ's teachings, while the text as a whole is of a lower type than his; but Christ comes at once to the rescue by pointing out the heaven-ordained means by which the best conditions are reached here and hereafter, without risking any experiments. The Alphabet enjoins the beginning earnestly a good life; Christ enjoins it, and tells us how,—by obtaining a remission of our sins and by the

laying on of hands for the gift of God—thus giving us the legal right to obtain wisdom and power and harmony with the divine Author of all good. Again, under the the third letter, C, "Carefully endeavor to keep the middle path," will do for those who seek a middle kingdom; there is a higher path for saints. Under E, "Entirely give up your own will," is not safe. Instead, it is right to educate the will; to make it strong in harmony with God. But I will not take time to examine each of its imperfections. Its standard is, on its face, good enough for the moral world in this life, but it will not save a soul in the kingdom of God.

Persons practicing any of these so-called sciences are sure to find their system imperfect and lacking in miracle, and, as a sequence, will reach on and out for power to be added. Not having started right, they will hardly turn back to get right; but will continue outside of Christ's order, and the Adversary inspire and control them as they step by step yield up their agency, experimenting at such fearful expense. Eventually the scheme will engulf all the churches of men, and there will be but two, as the Book of Mormon states. Would to God the Saints would seek—yea, even contend earnestly—for the gift of discernment; it will be quite indispensable in the real conflict of power which is fast approaching. The key of knowledge is restored in good time if accepted and wisely used by his saints; and the faith and patience of the saints will be severely taxed, as shown by John (Revelations 14:12). God has promised that the saints shall prevail, and that dominion shall be given them. Yet, one thing is inconsistent in saints, to say the least; and that is to pray, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then turn to the "Lo, here! or Lo, there!" and expect benefits outside of the provisions of his order. There are no such jars or digressions in heaven, nor when his will is done on earth will they be found here; and saints will do well to seek all benefits legally in his order, and not be counted among those who climb up some other way.

Christ's gospel is the only sound doctrine for those who need a physician, either in soul, body or spirit. In perfect harmony with it He often blesses good remedies used in reason and wisdom,—as he does proper food—but yet I do believe faith as

a grain of mustard seed is far better if we have it. There are God-given remedies that his Spirit sometimes prompts or inspires us to use aside from the oil; but I consider that the greatest general remedy for latter day evils and bodily afflictions, among the saints especially, is the consecrated oil. My experience has been like this: In administering to the sick I am sometimes moved to advise the use of certain remedies; at other times I feel to positively warn against the use of all medicines; and at all times I follow the counsel of the Holy Spirit. In both these ways I have seen God's blessing follow in much power; at times suddenly, at other times gradually. I have also seen sad results from rejecting these counsels of the Holy Spirit.

I do not believe that Judas was inspired of God when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver; nor do I believe Simon Magus was inspired of God when he offered money for the Holy Ghost, any more than I believe Doctors Fay and Truesdell in Los Angeles are inspired when they sell for thirty dollars the science of using the Holy Ghost. Neither do I believe those who buy are inspired of God, no matter how good their soul-felt desires may be at the time. If it was so very wicked anciently to desire to obtain that power outside of God's order, is it any the less so in his sight now? Consistency is a jewel, and should be worn by saints.

This language may sound severe, but God knows I do not feel severe towards any honest soul who may be experimenting and treading upon unwarranted ground. While Paul's exhortation is sound and wise, to prove all things, and hold fast the good, it does not follow that we should practice and by bitter experience prove all things and systems; but it does follow that we should prove all things by God's standard and hold fast the standard, for it is good. Weigh and measure by that. "To the law and to the testimony; and if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them." The Holy Spirit's testimony agrees with the word, and is a recorder in heaven.

The Holy Ghost, I believe, was sent to continue the work, or take it up where Christ laid it down; it could not be slain, but was and is grieved at times. But what shall I say of the insult heaped upon it, and

the sin offered and perpetuated when uninspired men, claiming to be healers and teachers offer to buy and sell the Holy Ghost (which they have never had or known), and by other forces and powers claim to bless, heal the sick, and work miracles? I can see the arch one behind the scene grinning with delight at the success of the scheme and at all his coming train of works and army of workers against Christ! Yes; how long will it be, think you, now that the works of the Holy Ghost in power are claimed, ere an apostolic church organization will be effected, with seemly and becoming ordinations to suit and unite the various men-made institutions and religious organizations extant? Surely it is at hand, as the true coin has been issued over fifty years, and the raging elements of the opposition have spent their mad strength and fury. A reaction is taking place in the religious world, and it is preparing to plunge headlong into the other extreme until Satanic power shall be smuggled in; and sign seekers and miracle workers will become wild with success as the mighty tidal wave bears them down the broad way. Truly then will be a sifting, trying time for Saints! Oh, how deep the loving and sympathizing Savior must have felt the great necessity of the timely and prophetic warnings: "Let no man deceive you," "Beware of false prophets, coming in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves." Not that every man thus coming is a wolf; or, rather, they do not realize that they are filling this bill that Christ thus advertized; for if they did thus realize it, not many would wish to be found in such a condition, neither would they say: "Lord, Lord, in thy name have we cast out devils and done many wonderful works." Some conscientious believers may say: "Surely the Lord will not suffer me to be led off captive, and be deceived by the false spirits that will come." Answer: God surely will not interfere with our agency, nor bind the devil till the time come. First he sent and restored his gospel in power;—his power as he had promised, at the time he had promised—and started it in the midst of the earth where he had revealed so to do. It is now being preached to every nation here, and from this spreads to the kindreds, tongues and peoples. Surely, now the adversary has the legal right to follow and imitate that which he has fail-

ed in destroying; but the blessed assurance of God is ours: If we take and keep the Holy Spirit as our guide we shall not be deceived. The spirit of the devil can not bear the same hallowed witness with our spirit that God's Spirit does; but only those who through obedience have obtained the sure Spirit of God can discern the difference between the two powers working side by side. God has said he will permit delusion and lying spirits and powers to work during their time, and by these will his saints be purified as silver is refined and purified by fire. The test is a good one; for as the purifier of silver sits to refine, and finally beholds his likeness clear as in a mirror in the thus tried silver, it is the test of its purity—the dross is burned out and silver only remains. So, when the saints reflect Christ in their lives they are pure as he is pure. Who may abide that day, and who stand when the final comparison shall be made?

We, as saints of latter days, as becometh his sons and daughters, can not afford to experiment in such matters of mighty moment. The practical pilot or mariner will not be lured by false lights; but he steers by the chart and compass, and watches the legally authorized and established light-houses, whose lamps the ever faithful keeper guards and keeps brightly burning in all times of danger. Our Lord well knew the danger of the hour, and made ample provision for his saints; in the knowledge of which we rejoice. Let us praise him for the recorded warning, and pray that we may not be overtaken as by a thief in the night, nor be found climbing up some other way, in darkness. We can well afford to enter by the door and live in the house, where there is light and warmth and suitable food for every member of the body.

The Army of the Lord—so called—is a new California invention intended to outstrip the Salvation Army. On enrollment one tenth of the property of converts is required to be paid to the general in command (instead of to a Bishop of the Lord's storehouse). Baptism is not essential, nor any testament ordinance. It is a military organization as might be supposed would arise when we consult the prophet Joel, 3:9: "Proclaim ye this among the Gentiles. Prepare war. . . . Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruning

hooks into spears. Let the weak say, I am strong." But beyond all these existing systems of men the eyes and ears of the greatest thinkers among the heads of churches are expectantly peering into the future to catch a sound or glimpse of an approaching meteor of light that will dazzle the world with its overwhelming splendor and be attended with great demonstrative power. It must not be too narrow; but must be on a broad, liberal gauge, convenient for all moral and religious people, the spiritually inclined among men, and at the same time real enough in its operations to satisfy skeptical philosophy. They will not have long to wait. Strong delusions are being prepared for rejecters of the everlasting gospel as now restored. Even the Stone Kingdom is growing; let the children of the kingdom grow with it in the knowledge and power of God—even to the measure of the stature of Christ. They will then be well fortified against every new invention and cunning device of the Adversary whereby he lieth in wait to deceive. His well executed counterfeit gospel in power is shown forth in Second Thessalonians, 2: 9, 10, and described as Satanic power, and signs and lying wonders, with strong delusions, &c. But enough on this wise for the present, as in the fifteenth verse (I. T.) Paul's exhortation comes home to every saint to hold fast, and stand in the truth as he had given it, &c.

Now, while much more might be said on this subject, I trust it is enough to stir up pure minded saints to the realization of the fact that Christ's gospel includes all good, and only good; there is no evil in it; while all else that has any good in it has simply borrowed or stolen it from him while endeavoring to climb up some other way. Christ has spoken plainer of them than I need to speak, when he brands them as thieves and robbers. We know a thief or a robber is one who takes illegal possession of valuables; and although he may propose to share and bestow it upon other needy ones, yet he is none the less a thief. We can not so legislate as to legalize an unconstitutional act; neither can any man, or even an angel do it, for God would not approve of it. When poor, weak, mortal man will dare to assume that right which even the Son of God himself would not, and change the perfect plan even so much as a jot or a

tittle, we, as Latter Day Saints and children of the Covenant, may as well watch as to pray. It is the beginning of perilous times; but more perilous still will they be when men shall not only have the

form of Godliness, but advocate the power thereof as from God, in a "way which seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is the ways of death."

SANTA ANA, Cal., Oct. 18th.

## THE NEW YEAR.

BY S. F. W.

The world has past the age's night,  
The time of mildew and of blight—  
So chill and dreary and so long—  
Of burdens heavy, fetters strong;  
Of nightmare, blindness and stagnation,  
Of priestly pride and usurpation,  
Of mailed and sceptered wrong.

Hail warriors clad in heaven's mail!  
Luther, Melancthon, Huss, all hail!  
Who made the biting serpent feel  
Upon its head the avenging heel;  
Who error's towering bulwarks stormed,  
And hydra-headed wrongs reformed,  
With fervent, fiery zeal.

And thus was made the preparation  
For the full gospel restoration,  
Brought by the angel John saw flying  
Adown the midst of heaven, crying:  
"Him worship who made earth and heaven;  
To him be praise and glory given;  
Upon his grace relying."

Again, a second proclamation;  
But now of wrath and condemnation,  
And of the doom and of the dying  
Of all the false, oppressive, lying,  
Corrupted and apostate daughters  
Of her who sits on many waters,  
Enthroned and heaven defying.

Now come we to the time of shaking,  
And thrones and altar stones are quaking;  
Priestcraft, kingcraft in the throes,  
Beset by their own household foes;—  
The whole world ripening in sin;  
The Gentile fulness coming in;  
And hastes the era's close.

How swiftly Nahum's chariots go,  
And many running to and fro;  
The wise alone shall understand.  
See Lebanon a fruitful land!  
To Israel dawns a better day;  
His sin is being purged away;  
Deliverance is at hand.

If Saints yet feel the chastening rod,  
By that are known the sons of God;  
Token of love each falling stroke,  
The burden and the heavy yoke;  
For "they who would my glory see  
Partakers of my pain must be,"  
The Man of Sorrows spoke.

But blessings shower on the meek  
Who heavenly care and guidance seek;  
In flaming tongue and words of fire  
Is uttered forth the soul's desire;  
Outpourings of the Holy Ghost  
Make a perpetual Pentecost—  
Salvation draweth nigher.

And He whose head in grief was bowed;  
Was slurred and jibed by jeering crowd;  
For those who slew him, sinless slain,  
Upon the earth will come again;  
Will burst upon the enraptured gaze  
Of waiting Saints of latter days,  
And with them will he reign.

The crooked shall be all made straight,  
And understood the intricate;  
The ways of Providence made plain,  
And seeming loss be turned to gain.  
Who made earth's ailings all his own  
Can heal the heart to sorrow prone  
And dissipate its pain.

No more will dying mortals mourn  
For buried loves and crosses borne;  
Nor count as unrequited loss  
The old-world garniture and gloss—  
Its colors false and gilding thin  
That hid disease and death therein,  
Deformity and dross.

And dwelling in divine accord,  
Saints of all ages and their Lord,  
The Lamb shall be their light;  
And in his presence no more night;  
Unfading and unending day's  
Ineffable, effulgent rays  
Nor sun nor moon shall light.

No more shall memory of the past  
 The future prospect overcast;  
 There's no more sighing, no more tears,  
 And no more crying, no more fears;  
 Forever a surcease of sorrow  
 In golden gleam of God's to-morrow.—  
 The blessed Thousand Years.

The body of the grand old earth  
 Must have a new baptismal birth;  
 Once buried in the ocean wave  
 And raised from out the liquid grave,

The eternal verities require  
 That it shall be baptized with fire,  
 Its better life to save.

Grand thought, that both the earth and man  
 Be perfected by common plan;  
 By water its regeneration,  
 By fire its final, full salvation;  
 Each by a common law renewed  
 Prepared for like vicissitude,  
 Man's self and habitation.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY EDWIN STAFFORD.

AT the spring conference of 1844, between three and four hundred elders were sent out all over the United States; some to Canada and some to the British mission. My employer was sent to Philadelphia on a mission, and therefore took me to St. Louis to work that summer for a plasterer with whom he was acquainted there, so that what transpired that summer at Nauvoo I was not a witness of, and consequently have nothing to relate of that time. I remember the great excitement in St. Louis at the time of the martyr's death; of the half dozen cannon drawn up by the east sidewalk of Fourth street; and upon my inquiring what those cannon were for, I was told they were going to the Mormon war. To this I replied, "Brave persons, (?) certainly. Taking those cannon to shoot down an innocent people, whose religion teaches them to renounce war and proclaim peace. Not content with taking the lives of those two innocent, upright men of God, you want to kill off the people who never harmed a hair of your heads, and whose only crime is that they serve their God according to his word; and this makes the devil mad, and his followers also."

I was told to have a care how I talked there; they would not stand any of my Mormon nonsense. Whether they considered my youth, or otherwise, I do not know; but they did not molest me.

I returned to Nauvoo in the latter part of August. Mother was taken sick soon after my return; she had not enjoyed good health since her former sickness at

the time of father's death. I was taken sick also soon after she was taken down. We then lived in our own dwelling on the east bank of the Mississippi. Our condition being made known to the authorities, Bishop Covey had us moved into a log house in his ward, and towards the last of mother's sickness had a young Scotch sister to attend on her, and came frequently himself to ascertain her condition and see that the family did not lack the necessaries of life. My mother's only attendant for a while at the first (save a few neighbors who came in from time to time) was my brother, then in his thirteenth year; and she was so reduced in flesh that he could lift her in and out of bed as though she was a child. She lingered along until October 21st, 1844, and died on the same date exactly two years after father. Bishop Covey, who was in attendance at the time of her death, being satisfied that she was gone—for she passed away peacefully, without a struggle or a groan, like one going to sleep—said, while the tears rolled down his cheeks: "I have attended on this sister frequently, and I must say she has borne her sickness with true Christian fortitude and resignation. I never heard a murmur or complaint out of her mouth, and I believe if ever any one has gone to Paradise that woman has." Being sick at the time of the death of my parents and of my younger brother, I could not attend their burial, and do not know the locality of their last resting place; but I know this, that wherever the caskets were

placed that once contained the jewels will make no difference in the resurrection; the spirits will come forth clothed with bodies fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body; and that I, if faithful in my duty to my God, shall behold them on the redeemed earth, to enjoy their society forever.

Youthful reader, have you a good home with kind parents who are tenderly solicitous for your welfare in this life and that which is to come, who are willing to gratify your good desires to the extent of their ability, and who, when they refuse you any request in their power to grant, do so because they judge it for your best good? Prize such a home; do all in your power to show your parents that you appreciate their kindness; do not desert that home at any time, but more especially at nights to seek the society of companions who would lead you away from the path of virtue, the path of God, that your parents so much desire you to walk in. Shun those who would lead you to treat with disrespect those best of earthly friends and to think lightly of home and home society, and avoid such companions as you would the plague that is depopulating the earth in countless numbers. Having such a home be thankful to God; and having learned to appreciate it, think of the condition of the writer, his brother and sister, (with thousands like them) bereft of such a home and all the blessings the word signifies, with no parents to protect and shelter them; and henceforth to be separated, and have no home till by the blessing of God they can make homes of their own; and thus reflecting, may gratitude spring up in your hearts to the Giver of all good for the precious boon you now enjoy, and you be enabled to labor to obey your Heavenly Parent, that you may secure that grand, eternal home that all his faithful children are looking for.

After mother's death, we all were taken to the Bishop's home; and in a day or two my sister was given to a couple who had no children, who lived on a farm about four miles east of Nauvoo. My brother was given to another couple who were childless; but he not taking a liking to the home selected for him, took a notion to hunt one for himself, securing one with O. P. Smoot. The Bishop thought, I suppose, that I was old enough to act

for myself, being about seventeen years of age. I went to visit my employer's family, and concluded to stay there and work for him; but before getting fairly settled, an uncle on father's side, came from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on hearing of mother's death, to take us there. For myself I didn't care about leaving Nauvoo to go to Pittsburg, the headquarters of Sidney Rigdon, for I had no faith in his leadership; but finally yielded to the persuasion of my uncle and went along with him. My brother had gone over the Mississippi to cook for a camp of wood-choppers, so that we could not see him; so we went on the prairie to hunt up my sister. On arriving where she lived, we had quite a time with the woman of the house to prevail upon her to give her up. Uncle expedited matters with all his power; he had heard such awful stories about Nauvoo that he was afraid to stay in it over night: he was so expeditious that he left things behind belonging to our parents, that were of consideration to us children. I tried to laugh him out of his fright, and told him that such things as he talked about existed only in his imagination, but all was to no purpose. He was in such a hurry he would not stay for my brother, but left word with the folks he lived with to tell him to follow.

We took boat on the 31st of October, 1844, ten days after mother's death, at the Stone-house landing, and went down to Montrose at the head of the rapids, where the crew unloaded the cargo of lead into flat-boats. Before we got away from there another boat came down the river with my brother on board, who soon came bounding on board the boat we were on. We arrived at Pittsburg (or Allegheny City opposite Pittsburg), about the middle of November, and were duly installed in the home of another uncle—the one to whom I referred as having gone when we left New York City, living then at New Hartford, near Utica. He with his wife and family were on their way to Nauvoo, but coming across Sidney Rigdon had been persuaded to stop at Pittsburg. We were received with an apparent welcome, but it soon ran out; aunt desired uncle to seek places for us elsewhere, as she said she could not do the work. Being of an independent turn of mind, I did not wish to stay where I was not wanted, and sought out a place with

a shoemaker who wanted an apprentice. It being winter no work at plastering could be obtained, and I concluded to learn the other trade, thinking that the two together might come in handy to work the year round. My brother was bound apprentice to a baker for eight long years. Oh, how hard that was on me! My sister, aged nine, was put out to strangers in Pittsburg. The man that I was apprenticed to belonged to the Rigdon faction, (and so did my two uncles). He used to go on Sundays to Pittsburg to meeting, and I would go along; the principal thing with me being to see my brother and sister.

After getting over my hurt from the action of uncle and aunt, I used to go on Saturday nights, and uncle and myself would get into argument concerning the respective claims of Rigdon and of the Twelve to lead the church. I stuck out till just before their conference in April 6th, 1845, and finally conceiving that, by the Book of Covenants, Rigdon had the best end of the argument in favor of three presiding, and not twelve, I was baptized into that faction, in the Allegheny river. At the same time a great number were baptized, some having held high positions in the church in the Seer's time. At that conference every one of the males belonging to that faction went through the process of washing and anointing, I among the rest; and I was ordained a Seventy. At the beginning of that conference that great fire in Pittsburg was raging, not many blocks from where we were holding meeting, and the noise of the firemen running with their machines, the clanging of bells, together with the shouts of the crowds rushing along the streets often drowned the voice of the speaker, so that he could not be heard except by those close by him.

I did not stay my time out with the shoemaker. In this I did very wrong in not fulfilling my contract, for he treated me kindly; but sitting on a shoe-bench in summer time was irksome to me, I wanted to be in the fresh air. I left unceremoniously in mid-summer of that year, with only the clothes on my back and a few others in a bundle, and without a cent of money in my purse until I arrived in Pittsburg. In Pittsburg I stopped over night with a brother and sister, whose kindness to me at that time I shall never forget; and there is a warm corner in my

heart for them ever. They gave me all the spare means they had, which was about fifty-five cents. The next morning about ten o'clock I started down the Ohio river for Beaver, expecting to obtain there a chance to work my passage on what was called the Erie extension Canal, running from Beaver to Erie City on lake Erie, my destination being Utica, New York. Arriving about sundown within two or three miles of Beaver, and being very tired, I concluded to stop at a tavern over night. Wishing to husband my resources, I did not partake of any supper, and in the morning told the landlord that I had not much money and would not have any breakfast, and asked him what was to pay for the bed. He replied twenty-five cents. I had a letter of introduction to a brother and sister that lived in Beaver, but did not calculate to use it if I should succeed in getting to work my passage right away.

I trudged along, and coming to the town found that the canal was dry, and no boats running. This was discouraging; but I hunted up the brother and sister spoken of, and was hospitably entertained while I sojourned with them, which was till after dinner the next day. Learning from them that at a place called Hardscrabble, some six or seven miles from there, a canal lock was undergoing repairs, or rather a new one was being built, and they supposed that above there boats would be running, I left at the time spoken of. Arriving at Hardscrabble about two hours before sundown, and finding no water in the canal, I inquired of the men at work there if they knew whether there were any boats running on the canal at all. They told me that there were some running from a place (Mercer I think) about seventy miles from there. I started on the tow-path thinking to walk till nightfall and take the chances of where I should lodge—it being summer I thought that I would not suffer if I laid down in the fence corner all night. But about nightfall I came to a covered bridge, such as are frequently met with in Pennsylvania, and here concluded to stop over night. I sat down between two uprights, about ten inches wide, and I could stretch my limbs so that my feet would touch one and my back rest against the other. At what appeared to be about midnight, one of those large Pennsylvania wagons, built

like a Chinese Junk—a vessel whose stern and bow are considerably the highest, while amidships is greatly depressed, the whole forming the segment of a circle—drawn by three or four span of horses, came over the bridge which shook like a leaf, apparently, and the ponderous affair caused the writer to hug the side of the bridge tolerably close, for fear that either the horses or wagon might run on to him—but no harm occurred.

Determined to reach Mercer that day if possible, I arose at the first sign of day-break, and not having to dress or spend much time at my toilet, I started on the tow-path at easy walk, realizing that I must not go too fast on the start. About nine o'clock—judging by the sun—I came to a small house about ten by twelve, built on the side of the tow-path, kept by a Pennsylvania Dutchman; and as hunger began to urge its claim, and the door being open, I stepped in and inquired of a man standing behind the counter if I could obtain something to eat. He placed on the counter some of the blackest bread I ever saw, and some clabber milk—which if age could make it good it certainly had that advantage—but not having broken my fast since noon the previous day, I was not as particular as I might otherwise have been, and ate and drank till satisfied. I told him to be as moderate in his charges for the food partaken of as possible, for I had a long way to go on thirty-five cents. He charged a dime, and there being a piece of bread left as large as a good sized biscuit, I asked and obtained the privilege to take it along; and upon the strength of the bread and milk I arrived at Mercer a little before sundown.

Perceiving a boat tied up on the opposite side of the canal with a cargo of coal on board, I crossed the bridge adjacent, went to it and jumped on the stern, rapped on the cabin door; a gruff voice snarled out: "What do you want?" I asked if he could give a poor fellow a chance to work his passage to Erie. "No!" was the answer, in no very gentlemanly tone. Always too independent to ask a man twice for a favor, I turned on my heel, but felt cast down, especially as that was the only boat there, and the extra strain on my system to get there had almost worn me out. Jumping on the bank to go and cross the bridge again, with no prospect

but to sleep on the tow-path that night, and trusting that I would not have to go far before coming to where other boats would be running to Erie, I heard a voice a short distance behind me calling upon me to stop. Turning around, a gentleman with his lady were a few rods from me, and he was beckoning with his hand for me to stop. Waiting till they came up, the gentleman said:

"We overheard your question and also the answer, but don't mind that man—cross-grained and ill-natured as he is—he is not the captain, we are acquainted with him, and think by interceding we can prevail on him to let you go along with him."

This gentleman was a mechanic in the town, of moderate circumstances, and he and lady were taking a Sunday evening's walk, and chanced to be within hearing when I asked the question. I had just casually noticed them coming up the sidewalk, but my mind was so intent on my situation that their presence was almost ignored by me until they aroused me from my reverie by their call. They invited me home with them to stay till they could see the captain of the boat.

Reader, were you ever in such a situation? If you were you can appreciate my feelings. I realized that, though unworthy as I was, God had had pity upon me and sent these good Samaritans to me in my straightened circumstances, and my heart sent forth its unbounded thanksgiving for this timely succor in my great need.

Arriving at their home, a neat story and half building; I was shown where I could wash preparatory to supper, and then permitted to sit down to viands, good enough for president, king, emperor, or any other potentate; one thing I am certain of, that the writer appreciated it and ate heartily, a feeling of gratitude welling up in his heart to the Giver of All Good first, and the instruments in his hands next. Not long after supper I was shown where I could sleep, and was glad to rest my weary bones on one of the best beds it ever was my privilege to enjoy. Sometime in the night I heard a heavy rain pouring on the roof, (my bed being upstairs), and the contrast between being comfortably housed and sheltered from the storm, and being on the tow-path and exposed to that drenching rain, was an



other theme for thanksgiving to Him who careth for the "sparrows," much more one created after his own image. The next day about two o'clock, after enjoying the hospitality of this humane couple—the gentleman in the meantime having secured the captain's permission—I went on board of the boat to act in the capacity of driver, the driver to act as bowsman.

We started about half-past two, and I perceived that the saddle-horse had a notion to balk; but we got started and went along very well for a time. I was instructed how to act when meeting other boats, which have their regulations as wagons when meeting on the road, the inside boat—or the one next to the tow-path—goes over the other tow-line to secure which arrangement the team of the other boat stops to let the line slack to prevent its being caught by the boat passing over it. I got along very well until we came to a tow-path bridge, which signifies that the tow-path changes to the

other side of the canal, and in going over it requires a willing, handy team, and a driver that knows how to handle them. Lacking a little in both, on the first trial I made a bungling attempt, which caused that surly man before spoken of to blaspheme somewhat, on account of the tow-line getting fouled. The next time I improved a little, and upon the third trial succeeded to the satisfaction of the hands as well as the driver.

We laid up on what in canal parlance is styled the heel-path side of the canal, at nights, always close to a bridge so as to take the horses over to stable them in the forepart of the boat; only having one team this was necessary, the captain running his own boat unconnected with any line. We sighted the town of Erie on the third day out, coming to an eminence that commanded a view of the whole city and the country adjacent to it, and of the waters of Lake Erie for miles.

To be continued.

## Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

### THE YEAR.

A cloud came out of the golden west,  
A bell rang over the silent air;  
The sun-god hurried away to rest,  
Flushing with kisses each cloud he prest,  
And, Oh! but the day was fair.

"How brightly the year goes out," they said:  
The glow of the sunset lingers long,  
Knowing the year will be over and dead,  
Its sad hours over—its fleet hours fled—  
With service of even song.

"How sadly the year came in," they said,  
I listened and wondered in dusk of night;  
To me no year that might come instead  
Of the old friend numbered among the dead  
Could ever be half so bright.

The sun-kissed clouds grew pale and gray,  
The bells hung silent in high mid-air,  
Waiting to ring the year away  
In strains that were ever too glad and gay  
For me—as I listened there.

Oh, hearts! that beat in a million breasts,  
Oh, lips! that utter the same old phrase.

I wonder that never a sorrow rests  
In words you utter to friends and guests  
In the new year's strange new days!

Is it just the same as it used to be?  
Have new years only a gladder sound?  
Forever and always it seems to me  
That no new face can be sweet to see  
As the old ones we have found.

There is no cloud in the darkened west,  
The bell is silent in misty air,  
The year has gone to its last long rest,  
And I, who loved and knew it best,  
Shall meet it—God knows where!  
All the Year Round.

### THE LAST OF EARTH.

Death—is it Death?  
The shadow following still upon the sun,  
The one same end of all things yet begun,  
After the glory of Life the sudden gloom,  
After the strife the inexorable doom,  
The frozen breath?

Nay, rather see,  
Where the new grave lies sodden in the rain,  
How the bare earth quickens to growth again!  
Waiting the wonder-season's lavish dower  
Young rootlets creep, a wealth of grass and  
flower

Ere long to be.

When Death has passed  
Into the land of silence and of cloud,  
The leafless land, wherein no bird is loud,  
Life lingers yet with song and blossom rife.  
Lo! step for step go ever Death and Life,—  
But Life is last.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE VEILED YEARS.\*

O coming years how big ye are,  
Prophetic of great things that, done,  
Shall give to hearts the sweet assuage  
That millions died and had not won—

"Not won?" said I. Ah, not in fact,  
And yet by super faith foreseen,  
And seeing, seized as Comforter:  
So Prophets saw the Lord, I ween.

Who dares uplift the shadowy veil,  
Who dares explore the arcanum,  
Unless himself be touched with fire,  
Shall be a seer sightless, dumb!

The lark the dawning day doth greet  
With ecstasy of glad refrain;  
But "sorrow bird" at reddening east  
Pours out his sobs in plaintive strain.  
Each to its nature truly acts,  
In its own way each offers praise;—  
Our nobler man should know no sobs,  
But only joy inform our lays;—

Joy that the world, though growing old  
Grows better—though say cynics' nay;—  
Joy that the years as they unfold,  
Disperse the Night, Dispense the Day,—

Disperse the Night of Narrow Fate,  
Dispense the Day of Broader Plan;  
Disperse the Night of Righteous Self,  
Dispense the Day of Love to Man;

Disperse the Night of Sordid Gain,  
Dispense the Day of Nobler Greed;  
Disperse the Night of Sculless Form,  
Dispense the Day of Vital Creed.

Disperse the Night when, that one *Seems*,  
Distorts the judgment and deceives;  
Dispense the Day when what one *is*  
Exemplifies what one believes.

As erst Thy chosen people stood,  
While Moses sought forgiving grace,  
And nature trembled as Thou spak'st  
"Good will to man, to all men p. ace.—"

So we, O God, without the veil  
Which dims decades that are to be,  
Stand still with reverent faith, and wait  
Solution of each mystery,

Content if we Thy favor win  
By gracious life and holy zeal;  
Content, amid the wreck of worlds,  
If Christ speak peace within the veil

George W. Elliott.

\*Read at Christ Church parish House "Warming," April  
12th, 1888.

SHE WAS SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,  
And bent with the chill of Winter's day;  
The street was wet with Winter's snow,  
And the woman's steps were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,  
Alone, uncared for, amid a throng  
Of human beings who passed her by,  
Not heeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout,  
Glad in the freedom of school let out,  
Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,  
Hailing the snow, piled white and deep.

Past the old woman, so old and gray,  
Hastened the children on their way;  
Not offering a helping hand to her  
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir,

Lest the carriage wheels or horses feet  
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.  
At last came one of the merry troop,  
The gayest laddie of all the group.

He paused beside her and whispered low,  
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."  
Her aged hand on his strong young arm,  
She placed, and without hurt or harm

He guided the trembling feet along,  
Proud that his own were firm and strong;  
Then back again to his friends he went,  
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,  
For she's old and poor and slow;  
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand  
To help my mother, you understand,  
www.LatterDayTruth.org

"If ever she's old, and poor and gray,  
When her own dear boy is far away."  
And somebody's mother bowed low her head

In her home that night, and the prayer she said  
Was, "God be good to the noble boy  
Who is somebody's son, and pride, and joy."  
Selected.

## Editor's Corner.

IN presenting our friends and patrons with the first number of the second volume of *AUTUMN LEAVES* we feel that first of all our thanks are due to the Providence which has gone before us to prepare a way for the work to be done, and next to those friends who have so generously sustained us in our labors, both by means and contributions for its pages, as well as by words of cheer from time to time. Without the slightest reference to our own work, we can conscientiously say that its pages have in the year that is past furnished its readers with articles worth many times the price paid for it, in addition to illustrations of which we made no promise in the beginning, and they may rest assured that in the future our aim shall be to make each number as complete as possible.

With this issue we furnish eight additional pages of reading matter, not wishing to crowd out the serials now running with holiday matter necessary for the season.

With the new year we bid you Godspeed and ourselves take new courage for the race set before us. Our friends will remember that the enterprise is yet in its youth and needs their kindly aid at all times when a friend can be made or a subscriber secured; for while we realize fully the fact that without God's blessing added the enterprise would have been a failure, we realize also that energy and perseverance are gifts of God, and when used in a good cause will always command his blessing. Let us not be weary in well doing therefore, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not.

At the solicitation of many friends we have had the January number of the magazine stereotyped, in order that the time may be extended for those who have failed to get in their orders, and also for our friends who are working for us to obtain additional names. Let each one who reads this notice resolve while he or she is reading it, that they will make an effort to secure one new subscriber. Try this, and in our next issue we will report to you an almost doubled subscription list. Will it pay you? Let us mention just one out of many

testimonies which have come to our knowledge.

Last January a sister—whose face we have never seen—sent the magazine to a friend. She did this wishing to aid us, and perhaps benefit her friend. Some months afterwards there came to the sister a letter from this friend in which she defended our faith and said: "That, if the Bible is true, then our faith must be, as she could see no reason why God should not deal with his people now the same as he had dealt with them in former times." She did not know that she was writing to the one who sent her the magazine and was also a Saint; for our sister, distrusting her ability to present the faith by writing, had been waiting to see her friend face to face. This incident speaks for itself. Have you a friend to whom you wish to present the gospel? Subscribe now, and let them join company with "Pattie" in her search for it; and let us say to you here, that whoever fails to read that story, fails to read that which is being written by direction of the Spirit, and the entire plan of which was given in the same way. More we are not now at liberty to reveal; but if you would know, you must read. Let those who might aid the circulation of the magazine, and thus help forward the cause of God in these last days,—think of this.

None but the January number will be stereotyped, as we can not afford the extra expense.

Any parties having volumes of 1888 which they are willing to exchange for 1889, can send them to the Herald Office, and if they have been neatly kept, the exchange can be made. If this is not satisfactory, we will pay \$1.25 in cash, for a limited number, they prepaying postage.

Our friends who are getting up clubs must remember that in order to secure the full benefit of the commission offered it is necessary for them to collect and forward the subscription money.

We wish to call the especial attention of our readers to the article in this issue, entitled *The Science of Healing*.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

I am dreaming mother dearest,  
 Of you in your lonely cot;  
 Trusting that these twilight shadows  
 Gently fall upon that spot;  
 That they find you well and happy,  
 Peaceful in your home so bright,  
 With kind, faithful friends around you,  
 Prays your absent child to-night.

I am dreaming mother dearest,  
 Of the dim and distant past,  
 Of my childhood, girlhood, womanhood,  
 Days too precious far to last;  
 And again I see our cottage,  
 Covered o'er with vines so sweet—  
 Redwood Bower in all its beauty  
 Ne'er again, our eyes shall greet.

Our home circle gaily gathered,  
 'Round the fire-place, high and wide,  
 Chatting, laughing, singing gaily,  
 Caring not for wind or tide;  
 Mother with her ceaseless knitting,  
 Father with his legends old;  
 Isaac, Lottie, Edith loitering—  
 Listening to the stories told.

But, alas, the shadows gather;  
 Two are taken from our band.  
 We three journey sadly onward;  
 They rest in the better land.  
 Soon our thoughts are turned to Zion  
 And we leave the "golden west,"  
 Live three years in quiet pleasure,  
 With the friends we love the best.

But this world is full of changes,  
 Nothing here can ever last!  
 Isaac, dear old darling brother,  
 Thinks the years are flying fast,  
 That he soon must choose his help-mate;  
 So when Winter's hand had wrought

All the earth in icy crystal  
 To our home his bride he brought.

Now I see another gathering;  
 Why so many tears and sighs?  
 Edith's leaving mother, Isaac,  
 Hence so many sad good-byes.  
 Now they're at the depot waiting,  
 Dreading most that fateful train  
 That will carry off a dear one—  
 They may never meet again.

Years have passed since then, dear mother,  
 But of these I dare not think;  
 For the pain exceeds the pleasure,  
 Deep, deep sorrow we must drink.  
 But perhaps, among the angels,  
 When life's pain and strife is o'er,  
 We shall meet our precious treasures,  
 To be parted never more.

And to-night my heart is aching,  
 As I think of you and home.  
 Of how widely we are parted!  
 Leaving mother all alone.  
 And I'm longing, oh, so sadly,  
 Just to see your face once more;  
 Just to feel your arms about me  
 As I did in days of yore.

EDITH.

Sunday Evening, Oct. 28th, 1888.

Many who read this poem will remember the fair, young girl-bride, who left us some four years since for her distant home in California; but they may not know that death took from her a little babe, around which clung the garnered richness of her tender heart. Not lost is your treasure, fond mother, only transplanted to bloom in unfading loveliness in the paradise of God.—Ed.

## HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN the time arrived my husband, Tubal, prepared himself to attend the lecture. We four, as a family, went to hear Miss Anthony. She is quite a good talker, and made a number of good points. At the first Tubal was somewhat disconcerted; but this arose from his non-acquaintance with the topic to be discuss-

ed. My love for Tubal intensified when I observed the profound attention that he gave to the lecture throughout. Upon our arrival home he said nothing. We prepared for rest, and he led in prayer. I noted a change in his wording, and was pleased.

Nothing of note passed between us until the following evening after tea, and we

had gathered about the fireside for an evening chat.

"Well," began my husband, "how did you enjoy the lecture, Decinda?"

"Oh, quite well," I said, with an air of gratification. "I enjoyed the talk, and was pleased to note that you evinced a goodly degree of appreciation."

"Decinda, I was only too much surprised at her Anthonian audacity," said my husband. "A woman as smart as she to act so boldly in asserting 'rights' that no woman ever ought to claim, astonished me! Mrs. Jendors was all ecstasies over it; and Mrs. Doogins was one continuous grin. It was simply ridiculous. Some women seem to be too smart to live!" And my husband spoke this emphatically.

"What did she say?" continued Tubal. "Where were her arguments? She had none, nor have they had. It was one long splutter of a babbling gasometer, the whole on't. Mrs. Riggins just sputtered and bubbled; she become hilarious over it. They think they'll vote next election, I guess; but they'll not. They can't. Look, out in a town in Kansas, a woman a mayor! women in the city council! I say it's a queer idee!" And Tubal paced the floor excitedly. I kept perfectly calm. "Mrs. Riggins will want to be mayor of this town, and Mrs. Doogins one of the councilmen, council—men! Why, that can't be! How that would sound!"

"No worse," said I "than when a woman is killed to call it man-slaughter."

"Well, that's so;" said husband, "I hadn't thought of that. Well, any way, it aint the thing, no how you can fix it. I wo'n't live under petticoat ruling; got enough of it at home. Paul didn't believe in it, and neither do I. I am a Paul man, and always intend to be; I think he was right. He was a wise man, and knew women never could have the good, true, sound sense we men always have, and have had. Men never—hardly ever—make mistakes. You see, Decinda, they are gods and are masculine, and masculinity pertains unto divinity. Femininity is inferiority; always was, and it is full of blunders. The blunders began in Eden, and have been kept up ever since. Woman never knows when to let up on anything; that's in keeping with feminine history. I guess it's like what may be called a truism of woman:

"If she will, she will;  
You may depend on it:  
If she won't, she won't,  
And that's the end on it."

I think Susan did an injury to our town, and has given it a blow from which it may never recover."

"Husband Tubal," said I, "I am sorry you take such a peculiar view of the matter. There were many things, many things she said with which I do not exactly agree; but then, we should be like the bees, culling sweets from every flower."

"You don't call Susan a flower, do you; she's worse than the last rose of summer; I declare"—interrupted Tubal.

"Oh, no;" I responded, but I referred to truth she uttered; for instance, the purity of the ballot. Reference has been made by many men as to the casting of votes by lewd women: but what about men who have blighted and eternally blasted the character of girls, and dethroned their chastity by wiles of seduction, hypocrisy and brutality? These same men can not only vote, but are elected and sent to our legislative halls of both state and United States. Purify the ballot by keeping from the polls all men of disreputable life, and there would be millions less of votes cast than now are. But I am not in favor of woman in politics. Yet I should like to know of her having a hand in those things that relate to the purity of the home, and bear upon our educational, moral, and social status. She must be there, and shall be. In woman is found the toning power. She is society's permeator, and its holy leaven. Her sphere is higher than is now seen. This is an age of progress, and one when true liberty is shedding its sacred light abroad as never before. Woman is not only wife, but mother as well. It is for her to mold the destiny of nations; but how can she so successfully if not heard in the land, either vocally or by silent yet potent literature? Every woman owes it to herself to enlighten self; then to enlighten others; to exercise all womanly graces that soften the harshness of masculinity, and give man a higher, and even truer, conception of duties belonging to his own sphere. I am not radical here, when I say this; for men with men always, and crudeness finds place; man with true woman, and refinement comes. Therefore if, as you observed,

'masculinity pertains unto divinity,' then femininity attaches unto masculinity, and should have the exercise of rights too long and sadly ignored, and thus aid in doing what it has been hindered in heretofore attempting, even to a limited and not radical degree. There are women who are slaves to-day, and in consequence thereof woman has been and is depressed. But, husband, I am glad of one thing, and that is, woman's true sphere is cropping out, and becoming self-asserting in a quiet way; and in it peace shall have its victories, and no harm accrue to any one."

"How anything can belong to woman aside from work among pots and pans, plates and kettles is more than I am able to comprehend. I see in a kitchen lots of work for women; and in the cow-yard and garden-sass work, and such like things. Woman should be a humble, unassuming critter, as a gentle cow; but when she begins to assume to know this or that, then I say she's out of her sphere, and should be silenced by the Bible. That's my authority always and every time, Decinda, and I am a man who knows what is what; and as the head of the house I should be heard and heeded."

I could only pray for my dear Tubal while he thus talked. I can do naught else than love him, for he is my husband, and the father of my children.

"Tubal dear," said I, "whatever your opinion may be regarding this matter, your wife has a humble opinion as well. Far from it would I knowingly be of assuming beyond that I deem a proper action upon this question. We have somehow peculiarly drifted in our evening conversation upon a question I had not really intended touching, but some of your remarks of the past seemed to unconsciously lead us on. The Bible records instances of noble deeds performed by women. In Bible history, woman, while not figuring conspicuously, is not wholly a silent factor of record. Woman is mentioned in immediate connection with man, as found in Genesis: "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." I believe what Phœbe A. Hanaford wrote: 'Neither men's rights nor woman's rights should be considered, but human rights,—the rights of each, the rights of all! Men and women rise and fall together.'

"In Bible times Deborah was a prophet-

ess and judge—called 'Mother in Israel.' Her history was that of superior genius to any recorded among the Hebrews from Moses to David, an interval of more than four hundred years; and Scriptural commentators have remarked that Deborah alone, of all the rulers of Israel, has escaped unapproved by the prophets and inspired historians. And, Tubal, the author Milman, in writing of her triumphal ode, says: 'Lyric poetry has nothing in any language which can surpass the boldness and animation of this striking production. This hymn has great historic, as well as poetic value.' There were other notable women who exercised wide and excellent influence in their day among Israel.

"But what of all this? We can not always look upon the past for lessons of the present or future. Whatever may have been the condition of woman-kind in ages past, of one thing we are sure, *i. e.*, the past contained not all treasures of thought or purpose; neither are we by any means to gauge our present action in all instances by the standard of the past, for Paul said, 'Forgetting the things of the past,' etc. Many things are only worthy of eternal disremembrance. If we may determine from present indications and significations as to what 'rights' woman may lay claim to, and from the grand strides made in all departments of science, art and literature, we are confident a stoppage is not deemed permissible in anything.

"Were we to deny the right of progress to matters of science simply because something had been invented previously not known or thought of, where would be the things we now have? Demolished! So with this question of Woman's Rights, so called; because certain privileges have not been accorded her in the past, does by no means argue that those same denials shall be unscrupulously maintained. Past generations did not know everything needful. Woman's elevation has done more to elevate man than any one thing else."

"There are boundaries, Decinda," observed my husband.

"Certainly," said I; "but there are also boundaries to all action in the sphere in which man moves. 'Boundary' argues nothing on the whole. Woman with man was created in the image of God. She obeys the same laws; is under the same

moral restraints; and, if an owner of property, is taxed as all the men owners.

"The same law of life and death affects her as affects man. The same rules of propriety in action and language control her as control man; yet is she emphatically denied the exercise of similar privileges, legal and otherwise, that man enjoys. From whence arises all this? Simply from an assertion that woman is the weaker vessel! Weaker physically in some instances; but in many, man's superior by far. Dear husband, bear with me in my little lecture; but as we are alone, I feel the privilege to talk on this question, so unexpectedly evoked, is mine by your indulgence.

"Woman may not be called upon to do heavy mechanical work, such as erecting buildings, constructing bridges, building railways: her anatomical make-up would not allow of these. She is to be a mother as well as wife, therefore her peculiar adaptabilities in this direction calls for a boundary line. But upon the other hand, she may read, study, and so acquire knowledge in all things that time and circumstances may cordially grant her; and of these requisites she should not be denied. They are necessities to her own elevation; and this elevation properly used is to her husband's good and her children's advantage. An illiterate mother may not always give birth to bright, intelligent offspring. Posterity unborn, mysteriously demand intelligent, moral parentage. Men of state have been the product of studious, thoughtful mothers. Men of science and art are the offspring of women of genius. There were women of the Revolution; women of war times, as well as heroines in times of peace. History can not be without her; the world could not have been without her presence; the Bible would not have been complete without her mention; and in these woman is not spoken of as a menial. She honored Christ, and he honored womanhood at the home, the cross, the tomb. Almighty God honored and honors her by calling her Handmaiden, and bestowing divine gifts upon her.

"It was the old and unworthy claim of inferiority that kept the race in groveling condition. Never has the world known such rapid progress in every respect as now; and in this connection let it be observed, that in no age as now has woman

been admired and liberated from social ostracism and menial place as now. Progress and universal enlightenment have come with woman's elevation and effort at equalization. The Constitution of the United States speaks of: 'We the people of the United States.' Were there no women? are women people? If so, are they governed? by what law? the same as are men? Who made or enacted the law? Men. Had women any say? No. Are they represented? Yes[?] Who by? Men. Did they have a voice in their choice? Have women any public or private interests?"

"Why Decinda, you are talking politics," said Tubal.

"On, no; I am only speaking of principles involved, from what Susan B. said. I am not repeating her language. Ha, ha! husband, you'll think it strange I talk so, but you know I've never done so at any other time since our marriage; have I?"

"No, no. But I am rather pleased, as well as amused, at your talk. I declare, wife, you're opening my eyes." And at this my husband laughed right heartily.

If we are to consider human rights or privileges, we'd ask the question: Are women citizens of a nation? The answer is, Yes. Again, is the word men, used in a generic sense at any time? Then turn to the Declaration of Independence and read:

'We hold these truths to be self evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends,' etc.

"Are women governed by law? Are they among the governed, and of them? Have they life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness guaranteed? These rights are 'secured' by 'governments,' to the PEOPLE, 'from the consent of the governed.' When have women ever been granted the right of 'security' by ballot 'consent?' No time. 'Destructive to these ends,'—what ends, Husband? Rights are to be had by 'government,' that government deriving its 'just powers from the consent of the governed'—not a part of the gov-

erned, but 'the governed' as a whole! No distinction is made; it is not on record. It has been done by usurpation, evasion and custom.

"In the constitution, Article IV. Section II. we read:

"The citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states."

"If man being a citizen has the privilege of the elective franchise,—and that is one among the 'all privileges' to which he is entitled—by what constitutional enactment is a woman, recognized in all law as a citizen, not entitled to the elective franchise with all other 'privileges' guaranteed and secured by law to 'all citizens?'"

"If in this section 'woman' is not implied in the phrase, 'A person,' as found in second part of Section II. of Article IV. which reads: 'A person charged in any state with treason, felony, or other crime,' &c., is a woman capable of committing any crime? Is woman 'a person?' one of the citizens? one of 'the governed?'"

"Is there anything aside from that prescribed by the constitution that would preclude a woman from being a Senator, provided she were intellectually and physically qualified? It reads, article I. Section III. part 3: 'No person shall be a senator who shall not have attained to the age of thirty years, and been nine years a citizen of the United States.' Is woman a citizen, born or naturalized? No foreign women are naturalized, are they? If not, are they citizens? If not by naturalization, are they so by native birth? Is this the secret of the denial of the elective franchise to women?"

"Woman has been and is admitted to the bar to plead law. She has in some states citizen privileges in this regard. May it not be, husband Tubal, that in the Declaration of Independence and Constitution truths have lain undisturbed, unawakened?"

"Woman has a home. That home has sacred rights to be respected. But we know too well how its sanctity has been violated, its happiness destroyed, and its preservative power abused and deposed by the legalizing of that which has been ruinous in all its results. And men have legalized by a strange law that which the truer instincts of virtuous womanhood would never have legalized had she held that one 'privilege,' that one 'immunity,' secured alone to the 'sterner sex.' Men

have not always enacted the wisest laws, laws that should have protected wives, mothers, daughters, sisters—these who have the real power and virtue to make the honor and integrity of a state valiant and true. However strange this talk may seem to you, dear husband, it is true. Men have too long time looked upon woman as the weaker vessel, from a wrong point of view. Her weakness lies not in intellectual power, for no man of greatness in matters of church or state who truly regarded woman as human, but what invariably attribute to their wives the aid extended them to become great. Mrs. Gladstone, of England, has been a true helpmeet to that great statesman. She has, amid all her family duties, found time to make wise suggestions, confer with, counsel, and cheer him in all his diplomatic duties.

"Whether woman shall have a say in those matters heretofore denied her, time alone can determine. I have calmly presented what has appeared to my mind as possible truths."

"Well, Decinda, I must confess my surprise! I were not aware of the hidden language of your soul. How woman can talk when the pressure rises and the safety valve is pushed a little. Ha, ha! I am pleased, Decinda, I dare say. But what Paul said rather worries me. You know he said it was not allowed a woman to usurp authority over the man."

"Yes, Husband, I understand; but no true woman would scarcely seek to do so. Again, for woman to have an equal say in matters politic would not be having 'authority over the man,' but authority, rights, privileges, equal with the man. Equality does not argue superiority, by any means."

"I see the point, Decinda, but I never noticed it that 'ere way before; that's so. Our rulers are called the people's servants. We are all citizens together."

"I think, husband Tubal, that Miss Anthony's talk scarcely worked harm to our town.

"I do not argue for woman in politics as they now exist. Woman could defile matters no more than they now are. Women as a class are uplifting, and en masse do not, with good reason, degenerate as do men. Governmental affairs would be purer, and the wily craftiness of alluring men would be checked. No one



is responsible for these views but myself, Husband. If they are heretical, so be it. I do not say I believe them, or disbelieve them. But it is well to both think and speak in proper manner upon all these topics."

"It is, Decinda; and I promise to not judge too hastily nor harshly before I better understand it. We are too apt to do so, I know. But I am a Paul man, for all that; and shall look into the matter a little more keeferful. You know, Decinda, I have my head set pretty firm on many points. Maybe I drive my stakes too tight, and don't leave sufficient slackness in my ropes for change of weather. You have been a good wife to me, Decinda; I can but acknowledge that." And with this my husband heaved a sigh of relief.

"Shall we retire for the night?" I suggested.

"We may, and I will lead in prayer," said my husband.

I feel inclined here to tell you his prayer. I do so from the fact it was rather notable for him:

"Good Father, we come in humble acknowledgment of all thy goodness unto us. The many favors thy hand hath bestowed we thankfully receive. Thou knowest that I love Decinda and my children. Thou knowest my temperament and all about me. If I have been too stringent in my views of matters and things, forgive me. But thou knowest that I am terribly afraid of heresy and error of every kind. If I have wrongly looked at the question we've been considering, help me see more clearly. If women have rights I didn't know on, give 'em to them. I would not knowingly deprive them of any good thing. Soften my heart wherein it has been hard. Bless us each one to night. Amen."

To be continued.

## THE CANVAS CITY;

OR A VISION BY DAYLIGHT OF THE SAINTS' REUNION AT MISSOURI VALLEY, IOWA,

October 6th to 15th.

BY ELDER CHARLES DERRY.

NAHUM'S chariots, seeming "like torches" and running "like lightning," are bearing their precious freight of human souls to their various destinations, while the drivers and owners are as unconscious of the fact that they are fulfilling prophecies delivered under divine inspiration two thousand years ago, as the chariots themselves. Also the vast majority of those anxious, care-worn passengers are equally oblivious of the fact that Daniel, wrapt in vision, saw our times and heard the heavenly visitant declare what was to be "at the time of the end." "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." But hark! the whistle of the fiery steed sounds shrill and clear, and every eye in those palatial chariots is attracted to a scene strange and new. "What is that," a hundred voices ask at once, and as many different answers are given to the question; but in the midst of that astonished multitude of travelers there is here and there one who holds the key to the secret, and they answer, "It is the Camp of the Saints."

But the answer, though plain and true, is unintelligible to the many. Momentary visions of the spirits of just men made perfect flit before the view. Others gaze in their minds upon the long list of canonized souls once prominent members of the Catholic Church, and perhaps bitter persecutors of those who differed from them on the subject of religion, and they declare that "all the saints are dead;" and they knowingly laugh at the idea of living saints, never thinking that if a man does not live a saintly life, all the popes and cardinals that have lived, or shall live, can not make him a saint when dead. They forget, too, that in Holy Writ, God called his people saints while they lived, and never waited till their death to canonize them. From the time they became his children their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and they were known as the "saints of the Most High." But "Who are these?" is impatiently demanded. "They are members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, commonly called, by

their enemies, 'Mormons.' They have gathered from the various parts of this western country to spend a few days in a happy reunion, in order that they may mingle their voices in prayer, testimony, and songs of praise to the great and infinite Giver of All Good for his mercies and blessings unto them; and to listen to the words of wisdom which he shall give unto them through his ordained ministry.

See how beautifully the sun shines upon their canvas city, making it appear as a city of light, or a faint picture of the New Jerusalem. Come with me and let us tread the streets of that beautiful city. No charge at the gate; it stands wide open for all, like the gate of the Celestial city itself; all may enter who will! See! every street is named; not exactly after the Twelve Apostles of the Lamb, but after men who are trying to walk in their sanctified steps, that they may reign with them in the New Jerusalem. How neat and clean is every tent; that indicates the purity of the kingdom of God. Order is prevalent everywhere; this shows they honor God, who "is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints." One hundred and twenty-five tents, or canvas houses, constitute this miniature camp of the Saints.

That large pavilion you see yonder is the tabernacle of the Lord, dedicated to his worship. Let us enter. Hark! a song of praise swells the huge dome from a thousand voices:—"Crown Him Lord of all." How fitting the strain; how heavenly! No sound of instrument is heard. It is the morning prayer meeting; and while they make use of instrumental music in their general services, when they assemble for solemn prayer and praise only the song of the heart must be heard, and every one is called upon to attune his heart to songs of praise. Those men on the stand, or platform, are chosen to conduct the services, preserve order, and prevent confusion. That dear old soul whose trembling accents are ascending up to heaven, is a widowed matron who has borne the heat and burden of the day, in the cause of truth for over fifty years; her earthly life numbers nearly fourscore. She is praying for her stubborn, wayward children; such prayers can not be offered in vain. That tall and beautiful girl is the

youngest child of a widowed mother. How sweet her story of God's goodness and love! How tender and loving her reference to her grief stricken parent! How earnest her pleading that that mother's life may be lengthened out, that she may yet guide those tender feet in wisdom's path! My child, thy heavenly Father will do all things well. Nor will he spurn thy prayer, but will gladden thy heart with fresh evidences of his love. That gray-haired man who rose so diffidently, and speaks with childlike simplicity, has grown gray in the service of his Lord; has trained his children in the path of holiness, and they are following on to know the Lord. Hark! he has burst forth in unknown tongues! How changed his manner! When he began it was in trembling tones as though he feared to be heard; now with head erect and eyes lit up with holy fire, while his tongue is touched as with a live coal from the sacred altar, he speaks as one having authority, under the inspiration of heaven. His manner, his gestures, his utterances, all seem to mark him as another man. The tongue has been given; and now with the same gestures, the same inspired air, but in the English language, he gives the interpretation, just as Paul enjoins in First Corinthians, fourteenth chapter. What beautiful words of promise, loving words of wisdom, and gracious encouragement are given in that tongue and interpretation! All feel the sacred fire; it touches every heart, and fills every soul with joy! Listen again; that feeble woman is truly a mother in Israel. She is known as honored among the honorable, by believers and unbelievers, and no tongues but those that love not truth would smirch the name of aunt M——; but listen to the word of God as it falls from her lips in burning eloquence. Look around; see how those words light up the countenances of the Saints of God; strong men melt to tears; the young and gay, male and female, are ready to burst forth in songs of praise to Him who has said: "And it shall come to pass in the last days, saith God, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they

shall prophesy." Hear, now, the gentle cadence of that heavenly harmony. Is it an angel singing? It is written: "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him." "Surely this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!" Yes; that is an angel singing, but she is yet clad in the habiliments of flesh, and her mission on earth is not yet complete. But what heavenly music! It is the tongue of angels indeed! And now the interpretation comes by the same angelic voice, in the same sweet, heavenly cadence; not a break in the delicious harmony, not a hindrance in the words, not a single jar of discord,—but sweet, calm, and peaceful as the song of the heavenly host, in words of living light, declaring God's acceptance of the humble worshippers beneath that sacred dome, and bringing the glad assurance that their names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. This is a pentecost indeed! Tell me not that God has falsified his word, that his promise of the Comforter is forgotten, that tongues are done away, that prophecies have forever ceased. We see with our eyes, we hear with our ears, and we feel the very fire of the Holy One in our bones. "The Lord God hath spoken, who can but prophesy?"—Amos 3: 7. The time for morning prayer and testimony is closed; but we can never forget the earnest, humble testimonies these men and women have borne, nor the sweet symphonies of that inspired song in angelic tongues. Verily our Redeemer has made good his pledge, "They shall speak with new tongues."—Mark 16.

Can you wait for the preaching service? A few minutes recess to relax the strain of thought and relieve the body by a little exercise, and it will begin. The bell is ringing, let us take our seats. That is the president of the church, "Does he assume to stand between us and God?" Only in the sense in which every true minister for Christ stands as God's mouth-piece to the people. Jesus Christ alone is the Mediator between God and man. You are right, he is very unassuming, his dress is plain, but neat and becoming. His language is plain, simple, and yet forcible; and while it is uttered with becoming humility, there is no uncertain sound in his utterances. Like his divine Master, "he speaks as one having authority, and not as

the scribes." He is presenting a retrospective view of the church, its trials and its short comings; he is also showing its duties, obligations and prospects. Mark how forcibly he urges upon all the ministry the absolute necessity of preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ unmodified, with all its commands, precepts, ordinances and promises. How firmly he declares his determination to stand by the word of God, exclaiming: "It was good enough for Jesus, it is good enough for me."

Twenty-four sermons have been delivered from the stand within the last nine days; and I am satisfied that not a man has known what another was going to declare, yet there has been the most perfect harmony with each other and with the word of God. The gospel has been their theme; its various principles declared in such plainness and manifesting the infiniteness of God's love, power, mercy justice and truth so sweetly blended, that indeed he has been revealed in all the grandeur of his character in which the lips of finite man, touched with celestial fire, could present him; and this people have been drawn nearer to him by the cords of love and truth that ran like a golden thread through each discourse, linking them together, and binding every soul closer and closer to him.

There were nine seasons of public prayer in the tent, in which songs of praise and testimonies of gratitude to God formed a prominent part; during which the Holy Spirit was so manifestly present as to make our entire Reunion another day of Pentecost, or as one brother expressed it: "A blessed Sabbath of rejoicing, a prelude of that blissful Sabbath of a thousand years." The Reunion closed on the tenth day with another refreshing visitation of the Holy Spirit, which fell on the audience like gentle dews of heaven, invigorating every soul, and making glad the heart.

Every cup in this life has its dregs, and now the bitterness of separation came; the warm and lingering pressure of the hand, the moistened eye and the sad adieu, told how sweet had been the communion of saints and how strong the ties of brotherhood that were there cemented.

The canvas city was soon dissolved, and the tents folded away, and the camp of the saints was no more; but as we left, the large and commodious tabernacle

stood alone, gilded by the mellow rays of an October sun; its beautiful whiteness bearing some faint resemblance to that greater and more glorious tabernacle of which it is said, "The tabernacle of God shall be with men." With hearts full of gratitude to God the Saints wended their ways to their respective homes, inspired with the hope that if in the present life

they may not meet again, that in that blissful Reunion with the pure and the good of all ages, with the general assembly and church of the first born, they may meet in the New Jerusalem, the city that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God, where the Lamb shall be the light thereof, and the pangs of separation be known no more.

## ❁ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ❁

EDITED BY SALOME.

### TO ORNAMENT A VASE.

Directions are given for making a pretty and artistic vase from an ordinary jar or bottle, as follows: Dip a string in spirits of turpentine and tie it around the bottle, which has been selected for the purpose, below the neck. Set fire to the string and it will break the glass off smoothly. Then cover the bottle with glue and roll it in oatmeal and varnish when it is thoroughly dry.

### WORK BASKETS

Are always suitable gifts, and those who can not procure the willow, rush, bamboo, and other kinds that come ready to be decorated, may yet find it in their power to make pretty inexpensive ones by crocheting them. I have just seen a beautiful one crocheted out of white carpet chain, though macrame or seine cord answers better, being stronger. This one was moulded over an octagon-shaped cake pan, then painted white, after which it was varnished—the clear white varnish being used, and then flecked all over with gold. The inside was lined with a lovely shade of pink satin, and a bow of pink ribbon was tied on one handle. It was indeed a thing of beauty, and it cost less than one dollar. Another basket of the same kind, only square in shape, was gilded on the outside and lined with scarlet satin. In two corners it had pockets, tied in place by narrow gold colored ribbon; in one pocket was a silver thimble, in the other a nickel-plated tape measure. In the third corner was a little painted chamois bag for buttons, bearing the words in gilt: "Who's got the button." The fourth corner held a very dainty pin cushion, while at one side was a painted chamois needle case, with this inscription: "A stitch in time saves nine." Opposite this were two bows of ribbon which concealed the loops that held a pair of scissors in place.

### AN ODD CONCEPT

And one sure to please is made as follows: Procure one of the little wooden pails that holds about a quart. They are usually found in toy stores and sell for five cents each. Paint the outside some delicate color, say pale blue. When it has dried, paint daisies irregularly over it, gild the bands and wire part of the handle, and tint the inside pink. Now tie on the handle a bow of pale blue ribbon, place a Japanese napkin inside, fill with bonbons, candy, fruit or flowers, and you have a gift quite worthy a merry Christmas.

### BLOTTER.

A very pretty Blotter is made by cutting four pieces of different colored blotting paper in the form of a palette. Cut also in the same form a piece of delicately tinted bristol board; paint a spray of flowers

upon it or an etching of a pig escaping from a pen, with the line "Excuse haste and a bad pen." Some prefer mottoes, such as "Not a day without a line." Extracts from the pen of — (Here follows a name or monogram.) Tie the card and blotter together with a pretty ribbon.

### DRESSER SCARFS.

Make a pad for the top of your dressing-case, to accompany the scarf. Get white wadding and cut the exact size and cover with cheese-cloth of the desired color. Thus, a pad covered with cream-colored cheese-cloth may have a scarf of cream mull, or any sheer material in which the threads may be drawn. The scarf may be as long as fancy dictates, and threads drawn out so as to leave a hem about one inch in width, which must be hemstitched down. The handsomest of these scarfs have a conventional spray of flowers in one corner, with buds and petals scattered over the entire piece, all worked in the satin stitch with soft wash silk.

Some may prefer the colored pads; for instance a delicate pink under a cream scarf, on which is embroidered apple blossoms, would look well.

A scarf embroidered in pale gold and cream over a pale gold pad would also be very dainty.

### A TILE PEDESTAL

A very unique and easily obtained as well as inexpensive ornament may be made from common drain pipe or tile. Procure one as nearly perfect as possible, but if there should be a few imperfections or cracks, and it is hard to find one without, use putty to fill them up until the surface is smooth and even. When this is done, paint the entire surface a lead color; let this become thoroughly dry and then make a background as rough as possible, blending from very dark olive at the base to very light, almost white at the top; or from a dark olive green at the base into a blue, thence into white making the appearance of sky. The rough surface is made by having the paint rather thicker than usual and then daubing it with the brush instead of painting smoothly in the customary manner. After the back-ground has become thoroughly dry, paint upon it golden-rod, grasses and autumn leaves; several birds with brilliant plumage might be added with good effect.

The pedestal may be finished by having a top made of wood to fit upon it—a sort of lid—and painted to correspond with the color of the back-ground, but if one does not care to go to this expense, a large book or several of them arranged nicely will look well, or a common piece of board with a scarf hung from it will also answer the purpose.





St. Valentine's Day.

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, FEBRUARY, 1889.

No. 2.

## THE SPOILERS OF JERUSALEM.

BY S. F. W.

Jerusalem, the city of the soul!

Earth's weary, waiting pilgrims turn to thee;

They with prophetic bards thy fame extol,

Thy glories past, and greater yet to be,

And all thy strange, eventful history,—

While promise-laden centuries unroll—

To cold philosophy a mystery.

The whole world's future destinies and thine

In one vast plan and purpose intertwine.

And thou most dire adversity hast seen,

Begirt with mighty and malignant foes;

The prey of every spoiler hast thou been,

And drank the cup of trembling and of woes;

But God for thee did ever interpose

To turn on their own heads the uplifted blow,

Their vaunted purposes to contravene,

Their heaven-defying pride to overthrow,

And in the dust of ages lay them low.

The rude Assyrian came—the greatest power

Of all that strode with martial tread the earth,

Yet in the vigor of its early hour,

And ere the gentler graces had their birth.

He tribute laid, and led thy children forth

In torturous captivity detained;

And treasures bore away of sacred worth.

The Holy House was plundered and profaned,

And prayers and pious pleadings all disdained.

Again he came, in pomp and power arrayed,

Along the passes of the Hinder coasts,

And sent his messengers, and threatenings made

And hard demands, with proud, defiant boasts

And taunts and vaunts against the Lord of

Hosts:

“Trust not the Lord to save the city, for

No gods in all these lands my hand has

stayed.

The gods of Hamath, Arphad, Telessar

Could not make good their talk in test of

war.”

And when the hosts upon the ground were lain

That night were answered back direct from

heaven

The boastful taunts and infamous disdain

By high commission to the angels given.

A pestilential haze from out the wastes was

driven,

And stealthily it moved as desert wraith,

And stayed its course above the tented plain;

Was fiery hot, like as the stifling breath

Of the avenging messengers of death;

And fatal as the deep mines choking damp.

And silently as falls the dews of even

It settled on the still, unconscious camp;

And then as suddenly as bolt of heaven

The night with shrieks and calls and groans

was riven,

And sounds of furious, stupefied despair

And panic roar and hurried, fleeing tramp

Was borne afar upon the midnight air.

At morning hour none but the dead were

there.

The King soon after lost his gilded crown,

And soon his life, his house, his name, his

line,

Together with his race and place went down.

The modern traveler is wont to trace

In grassy mounds the dwelling place

Of merchant princes, captains strong and

brave;

Of strongholds, palaces, the faintest sign.

Behold fulfilled the word the prophet gave,

And Nineveh the Great is but a grave.

Jerusalem, the pilgrim from afar,

Whatever and where'er his dwelling be,

To thee reverts as needle to its star;

Till thou thy promised better time shalt see,

The world must wait its year of jubilee;

Our source of consolation and of rest,

To thee with hands uplift and bending knee,

We come as lisplings to a mother's breast,

To be condoled and solaced and caressed.

## MORNING SONG.

A dear little maid came skipping out  
 In the glad new day, with a merry shout,  
 With dancing feet and flying hair,  
 She sang with joy in the morning air.

“Don’t sing before breakfast, you’ll cry before night!”  
 What a croak to darken the child’s delight!  
 And the stupid old nurse again and again,  
 Repeated the ancient, dull refrain.

The child paused, trying to understand;  
 But her eyes saw the great world rainbow spanned;  
 Her light little feet hardly touched the earth,  
 And her soul brimmed over with innocent mirth.

“Never mind—don’t listen, O sweet little maid,  
 Make sure of your morning song,” I said;  
 “And if pain must meet you, why, all the more,  
 Be glad of the rapture that came before.”

Selected.

## WHOM HATH GOD CHOSEN?

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

PAUL once wrote as follows: “For ye see your calling brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called. But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things which are; that no flesh should glory in his presence.”

This declaration coming from the source it does, is cheering. None need to despond because of a lack of wisdom or standing in the world, if living so as to secure the favor of God. The correctness of this principle has been many times demonstrated. God called the lowly fishermen of Galilee to fill the most important positions in his church; and they were enabled to silence the gainsayer, confound the wise and things which were mighty; while their words, though the world has been improving in wisdom, have withstood the combined powers of infidelity and priestcraft, and stand to-day, after centuries of trial, as peerless and grand, compared with worldly wisdom, as when they first reverberated along the shores of Galilee or among the mountains of Lebanon. This generation has also furnished examples no less striking. That the Seer

of Palmyra was one of the despised of earth, all who write against him or his life work attest: that he was of the weak and foolish things “of the world,” they delight to tell. Yet science takes the key from the inspired words of his lips and unlocks the mysteries of the universe; creeds and confessions of faith adopt the principles he taught, the world advances, and men become more liberal and progressive. Nor was he alone in this; standing side by side with him was an army of men who, in the eyes of the world, were not wise, not mighty, not noble; and yet their work, in sublime grandeur towers high above the wisdom of their generation, and in matchless splendor compares well with the work of their predecessors. When, in admiration, and with delight, we look upon the work done by these men, we have no more fear that the winds of opposition will shake the foundation upon which they builded than that the waves of the sea will shake the earth from its orbit. Nor is this all; rising up all around us now are men coming from the obscure walks of life, grappling with difficulties, overcoming obstacles, seizing opportunities, rising to stations of eminence, and becoming mighty in wisdom and power.

We observe with awe and wonder the



stupendous progress of these men; while we long to join this army of conquerors, and on, on to victory.

And, ah, how easily it can be done! Lack of wisdom hinders us not; foolishness is no bar to our progress! Why not arise, "open our mouths, depending on God to fill them," and thus move on to glorious conquests?

But pause; let us make no mistake in this lest we should fail in our expectations and be left behind in the race. These examples to whom we have referred were not idle men. They were not content to become mere machines—to move as they were moved upon; but they were men of strong character, who thought it not wrong to apply themselves to learning, to improve and enlarge the mind by study. Like as the honey-bee sips the sweet from every flower, so did they cull thoughts of wisdom to add to their store of knowledge from every source open to them. And you, kind reader, if you would be chosen of God for some high and holy purpose, must prove yourself worthy of that purpose. God did not use their ignorance nor foolishness to confound the wise and mighty; but he used his own power as revealed through them, giving them wisdom above, conceptions clearer, aspirations higher, and an education more perfect, than that obtained in the schools of men. And thus was the lesser wisdom confounded by the greater; but never was wisdom confounded by foolishness. In thus raising men above the plane of their fellows, and making them strong and mighty in defense of truth, do you think God would ignore, or make no use of the natural intelligence he had given them, or would not recognize any lesson of right which they had acquired by the use of this intelligence? Do you not believe that God would make them strong by enlarging their capabilities and quickening their conceptions that they might discern between right and wrong? and in so doing would require them to improve by study and application? He certainly would. "We are laborers together with God," said Paul. What a beautiful thought! How much grander and better than to think that God will mold and make us without an exertion upon our part. A more exalted position could not be assigned man than to be a laborer together with God—a co-worker. What

are all the pleasures and honors of the world compared with it!

Who could not work with him? Who could think of such a thing as failure with such a companion in labor? This grand thought is brought out more clearly in the revelation of 1887, which says: "Let him which laboreth in the ministry and him that toileth in the affairs of the men of business and of work, labor together with God for the accomplishment of the work entrusted to all." In any legitimate pursuit of life we may have the glorious realization that we are working with God, if only we render to God that part of the proceeds of our joint labor which is required in his law.

But we must see very forcibly as we read and contemplate, that an active, energetic, vigorous service is required; and if our part of the work is not done, we reap no benefit from God's doing his part.

Now notice closely our text, and you will observe that no promise to the ignorant, the lazy and slothful is there found; nor is it affirmed that machines or uninformed persons will accomplish the work contemplated. "Not many wise men after the flesh." Mark the qualification, and remember that the chosen of God are not to be wise, noble or mighty "after the flesh." But should they not be wise, noble and mighty after the Spirit? (See Gal. 5: 17).

Notice it is said God hath chosen the "foolish things of the world," the "weak things of the world," and the "base things of the world;" but where is it said that they should be weak, foolish or base in the things of God?

That the called were considered weak, foolish and base in, and by the world, and possibly were so in the things of the flesh, we are warranted in believing; but Paul did not mean to convey the idea that they were not to be strong in the Spirit, and well informed in the things of God; which may include all truth and beauty, whether in nature or revelation. This being the case, we are not only justified in seeking information in all that is good, noble, elevating and pure; but we are culpable before, and responsible to God if we do not improve upon our privileges, and he who applies not his God-given faculties to the getting of wisdom, is as much of a transgressor against God as he who neglects the lessons of the written

word. He may possibly be called, but he will not be chosen; for God would have valiant, willing, noble men and women to do his service. Nor is our duty done when we seek for and obtain information and light for ourselves; we must then

diffuse the light we receive for the good of others.

We owe duties to society, to our families, and to our country, and reckless of consequences is that man or woman who neglects these duties.

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## NEW YEAR.

BY VIDA.

Stay back ye years; stay back, I say,  
 Ah, come not on so fast;  
 But give me time, this New Year night,  
 To look into the past.

The past—"the buried past"—they say,  
 Nay, buried is not mine;  
 For oft I see 'mid merry throngs  
 The tears of sorrow shine.

Sorrow for what? Alas for me,  
 My folly and my pride:  
 Ah! years, like mountains, rise between;  
 But e'en they can not hide.

Thoughtless words my gay lips uttered,  
 Hearts I, heedless, pained;  
 Deeds of love unthought of ever,  
 The gems I might have gained,

In the casket of my knowledge,  
 And in my crown above;

But why think of all these failings?  
 How can I better prove?

Nay, ye bells, ring not so wildly!  
 Old year, you are not yet gone!  
 Happy year! yet I remember  
 Many seeds of folly sown.

Stars look forth across the mountains;  
 Gleams there bright the milky way,  
 Change not they as change the seasons,  
 Nor like the dead leaves decay.

Hark, ye bells! list yet a moment!  
 Like the years, ye will not stay,  
 I am hurried on forever,  
 Time seems as a fleeting day.

Ah, the New Year! Happy New Year!  
 Yes, we always call it so;  
 Though it may bring little sunshine,  
 Much, aye much, of grief and woe.

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## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### THE BOOK OF MOSIAH.

Zeniff's Colony Returns to the Original Land of the Nephites, and are there in Bondage to the Lamanites.—King Noah's wickedness.—Preaching of Abinadi and his Death.—Alma and the Church of God.—Ammon and Limhi Return to Zarahemla.—Alma also Arrives.—All Become One Nation under Mosiah.—Their Prosperity.—The Church Established.—Conversion of Alma the Son of Alma.—The Mission to the Lamanites.—Jaredite Record Translated.—Judges chosen in place of Kings.—Death of Mosiah and Alma.

WE now go back a little in the story and give a brief account of Zeniff and his people from the time they left Zarahemla till Ammon and his companions found them in the days of Limhi the grandson of Zeniff. It seems that nearly all of the first company that went out from Zarahemla for the purpose of

returning to the original land of the Nephites died in the wilderness. Then another company was gathered, and that, with Zeniff as their leader, succeeded in reaching the borders of the Lamanite possessions and the land of Nephi.

It is well to mention here that no further history is given of the Nephites who were left in their land when Mosiah and his people separated themselves by command of God. The probability is that after the Lord had taken out those by whom he would establish a new nation that then he permitted distress and woe to come upon the remainder, even as he had declared that he would except they repented. Amaron (the fifth one from Nephi in charge of the records) wrote that those who had turned to great wickedness in his

time perished by war among themselves and by other calamities. It was in the days of his grand-nephew, Amaleki, that Mosiah and his people were called out to dwell in another part of the land, even as Abraham was called to go out from his father's house and from his idolatrous and sinful kindred, to dwell in a new place.

If any of the Nephites were left from destruction by war, pestilence and famine, it is likely that they submitted to the Lamanites and became one with them in manners and customs, after the righteous were led away. For when Zeniff returned he found the land of Nephi in possession of the Lamanites, though it seems that it was not occupied by them; for Zeniff asked their king if he and his colony might go and live therein. Consent being obtained, they entered the land of their fathers, and they also dwelt in the land of Shilom. They at once began to repair the old walls and dwelling places and to build anew, also to cultivate the soil like the Nephites of old. But the Lamanites still preferred to dwell in tents and to hunt in the forests, as their fathers had done before them.

These later Nephites, the people of Zeniff, soon found that they had been favored by the Lamanites with peaceable possession in order that the latter might oppress them with taxation for their support and convenience; for the Nephites were compelled to pay a heavy tribute. But they were diligent, and by times they prospered greatly, even under this disadvantage. In such times they enlarged their cities and built temples, palaces, and other large edifices. These they ornamented with profusion and splendor, with fine workmanship in beautiful and precious woods, and in gold, silver and brass, all of which were to be had in great abundance in former times, as well as in later.

But the days came when the Lamanites had power over them and were able to take half of their wealth. This was because Noah, the son of Zeniff, reigned wickedly and lived in sin. In his time the Lord sent the prophet Abinadi to call upon Noah and those like him to repent, and he foretold that wars and afflictions would result, unless they turned from their evil doings unto righteousness. But they persisted in their course till Abinadi was killed by King Noah and his men, and then the evils came that he had

foretold. During the troubles that followed, Noah himself was killed and the Lamanites oppressed his people still more grievously. Noah's son Limhi succeeded his father, but he was a righteous man and therefore he saw that the way of his father was one of iniquity and ruin. So when Ammon and his company came, he and his people were ready to obey God, and to be delivered from their service of sin and from their bondage to the Lamanites.

Now during the preaching of Abinadi it had happened that a man named Alma was convinced that God had indeed sent Abinadi, and he had noted all that he had said. Therefore, after Abinadi was killed, Alma privately taught the people about the word of God; and, having authority by the lineage of his fathers, he baptized those who believed. He also ordained ministers unto them and called this body of people the church of God. But, being discovered by Noah's men, they fled into some region that was still unknown to Limhi when Ammon came. Now as Limhi and his people had turned unto righteousness, they had a great desire to find Alma and the church, that they also might be baptized, as an evidence of their faith in Christ and for their salvation.

After he had heard all these things Ammon and his men assisted Limhi and his people to gather their cattle and sheep, and their gold and silver, and as much of their property as they could take, and then guided them northward in the wilderness until they came to Mosiah and his nation in the land of Zarahemla, and they united under his government and thus became one people with them. Mosiah rejoiced at this, and he was also glad to have their records and the plates that Limhi's men had discovered in the land where the Jardites had lived, as spoken of in chapter ten.

Some time after the arrival of Limhi and Ammon, Alma and his people also came to Zarahemla, having been led by the revelations of God from that part of the land where they had settled after fleeing from King Noah. They had called it Helam, and in it they had prospered for many years and had become quite strong, though the Lamanites had found them and oppressed them for a while. But they cried unto the Lord; and as they were already his

church and his people, the Lord hearkened unto their call and quickly delivered them, and directed them in their journey so that they found Zarahemla. Then all these became united as one people and were called the Nephites; and Alma, the high priest of the Church of God, preached unto their congregations far and near, exhorting them to have faith in God and to repent of their sins. He also spoke unto them many things concerning the kingdom of God, and Limhi and his people were baptized, as they before had desired to be, and many others also. After that, by permission of King Mosiah, Alma established the church in many parts of the land of Zarahemla, and over every congregation he ordained ministers, to preach and to teach. And the Lord blest them with the power of his Spirit to a great degree, so that they enjoyed its gifts, and their lives showed forth its fruits in righteous examples and precepts. But there were some of Mosiah's people who would not listen to Alma nor to his ministers, those who would not believe in a coming Messiah and Redeemer, neither call upon the name of the Lord at all. Now these were not numbered with the Church, and, after a time, they began to vex and persecute those who were members of it. Alma, in his watchcare over the whole Church, was greatly troubled about this evil, so he laid the matter before King Mosiah, and Mosiah sent out a proclamation and caused his officers to put a stop to all persecution and contention about religious affairs.

He also set things in order in such a wise and just manner that a greater degree of equality and friendship existed than did before. Therefore the people had greater prosperity, and they grew into a strong and wealthy nation by their industry and peaceful arts. Indeed they spread abroad and built many villages and large cities to the east and west, and north and south, until they possessed an extensive territory.

Now Mosiah's sons, and Alma's son Alma, were among those who opposed the Church and the word of God, doing quietly all that they could against it. This man Alma was able and eloquent, and because he was the son of the high priest over the whole church therefore his words were more weighty, and they caused many to be led astray and their hearts to be

hardened against God. But, while Alma was thus trying to destroy the work of his father and of God's ministry, it happened that he was upon a journey with the sons of Mosiah, all intent upon mischief, when an angel appeared unto them in glory and power, and the earth shook under their feet.

This angel of God informed Alma that what he and his fellows were persecuting was indeed the Church of God; and that nothing should overthrow it except it was by the transgression of its people, therefore it was vain for him to fight it. He also told Alma that his father had prayed continually that he might see his error and be brought unto the truth, and because of this the angel said he had been sent, that he might convince him that God lived, and that the prayers of good and faithful men were heard and answered by him. Alma was instructed to remember the afflictions and the bondage of his people in the land of Nephi and in Helam, by reason of their forgetting God; and yet how the Lord had delivered them from it all, and had made them to be a great people because of their obeying his precepts. Therefore he ought not to seek to destroy the work of God, nor to prevent the righteousness of others, even if he himself chose to live in wickedness and in transgression against God.

After these sayings the angel departed, and Alma and those with him were amazed and confounded by the wonderful things that they had seen and heard. Alma was so stricken in heart that he lost his strength; and the sons of Mosiah carried him to his father and told him all that had happened to them by the way. Then Alma, the high priest of God, rejoiced with all his heart that the Lord had graciously sent his angel unto his son; and Alma called the Church together to pray for him. When Alma received strength he said that he was convinced that he had been fighting against God, but that he had now repented and with all his heart desired to return unto the Lord. So from that time, Alma and those to whom the angel had appeared, began to preach the way of life unto all the people, saying that they would thus try to atone for the evil that they had done before; and from thenceforth they did indeed perform a great work for the church.

After that the sons of Mosiah wished to go among the Lamanites and to them

declare the kingdom of God and the coming of the Savior. And when Mosiah inquired of the Lord, he was told to let them go; and it was said that they should bring many unto truth, and themselves be kept safely from violence. So they departed southward towards the land of Nephi and of Laman. What they accomplished will be related hereafter.

In these days of peace Mosiah took the plates of gold that Limhi's men had found in the desolate land northward; and by means of the Urim and Thummim he translated what was written on them. In this manner was obtained the record of Jared and his people, a sketch of whose history is given in chapters one and two of this story. Mosiah was very glad to have an account of that ancient people who came from the Tower of Babel, and whose last king, Coriantumr, was discovered by Zarahemla and his colony after their arrival from Jerusalem. But the Nephites were astonished upon learning that such a great and wonderful people had lived upon the land, and they mourned that they had come to such an end.

As Mosiah was growing old he wished to put the records and precious things in safe hands before he died, so he gave to Alma the gold plates of the Jaredites and the brass plates of Nephi, also the other records and the interpreters, that he might keep them as a sacred charge, even as they had been preserved from former days by the power of God. And he commanded him to keep a faithful record of the events of his time, that it also might pass down to later generations. Now not only Aaron, the eldest, but also the other sons of Mosiah refused to reign as king after their father. Mosiah was pleased that it was so, for he showed the people that the right of kings was so supreme that if, by chance, a wicked man should succeed to the rulership, such an one might oppress the people and commit great iniquity, and none of them could prevent it.

He said that the sins of many nations had their beginning with their wicked rulers, therefore he recommended that judges be appointed by the voice of the people, these to simply administer the laws and judge between the people according to the enactments and the laws of the nation. As judges he said that they could themselves be brought to judgment

for acts of injustice and sin, and for conduct contrary to the will of the people. He said that if the time ever came that they wilfully chose corrupt men to judge and to rule over them they would indeed be ripening for destruction. He told them that it was his wish, and also that it was the will of God, that it should ever be a land of liberty and peace for all who should dwell upon it.

When the people heard these things from Mosiah they were glad that such a wise and good man as he had been their ruler, and they loved him greatly, realizing how in every way he had labored continually for their happiness and prosperity. So they gathered themselves and chose judges to act each in his place in directing the affairs of the nation. And Alma, the son of Alma, was appointed as the first chief judge, to set in order those matters that were of the greatest importance. Alma was also the presiding high priest over the whole church, having received from his father the successorship to that office. And he was a righteous man in all things, and continued thenceforth to execute justice and judgment in the highest affairs of state. About this time his father died, as did also King Mosiah, and thus ended forever the reign of the kings over the Nephites.

And it was five hundred and nine years from the time that Nephi and Lehi left Jerusalem for the promised land. Now there was peace and prosperity throughout all their possessions, in this the beginning of the reign of the judges, and at this time ends the Book of Mosiah. [y]

(y) In the study of ancient American history and civilization, the monuments and traditions of Peru received from students and writers earlier attention than did the antiquities of any other portion of the continent after its discovery by the Europeans. But, although these students came during and soon after the Conquest, their writings were sent to Spain and placed in the national archives at Madrid, where they still remain and are not easy of access. Among these writings, and said to be of special importance in this relation, are the two books of Fernando Montesinos, one of which, fortunately, has been obtained by a French scholar, M. Ternaux Compans, and translated by him into the French language. By this means its contents have also become known to English students; and thus, after nearly three centuries have elapsed since his day, the writings of Montesinos come forward in evidence as to the former wealth, magnificence, and wonderful civilization of Peru, not that alone which was found by the

Spanish invaders, but that still greater and more marvelous which existed many centuries before the days of the Incas and of Pizarro. Montesinos went from Spain to Peru about a century after the Conquest, and Baldwin says that he was "the only Spanish writer who really studied the ancient history of Peru in the traditional and other records of the country."

The following extracts concerning the labor of Montesinos are from pages 261 to 264 of "Ancient America":

"He was sent from Spain on service which took him to every part of Peru, and which gave him the best possible opportunities for investigation. He was a scholar and a worker, with a strong inclination to such studies. And, during two periods of residence in the country, he devoted fifteen years to these inquiries, with unremitting industry and great success. He soon learned to communicate freely with the Peruvians in their own language, and then applied himself to collecting the historical narratives, traditions and poems. . . . Nothing was omitted that could aid his purpose, and in this way he made a great collection of what may be called the old Peruvian documents, and gained a vast amount of information which no other writer had used or even sought to acquire."

He discovered that there existed certain Peruvian schools which were devoted to historical and scientific matters, those that were to some degree like certain schools among the nations of our day, they being, as Baldwin says, "national institutions set apart for the business of preserving and increasing knowledge, for teaching, and for literary work of every kind." Baldwin remarks further that "in a country where civilization was so much advanced in many respects" these could not have been without advantage. Of Montesinos and his writings he adds: "Those who criticise him admit that his advantages were great, that no one equalled him in archaeological knowledge of Peru: and that he became acquainted with original instruments which it would now be difficult to meet elsewhere. The results of his investigations are embodied in a work entitled, 'Memorias Antiguas Historiales del Peru.' This, with another work on the Conquest entitled 'Annales,' remained in manuscript at Madrid until the 'Memorias' was translated into French by M. Ternaux Compans."

That the ancient kingdom of Peru became broken up into various parties or lesser kingdoms, as the Book of Mormon relates, is shown by Montesinos' investigations, the results of which are given in substance by Baldwin, as follows:

"According to Montesinos there were three distinct periods in the history of Peru. First, there was a period which began with the origin of civilization and lasted until the first or sec-

ond century of the Christian era. Second, there was a period of disintegration, decline, and disorder, during which the country was broken up into small states, and many of the arts of civilization were lost. This period lasted more than a thousand years. Third, and last, came the period of the Incas, who revived civilization and restored the empire."

He says that the evidences demonstrate that the people who were the beginning of the nation came and settled in the Valley of Cuzco, led by four brothers, the youngest of whom assumed authority and became the first of a long line of rulers. Montesinos wrote a list of sixty-four successive sovereigns who reigned during the first period. They built cities and fortified and adorned them. They had a complete civil organization. They had the art of writing. They understood something of astronomy, and held a scientific council, in which they agreed that the sun was at a greater distance from the earth than the moon was, and that the sun and moon followed different courses. They divided the year into twelve months of thirty days each, and had what they called a "small week" of five days at the end of each year to make out the three hundred and sixty-five days that they knew were necessary to complete a solar year. They grouped the years by tens, and ten of these groups they called a sun, being the same as our ten decades that make a century.

The thirty-eighth and fifty-first of these kings were "celebrated for astronomical knowledge." The sixtieth is supposed to have reigned about the beginning of the Christian era, and in his time "Peru had reached her greatest elevation and extension." At the end of period one there came a great breaking up, but little of the old kingdom was left, and the next twenty-six successive rulers held but a limited sway. During this time the country was overrun by invaders and torn by civil war. Also the art of writing was lost. Baldwin says that according to Montesinos "this period of decline, disorder, and disintegration, which covered the dark ages of Peru, lasted until the rise of the Incas brought better times and reunited the country." The Incas continued and developed their kingdom until Pizarro and his free-booters sacked and ruined all that was valuable and great of that renowned empire.

Montesinos' principal claims are established by the monuments around Lake Titicaca, and such testimony is significant, demonstrating that there was a period in the history of Peruvian civilization which was certainly much older than the period of the Incas.

In connection with the above let the reader here peruse the notes presented with chapter ten, for they properly come in here. With the next chapter will be presented evidences from Prescott's "Conquest of Peru."

"WE ARE too apt to judge by externals. In the sitting-room we judge by the dress rather than by the manners and inherent virtues. We need to change our standards. People should be honored in proportion to their virtues, and considered rich by the measure of their integrity. Life is so much wasted that it loses the Divine idea, which is, not the number of a man's days, or the style of his dress, but the character of his life."

## ✠ UNDER THE LAMP LIGHT. ✠

"Each day, each week, each month, each year a new chance is given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life, this is the golden, unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you."

### CULTIVATION OF A TASTE FOR THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC.

THIS taste is not only to be cultivated in children, but is even to be created.

Most children are in a state of mental equipoise and receptivity, and do not so much seek intellectual food as accept what is given to them, or absorb what is left in their way.

There are exceptional children who have subjective instincts so strongly marked that no unfavorable influences are able to divert or destroy them. Thus, we can conceive of no surroundings which would have made Agassiz other than a naturalist.

But the case with most children is, that we must decide what taste is desirable for them, and then cultivate it in them.

In this work of cultivation there are three almost equal co-laborers—the parent, the teacher, and the librarian.

Let us assume that the parent is convinced that a love for literature and natural science will develop the child in much that is worthiest in mind, morals, emotions, physique, and will crowd out of the mind and render odious the vulgar, brutal, and vicious. What shall be the method of cultivating the desired taste?

The attention of the child should be constantly called to the subjects in question, and in an attractive way they should be almost hourly presented in order to make them a habit of thought. The flower and its parts, the process of its growth, the bud as the flower-babe asleep, the leaf, the blade, the corn in the ear; the insect with its wonderful wings, its horny case, its clustered eyes; the fly that wheels over the table; the fish with its gleaming scales, its shape fit for gliding in water; the bird, its structure, its nest, its habits; the ant hill and the bee-hive and their inhabitants; these should be constantly but gently, almost insensibly, pressed upon the attention of the child. Even the manufactured object, the silk ribbon with its cochineal dye, the paper weight, the rubber eraser, may be made a gate into the wide domain of nature. Can any fashion of magnifying glass be obtained, let the looking through such glass be the choice treat and reward, reserved for high occasions, not too infrequent.

It is the parent's instant duty to give reading matter to that "reading animal," his child. It

is a crime against the forming mind of the child to present to it coarse and hideous trash, either in picture or reading.

If only a ten-cent book can be bought, that book should be good of its kind. We may not be able to get high art for ten cents, neither should we invest the ten cents in comic valentine horrors.

The songs that are sung, the stories that are told, the verses that are repeated to the little ones, should be harmonious; they should have a harmony of word, thought, subject, method, so that they fill the infant mind with a certain divine rhythm, set silver bells ringing in heart and brain, and wed the notion of the good to the conception of the beautiful.

The parent should also encourage the child in the collection of books, and of natural curiosities. The child, from infancy, should be taught to respect books and handle and keep them orderly as peculiar treasures; to purchase books as it has opportunity; to make scrap-books of pictures, poetry, stories, and whatever product of print is worthy of preservation in this way.

Many short-sighted mothers, zealous for neatness, denominate the multitudinous seaside and wayside curiosities which children gather "litter" and "untidiness" and "trash," and quickly cart these collections out, often to the lasting injury of the child.

We commend to those parents the consideration that such collections, grown to a little private museum in the house, will be far more sightly and hopeful than the future pipe, ale bottle, or pack of cards, and it is an imperious demand of nature that children, that all people claim, own, and gather some belongings for themselves.

It is not necessary that the geological collection shall be scattered on the parlor carpet, the "bugs" laid out on the baking-table, or the shells find refuge in mother's work-basket. Indeed a first lesson as to cabinets will be that specimens have a legitimate place and should be ranged and cared for. But every child has a right to a place—if it be only a corner that can be spared—for such treasures; and the wise woman, who is "building her home," not a mere brick and mortar house, but that living house—her children, will provide shelves, or closet, or boxes, the very best that she can, and teach

her children pride in, and care for, their specimens.

If she can only procure a handkerchief-box, asked for at a dry goods store when she is shopping, or a rasin-box with a pane of glass over it, she will secure these and make it plain to the child that specimens free from dust, with un-mutilated wings and the proper complement of legs and antennæ, insects carefully caught and painlessly killed, are essential to a useful collection. So the wise parent will help the child to dry flowers and mount beetles, and, with observant care, will point out new wonders and beauties.

But it happens that the well-intentioned parent may be ignorant, both of what to do and how to do it, and may have no idea of what books are to be had on the desired subjects.

Here the teacher, fresh from college or the normal, the convention, the institute, the school-room, has an errand to the parent as well as to the child. The teacher should dilligently suggest to the parent what taste should be cultivated and what methods it is well to take, and what are the means to the end.

But the teacher has a direct mission to the child in this matter. Taste for certain studies is more often roused in the schoolroom than brought to the schoolroom.

A beautiful thought, a melodious verse, a pretty turn to an idea, can be so pointed out by the teacher that the child's intellectual eye awakes and becomes observant to seek out and delight in such beauties of thought and diction.

By the judicious teacher the study of natural science can be so yoked to amusement, rest, and exercise, that the pupil shall scarcely know where one began or the other ended.

A teacher in a country school, when she saw sleep stealing into child-eyes, attention lagging, little mouths yawning like those of young robins, or drowsy heads bowed too low over slates and copy-book, was wont to say, "Here, Anne, take your slate and pencil and go draw for me that thistle by the door." "Go, George, and for ten minutes watch that ant hill in the path, and then tell me what you see." "Go, and carefully examine that mullein in the fence-corner, and then describe it to us." It is needless to call attention to the carefulness of observation, niceness of comparison, and acuteness of deduction, and the descriptive powers brought into activity by such a course as this. Will George be likely, hereafter, ruthlessly to trample on the marvelous art city at whose gates he watched?

A corner of the schoolroom reserved, with shelves for birds' nests, wasps' nests, snail shells,

and the many wonders that an observant child may find; a box with a glass lid, through which can be watched the metamorphose of some splendid beetle or butterfly; little collections brought from mountain or beach and marked with the small donor's name—these are the things which shall make the schoolroom as the home called beautiful to the memory and a present palace of delight to the child; and men and women of pure thought and refined taste shall rise up to call the teacher who presided there, blessed. The teacher should secure simple, attractive books on subjects in natural history, and the reading of them should be made a pleasure and reward to the pupils.

The teacher thus zealous in mind-cultivating finds an invaluable coadjutor in a well-informed librarian.

A conscientious librarian will have a certain acquaintance with the books in the library, their subject-matter, authors and literary excellences. This will especially be the case in regard to new books; the librarian examining reviews, notices, magazines, publishers' lists and announcements as they appear, will be ahead with the current literature on various topics. Thus in command of the field the librarian has a mission of suggestion to both parents and teachers and children, and here a conscientious librarian can become a potent educator and benefactor of a community. Very especially is this the case where children or very young persons come to the library to select their own books. They may select an amazing amount of useless or hurtful books merely because they have heard these mentioned or praised by other young persons or because they know of nothing else likely to please them.

A gentleman seeing a girl of ten often at a library, found she drew out and read many books of a generally useless character.

He said to her, "Why do you not read histories or travels, or something about natural history? You can find, on these subjects easy attractive books."

She replied: "I did not know there were such books except for grown folks."

He presented the child's case to the librarian, asking that her reading be helpfully directed, for a time, and requested the child to take, in succession, Abbot's "Mary Stuart," "Queen Elizabeth," "Marie Antoinette," and "Josephine." These, if not the highest style of historic reading, were as high as the child could then easily comprehend, were well printed, admirably illustrated, graphic, and entertaining.

The librarian reported that the child was de-



lighted with her new field of reading, and under guidance of the librarian she read not only histories, but travels; some of the highest types of juvenile books by our best authors, and was fascinated and led into a new world by Arabella Buckley's "Life and her Children," "Fairy

Tales of Science," and other works on natural history. If parents, teachers, and librarians heartily unite in creating and cultivating elevated, helpful tastes in the young we shall enter on an age of intellectual giants. But giants are a race nurtured neither on chaff nor sweetmeats.  
—American Teacher.

## THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING; A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc.* 11:1.

JACK'S aged grandmother, who had nourished him and cared for him in his crippled condition of body until he was nine years old, or between the ages of two years and nine, passed away from earth when he was about seventeen, and in the ninety-fourth year of her age. She died as she had lived, a firm believer in God and Christ to the extent of the light she had received. His mother, believing that her children were placed in conditions in which they would be enabled to take care of themselves, now felt at liberty to marry again; and having lived as housekeeper in the one place for sixteen years, she accepted the hand of one who had been a suitor in her maiden years; and now she enjoyed a home of her own.

Jack's brother reached his majority two years before Jack was free. His lot had fallen in more pleasant places than that of the subject of our story, being surrounded with better influences during his earlier years, or years of apprenticeship; and indeed he had always been a better boy, and of a more docile spirit. His mother was now a member of the Baptist Church, and living at West Bromwich. His brother was a member of the Methodist Church, but religion never divided them. They cared nothing for creeds, hence their love and unity were never broken or marred.

One evening, when Jack had returned from his labors, his stepfather, calling him by name, said: "You are well versed in the Bible, and I would like to have you go and hear a discussion between the Methodists and Latter Day Saints, which is to be held in the Latter Day Saints' tent" (The stepfather was rigid Episcopalian). Jack determined to go. The speakers occupied the tent alternately. The Methodist opened the debate, endeavoring to prove Joseph Smith an impostor.

He was a fluent speaker, keen and sarcastic. His first effort was to destroy the character of Smith, and the Latter Day Saints in general. Jack, having never heard any good of this people outside of their church, thought he must be correct; and he had never thought of doubting a minister's word. The whole world spoke evil of them, and Jack thought it must be true. After the preacher had revelled in all the slander and evil stories that he had ever heard or read, or even imagined in his own heart respecting their character, he next grappled with their doctrine; but it was soon evident that the sailing was not so smooth here. There was a great difference between grappling with the characters of a people whom all despise and of whom few knew much, and grappling with the word of God. It was hard "to kick against the pricks." Jack saw this, and he knew the man was wresting the word of God; and it flashed to his mind like lightning, "If this man can misrepresent God's word, he can misrepresent his people." And he at once resolved to fathom the matter to the bottom, let it cost what it might.

The next night Jack heard the Latter Day Saint elder. If ever man was inspired of God, this man seemed to be as he rolled evidence after evidence from the volume of God's word upon the head of his opponent. It was more than meat and drink to Jack's hungry soul. He knew it was God's word, if the Bible contained his word. He weighed both sides as well as his feeble powers would permit; but he dared not trust to his own judgment, nor could he trust humanity. He knew God had heard his prayer in small things, and to him he went with these great questions:

“Father, are the Latter Day Saints thy people? If they are, lead me to them; if they are not thy people lead me from them. I want to do thy will.” This was Jack’s constant prayer by day and by night, as he traveled to and from his daily toils. The more he prayed and the more he searched the Scriptures, the more he became satisfied that they were the people of God, although despised and rejected of the world. Was not the Son of God despised? Did he not say: “If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you.” Jack determined to hear both sides impartially, and therefore attended every night.

After the discussion was closed, Jack attended the Saint’s regular meetings; heard their preaching, and listened to their testimonies, or experiences, as they told them in their simple, artless manner. He heard at various times the gift of tongues, sometimes in speaking and sometimes in singing. In both there was a dignity of utterance not natural to speakers, yet there was no ostentation nor hesitation, but all smooth and calm. The singing in tongues seemed to Jack’s ear to be more angelic than human; yet, at other times, when he questioned them, they had no such music, manner or power. Jack did not ask for a sign to convince him, but for power to see the truth. It was given, and he resolved to obey the gospel. He kept all these things in his own heart.

One Sabbath Jack did not get ready to attend the Baptist Church with his mother as had been his wont, and she anxiously enquired if he were not going. He told her no. This grieved her, and she burst into tears. “Mother,” said he “I have heard the Latter Day Saints, and I am satisfied that if they are not God’s people he has none on the earth; their doctrine is the doctrine of the Bible. I am going there. I shall never belong to the Baptist Church any more.” While it grieved her to learn that he had left the church of her choice, yet when he assured her that he was going with the Latter Day Saints she dried her tears, and encouraged him to be earnest in the service of God. He went to the tent in which they held their meetings, determining to offer himself for baptism, but there were none of the Saints there. The tent was closed, as the people had

gone to attend a quarterly conference in the town of Birmingham. Jack returned home disappointed, and during the week following it seemed as though the powers of darkness were let loose upon him. Doubts of God and his word, and then a spirit of carelessness, seemed to strive for the mastery; and he suffered greatly in his mind until the following Sabbath. He then renewed his determination to serve God, come what might. He went to the meeting and told the Elder that he wished to be baptized. The Elder requested him to wait till the next night, as he was going to baptize another young man then, and Jack could be baptized at the same time. Poor Jack had suffered one week’s delay, and he determined not to wait another day, and he replied: “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation; I must be baptized to night.” The Elder yielded, and Jack was buried with his Lord in baptism for the remission of his sins; and as he rose from the watery grave he shouted the praises of him who liveth forever and ever. And now for the first time in his life he felt free; free in the liberty of Christ, free from his past sins, free as a child of God; and, like the eunuch, he went on his way rejoicing. He had a spiritual home; he had a people; he was no longer alone in the world. What cared he if the world did hate them and him? he had been born to hardships; he had been nursed in adversity; he had been reared amid contempt; and now, armed with the panoply of Christ, he could endure the world’s scorn a great deal better than in the past.

Jack was a happy young man; but his cup was not quite full. On the next evening he met with his brethren and sisters in the tent, to be confirmed through the reception of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands and prayer. And now the divine influence thrilled through every fiber of his being, overwhelmed his soul, and he seemed to be lifted nearer to his God; and it was said to him: “Thou shalt preach the gospel of Jesus Christ in the power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit, and bring many into the Kingdom of God.” His cup of joy was now full, and he returned home a new creature in Christ Jesus. The Bible seemed a new book; many of its mysteries were solved. Light had come to him who sat in darkness. He who hitherto had “erred in spir-

it" was learning doctrine, and coming to understanding. And while he had heard, read and searched in silence before, he could now keep silent no longer. He must tell the good news to his friends and neighbors.

Just about this time Jack had several severe trials, two of which we will relate as we have heard them from his lips. For the last eight years of his life he had been surrounded with an atmosphere of drunkenness; he had persistently resisted and had suffered much in consequence, but by the grace of God had conquered. In his new surroundings, now that he had become a man, he found himself cursed by the same influence. His fellow-workmen followed the practice of treating and being treated; but Jack easily saw that this was one means by which drunkards were made such, and he resolved neither to treat nor be treated. This exposed him to the charge of penuriousness; but Jack cared far less for the money lost in such a way than he dreaded the evil of becoming a sot. In his eyes a drunkard was lower than the brute; besides, it was forbidden of God. He had worked in the new situation three weeks. Pay-day came. The boss of the shop had adopted the rule of leading his men to a tavern to receive their pay. Jack had to submit to this rule. It was also a rule for every man to pay for a quart of ale, the price of which was kept back from his wages. When Jack received what he supposed was his wage, he found there was sixpence short. He told the boss of the deficiency, who replied that it was a rule of the shop for every man to pay for a quart of ale. Jack promptly, but respectfully, told him that he did not drink ale, and did not propose to pay for what he did not have. The boss informed him that if he was not willing to conform to that rule, he must seek employment elsewhere. Jack plainly told him he should submit to no rule that demanded his hard earnings without a proper consideration, and as he had no use for intoxicating drinks he did not intend to pay for them. Thus ended Jack's first job of work after he was twenty-one years old; and then he was thrown out of employment. Soon another door was open, and he found another place of work without the sacrifice of any principle.

Jack asserted his manhood and maintained his integrity; but now a severer

trial awaited him. His stepfather, being a rigid Episcopalian, detested the Latter Day Saints; and when Jack began to reason with him out of the Scripture, the old man was no match for him, and became enraged and ordered him out of his house and to seek no further shelter beneath that roof. Now came the time of trial. His mother was there, whom he dearly loved. She loved him, but was powerless to help unless Jack could give up his religion. There was no hesitation in Jack's mind as to the course he should pursue. He determined not to barter away his birthright in the Kingdom of God for a mess of pottage; so he packed up his clothing, and with heavy heart bade farewell to his noble and loving mother, and walked from under the roof-tree that sheltered her and had sheltered him, never to call it home again. He had honorably paid for the comfort he had enjoyed, and felt that he was under no obligations to the man who had cast him out; but he did regret that he was compelled to leave that mother whose society he had only been permitted to enjoy at very brief intervals since he was ten weeks old.

The first three months of Jack's connection with the Church of Christ, and the first six of his majority, quickly rolled away. There was an Elder's Conference at Birmingham. Jack was not there. It was about Christmas time. It transpired that during that conference Jack was called to the office of an elder, and appointed to travel and preach the gospel of Christ without purse or scrip. When the news reached him, his heart sank within him. He had not expected it; but the prediction that had been pronounced upon his head during his confirmation was now brought to his mind. He bowed to what he recognized as the divine will; but here was another trial. He had formed associations more dear; tenderer ties had wound themselves around his heart, than he ever knew before. Must those ties be broken? Must those associations be severed? Could he give up one who had become more dear than life, for the arduous task, and the ungratifying life of a despised minister of the gospel, and to travel and labor without hope of earthly reward? Yet for this his boyish prayer had been uttered: "Here am I, Lord, send me." His prayer is now answered. Can he respond? He felt all the keenness of

this sacrifice; and in addition he realized his ignorance, his inexperience and his utter weakness. In all these years Jack had not known what we have written in the first chapter of this story—that his mother had given him to the Lord. He never learned it till after this call to the ministry; hence he did not realize that God was now claiming the fulfillment of that mother's pledge, that he was calling for those services to which the innocent and unthinking babe had been covenanted; yet he felt a responsive chord vibrating in

his soul harmonious with that call. But the sacrifice was great. He needed help. He found it. He found it from above; he found it also from one on earth whom he had learned to look upon as his all on earth.

And now we must deviate from the thread of this history, to weave in another thread that had fastened itself in the warp of Jack's life and had made itself a part of his being, and had become a stay and staff in his present, and destined to be such in his future days.

To be Continued,

## ADVICE TO ALL—READ GOOD BOOKS.

BY J. GALLUP.

NEVER, under any circumstances, read a book unless you have an assurance from the table of contents and title page of its solidity, and a probability of its being instructive either in spiritual or temporal things. Never spend your time in reading a second-rate book. No words can overstate the evil consequences of reading an immoral book. Such reading will often haunt a person through his whole life. Its bad influence will come over the reader's mind when the instruction he has received from good books is forgotten. It intrudes itself in the most solemn moments, and contaminates the best feelings and emotions.

Reading second-rate trashy books is a grievous waste of time. In the first place there are a great many more first-class books than you can ever master. In the second place, you can not read an inferior book without giving up an opportunity of reading a good one.

By reading the books of inspired men,

Daniel of old learned the destiny of the House of Israel down through coming time. John the Revelator has seen and penned all the great events down to the second coming of the Savior, and his reign with the saints upon the earth for a thousand years, and on till death and hell are destroyed—then there will be no more death.

Good theological and scientific books are the means in the hands of God by which men become learned.

As the gospel is penned not only in the Stick of Judah, but also in the Stick of Joseph, Nephi says: (2 Nephi 11: 6) "Wherefore, these things shall go from generation to generation as long as the earth shall stand; and they shall go according to the will and pleasure of God: and the nations who shall possess them, shall be judged of them according to the words which are written; . . . for we know that it is by grace that we are saved, after all that we can do."

## "NEGLECTED ONCE, I COME NO MORE."

There was a man who dreamed one day  
Of great things that he meant to do;  
But idly in the sunshine lay  
The while he dreamed; and never knew  
What proud, bright shape was drawing nigh,  
Or listened to its thrilling cry—  
"Arise, arise, and follow me,  
And make your dream reality!"—  
Until it passed away again,  
And, passing, smote the dreamer's brain  
With sudden sense of loss and pain.

"Who calls me?" anxiously he cried;  
"Oh, speak! Oh, come once more to me!"  
But far away a voice replied:—  
"My name is opportunity!  
Who welcomes me with swift embrace  
Shall meet me always face to face;  
But the stern truth is known of yore,  
Neglected once I come no more!"  
And still the dreamer in the sun  
Imagines great deeds to be done,  
Yet sees, alas! the fruit of none.—*Sel.*

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

## CHAPTER IV.

## HOME INFLUENCE.

"Wou'dest thou listen to its gentle teaching,  
 All thy restless yearning it would still;  
 Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching,  
 Thine own sphere though lowly first to fill,"  
 "He will bless them that fear the Lord, both  
 small and great."—Ps. 115: 13.

SHORTLY after her grandmother's visit Pattie received from her a little volume entitled, "Watt's Hymns for Infant Minds," containing a picture alphabet of scripture subjects, and hymns concerning the child Jesus; all of which, with the help of the older children, she soon learned; after which her great ambition was to be able to read for herself the story of the blessed Infant in the grand Bible where his picture was—which desire was accomplished before her school life began, in her seventh year. By that time she read her daily scripture lesson as required of each child in the household as soon as able to read.

It was a happy band of brothers and sisters that shared Pattie's home; but the special companion of her childhood was a sister two and a half years younger than herself, but so much more robust that there appeared no difference in size or age, and they were often mistaken for twins by the uninitiated. Twin spirits they truly were; only happy in that which they shared together. One of life's dearest memories to Pattie was of her rambles with this sister in the grand old woods near their father's house—a place full of interest to the imaginative children; and many were the pictures and romances that they sketched from fancy of the red men and wild animals that they had heard once roamed in its depths. But fearless as the Aborigines, those two little ones in pink sun-bonnets searched its darkest recesses for flowers and moss and other treasures of the woods, to decorate their play-house under the cherry trees. This was a real miniature house, built for them by their brother, and filled with specimens of his skill in cabinet work, and contributions from other members of the family. The tableware used by the little housekeepers was manufactured for them at their father's pottery shop. Ah, those were the golden days of Pattie's life, though even

at that early age not quite free from care, for grave questions and dreams of life's possibilities, both here and hereafter, were thronging her young brain.

There were but few Sabbath Schools in those times, and the only one near Mr. Waldville's belonged to the Methodists; this the children sometimes attended. The Baptist church was at the town three miles away. It was Mr. Waldville's practice on his return from church to read the Scriptures to the family, asking and answering questions, and commenting on the sermon.

I have before referred to the social gatherings at Mr. Waldville's fireside, to listen to his reading and conversation. These were not merely for the entertainment of company, but were his well known practice, which fact is perhaps what drew the company and added variety to the subjects discussed. He was a decided temperance advocate. There was a distillery in the near neighborhood, and liquor was as common as water. Against this his voice and influence were exerted. But not unfrequently the discussions were on religious topics; and debates on the different beliefs and creeds often took place. These were always interesting to Pattie, and she would beg to be allowed to sit up "just a little longer."

Young as the child was, the great mysteries of the future life frequently exercised her mind; though, owing to natural timidity and reserve, she rarely spoke of them. Often when seemingly absorbed in dressing a doll, her brain was pondering questions that Doctors of Divinity had vainly sought to solve for ages past.

Mrs. Waldville was ever ready to impart information to her children, such as she deemed suited to their capacities; but Pattie's questions, when her desire for information overcame her reserve, were so foreign to the usual drift of childish thought that the good woman was perplexed, and her usual answer was, to bid her go and play,—why should the child trouble her head about such things? Pattie had great confidence in her father's ability to give her any desired information; but she stood so much in awe of him that he was generally her last resort, Allie, the little sister, alone being the

recipient of all her thoughts, and the sympathizer in all her aspirations. "I would ask papa," Allie would say in response to Pattie's wish for information, always cautiously adding, "if I were you;" for Allie never ventured to do it herself; but Pattie, gaining courage from Allie's assurance, would go to the shop, and climbing on the frame of the great lathe where her father was at work, would silently watch the rapidly revolving wheel on which a lump of clay was being modeled into some vessel of honor, or dishonor, the while her timid glances—like the "boding tremblers" of school—sought for trace of smile or frown that she might know whether to proffer her request or no. Often, very often, she climbed down as silently as she came, and returned to her play unsatisfied. But now and then he would unbend and say kindly, "Well, child, what now?" At which a glad light would break over the little wistful face, and she would put her questions with confidence. He never expressed surprise or impatience at the nature of her questions, but would illustrate and explain them to her comprehension. If not interrupted, hours would thus pass while the grave faced man discoursed graver theological problems with his little daughter. All the while the busy wheels of the lathe flew on, and the skillful hands of the potter fashioned the various vessels. And grateful little Pattie thought her father was the wisest and best and grandest man in the world.

To his wife's expressed surprise at Pattie's taste, Mr. Waldville would answer, "It is in the blood." There was more in the blood than even his wise discernment discovered. Down deep in the child's heart there lived a faith, a love and worship of the Supreme Being, unnoticed, unguessed by any but the little sister. Faith in God seemed indeed her birthright. She went to him in prayer for every childish want with a freedom that she could not assume towards earthly parents. As an instance illustrative of this trait, she was inclined to carelessness with those small articles of childish property that she called her own, much to the annoyance of her orderly mother, whose maxim was, "A place for everything and everything in its place," strictly carried into practice; so that when needle after needle, and thimble after thimble disappeared from Pat-

tie's work-box and failed to reappear when wanted, Mrs. Waldville determined to resort to more severe measures to teach her little daughter lessons of carefulness and order.

"I will give you this needle, Pattie, and you must keep it or go without any for a month," said she. Pattie really tried to keep it, but in a day or two it had slipped away to join its lost companions at the bourne from which pins and needles so seldom return. She searched diligently, but all efforts failed to discover its hiding place, though she knew it carried a long white thread. Trifling as it may seem to mature years, it was a real trouble to the little child; for besides the inconvenience to a busy little housekeeper of doing without a needle for a month, she dreaded her mother's displeasure. The text, "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will hear," came to her mind. Without a moment's hesitation she retired to her bedroom and told it to Jesus. She felt comforted while doing so, and left the room in confidence that he had heard her. Nor was she disappointed; almost the first object that she saw on her return was the needle with its long white thread.

I am aware that skeptics will smile at the idea that the great Creator of the universe should take notice of a child's needle and thread. But I am writing for the encouragement of faith in those who like Pattie believe that He blesses both the small and the great.

Pattie was soon to enter on what should be to her the beginning of a lifetime of trial, and those early exercises were the needful preparation by which she was to obtain strength sufficient for the day. For God always prepares individuals as well as nations for the accomplishment of his purposes concerning them, and blesses both in their sphere according as they fear him.

Pattie loved to lie on the grass watching the soft fleecy clouds floating above her, and the dear parents who took such pains to direct the little footsteps in right paths often chid her for idleness. They did not know that to her eyes those clouds wore angel forms and faces; some bright and glad she fancied were wending their way swiftly on some errand of love and mercy for the Father of Light; some sorrowing for human grief and suffering; others terrible as avenging angels sent to

execute the wrath of Him who sits upon the great white throne.

To her innocent eyes the veil was very thin that separated the heavens from the earth. How she wished that it would waft aside just for an instant that she might, like that disciple whom Jesus loved, see the throne in heaven and Him who sits thereon; not to gratify idle curiosity, but because she longed to understand how it was that he could occupy his seat there, and be everywhere else at the same time. She had been told that God is a spirit, and that spirits had no form or substance, and could not be visible to mortal sight. But how then, she reasoned, did Stephen see the Son on the right hand of God? Had God a right hand, and yet no form nor substance? These and countless other questions of a like nature perplexed her mind. How could she ever know anything about Him? How did any one know? Yet she had read the words of Jesus: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." True, her father had explained that to know God was to have his Spirit directing and influencing ours; that whatever influenced us to good was of God, and to be able to distinguish his goodness and other attributes of his character was to know him. But this did not at all satisfy Pattie. She felt as she read her Testament that the religion in the days of the Bible was different from what it is now; that it would have been easier to understand if she had lived then, when He talked out of the cloud, and was seen face to face, and spake as friend speaks to friend. Then would come again the old perplexity, had God a face? or could an influence talk? How does friend speak to friend? Is it not by articulated

sounds? This seemed easy to understand. But if an invisible influence was exerted on the mind of the person spoken to, why did not the Bible say so? for that was not the way she would talk to a friend.

But though serious thoughts were dominant, and kept her tender hearted and conscientious, she was by no means gloomy or unhappy. On the contrary, the very cheerfulness of her disposition often led her into mischief and disobedience, for which her tender conscience suffered agonies of remorse ere many hours, even when the acts had not been discovered. As the evening came and the family gathered about the fireside in happy converse, remembrance of the day's evil would come, too, hovering like a great black shadow waiting to envelope her when she should lie down to rest. And when the little prayers were said the gentle mother would find herself detained by the clinging arms of repentant Pattie, in terror at the thought of being left alone in the shadow of unforgiven sin. Then would follow the confession of wrong doing and the prayer for forgiveness; but this did not always bring peace. Suppose I am forgiven, she would think; it is the good that go to heaven, and I have not been good. The sound of childish weeping that followed this thought would bring the mother back to the little bed often a number of times before the troubled heart found rest in sleep.

At school her natural aptitude, and friendly disposition made her a universal favorite with teacher and schoolmates. She made rapid progress in her studies with scarcely any mental effort, and her teachers were fond of predicting for her a brilliant career; alas for human expectations!

To be continued.

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YOUNG people generally desire amusement in the evenings, and for this they are not to blame. Ten hours or upwards spent in the factory, shop or store, cause the average mental faculties to crave recreation, and they ought to have it. The character of this recreation is, however, of vital importance, and we hope to be able to offer from time to time suggestions in connection with this subject that will be found worthy of consideration. It is natural for the young to desire amusements, and if they can obtain this to their satisfaction at home or under good influences abroad, the effect will be to render them more contented and happy than they would be under other circumstances.

"If an S and i and an o and a u, with an x at the end, spell "Su,"

And an e and a y and e spell "i," pray what is a speller to do?

Then, if also an s and an i and a g and a h-e-d spell "cide,"

There is nothing much left for a spellar to do but to go and commit Siouxeysighed."

## LECTURE BEFORE THE STUDENTS' SOCIETY.

BY ELDER E. F. STAFFORD.

YOUNG ladies and gentlemen of the Students' Society of Lamoni, Brothers and Sisters in the Church and Kingdom of God:

It is with pleasure that I respond to your kind invitation to address you on this the second anniversary of your organization as a society to study to become better acquainted with the word of God.

While I may not be able to charm your ears with any very extraordinary oratorical or elocutionary powers, I hope to be able, by the grace of God, to say some things that shall be beneficial to you, and encourage you in your studies of the word of God—which effort, we are pleased to believe, is put forth by you to the end that you may become more acquainted with the will and purposes of your Heavenly Father, that you may perform his will, and receive his favor here and hereafter.

There are many classes of students upon this small planet upon which we dwell; indeed we may with safety say that all mankind, whoever did, do now, or ever will have a being upon it, were, are, and will be students of one class or another, from the cradle to the grave. We make our entrance on this stage of action in a helpless, innocent, and ignorant condition; ignorant concerning the pre-existent state of our spirits before tabernacling in the flesh—except, as we come to the years of understanding we learn in the Scriptures that our existence was a fact, and we remain in that ignorance to the end of this probationary state; our Creator, for some reason best known to himself, having chosen to place a veil over our memories of what was our situation before our entrance, we are also ignorant of what our future will be in this life. But soon the work of study commences.

The infant soon learns to recognize the voice of its mother, and learns the different intonations of that voice, so as to distinguish between the tone of scolding and that of soothing or caressing, it early begins to study the face of its mother, and soon learns to distinguish between hers and another's; and so with the different members of the family in which its lot is cast. As its physical growth in-

creases, its memory strengthens and its capacity to understand enlarges. It hears words spoken, remembers them; and being endowed with the faculty of speech by its Creator, makes the effort to imitate the words spoken—rather crude or broken at first, but persevering in the practice, improves, until it is ready to go to school to study the written or printed form of that language, so that it can commune with and communicate to its fellow being in that form.

The presumption is that all who go to school—whether child or adult—go to study or learn that of which they are ignorant; and as the human mind is so constructed that it can not grasp all it would learn at once, it must be content to learn by degrees and to commence with the elementary principles of that it would learn; or, to simplify, must begin at A, B, C. This is the basis of all our studies in this life, no matter what those studies are; in any or all of the different branches that have come within the notice of man in this sphere of action. All must begin with rudimentary or alphabetical principles, and the progress and proficiency attained in all study, in the search of knowledge, will depend upon the diligence, patience, zeal, and perseverance manifested. The patient, energetic, persevering student generally arrives at the goal of his ambition.

But of all the branches of study engaged in by mortals, let me, my dear young brothers and sisters, congratulate you upon your choice as being—in the mind of your speaker—of paramount importance to all others; for by the study of the word of God you obtain an understanding of the means by which you may know God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent, whom to know is life eternal; while the wisdom and knowledge which the natural man can attain to, although of the most profound character, he can not obtain eternal life by. It only relates to this world; for it is written: "The world by [its] wisdom knows not God," and "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." If to know God and Jesus Christ is eternal life, and man by the wisdom of this world can not know God, how then



can the natural man, with all his wisdom, gain eternal life? Said I not then truly, that you are engaged in a nobler pursuit; that your studies are of a grander character, and the goal you are striving for is eternal life; while the studies of the natural man are for the emoluments and happiness of this world, which are only—in point of duration alone—as a drop to the ocean, and the reputed happiness that they enjoy is not to be mentioned at the same time with that which a faithful child of God enjoys in this life? And who can estimate the magnitude of the difference, when we see as we are seen and know as we are known; for it is written: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, that which God hath in store for them that love him and keep his commandments.”

I come now to consider more particularly your position as students in the school established by God for the salvation of the human family; for you are a class of students among many others, banded together to help each other; and by helping each other you help yourselves to study and acquire the knowledge of God as revealed in his holy word, to the end that you may secure salvation by putting in practice the knowledge acquired.

In your speaker's opinion all of the members of the Church of Christ are—while in this state of probation—in the primary departments of a great school to fit and prepare them for the higher school in the great millennium, which higher school will be conducted under the immediate direction of Christ our great teacher. This higher school is to prepare the students thereof to dwell with the Father when Christ, having trodden the winepress alone, and having reigned till he has put all enemies under his feet, presents the kingdom spotless and pure unto his Father. All mankind, in order to attain to that higher school, must enter the primary department, and commence with the elementary principles, no matter how high their attainments in the schools of the world. They must have faith in God, and in his Son Jesus Christ as the one given of him to be the Savior of the world; they must repent of their sins, or cease to break the laws of their rightful Sovereign and Creator; they must be buried with Christ by baptism by one having authority from God to officiate in that ordi-

nance to receive the cancellation of their sins, and to become adopted into the family of God. They then are entitled to receive, through the ordinance of the laying on of hands of the servants of God authorized to do so, the gift of the Holy Ghost.

This Holy Spirit is to guide all of these students “into all truth;” it is to take of the things of the Father, and show them unto them; “it searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.” We can readily perceive that this is the Great Teacher in this primary department; and according to scriptural history it calleth to its aid other teachers who are somewhat more advanced in this department than others, as for instance: “And the Holy Ghost said, Separate me Barnabas and Saul to the work whereunto I have called them.”—Acts 13: 2.

The Students' Society of Lamoni, have mostly obeyed from the heart this form of doctrine, and are under the guidance and instruction of this Holy Teacher; and the progress that you make in your studies will depend upon the heed that you give to the instruction given of Him. The books used in this institution, God is the author of, namely: The Bible, Book of Mormon, and the latter day revelations. You are commanded to “search the Scriptures;” and in proportion to your careful, prayerful, diligent search of the same will your progress in the divine life and light be; for the Holy Spirit will enlighten your mind, expand your understanding, and by degrees, as you can bear it, will the light of God be given.

You have, as a society, banded together to mutually help each other to obey this scriptural injunction given by our Lord, and you have the testimony of a greater “cloud of witnesses” to examine than did Timothy when exhorted by Paul to study to make himself “a workman that needeth not be ashamed.” He only had the Old Testament Scriptures to search, while you have in addition to these, the New Testament, the Book of Mormon, and Book of Doctrine and Covenants.

It seems to be—according to our observation—in the economy of God an established fact, that we are so constituted—in this probation at least—that we have to learn all knowledge, whether secular or divine, by degrees. The full light is not allowed to shine; we could not endure it

no more than a man, who having been placed in a dungeon for many years without a ray of light, could endure the natural light if introduced at once to the full blaze of the king of day. He must be admitted to the light by degrees, until he can stand it in its fulness. Even so it is in searching after the scriptural or divine light; and the Scriptures assure us that the path of the just will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

In your studies of the divine word you will necessarily encounter—like the students of this world—problems that appear hard of solution; and you may, like them, think many times that they can not be solved, and you will be ready to despair. But, as in your experience in secular schools you have by patience and perseverance solved difficult problems, so may you in this heavenly school solve every problem; for if your hearts are earnestly engaged in searching after the knowledge of God for his honor and glory, you will have the aid of the Holy Spirit. It may not always be given as desired, but you may often have to wait until you have used your utmost endeavors, and then it will cause the light to reflect upon the object desired, and you will rejoice in the giver, and give glory to His name.

Permit me to present unto you for your consideration a rule that your speaker has adopted to guide him in his study of the scriptures. If in perusing them a new thought is presented to our mind—or if one should be presented by others while examining the Scriptures—we make it a rule to examine the three books aforementioned, and if they agree on it, it is safe to endorse the thought; on the contrary, if an agreement is not effected, it is safe to reject it. In your studies of the word of God you will become acquainted with the history of some of the students who while passing through the primary department and putting in practice what they were taught by the Spirit, so progressed in the divine life, rising to a more exalted plane, drawing nearer to God by holy living, that they could not be withheld from beholding the face of God and holding conversation with him; while others had heavenly visions, were caught up to the third heavens and saw and heard things that were not lawful to be uttered to their fellow-students who had not advanced so far as they had, or to the world that knew

not God. Some had obtained the faith or power with God that they stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword; out of weakness were made strong; waxed valiant in fight; turned to flight the armies of the aliens; women received their dead raised to life again, and others were tortured, not excepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection.”—Heb. 11.

In reading these accounts of God's people you have no doubt longed for that “faith that was once delivered to the Saints”—to which all of God's people are eligible if the conditions upon which they are received be complied with—and have thought and concluded in your hearts that you were too weak to ever rise to such glorious privileges, to ever attain to such mighty faith. Yet you will notice among the list of things wrought by faith was this: “Out of weakness they were made strong.” Here is encouragement for the weakest, that by faithful continuance in well doing they can be made strong, and obtain this mighty faith. They can approximate nearer unto the divine character; and that student who does this will be better prepared for the higher school when Christ shall come to reign; and in your speaker's opinion will then have the advantage over the one who has been more tardy in his studies here.

To this end that you may be encouraged in your well-begun work hath this effort been made by me; and in conclusion, let me advise you as students of God's word, that whenever it happens that you can not see alike for the time being, to hold your differences of opinion in amity and peace, to go to your Heavenly Father in humility, and in faith ask him that his Holy Spirit may unfold to you the truth or falsity of such opinion; and my word for it, he will answer your prayers. Regard the opinions of others as being as sacred to them as yours is to you; and in this respect as well as others, “do unto others as you would have others do to you.”

Be diligent in keeping the commandments of God; or in other words put in practice what you learn in the study of the Word. And that you may be such proficient students in theory and practice, as to be received in that higher school in the thousand years' experience in the reign of

Christ on earth; and after that experience, when the earth is celestialized, that you and I may be so unspeakably blessed as to be permitted to receive a fulness of glory, to dwell forever in the presence of

the Father and the Son and all the sanctified ones for evermore, is the prayer of your fellow-student in the gospel of Christ. Amen.

LAMONI, Iowa, Nov. 13th, 1888.

### BABY'S CURL.

Can you guess where it came from, grandma,  
This wee bit of soft brown hair?  
In fancy step in for a moment  
And gaze on the picture so fair.

Our baby boy fresh from the bath tub,  
Full of frolic so merry and bright,  
As he sits in the glow of the fire-light,  
And laughed in his glee to-night.

The brown curls so softly were clinging  
Around the white brow and pink neck,  
While we lovingly dressed the sweet darling,  
The impulse we just could not check.

So quickly we caught up the scissors,  
And sought for an unnoticed place,

Bidding baby be quiet a moment,  
While we laughed at his comical face.

But the curl it was severed, and lying  
A tiny brown message of love;  
We send it to cheer you, dear grandma,  
And hope it like sunshine will prove;

For its mates as they dance in the sunlight,  
Are precious to every heart here;  
God grant they may ever be crowning  
A heart just as sinless and dear.

We wished you to know that we love you,  
And think of you every day,  
So send you this tiny brown ringlet  
To speak for us words we can't say.

VIDA.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.,  
Nov. 3d, 1888.

### NOTES ON THE WING.

BY ELDER D. S. MILLS.

MY last from San Bernardino left me at Long Valley, from which place next morning Elders J. M. Range and A. A. Goff and self, started with the same goodly team; and 'mid heat, wind and sand, we reach the great Salinas Valley, and after some twenty miles the nearly deserted railroad town of Soledad. Here we right gladly take shelter from the blinding, flying, heated clouds of sand and dust, in the hospitable and well-kept temperance Central House, where we are the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Root (children of Bro. Jeremiah Root), whom we find excellent people, and believe them to be near the kingdom, and those of whom it will be said, "Ye did it unto me." In the evening we held forth to a select few, in the spacious Union Church, and felt blest in the effort.

Next day, making a circuitous route, we travel down the Salinas, then up the rough chain of Gavilan Mountains, along its sharp ridges, then descend along tor-

tuous grades and deep defiles, through a highly picturesque region, thirty miles, to Bear Valley, and to San Benito, to fill a series of appointments previously made. Here at Bro. Page's we meet with several Saints from Long Valley, and another feast begins with sister Carmichael and family, Bro. Davis' family, Bro. and Sr. Creamer, Sr. Jessie Butterfield, Sr. Janie Holt and others, all live Saints. Eight short days and nights are spent profitably, I believe, in preaching, chats, talks, social meetings, canvassing the grand things of the kingdom. Thus is another green and sacred spot marked on the pathway of life; and as we move on down the stream following Bro. Goff, who has preceded us, filling our appointments some twenty miles below, we feel to sigh again long and loud for the day of the gathering of the Israel of God. Leaving a provisional promise of speedy return, with tokens of love from loving and loved ones, we haste to overtake Bro. Goff at Elvina, where we

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found him doing good work for the Master, with our old time fellow-laborer, Elder J. H. Lawn. And now our indispensable brother Range, who with team has borne us so far, kindly and freely, is compelled to return home and arrange business for taking the field, laboring in the Lord's vineyard to which he is called—in which we bid him a hearty God speed. May his voice like a trumpet be raised loud and long, ever attended by the power of God, till Zion is redeemed.

I greatly enjoyed a twenty mile ride with our beloved brother, Elder J. Carmichael. He is storing his mind to shortly go forth with the bread of life, with the army of young men God is raising up to be his standard bearers over all the earth; gladly we hail them. Here at the same old school-house where we preached years ago with Elders J. C. Clapp, J. R. Cook, Hervey Green, A. H. Smith and J. M. Parks—whose voices we delighted in hearing, we stand and repeat the oft-told, marvelous and wonderful story. The same fire burns while the same unchangeable God seals it by his Spirit. Honest hearts are reached, and Saints rejoice in the light of God. Some good souls here will soon obey the law of God. Another week has flown, and our well attended series of meetings are closed, and we feel satisfied with the effort, and thank God for his approval.

On the 20th of August, in company with Elder Lawn, at Willow Creek school-house, we visited and examined some ancient footprints in the solid rocks. One was of the left foot of a child of not more than a year old, It is deep and plain, about as it would appear in stiff clay. On the same rock was the plain impression of a tomahawk, as it lay on the rock when it must have been in a plastic state. Another rock near by shows the plain mark of a bear's foot, and near it are a dog's track and a human moccasined foot-print of an adult. The rock is now very hard, and bears every appearance of having once been soft and yielding. My thought, while gazing on the stony witness, asked Where now, and what, of those who left their footprints here? The travelling correspondent of the "California Rural Press" published a description of the child's foot; but did not see all the others which we found for the first time in this age.

And now we must bid another adieu to

San Benito for the present; yes, dear old San Benito, the home of many of the chosen and faithful. From its hallowed precincts have gone forth such staunch, swift messengers of truth as Elders J. F. Burton, H. L. Holt, Eugene Holt—and others are soon to follow—with the precious words of life. Our last act was to bless a boy baby of Bro. Lawn's. Time will record the fulfillment of that blessing. To the many urgent appeals of, "Now remember and come back soon, and attend our conference; you must be there." We respond all along the line, "If God thus wills, we shall be there." Calling with Bro. Lawn at our old home again, with Bro. Range's nice family, one little sick Hope, full of faith, is administered to and healed according to his faith.

Again, by rail, from Hollister to San Jose we run swiftly, passing in full view of Mount Hamilton with its world renowned observatory, which glistened and shone like a star in the distance, we arrive at an old landmark. There we found our esteemed brother, Henry Burgess, and his excellent family so grown we hardly knew them after long years of separation. He soon conducted us to the sad household of our dear but stricken brother Duncan, seemingly in the prime of life smitten with the palsy. He understood our mission and was thankful for our presence. Bro. Goff and self sat up with him all night, attending his wants, praying and ministering—to give his worn and weary wife and family some needed rest. His sick daughter received a blessing in administration to her. Next morning, with no marked change in him, we bade farewell and proceeded on to San Francisco, via Oakland. There we met our long absent brother, J. F. Burton, fair, fat, and smiling as ever, with the ruddy glow of an Australian clime upon his honest face; but voice not as strong as we expect it soon will become in this life-giving climate. Also met Bro. H. C. Smith, fresh from Nevada's rugged mountains and sage-clad plains, where some of the salt of the earth is found, and where his voice has been ringing. Again we minister to sister Lincoln, and Bro. Goff goes to Santa Ana to labor in that region, as it seems necessary after a six weeks' absence, in which he has labored faithfully and well. The harvest is further along the road. I shall miss him.

Now, late at night, comes our kind persevering sister Andrews, with a telegram for me. It says: "Bro. Duncan is dead; come first train to his funeral at San Jose." Thanks to Sr. Andrews' energy, it is in time. Not many men or women would have delivered the message at so late an hour, in such a dark, foggy, disagreeable night, so far away, not knowing what it contained. That is the kind of grit true Saints are made of in California. The fifty miles is soon passed to the house of mourning and death. Quite a large gathering of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, of which he was a member in good standing, and from whom his bereaved family receive liberal aid and timely help. I learn they will draw two thousand dollars all told. The kind sym-

pathizing neighbors and friends testified of their approval of the sentiments expressed, even by a Mormon Elder. It was new to most of them. Several expressed a wish to hear more of the same kind, and we intend they shall at an early day. May the bereaved family soon obey the gospel, as our now deceased brother wished they should. His last expressions were that he was ready to go, and he prayed his dear family might obey as he had done. This God-given work stays with His Saints in the trying hours of death. Then as now it is priceless. It weighs in God's balances where a whole world could weigh nothing. We love it; we prize it; but no mortal can justly value immortality. God knows its worth. Let us, like Moroni, "buy the truth and sell it not."

## ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS, TEACHERS, AND FRIENDS OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

"Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax."

I N common with other parents present here to-day, I too, am interested in the instruction and training of the young, and in their learning what is now and what will hereafter be required of them. We all earnestly desire that our children as they grow to years of manhood and womanhood, shall grow in every virtue and in every good way, and that they shall also be useful, helpful and honorable, both as children and young men and maidens.

In the twentieth chapter of Proverbs and eleventh verse it is written, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right." From many passages of like nature your speaker selected this some years ago as a motto for "Zion's Hope," and believing that a great truth is contained in it, he now takes it for a text. As men and women are known by their daily conduct month after month and year after year, so you, children and young folks, are known by *your* ways and *your* words, as the text says. If you are kind and gentle to your brothers, sisters and playmates, if you are pleasant and obliging to them and your parents and teachers, then they and others form a good idea of what your dispositions are; or, if you are cross, unhappy,

forward, and disagreeable in your conduct and conversation, they see what you are and what you are likely to become as men and women, unless you change your ways. For, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

If you are obedient when your parents direct you, if you patiently receive their instruction, if you are kind to your brothers, sisters, and play-fellows, and if you are modest in behavior and courteous towards all, then you will be loved by everyone who sees you, and you are likely to become just that kind of men and women. On the other hand, if you are selfish and desire the best of everything, the largest apple, the prettiest toy, the best seat, no matter how poor the remainder may be for your playmates or others, then will you be disliked and spoken ill of. For it is known that you are not selfish only, but also that your hearts are getting wrong, and if you continue in so doing you are likely to be hated instead of being loved and honored, and thereby you are sure to be miserable instead of happy. Youth is the time to learn how to start right and how to do right, in order to avoid just as many mistakes and follies as possible.

As a good foundation for all this you need to have clean hearts and pure motives; for it is impossible to become really good men and women unless you have in your youth purity of thought and purpose. And even these also fail unless you obtain wisdom from God to guide you in your words and ways. It is said that only the pure in heart shall see God, and that they only who have pure hearts and clean hands shall ascend to Zion's hill. And the book also says, "Happy is he that findeth wisdom; . . . length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. . . . Say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and unto understanding, Thou art my kinswoman."

You do not realize now as you will by and by that you are making a daily record, as boys and girls, as young men and young women, and one that is being read daily by those around you; but so it is. They see that you are shaping and moulding your lives for manhood and womanhood. This is what is meant by the saying, "The child is father to the man." By what you say you are known as being truthful or untruthful; by what you speak as being pure or impure; by the acts you perform as being honest or dishonest, noble or mean.

Again, the Scriptures tell of the duties of children to their parents. Paul wrote to those in Colosse: "Children obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." To those in Ephesus he wrote: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother, which is the first commandment with promise." By this he referred to the fifth commandment, which is: "Honor thy father and thy mother, as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee, that thy days may be prolonged, and that it may go well with thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." In Proverbs it is written: "My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother; bind them continually upon thy heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest they shall lead thee; when thou sleepest they shall keep thee, and when thou wakest they shall talk with thee."

In the light of these instructions you discover that you should be obedient to them, always remembering that God has made them to be your overseers and in-

structors, and that he will hold you to a strict account for the way that you act towards them. You should neither be disobedient, stubborn nor wilful. Neither ought you to fret or complain when they command you to do thus and so; for if you pursue that way, it will not only destroy the happiness of your parents and lessen their joy in you, but it will also bring you to ruin. The Bible well says, "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." Therefore, when you have an obedient spirit, that is, when you really love to be obedient, then are we glad, then do we rejoice much; for we are made happy by your obedience and love, by your kindness and willingness, and we feel strong hopes that you will have just as worthy dispositions and characters all through your lives. If that should be the case then we know that you will be happy, because these are the source of true happiness. And the Lord will love you too, and by and by he will cause you to share his glory. If you have such a character then you will neither be idle nor ignorant; for whoever loves to be good, loves also to be wise, and to understand whatever is good and noble; and such will love to be busy and useful with all the powers of their beings. No one can be truly happy who does not increase in knowledge, and in that kind of knowledge which is the best and most valuable, that which is for the use and benefit of himself and others.

And right here I wish to say to those who are old enough to understand it, that you are in this life laying the foundation of character for eternity; that what you choose now or shall choose, in the way of learning and of associates, so you are choosing for the eternity to come. Every day will help to determine just what kind of man or woman you are likely to be in the great hereafter, unless possibly some great trouble or some great good may happen to change your life more suddenly. Therefore you ought to recognize how necessary it is that you learn right things and good things, that you love good books, and proper companions, such as are themselves in love with whatever is noble and good, with whatever is clean and honest in thought, speech and act. It is said that a man is known by the company he keeps, and so, too, are the boys and girls. It is not enough that you read and study here

in school about Christ, and Samuel, and John, and Paul; but it is also necessary that you learn what you have to do in order to be favored of the Lord as they were. We do not study these things simply for the history they contain, but that we may follow their example; not alone to please God, but also that we may gain eternal happiness for ourselves.

While travelling one day near Fort Madison, Iowa, a gentleman who sometimes preached in the penitentiary there told me that about two-thirds of the prisoners there had never attended Sabbath School or been instructed by their parents as to God's word, or of the necessity of living good lives. Hence they grew up as thistles and thorns, being only an evil in the world; hence the only proper place for them is the penitentiary. Think of that, and do not grow up in that way and have to be shut up in prison. See the chances that you have here, and improve them under the wise guidance of your parents and teachers.

And do not have to be hired to study your lessons or to do something that your parents demand of you, as I have sometimes seen practiced. If you do, or if your parents so bring you up, then you will probably expect to have a price to do your duty as men and women, or to receive some favor for it. Again, be honest because it is right, not because it is the "best policy." Do right because you love right, not merely because you are afraid that you will be found out if you do wrong. And if you do lie or steal, or dare to be dishonest, it is best that you be found out early in life, so that you may be punished and reformed, else you may go on in that way to the bitter end. You must learn that the only path of safety, the only way of happiness is the way of truth, virtue and honesty, not only in act but also in thought and purpose. And the opposite way is the one of danger, yes, the one of shame, suffering and ruin, sooner or later. Murderers, thieves, and other evil doers can not really be happy anywhere; for sin is like disease and death, being contrary to all good and to all happiness. And remember that sin continued in will find you out in time; therefore the sooner you learn to be obedient and to govern yourselves, the better it will be for you, even if it is sometimes hard to do this.

We are all learning, learning, learning,

from childhood to old age. About all that we do is to learn, and if we heed the lessons and profit by them, then to pass through this schooling is the best thing we can do. Therefore the earlier in life that you learn good lessons, the easier it will be for you, and the earlier you will be prepared for whatever work the Lord of life has for you to do; as was the case with Samnel, the greatest judge of Israel, who was called so early in life. And if you do the work that God may require, then you will be happier and have a greater reward than emperors and kings can give. On the other hand you see that the prison is the place for the disobedient and headstrong who do not or will not learn the better way.

And, parents, it is our highest duty in life to faithfully see to the immortal souls that are placed in our charge. For in the day of judgment we will be called to a strict account for our way towards them, whether we have neglected to train them at all, or have dwarfed and ruined them by bad training, or by our bad example while teaching them better things. I have heard parents say when their children annoyed them by teasing to go somewhere for play or pleasure, "Get out of my sight; I don't care where you go so you don't bother me." And many times they have gone out of their sight no more to return, gone to ruin and death, leaving the parent to mourn over the hasty speech and lack of government. Some seem to think that having brought children into the world if they only feed and clothe them their duty is done. But daily the children's character for time and eternity is being made, and their everlasting happiness, yes and our own happiness, too, depends largely upon our course towards them. Their eternal joy, and ours also, is at stake in the contest. I see this for myself and I see it for others; and I know that we should recognize early the growing intelligence, the opening of the immortal mind, the dawning of the divine soul—that soul which may, yes, which will become either the companion of the angels and of God himself, or of the condemned and banished; and all according to the growth, whether good or bad, that we are parties to as parents and teachers. From almost the first glance of the eye the child begins its education from its mother's look and from her method of doing; and be-

fore she realizes it, she finds a small but strong will-power set up against her own, one that she must subdue and direct in the right way or quick advantage will be taken, and the rightful and God-given authority is surrendered to the child. The elders are said to have a great responsibility; but, in the sight of God, it may be no more than that of the fathers, the mothers, the teachers.

To the Ephesians Paul wrote: "Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In giving his commandments to Israel the Lord said: "And thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house. . . . Teach them to thy sons, and to thy sons' sons. . . . That it may go well with thee, and with thy children after thee forever."

Consecration to God also begins in infancy, the parents being commanded to bring their children that God's servants may bless them in the name of the Lord. The Master said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," and their teaching and guidance should be with this great fact in view that we spoil not their eternity. In section ninety of the Book of Covenants several leading men were rebuked strongly for not training their children in the path of light and truth, for not setting their houses in order in these things; and in section sixty-eight all parents are commanded to teach their children to pray and to walk uprightly before the Lord, and if they do not so teach and have their children baptized after the age of eight years, then shall the sin be upon the heads of the parents, saith the Lord. Read in Genesis 18: 18, what God said of Abraham: "For I know him, that he will command his children, and his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord." Read also Prov. 29: 15: "The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

We find in Jeremiah 31: 15, the parable wherein Rachel is said to be weeping for her children and will not be comforted because they are not. It is a pathetic figure, that of a weeping mother, and one before me has said that Rachel in this figure represents the Israel of God sorrowing over the lost and the wandering, over the dis-

persed and the disinherited; that she in this is made as the heart of the nation. And the Church of God is indeed, or should be, the true Rachel, to whose charge all our children are committed in sacred trust. And as a church, as the church, we should feel for every wrong committed against them by parental neglect, by bad example, by unwise teaching; and we, as ministers and members of God's family, should throw around them every possible safeguard, and give them every aid and encouragement that will inspire to virtue and honor.

Herod's cruelties are equalled in the world, and children grow up as pestilential weeds, thousands of them do, and they know nothing but sin and shame. But the Church of Christ has better things, greater light, greater knowledge, and she knows the way of truth, and what will be the result of both good and evil. Hence how necessary that parents and others be constant and untiring, at home and everywhere else, to show by word and deed the true way of the Lord to their children. I appeal to you as to the true Rachel to look well to this charge. Train the children to be honest, brave, self-reliant, obedient, and to be pure in thought and act. Show your love for them by making them your associates and pupils, so as to fill the soil with good seed before the bad gets a chance to take root. And when you punish, do so to reform and correct, with reproof that will make them better, not hard-hearted and bitter.

And there is yet a great work to be done by the home ministry in this direction, by those in charge of branches and districts, as priests, elders, and high priests, who should feed the lambs of the flock as well as the sheep; if God will inspire them to do this, and I think that he will.

Those who have been blessed, and thereby consecrated, are more in the charge of the church than are others, and this Rachel should not only weep over them when it is necessary but at all times should work for them. By and by the church will be set in order far more than it is now, and then all these things will be seen to, as God may provide.

Our boys are to become young men, and as such are to take our places as laborers and watchmen for Zion; and we love to see them begin their manhood in purity, in nobility, and that their minds



should control their senses and their bodies. So of our daughters, we wish them to be free from every contaminating evil, and for them to love purity and modesty better than life itself.

And to you, young men and women, I will say that the whole church is deeply and individually interested in your welfare. We rejoice to hear you well spoken of, and we mourn when anything is said to your discredit, especially if it be true. You will never lack friends nor opportunities to rise, if you do well; for the Lord watches over you with tender solicitude, if you do but realize it. Read and study good books. Fit yourselves for important trusts from God and from men. An old-time writer well said, "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and God will send thee flax." So he will, and ere long he will require the services of all who will make themselves ready. Remember the saying of our Lord, " whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and prepare yourselves to sow that which is good and to reap bountifully.

And do not forget to ask the Lord daily to direct you, to give you wisdom and judgment, discretion and patience, and to

provide for you such spiritual instruction as he may see is necessary to make you useful and happy. As the spirit lives when the body dies, so remember that truth, justice, virtue, honor, and integrity of life, never die; and that personally they should be maintained by you under all circumstances.

Finally, forget not that you are highly favored in this day and on this land; yes, far more than have been the children of Latter Day Saints at any previous time since the work was begun in 1830. And the Lord will continue to favor you if you will go on in humility and reverence, if you will follow Christ in loving righteousness and hating iniquity more than do others; and, by so doing, you will receive honor and glory even as he did. Your studies are being blessed under the faithful care of your superintendent and teachers, and you shall increase, as the Lord liveth, if you will but go forward.

"Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her, for she is thy life. . . . Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."—Prov. 4: 13, 23.

May God bless you all. Amen.

LAMONI, Iowa, June, 1887.

### THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Through all the gathering mists of age,  
 One scene and season lingers yet;  
 The first enstamped on memory's page,  
 The last I ever can forget;  
 'Twas when the orb of day declined  
 Beneath the many-colored west,  
 I'd seek my mother's knee and find  
 Upon her bosom perfect rest.  
 And when the stars began to shine  
 From out the ether, blue and deep,  
 Repeat the prayer whose opening lines  
 Was, "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 O, childhood's hours, how calm, how bright;  
 How like a dream that passed away,  
 That mother sank to sleep one night,  
 And woke in endless day.  
 Then manhood with its perils came,  
 Its high wrought hopes, its vague desires;  
 Ambition's fervid, quenchless flame,  
 And passions' baleful furnace fires;  
 But oft the thought had power to sway,  
 Ere lying down at night to sleep,  
 "If thus to sin how can I say,  
 'I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

Around us flit, on silent wings,  
 The viewless messengers of death.  
 Where health is now, an hour may bring  
 The burning brow and fevered breath.  
 Alas, how many sparkling eyes  
 That close to-night on scenes of mirth,  
 Before another morn shall rise  
 Shall look their last on things of earth;  
 I know ere morning dawns for me,  
 The silver cord of life may break.  
 O, Father, take me home to thee!  
 "If I should die before I wake."  
 For, "earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"  
 Must soon be chanted o'er our sod,  
 And for the rest we can but trust.  
 The ever living Father—God.  
 O, welcome faith! with what delight  
 We near the river deep and wide,  
 When friends we love with forms of light  
 Are waiting on the other side.  
 When life's low tide is ebbing fast, [sake,  
 And sense and thought their throne for-  
 Be then my earnest prayer, my last,  
 "I pray the Lord my soul to take."—Sel.

## FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

THE American Revolution began in New England, home of Otis, flame of fire; of Stark and Putnam, veterans of many fields; of Greene, a born soldier perfected by study; of Arnold; of Allen, the hero of Ticonderoga; of Prescott and Warren, chiefs at Bunker Hill. War, which was inevitable, had come, and it had become necessary to choose a Commander in Chief. The choice might naturally have fallen upon one already engaged in the fight, or else upon some one who



WASHINGTON.

had an education in military science superior to that of those so engaged or whose experience in battle was greater than theirs; and too the choice might reasonably have fallen upon a resident of that part of the country that had begun the war, and was involved in it. But without argument and without opposition a man was chosen who had been indulging in the fashion, ease and luxury of plantation life for fifteen years. He had been a member of the House of Burgesses and was a delegate to the Continental Congress; yet he had but little acquaintance with books, and had never seen but two engagements, one of which was fought by eighty three men on both sides—and which has gone into French history as an assassination. One man demurred to that choice, expressed his surprise, and plainly said the choice had fallen on one who had not either the knowledge or the experience necessary for such service. That man was the one most concerned, Washington himself.

The reason assigned for appointing

Washington was, that he was a Virginian. He could rally the southern hosts. The New Englanders, it would appear, could be depended upon under any leader, and the others required the additional incentive of local pride. The Southerners were from the first Spartans by training, from their birth. Having a race of Helots to keep in place, they were bred to heroism. The mothers felt that their security—life and all worth living for—depended upon the chivalrous qualities they could infuse into their sons. Like Spartan mothers they thus, in a sense, dedicated their sons to the state, the state in this connection meaning society as constituted in the South, with a negro population to be kept in serviceable subjection through the awe inspired by the bravery, urbanity, dignity, chivalry and general efficiency of the dominant race. This common necessity of the situation made the Southerners a brotherhood, an exclusive corporation; and the talismans of this brotherhood were uncompromising loyalty to its sentiment, unflinching bravery, fidelity, hospitality, and unremitting attention to such sports and exercises and so much of display, adornment, stateliness of bearing and courtliness of speech as would grace the ruling race. Washington embodied all this in his stature, his proportions, his acquisitions, his equipments, and all his methods—a Virginia gentleman. These qualities were not without their effect on the northern mind; and all humanity yield homage to them. The nation needed a figure-head. The jarring elements were harmonized, and the long and necessary spells of inaction and unavoidable, numerous and repeated blunders, retreats and defeats, never disturbed the personal relationship that bound the Commander to his associates in arms. He gained some victories and they gained more; but what could be expected of straggling colonists in a contest with the greatest power of the world? If their general had been bent on some exploit, some great decisive action to speedily end the strife, they could have been exterminated or captured and carried away. The Fabian policy was all there was for them, and it was well they had a Fabius at the head of affairs. Their salvation was in protracting the war until the sympathies of kinship in the mother country

and the interference of the old enemies of England and enlightenment should work out their release.

The orators have not fully stated the causes of the war. England was the mother country, and all that was best that the colonies possessed they had received from her. She had championed the cause of civilization against the world, and at vast cost and almost ruinous outlay, she had protected her colonies from assaults that would have brought the blight of the dark ages. She asked to be reimbursed; but they would neither tax themselves nor submit to impost laws, and turned against her in her time of peril when waves of priestcraft, infidelity and despotism were dashing against her like the mad sea against her island shores. By this league with death and by the pleadings of Pitt deliverance came. The triumphs of Washington in civil life, and the establishment on the Western Continent of a better than England, made all the record glorious. Providence works by bringing good out of evil, and calling those who champion the right, to the double sacrifice of submission to evil; or suffers it to be so now.

Making Washington one of a quartette of the world's great captains, and drawing parallels, we find Hannibal peerless for strategic resources and in persevering endurance, Alexander for the magnitude of his achievements, and Cæsar for the versatility of his genius.

In early life Washington was swayed by the ordinary impulses of pride and ambition, and in accepting, resigning or refusing office his writings bristle with the words honor, and character, and with the capital pronoun; but in later years his demeanor was sublimated by the thought that he was aiding in carrying out the beneficent purposes of deity. In this light the readers of this paper will regard him, knowing that this land has ever been under the covenanted care of God.

After a hundred years has passed, the whole survey excites only exultation, and makes criticism seem like sacrilege; and the halo that surrounds the name of Washington none would wish to dispel, nor penetrate the haze of romance that surrounds it or the awe that enshrines it. In profane records there is no other name

like it, and never can be in all time to come. He was born at a time and into a family circle and social circle that enabled him while yet a stripling to become a pathfinder in the course of empire, with the scene of his exploits at the very seat and throne of wild romance, the Ohio valley; and to aid much in determining the character of the future populations there, and to shape their destinies, as he later did for the whole nation. His pre-eminence is the result of good fortune that can not be shared. There are no more such worlds to conquer.

As a fitting celebration of the anniversary of his natal day the following poem commemorative of his death is given. It was sent to this magazine by Bro. J. H. Lake and was recently copied by him from an old number of the *Ulster County Gazette*, published at Kingston, N. Y., January 4th, 1800. The author was a young lady whose name was not given

J. B.

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#### DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

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What means that solemn dirge that strikes my ear;  
What means those mournful sounds; why shines the  
tear?

Why toll the bells—the awful knell of fate?  
Ah! why those sighs that do my fancy sate?

Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears;  
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears.  
Hark! yonder rueful noise! 'tis done; 'tis done;  
The silent tomb invades our Washington.

Must virtues so exalted yield their breath?  
Must bright perfection find relief in death?  
Must mortal greatness fall—a glorious name?  
What then is riches, honor, and true fame?

The august chief, the father and the friend,  
The generous patriot, let the muse commend,  
Columbia's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride:  
There lies enshrined with numbers at his side.

There let the sigh respondent from the breast,  
Heave in rich numbers;—let the glorious zest  
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love,  
And sable mourning our affliction prove.

Weep, kindred mortal, weep;—no more you'll find  
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind.  
Rejoicing angels, hail the heavenly sage;  
Celestial spirits greet the wonder of the age.

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[Or course our readers will understand that we give this as a relic of the past century, feeling sure that the young lady who wrote it would be glad to have her name, as its author, concealed].

—ED.

## Autumn Leaves from the Tree of Poetry.

### WHAT SHALL THE RECORD BE.

We are living in an era

Good men have called sublime,  
Great conflicts now are crowding

In this wondrous age of time;  
While harvest fields are waiting  
And the laborers are few,  
Who with willing feet will enter?  
Whose hearts are strong and true?

Two ideas, Truth and Error,  
Move the world's great heart to-day:  
They stand in line of battle  
Ready for the fearful fray;  
Truth, clad in glorious armor,  
Error, with dark wings unfurled,  
And the dreadful war is waging  
Within a listening world.

We are living in an era  
When the great immortal mind  
Up to higher heights is struggling  
Light and Liberty to find;  
When the souls of men are restless,  
And the nations wait to see,  
If some hand of might will shatter  
Their chains and set them free.

No time then to pause and falter  
In this great progressive age!  
What shall the church of Jesus  
Write for Him on life's fair page?  
Bright the record of our brothers  
In her mission history,  
For the coming of his kingdom  
What shall woman's record be?

Where are we in this great conflict?  
Do we live in careless ease?  
Is the heart all cold and selfish  
In such wondrous times as these?  
Records are being written  
In this land and o'er the sea,  
Strange perchance, that even woman  
May decide what they shall be.

Mighty still, for good or evil,  
As when, with longing eyes,  
She ate the fruit in Eden  
Thinking to be angel-wise.  
Polished by the hand of Jesus  
Her life is of great worth;  
A corner-stone of beauty  
In the nations of the earth.

Scatter seed for life eternal;  
Blessed evermore are ye  
Who sow beside all waters  
Precious seeds of truth for me.  
Ye have received so freely,  
So beloved, freely give,  
That the souls I have atoned for  
May know my love and live.

Outstretched now His hands of mercy,  
To the ends of all the earth,  
How the Cross its claim is pressing,  
With its wondrous weight of worth;  
Cross of Jesus! Thy sweet story  
Will forever do its part,  
To lift up the fallen nations,  
And bind up the broken heart.

What need we care for titles,  
Or for a world-wide name,  
For ease or proud position,  
Or fading wreaths of fame.  
So that this brighter destiny  
Our woman's heart may seek,  
So that a glorious record  
Of our lives, the angels keep.

'Tis said they are around us  
Watching still above the world,  
And beside us when we dream not,  
Their shining wings are furled.  
Keeping a solemn record,  
Of every human soul,  
Deeds, whether good or evil,  
Written on their heavenly scroll.

Lo! the fields are white to harvest,  
With the grain of priceless cost,  
Ready for the willing reapers;  
Shall the precious sheaves be lost.  
Or, shall our Father's children  
Take up the toil and strife,  
And reap the blessed harvest  
Of everlasting life?

Oh glorious work for woman!  
Precious work can women do,  
When in the strength of Jesus  
She goes forth and is true.  
He is calling to you, sisters,  
He is calling unto me,  
And the book of life stands open,  
What shall the record be?

Selected.

## LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY SR. ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

I WILL continue with my notes. The next thing on the route to Jerusalem is a ruined church, sometimes called the church of St. Jeremiah, on the supposition that Kerjath-Jearim was the same as Anathoth where the prophet was born. The church is massive, consisting of nave and aisles, and at the east end three apses. Traces of frescoes may still be seen on the walls. There is a crypt under the church. The church is in possession of the Latins. The tomb of Abou Gosch is on the north of the church beside a small mosque for Mahometans to pray at.

Descending from here, in a quarter of an hour we pass on the right an Arab coffee shop beside a spring named Ain Dilb. About here may be seen several karob trees, which bear pods with a kind of bean in them very sweet when ripe. The prodigal son would fain have filled his belly with these husks, or pods (Luke 15:16). To the right of Ain Dilb is a high hill with the village of Soba and a ruined castle on the top, not identified with any Scriptural site. In three quarters of an hour we reach the top of a hill where there is another castle, called Kustal from the name castle. From here is a good view, including Neby Samwil, or as the name means, the burial place of the prophet Samuel, and is the ancient Mizpeh.

From Kustal a gradual descent of half an hour brings us into the valley of Kolonieh, by a zigzag road. To the right is a beautiful little village called Ain Karim. It is situated in the midst of olive, fig, and other trees, and has a population of one thousand, mostly Christians. Tradition makes it the birthplace of John the Baptist; the argument being, that as Zacharias his father was priest, he would live near Jerusalem, and in Luke 1:32 his residence is described as "in the hill country in a city of Judah." Kolonieh is about a quarter of an hour on. It is a pretty place, with orchards, gardens and groves. This has been considered by many to be the Emmaus of St. Luke's gospel; but so has Nicopolis, Kirjath-Jearim and Kubeibeh, three miles west of Mizpeh. St. Luke says Emmaus was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem (Luke 24:13), and Josephus mentions a village

of the same name at the same distance from Jerusalem. Kolonieh is as much too near Jerusalem as Saris is too far. From Kolonieh to Jerusalem is a journey of one and a half hours—about four and a half miles—and is nearly all the way up hill. Near to the top the little village of Lifta is seen in a deep valley on the left.

As the wild, high table-lands in the neighborhood are approached, one may well reflect on the associations connected with the road one is traveling. Along it the Ark of God was borne in triumph to Mount Zion. Somewhere along the route Christ joined the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. From age to age thousands of Israelites have gone up here to the solemn feasts at Jerusalem; and in after times these desolate regions have echoed to the war-cry of the Crusaders.

After reaching the top of the hill the Mount of Olives will be seen on the east, and Scopus, the northern range of Olivet. In a few minutes more a large building on the right is passed. It is the Convent of the Cross, which the Greeks say is over the spot where the tree grew from which the cross was made. To the left is another large building, the German Orphanage. When the hill in front is reached, we behold Jerusalem; we only see the western wall and a few houses of the city and a mass of buildings erected by the Russians, principally for the benefit of their pilgrims. From the hill-top is a good view of the Mountains of Moab and the mountains around Jerusalem. Descending toward the city, we have on our left the Russian buildings, with a hospital, school, cathedral, and accommodations for a thousand pilgrims. On the right, in the valley, is a large reservoir, the upper pool of Gihon, in Isaiah's time the upper pool in the Fuller's Field; and then before us is the Jaffa gate.

Jerusalem, associated as it is with the grandest and most sacred events of history, it is difficult to feel that this little town, around whose walls one may walk in an hour, is the Holy City; and, indeed, it is not, for the city whose streets Jesus trod was vastly larger. Then Zion, a large part of which is now a ploughed field, was covered with palaces; and on

every side, where now the husbandman pursues his toil, were magnificent structures befitting a great capital. One is surprised to find how little remains of the ancient city. The present walls were built in the sixteenth century—only a few courses in them belonged to the ancient walls. Its buildings are all new, except that here and there a foundation course indicates the ancient period. The ancient rock crops out in the temple area, at the church of the Holy Sepulcher, and on the brow of Mt. Zion. But the gorgeous city of Solomon lies buried under the debris of sixteen sieges and captures. You must dig from thirty to one hundred feet to find it. Jerusalem that was, is “on heaps,” wasted and without inhabitant. Excavations have shown that the foundations of the ancient walls are in some places one hundred and thirty feet below the surface. In digging for the foundations of new buildings, the workmen sometimes dig through a series of buildings, one above another, showing that one city has literally been built upon another, and the present city is standing on the accumulated ruins of several preceding ones. All this throws great doubt on many of the sacred places of Jerusalem; the real localities lie buried far beneath the surface of the present city.

But the natural features of the country remain substantially unchanged. The mountains round about Jerusalem which were of old her bulwarks, are still there. Here are Olivet and the brook Kidron; and the city still crowns Zion and Moriah. Kings and prophets and holy men looked on these scenes, and the feet of the Son of God trod these mountains. Somewhere in the buried city under our feet he did bear his cross; and these hills we tread, trembled with the earthquake’s power when he expired.

Jerusalem stands on four hills once separated by deep valleys which are now partially filled with the debris of successive destructions of the city. Zion, the most celebrated of these, is on the south-west, rising on its southern declivity three hundred feet above the valley of Hinnom, and on the south-east five hundred feet above the Kidron. The Tyropæon sweeps round its northern and eastern bases, separating it from Akra and Moriah. Zion was the old citadel of the Jebusites, and was the City of David. Mount Moriah is on the south-east, separated from Zion by the

Tyropæon and from Olivet by the deep gorge of the Kidron. This is much lower than Zion. It was the site of the ancient temple, and is now crowned by the Mosque of Omar. On the north-east is Mount Bezetha, a hill higher than Moriah, which was enclosed within the walls after the time of Christ, by Herod Agrippa. Mount Akra, the highest part of the city, is on the north-west. It is separated from Zion by the Tyropæon, and from Bezetha by a broad valley running northward into the Tyropæon as it sweeps around the foot of Zion southward. It will be seen therefore that the city slopes down from the north-west to the south-east; and standing on the north-west angle of the wall you are at the highest point, and see Moriah far below on the south-east, with the Tyropæon on the west of it, running down between it and Zion to the junction of the Kidron with Hinnom. The wall of the city is irregular, and conformed to the hills over which it passes, but substantially “the city lieth foursquare.”

A walk around the outside of the walls commands a view of the exterior objects of interest, among which are many new buildings. One is a hospital built by Baron Rothschild for the Jews. He gave much money to the poor Jews, also to poor people of all kinds. Last year he and his wife came, and the money left for the poor of Jerusalem is in the hands of Mr. Bacher, superintendent of the Alliance School there. The building goes on slowly, as the rain was not plentiful enough last winter to enable them to use it for building houses. The Baron has decided to purchase a large lot of land west of the temple grounds, which will include the wailing place of the Jews. The only difficulty seems to be that this land is covered with buildings and is called *wakiff* in Arabic, that is, holy ground, which can never be sold. But the Baron has made the following proposition. He will purchase a lot either outside or within the walls of the city, upon which he will erect suitable buildings and make an exchange for this lot which he desires to obtain. He thinks he will be able to obtain it in that way, and through that winning backsheesh, or a present of money as it means. If backsheesh wins the day in this struggle between Jew and Turk, the Baron will build upon this lot two beautiful streets, with new houses

and gardens and decorations like the streets of Paris. The houses will be for the use of the poor, never to be sold. One very noticeable feature around Jerusalem is that the vacant lots of land which have lain common, probably for centuries, are being walled in with substantial stone, and cared for as though they were of some importance to the owners.

The Jaffa gate at Jerusalem has a little gate in the gate called in Arabic *Khokha*, or Needle's Eye, explaining what is said in Mark 10:23: "Jesus looked around

about and said to his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom." And verse 25: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle." (The meaning is, through the hole, or needle's eye in the gate.) "than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." Our heavenly Father is a just judge, and he will make all things plain as fast as we are able to understand them. We must not be too eager to overcrowd the mind, but strive earnestly for the best gifts.

JAFFA, Palestine, Oct. 9th, 1888.

## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

AT the close of Elder Browning's sermon it was announced that, as several had requested baptism the ordinance would be administered at two o'clock in the afternoon. The congregation was dismissed with a benediction; and, as many of the congregation lived at a distance, they had brought lunch, and now separated into groups, discussing the sermon while enjoying needed refreshment. Among these was Margery, with her parents and the younger children. They had spread their repast beneath the shade of a drooping elm tree standing close by the river and just where a graceful sweep of the stream curved the waters toward them and, after forming a crescent, moved on again, in a straighter line past the place of meeting, until the bushes and trees hid it from sight.

Margery was thoughtful and pre-occupied; but her father and mother manifested more of a disposition to talk of the "new religion," as it was termed, than they had ever before done.

"That man believes every word he says," remarked Mr. Boyd, "and I take it he knows the Bible by heart."

"Do you know, father," answered Mrs. Boyd, "that I am almost persuaded that they are right. How would he dare hold out such a promise to the people if he is trying to deceive them?"

"I have thought of that, mother, and I must confess there is one thing that troubles me. You know my experience has never been so clear and satisfying to me

as I would like. If this is the gospel of Christ, then it is very different from the gospel we received. When we were convicted of sin we were invited to the mourner's bench and the prayers of the church asked for us; but the first question asked by the eunuch was: 'See; here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?' Philip answered immediately: 'If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest.' And the eunuch answered and said, 'I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God'."

"It seems to me, father," said Margery, speaking for the first time, "that if Philip had been preaching when I was alarmed about the salvation of my soul, he would not have repeated so many times, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus;' for as soon as the eunuch confessed his belief he baptized him. I am still on probation. I do not think that I can satisfy my own heart when the question is asked me whether I have experienced a change. Surely, father, if one is the gospel plan of salvation, the other can not be."

"It begins to look that way, Margery, I confess; but it is not well to be hasty. When we see our minister he may be able to make this all plain."

"He can not alter the word of God, father; and Peter told the people to repent and be baptized and they should receive the Holy Ghost. It seems to me that there must be something very positive and tangible about this promise and its fulfillment; for if its witness is greater than the witness of men (and the apostles

were but men), then how important that we have such evidence as will make us perfectly sure."

"I think Margery is right," said Mrs. Boyd; for if to know God and his Son is life eternal, and we can not know that Jesus is the Lord without the Holy Ghost, how necessary then that we are certain we have received it!"

"Father, said Margery, a sudden light flashing into her dark-blue eyes that shed a radiance over her whole face, like the eunuch I believe with my whole heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. May I be baptized to day? For a moment the color came and went in Mr. Boyd's face, and he looked steadily away from Margery, not daring to trust his voice for a reply. Not observing his agitation, she went on. "I never have believed that my heart was changed, and if we must be able to say that we know Jesus is the Son of God before we are saved, how then can I ever be saved; for I do not know it? Only last Sunday I read the account of his resurrection as recorded by St. Mark, and doubts arose in my mind whether indeed he ever was resurrected. Do not blame me, father, for you remember his disciples did not believe the women who saw the angels at the tomb, neither did they believe the two to whom Christ first showed himself; but when they saw him they hailed him with joy. Jesus told them that they should see him, and he showed himself to them; but he also told the Jews that any man who would do his Father's will should *know* of the doctrine. Until I heard the sermon this morning I thought I ought to be convinced of many things before I was baptized; but Philip asked but one question of the eunuch, and that question I can answer as firmly and positively as he answered it. I believe, but my soul craves this knowledge promised by Jesus—this witness of God which is greater than the witness of man. I must obey; there is something to be done before I can claim it. Have I your consent to obey the gospel of Christ by following him into the waters of baptism?"

"Upon one condition, my daughter, I will give my consent, and upon that only."

"What is that, "father?"

"That if you do not receive this knowledge which shall satisfy your soul, you will confess the mistake you have made,

that others may know there is no truth in what they promise."

"I give you my promise that I will, father; but what if I do not find it here? You confess that you do not feel sure of your conversion, though all who know you fully believe you a Christian. I know that I am not sure of mine, and yet the promise of Jesus was that we should know. O, father, ought we not to pray God most earnestly that this word may be confirmed? No people on earth offer such terms to sinners as these people."

"They may be offering more than they are authorized to offer. I think if I could see the signs following the believer, the same signs which St. Mark speaks of, I would then believe."

"But, father, these signs followed belief, and were for the believer—not the unconverted. They were for confirming the believer in the faith, not for creating faith in 'he sinner; and you remember the parable in which Lazarus tells the rich man: 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead.' Christ was the prophet whom God raised up, like unto Moses; and I believe he will fulfill every promise he has made. Something assures me that I shall not have any confession to make. There seems to be a power urging me to obey. Believe me, when I came here this morning I had no more thought of being baptized to day than I had that I should be buried; but when the question of the eunuch sounded in my ears; it was repeated by a voice, seemingly addressed directly to me: 'See; here is water; what doth hinder?' and the answer I made was, in the words of Mary, 'Behold the handmaiden of the Lord!' I will go now and see Mary, for I shall need to make some preparation. I shall not need any help," she said, in answer to an inquiring look from her mother, "for Mary will assist me."

Margery turned toward the path leading by a near way to Mr. Clark's house; and finding Mary alone, she was soon sobbing out her joy in her arms.

"What will Daniel say when he hears of this?" was Mary's first thought; but she wisely refrained from uttering it, and busied herself in assisting Margery to make the necessary changes in her clothing. There was no time to lose, as the people were already gathering at the



water; and soon Margery, leaning on Mary's arm, found herself standing in their midst.

Up to this moment the thought of Daniel's possible surprise and pleasure had not entered Margery's mind; but glancing timidly toward the water she saw him standing, with Mr. Browning, close to its edge, and some little distance apart from the rest. Just as her eye discerned him he was in the act of starting to join the main body of the people; and as he drew near their eyes met. For a moment a shade of doubt seemed to hover on his face; but it was followed immediately by a look of gladness and peace, mingled with a tenderness so plainly visible to the eyes quickly withdrawn from his, that in spite of every effort the heart of Margery throbbed until she trembled lest its beatings should be heard. This was but for a moment, however, for the solemn thought of the covenant she was about to make with her Creator—the act of obedience she was soon to render to his law—banished every thought of an earthly nature from her mind. Swiftly back through the centuries her thoughts sped and she pictured to her mind the scene on the banks of the Jordan, when pausing in the midst of his labor the prophet, looking toward the shore, beheld there Jesus for whose coming he had so long watched and waited; and seeing him, stretched forth his hand exclaiming, "Behold the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world!" Her reverie was broken by the clear tones of Mr. Browning's voice as he called the attention of the company, and then gave out the hymn commencing:

Salem's bright King, Jesus, by name,  
In ancient times to Jordan came,  
All righteousness to fill;  
'Twas there the ancient prophet stood,  
Whose name was John, a man of God,  
To do his Master's will.

Clear and sweet the music of many voices floated out on the gentle breeze, while the rustling leaves and the waves rippling against the mossy banks, kept time to the melody. There was a mellow haze in the atmosphere, and just that indescribable tinge of sadness which nature always mingles in the colors of earth and sky when the first breath of Autumn stirs in the air. When the hymn had been sung, with bared heads the congregation knelt in prayer. Not many dry eyes were

there as Elder Browning, in simple but eloquent language, implored the blessing of God and the attendant influence of the Holy Spirit upon the exercises of the hour; asking for those who were about to be buried with Christ in baptism, that they might indeed arise to walk with him in newness of life, being henceforth led by that other Comforter promised by Jesus, who should guide them into all truth; that they might be his witnesses in the world, living and truthful, fully prepared to testify unto all men, even as Job testified, "I know that my redeemer liveth." When the prayer was ended, Elder Browning, after having first carefully waded out into the stream until he reached a place of sufficient depth, returned, and taking Mary by the hand, led her out into the water. Standing there, with his hand uplifted to heaven, he repeated: "Mary, having received authority from the Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Amen." Then, placing his hand beneath her head he buried her in the yielding waters, which for a moment closed over her—fit emblem of Christ's death. Then raising her up and wiping the crystal drops from her face, he led her to the shore. Others followed in rapid succession, until some twenty had been baptized; then he dismissed them with the benediction.

An appointment had been announced for a social meeting at three o'clock, and, after a short intermission during which those who had been baptized improved the time by changing their wet garments for dry ones, they again assembled in the grove. Margery had joined her parents again, but when those who had been baptized were called forward to be confirmed, she took her place with the others in front of the stand. Her face was slightly pale, and her dark brown hair hung in damp curls about her temples. Her eyes were fixed upon the ground; but her heart ascended in silent prayer to God, asking in Jesus' name that if what she had done was accepted of him, he would by the power of his Spirit manifest that acceptance unto her, that she might know by the revelation of his Holy Spirit that Jesus was his Son and that his gospel is the power of God unto salvation. Nor did she offer the prayer only for herself, but prayed earnestly that each one

who had that day been obedient to the command of the Father might receive the witness for himself or herself. When Mr. Clark and Elder Browning advanced and laid their hands upon her head an indescribable feeling of peace enwrapped her; and when, after a short prayer of supplication for blessings to rest upon her, they added: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost, that it may abide with you and guide you into all truth," the tears coursed down her cheeks, and her frame was shaken as a bending flower in the evening breeze. "Lord, it is enough," was the voiceless response of her heart.

The ceremony of confirming the new members being ended, after Mr. Clark with others had offered prayer and borne their testimony, Margery arose. She was pale but calm; and after relating briefly the conflict she had endured in her own mind and the conclusion to which she had finally come, leading her to obedience, she testified to the witnessing power of the Holy Spirit, and said: "I can now say with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' then suddenly a spell fell upon the entire audience, for, raising her hand slowly, she turned toward where her father and mother were sitting, and addressed them in an unknown language for a brief space of time. Then quietly seating herself, she bowed her head upon her hands and seemed lost in prayer.

Margery Boyd was well known in the neighborhood, for she had been raised there, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. Possessing an untarnished character and an enviable reputation for integrity and veracity, it was not wonderful that this circumstance should cause a thrill to pass through the heart of the most careless; and when a child, a girl of some ten summers, the daughter of a man who had also been baptized, arose, and turning to Mr. Boyd, gave the interpretation of the tongue, every heart was held in suspense, and every eye fixed upon him. He was reminded of what he had said to Margery concerning the signs following the believer, and warned to lay aside his

evil heart of unbelief and obey the gospel, that God might have mercy upon his unbelief. Thoughts which had entered his heart, but which were known only to God and himself, were revealed, and every refuge behind which he had thought to shelter himself was swept away. He sat pale and motionless, like one summoned to answer at the bar of justice for an offense which he had thought known unto none living.

To others the gift of prophecy was given; and to such an extent was the Spirit poured out that the most doubting were constrained to admit, "We never saw it on this wise before."

It was late when the meeting broke up, and many who that morning had met with Elder Browning a stranger, parted from him in the evening as we part with those we love and can never forget. Among the number were Mr. and Mrs. Boyd; and they would fain have had him tarry with them, but his business at Kirtland was urgent and he could not remain.

Again Daniel and Margery found themselves alone, riding toward home through the shady wood where the low sinking sun fell occasionally across their path, and the squirrels held up their paws and chattered from between them as if they would remind them that they ought to hasten. Hasten they did not, for what to them was any earthly consideration now in the first hours of their avowed love of each other and adoption into the kingdom of God! Heart spoke to heart, and all their garnered fullness was lavishly poured out.

It is not our intention to intrude upon this first hour of heart's unhindered communion with heart; for it is an hour in which no guest is bidden, nor any made welcome; they are all-sufficient unto themselves, and envy the happiness of none upon earth. Suffice it therefore for us, kind reader, that before Daniel parted with Margery that night, he had obtained her father's consent to their union at an early day; but the fulness of their cup of earthly joy did not cause them to forget their zeal and gratitude.

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THE hardest useful labor is less exhausting, in the long run, than exciting pleasures, as most of their devotees in middle life confess. Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, self-control: its method is self-denial.

## SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

(See Frontispiece.)

The moon o'er the distant hill comes up  
 Like a bride for her lover arrayed;  
 The church roof gleams in her misty light,  
 By the cottage half hid in the shade.

What cares the wild bird who trills his notes,  
 Though the snow flakes flutter by,  
 He has left his mate in her sheltered nest,  
 While he sings the storm to defy.

Close by the wall in the pine tree's shade,  
 He shelters his bride to night.  
 Let the storm come down, his heart is gay,  
 Though the earth be robed in white.

He sings to the patron saint of love—  
 Immortal, unchanging, divine;  
 To the day enshrined in youthful hearts,  
 Sacred to Saint Valentine.

## Editor's Corner.

As we sit down to-day, pen in hand, to prepare this department of our magazine, first for the compositor and then for the press, the thought comes to us of how soon it will be flying abroad upon the wings of steam, hastening with a speed unslacking and unwearied, east, west, north and south, beyond the Atlantic, across the mighty Pacific to the many thousands watching for its coming with eager impatience. If ever we longed for the power to indite words which would be able to move the hearts of our brethren and sisters that time is now; for we feel that one great mistake of the past is about to be rectified—one grave wrong inflicted upon the Church of God for, lo! these many years, about to be righted—and we would call upon all those who love the Lord to rejoice with us because the Lord is surely remembering Zion, and the set time to favor her has come.

When God made choice of a people to be the repositories of his knowledge, of the oracles of the one living and true God, to them he gave commandment strict and binding in regard to the training of their children in his law and his statutes. The Rev. Dr. Trumbull, in a very

learned and exhaustive treatise upon the subject of Sunday Schools, brings forward a substantial array of creditable Jewish witnesses to establish the fact that the synagogue was erected for the purpose of carrying out this command of the Lord, and that it was in these buildings the Jewish children were instructed in the law. Let us, as Latter Day Israel, stop just here and consider the grave mistake we have made. Admitting the fact that God has testified to us the truth of the gospel of Christ as restored by the angel to Joseph Smith, does it not become our duty to train our children in this belief until such time as it shall please God to give them a knowledge for themselves? Was ancient Israel surrounded by any greater unbelief than modern Israel is? If the creeds of all the churches upon the earth are an abomination in God's sight (and he has said they are), does it not become necessary then that we save our children from learning to love and reverence that which is not acceptable to God? Now mark just where the great injustice to them comes in. Education broadens and enlightens the mind, moulds the character and carries with it the

subtle power of innate refinement, which is always attractive and winning to the young because—like light, sunshine and pure air—it is beautiful and health inspiring. Our children have breadth and depth of intellect, and we, sympathizing with their natural ambition and love of knowledge, not having schools of our own, send them to other schools to be instructed just at that period of life when they should be sent where the influence of the church was paramount to all other influences, and where education, refinement and scholarship should be held secondary when brought into comparison with the broadening height, length, depth and breadth of the restored gospel of the Son of God. It is high time, indeed, that the church awoke to her responsibility in this matter; that she realize the value of her "two leaved gates" which have been thrown open to the enemy; that she count up the noble sons and daughters lost to her forever because she did not realize the strength of her Gibraltar in which she should have sheltered them. Is it because our faith is faulty, because we are entrenched in ignorance, that our sons and daughters turn back to "broken cisterns which can hold no water?" If it be, then in heaven's name let us abandon it at once and forever; but if it be not, then let us make all the powers of heaven and earth subservient to its grandeur, and teach our little ones that not only do we not fear, but that we challenge investigation, and stand ready to give a reason for the hope which is within us.

On page 219 of Sunday School Compendium it will be seen that the early Christians established schools everywhere for the instruction of their children; and as early as 1840 a charter was obtained from the state of Illinois for the establishment of a school at Nauvoo. Troubles arising at that time, the school was not established, but the fact of its being provided for, shows that which was in the minds of those in authority at that time.

The strict observance of just this one point provided for in the law and economy of God, has made the Catholic Church the power in the world which it is to-day. The neglect of just this one point, for which God has made provision in his law, has lost to the cause of Christ and his truth a mighty army of soldiers as brave and intelligent as were ever disciplined for war under the blood-stained banner of King Emanuel. And now that the time for action has come, let the Saints of God awake, and let every shoulder be put to the wheel, and come up to the aid of this grand movement with one heart and mind; and before the close of the

year 1889, let the school be an accomplished fact.

Babylon, at the time of the captivity, was the capital city of the greatest kingdom on earth, and Nebuchadnezzar was the grandest monarch of the age. As a builder he has never been equalled, and as a conqueror he has had few peers. It was from a school in which the knowledge of God was taught, that there came the captive youths who, despising all the blandishments of royalty, all the pomp and display of this heathen king, dared fearlessly to refuse obedience to his royal behest, and to tell him that even if God did not deliver them they had no concern in answering him, for they would not bow down to his idols. Oh, for that influence to be felt in Zion, and to go forth into all her stakes and borders, when it shall be held a shame for Saints who testify to a knowledge of the truth of this latter day work, to so train their children that they know more of the vain amusements of the world than they do of the gospel of the Son of God! If to prefer a knowledge of the true God, and to place the desire of walking in his ways above all earthly considerations, be esteemed exclusiveness and bigotry, then let us bear the name, and teach our children that the knowledge of God is above all price and the friendship of the world is not a straw in the balance. To this teaching let us add the fact that God is the author of all human intelligence, and those who love him need not fear to study his work in nature; for true science is at all times the handmaid of religion, and God being the author of religion as of nature, his children have nothing to fear.

In this work the young are just as deeply interested as the old or middle aged, but it is to the heart of parents that the question comes: Will you help to establish a school in which your children, while being taught the elements of a thorough and comprehensive education, may also be surrounded by those who know of, and respect their religion, and where they may feel that they are not ostracised because they are Saints or the children of Saints, and where they may come in contact with the best disciplined minds of the age and yet discover that such minds esteem the crowning glory of that to which they have attained to be the knowledge which they possess of the truth of this latter day work? By the wisdom of man God will never be found, but has he not *commanded* those who have found him, to obtain knowledge from all good books?

A request was made that the Articles of Incorporation be published in *AUTUMN LEAVES*, but the committee informed us that it would not be

necessary, as our readers could be referred to the "Herald," where they have already appeared. We trust that every lover of Zion will make an effort to help in carrying out this enterprise. All money invested should be perfectly safe, and pay at least a fair per cent for its use. Can those who have money to invest do better than to put it at interest for a cause like this?

One word to the friends of AUTUMN LEAVES before we close. Have you sent in your name for the volume of 1889? If you have done this we thank you, and yet there is an additional work you can do for us; and if done by each one of you, how great would be the encouragement bestowed! Obtain for us just one name, if no more, in addition to your own, and it may be that by so doing you will have sown the seed in good ground, and receive your reward when the Master of the harvest appears.

#### AN AUTUMN LEAF.

BY THE SPIRIT.

This last dispensation of times  
Is given the Israel of God,  
To visit all countries and climes,  
Proclaiming the gospel abroad;  
And they that believe and repent,  
Baptized for remission of sin,

To such is the Comforter sent,  
Confirming their spirits within;

Inspiring many to know  
That Jesus is living again;  
To visions and blessings bestow,  
Thus cheering the children of men;  
With prophecy, tongues—as of old,  
Interpreting also the same;  
And miracles great to behold,  
Are done in his glorious name.

The power long promised is near  
When devils will tremble and flee;  
The deaf in the kingdom shall hear,  
The blind from obscurity see;  
Enabling the halt and the lame,  
The weak and the weary to run;  
All done in the glorified name  
Of Jesus, the Christ, and the Son.

We are indebted to Bro. Ralph G. Smith for the above. It was given through the gifts of tongues and interpretation, at a social meeting of the branch in Pittsburg. There is an influence of God's Spirit making itself felt and heard throughout the church, and Saints are listening to and obeying the call. There is a higher plane to be attained, and the blessing awaits those who reach for it.

#### A DEBT OF HONOR.

PART I.

A CRUMB TO A MOUSE.

IT was the wet forenoon of a January day, just two years ago, when the usual gang of idlers that hang about the ferry wharves were delighted at having the monotony of gazing out from under the dripping awnings broken by the singular movements of a couple of policemen. One of these well-fed guardians of the peace was on his knees beside a hole broken through the flooring of a neighboring dock, and engaged in angrily issuing evidently disregarded commands to some fugitive concealed beneath, while his fellow with equal profanity and perspiration, endeavored to pry up a loose board further along, for the purpose of also gaining access to the offender.

"What's up? What's the matter?" asked the bystanders crowding up, while

the passengers got off the just-landed ferry boat stopped to look on.

The policemen, however, ignored the inquiries leveled at them with all the haughtiness peculiar to the municipal official of the period. But when a bustling citizen, who was evidently a merchant and taxpayer, paused and said brusquely, "Hello, here, Mike! What are you after, Pat?" One of the blue-and-brass luminaries looked up and growled:

"Nothing but a wharf-rat, zur."

"Then why didn't you send in a dog if it's a rat?" resumed the merchant, innocently. But the contemptuous criticism of his ignorance about to be made by the officer was interrupted just then by the cries of the rodent in question, which appeared at the first mentioned aperture in consequence of a vigorous clubbing administered by one of the policemen, who had finally succeeded in removing the plank.

The captive thus secured was an indiscribably diminutive and preposterously dirty urchin with the blackest eyes and reddest head imaginable. As the policeman dragged him into the daylight by his threadbare collar, and perched him, trembling and whimpering, on a bale near at hand, a shout of appreciative gratification went up from the bystanders. Nothing tickles the risibles of your ordinary street crowd so much as a little genuine pain and suffering exhibited gratis.

Looking at the spectacle in this popular and kindly fashion there was indeed much cause for merriment. Nothing sadder or more pitiful could be imagined than that little hunger-pinched bare-footed, ragged figure, with its untimely aged and withered face, white with despair at the consummation of the one terrible dread of its owner's brief life—he had been “took up.”

“What's he done?” asked a severe-looking man, eagerly. Not been fighting dogs, eh?”

“The bye, is't,” responded one of the blue coated magnates, leisurely putting up his club. “Oh, he's only one of those wharf rats that lives beneath the wharves here, and stales from the projoose schooners o' nights.” We be runnin' thim all in now for vagrancy and ondacent exposure, by raison ov thim goin' in schwimin, ivery foive minutes widout their clothes. It's afther this devil we've been for a wake or more. It's no use thryin' to catch wan o' thim felleys in the wather. They schwim loike a fish, begorra, thim does, and they've more holes to schlip into than the eels themselves, so they have.”

“Ah!” said the severe-looking man, who was an officer of the S. P. C's., I was in hopes it was a case for me,” and he walked off much disappointed.

The wharf rat ceased his low terrified sniveling long enough to put in a plea that he was not a vagrant, but sold papers; that he only slept underneath the wharf because it didn't cost anything; that he didn't know it was any harm to go in swimming, and other excuses common to great criminals.

One of the officers strolled off to look up an express wagon to convey their captive to headquarters. This he did partly because he would involve a loss of dignity to convey so insignificant a prisoner through the streets, and partly because he

had a friend in the express office who was always good for a “divvy” on these little jobs. The other guardian majestically reposed after his exertions on a hawser post, after impressing upon the child that an immediate cessation of his blubbing would obviate the necessity of having his head caved in by a club.

Meanwhile several other passengers to and from the ferry loitered to gaze at the strong hand of the law in full operation and to ask the prisoner's offense. One of these was a sleek and benevolent minister of an up-town church, but as he was hurrying home to write a pathetic sermon on the text of the good Samaritan he had no time to waste upon latter day Phillistines and so he passed by on the other side.

Another was a great mining capitalist but it always made him angry to look at people that were poor and dirty and vulgar. He had been poor and dirty and vulgar himself once, and he now regarded all such attributes as direct personal reflections, so to speak. So he stepped frowningly into the fine carriage that was in waiting and rattled off.

The next citizen who stopped to look on was a political economist, who spoke three times a week on suffering Ireland and ameliorating the condition of the working masses. His soul sickened at the injustice of society, he used to say, and pausing long enough to make a shirt-cuff-note on the fearful increase of crime among children, he, too, went off shaking his head.

And then another millionaire chanced by. One of those continually haunted by a fear of being themselves left in poverty and want some day, despite their present wealth. And so this one clutched his purse tighter than ever, and gave way to a couple of giggling women, who were the next comers.

Does not some writer say that sweet charity and holy piety dwell always in woman's gentle breast? But these were San Francisco women of the period, and so they tittered with one breath: “What a horrible little brat!” and then minced on toward the matinee.

Meanwhile the brisk merchant first mentioned, walked rapidly up Market street, like a man every moment of whose time meant coin. But when he had proceeded about three squares, his pace, for

some reason, seemed to grow slower and slower, and from time to time he jerked his head impatiently and said "Pshaw!" indignantly to himself, as though he was engaged in combating some unwelcome mental impulse that persisted in presenting itself to his consideration.

The fact was, this brusque, imperative man of trade was troubled with a most uncommon and annoying affection of the heart, called humanity. It was so unnatural and singular a disease for a grown man to possess nowadays, that the merchant was very properly ashamed of it; not only that, but it seemed this was an hereditary affection that persevered in making itself felt, and impelling its possessor to do all sorts of inconsistent things in the most absurd manner possible. Left to himself the merchant was wealthy, respectable, a man of influence, and a church member. In fact, he possessed all the necessary qualifications for being selfish, uncharitable, self-centered and inhuman, and it irritated him to the last degree. Just when he was about, for instance, to imitate his wealthy neighbors and evade subscribing to some charity or perpetrating any other kind action, to have this little inborn imp of humanity actually torment him into doing the very thing his worldly training taught him most to avoid.

He had noticed, too, that this disease—though it is not an epidemic, the reader will understand—always affected him most when most happy and contented himself, and as he was in a more than usual serene mood just then, he was annoyed but not surprised to hear a familiar little voice in his breast say, and keep saying:

"Remember the loving little child you kissed when you left home just now. Suppose it were sitting there instead of that wretched little waif, crushed and despairing. Come, stop thinking of how your neighbor Jones would act, but go back and see if you can do a little something for the boy."

As we have said, he fought against this ridiculous impulse for a time, but it ended in his turning at last and retracing his steps with that sort of half-injured, half-shamefaced expression men put on when they set about a good action, for some as yet unsolved reason.

"What's your name?" he gruffly asked

of the child, who by this time had been pitched upon the seat of the wagon, which was about ready to start.

"Snub," replied the young hoodlum, eyeing his interrogator a moment in a sort of despairing stupor. The house of correction for six months, which he knew was the fate that awaited him, was more, much more, to his kind than the mere disgrace and punishment. It meant in addition just what bankruptcy and ruin does to the business man. Long before his release the particular street corner on which he sold his papers, and the sole and equitable right to occupy which he had defended from his fellow merchants at the expense of many a gamely fought battle and bloody nose, would be gone forever.

"Snub what?" said the merchant.

"Walker, or suthin' like that," replied the grimy midget, after a moment of attempted recollection. "The boys call me only 'Snub,' that's all."

"Why?"

He shook his head in answer, although the shape of his infinitesimal nose supplied the necessary information.

"Where's your mother?"

"Gone dead."

"When?"

"Dunno—long time—'fore dad run away."

"Away where?"

"Ter sea."

"And so you shift for yourseff and sell papers? Hum. Why do they call you a wharf rat?"

"Dunno. I ain't no rat," said the red headed pigmy, explanatorily, and somewhat warmed into a show of interest by the more kindly voice of the stranger.

"Well, no; you are hardly big enough for a rat," laughed the other. "You're more like a mouse, and so I'll give you a crumb."

And as just then the wagon started, the merchant stepped into a cab and told the driver to hasten to the City Hall, and be quick about it, as he was missing an engagement at the Merchants' Exchange. As for "Snub," he watched the queer gentleman out of sight with a kind of apathetic curiosity. The rat had been so inured to "chaffing" the other branches of popular street amusement, and so used to ridicule on account of his puny frame and bristly red hair, that it did not surprise

him to see this gentleman go off, like every one else, in spite of his steady eyes and clear voice. For "Snub" didn't clearly remember to have ever heard a kind voice before, in the whole course of his brief career. He was still musing over the novelty when the wagon turned down into Merchant street, and the shadow of the jail again fell over his benumbed little soul.

But the man with the kind voice was there before him, chatting affably with the Captain in charge.

"How much will the malefactor's forfeit bail come to?" he asked, as the exposure charge was booked.

"Ten dollars," said the clerk, with a grin.

If an angel from heaven had risen out of the floor to slow music and offered "Snub" a whole pot-pie at once, after two days' fasting from bad business, as he had dreamed one did, he would not have been more astonished than he was then to behold the stranger take out a huge handful of dazzling gold and toss down a shining ten.

"There, Mr. Mouse," he said; there is your crumb. Your bathing bill is settled."

"Does yer mean I kin go now, mister?" gasped the prisoner, for a moment too stunned to grasp the fact.

"Yes," said the gentleman, and then, winking at the clerk, he continued: "But, you know, I only lend you this money. I expect you to pay it back in a year, you understand."

But, even while they were all laughing heartily at so rich a joke, the wharf rat raised his little clenched paw and said, with an earnestness that even made the callous specials look around:

"I'll do it, sir; indeed I will—I hope I may be struck dead if I don't!"

"Well, ahem! see that you do," said his benefactor, with assumed gravity, "or I shall think you not a mouse of your word."

"I hope I may be struck dead!" repeated the pigmy solemnly, so solemnly, indeed, that the merchant felt, he couldn't say why, a sort of lump rise in his throat, as he searched his pocket for a supplemental four-bit piece.

"No," said the small dealer declining this last firmly, "I have forty cents—that's enough fur the papers;" and, hurriedly

glancing at the clock, which showed the hour for the afternoon issues had arrived, he was gone like a flash, for to be late then meant the total risk of his small capital, and a meal or two skipped until the loss was made up.

## PART II.

### SIXTY CENTS WORTH.

I wonder how many passengers on the Oakland ferry ever speculate seriously on what they would do—in fact, on what would happen—should they fall overboard on the trip.

If such gloomy calculations filled their minds, and, impelled by them, the passenger strolled forward or aft on the main deck to inspect the life-boats, he would not need to possess a very intimate knowledge of nautical affairs to be ominously impressed by what he would see.

Of course, we all know that general law requires each steamboat, in addition to other life saving facilities, to provide a number of life-boats in proportion to the steamer's capacity. These are, in the language of the specifications relating thereto, "to be slung on the main deck, kept in constant working order, ready for instant use, and the deck hands familiarized with the working of the same by weekly drills."

The inquiring passengers referred to would notice, we repeat, that on the ferry lines referred to the regulations are practically ignored. The boats, he would perceive, are slung on Davits, stout by rust; the lowering tackle solidified into iron-like rigidity by the use of paint; the life boats themselves covered by an elaborately-fastened hood, and the oars fastened in a sort of rack, and the whole apparatus tied, strapped and encumbered in a manner perplexing to the most ready-fingered sailor, much less to the chuckle-headed, slow-moving deckhand of the period.

A very impartial little calculation would show the astonished passenger in question that should he fall overboard, or jump over and then repent him of the act, as most suicides do, it would be at least fifteen minutes, in all probability, before he could be reached. Adding this cheerful result to the fact, substantially proved, that not more than four persons out of a thousand, including swimmers, can keep afloat for ten minutes in smooth water



with their clothes on, the passengers would doubtless conclude by keeping as far away from the side railing as possible, and even read the next published account of "A Determined Suicide" on the ferry line with as much skepticism as interest.

And yet our steamboat inspectors do not look as if a few hundred indirect murders weighed very heavily on their possible minds, somehow.

It was December again, and, lacking a few days, a year had slipped by since the lion had reversed the fable by gnawing the net for the mouse to escape. That morning the merchant, who, for some inscrutable reason, resided in that corporate cemetery known as Oakland, had fired the imagination of his little daughter by reading at the breakfast table the inspiring news that two baby tigers had just been born at Woodward's gardens. As a necessary sequence he had finally yielded to the mandate of the domestic despot that she should be conveyed forthwith to that realm of juvenile delight. So papa, mamma and the golden-haired midget in fatherly lead took an early boat for the city—the grown folks gravely pretending, for some ridiculous reason peculiar to grown folks everywhere, that they did not themselves care to look at the animals, but that it wouldn't do to trust the nurse, altogether, in such a place.

As the ferry-boat neared the wharf on the city side, the mother was in the cabin engaged in the discussion of nursery mysteries with some neighboring matron, while the merchant, who had descended to the lower deck with the child, was head over ears in a political disquisition regarding the new cabinet. Little Lillie, at length getting tired of hanging to the unresponsive big forefinger of her father's hand, trotted off unnoticed to the side of the boat to peer timidly from beneath the gangway rail at the great, tall poles that were sweeping close past as the boat entered the slip. They reminded her of so many soldiers on parade.

As the steamer's bow crunched against the piles with a more than usually violent unordinary jar, a sudden inarticulate shout of terror rose from the passengers. The little bundle of chubby prettiness had tottered and disappeared over the side.

"My God!" shrieked the paralyzed father, as the crowding of the boat against the ship shut the drowning child from

sight and rendered help impossible; "she will be crushed under the wheel."

"Back! back!" shouted the passengers to the pilot, and, while the frantic screams of the hysterical mother chilled their hearts, and a dozen kindly hands restrained the insane father from aimlessly leaping from the opposite side, the engine bells jingling furiously, and the huge mass halted and then began slowly to move outward again.

Hoping against hope, the coolest of the passengers crowded to the rail with boat hooks, until after what seemed an eternity of time to the white, watching faces above, a narrow streak of water was revealed, which grew wider and wider.

"Well I'm ——!" said one of the dockhands, who was peering under the side, "if a wharf rat hasn't got it."

But the shudder caused by this strange remark was unnecessary, for presently the eager eyes above beheld swimming below them a creature whose close-cropped head and bead-like eyes sufficiently resembled a rat's, but which in reality belonged to an under-sized boy swimmer, a master of the art withal.

Floating behind him with its fair head upturned and resting upon the wiry little shoulders that struck out so manfully through the churning water was the merchant's little daughter. Towing the insensible infant by means of her long sunny curls passed over his shoulders, and gripped firmly in his mouth, the boy struggled on the nearest pile, to which he finally clung like the small, amphibious animal he really was.

A boat-hook twisted in the garments of the girl soon relieved him of his charge, which was placed in the trembling arms of its mother, whose heaven-raised eyes told plainly that she felt the baby's heart still beating against her own.

As they lowered the hooks again to draw up the almost equally exhausted rescuer the men noticed that the drops that fell back from his clothes made a red stain on the water. As they lifted him gently over the edge of the wharf and laid him down on his back, a terrible wound, extending around his side and cutting clear through two of his ribs, was exposed.

"Stand back!" said one of the men to the crowding bystanders. "He's all broke up. Must have dived under the wheel for her."

The lookers on drew back aghast from the puny wet form lying there on the slowly-expanding carpet of red blood which throbbled from his mangled side.

In the awe-struck silence the low sobbing of the reviving baby near by was heard, at which sound the wounded boy slowly opened his eyes and smiled faintly.

"Where is he?" said a strong voice, shaken by emotion, and the merchant pushed his way through the ring and knelt tenderly by the pitiful little figure.

"God bless you, my little man, What can I do for you?" and then in a shocked tone, he added, "Why, he is wounded. Some one fetch a doctor at once!"

"Taint no use," whispered the boy faintly; and then beckoning to the merchant to bend closer, he said in irregular gasps, "Does yer savey the mouse?"

The merchant looked perplexed.

"Yer don't know me, but I know'd you and the little gal too, as soon as I seed her drop. I'm the boy what was tooked up."

"Yes, yes, I remember; but you mustn't talk until the doctor comes, my poor fellow."

"Taint no use, I'm goin'," said the small mouth. "Here, take that out and count it," and he indicated a lump that protruded from a pocket in his wet clothes. The merchant gently withdrew a rag in which was rolled a lot of silver.

"Count it," persisted the lad, earnestly. The man wonderingly obeyed, and then said there were just \$9.40 in the bundle.

"I said I'd pay you back this year," said the boy in a fainter whisper and with a disregard of his terrible pain that was marvelous; "but I can't now; I'm a-goin', and I'm sixty cents short!"

And he said this with so earnest a look of distress and shame at his failure that through the mind of his wet-eyed creditor involuntarily passed a thought of the petty privations, the ceaseless little acts of self-denial, the half-fed days and shivering nights that were expressed by each of the battered dimes and hoarded nickels of the slowly-acquired sum he held in his hand.

"Never mind the money," said the father in a choking voice; "my baby is worth all the money in the world to me, and you have saved her life." As he spoke a sudden thought dimly brightened the eyes of the battered little tradesman. Accustomed as he was from his earliest moments to fight the desperate battle of existence with his hunger-sharpened faculties on the alert for every advantage to get in his pigmy bargains, he asked:

"Is gals worth anything?"

It was evident that saving another life, or losing his own, was a small matter beside his anxiety to pay the debt of honor that weighed upon him. He asked the question incredulously, though. The few girls of Snub's acquaintance were wretchedly ineffectual creatures, unable to compete in the paper trade, and proportionately worthless and insignificant.

"Yes, yes; mine is worth ever so much," said the parent gently, and hardly knowing how to frame his answer to the odd question.

"Sixty cents?" persisted Snub.

"Oh! yes—much, much more—but——"

"Then," whispered the child, with an effort, but still triumphantly, "we're square. I said I'd do it—and I have!" and his eyes closed.

"Can't I do something for you, my poor little hero?" said the merchant through his tears, for the just-arrived physician had turned away, shaking his head. "Do you wish for nothing?"

The little black eyes opened dully a moment, pondered and then closed again.

"I should like skinny Smith to have my corner." The murmur came faintly and far off. And then, having made his brief will, he choked, and as the blood oozed thinly from her little drawn mouth he whispered one word more:

"Square!"

"It's beginning to rain," said one of the bystanders, in a husky voice. "Let us carry the little chap home."

But the wharf rat had gone home already.

—San Francisco Post.

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TREAT every girl as you would like every boy to treat your sister. Learn to be gentle towards others and to give protection to those weaker than yourself. If every boy treated his girl friends as he would like other boys to treat his sister there would be a better state of society when they are all grown up.

Good resolutions, like a crying baby at church, should be carried out.

## PENCILINGS BY AN AUSTRALIAN.

BY IOTA.

PERHAPS a short description of the Sandwich Islands, or rather Hawaii, one of the principal islands of that group, might be of interest to the readers of "Autumn Leaves." The Sandwich Islands are a group of fertile isles lying about two thousand miles to the south-west of San Francisco, and are passed regularly by the mail steamers plying between the United States and Australia. Hawaii, as we before said, is the principal island, and its capital is Honolulu.

We are now about thirty-five miles off the coast of this island steaming along in the good ship "Alameda." She is dashing the waves aside, and it seems to me as I look over the side, laughing them to scorn, much as a tempest scorns a chain. Nearer and nearer we approach. The passengers are all standing on the snow-white deck anxiously peering into the distance towards land, straining their eyes to see who shall first discover land. Others are bringing their glasses into play for the same purpose. The first object that shows a trace of civilization is a huge buoy, which marks out a sunken rock or shoal, about six miles from land. The next moment the spell is broken by the exclamation bursting forth, "a boat yonder." All eyes are turned in the direction pointed to, and a boat is plainly seen putting out from the shore. As she comes closer to us we discern that she is manned with about twelve skilful rowers. A large coil of rope (after being fastened securely by one end to the vessel) is thrown over the ship's side. Soon the oars of the boat are shipped, and by aid of a ladder the pilot comes on board. Directing my attention to the boat I found that she was manned by the natives of the island we are now approaching. These appeared to be of a brave and intellectual race, of pleasant countenance and seemingly strong muscles.

On observing the smoothness of the water, I found that we were now steaming at half speed up the narrow channel of Honolulu harbor. On each side are large shoals, which are buoyed, to guard the mariner on his course. I also saw that at the back of each buoy was attached a stake, and was informed by an old resi-

dent of the island that on each of these stakes, during the night, a lamp is fastened; so therefore it must present a pleasant scene to the new comer on a calm night, as at every hundred yards or so, for about a mile at sea, can be seen a tiny light just peeping above the wave. I thought that a second Venice had sprung into existence.

We have now reached the wharf of Spreckles & Coy, sugar merchants, of San Francisco. It is thronged with occupants, mostly natives; now and then a white can be seen, giving the scene quite a pie-bald appearance. The back part of the wharf is strewn with large bunches of bananas tied up in sacks prepared from the refuse of the banana tree. Close at hand stand a large number of mules waiting to get their burdens removed. To get the ship alongside occupied about fifteen minutes, during which crowds have assembled on the wharf, and are anxious to place their feet on board ship; but are not more anxious than we are to stand once more on good old terra firma. I witnessed some folk receiving a cordial welcome back to their dear old homes and friends of their youth, while I stood as if I were deserted by all kith and kin. Then I looked back and thought of the "sweet auburn" across the briny sea, and it was hard to suppress the tears that were rising in my eyes. I prevailed at last, by turning my thoughts from that subject, and engaging them with the surrounding curiosities of the rising town of Honolulu. We now prepared to go ashore. Possibly you might wonder why I say "we." I had three companions traveling with me, returning to their native land, while mine, long ere this had receded from sight. So it was not Honolulu that they were thinking of while strolling along, but

The land of childhood and of friends,  
Where they had found for all their grief  
amends.

But even they, as they strolled along the unfrequented streets, deeply wrapt in meditation and thought, could not help observing and enjoying the beautiful scenery of the island. Some of the trees were most marvellous in their structure; standing there, as it were, monarchs of the

isolated parts of the town, clothed in leaves of a shape to make the observer wonder while he admired. At first sight it seemed to me that some mechanic had formed the trees and set them up in the streets and by-ways and painted them of a rich dark green only peculiar to the forest tree. But going still closer, and examining them carefully, the eye detects something more than man's hand can bestow. Here stands the tree, every part working in harmony, each one with the other. The limbs have that shape about them that only nature can bestow. The shades of the leaves are so exact, blending in with the fibres, far surpassing any oil painting, no matter how accomplished the painter. I have seen trees on which I thought nature had only tried her apprenticed hand, but these seem as if nature had gained perfection and here displayed it.

Leaving the trees and pursuing our onward course, the next object of interest is the palace of the native king, standing in about the center of the city. It is a large building and very artistically built, having a tower reaching high above the surrounding structures. The grounds of the palace are enclosed by a large stone wall about four feet high, not ornamental but constructed of plain sandstone.

We are now by the house of Parliament. The grounds around it are simply beautiful, each tropical tree displaying its own peculiar luxuriance. Close at hand stands a large clump of tamarind and sycamore trees, whose cooling shade forms a grateful shelter from the burning rays of the noonday sun. While standing under this clump of trees I recalled the lines of Bishop Heber:

"And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold;  
The emerald was gleaming in purple and gold."

These might well have been descriptive of the spot on which we stood. Here we refreshed ourselves with fruit from the tamarind trees; and as some of our young friends may not know what this fruit is like, will say: The Tamarind is a pod-bearing tree, and the pod encloses a rich tart fruit, very agreeable to the palate, especially in these tropical regions. Returning to our vessel we arrived on board just in time for evening's dinner.

Having heard prior to this that the hill scenery surpassed what we had already

seen in magnificence and grandeur, I did not rest much that night, but was up at day-dawn; and directing my steps to the nearest livery stable in town procured a saddle-hack and proceeded towards the road that led travellers out to the hills. Riding along we passed quaint little cottages built by the road-side; but silence reigned, for the cottagers had not yet risen to resume their daily toil. The monotony was only broken by the shrill clarions of the poultry in neighboring yards or the gushing of water flowing from some artesian wells near at hand. Very little husbandry is carried on about the town of Honolulu. There are a few orchards, but principally comprising coconuts and other fruits indigenous to the soil of the islands. Casting my eyes along the beaten path, I discover a group of mountains in the distance; and so I start my horse into a sharp lope, wishing to get there in time to have a good view of the place, for our ship leaves at ten a. m.

I am now in the midst of some of the finest scenery on the globe. Here, close at hand, is a thick undergrowth of brushwood under which a small streamlet is brawling and bubbling along to reach the mighty sea. A few paces along stands a larger cluster of native forest trees towering towards the sky in conical shapes, with beautiful vines twining up the stems, their tiny tendrils clasping firmly to the sturdy boughs. These are in full bloom, the flowers are a pretty blue in color, bell-shaped and very fragrant—so fragrant that the air is laden with their perfume. Here, too, flit birds of beautiful plumage, with colors that would even rival those of the rainbow, sending forth their joyous notes and making everything seem as merry as the pealing tones of marriage bells.

Having remained in this vale for the space of two hours, I directed my steps toward the ship again. I feel that I have done scant justice indeed to one of nature's most beautiful retreats; and I would advise any tourist having the opportunity, whose eyes may fall upon these lines, not to fail to visit Honolulu, if he likes beautiful scenery, for there he can obtain it in mountain and valley, woodland and plain, and in as fair fields as ever the eye of man rested upon. Before leaving, the "Native Band" favored us with a serenade, play-

ing a great variety of tunes, some lively and some patriotic, while there were a few pathetic. Presently there is a general business of shaking hands, and many are the joyous faces on board, all buoyed up with the hopes of reaching ere long the fair land of America.

We have now let go the huge hawser that binds us to the shore, and are steaming down the harbor quite merrily and

will soon be rocked in the great cradle of the mighty deep. There was now nothing to break the monotony save the expectation that we will reach in a day or two the smiling clime of California; and we were not disappointed.

I will here leave you, and if I have given you any information, or interested you any with my short stay in Honolulu, I shall be highly satisfied.

GOSPEL SWAMP, Santa Ana, Cal.

## CORSETS.

IN one of the back numbers of "Autumn Leaves" we read a piece with the at once noticeable title, "The humped up sex." Most undoubtedly there is a great deal of truth in the assertions made; although we can see they were written in rather a jocular frame of mind. But while this great protuberance which is talked about does not affect the general health of the one burdened with it, let us see what corset wearing does. To my mind this is a subject which demands strict attention; for, although only eighteen years of age, I can clearly see why there are so many girls and women whose cheeks are pale and whose faded lips have lost every suggestion of health and freshness. In the first place, I think a very definite cause for this decay may be assigned to a style of dressing which forbids expansion of the waist, so that most women are no larger at thirty than they are at fifteen. They have grown everywhere else except there, where they most need to grow. Other portions of the body are guarded by bones which resist pressure. The waist is left unprotected, simply that it may have freer opportunity for expansion than any other part of the human frame. The corsets are drawn to compress the form into any fashionable figure which happens to be raging, and sometimes are drawn so that they reduce to the smallest possible dimensions the space which the Creator has arranged for the performance of the vital offices upon which all healthful human existence depends. The stomach is compressed against

the spine so that it can not properly digest food; the constant expansion and motion which it should have with every breath is interrupted; the appetite is thereby ruined; the lungs are cramped into the upper portion of the chest instead of allowing them to expand downward, which is natural. In fact every organ is crowded out of its place by the compression of the waist, causing endless miseries, and ailments too numerous for present mention.

This whole procedure is an outrage upon all the principles of health, righteousness and religion. The bodies which God himself fashioned after heavenly models are destroyed and debased. It is another case like that of educated ministry, as though God was not abundantly able to justify his own servants for their work.

Some of you may say, "Well, I never have my corsets tight; but I am sure I could never go without them." Your corsets may never be tight; but while you are speaking you commit yourself, my dear sister. Why could you not go without them? Simply because you have worn and allowed them to support you so long that the organs which should have been constantly active have not been called upon to work, consequently, in their dormant state will not come immediately to your rescue.

Dear Sisters, discard your corsets, and show appreciation for the form which God gave you

L.

# \* R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . \*

EDITED BY SALOME.

## LADIES KNITTED LEGGINGS.

(With gore in the knee).

Three skeins and a half of Germantown yarn; coarse steel needles. Cast up 72 stitches, knit 2 and seam 2 to the depth of three and a half inches. Then knit one round plain, bring the yarn forward and seam once round; these two rounds make one purl; repeat until you have 18 purls; next round knit 12, bind off 20, knit 8, bind off 20, knit 12; this is the middle of the back; break off the yarn. Join on and knit the 8, pick up one st. of the 20 that are bound off; turn, knit back, taking up one st. at end; continue knitting back and forth, taking up one st. at end each time across, until they are all knit. Then knit 30 purls all round, one row plain, and one row seam, (one purl) narrowing each side of the middle of the leg on the back 6 times, or once in every five purls. You now have 60 stitches. Make a ribbing of 60 rows, by knitting 2 and purling 2. Take half the stitches on one needle for the heel, knit 2 and purl 2, 2 and a half inches; take up the stitches (12) alongside of the heel for instep gore. knit across the front 2 plain and 2 seam, take up the 12 stitches on side of heel—leave the heel—seam back, (so as to have the gore plain on right side) knit the front ribbed, seam the gore, turn, \*knit the gore, narrow 2 last stitches on the gore, knit the front, slip and bind first 2 stitches on gore, knit the rest, turn, seam back as before. knit the front, seam the gore; repeat from star, until all the stitches are narrowed off the gore. Then knit the front (ribbed) about two inches. On the wrong side seam the plain stitches and knit the seam stitches. Take up the stitches on side of front, on the gore, and all round the foot: \*knit once round plain, then seam once round. Repeat from star twice, then bind off on the right side. Sew on a leather strap to pass under the foot. In knitting the three purl round the foot, take up the stitches on four needles, knit with a fifth. Of course you use four needles in knitting the leggings. For a child, cast up sixty stitches

LIZZIE B.

## HOW TO DO STAMPING.

You should always use the parchment paper patterns. Get the white zinc in tubes and thin with boiled linseed oil; select that which is of a light color and clear. Add enough to the zinc to make it the consistency of rich cream and it is ready for use. Cover your table with a sheet folded several times, and the goods you wish to stamp right side up over it, being careful to smooth all the wrinkles out. Lay the pattern on and put some heavy weight on to keep it in place. Spread the zinc with a smooth, flexible table knife, being careful to spread over all the lines. You can lift one corner and see if all the lines are marked. You can stamp one piece after another by using a very little more paint. Immediately after using wash your pattern. Place some old cloth under it and pour gasoline over it, wipe with a soft cloth, hold between yourself and the light and see that all the perforations are clear. Press the cloth gently to the rough side of the pattern to clean it, as rubbing wears it out.

Have a frame made of pine. Buy lincrusta walton border in a bold design of the same width as the frame; trim the selvedge edges and have ready a bottle of

glue. Now cut the four sides of the frame out of the lincrusta walton to exactly correspond to the four sides of the pine frame. This must be done with a great deal of care. Use a sharp, large-bladed pocket knife; it is better than a pair of shears. Now cover one side of the frame sparingly with a coating of thin glue, and immediately put the side of lincrusta walton in place, securing it with slender tacks driven just far enough into the wood to hold until the glue is dry. Treat the other side and the ends in like manner, and be sure to tack closely at the corners where the pieces join, varnish the surface with any clear varnish and let it remain over night to dry. Now for finishing I will describe three styles, white and gold first.

Paint over the entire surface with white lead, and allow time to dry. You can thin the lead with varnish and turpentine instead of oil. When this surface is dry, take an old bowl you do not care to use again and stir in it until smooth, equal parts of Plaster of Paris and whitening, and thin it with water until it is like syrup. Then, with a large clean bristle brush go all over the white, quickly, as the Plaster of Paris usually sets before you want it to. This forms a beautiful smooth white surface, which you can make still more beautiful by taking the best quality of gold paint and painting either the raised or the depressed portions of the frame.

For bronze finish,—after making and varnishing the frame, paint it with lamp-black and shellac varnish. When this surface is thoroughly dry, take a bristle brush, and dipping it lightly in bronze powder, which has been mixed with a medium composed of one part turpentine to two parts balsam of fir, drag it all over the frame. The projecting part of the frame will catch the bronze to some extent. Now mix the bronze powder with some gold paint, and go over and thoroughly paint the portions of the design that are thrown up highest from the back ground.

To make antique silver, proceed in the same way, using silver instead of bronze.

## A GEOGRAPHY GAME.

This game has for a foundation some directions found in an old school paper years ago. Each person is to be prepared with pencil and paper. I allow a certain time, say five minutes, for writing all the geographical names beginning with a certain letter which I name after all directions are given. At the end of the time, the one who has the largest number of names tallies ten.

One pupil is called on to read his list. As he names each, those who do not have it raise hands. If no other has the word, if he can tell of what it is the name and where it is, he tallies a number equal to all in the game excepting himself. Otherwise each of the others tallies one.

After his list is finished, others are called upon, until all names are read. Then tally marks are compared and the winner announced.

It is not expected that a name will be used more than once on a paper, even though, like Minnesota, it be the name of a state and a river.

Other conditions might be added; as, if a person speak too low or indistinctly, let each of the others tally one: or, if a name be repeated after having been read by one person, or if it be not the name of a natural or political division.—*Sel.*





ELDER GLAUD RODGER.

(See page 134.)



# AUTUMN LEAVES

Vol. II.

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No. 3.

## CAMPING IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

BY LULIE E. MORRISON.

**B**IDDING good-bye to friends on June fifth, we boarded the five o'clock train for Stockton, and after a pleasant ride of three hours, arrived at our destination. Seeking comfortable quarters at the "Commercial," we soon retired, to gain the much needed rest for the long trip before us. We arose early, and after a hearty breakfast sought a grocery store, where we left an order for a long list of articles to be put up, while we went for the team that had been engaged and put in readiness for us. It was a commodious light wagon, with oil cloth cover, and seats for four, which was our number. Driving to the grocery and thence to the depot for our baggage, we were soon "all set" for the Big Trees—our first objective point.

It was a delightful day, and the roads perfect; we lunched at noon by the roadside. There is a feeling of jovial good humor that steals insensibly over the spirit when the secluded residents of cities leave all the cares of a daily routine of duties behind. The novelty of fresh scenes forms new sources of enjoyment, and the prospect before us of witnessing many of the most wonderful sights to be found in any country, either in the old or new world.

After an hour's rest the horses are refreshed, so again we start, and passing over a rolling country that is for the most part treeless, we arrive at Milton, thirty miles from Stockton; and half a mile beyond is where we seek a place to camp. We hardly knew what to do first, as there seemed so much to be done; and many of the things we wanted first were stowed away down at the very bottom; consequently every thing had to be unpacked,

and a general overhauling ensued. However, we all went to work cheerfully and soon had our tents up; and with a good camp fire burning, soon had supper ready. Although we retired early, I do not think any of us slept much. Camping out was to some of our party entirely new, and the magpie and other birds that nested in the trees over us kept up a chattering way into the night, seemingly inconsolable at our advent in their midst.

Arising early, breakfast over, we pulled up stakes, folded our tents, and were soon leaving the gravelly hills and entering upon a graded road up a deep ravine, where shrubs and trees begin to add an interest to the landscape. At the top of the hill we reach the Reservoir House, (so named from a large reservoir near, built for mining purposes). Here are seen the first pine trees. Beyond this for many miles the country is gently undulating. Leaving the Copperopolis road, we make our first steep climb up a fairly sized mountain. When at the summit, the first cotton-tail is killed; and we are anxious now for a suitable place for refreshing the inner man. Descending, we arrive at a small farm house, and close by a stream build our fire, and soon have the rabbit stew boiling briskly, to which, when done, we do ample justice. Our horses seem quite weary, so we do not make many more miles, but seek an early camp in a delightful little valley.

After a refreshing sleep we make an early start, and two and a half miles finds us at Altaville, a sprightly little mining camp in a gold mining district; and we cross flumes and ditches filled with water made muddy by washing out the precious metal, and where can be witnessed the

*modus operandi* of gold mining. Still our course is upward as well as onward, until we are near two thousand feet above sea level, and at the mining village of Murphy's. Now, although the gold mines here have been among the richest, Murphy's was but little known beyond its more immediate surroundings until the discovery of the Big Tree Groves of Calaveras, (the first of this species ever discovered), and more recently the adjacent remarkable cave.

How and when the Big Trees of Calaveras were first discovered was on this wise. In the spring of 1852, Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter, was employed by the Union Water Company, of Murphy's, to supply the workmen engaged in the construction of their canal with fresh meat from the large quantities of game running wild on the upper portion of their works. While engaged in this calling, having wounded a grizzly bear, and while industriously pursuing him, he suddenly came upon one of those immense trees that have since become so justly celebrated throughout all the civilized world. All thoughts of hunting were absorbed and lost in the wonder and surprise inspired by the scene. "Surely," he mused, "this must be some delusive dream." But the great realities indubitably confronting him were convincing proof, beyond question, that they were no mere fanciful creations of his imagination.

Returning to camp he there related the wonders he had seen, when his companions laughed at him, and even questioned his veracity, which previously they had considered to be in every way reliable. He affirmed his statements to be true; but they still thought it "too big a story" to believe, supposing that he was trying to perpetrate upon them some first of April joke. For a day or two he allowed the matter to rest, submitting with chuckling satisfaction to their occasional jocular allusions to "this big tree yarn;" but he continued hunting as formerly.

On the Sunday morning ensuing he went out early as usual; but soon returned in haste, apparently excited by some great event, when he exclaimed: "Boys; I have killed the largest grizzly bear that I ever saw in my life. While I am getting a little something to eat, you make every preparation for bringing him in. All had better get that can possibly be

spared, as their assistance will certainly be needed." As the big tree story was now almost forgotten, or by common consent laid aside as a subject of conversation; and, moreover, as Sunday was a leisure day, and one that generally hangs the heaviest of the seven on those who are shut out from social or religious intercourse with friends, as many Californians unfortunately were and still are, the tidings were gladly welcomed, especially as the proposition was suggestive of a day's intense excitement.

Nothing loth, they were soon ready for the start. The camp was almost deserted. On they hurried, with Dowd as their guide, through thickets and pine groves; crossing ridges and canyons, flats and ravines, each relating in turn the adventures experienced or heard of from others, with grizzly bears and other formidable tenants of the mountains, until their leader came to a halt at the foot of the immense tree he had seen, and to them had represented the approximate size. Pointing to its extraordinary diameter and lofty height he exultingly exclaimed: "Now, boys, do you believe my big tree story? That is the large grizzly I wanted you to see. Do you now think it a yarn?" By this ruse of their leader all doubt was changed into certainty, and unbelief into amazement, as, speechless with profound awe, their admiring gaze was riveted upon those forest giants.

But a short season was allowed to elapse before the trumpet tongued press proclaimed abroad the wonder; and the intelligent and devout worshipers in nature and science flocked to the Big Tree Groves of California for the purpose of seeing for themselves the astounding marvels about which they had heard so much.

Leaving the mining village of Murphy's behind, we pass through an avenue of trees, and about half a mile from town enter a narrow canyon up which we travel, now upon this side of the stream and now on that, as the hills proved favorable or otherwise for the construction of the road. Continuing the ascent for a few miles our course becomes more undulating and gradual, and for the most part on the top or gently sloping sides of a dividing ridge; often through dense forests of tall, magnificent pines that are from one hundred to over two hundred feet in height, slender, and straight as an arrow,—until

we arrive at the Cold Spring House. We are thankful to find a suitable place to camp, for although we have only made eighteen miles, yet our horses, being unused to mountain roads, are completely tired out.

Awakening next morning we find the air decidedly chilly; but plenty of exercise preparatory to starting, together with the eagerness of feasting our eyes upon the greatest of botanical wonders, keeps us warm. Still upwards our course lies until the deepening shadows of the densely timbered forest through which we are passing, by the awe they inspire impressively intimate that we are soon to enter the imposing presence of those forest giants, the Big Trees of Calaveras; and almost before we realize our actual nearness, we catch the inviting gleam of the Calaveras Big Tree Grove Hotel. On our way to it the carriage road passes directly between the Sentinels, each of which is over three hundred feet in height.

According to Capt. George M. Wheeler's United States Geographical Survey we are four thousand seven hundred and thirty feet above sea level.

Alighting at the hotel, we leave our team and take a walk through the grove. Within an area of about fifty acres there are ninety-three trees of large size, twenty of which exceed twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and will average about seventy-five feet in circumference. We can see that nearly every *sequoia gigantea* has a name, and an individuality of its own, that, like human faces, are suggestive of conflict with hidden forces that have inscribed their characteristics in every line. Among these once stood a beautiful tree, graceful in form and unexcelled in proportions, which became the most attractive to the eyes of the unfeeling spoliator. This bore the queenly name of the Mother of the Forest. The bark has been stripped from off its trunk, for the purpose of exhibition in the east, to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet. It now measures in circumference, at the base, without the bark, eighty-four feet. But a short distance from this lies the prostrate form of one that was probably the tallest *sequoia* that ever grew—the Father of the Forest. This tree, is accredited with exceeding four hundred feet in height, when standing, and with a circumference at its base of one hundred

and ten feet. Fire has eaten out the heart of the Father of the Forest, and consumed his huge limbs; entering at the roots, to where the center of the trunk can be reached on horseback is eighty-two feet. Climbing to its top and walking down its entire length, one can better realize its immense proportions. But this is only one of the numerous vegetable giants that Time's scythe has laid low.

The living and representative trees in Calaveras Grove consist of ten that are each thirty feet in diameter, and over seventy that measure from fifteen to thirty feet at the ground.

Returning, we inspect the Pavilion. This was erected over the stump of the original big tree discovered by Mr. Dowd, as a protection against the elements; for use on Sundays in public worship, and on week day evenings for dancing. We were told that thirty-two people have danced upon this stump, in addition to which the musicians and lookers on numbered seventeen, making a total of forty-nine occupants of its surface at one time.

As we are desirous of finding good camp grounds so as to rest up over Sunday, we proceed two and a half miles farther on to Gardner's Cold Spring Ranch, where we find delightful grounds with a spring of water icy cold, close at hand.

During our stay there, we are told of a creek a few miles distant, where there is excellent trout fishing, so we conclude to try our luck at angling; and procuring from Mr. Gardner fishing outfit, horses and saddles, leave the senior member of our party behind to watch camp. We had not gone a great distance before we knew we had missed the right trail. There had been a band of sheep driven over this way the evening before, which had completely obliterated the trail we should have taken. Which way to turn in that dense forest we hardly knew; but kept going in what we thought to be the right direction, up steep mountains and down, until suddenly we came upon a lone wood chopper, who told us we were going in the right direction, and would soon join the trail—which by the way is the trail to the South Grove, which is the most extensive of any of the big tree groves, as it contains one thousand three hundred and eighty *sequoias*. Crossing the north fork of the Stanislaus river, which is a beautiful picturesque stream, we climb up the

Beaver creek ridge, which is dreadfully steep. Becoming dizzy from such a high elevation, I dismount and proceed to the summit on foot. From this point we get a grand view—to the eastward the higher peaks of the snow capped Sierras and to the west an uninterrupted view of the great San Joaquin Valley, lying thousands of feet below us. We soon descend to Beaver creek, our objective point. What a beautifully transparent stream greets our eye, and what is still more beautiful, are the great quantities of speckled trout that lie sleeping at the bottom! It is now twelve o'clock and we have been five hours in the saddle. Too tired and stiff after such a rough ride to feel in the mood of climbing over the large boulders to hook the finny beauties. However, we make an effort in that direction, but find it is the wrong time of day for them to bite; so with one poor deluded trout, wend our way back to camp. We keep the trail, and within an hour and a half are at camp. It was with many regrets that we left Gardner's and its delightful surroundings.

Returning to the Big Trees we again took a walk through the grove, and, strange to say, those giant trees looked as large again to us as they did on our first visit.

Returning to Murphy's, we camp for the night. Next morning we visit the newly discovered cave, situated a mile and a quarter from the camp. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities of this section. The moment we entered intense darkness enveloped us like a mantle, so that even the candles we carried seemed barely sufficient to more than make darkness visible. Soon, however, the eyes become adjusted to the circumstances, and objects become more or less recognized. The first chamber reached is about two hundred feet from side to side, its roof stretching far upwards—some seventy or eighty feet. Its sides are covered with stalactites, some hanging pendent like icicles. Proceeding downwards, the sides of the chamber resemble the folds of massive curtains, the edges of which are in appearance like the delicate white coral of the South Seas. On one side of this chamber is the piano, a singular formation which when touched by the hand will bring out the sweetest and richest of notes. Still descending through

narrow openings and chambers, we reach "the angel's wings." These are some eight feet long by three wide, and a mere wafer in thickness, of various tints of pink, which show to great advantage when a light is placed at the back. When touched they give forth sweetly musical notes which resound weirdly through those silent halls of darkness. There is no language that can portray this fairy-like creation, for the simple reason that it is utterly indescribable. Specimens of human remains have been exhumed from this cave.

From Murphy's our course is towards the Yosemite Valley, and for many miles our road lies over the bed of an ancient river. Passing through Vallecito we wind down among the hills to Cayote creek, passing the Natural Bridges, beneath which all the waters of the creek pass; making a rapid descent down the sides of a steep mountain we arrive at Parrot's ferry on the Stanislaus river, where, under a large fig tree, we pitch tents for the night. We find a kindly hearted old man here, after whom the ferry is named. He takes us safely across the river next morning, and directly we begin a terribly steep climb of some six long miles. At the summit is the mining town of Columbia, which has been almost washed away in the effort to unearth the precious metal. A few miles beyond Columbia and we are at one of the prettiest mining towns in California, named Sonora. It not only is the county seat of Tuolumne county, but is still the center of a rich mining district. Hood's Creek, upon which Sonora is situated, has produced more gold for its length, than almost any other stream on the Pacific Coast.

As we spin along among the pines and firs enjoying the deliciously bracing atmosphere, we are also nearing the Tuolumne river; and as we are told there is no place to camp in the canyon below, we pitch our tents under a large spreading oak near the summit. As supper is prepared and we are seated round the repast, discussing the events of the day, we espy two coyotes crossing the road near our camp. My husband, armed with a shotgun, hurries in pursuit; but they are too fleet of foot, and soon make their escape in the thicket beyond. We make a hasty departure next morning, for at the very

break of day millions of red ants make their presence known to us in such a friendly way we do not altogether appreciate. Taking as few with us as possible we are soon making one of the most difficult as well as dangerous descents of our whole trip. Looking down a thousand feet or more we see the suspension bridge that spans the Tuolumne, and the road leading thereto zigzagging beneath us. We all breathed a deep sigh of relief when down, and at the toll house at the entrance of the bridge.

After a short rest and chat with the old hermit who collects the toll, we are soon wending our way up another fearfully steep mountain. Up, up, we toil, some of us on foot, for it seems to be a trial of both wind and muscle to the faithful and apparently over-tasked animals, which puff and snort like miniature locomotives, while the sweat drops from them in abundance.

Reaching Groveland, a quiet little mining town, we rest and refresh both ourselves and horses. Leaving here, we make a short ascent up a somewhat steep hill, and then for the rest of the way, until we reach Hamilton's—at least, the road is comparatively down hill.

Hamilton's is a bright little home-like spot, a lunch house for the stages. We pass the night here; and while preparing to leave next morning we hear the report of the hunter's gun ring out clear on the crisp air, and soon the hunters emerge

from among the trees dragging behind them a large deer. As we advance, the timber becomes larger and the forest land more extensive; and the even tenor of the landscape changes to the wild and picturesque until we are at Colfax Springs. Here we are each taxed one dollar as an admittance to Yosemite. Leaving here, we wind our way up a long hill, cross the south fork of the Tuolumne, ascend another long hill, and are then at Crocker's, another stage station. Still our course is upward and it seems as if we never would get to the top of the seven thousand feet which we are to make before descending into the valley.

We pass through the Tuolumne Grove of Big Trees. These are the same *sequoia gigantea* as those of the Calaveras and other groves, many fine specimens of which stand by the road-side or can be seen without leaving the carriage. There are about thirty in this group.

Up, still up; semi-darkness envelopes us as we are passing through these densely timbered forests. We almost despair of ever reaching "Crane's Flat," where we are to camp; but at last we see some daylight ahead, and we have reached our destination for this day. Our camp fire feels inviting this evening, as the atmosphere is decidedly chilly, for we are now in the neighborhood of perpetual snows. During the winter months here the snow is from six to twenty feet deep.

(To be continued).

## YOUNG WIVES.

### A MOTHERLY PIECE OF ADVICE TO THE NUMEROUS BRIDES OF THE DAY.

"I NEVER go to a bridal that it does not almost break my heart," said a man whose tact and tenderness were womanly.

We would not have our girls live singly until lonely old age finds them destitute of what makes life worth having—home and home loves. We believe firmly that enduring earthly happiness is oftenest found in the holy estate of wedlock; that a good woman is made better and a noble man nobler by loving and living with one another as wife and husband; that their

affection deepens and ripens and grows purer with each passing year until neither is a complete being without the other. And yet eyes grown graver with experience look sadly upon the happy young thing who stands on the threshold of a new world as at the wide gates of an Eden, which clouds and chill and blasting fever can not enter. To her, bridehood is fruition. We know it to be a probation for which the life of the average girl is not a preparatory school. For no one vocation is so little specific education

received, even from sensible and far-sighted parents. This omission, often a fatal one, may be set down as a sinful error antedating marriage.

"Man is usually a misfit from the start," wrote Emerson, more cynically than was the wont of the calm-browed metaphysician.

Before deciding that the joining of man's hand to woman's in the most important relation of human existence is a mistake and joined hearts a misfit let us look at the causes of discord in the symphony of dual life.

The keynote that sets all ajar is usually struck in the earlier months of marriage. By a curious reversal of conditions the ardent wooer of the ante-nuptial idyl becomes the philosophically contented husband with the utterance of the irrevocable words. Often the pastoral becomes plain prose, with never a trope or rhyme, by the time the honeymoon is over. It was the lover's business to make the world beautiful to his betrothed during the wooing. In wedlock the wife has to bear with her lord's caprices, minister to his comforts, amuse his dull hours, or run the risk of losing him. What husband bethinks himself to entertain his spouse if she be in tolerable health and spirits? What good wife does not rake together all her sticks and straws of talk and apply the torch of cheerfulness at her lord's coming? It is he, not she, you may be sure, who drinks his coffee around the edge of the morning paper, flings wads of wet wool in the form of absent-minded monosyllables upon the bonfire aforesaid, and when it has sputtered itself quite out and the paper is thoroughly read, yawningly bethinks himself that he must "see a man" at the club or elsewhere, or, if very domestic falls asleep on the sofa. A woman is born a wife. A man takes matrimony into consideration along with a great many other investments. He hopes earnestly that it will be both pleasant and profitable. Should it be neither, he has borne the shock of falling stocks, the disaster of losses in other cases without being utterly ruined.

Common sense clear-sightedness in our survey of the situation is not pessimism. A failure to appreciate the cardinal truth that man is not woman nor woman man, is a jagged reef connecting the Scylla of single wretchedness on one side and the

Charybdis of wedded misery, and lies just under the water. It may be added that crafts that draw the most water because heavily freighted, are apt to fare the worst here.

The citizen who has even an infinitesimal bit of the world's history to make can not give up his whole life to courtship. His wife, regarding love-making and marriage as interchangeable terms, and finding in them her lifelong profession, is at first amazed, then hurt, then angrily jealous of whatever divides his attention with her. This may be classed as generic jealousy. It may annoy or, if he be easy-tempered, amuse her lord. It inevitably lowers his opinion of her good sense. If to a tender heart he unites quick perceptions he will keep "business" out of her sight to the best of his ability; generally succeeding so far as to confuse the outlines of what he carries under his cloak, but allowing her to see that there is something there of portentous, because unknown, bulk.

Specific jealousy is a graver mistake, especially when the object is another woman. Such feeling, unexpressed by so much as a look, bears the same relation to open exhibition of it as does the innocent white egg to the fledged fighting cock. The thoughtless wife may play with the husband's jealousy of her flirtation with other men, knowing his honor to be safe in her hands. The absurdity of the idea that she could love any one else as she does him appeals to her sense of humor. A man's first impulse on discovering that his lawful partner objects to his admiration of another woman is one of fierce impatience—a champing at the bit. At the second check he takes it between his teeth. In proportion to his resentment with his liberty of action he loses respect, if not affection, for the would-be tyrant. Dearer to him than wife, child or honor, is the acknowledged right of independent action. It ranks with "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness."

The young wife's best friend is the one who counsels her to be slow—divinely slow—in admitting that her husband prefers another woman to herself; and should the conviction be forced upon her, to conceal her knowledge of it to the death, even the death of her own heart and hope. Tears, entreaties, invectives but weaken her

hold and strengthen her rivals. No sup-  
planted wife, from the days of Deianira  
until now, ever successfully "doctored"  
her spouse into a return to allegiance.  
The best thing she could hope for is re-  
spectful regard, a show of which may de-  
clude the world into a belief in his con-  
stancy, or, at worst, in her ignorance of  
his infidelity. Then, should the truant  
come back of his own free will, or because  
disappointed in Iola or Cleopatra, there  
are no abattis of "scenes," no gullies of  
alienation to entangle his feet.

Another blunder into which inexperi-  
ence trips is forgetfulness of the simple  
truth that the love which is worth win-  
ning is worth keeping. One tithe of the  
pains put forth to enchain and hold a  
lover's fancy would, after marriage, ideal-  
ize the wife into the angel of the house.  
It is a sharp ax laid at the root of conju-  
gal affection when a man sees himself  
lowered to the enjoyment of the second-  
best of even every-day living.

I once heard a good wife congratulate  
herself gravely that, in thirty years of  
wedded happiness, she had never appear-  
ed at the breakfast table without a collar  
or with dishevelled hair. The sincere fer-  
vor of the boast was in evidence of the pre-  
valence of the contrary custom. The or-  
derly coiffure and neat neck-rig may stand  
as types of the daily endeavor to remain  
pleasing in eyes to which we were once  
fair. Love of the right sort may not rip  
or tear under the bristles of commonplace-  
ness and dowdiness, but these do wear off  
the nap.

Beyond comparison, the band that  
holds together wedded hearts until the  
seam of engrafting is knitted into bark  
and grain, is the common love of both  
for child.

The wife can make no greater mistake  
compatible with true love for her husband  
than repudiating the duty of child bear-  
ing. The fault passes beyond the rank  
of blunders into that of positive sins.  
The desire of every man to leave a repre-  
sentative of himself upon the earth when  
he lies down to sleep with his fathers is  
deeply grounded in noble natures. The

father labors in the field of the world  
with the strength of as many men as there  
are hostages to fortune in the home nest.  
The hope of maintaining children in com-  
fort, bringing them up in respectability  
and honor, and providing against common  
want strangles avarice, glorifies ambition.  
The words "wife and mother" go as natu-  
rally together as "home and heaven." It  
argues fatuous and intolerable conceit  
when a young wife deliberately assumes  
that she will be able in youth, middle and  
old age to be so sufficient to her husband  
in every phase of his many sided nature  
as to compensate for what the Lord of  
nature has declared is a necessity of his  
being. The pair are agreed not to under-  
take the care and responsibility of off-  
springs, we are generally told in such  
cases. Then the wife should lift to her  
shoulders the heavier burden of keeping  
herself eternally fair and sprightly; of  
filling her spouse's heart and home with  
mirth and music; as time goes on of sup-  
plying the elements of prideful love and  
hope he might have had in growing boys  
and girls; of being in fine a perpetual  
fountain of youth to the man worn out  
with cares and years. The principle of  
rejuvenation, of growth into beauty and  
strength, the ceaseless novelty, stir and  
action that defy dullness and languor and  
keep the parents' hearts fresh under the  
shadow of the almond tree, only come and  
abide in the home with children of one's  
very own.

Childlessness is an evil. The dread  
significance of the aphorism is too often  
not suspected until the summer of advent  
is past, the harvest-time of education is  
ended and the barren stalks stand uncom-  
ely and uncared for in a desolate winter.

A hive, crammed with gold and silver  
honey, a spick-and-span hive with all the  
modern improvements, with no litter of  
larvae, no tracks of small feet on the  
waxen cells, no jocund comings and go-  
ings; a hive silent as the tomb save for  
the shrill hum of a pair of superannuated  
bees hibernating with no hope of spring-  
time. Are we to accept this as the model  
of a representative American home?

—Marion Harland in *Courier-Journal*.

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Two sets of acute and intelligent minds, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the  
liquor dealers, have studied the drink question from opposite points of view, and have come to  
the same conclusion, namely, that woman's ballot would be bad for the liquor business.—Sel.

## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

## CHAPTER XIII.

THE next morning very early Elder Browning and Daniel were quietly wending their way through the forest toward Kirtland, Ohio. It is not our intention to bear them company, but only to glance briefly at a few incidents happening at this period of time. When the friends arrived in Kirtland, Daniel was ordained an Elder, and the two, after a short delay, proceeded on to Canada, where for some months they labored together. News came to Margery frequently, from Daniel, encouraging and strengthening her, especially when she learned from Mr. Clark that Elder Browning had written him that Daniel held his hearers as though spellbound while he brought forth from the storehouse of God's word things both new and old as witnessing to the work of God in these latter days. Many times she longed for his company; but she was too brave and true to ever suffer herself to write any but the most cheering words of encouragement and earnest love for the cause so dear to both their hearts.

We must not forget to mention that a few weeks after Daniel's departure, both Mr. and Mrs. Boyd had united with the church; and they now awaited news from Daniel almost as eagerly as Margery herself. This will not seem strange to Latter Day Saints who may read it, for they will remember how many times their own hearts have burned within them when tidings came to those at home concerning the spread of the work abroad, and how earnestly those workers in the forefront of the battle have been borne up in prayer by those at home.

One morning in early spring-time Mr. Boyd surprised his family with the announcement that he had sold his farm and would immediately begin making preparations for the removal of his family to Kirtland. He also said that it was the intention of Mr. Clark to go at the same time, and they would be joined by quite a number, if arrangements could be completed in time. It is not our intention, he added, to remain there long, but to push on to Missouri; where many of the Saints have already gone.

Margery was entirely unprepared for this, as her father had not mentioned his plans to any one but his wife, further than to say that he would embrace the first good opportunity of selling his farm, in order to remove to Kirtland; but she did not know that to go farther than this had entered his thoughts. He was a man, however, who once having made up his mind to a certain course, acted with promptness and decision.

The first wild heart-throb of Margery, had it been put into words, was, "Shall I see Daniel so soon?" But this was quickly followed by the thought, "How can I leave this home where my girlhood days have been spent and every rod of forest and field has become endeared to me by sacred memories?" Looking from the window she saw the road over which she and Daniel had so many times cantered their horses together; and there came before her mind's eye a mental vision of her absent lover as she had time and again seen him reigning in his horse by the little gate and dismounting all unconscious of the tender gaze so lovingly bent upon him. Tears came to her eyes in spite of her utmost efforts to repress them, and she hastily left the room and sought her own chamber.

Sitting down to strive and recover her composure and adjust her thoughts to the situation as it now presented itself, there came into her heart an indescribable emotion of clinging tenderness, not only towards the inanimate things of nature with which her own soul had so many times held silent converse, but the peaceful hours of communion which had been enjoyed with those of like precious faith during the months which were past. How many times had they sat together in "heavenly places in Christ Jesus!" Every hour of such communion was treasured away in her soul, and there was not one of that little band of worshippers who did not seem to her as dear as the home band who morning and night gathered around the family altar of prayer. What a trial it would be to sever these links, to bid farewell to them and become indeed a pilgrim.

True, they were not going alone, for



her father had said that Mr. Clark and others contemplated joining them; but it would be sundering ties which might never be bound together again in time. They had been as one family. The joy of one was the joy of all, and no grief or care came to one with which the others did not sympathize. There were no petty jealousies with their mildew blight to contaminate their minds, and the only strife known was the strife of faithfulness, the effort to be first in every sacrifice of self and personal comfort for the good of others. All this was borne in upon the mind of Margery while sitting there, and a strange, undefinable fear hovered like an unseen presence around her heart, which had it taken form and expression in words, would have been: "You are now going forth to be tried in a furnace of fire. You will never be permitted again upon earth to find a resting place like this—a band of God's people so truly one; but from henceforth you must know, as Saints of God in all times have known, that you are a pilgrim and stranger upon the earth and here have no sure abiding place."

But the thoughts did not shape themselves like this, for it was as the voice of the Spirit speaking to the spirit, and was not understood by the natural man. To Margery it was then only sorrow and regret at the severing of social ties and the sundering of the bonds of church relation with those who had entered upon the work with her and whose company, whose helpful advice in her spiritual progress, she had learned to prize so highly. Would there ever be in any other place such meetings as they had there enjoyed, when the Spirit of God had hovered over and about them like clouds of incense and they had felt that were the veil only removed which bounded their natural vision the presence of the angels would have been discovered?

Other thoughts arising in their turn banished these, for the time being at least. It was now the early days of March, and in April Daniel and his friend would be in Kirtland to attend the general conference of the church. She wondered if her father contemplated being there by that time. She had always had an earnest desire to see Joseph Smith and many others whose names had become as household words to her, and she wondered if she would not be able to recognize them

among others, from the description given her by Mrs. Clark and also what Daniel had written. Her thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of her little brother, who handed her a letter which proved to be from Daniel. Her father had forgotten to give it to her upon first coming home, and now sent it up to her.

From this letter Margery learned that Daniel would soon start for Kirtland; and as he too was ignorant of the movement contemplated by his father and Mr. Boyd, he told her that he had written his father to come to the conference if possible; and he hoped that his mother and Mary would come with him, in which case he felt sure Margery would join them. "I can not," he wrote, "at this time forecast the future further than this. I want to see you and talk with you of that pathway in life we hope to walk together. To be able to write you is a precious boon, but it is not what it would be to talk with you face to face. My feelings are strongly drawn out towards the land of Missouri. News has reached us that the work there is meeting with strong opposition; and while I would never wish to take you into the midst of trouble, my soul burns with an ardent desire to be in the forefront of the battle, to be found among those who are ready to proclaim this gospel, even at the risk of life and at the sacrifice of all which makes life dear. The difficulty between the brethren and the settlers of that state seems to have originated first upon a misunderstanding growing out of an article published in the "Evening and Morning Star," entitled, "Free people of Color;" but this is only used as a cloak to hide their intense hatred of the Saints; and as this hatred is without a cause, except as the wicked always hate the good, they have circulated all kinds of malicious slanders about the brethren, seeking by this means to justify their hatred. One would suppose, judging from their own confession, that some strange, new religion had appeared in the world, of which our brethren were the exponents, instead of the religion found in the Bible and taught by the Redeemer of mankind more than eighteen hundred years ago. There have been speeches made by some men of influence, prominent among whom is one Lilburn W. Boggs, calculated to incite the people against the brethren; and since then much

abuse has been heaped upon them. Some have been tied up and whipped, while others have been cruelly beaten. All of the people, however, do not behave in this unjust and cruel manner. Many of them are friendly and disposed to deal justly; but I fear this is only the beginning of troubles, and for this reason I am most anxious to see you; for while I long to be among those who are exposed, to shield if possible, if not to suffer with them, I have not the courage to ask you to go with me, and can not make up my mind to go and leave you behind. When you have read this, consult with your father and mother relative to coming to the conference and let me know the result."

Margery slowly folded the letter, and then as slowly unfolded it again, reading it carefully from the beginning to the end. When she had finished the second reading her eyes took on a far away look as though she would penetrate the veil of the future to inquire what lay beyond. Suddenly this vanished and there settled down upon every feature a look of calm determination, and a steady light burned in her eyes as of one whose purpose was fixed and whose hand had been put to the plow never to turn back.

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God," Margery repeated; and rising slowly she went down to make the contents of her letter known to the family.

"Can it be possible that such things are enacted so publicly, without any effort being made by those sworn to see the laws executed, to bring the offenders to justice," said Mr. Boyd."

"Yes, father, not only this, but the people are incited to it by officers occupying high positions in the state. This Boggs, of whom Daniel speaks, is Lieutenant Governor, and Daniel believes that it is his intention to work upon the feelings of the people until they will make the effort at least, to drive the brethren from the county."

"Mother," said Mr. Boyd to his wife, "I was thinking as I came along that I would like to go over to Bro. Clark's, and if you and Margery would like to go, I will drive you over."

This is just what Margery was wishing for. She longed to see Mary and talk with her about this change, the news of

which had come so suddenly upon her, breaking in upon the quiet of her heretofore uneventful life. Especially was she anxious to talk with her about the removal to Missouri and the determination to which she had come that if anything prevented her father from going she would never consent to Daniel's going without her, unless his own family should go at the same time.

Arrived at Mr. Clark's, they found them also in receipt of a letter from Daniel which, being dated a few days after Margery's, contained the additional information that the printing press of the church had been destroyed by a mob, all the material being thrown into the Missouri river, and that Bishop Partridge had, with many others, been most cruelly treated by them. In his case they were not satisfied with tarring his entire person, but had filled his mouth with tar, which had nearly suffocated him.

A meeting of the citizens of Jackson county, numbering about five hundred, had drawn up a set of resolutions declaring that the Saints must leave the country, and warning them that those who refused to comply would be visited with like treatment to that which had befallen their confederates.

This news was really old, it having occurred in July of the previous year, but it had not reached Daniel (except in the form of rumor) until the time of his writing which was about one month previous. It will be hard for our young friends who read this to understand how it was that news should travel so slowly in those far away days. But if they will only recall the fact of the wonderful progress of inventions in the last fifty years, it will not be so difficult for them to understand.

After much consultation and deliberation between the older members of the two families it was decided to put forth every effort to so arrange business that they might start for Kirtland in time to be there by the first of April. Further than this they could determine nothing, but after their arrival they would be governed entirely by circumstances.

"It is all very sudden, and seems so strange to me, Mary," said Margery when they were alone together in Mary's room, "I felt as though I must talk with you. I do not believe that I can find words to express to you just how I feel, especially

about the influence which this persecution may have upon the Saints. If they bear it patiently and suffer it gladly as Saints in former times have done, all will be well; but Saints of former days have had that in their favor which our people have not."

"What is that, Margery, I don't know that I understand you?"

"What are the scars that our fathers both bear? Were they not received in battle while fighting for this same principle which is causing our brethren trouble—the liberty of freedom of thought and speech? This liberty has been bought by the life-blood of many whose sons are to-day numbered among our brethren, and is as dear to the sons as ever it was to the sires. I see how it is Mary. These western men, like those who oppose us here, are not able to defend their faith in argument against the truth of the gospel, and consequently they are angry and will use every means to harrass and annoy our people. No harm can accrue to us so long as we bear it patiently; but our fathers and brothers were not born under the rule of princes and tyrants, and if the government does not speedily put a stop to such injustice—such lawless proceedings—I fear for the effect upon the church."

"But, Margery, men who are led by the Spirit of God will know that retaliation is not and can not be a part of the gospel of Christ!"

"Yes, Mary, but if there had never come a time when it was just and right to resist unholy oppression, what of the war which secured the independence of these United States? Would it not have been an unjust war? What of the Declaration of Independence, to the support of which its signers pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor? If this declaration of human rights involved principles of wrong, then these men had no sacred honor to pledge, for they were untrue, disloyal to the government which they should have honored; and though good men even then might have been dragged into the contest, it never could have made the quarrel a just one. If the statement contained in it that to every individual God has given certain inalienable rights, is a mistake, then our nation is founded upon a false hypothesis and our government is no better than the governments of Europe. If kings rule by divine right, then it follows that

the people have no right to a voice in the election of their rulers."

"I can see that your conclusions are just, Margery, but I can not yet see the bearing they have upon this difficulty."

"I pray God we may never see it, Mary, for it would be worse for the church than the bitterest persecution which could rage against it. But do you not see that if our brethren are to be persecuted and driven by the lawless mob, and the government stand by and offer no protection to its citizens who have never violated the law, that the time must inevitably come when they will have to protect themselves and their families? It will not be the government which they will resist, but mob violence; and in doing this it will be hard to prevent a spirit of retaliation from entering in; and if it should, neither you nor I can estimate the loss it will be to the church."

"I hope the Saints will bear much and long, before they resort to this," said Mary.

"I echo your wish, Mary, with all my heart; but my mind is troubled, and I feel that we shall have much to endure because of our religion, before many years pass away. I do not shrink from suffering, and it is not this which troubles me; neither do I fear that I shall ever deny the faith; but if while we profess and cling to it, we lose the Spirit of the gospel, then indeed our enemies have prevailed against us."

"Do not let this trouble you, Margery. If we are humble and faithful God will strengthen us to resist temptation and to overcome."

"My only trust is in him, and for this cause I feel that if Daniel goes to Missouri, I must go with him."

"I am glad of that decision, Margery, for he will need your restraining influence. He loves his friends and would be far more likely to resent insult and injury to them than to himself."

"That is just the trying point, Mary, and the one which troubles me. Even a high spirited man may bear abuse which is heaped upon himself; but it becomes intolerable when compelled to see his dearest friends abused. How think you our fathers could bear to see us cruelly treated before their eyes?—But father is calling. I must go. Come over soon, for I have much to talk with you about."

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN  
ANTIQUITIES.

**V**ISCOUNT KINGSBOROUGH was an English antiquarian, was born in 1795, and was the son of the Earl of Kingston. In 1830 he published his "Antiquities of Mexico, Comprising Fac-similes of Ancient Mexican Paintings," &c. He died in 1837, having expended a fortune and the most of his life on his matchless work, which consists of nine ponderous folio volumes.

Vol. I. contains a copy of the collection made by Mendoza, preserved in the Bodleian library at Oxford, England; of the Codex Telleriano, in the library of Paris; fac-similes of the collection of Botturini; and copies of other paintings in the Bodleian library.

Vol. II. contains manuscripts from the Vatican paintings of Laud; paintings from the Institute of Bologna; from Vienna and Berlin, and bas-reliefs from Antigua.

Vol. III. contains fac-similes of the Borgian collection at Rome, and paintings from Dresden, Hungary, and the Vatican.

Vol. IV. contains Monuments of New Spain, by M. Dupaix, in French.

Vol. V. consists of translations from the first three volumes, by Augustine Aglio.

Vol. VI. consists of interpretation of collection of Mendoza; explanation of Codex Telleriano-Remensis; explanation of Codex Vaticanus, and Notes.

Vol. VII. contains "Historia Universal De Nueva Espanya;" by Las Casas.

Vol. VIII. contains Supplementary Notes, Supplementary Extracts, a Treatise on the Jewish Descent of the Indians, and The Letters of Cortez.

Vol. IX. contains Chronico Mexicano, by Tozozomoc, and Historia Chichemeca, by Ixtlilochitl, and Retos Antiquos E Idolatrias De Las Indios La Nueva Espanya.

The following extracts are made from the sixth and eighth volumes and pages indicated.

S. F. W.

Vol. VI. page 4: "In Peter Martyr's work: They knew them [the Cherebians] honor the cross, although lying somewhat, and in another place compassed about with lines, they put it upon such as are new-born, supposing the devils fly from that instrument; if any fearful apparition

be seen at any time by night, they set up the cross, and say that the place is cleansed by that remedy; and being demanded whence they learned this, and the speeches which they understand not, they answer that those rites and customs came by tradition from the elders to the younger."

"Gomara says that in Yucatan a cross of copper or wood was placed over the graves of the dead."

Page 46:—"A very remarkable representation of the ten plagues which God sent on Egypt in order to punish Pharaoh's hardness of heart occurs in the eleventh and twelfth pages of the Borgian manuscript. Moses is there painted as holding up in his left hand his rod which became a serpent, and with a furious gesture calling down plagues on the Egyptians. These plagues were frogs, locusts, lice, flies, &c.; all of which seem to be represented in the pages referred to; but the last and most dreadful were the thick darkness which overspread Egypt for three days, and the death of the first-born of the Egyptians, the former of which is represented by the figure of an eclipse of the sun, and the latter by Meclanteotl (or god of the dead) descending in the form of a skeleton, or a cadaverous body, from the God of Moses. The curious symbol of one serpent swallowing another occurs likewise in the nineteenth page of the same manuscript. It is not extraordinary that the Mexicans, who were acquainted with one portion of Genesis—that relating to the migration of the children of Israel from Egypt,—should have not been ignorant of another."

Page 50: "Now let us proceed briefly to state the plea and pretext by which the Ingas subdued those countries under their yoke. They professed to the people that after the deluge, with which event the Indians were universally acquainted, the human race was again propagated and multiplied by the Ingas alone; for that seven heroes came forth from the cave of Pacaritambo and procreated, in the manner which has been mentioned, new nations and people; whence it was fit and just that all mankind should obey, and submit to, the Ingas their ancestors and progenitors. They made this also a boast, that they alone of all men, possessed the

pure and true knowledge of the worship and honor due to God; and hence in Cusco, as in some holy land, the temples exceed the number of four hundred, and the neighboring territory was everywhere full of religious mysteries."

"It has been before remarked that the Mexicans in many of their customs resembled the Peruvians, and that their religion was probably derived from a common source, Viracocha being the same deity as Tetzcatlepoça and Huitzilopuchtlī, although worshipped under a different name.

"The belief which the Mexicans and Peruvians entertained of their origin is likewise an argument in favor of their common descent. The former of these nations pretended that their ancestors had proceeded from seven caves; the latter that they were descended from seven heroes who came out of the same caves.

51—"M. De Humboldt has observed that if we knew exactly in what part of the globe the ancient kingdoms of Tulan, Tlapallan, Huetlapallan, Amaquemecan, Aztlan, and Chicomoztoc were situated, we might be able to form an opinion of who the ancestors of the Mexicans were, and from what country they passed over to America. By an attentive examination of the meaning of these proper names, and the mutual comparison of one with another, Tulan signifies the country of reeds; Tlapallan, the Red Sea; Huetlapallan, the Old Red Sea; Amaquemecan, the country of the veil of paper; Aztlan, the country of the flamingo; and Chicomoztoc, the seven caves. . . In the absence of facts we employ conjecture. . . Egypt is the country to which all these names refer; and that the colony which arrived in early ages in America from the East, were Jews from Alexandria."

Page 53: "Montezuma told Cortez that their ancestors had come from the same part of the globe as the Spaniards, situated toward the rising sun."

Page 54. [Peter Martyr]: "Cortez said to Montezuma 'What more wicked and abominable; what more foolish? . . . Ye slaughter so many human bodies every year for these insensible images' sakes.' Montezuma: 'Hearken, O, Cortez! The ceremonies of sacrifice left us, by tradition from our ancestors, these we observe and have hitherto exercised.'"

Page 87: "The interpreter of the collec-

tion of Mendoza means to say that the Mexican paintings were, in the first instance, given to the native Mexicans, that they might consult together on their proper meaning, whose real testimony he afterward took down when they had come to an agreement as to the right signification of the symbols representing the cities tributary to the crown of Mexico. And Sahugan says, that he assembled, in a similar manner, the Indians of Tescucoç and Mexico who were most conversant with the antiquities of their country, in order that they might explain to him the signification of their ancient paintings as the best authority which he could follow in writing the history of New Spain."

Page 102: "The Mexicans celebrated in this month [Panquetzilitzli] the festival of the loaf, which was in this manner: They made a large loaf of the seed of bledos, which they called tzoctli, and of honey; and after having made it, they blessed it in their manner, and broke it, and the high priest put it into a very clean vessel, and took a thorn of maguey, with which he with great reverence took up a morsel and put it into the mouths of every one of the Indians, as if in the manner of a communion."

Page 107: "Quecalcoatle is he who was born of the Virgin; who was called on earth Chimalman, and in heaven, Chalchihuitzli, which means the precious stone of penance or of sacrifice. He was saved in the deluge, and was born in Zivenavitzcatl, where he resides."

"They call this the fast of the Lords; it lasted four days, that is to say, from the first day of Ocelotl to four earthquakes. This fast was a kind of preparation for the end of the world, which they said would happen in the day of four earthquakes, so that they were thus daily in expectation of that event.

Quecalcoatle was he who they say created the world; and they bestowed on him the appellation of Lord of the Wind, because they said that Tonacatecotle, when it appeared good to him, breathed and begat Quecalcoatle. They erected round temples to him without any corners. They said that he it was that formed the first man, They celebrated a festival, on the sign of the four earthquakes, to the destroyer, with reference to the fate which again awaited the world; for they said that it had undergone four destructions,

and that it would again be destroyed. He alone had a human body like that of men, the other Gods were of an incorporeal nature.—[Codex Telleriano-Remensis.]

[Foot-note.] “Quecalcoatl is said to have been attended by many deformed persons and crook-backs. *corcovados*, on his way to Cholula.”

“The extreme pertinacity which the Indians, both in Peru and Mexico, displayed in adhering to their old religion, frequently laying down their lives in its defense, and affirming when reasoned with upon the subject, that if Christianity was good for the Castilians, their own religion was no less for them, is a convincing proof that the signs and wonders which the Mexicans believed that Huitzilopuchtl had wrought in their favor (to which the hand and outstretched arm so often occurring in Mexican paintings probably alludes) and the oracles of Pachacama, revered in Peru, maintained the greatest ascendancy over their minds; and in this obstinacy, in blindly persisting in a persuasion which Christians told them was false, it must be confessed that the Indians closely resembled the Jews. The second reason for believing that Judaism was the religion of the Indians is, that they used circumcision. The third, that they expected a messiah. The fourth, that many words incorporated in their language and connected with the celebration of their rites, were obviously either of Hebrew or Greek derivation. The fifth, that Las Casas, the Bishop of Chiapa, who had the best means of verifying the fact, was of this opinion. Sixth, that the Jews themselves, including some of their most eminent Rabbis, such as Menasseh Ben Israel and Monteceno, who, though not a rabbi, was a Jew who had visited America, maintained it by both verbal statements and in writing. The seventh is the dilemma in which the most learned Spanish authors, such as Acosta and Torquemada, have placed their readers by leaving them no other alternative than to come to the decision whether the Jews had colonized America and established their rites among the Indian or whether the devil had counterfeited in the New World the rites and ceremonies which God gave his chosen people. The eighth is the resemblance which many of the Indian rites and ceremonies bore to those of the Jews. The ninth is the similitude

which existed between many of the Indian and many of the Hebrew moral laws. The tenth is the knowledge which the Mexican and Peruvian traditions implied that the Indians possessed of the history contained in the Pentateuch. The eleventh, the Mexican tradition of the Teomoxtle or divine book of the Toltecas. The twelfth is the Mexican history of their famous migration from Aztalan. The thirteenth is the traces of Jewish superstition, history, tradition, laws, manners and customs, which are found in the Mexican paintings. The fourteenth is the frequency of sacrifices amongst the Indians, and the religious consecration of the blood and the fat of the victims. The fifteenth is the style of architecture of their paintings. The sixteenth is the fringes which the Mexicans wore fastened in their garments. The seventeenth is a similarity in the manners and customs of Indian tribes far removed from the central monarchies of Mexico and Peru (but still within the pale of religious proselytism) to those of the Jews, which writers who were not Spaniards have noticed, such as Sir William Penn, who, recognizing a probably fanciful likeness between the features of Indian and Jewish children, says:

“When you look upon them you would think yourself in the Jew’s quarter at London. Their eyes are little and black like the Jews; moreover they reckon by moons; they offer the first fruits, and have a kind of feast of tabernacles. It is said that their altar stands upon twelve stones. Their mourning lasts a year. The customs of their women are like those of the Jews. Their language is masculine, short, concise, and full of energy, in which it much resembles the Hebrew. One word serves for three, and the rest is supplied by the understanding of the listeners. Lastly, they were going into a country which was neither planted nor known, and he that imposed this condition upon them was well able to level their passage thither; for we may go from the eastern extremities of Asia to the western extremities of America.”

“If Sir William Penn had had an opportunity of beholding on what purple thrones the sovereigns of Peru and Mexico sat, he would perhaps have exulted less at the idea of the Jews having miraculously passed from the old continent to the new, either by the division of the waters of the

Euphrates, as foretold by Esdras, or those of old ocean itself, the only remaining obstacle that could stop the march of the chosen people of God. We for our own part, should be almost tempted at the

bare mention of such a prodigy to declare ourselves of the faith of the Irishman, who, on hearing a similar relation, gaily exclaimed, 'I believe it all but the first step.'

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BELOW we reproduce from an old number of the HERALD an article on Education which seems very appropriate to the period at which we have arrived in the history of this work.

## EDUCATION.

BY ELDER DAVID H. SMITH.

WHAT is the principal reason that we find fault with the preachers of the day? Is it simply because they are men of education? "Well," says one, "we often speak of that." To be sure we do; but, is that our chief objection? No; evidently. The main cause of our fault-finding in regard to them lies in the fact that they fail to promulgate the true gospel, and assume authority to declare what, reasoning from their own standpoint, they have no just right to. Supposing they held legal authority, and preached the true gospel, leading lives of purity, still possessing a polished education, could we have just reason to complain upon the ground of that education? Certainly not. On the other hand, should our preachers, having the pure principles of of Jesus Christ, add thereto an enlarged and clear view of all the subjects and branches of knowledge, would it not in a great degree add to their usefulness? It certainly would; always provided that they keep their minds free from pride, and keep pure their allegiance to the gospel covenant.

"But," says one, "Education begets pride." There could be no greater mistake. Give one a thorough education and he will see his own littleness, and learn his ignorance more thoroughly than the most unlettered. As the dove that soars high, beholding the vast fields below yet unexplored, and sees the horizon expanding far beyond her vision, seems a speck in the blue ether, even so the soul that looks into the laboratories of nature, the mysteries of science, or examines the collected thoughts of many scholars like himself, feels his pride sink within him; and his efforts, compared with those of prophets, kings and philo-

sophers, dwarf to their own true standard.

"Does not education in worldly knowledge tend to infidelity, or, at least, to a nominal, inactive faith in God?" Their teaching in regard to religion may; but we were considering this subject as abstract from the religious element in the world. And, considered in this light, knowledge can in no case work save for the furtherance of the mind in its worship of God. Let the saint of God study the language he speaks, that he may speak the gospel more plainly and effectually; let him look with critical eye through all the sciences that language unfolds to his view, that he may see that they are founded upon eternal principles, as are the truths of Christ's doctrine. Let him study the geography of the heavens that he may believe in a material God, with a material heaven and universal material over which to preside; and lo, no place for the visionary ethereal rows of benches before the topless throne. Let him study the grand science of measurement, would he comprehend how incomprehensible the power that laid out the universe and measured the foundations thereof. Let him glance at history, and behold the clouds of witnesses bearing testimony to prophecy, and holding up the Mosaic record, even as the arms of Moses himself were held up that the enemies of truth might not overcome.

Does our religion fear the light? Are we of those who would not know anything save that which they know naturally?

Ignorance for which we are not responsible can not hinder to any great extent our preaching or progress, but do we love it? Do we hug it unto ourselves? If we do, then are we responsible, and greatly to be blamed, and verily we shall have

our reward. To know God is eternal life; and to know his works and all that we can in righteousness know, but makes more beautiful, enjoyable and useful that life.

Saints; do we comprehend the field before us? Did we, methinks we would

have less time for the labor and works of the evil one, and more for the accomplishment of good. Let us equip ourselves for the work and spare no means, in truth, whereby we may be enabled to do our work well.

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## HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

### CHAPTER IV.

“A FEW days ago I had cause to call upon Mrs. Jendors. She is an amiable lady, so kind and obliging withal; a real jolly, good woman. She is a professed Christian of the Methodist persuasion; but instead of holding to any of the modern ‘sanctification’ theories, she holds that one’s goodness should be seen, not talked about, only. Well, while there she spoke to me concerning my views of evening parties. Her son, Over, thought of entertaining a few young friends, and among others, inviting our Unit and Tilly-Jane. I expressed myself freely, and our opinions harmonized perfectly. We had a good laugh also. I will laugh occasionally; I can’t avoid it. Over is one of those straight-forward, loving boys, so honorable and manly. He seems to know just what is right; and does it every time. He stands about five-feet-eight; has dark hair and eyes; fair complexion, and rosy full lips, and tinted cheeks, and a bewitching mustache. He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds; is squarely built, and is twenty years old. Well, if I hadn’t given a royal description of him; and I hadn’t thought I should!

“But I must tell you of my mental reverie concerning my husband, Tubal, the dear, good man he is, if I do say it! I scarcely knew how he’d take to the idea of what Mrs. Jendors and self had been talking of. Of course he would get to hear of it, for Mr. Jendors was down at the shop whilst I was at their house.

“The lecture excitement had waned, and nothing of any import had been observed between us in conversation until now.

“Evening came, and it brought husband home. I could note as he entered the door he was mentally burdened; but he

said nothing about his weight of trouble that evening.

“The next day noon, however, he came home, and positively declared he could no longer endure it, he must unload. I was surprised at the hour of his coming, for he had taken his dinner with him as was his custom. But customs are sometimes overruled, as I now plainly discovered.”

“Well, wife,” said husband, “I guess you’ve heered of the party going to be over at Mr. Jendor’s on Friday night? Yes? Yes; well I should say!” said Tubal. “Old man Jendors was at the shop yesterday, and said cards would be handed round to all whom they wanted to come. Cards, Decinda; what think you of that? I’ve always said my son should never handle cards. I suppose they’ll be wantin’ Unit and Tilly Jane to come, and I hereby solemnly enter my protest. You know, Decinda, what a reputation cards have got. You know the wily temptations of them ere things. Their history is written in beer, and revolvers, and knives! Decinda, I’m surprised at Jendors; Christian people they are, and goin’ to pass cards around. Yes, give Unit and Tilly Jane a pack on ’em! A nice thing, I declare. O, dear! O dear! You know, Decinda, how hard we’ve tried to rear our children in the right way. How often we’ve prayed for ’em; and cried on ’em; and now for old Jendors to let Over start up such a thing—it’s awful, Decinda! I could weep if it would do any good.” And Tubal paced the floor nervously.

“Tubal,” I observed, “are you not giving yourself unnecessary concern relative to this matter? The cards mentioned by Mr. Jendors are cards of invitation! I presume that Unit and Tilly Jane may receive theirs to-day, as this is Wednesday.”



“Cards of invitation?” queried Tubal. “Old man Jendors said they’d pass around cards to all they wanted to come. Of course the ones they don’t want will get no cards. Decinda, you’re mistaken. You see lots of these folk give little presents as an inducement to ’tend.”

“Yes; but, Tubal, such is not the case now. These are cards with a printed invitation, announcing that the presence or company of such a one is desired by some one else on a certain evening, and at a certain hour.”

“O well,” said Tubal, “that is a white horse of another color. I was terribly afeared it was something else, and you know, Decinda, I could not tolerate that.”

“Neither should I be willing. As to the cards themselves, they are inert matter, and know nothing, but they have associations, and are surrounded by many circumstances and incidents very unenviable indeed; it is needful that our children handle those things the reputation of whose associations are not so grossly disreputable as those of cards. The Bible says: ‘Shun the appearance of evil.’ Of course we are not to take this in the extreme; but the real, genuine, hard-shell cards I have my prejudices against. Unit knows nothing of them, and so he would not be so easily led as otherwise he might.”

Upon this, Tubal returned to his labor; but in the evening upon coming home to supper, he was still in a worried frame of mind. The cards arrived during the afternoon. Tubal inquired concerning them before he sat at table. I showed them to him, and satisfied him on that point. After meal we were gathered in the sitting room, and the children were reading. Unit had a book entitled, “Walks in a Cemetery,” and Tilly-Jane’s was entitled, “The sin of evening Pastimes;” books their father had bought for them. They had some good points; but on the whole they were, to my mind, insipid, and erratic. They were written by a Presbyterian deacon of blue-law, puritanical fame, and trying to be tyrannical as well.

“Decinda, dear, began husband, breaking in upon the silence, “I learn there is going to be music at Jendors’—a fiddle, and a horn and some sich things. I fear ’twill be unsafe after all for our children to go. The fiddle is a deuce of a thing, and I’ve always been of the opinion that there was more or less devil in it. Its

squeaking notes savor of demoniacal screeches; and a great amount of evil comes of fiddle strings and fiddle bows. I think it unsafe, indeed.

“Fiddling belongs to dancing; they go hand in hand, and the young ones will be kicking up their heels afore we know it. When I was a boy I was a great sinner. I used to play a jewsharp, and a french-harp, and hand jim-bones, and a bag-pipe; but when I got to see how much evil there was in sich things I told the Lord if he’d forgin me I’d never harp nor bone nor pipe any more! I used to dance, and I always felt conscience-smitten every time I did the scottish-reel. The fiddle makes my feet move yet, although I’ve tried hard to make them number eights walk in the right way! Decinda, we must ‘let our light shine’ accordin’ to scripture, or not at all! We must teach our children what’s what. I know they’re not stained very much with sin; but we must keep sin before them all the time; keep tellin’ them everything that’s wrong and bad and vile. They’ll surely walk in the right way then. We ought to tell them how good and pure we are, and have them look at us all the time. What think you, Decinda?”

“Well, Tubal,” I observed, “I scarce know what to say. But let us consider this much: The children are not mere children now; they have so far attained toward years of actual maturity as to be possessed with reason, judgment, and goodly discretionary powers of mind. This we should readily concede. Being thus, they are not to be treated by us as having none of these faculties, nor yet as being unable to determine to any safe degree between things of propriety and impropriety, between right and wrong. All young folks—we were such at one time—are pleased to have these things duly recognized on the part of parents and others. It has a tendency to stimulate self-control and throws the weight of responsibility where it belongs, thus aiding in the development of dependency upon self, and ability. Anything that would savor of a lack of the faculties named, as though we consider our offspring—whom we delight in knowing are intelligent—as being mentally and morally dependent, would discourage them, and reflect upon the judgment, reason and good sense they may have, and which we may wish to have brought

out and used to future advantage both to themselves and ourselves. So far as the violin is concerned, it can do no harm. Stringed instruments were used by God's people in olden time, and music is a heavenly art. There will be no dancing at the party; and I do not consider the present a proper time for such thing, even if ever such a time may come. Dancing has been grossly perverted and misused. The strange commingling of the sexes of modern dancing has given rise to fantastic allurements of a very questionable character; and the movements and embraces, situations, etc., made use of would scarcely be tolerated, under other circumstances, by any reputable lady or consistently moral man. From those arise many evils not to be named, and surely to be avoided by a Christian. Yet, Tubal dear, I am with you in this latter question. The party at Jendors' is simply of a musical and literary character, and evidently will be profitable and pleasant to the young people. Such things create sociability, and where proper hours are maintained, good only can accrue."

"Jus' so," said my Tubal, "that's what I've always contended for everywhere and all the time. You see John Baptist lost his head at the time of a dance, and he wasn't there either. And I've always said there was more heels and toes in a dance than brains anyhow; a dancing master don't need be much above the degree of idiocy to teach the art! They call it an art to have something high-sounding about it aside from the music, and shoe-heels. 'Twont do, Decinda; 'twon't do, at all at all! The children shan't go, that's settled!" And my husband looked excited, and passed out into the kitchen.

"Mother," spoke Tilly-Jane, "does father really think there will be dancing at Mr. Jendors' on Friday evening?"

"I can not say, my dear," I remarked, "but it sounds very much that way."

"I can't see why father should talk so peculiarly," said Unit."

"My children, 'tis well; your father has his opinions and surroundings as do all folk; be patient and all will be well. You know he is very solicitous for your welfare; and realizing the great responsibility resting upon the paternal office, and deeply desirous of your good; and being of his temperament, he speaks and feels as you notice!"

"Well, mother," replied Tilly-Jane, "I should not go if I thought there would be dancing; for I have my conscientious scruples concerning it, and am verily persuaded that often times in moments of allurements young men take undue liberties, and for such acts of impropriety I have a feeling of utter abhorrence; but then, there'll be no dancing at Jendors'."

"I am pleased with your speech, Tilly-Jane," said my husband, who upon approaching the door-way stopped to hear her words. "You are right and sensible and just. All girls and young women should hold inviolate the sacred proprieties of pure and noble womanhood, that the licence of the dance and song may not sully a life immaculate! The modern dance is a maelstrom of vice too often, and its enticements and inducements too frequently sensuous for real good. Its reputation generally is not pure; therefore abstain from such great appearance of evil."

"Father, I wish to do the right thing also," said Unit, and although young, I have observed and read, and have formed conclusions relative to such matters; and although I have not as yet expressed myself, I will say that I intend by God's grace to make my on-coming manhood pure as I can. I would not dance lest I should be tempted to evil; not that I may be morally weak, for often strong men fall when least they may expect it. There are other things I would not wish to do. I regard girls and young women with regard almost sacred, and would not wish to demean myself in the giddy whirl of dancing revelry as I might not conscientiously and purely do at other times and places in public or in private. I know of young men who would call me 'soft' for thus speaking, but I care not for that. I do not think manhood is strengthened nor developed truly by exposure to evil influences, or things not just what they should be. But there will be no dancing at Jendors'."

"Unit, you are right," said Tubal; "and may God bless you in your efforts for good. No, I guess there'll be no dancing there. When I look upon the world today I see so much to be avoided; and often the lines of that good old hymn come to mind:

'Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God.'

I tell you, my children, it isn't nor ever will

be. I want to see you be a true man and woman of good sound sense, and judgment clear. I wouldn't unnecessarily bind down your youthful minds—but there's so much to fear!"

And my husband's eyes were filled with tears upon closing his last remarks. He means well; I've always known that, therefore I have had the more patience with him. Yes, Tubal has a good heart. The children seemed pleased at this favorable turn in their father's words and tone. They closed their books; and we continued our chat.

Tilly-Jane—the lovely child she is—ventured to talk a little:

"Father," she began, "I have been reading in the book you gave me last birthday anniversary, and the author says or writes this: 'Children should be specially guarded as to their evening hours. Late hours, extending toward and after midnight, are wholly unseasonable, and have in their darkness and silence a mystic sense of allurements very suspicious indeed.' That, I think, is true. But he further writes: 'Young folk need no pleasures, if they only thought so. Their lives should be sober, holy and just; and oncoming years bring weight of responsibility that a life of levity can not qualify to be met.' As to no pleasures, I think he is in error. It seems to me all folk have a humorous turn of mind—some more than others—and we seem to naturally give vent to the vein at times; and being social creatures of such nature as we do not find in other gradations of animal existences, we seem to require the commingling of each other in society movements. I know levity of life furnishes nothing stable or anything of solidity; but we would not wish to spend our lives thus. I think there is too much inconsiderateness on the part of girls now-a-days; so many at the Academy are so unthoughtful of any of the weightier duties that womanhood must of necessity impose, that I am led to query whether that shall find them prepared for its grave demands."

"Why, Decinda, I'm surprised at the noble girl's talk," said my husband. "Tilly-Jane, you make me—make me—" and her father's voice faltered for joy and thankfulness; "you make me happy to hear your sweet tongue talk that way. May such good sense always stay with

you, my child; and may heaven guard you always from evil. There's a little verse I just composed, I can't help but repeat it to you:

There'll be no evil there;  
There'll be no evil there,  
In heaven above,  
Where all is love;  
There'll be no evil there.

Now Unit and Tilly-Jane, if you can just get landed safely there, I'll be so happy!" And my husband wept.

The reader may not be able to determine how pleased I have been to note this change in my husband's manner. Whether lasting or not it seems in answer to long continued prayer in his behalf relative to his unwarranted rigidity of manner towards the children especially.

"I had not forgotten his remarks about keeping sin before the children, and parading our own goodness. After they had retired, which they did at the close of their father's last utterance I've just given, I called his attention to it. "Dear Tubal," I resumed, "the remark you made about sin and our individual goodness being held up before the children, pardon me, but I think it would be in bad taste. Telling them of sin and sinful things might have a tendency to tempt them to try something of them. I presume you are aware of how much harm grows out of the reading of books portraying evil conduct on the part of men and women; how many boys more than girls become venturesome; some steady boys at that, led away by such. And were we to relate things of sinfulness, however cautious we might try to be, there might be found lurking in that talk a demon of unsuspected proportions, ready to tempt, and wily! In holding up righteousness worthy of emulation, attempts to practice could and would do naught else than good. But that righteousness should not be made to appear as existing in you or me alone. The only way our examples can do good is by making no reference to them. Tilly-Jane and Unit observe, and as we do and say they can but notice and draw their own conclusions of the wisdom and propriety thereof. To tell them we were their examples may savor of self-righteousness and self-sufficiency. We were once young, and should remember that youth has not the experience of age, and so deal gently, There are things we do

not know, as old as we are; and our own conduct may not always be the wisest at its best oftentimes."

That's all very true, Decinda," said Tubal; "I've been pondering it over myself since I named it; and note that speaking of it as I did before the children was not as wise as it might have been. I am a frail mortal any how, and need learn much yet, I fear. I believe, Decinda, that sometimes I've been 'wise in my own conceit'—and that aint a good idea, I'm bein' persuaded. Well, these parties are queer things anyhow. When I was a boy we used to have spelling schools and debating clubs, and that's about all 'side from dancing. My father and mother were reared fore-ordained Presbyterians; and mother was a good woman although she was afeared that some breath she drew might be a sinful one. They believed in 'total depravity,' though they never gave much evidence of its existence in themselves. Father was an honorable man, and just. He died happy, and the belief that he was one of 'the elect' helped him in his death. Decinda, it was a queer belief, but our eyes were once darkened; but now, I trust we see. Many things in my early training have strangely clung to me; like a notch in the bark of a tree, it grows there. The children have gone to bed. I love them. Unit is growing so manly; and Tilly-Jane's a woman already. Decinda, this evening's conversation has done us no harm."

"O, no, husband, none at all. I have only been well gratified with its even

tenor. We each have our respective work to do. The children are ours and have been spared to us these several years. They are amply repaying us for infancy's nursing and care. I think no fault attaches to us. We have much to be thankful for."

"We have," said Tubal, "and I hope in the future to be more guarded in my language than I have heretofore been. 'Tis strange how old some folk become ere they learn lessons of discretion, and what may be the right thing to do! Shall we pray before we go to bed?"

"We'd better," I answered; "will you lead?" And he prayed as follows:

"Good Father, what strange creatures we are; how blind, how frail we are! Thou knowest I have tried to do right, but have made many blunders; forgive me, I pray thee. Thou hast kindly favored us with home and goodly children; we have been careful for their good. If we have been too stringent in our method, to harsh in our treatment on 'em, forgive us. We sometimes try to walk so straight we get a little crooked somehow ourselves; 'tis human to err, and help us we pray thee. Wife is kind and good. I love her and I love my Savior; and hope that harmony and peace from God may abide in our home evermore. Keep the children from every harm. Help them, keep their lives pure, and deliver them from every snare of the wily tempter. Help them hate sin and love righteousness. Be with us through the night and all time to come. Amen."

(To be continued).

## SCHOOL-TIME.

What is all this great commotion?

What's the matter with the boys?

Seems to me the house is bursting

With their clatter and their noise.

"Mamma, put up lots of dinner."

"Mamma, won't you brush my hair?"

"Mamma, where's my cap and mittens?"

"There, I've tumbled over a chair!"

Here they rush and there they go,

With noise of boots and noise of tongues;

Three boys hurrying to and fro,

With active feet and good, strong lungs.

"Almost school-time; hurry up, Ed;"

"Where's the dinner pail? Where's my skates?"

With skip and jump, and "Good-by, mamma,"

Gone are the boys, and books and slates.

O busy mothers of happy boys,

Who feel the silence a blessed rest;

Bear with the boys the best you can,

For soon they'll leave the old home-nest!

They'll be grave men, with boys of their own;

Perhaps will sleep in the churchyard low;

While you hold them fast with mother's love,

Remember, some time your boys must go.—*Sel.*

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

## THE BOOK OF ALMA.

## CHAPTER XII.

Record of Alma the First Chief Judge over the Nephites.—Laws of Mosiah Approved.—Nehor and his Doctrine of Universal Salvation.—He kills Gideon, and is himself punished with death.—Progress of the Church.—Wealth of the People.—The Poor cared for.—Amlici's Rebellion and his Defeat in Battle.—He brings the Lamanites to aid him, and again the Nephites prevail.—Subsequent Prosperity causes Pride.—Nephihah chosen as First Chief Judge in place of Alma who resigns that he may Labor in the Ministry.—He preaches Christ and His Atonement in the Cities of Zarahemla and Gideon.

WE come now to the history kept by Alma, the first chief judge over the Nephites. Alma was also the presiding high-priest over the Church of God. In his record he says that the laws that had been instituted by King Mosiah in his time were considered by the nation as being so just and equitable that they were approved of under the new order of government, and the various judges continued to administer justice according to those laws, each in the jurisdiction over which he had been placed by the choice of the people.

During these times there was a brief religious trouble. It was caused by the rising up of a man named Nehor, who began to teach that because an atonement had been made for all mankind therefore full salvation would come to every one irrespective of his faith or conduct, and that there was no need to be concerned about the matter; that they should throw all care and trouble aside and fully enjoy themselves in every manner; for all men would be saved anyway. This was pleasing doctrine to those who were glad to think that it might not make any difference what they did in this life, and that it was not really necessary for them to be tried in order to be perfected; or to be in poverty and sorrow to learn necessary lessons of humility; or to suffer for the truth's sake as many prophets had done; or to conduct themselves like the lowly Savior whose coming had been revealed; in fact that none of these things were necessary in order for them to have eternal life with him and with the pious ones of old.

It followed that such as these sustained the new teacher and his theories. They

also gave largely for his support, so that he was finely clothed and lived without labor. This was according to his teachings; for he had said that the ministry ought to be supplied with abundance by those to whom they preached, therefore he organized what he called a church; and they all advocated these fallacies and lived carelessly and at ease. But, fortunately, their number was small.

Now it happened that, while this man was trying to overthrow the truth of God and to establish error, he was met by Gideon, a servant of the Lord, who reproved him for misleading men. Nehor became angry with Gideon because of this, and in his wrath he killed him. Then he was brought before the chief judge to be tried for the great crime that he had committed. Alma said to him that he had not only introduced priestcraft among the people to lead them astray from God's word, but that he had also resorted to the sword to enforce his bad doctrine; and in like manner, if that doctrine was forced upon the people it would prove their destruction, even the ruin of all who should accept it. He announced that under the law Nehor had been found guilty of killing an innocent and a just man, consequently he must, according to that law, suffer death for his evil deed, because the nation must abide by the just law it had approved of. Therefore Nehor was put to death.

Still, because of his teachings, there were some from that time who tried to evade both the law of God and the law of the land, and to do as they pleased. Now the Nephite rule was that none could be harmed for their belief, so they did not lie, or steal, or do any other wicked thing; therefore these could teach their freedom from restraint, but they had to conform to the law outwardly. However, in spirit they became proud and high-minded; also they scorned the church and opposed its doctrines, and later began to persecute its members. But the most of the members endured this quietly and in humility, the rule among them being that none of them should in return persecute those who were not members, or do them any harm. Yet there were a few who did not observe this

rule, and these became angry and contended with their enemies, instead of humbly bearing what was put upon them for Christ's sake. Consequently some became hardened and committed such deeds that they had to be expelled, while others withdrew from the Church by their own will.

But the great body stood as steadfastly as before, the ministry preaching salvation through Christ, and the members laboring diligently and living without extravagance of excess of pride. As the result of their diligence, faithfulness, and care, they had an abundance of all things necessary for their comfort, and also amassed wealth. Their land was productive in fruits and grains; and from the mountains they took gold and silver. At the same time they manufactured silk, linen, woolen, and cotton goods for their household needs, and for clothing. The church cared for all of the poor and the unfortunate, whether such belonged to it or not, because every member of it paid into the treasury an amount according to what he or she possessed, so that none suffered from hunger or from other kind of want. For, indeed, true charity, the love of God and man, prevailed among the Nephites in that good day.

After a time a man named Amlici arose, and he gathered around him the discontented and disobedient. These wished to have a king again, so they chose him to be their leader in rebellion; therefore he took his followers to fight against the existing government and the church. And Alma, as the chief judge, armed his people in defense; and they met the Amlicites by the river Sidon and defeated them, so that the remainder fled to the south. There Amlici met a Lamanite army on the way, and joining with them he returned to fight the Nephites. But the latter were blessed of the Lord for their righteousness in serving him, and for their integrity, so that they had help to overcome their enemies, and they drove them far away, Amlici himself being among the slain. But, ere it was accomplished, many of the Nephites on the south border were slain, their flocks scattered, their fields overrun and their grain destroyed.

However, after that there was peace, and by and by they became so rich in gold and silver, in flocks and herds, so wealthy in buildings and manufactured

goods, so supplied with a great amount and variety of fine clothing and adornments, that not only those who did not make profession of Christ but also many who did, became proud of their possessions and good things, of their farms and their cities, of their temples and fine buildings; and, because of these feelings, there was more or less envying and strife among them. As these evils appeared in the church they prevented some from uniting with it who otherwise would have done so; and also such conduct made an unfortunate example both for those in the church and those out. But the majority were steadfast and faithful, abiding in charity with their brethren, caring for the needy, and doing good upon every hand.

After what had happened Alma saw more fully the needs of the church, therefore he resigned his place as chief judge over the nation in order that he might attend to his calling in the ministry, that he might instruct and guide his people in the knowledge of God's word. So a wise man named Nephiah was chosen as chief judge, and Alma commenced his missionary tour through the church. Beginning in Zarahemla he taught them to be humble in heart and to have faith in God, and in the atoning power of the Son of God, to believe in him who should come as a Redeemer and Savior. He taught them the need of having good works, of being righteous in word and act, and exhorted them to flee from wickedness, from every kind of sin, and from pride and vanity. He testified that he knew by the Spirit of God that Christ would soon come to perform his work, therefore all who would be with him ought to come unto the Good Shepherd, and by repentance and baptism receive a remission of their sins. His teaching was with power, and many were baptized and received into the church.

Alma also ordained more priests and teachers. This he did by laying his hands on their heads and setting them apart unto the holy calling of ministering unto the flock, and of presiding over various portions of the church. After this revival they met and prayed and fasted for the conversion of those who had not received the gospel, and also sought for God's promised blessings. Then Alma went over to the east of the Sidon, and in the city of Gideon preached the word of God, saying that Christ should come and dwell

in a mortal body, that he should suffer affliction and temptations, that he should take upon himself the sins of the world and suffer death in order to overcome it and to deliver all men therefrom. He also told those of Gideon that they must repent and be baptized that their sins might be washed away, and so that they might walk according to the holy order of the Son of God; that they should be humble, gentle, submissive, patient and full of love, and temperate in all things. Then Alma went into the land of Melek and there preached and baptized as he had done in Zarahemla and Gideon. (2).

(2) It now comes in place to use some of the valuable matter found in Prescott's "Conquest of Peru," concerning the ancient civilization of that wonder-land to the Spaniards nearly four hundred years ago. Prescott's opening words are as follows:

"Of the numerous nations which occupied the great American Continent at the time of its discovery by the Europeans, the two most advanced in power and refinement were undoubtedly those of Mexico and Peru. . . . The empire of Peru, at the period of the Spanish invasion, stretched along the Pacific from about the second degree north to the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude, a line also, which describes the western boundaries of the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. Its breadth can not so easily be determined; for, though bounded everywhere on the west by the great ocean, towards the east it spread out, in many parts considerably beyond the mountains."

Of the people found by the Spaniards in 1511 to 1531 and their origin, he says:

"An industrious population settled along the lofty regions of the plateaus, and towns and hamlets, clustering amidst orchards and wide-spreading gardens, seemed suspended in the air. Intercourse was maintained between these numerous settlements by means of the great roads which traversed the mountain passes, and opened easy communication between the capital and the remotest extremities of the empire. The source of this civilization is traced to the valley of Cuzco, the central region of Peru, as its name (meaning navel) implies. The origin of the Peruvian empire is lost in the mists of fable, which, in fact, have settled as darkly around its history as around that of any nation, ancient or modern, in the Old World."

Of the more ancient people and their civilization, he wrote:

"On the shores of Lake Titicaca extensive ruins exist at the present day, which the Peruvians themselves acknowledge to be of older date than the advent of the Incas, and to have furnished them with the models of their architecture. . . . We may reasonably conclude that there existed in the country a race advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas; and, in conformity with nearly every tradition, we may derive this race from the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca, a conclusion strongly confirmed

by the imposing architectural remains which still endure on its borders, after the lapse of so many years. Who this race were and whence they came may afford a tempting theme for inquiry. But it is a land of darkness that lies far beyond the domain of history."

Yes, that is true, so far as relates to history known to the world and accepted by it. But the Lord has brought forth a history of both the origin and the age of that people, so that the mystery is solved. The case is much like that of men trying independently to account for the origin and beginning of all things, instead of going to the record which the Lord has caused to be written concerning the beginning, and there reading, "In the beginning God," and still further, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Of the condition of the nation at the time of the conquest, in Prescott's first chapter we read:

"The ancient city of Cuzco had been gradually advancing in wealth and population till it had become the worthy metropolis of a great and flourishing monarchy. It was the royal residence, and was adorned with the ample dwellings of the great nobility. The massive fragments still incorporated in many of the modern edifices bear testimony of the size and solidity of the ancient buildings. The health of the city was promoted by spacious squares, in which a numerous population assembled to celebrate the high festivals of their religion. For Cuzco was the 'Holy City,' and the great Temple of the Sun, to which pilgrims resorted from the furthest borders of the empire, was the most magnificent structure in the New World, and probably was unsurpassed in the costliness of its decorations by any building in the Old World."

He relates that on the north was a strong fortress, the remains of which excite the admiration of the modern traveler. This fortress was protected at some distance by three semi-circular walls of great thickness, each a quarter of a mile long. The building itself consisted of three large towers. One was appropriated by the Inca, and was garnished with sumptuous decorations befitting a royal residence. The other two were held by the garrison, drawn from the Peruvian nobles, and commanded by an officer of royal blood. Prescott says that the fortress, the walls, and the galleries of which he speaks, were all built of stone, the blocks of which were laid with such exactness and united so closely, "that it was impossible to introduce even the blade of a knife between them." Many of them were of vast size, "some of them being full thirty-eight feet long, by eighteen broad, and six feet thick." He says: "We are filled with astonishment when we consider that these enormous masses were hewn from their native bed, fashioned into shape, and brought from quarries that were four to fifteen leagues distant, were transported across rivers and ravines, raised to their elevated position on the sierra, and finally adjusted there with the nicest accuracy, and without the knowledge of tools and machinery familiar to the European. Twenty thousand men are said to have been employed on this great structure, and fifty years consumed in the building."

Further of the grandeur found there he writes: "The royal palaces were on a magnificent

scale, and far from being confined to the capital, or to a few principal towns, they were scattered over all the provinces of their vast empire." He says that the apartments within them were thickly studded with gold and silver ornaments, while niches in the walls were filled with images of plants and animals wrought of the same precious materials. Also the furniture glittered with "the like wanton magnificence. With these gorgeous decorations were mingled richly colored stuffs, of the delicate manufacture of the Peruvian wool, which were of so beautiful a texture that the Spanish sovereigns, with all the luxury of Europe and Asia at their command, did not disdain to use them." He mentions that the Incas and princes had blooming and fragrant gardens attached to their beautiful palaces, where, by gushing fountains and running brooks, they took their baths in vessels of gold, the waters for them being conducted in pipes of silver. Here were rare plants and gorgeous flowers, and by their side were exact imitations in glittering silver and gold. Prescott says that if any one is inclined to doubt this dazzling picture he should reflect "that the Peruvian mountains teemed with gold, and that the natives understood the art of working the mines."

When an Inca died his body was embalmed and removed to the great Temple of the Sun at Cuzco. There he was placed by the side of his ancestors. "The bodies, clothed in the princely attire which they had been accustomed to wear, were placed on chairs of gold, and sat with the heads inclined downward, their hair of raven black or silvered over with age, according to the period at which they died. It seemed like a company of solemn worshippers fixed in devotion, so true were the forms and lineaments to life."—vol. 1, pp. 21, 22.

It is remarked by Prescott that the Incas and princes were certainly a race superior to the great mass of the people over whom they reigned, and that, "after a lapse of centuries, they still retained their individuality as a peculiar people. They possessed, moreover, an intellectual pre-eminence. The heads of the Inca race show a decided superiority over the other races; and it can not be denied that it was the fountain of that peculiar civilization and social polity which raised the Peruvian monarchy above every other state in South America." So says Prescott. Then he adds this sentence of exclamation and inquiry: "Whence this remarkable race came, and what was its early history, are among those mysteries that meet us so frequently in the annals of the New World, and which time and the antiquarian have as yet done little to explain."—p. 25.

The marked distinction that was observed to exist between all the nobility, Incas, rulers of every degree, and their subjects, is worthy of note. For it appears that all the officials, both civil and military, were of this peculiar race, as Prescott calls it, that they were the intellectual ones of the whole empire, and that in all their alliances and marriages they kept themselves distinct as a race from those whom they ruled over. The writer of these articles has been asked in what way these evidences of a superior race being found in Peru, with such conditions of civilization, affects or pertains to the Nephite branch of Lehi's posterity, if they were all des-

troyed at the time that Moroni hid up the plates. To this he replies that the conclusion is not warranted that the whole nation of the Nephites perished because a great body of them emigrated to North America, and their armies followed the Lamanite armies into the region of the great lakes and were there destroyed. Superior classes in intelligence, and fairer in countenance, by far, than the roving sons of the forest, the wild hunters for prey, have been discovered both in South and in North America, all the way down since the conquest. The most of these have been and still are found taking as much comfort in gathering into communities, in building villages of substantial material, and in cultivating the soil, as the more degraded ones have delighted in killing and eating wild animals, instead of laboring; and in covering themselves with the skins of beasts, instead of with manufactured clothing, as the better and fairer races have done, so far as they knew how. This difference has stood out just as clearly and fully in later times as it did in the days when men wrote the record that is now called the Book of Mormon, and it marks the distinction between the two races, or a mixture of them, wherever it is seen.

That it was the promise of God that some of the Nephites should abide, is stated in the Book of Mormon, as spoken by Jacob, as follows:

"Let your hearts rejoice, and behold how great are the covenants of the Lord . . . He has promised unto us that our seed shall not be utterly destroyed, according to the flesh, but that he would preserve them, and in future generations they shall become a righteous branch unto the house of Israel."—p. 75.

In favor of the assertion that fairer races did inhabit America anciently, and that such races have, in a degree, continued until now, we have abundant proof from various authors. The Zuni and Mandan Indians have been particularly noted in this respect. We find the following in the "United States Explorations for a Railroad Route to the Pacific:"

"Many of the Indians of Zuni (New Mexico) are white. They have a fair skin, blue eyes, chestnut or auburn hair, and are quite good looking. They claim to be full blooded Zunians, and have no tradition of intermarriage with any foreign race."—vol. 3, page 107.

In his "Researches into the physical history of Mankind," edition of 1841, Prichard says in relation to color:

"It will be easy to show that the American races show nearly as great a variety in this respect as the nations of the old continent. There are among them white races with a florid complexion, and tribes black or of a dark hue."—vol. 1. p. 269.

Short, in his "North Americans of Antiquity," mentions the Menominees, sometimes, he says, called the "White Indians," and remarks:

"The whiteness of these Indians early attracted the attention of the Jesuit missionaries, and has often been commented on by travelers. The peculiarity of the complexion of this people has been marked since the first time a European encountered them. . . . The variety of complexion is as great in South America as among the tribes of the northern part of the continent."—p. 189.



Winchell, on page 185 of his "Preadamites," says:

"In Mexico were tribes of an olive or reddish complexion, relatively light."

In August, 1683, William Penn wrote back to England as follows:

"I have seen among them (the natives) as comely European-like races of both sexes as on your side of the sea, and truly an Italian complexion has not much more of the white, and the noses of several of them have as much of the Roman."

Goodrich, on page 154 of the "Universal Traveler," says that many of the modern Peruvians are as fair as the people of the south of Europe.

In his "Indians of North America" Catlin writes as follows of the Mandan tribe:

"There are a great many whose complexions are as white as half-breeds; and, peculiarly among the women, there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features with hazel, with gray, and with blue eyes; with mildness and sweetness of expression, and excessive modesty of demeanor. Why this diversity of

complexion I can not tell, nor can they themselves account for it."—vol. 1, p. 95.

He says that they were the same when discovered by the Lewis and Clarke expedition in 1802 as when he wrote in 1835, and that Governor Clarke told him that he, Catlin, "would find the Mandans a strange people, and half white."

Donnelly says that the popular opinion that all Indians are "red men" is a gross error; and Congressman Haines, in his late work called "The American Indian," mentions the fair complexion of the Mandans, the Menominees, and of the inhabitants of the island of St. Catherine, off the southern coast of California.

Baldwin says in "Ancient America:"

"It has been suggested that the Mandans were a separate and lost fragment of the mound-building people, they being noticeably unlike other Indians, being lighter in color and peculiar in manners and customs. . . . That they were like what a lost community of mound-builders might have become by degeneration, through mixture and association with barbarians, may be supposed, but the actual history of that remarkable tribe might give a different explanation."—p. 74.

(To be continued)

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

### CHAPTER V.

#### THE BEGINNING OF TRIAL.

"Let us be patient. These severe afflictions,  
Not from the ground arise;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume the dark disguise."

—Longfellow.

"In their affliction they will seek me early."  
—Hosea 5: 15.

WE come now to the record of an event that ever has seemed inscrutable to those who are unaccustomed to trace the rulings of Providence in the affairs of men; but the same lofty faith in the guidance of God that had sustained her ancestors when the way was hidden in clouds and darkness was the heritage of Pattie.

It was the winter succeeding her ninth birthday. She had been attending school steadily, her natural love for study stimulated by the hope of a prize that her teacher had promised to award at Christmas. It lacked one week of that time when her parents decided that it was too cold for her to attend longer; but they yielded to her entreaties to be allowed to go until Christmas. So for three days Pattie walked the two miles distance in colder

weather than she had ever before been exposed to. The third night she returned home with a sore throat, and she was quite unwell when she rose next morning, but she refrained from speaking of it for fear that she should again be forbidden to attend school. At breakfast she was shaking with a chill, and soon left the table with her breakfast untouched. To her mother's inquiry she replied that she was cold. Seating herself by the fire, and laying her head on a chair, she fell into a stupor, in which condition her mother found her, and removed her to bed. In a few hours she awoke in a raging fever. The physician was summoned; but before he arrived she was delirious, and the occurrences of the next few weeks were always a blank to her. She had been attacked by that dread disease, spinal-meningitis. Paralysis ensued, and for many days she lay unconscious and motionless. At length, when reason returned, all was profound silence and darkness, and she imagined it to be the night when she returned sick from school. She called for her mother, and soon felt her mother's hands.

on her head. Pattie told her that she was sick; that she could not move any part of her body except her hands; that she wished Mamma would please light a candle and bring her a drink of water. The water was soon placed to her lips, but there was no need of the candle, for it was bright noonday, and Pattie was blind! How long she remained in that state I can not say. She could feel her friends ministering to her wants, and begged constantly for a light for just one little moment, she was so tired of the long, long night. The strange silence also worried her, and she relapsed; then for days the little life hovered in the shadow of death.

When once more she awoke, as she thought from sleep, she could faintly see the light, and inquired if it were morning. Being answered by an affirmative nod, she said: "Now I will get up and go to school;" but she could not move; and seeing her mother weeping, she exclaimed: "O, Mamma, what has happened; where is father?" Mr. Waldville knelt by her bed; and seeing that Pattie recognized him, he took both her hands in his, and asked her how she was. She knew that he was speaking by the movement of his lips; but, as she heard no sound, she thought he was whispering, and it irritated her, and she said to him, a little sharply, "Speak out loud."

He nodded answeringly.

"Why, father, I did not hear you!

He shook his head and touched his ear. She understood.

"O, father, am I deaf?" and Pattie searched her father's face for answer. He nodded.

"Oh! then I can't go to school any more;" and she wept very bitterly.

Fearing the effect of her agitation, he hastened to reassure and soothe her.

During her brief attendance at school, Pattie had not taken up the study of writing, and now her parents were at a loss how to communicate with her. By the aid of the alphabet, Mr. Waldville informed her that the doctor hoped that she would regain her hearing with the recovery of her health; and Pattie was comforted for the time.

A few days afterwards was the Sabbath, but Pattie was not aware of the fact. She had been sleeping, and on awakening she saw the family were assembled in the room, and her father with the Bible was

reading the Sabbath lesson. None noticed the loving, wistful eyes that took in the sweet old picture. There, seated near the bed, in the high-backed rocking chair, was the mother with the baby on her knee, her fingers caressing his golden locks, a look of chastening sorrow and holy peace mingled on her countenance. Little Allie was in her small chair by her mother's side, and the elder ones seated about the room, all attentively listening.

Pattie noted all these as she lay motionless. Presently she noticed too that no sound of the lesson in which they were so interested reached her ear; then came the thought, What if she should never again hear those blessed words and voices! The thought was full of agony; for the first time she realized the magnitude of the misfortune that had overtaken her. Suddenly all were startled by a piercing cry that rang out on the Sabbath stillness, and thrusting her arms toward her father she thrusted: "O, father, father, I can not hear!"

The tears flowed like rain from the mother's eyes as she bent her head low over the sleeping baby. Mr. Waldville calmly laid down the book; and going to the bed he gently lifted Patty in his arms; and resuming the book, he turned to the thirteenth Chapter of John, and pointed to the words of our Lord to Peter, and Pattie read: "Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Also in the Apostle Paul's letter to the Romans Mr. Waldville pointed out and Pattie read, "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." As Patty read, a holy calm and peace fell on her spirit, and faith in God once more rose paramount in her young heart.

If then, there was a glory hereafter to be revealed in us, which could only be attained through suffering, was it not then a proof of God's love for her, to appoint her this suffering that she might attain to the glory? Was that the meaning of the words: "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth?"

Such thoughts kept her very still. She lay resting in her father's arms. The habitual sternness of his features were relaxed in tender pity; and his toil-roughen-

ed hand smoothed the bright hair from the pale brow, while he watched the large blue eyes gazing, as they seemed, into the future of this life, with its long dreary years of privation and blasted hopes and unknown suffering, stretching out from the little feet, scarce yet begun their journey.

All this on the one hand; and on the other, promise of incomparable glory waiting beyond. At length she lifted her face, on which had come a look of pathetic resignation and infinite patience, as thoroughly weighing the question as to whether she would have her portion in the good things in this life or that to come.

"Father," she said, "God knows best."

Mr. Waldville turned to the words uttered so long ago in Gethsemane, and Pattie read:

"O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done."

He looked inquiringly into her face as she finished, and she nodded acquiescence. From that hour it ever seemed to her that she had made her choice and accepted the alternative, and henceforth with Christ her life and portion were to be, in preference to the pleasures of this world.

Pattie's recovery was very slow. Her spine remained so painful that she could only rest easy when supported in some one's arms. One day when she had been unusually restless, her father took a slate, and, printing the words, asked her if she desired to learn writing? Pattie's weariness fled at once with the coming of the hope that she could learn something yet.

"O, father, can I?"

"Let us try, Pattie."

He then wrote the alphabet, and with the help of the printed characters he taught her to read the written letters. She quickly mastered them, and in a short time she could read anything that he wrote for her; and she forgot much of her suffering while trying to imitate the copies that he set for her. She would watch the departure of the other children for school every morning with a look of patient longing in her eyes, then turn to the amusement of her slate. Her parents in speaking of this afterwards, said it was more painful to witness than her complaints would have been. Her eyes were yet too weak to permit reading, and her friends sought to beguile the lonely hours

by make-believe writing letters on the slate, in which she was informed of the occurrences of the farm, shop and neighborhood.

Spring came before she was able to walk except by holding to chairs. School had closed, and her teacher called to make his farewell. Pattie was slowly pushing a chair across the room when he entered. He was greatly shocked at the change in the appearance of his little pupil.

"Why, how are you, Pattie?" he said, extending his hand.

"I can not hear now, Sir, answered Pattie as she placed her thin little hand in his; "but I can write," she added, brightly. He sat down, and taking her on his knee, he wrote on the little slate:

"Pattie, this is too bad."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hocking," said she, with the confidence of one who has learned an important secret; "it is for the best, or God would not let it be so."

The strong man, careless and skeptical, was touched.

"Are you quite sure of that, Pattie?" he wrote.

"Oh yes, Mr. Hocking," she answered. Looking up wonderingly into his face, and noticing the tears in his eyes, she added: "Don't mind it, please, for God is going to make it all up to me sometime."

"How so?"

"Why the Bible says his glory will be revealed in us if we suffer."

"What does that mean?"

"I think it means that we shall have his Spirit in us to comfort us while we live; and when we die we will go where he is, and be like him."

"But, Pattie, has not God promised all that through faith in his Son? What need then of affliction?"

"That patience may have its perfect work; and when we are tried we shall come forth as gold, the Bible says."

Mr. Hocking was a skeptic in religious matters, but Pattie did not know that. She supposed that every one in Christian lands believed in God. She was a little surprised at his question, but she surmised that they were only intended by way of catechising. That she had been his teacher in heavenly things of which she was far wiser than he, she did not dream. She soon bade him good-bye, and many years elapsed before they met again.

To be continued.

## THE SPOILERS OF JERUSALEM.

BY S. F. W.

*Jerusalem, the race's common home!*  
*Upon thy night of sorrow dawns the morn;*  
*And thou shalt rise, thy light being come,*  
*No more forsaken and forlorn—*  
*Loved land where Christ the Lord was born.*  
*Awake! Put on thy beautiful attire!*  
*Thy sons shall like the doves to windows come.*  
*From off the willows take the harp and lyre;*  
*We 'wait the strain with infinite desire.*

## BOOK II.—CANTO I.

Though science gives the meaning of portents,  
 As when the morrow will be foul or fair,  
 And calculates the issue of events  
 In the material realm of earth and air;  
 The moral aspect that events shall bear  
 That yet are hidden in futurity,  
 It is the prophet's province to declare.  
 'Tis higher and diviner, far, to see  
 The purport of the act that's yet to be.

Turn t'ward Jerusalem and list the sound—  
 And only there the word of God is heard;  
 Where else shall truth and trust and faith be  
 found?—  
 A prophet's soul with holy zeal is stirred:  
 "My statutes keep, and hearken to my word,  
 And from your sins be clean and separate,  
 And from your idols turn; or, saith the Lord,  
 This house shall be like Shiloh in its fate,  
 And all the land shall be made desolate."

With divination vain and foolish vision,  
 False prophets now the holy one withstand,  
 And hold his righteous ardor in derision:  
 "Who prophesieth evil fate at hand,  
 Himself is traitor to our holy land.  
 We trust in Egypt, O, our king, and thee.  
 We 'wait with valor thy august command.  
 The Babylonian host will fear and flee  
 When Egypt's arms allied with ours they see."

Again the prophet, Jeremiah his name:  
 "This people stumble, and are gone astray;  
 Are a reproach and a perpetual shame,  
 The high behests of heaven to disobey.  
 Mine eyes run down with tears by night and  
 day.

Oh for a place of refuge and retreat,  
 A lodge in some vast wilderness, away  
 From men whose habitation is deceit,  
 And truth and justice fallen in the street!

"They bend their tongues like bows to hurl out  
 lies;

Their steps to evil are as arrows fleet.  
 To Moloch they give bloody sacrifice,  
 To idols dumb and devils odors sweet,  
 And knead the Queen of Heaven cakes to eat,  
 And at the gate for Thammuz weep and wail,  
 And cast a high place up in every street;  
 Spill blood of innocents in Hinnom's vale,  
 And pass their children through the fire to Baal.

"If even yet God's pleadings ye would hear  
 To keep the covenants of the written word,  
 The siege and famine ye'd not need to fear,  
 Nor fire, nor plague, nor the avenging sword,  
 Nor fury of the Babylonian horde.  
 Upon your idols will ye call in vain,  
 And allied Egypt can not help afford.  
 The sound of mirth shall cease in cry of pain—  
 Take up the lamentation for the slain!

"The Babylonian shall back return  
 Like gathering streams from many sides of  
 earth;  
 Like lava tides that flowing, blast and burn;  
 Like storm and tempest bursting wildly forth  
 From out the habitations of the north;  
 Cruel as fate and terrible their fame,  
 And bred to bloody battle from their birth.  
 As autumn's grassy plain is swept with flame,  
 So shall this land with human wrath the same.

Ye've cried Peace, peace! Alas, there is no peace!  
 The evil fig must fall; the leaf must fade;  
 The sound of millstone, as of mirth, shall cease.  
 Jerusalem shall e'en a heap be made;  
 And all the cities in one ruin laid.  
 The holy house shall be like dragon's den;  
 The vessels be to heathen sight displayed.  
 The place be made as desolate as when  
 The Lord o'erthrew the cities of the plain.

"And safety sought by flight shall not be found;  
 The carcasses shall unto beasts be given;  
 Be strewn and heaped upon the cumbered  
 ground,

And food for all the birds beneath the heaven;  
And men at morn shall say, Would God 'twere  
even;

And vain, at last, all pleadings and all tears!  
The living far away in sorrow driven,  
To serve the king of Babylon seventy years:—  
The vision thus to inner sight appears.”

As close the storm-clouds round the mountain's  
brow,

So gather hosts about the sacred place.  
As erst the prophet spake before, so now:  
“Surrender and go forth and sue for grace.”  
The Princes say: “why should one live, so  
base?”

And cast him in a dungeon, deep in mire;  
And still the storm and siege went on apace,  
With ram and bolt and blade and dart and fire;  
And mount and fort and tower were builded  
higher.

Shall strife for country, creed and city cease?  
What less could any princes do than fight,  
And silence those whose counsel was for peace,  
To weaken thus the hands of men of might?  
And who will say the Princes were not right?

Who'd not contend for that which is his own?  
What hinders one seems wrong; what favors,  
right.  
The prince who would not fight for house and  
throne,  
Is something the historian has not known.

This royal seat is royal David's own,  
And this the chosen, consecrated line;  
Shall it by heathen king be overthrown;  
And thwarted thus high heaven's great design?  
Shall David's lineage David's throne resign,  
When God by covenanting oath has sworn  
While moon by night and sun by day shall  
shine,

And even shall succeed successive morn,  
Shall Jews be ruled by prince to David born?

And this is David's City, chosen too;  
And this is Abraham's allotted land;  
And these his children, faithful, and so few,  
That should have been as countless as the sand  
—Delivered oft by the Almighty hand.  
This holy house,—in every land its fame—  
To God devoted, built by his command,  
That he hath chosen there to put his name,—  
Shall race and place incur disgrace and shame?

Aye! man the walls by holy hands upreared  
While man be left or heathen foe assail!  
Strike for the soil to sainted sires endeared!  
Shall not Elijah's God again prevail  
Against the bloody worshippers of Baal?

Shall not again the avenging fire descend?  
Shall pledge descending with the ages fail?  
Will not the Lord this evil fate forefend,  
Ere race and place in one vast ruin end?

In deadly breach the furious foe they met,  
With new contrivances and many arts;  
And ponderous machines on high they set,  
With skilful hands and brave and willing  
hearts,

Amid the storm of javelins and darts,  
With quick perception of the points to gain,  
With ardor that impending doom imparts,  
While heaped up bodies of the ghastly slain  
Unburied in the seething sun remain.

But now a stealthier, sterner foe assails,  
With weapons deadlier than bolt or blast.  
A famine sore within the lines prevails;  
And o'er the scene a somber gloom is cast,  
And faces are with want and woe aghast,  
And men bow down who ever had been bold;  
And eighteen weary months have past;  
And that was done which Moses said of old—  
Most dreadful thing of all that he foretold!

And yet another woe, and still more dire,  
The sad, forsaken sufferers must feel,  
Than famine gaunt, or thirst, or flame of fire,  
Or spear, or vengeful sword, their fate to seal;  
No art its course can stay or hurt can heal.  
Foul vapors from the sodden soil are bred,  
That to the most secluded chambers steal,  
And pitilessly linger where they spread,  
Till they are sole possessors with the dead.

While list the living for the final token,  
At midnight's fateful hour, the struggle o'er  
There comes a sound as of the deep up-broken,  
Of surge and swirl of spray and all that roar;  
And in the hordes like ancient deluge pour,  
Led on by Nergal, Sherezer, Samgar,  
With clangor like the billow-beaten shore—  
Rude men, of count'nance fierce, and from afar,  
Alert for conquered prey and spoils of war.

How are the walls and towers overturned!  
Nor place of refuge or retreat is found.  
The houses all and holy place are burned,  
And all the strongholds leveled to the ground.  
No more the shouts of mirth or praise resound.  
Zion as Rachel seems, and sits forlorn,—  
Her children dear in heathen fetters bound,  
Away to slavery and exile borne—  
Disconsolate, through all the years doth mourn.

Again is heard the weeping prophet's voice:  
(He with the poor detained the lands to till)  
“Hath God cast off the people of his choice?”

And place of his delight, his holy hill?  
 And city built obedient to his will?  
 And all for which the seers and sires have  
 yearn'd?  
 Hath he forgotten his promise to fulfill?  
 Against his altar and his honor turned?  
 And place and people, pledge and purpose  
 spurned?

While e'er the moon shall gladden human sight,  
 Nor fail the appointed ord'nance to obey;  
 While stars shall glisten in the crown of night,  
 Innumerable in their vast array;  
 Or while the sun, the regal orb of day,  
 Shall move in his appointed way secure,  
 Shall not the seed of Israel be cast away  
 And shall the covenants of the Lord endure;  
 As steadfast are his works, his words are sure."

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

(See Frontispiece.)

I WAS born July 23d, 1820, in Airdrie, Lanarkshire, Scotland; my father was a sober, steady, hard working mechanic. He and mother struggled hard to bring up their large family respectably, and save something for old age. They were members of the Free Church of Scotland. When I was very young, mother was taken sick, and I was sent to my grandfather Story's, mother's parents. Grandmother was a strong, healthy old lady. She was very kind and good to me. I got so attached to her that I did not want to go home again to live; so I staid with them, although it was only a quarter mile from my own home. They were old people; both lived to be ninety.

I went to work at twelve years old, and worked twelve hours a day, constantly, with small wages, for a long time. At eighteen I was employed as pit-head-man, to keep tally of the out-come of the pit, and see that justice was given to man and master. The position was a responsible one, and it was my desire and care to be honest and upright in my dealings and give satisfaction to all. Being of rather a quiet disposition, I had little to say. I never flinched from duty, and strove to be faithful to whatever was given into my charge.

I became acquainted with a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. He quoted several passages of Scripture to me from the New Testament, and asked me if I had read them. He also kindly invited me to go and hear them preach, which I consented to do, and on the following Sunday I went to hear for myself. The elder who preached

was Thomas McLellan. He had but little education and could scarcely read the hymn, but his preaching astonished me; it was with power. No poor, uneducated man could speak as he did unless the Spirit of God directed. I followed him through the Scriptures, which he quoted and read fluently. I was then satisfied that if any preached the gospel it was that people. On leaving meeting I was accosted by an elder of another denomination. He used what influence he could to persuade me that they were false prophets, that they believed in another Bible, etc., and invited me to go and hear their preacher. I took no notice of him, but went back to hear the Saints. I listened to the manifestations of the Spirit of God by those who had believed and been baptized, was more and more convinced of the truth, and began to read and search the Scriptures. I was no longer in doubt, and on the eleventh of August, 1842, presented myself for baptism. I was baptized by Peter Moffet, priest of the branch, and confirmed by Thomas McLellan, elder.

On the bank of the river Colder, where I had been baptized, it was prophesied upon my head, during my confirmation, that I should become an instrument in the hands of God to carry the gospel to the nations of the earth. It seemed strange to me, for at that time I had so little knowledge of the gospel; but truly, after my obedience to the ordinances of the house of God according to Scripture, I can say I was born again, for such light and truth as beamed upon my soul I can never forget. My former friends and

old companions now looked upon me with disrespect, and some forsook me altogether; yet I was happy in the choice I had made; felt willing to forsake all and follow Christ, as did the fishermen of ancient Galilee, and like him who chose "rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

For a few months all things seemed to go against me. I had many trials and difficulties to endure. During that time I was called to the office of deacon in the church. In the month of December I removed to Kibournie in Ayrshire. There I found a small branch of the church—thirty members. I acted in my office as deacon in that place until I was ordained priest; then I commenced to proclaim the gospel among the children of men, as far as my circumstances would allow. I held this office until November 26th, 1843. I was then ordained an elder, and called to preside over the Kilbournie branch. During my stay with them we enjoyed much of the Spirit, and great manifestations of the power of God, and many were added to our number. After knowing for myself that God had set His hand to bring about the restoration of all things spoken of in the Scriptures, I did not feel satisfied in confining myself to my employment, while many were living in darkness and destitute of the spiritual blessings I was enjoying; therefore, on the second of March, 1844, I left my employment and gave myself up to the ministry.

After setting all things in order at Kilbournie, I visited several other branches; and on the third of April went on board steamship at Grenock, in company with brethren Ure, Houston and others, bound for Liverpool, England. After a severe sea-sickness we landed next day. The weather was delightful, and we made our way to the office, where we met brethren Hedlock and Ward, busily engaged in the affairs of the church. On the Saturday following we assembled in conference at the Music Hall, Bold Street, Liverpool. Bro. Hedlock was chosen to preside, many good instructions were given, and good order, unity and love prevailed. The conference lasted four days.

Bro. Ure was sent to preside over the Sheffield conference, and I was appointed to labor with him. We started on our mission, stopping a short time in Newton,

near Cheshire, where there was a branch of the church; then set off for Sheffield. I remained there a few days; then visited a small branch at Gringly; went from there to Doncaster and returned to Sheffield. Here we held conference on the 28th of April. I was there appointed to preside over Gringly, where I found ten members. I visited the surrounding country, and labored in the following places: Round, Sutton, Everton and Mattersea; raised up a small branch at Mattersea, and on the 20th of October met in conference in the Assembly Rooms, Sheffield, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to Bro. Sheets from America.

I returned to my former field of labor. On the 17th of December I held a discussion with Mr. Storrew, Independent minister, upon the first principles of the gospel, in the Methodist Chapel at Mattersea. The house was crowded to excess, many outside. The day following I baptized three and many more believed. We held conference February 2d, 1845. After conference brethren Ure, Sheets and myself went to Chesterfield. I returned to Mattersea; continued my labors there until the 20th of March; then went to Hull. Found Bro. Cuerdon and we held conference there on the 23d. We preached in four different places, met with considerable opposition. Returned to Hull and held three meetings in the Temperance Hall on Sunday; then started for Manchester to attend conference held on the sixth of April, in the Hall of Science. I met with brethren Woodruff and Hedlock. Bro. Woodruff was president, and truly we had a happy time. I traveled from place to place, many times on foot and alone, preaching and building up the Saints. Again met with the branch at Mattersea that I had raised up in 1844, good faithful Saints now numbering forty-seven members. I left it in the hands of Bro. William Brewerton as presiding elder.

Nothing of great importance took place during my labors there, but I must write down a circumstance that happened in the Gringly branch. A pious old man named John Walker, fifty years of age, believed and obeyed the gospel. He was greatly afflicted, had been very lame for nearly twenty years with rheumatism, had tried much medical skill, but all proved unsuccessful, and oftentimes could not walk at all.

He called for the ordinance of the Lord's house, was anointed with oil and administered to, the pain all left him, and the next day he walked with me fifteen miles. He soon received his natural vigor again, and continued well; and through the grace of God was ordained to the priesthood, and is now an elder presiding over the Gringly branch. This happened under my hands, for which I give God the glory. On the ninth of November I left Chester-

field for Woodhouse Mill, then walked to Mattersea. The Saints had a public tea party; the evening was a time of rejoicing, and it was a great pleasure to me to see so many of my brothers and sisters in the gospel, especially those whom I had brought to a knowledge of the truth through the preaching of the word. The evening was spent in singing, speaking, recitations, etc.

(To be continued).

## "THY WILL BE DONE."

BY MATTIE RODGER.

When we feel depressed and lonely  
And our spirits bowed with grief;  
If we seek, but fail in finding  
Something that may bring relief,  
Can we go to God our Father,  
In the name of Christ his Son,  
Ask of him the needed blessing,  
And yet say, "Thy will be done?"

If upon a bed of sickness,  
One we love is lying low;  
All of human skill exhausted,  
Can we to our Father go,  
Pray to him in faith, believing,  
That the promise gift will come,  
Heal the sick and raise the dying,  
And yet say, "Thy will be done?"

If we have in our possession,  
Every comfort wealth can give,  
And impart to others freely,  
That the poor may also live;  
Should it all be taken from us,  
Everything below the sun,  
Crushed beneath a weight of sorrow,  
Could we say, "Thy will be done?"

When the Lord his servants sendeth,  
Far beyond the ocean's foam;  
If in stranger lands they perish,  
Far from those they love at home;  
When the startling tidings reach us  
That their earthly course is run,  
Could we in that hour of trial  
Say, "O God, Thy will be done?"

Lord, increase our faith, we pray thee,  
While we sojourn here below;  
Guide, sustain us by thy Spirit,  
Through this wilderness of woe,  
Come sweet joy, or tribulation,  
May we ever be as one;  
From whate'er we have to suffer,  
We can say, "Thy will be done?"

Then no matter what the treasure,  
We can it to thee resign;  
Back to thee who only lendeth  
To thy creatures for a time.  
Still a heavenward course pursuing,  
Till we have the victory won,  
Bid farewell to earth, rejoicing  
That thy holy will is done.

## SHOW THE CHILDREN RESPECT.

It will surprise many parents to have it suggested that they should treat their children courteously and respectfully. Yet it is the best education that can be imparted to them. Parents are apt to think that the children should be subject to authority and are not to be consulted. But why not? It teaches them to exercise judgment and imparts self-respect. The imitative quality in children leads them to reproduce what is most striking in their parents, unless they have a sufficiently positive individuality to map out characters for themselves. Thus, many children reproduce the leading characteristics of the parent who commands most their regard. So, to treat them harshly, or even imperatively, is to create an autocratic disposition in them. It is not a lovely trait. Self-respect and equipose of character are very different from a domineering propensity, which arrogates authority everywhere.—*Sel.*



## THE POOR WIDOW'S OFFERING ;

## A TRUE STORY.

BY ELON.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.”—*Ecc.* 11:1.

WHEN Jack was a little boy, and under his grandmother's care, his mother and an aunt who lived a great distance away, had met on a visit to their aged parent; for filial affection was deep in the hearts of these sisters, as was also their love for each other, and if last, yet not least, was the mother-love in the heart of Jack's only parent. He kept close to his mother's side during this brief visit, listening intently to their conversation. It eventually turned upon their marital relations.

The aunt had her share of trials. Death had not bereaved her of her companion; but the demon of intoxication had made him his slave, and in doing so had brutalized his nature and dragged him down from the high and noble eminence of a loving husband, to that of a brutal and cruel wretch, utterly regardless of his own welfare, or of her whom he had vowed to love, honor and succor. She was unbosoming her sorrows to her aged mother and loving sister. And these words (ever memorable to Jack) fell upon his ears: “If I had to make choice of a companion in life again, I would ask God to guide me.”

No eye around that table could note the effect these words had upon Jack's mind. It may be the sorrowful tone in which they were uttered, the wail of agony in which they were expressed, accompanied by the scalding tears of grief, that riveted them upon that young mind; but they were ineffaceably written there.

And now, in after years, when he had become a man, had found the pearl of greatest value, the kingdom of God, and longed for life companionship with some one who, while sharing his joys, would help him bear the burden of his cares, and thus be a helpmeet as God had designed in the creation, saying, “It is not good that man should be alone.” The words of his grief-stricken aunt came with force to his mind, and he felt that *if she* needed the guidance of a mightier mind in the great and momentous matter of the choice of a companion for life, he

needed such guidance too. Mortals could not choose for him; and he felt he was not competent to choose for himself unless aided by a power divine.

He was more and more persuaded that He who had preserved him thus far, shielding him in the hours of temptation, strengthening him in the hours of trial, and answering his childish prayers, would not refuse to aid him in the search for a wife. Women could be found anywhere, but wives, like husbands, in their truest, best and holiest sense, were comparatively few. Hence he felt the necessity for divine wisdom to guide his inexperienced heart and mind. This he sought with all the earnestness of his soul, realizing that his future happiness depended upon it, and the well being and happiness of all that might be given as the fruit of that companionship; and perhaps his and their eternal destiny might be more or less affected by it. Only fools would mock at such a course and they will reap the reward of their own folly. Was it sacrilege in him to allow his mind to be arrested for a moment by the sweet, soft cadence of a voice in the choir, as he sat in the sanctuary, a voice that he had never heard before? His quick eye followed the strains of that music till it lit upon a face of beautiful mould, yet deeply scarred by that fearful scourge, small pox; but lit up with an eye of azure blue, wearing an expression of meekness, yet beaming with intelligence and the spirit of devotion. One brief glance read it all there. The dress and demeanor were in perfect keeping with the expression of countenance, indicating neatness, thoughtfulness and true womanliness. And something in Jack's palpitating heart said, “That's the girl for me!”

Reader, if that was sacrilege, Jack was guilty, and he has never repented, and has never felt it necessary to repent, but he never ceased to be grateful to God for the beautiful vision that stood before him. He read it as one of the divine providences, the answer to his prayers, and like Paul, under other circumstances, “Thanked God and took courage.”

In due time he sought his opportunity and found it. He made known his suit, laying bare his life, his true character as he had been enabled to read himself, keeping back no weakness of that nature; but with the exception of his honest intentions, and his love, he left his virtues, if he had any, to be discovered. But deceit and hypocrisy were not among Jack's many failings. The writer has frequently heard him relate his adventure and the answer he received. It was not the answer of a giddy, impulsive, thoughtless girl. It was such as Jack might have been led to expect from his reading of her countenance, as he saw and heard her giving voice to the spirit of devotion that seemed to animate her being as she joined in the chorus of praise to God for his goodness and love.

Her answer, as Jack has told it in my hearing many a time in after years, was this: "Our elders counsel us to prove, through summer and winter, the character and professions of those who seek our hands."

Jack bowed in submission; he was ready for the trial. They were strangers, but he had no fears of the outcome. Their acquaintance ripened into mutual love; and eventually pledges of fidelity and love were interchanged. But patience must have her perfect work. The winter and the summer rolled by, and they were only one in the bonds of love and honor. In the mean time Jack had won, at least, a friend who was dearer to him than the blood that flowed in his veins. This was the golden thread that had woven itself into the warp and woof of his being; and now came the test of Jack's devotion to God and his truth. It was his call to the ministry as referred to in previous pages.

It was a terrible trial, but as we said in the last chapter, he sought and found help—help from above in the hour of need. Yes, and help from this second object of his love. And here was the evidence of her devotion to God, and her burning zeal for the cause of truth. She assured Jack the call was from God; she had received premonitions of it by the Holy Spirit; and keenly as she felt the sacrifice, she was prepared on her part to make it, and would possess herself in patience until in God's divine providence the time should come when their deathless pledge of love should be consum-

mated. Thus encouraged, Jack prepared himself for what was to him a plain and absolute duty. He wound up his manual labors, liquidated his few obligations, and gave the remaining earnings of his toil to forward the cause of truth. And now being absolutely without purse or scrip, and having been ordained to the office of an elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, he entered the mission-field for life with no hope of earthly reward, no expectation of earthly honors, and with little hope of finding friends only among the few despised people who had received or might receive the truth. But as he was satisfied the call was from God, so he never doubted but that He would open his way before him and provide for his absolute necessities.

The temporary separation of these youthful and ardent souls must be passed over. Only outward appearances can be written; the deep, keen pang of separation can never be recorded, it can only be felt by those in like conditions. We shall not stop to detail the travels and labors of our boyish, inexperienced and uneducated preacher, only such as are essential to the completion of our story.

Where is that widowed mother that gave her infant of three weeks old as an offering to the Lord? Rumors have reached her ears that her boy has gone to preach the gospel. It seems strange to her, yet she remembers her whole-hearted and unreserved gift. She remembers, too, her many anxious hours, days and years, lest he should fail to answer the purpose of that devout offering, and she still pleads before the eternal throne that that gift may not be rejected of God; but as yet the light has not sufficiently shone upon her soul to enable her to recognize the divine acceptance of the gift in this call among a people "everywhere spoken against." Had it been in any other church, she could have seen the realization of her desires, and the completion of her fondest hopes. Still her trust is not entirely gone, her hope is not all destroyed.

After traveling three months, Jack visits his mother. He must preach the gospel to her, whether his step-father will hear it or not. And there in her clean little cottage, alone by themselves, he unfolded to her mind the riches of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and then, her heart melted under the divine influence, she

tells him for the first time the story of his birth, of her gift of him to the Lord as Hannah gave Samuel; tells of her loving watchfulness over him, though in the distance; her many prayers and tears; her alternate hopes and fears; and yet an unshaken trust that God would not despise her offering, until he had become identified with the Latter Day Saints, and even then the embers of hope were burning in her soul; and she felt that all would be well. She attended his meetings in the open air, and in the Saints' Meeting House. She heard other elders preach. The word came with power to her soul. Her mind was illuminated; the truth she had so long sought had reached her ears. She recognized its divinity, and her soul bowed in obedience thereto; and little Jack was the chosen one to lead her into the waters of baptism, and there bury her as her Savior was buried in the watery grave, that she might rise again to newness of life. It was a proud hour for Jack; and a season of blessedness and joy to his noble mother. She had "cast her bread upon the waters," and had "found it after many days."

The eldest son, and only brother of Jack, still remained in the Methodist Church. Their love for each other remained unchanged; but the elder brother could not see the necessity of being baptized into the Church of Christ. However, in process of time it was rumored that there was to be a discussion between a "Rev. Rodgers" of the Methodist Church and an Elder J. F. Bell of the Latter Day Saints, on the question of the divinity of Joseph Smith's mission. Jack's brother went to the town of Wolverhampton to hear it, as it was to be in that town, and held in the open air. Jack was curious to hear it also, and it happened that the burden of defense fell upon him.

The Methodist preacher, as was usual, made a violent attack upon the character of the prophet, ridiculing the revelations he had received, and seeking to blacken the character of the Saints.

Jack replied to him to the utter confounding of the preacher and his friends; and at the close, Jack's brother came forward and said to him, "You have knocked all Methodism out of me to-night. I want to be baptized." Another gentleman came forward saying, "You have knocked

all infidelity out of me; I want to be baptized." Three others also came and demanded baptism at the same time; and Jack, with a heart full of gratitude to God for his divine assistance while defending his truth, led them down into the water, and baptized them, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, for the remission of sins, according to the pattern given in Romans 6: 3, 4, 5. They were also confirmed as were the Samaritans (Acts 8: 14-19) by the laying on of hands, and prayer for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. And like the eunuch they went on their way rejoicing.

During these events the spiritual growth and ministerial progress of our young preacher were noticed by none with greater pleasure than by the one whom he had chosen for his wife. She rejoiced in his success, sympathized in his privations and trials, as she heard of them from time to time by the missives of love that reached her through the mails; and constantly plead his cause before the throne of grace. She well understood, from the experience of other elders, what "traveling to preach the gospel without purse and scrip" meant; and he had her strongest and tenderest sympathies. She also understood what her lot in life must be in becoming the wife of one thus engaged. She counted the cost, and with an unwavering trust in God determined to make the sacrifice in order that she might be worthy to stand with those who, "having come up through great tribulation, had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" and, in spite of frequent and better offers in a temporal point of view, she became his wife in harmony with the laws of God and man. But she had "summered and wintered" him, for their marriage did not take place until about one year and a half from the time of their first meeting; and as the work was not in a condition to permit of her traveling with him, she had but little of his society, and depended upon her own exertions for her support. But as the church became stronger he was enabled to render her a little aid from the few and small free-will offerings given to him at times by those among whom he labored. But as is well known, the friends of the cause of truth were rarely found among the rich. "The poor had the gospel

preached to them," and the poor sustained those who preached it. Nor was it done by miserly or begrudging hands; nor could their hearts be measured by their pockets. There was a devotion, a generosity of soul, a spirit of self-sacrifice that characterized both the Saints and the ministry in those days that is not so prevalent, or is not manifest to-day to such an extent.

It was in this spirit of devotion that this noble woman, like many others of that day, gave up the society of her loved companion, that the kingdom of God might be built up in all the world. It was in this spirit of devotion that other members of the church as freely and as nobly sacrificed their little pittance, that the families of this ministry should be fed and clothed, and thus the ministry be sustained in their works of faith, and labors of love. The sacrifice was mutual; and "they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts in that day when I come to make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Never was devotion purer, or love stronger for a husband than that of this handmaid of the Lord for the husband of her choice, yet believing it was her duty to yield him up to the cause of truth, she conferred not with flesh and blood, but meekly and uncomplainingly bore her part of the great sacrifice, until the great Master of the harvest field said, "It is enough," and sent his angels to bear her well tried but triumphant spirit to the mansions of the just, leaving behind her, with fondest regrets, her loved companion and two sweet pledges of their love, as the result of their union—which was of something over five years' duration.

Poor Jack never felt the full bitterness of separation till now. The bitter cup which he had drank all his life, had now received the vinegar and the gall. He would have preferred death with her. Life had lost its value to him, but the voice of love and duty called him to the side of her sweet, motherless babes, and his. He recognized that duty, and girded himself to perform it. This noble wife and mother had always been a source of strength to him though throughout their

wedded life separated from each other except at intervals when he could snatch a few days from his ministerial duties to enjoy her society. He always knew that while the world frowned upon him and hated him for the gospel's sake, she loved him with a love stronger than death; that while brethren might prove false to him, she was forever and unchangeably true. Whenever he returned home, wearied and dispirited, and almost ready to give up the fight against the terrible odds, she would utter words of encouragement, and by her self-sacrificing spirit rouse him to renewed diligence in the Master's cause; and he would return to his arduous task with renewed vigor, rejoicing that there was one on earth that never failed to plead his cause before the eternal throne. So she had become the golden thread that had woven itself into his life—a beam of golden light to cheer his checkered path with rays divine; and still the light of that blest example shines upon his pathway more and more, pointing to the perfect day.

In conclusion we will return to Jack's mother, who had given him to the Lord. From the moment of her baptism for the remission of her sins until her loving and faithful spirit passed to the paradise of God, she rejoiced that she had found the "one faith," obeyed the "one baptism," thereby acknowledging the "one Lord," having received the "one Spirit," and through it enjoyed the "one hope of her calling in Christ Jesus;" and looked forward with an earnest expectation to the coming of her Redeemer, when she should rise from the dead to a life eternal, to reign with Christ a thousand years, and then, in the fullness of the eternal and celestial glory, be with her children and the just of all ages. Having placed her whole trust in God through life, in the hour of death she set her seal to the testimony that "God is true."

Jack and his brother still remain; and let us hope that they will endure to the end, faithful to their God, and diligent workers in the great work of the kingdom of God, "to go no more out," but to do valiant battle for God and humanity until the victory is complete.

(Concluded).

## THE LABORER.

BY W. D. GALLAHER.

Stand up erect! Thou hast the form  
 And likeness of thy God! Who more?  
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm  
 Of daily life, a heart as warm  
 And pure as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man  
 As moves the human mass among;  
 As much a part of the great plan  
 That with creation's dawn began,  
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high  
 In station, or in wealth the chief?  
 The great who coldly pass thee by,  
 With proud step, and averted eye?  
 Nay, nurse not such belief!

If true unto thyself thou wast,  
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?  
 A feather which thou mightest cast  
 Aside, as idly as the blast  
 The light leaf from the tree.

No; uncurbed passions—low desires—  
 Absence of noble self-respect—  
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,

To that high nature which aspires  
 Forever, till thus checked;

These are thine enemies—thy worst:  
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot—  
 Thy labor and thy life accurst.  
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst!  
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!  
 The great!—what better they than thou?  
 As theirs, is not thy will as free?  
 Has God with equal favors thee  
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust  
 Nor place—uncertain as the wind!  
 But that thou hast, which, with thy crust  
 And water, may despise the lust  
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this and passions under ban,  
 True faith, and holy trust in God,  
 Thou art the peer of any man.  
 Look up, then—that thy little span  
 Of life may be well trod!—*Set.*

## MARTIN HARRIS IN ENGLAND.

DEAR SISTER:—In reading one of your "Autumn Leaves" that was loaned to me, I see that you wished any one knowing of Martin Harris' visit to England would give you all the reliable information they could in relation to it. I have not much to say in the matter, but the little I will say is truth, as his words have from that time to this remained stamped on my memory. On the 15th day of May, 1842, I was baptized into this church, and in the fall of 1846, met with the brethren at a conference in Birmingham. I was then an elder and presiding over the Dudley branch, brother John Banks being president of the district. That morning he introduced Cyrus H. Wheelock to the conference as its future president. From that the business went on as usual, but when we met in the afternoon Wheelock seemed to be quite out of sorts! The first we knew of the cause

an elderly man asked permission to speak a few words to us. We then knew what disturbed Wheelock. He told us that it was Martin Harris, an apostate from the faith; that he had abused him and his brethren coming across the sea, and he would not allow him to speak, there being many people there who were opposed to the truth. When we came out of the meeting Martin Harris was beset with a crowd in the street, expecting that he would furnish them with material to war against Mormonism; but when he was asked if Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, he answered yes; and when asked if the Book of Mormon was true, this was his answer: "Do you know that is the sun shining on us? Because as sure as you know that, I know that Joseph Smith was a true prophet of God, and that he translated that book by the power of God."

I then went home, and did not know

where Martin Harris went from there; but from that day to this day I have felt confident that it was not the work of God that Martin Harris wanted to make war against, but the apostasy of Brigham Young and his associates.

ST. CATHERINE, Linn Co., Mo.,  
26th Dec., 1838.

If this is of any benefit to you I shall be amply paid for my trouble. May the God of Israel bless and prosper you in your labor of love, is the prayer of an old man. Your brother in the covenant.

GEORGE MANTLE.

## LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY SR. ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

DEAR SR. WALKER:

I CONTINUE my leaves, with an account of the present size and aspect of Jerusalem. The town itself covers an area of more than two hundred and nine acres, of this thirty-five are occupied by the Haram-esh-Sherif. The remaining space is divided into different quarters, the Christian quarter, including the part occupied by the Armenians, taking up the western half. The Mahomedans have the north-east portion, and the Jews the southeast. The whole population is now about 50,000. The circumference is very nearly two and a quarter miles, while the extent of the city now seems too small for the population. Jerusalem stands on a bald mountain ridge surrounded by limestone hills, glaringly white. If one had plenty of kiln-wood there, a large business might be made by burning the stone to lime; as it is, the fellahene, or country people, do make quite a business of it, as all the lime used in Jaffa is burned of that stone; and at the same time they save the charcoal and sell that too.

Jerusalem is enclosed by walls averaging about thirty-five feet in height, and, although massive in appearance, far from being substantial. Around the walls are thirty-four towers, and in the walls are seven gates, five open and two closed. The open gates are: First, Jaffa gate, called by the Arabs, bab-el-khalil—gate of Hebron, or "the friend." It is on the west, and leads to Hebron. Second, the Damascus gate, called bab-el-ahmud, or gate of the columns; on the north, between the two ridges of the city, and leading to Samaria and Damascus. The third is the Gate of the Tribes, bab-el-asbat, or, according to the Franks, St. Steven's gate, the reputed site of the stoning of Stephen

—leading to Olivet and Bethany. Fourth, the Dung Gate, or the gate of the Western Africans, bab-el-mugharibeh, leading to Siluan, or Siloam. Zion gate, or gate of the prophet David,—bab-en-neby David,—on the ridge of Zion. The closed gates are: First, the Golden Gate, bab-ed-Dahariyeh, or the Eternal gate, in the eastern wall of the Haram; and, Second, the gate of Herod, called by the Arabs bab-es-zahery, or gate of flowers, open now occasionally for the benefit of the soldiers who drill just outside it.

The principal streets are: The Street of David, leading from the Jaffa gate to the Haram; the Street of the Gate of the Column, which runs from the Damascus gate until it is joined by the Street of the gate of the prophet David, under which name it continues to Zion gate; and Christian Street, which runs from the Street of David, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Via Dolorosa, the way Christ bore his cross when he went to be crucified, begins at the Latin Convent and terminates at St. Stephen's gate.

The Muslims are for the greater part natives. There is also a considerable number of Dervishes connected with the Haram, and also a colony of Africans. The Jews number 30,000, and are divided into two sections, the Sephardim, of Spanish origin, and the Ashkenazim, chiefly of German and Polish origin. Some are Russians, and some are Portugese, American, English, and of other nations; in fact a mixed multitude. These two great bodies are divided again into the Perooshim, or Pharisees, and the Chasidim, or Pious.

The Jews keep five public fasts, namely: the fast Gedalia, kept about the middle of September; the fast, asaar-Bedebeth, 10th

Debeth, a day corresponding with the 23d of December, on which day Nebuchadnezzar began the siege of Jerusalem; the fast of Esther; Fourth, the fast of Shebasaar, Betamoos—17th of Tamoos, corresponding with the 25th of June, on which day Moses broke the tables of the Ten Commandments; on the same day the sacrifices ceased in the first temple; the walls of Jerusalem were scaled before the destruction of the Second Temple, and Antiochus Epiphanes burned the Book of the Law and placed an image in the temple. Fifth, the fast of Tischa-Beab—9th day of Ab, about the middle of July, because on that day it was decreed that the generation which left Egypt should die in the wilderness; the first and second temples were destroyed; Bithur was taken and thousands of Jews put to death, and Turrentius Rufus ploughed up Mount Moriah. The Chasidim, or pious, have one more fast day, on the 9th of the month Adar, or March, because Moses died on that day.

The Festivals kept by the Jews are: The Passover; and of this I partook with them six years ago at Jerusalem, in commemoration (on my part) of our Savior; also ten years ago at the Netters Agricultural school, when I lived there four months; The Festival of Pentecost; New Year; Day of Atonement; Feast of Tabernacles; Feast of Purification, and Feast of Dedication of the Temple, celebrated in commemoration of their deliverance from the great persecution under Antiochus Epiphanes; and the Feast of Easter.

I must describe the feast of Tabernacles, so that the children may understand it, as I have, you may say, lived amongst the Jews. That feast is kept in commemoration of the forty years in the wilderness. They take branches of the date palm, of which they make booths by laying them over a frame-work; then they camp out a week that way. You will say that is pleasant; but you try it in a rain storm, and then it won't be so pleasant as you think. Every Sabbath sermons are preached in the chief synagogues, and the Psalms are read between the morning and evening services. A short portion of the Law is also read publicly in the synagogues every Monday and Thursday. The reason given for choosing these two days is that, according to tradition, Moses went up Mount Sinai to receive the Ten Commandments on

Thursday, and descended on Monday.

The Jews in Jerusalem have a great part of their living from charity, Jews in other parts of the world having sent contributions to their poor brethren of the Holy Land. Among devout Jews burial at Jerusalem has been looked upon as the greatest of pious acts to be done. There is the Rothschild Hospital, founded in 1855, which has done much good service. Sir Moses Montefiore's mission has been to assist the Jews, not by indiscriminate charity, but by giving means and scope to labor. In January, 1875, being in the ninety-first year of his age, he resigned his position as President of the board of Deputies of British Jews, and a testimonial to him having been resolved upon, he requested that it might take the form of a scheme for improving the condition of the Jews in Palestine generally and in Jerusalem particularly. About £11,000 only has been contributed to the fund, although the amount anticipated was £200,000. The reason of the smallness of the contribution was that a rumor went abroad that the scheme was only to continue idle Jews in idleness. Sir Moses Montefiore, at the age of ninety-two, went to Jerusalem, in company with Dr. Lowe, to investigate the real state of the Jewish community. He considered the people eager, and physically able, to work; that they have only lacked opportunity; and stated that they were more industrious than many men, even in Europe; otherwise none would remain alive. He proposed colleges, public schools and houses with plats of ground for cultivation. The land was purchased and houses were built, just outside of the walls of Jerusalem. It is to the young that this will be an especial boon, the habits of the older members of the community being too deep-rooted to allow them to fall at once into the radical changes which he proposed. The express object of the Montefiore Testimonial Fund, is to encourage agriculture and mechanical employments among the Jews of Palestine. There are several institutions already in efficient working order for the Jews of Jerusalem besides those of the Montefiore fund, such as the House of Industry, and Girls' Work School, besides other useful industries.

The Greek Church flourishes in Jerusalem, having at its head the Patriarch of Jerusalem, who resides here in the con-

vent beside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Fourteen Sees are subject to him. The Greeks have about twenty monasteries in the neighborhood.

The Armenians number about three hundred. Their Patriarch, who is styled Patriarch of Jerusalem, lives at the monastery next Zion's gate.

The Copts have two monasteries, at one of which their Bishop resides; but they are poorly represented in Palestine; yet they have a share in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and are found among the clerks and other employes in mercantile and public offices. They derive their name from Kopt, in Egypt, and are the sole representatives of the ancient race that built the pyramids. They are Christians, and by guarding their faith in the hostile presence of Mahomedanism, have doubtless preserved their race and name. Baptism is practiced by them, and children are generally circumcised. Confession is required of all members of the Coptic Church, and it is indispensable before receiving the sacrament. They fast on Wednesday and Friday, and observe the seven great feasts: Nativity, Epiphany, Annunciation, Palm Sunday, Easter, Ascension, and Whit Sunday. The Copts are not allowed by their church to intermarry with persons of any other sect.

The Latins number about eighteen hundred. They have a monastery, an industrial school, two girls' schools and a hospital. Their true name is Roman Catholic, and they are the deadly enemies of the Greeks. They are making way in Palestine, where the priests have privileges they do not possess in Europe; as for instance, that they may be married men if married before ordination.

The Maronites have since 1180 belonged to the Romish Church. They number in Lebanon, it is said, nearly two hundred thousand souls. Before their affiliation with the Romish Church they were Monothelites.

The Protestants are but a small though exceedingly useful community in Jerusalem. A mission of inquiry was instituted in 1820, by the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. Dr. Dalton, first missionary, came here in 1824. In 1841 the governments of England and Prussia entered into an agreement to establish here a bishopric of the Anglican

Church, the diocese to embrace Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Abyssinia. The church is on Mount Zion. In connection with it are two good schools, in and outside the city. The first bishop was Dr. Alexander; at present the See is vacant.

The Evangelical work in Jerusalem presents many features of interest. The Krishond of Basle, a kind of lay mission, which seeks to propagate Christianity by means of artisans and tradesmen, whose callings give them ready access to the people, occupies several points in Palestine, and has its center at Jerusalem, and branches at Jaffa and Bethlehem. The Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth have opened a real Good Samaritan establishment, which is open to every suffering human creature of whatever faith. An orphanage and school are in connection with this noble institution. In connection with the Anglican Church there is a little Arab community, under the direction of a pastor from Alsace, whose chief mission-field is among the Jews. The Ophthalmic Hospital under the control of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, is an excellent institution, situate on the Bethlehem road, near Jerusalem. It was founded in 1882, at Jerusalem, the ancient birth-place of their order, by the English branch of the venerable order of St. John, and is chiefly intended to meet a long-standing want by providing an institution under skilful management, where the afflicted poor from all parts of the country may obtain proper treatment for the diseases of the eye, to which the majority of the inhabitants are subject, and the terrible consequences of which are so powerfully apparent to every resident of the Holy Land. The Hospital is open to all without reference to creed or sect. His imperial majesty, the Sultan, has accorded the hospital his especial protection, and, through the governor of Jerusalem, His Excellency Raouf Pasha, generously contributed nearly £1,000 towards the purchase of the present site and buildings.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is in the Christian quarter, in a street sometimes called Palmer Street. No one can approach this spot without a very reverential feeling. It is the shrine at which millions have worshipped in simple faith, believing that here our Lord was crucified; that here his body lay; that here he re-



vealed himself after his resurrection. The question which is now the great subject of controversy is this: The Calvary and Holy Sepulchre stand now in the very heart of the city, far within the present walls. Could the site ever have been outside the walls? If it ever was, then this may be the very spot where the cross stood on Calvary, and the sepulchre may be that which Joseph of Arimathea gave, wherein never man lay. It is a pity to disturb the mind on the threshold of such a sacred spot, and we will not; let it be so or not. It was at Jerusalem, and outside the walls; he suffered without the gate. It must have been near some thoroughfare, as they that passed by reviled him. The story of his removal from the cross is told in St. John's gospel. There is no historical evidence that the site of the Holy Sepulchre was determined until the third century, when it appears from Eusebius that over the sepulchre had been erected a temple of Venus. In the fourth century the Empress Helena had a vision in which she recognized the site, and by

means of a miracle discovered the true cross. Constantine thereupon built a group of edifices over the sites, A. D. 326. These were destroyed by the Persians in 614, and rebuilt in 616. In 936, fire partly destroyed the church; and the Muslims inflicted damage to it in 1010. The present church was built by the Crusaders, and has undergone a long series of disasters and rebuildings. Underneath the western galleries of the church, behind the Holy Sepulchre, are two excavations in the face of the rock, forming an ancient Jewish tomb as plainly as any that can be seen in the valley of Hinnom, or in the tombs of the kings. As we enter the church the court is a little lower than the Street. One notices first the venders of rosaries and relics; next beggars, more or less deformed; then the Turkish soldiers stationed there to keep the peace between the rival sects. On first entering by the door on the left is the Stone of Unction, where the body of our Lord was laid for anointing.

JAFFA, Palestine.

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## Editor's Corner.

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WITH this issue we are much pleased to begin the autobiography of Elder Gland Rodger. Brother Rodger was too widely known and tenderly beloved by the Saints of the Reorganization, to need any formal introduction to our readers, many of whom cherish his memory and his name as a household word. He was one of the first missionaries sent by our church to the far distant land of Australia, where he labored with a zeal untiring, a faith unwavering, to lay the foundation of that work upon which others have since wrought and builded, entering into his labors. He has ceased from his earthly labors; but why should we say he is dead! There is no death for the righteous man! Passed on before, he has, but his work, his labors of love, which were a part of his very life and being, remain with us and can never die. Could the young who read these pages but realize that when the morning of each day walks forth from the open gates of the east, and the sun arises "like a strong man rejoicing to run a race," that it is the renewal of another

opportunity for each of them to write in deeds and words a record undying; could they realize this, think you they would not write with care, that in ages yet unborn new hope, new strength, might be infused into the heart and life of some one of earth's weary toilers while they read? Do any of the young Saints think life is hard and toilsome for them, though they are permitted to labor in the free sunshine and rest at the noontide beneath the waving branches of trees? If so, let them reflect for a moment of what life must be, of which twelve hours of a day is spent in the darkness, silence and oftentimes danger of the caverns of the earth, laboring to the utmost limit of their physical strength, in cramped, unnatural positions, surrounded by impure air, and this that a bare subsistence may be obtained! No ray of sunlight ever penetrates the gloom, no music of running stream or babbling brook ever reaches the ear, nor song of bird thrills the soul with harmony and gladness. Years of tender childhood; strong and active days of manhood, as well as the feeble years of old age,

spent thus in gloom and toil, unearthing the hidden wealth of ages past; and for what purpose? We answer not; but let all who so labor and toil, put their trust in God; for "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished," neither shall "the expectation of the poor always perish." For long the Lord has in his wisdom suffered the poor to toil for the employer to be enriched; but they have an expectation, and it shall not always perish. God is marshalling his armies, and in the thunder tramp of tens of millions those who are listening may hear the undertone of that conflict which will never cease until the toiling millions of earth shall have come into remembrance before the Lord of Hosts. In his own way; in his own time, he will cause mankind to know, "All ye are brethren."

But how far a single thought has led us from our theme. Let the young learn of and the aged rejoice in the God and rock of their salvation. Treasure in your memories and enshrine in your souls such faithful testimonies as the one contained in this first chapter of the life of our brother who sleeps in Jesus, awaiting the return of his risen Redeemer to earth; and if discouraged or cast down; if tried, or tempted to murmur at your lot, remember that through like trial and tribulation have the Saints of God in all ages and times come up.

WE give place in the Corner to a letter from S. B. Evans, now Post Master at Ottumwa, in this state, but who was formerly (as his letter states) engaged in explorations in Old Mexico and elsewhere. We believe he was sent out on a large salary by the "Chicago Times." One by one the evidences accumulate in proof of that book written in a language none could interpret, and translated by the power of God.

OTTUMWA, Iowa, Nov. 14th, 1888.

DEAR MADAM: I presume it is to you that I am indebted for a copy of your handsome and interesting magazine, for which accept my thanks. The subject of Mexican and American antiquities to which you refer by marking one of your articles, has engaged my attention for many years. I conducted explorations in Old

Mexico in 1881; in Teotihuacan, Tula, Tezcuco and Cholula, and traced the migrations of the Aztecs to New Mexico. The Actecs were comparatively new comers in Mexico at the time of the conquest. They found there the remains of an ancient civilization—ruins of buildings, statuary, etc.—and adapted these relics of antiquity to their own uncivilized and barbaric uses. I do not pretend to give an opinion as to who these ancients were, or their origin. The facts as I found them are bewildering to the imagination. The antiquities partake of many of the features of Oriental life.

Very truly yours,

S. B. EVANS.

MRS. M. WALKER,  
Editor Autumn Leaves.

IN our next issue we expect to publish a brief sketch of the life of brother T. J. Andrews, together with his likeness. We have other plates now ready, and shall issue biographies as fast as it is possible to do so. There is a pressure upon our columns; and we beg the indulgence of our contributors, as articles will appear as rapidly as space can be found for them. In the meantime we would remind some that we are waiting to hear again, and trust not to be disappointed. We often wish that it were in our power to persuade men and women to use not only the one talent bestowed upon them, but every talent God has given them, in his service. There is talent enough in the church to make our periodicals the very best in the land, and we expect yet to see the day when they will be; though we do not claim it for them now. Let us hear from our friends in Australia again. We are pleased to announce that our circulation is increasing, but at the same time we want to say to our friends that we need your help to enlarge it. It is not yet what it ought to be. We expect shortly to prepare a series of articles intended to help the young to defend God's work from the attacks of infidelity. These will be of interest to all who love the work and desire to see its advocates able to defend it from those who deny the divinity of the Bible and the existence of a God.

WORTHY LIVES.—We are told by those who know, that there are stars so far distant that it takes years for their light to reach the earth; if they should suddenly be extinguished we should be unaware of the fact that for as many years as might be required for the last rays to reach us. We might look up nightly and see the same old radiance as though nothing had happened. It is just so with great and holy lives. Long after they have gone out in the darkness of death they continue to exert an influence, and leave behind them a beauty and power which make it impossible to conceive of them as extinguished.

## MASKED FACES.

There are faces we meet in the journey of life,  
That are sparkling with mirth and with glee,  
And yet 'neath the smiles their hearts are bowed down  
With a grief those on earth ne'er can see.

Oh! how little we know of the pain and the woe,  
The heartaches, the care and the sorrow;  
The long, weary days,—the sad, sleepless nights,  
With no hope of a brighter to-morrow.

'Tis not always a smile that shows gladness and joy,  
'Tis not always a tear that shows sadness;  
For many are calm when despair fills the heart,  
And the mind is strained almost to madness.

Then let us be loving and kind to the weary,

The heart-sick, the sad and the erring one, too;  
Let us pour healing balm on the wound that distresses,  
Let us do unto them as we'd have them to do.

When we stand before God in the day of his judgment  
And the question is asked of us, "What have you  
done?"

May we have it to say, though not much we've ac-  
complished,

That we've strengthened and blessed some lone, wea-  
ry one.

And I trust for that act He will give us an entrance  
To the city whose streets are all golden and broad,  
He will say to us then "Well done, faithful servant,  
Thou canst enter now into the joy of thy Lord."—*Seb.*

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

I ARRIVED down at the lake about four o'clock p.m., and seeing a man get into a small boat from one of the schooners, whom I judged to be the captain, I asked him if he would let me work my passage to Buffalo, New York. He replied at once:

"Yes; get into that boat with that young fellow [whom I afterward found to be the cook] and go on board; we are ready to start as soon as I get back."

He soon returned and gave the word to get under way.

The schooner was loaded with heavy building timber, and only one hand before the mast, with captain and cook. My being there relieved the cook from helping the foremast hand. I did as well as I knew how; but being young and inexperienced, could not do very much, and sometimes the captain would scold; but I thought that it would not take long to go to Buffalo, and therefore bore it as well as I could. On our arrival, not having made calculation on helping to unload, which the captain insisted on, and not desiring to have any fuss with him, I concluded to help, which proved to be the heaviest work that I ever remember doing in my sojourn here. When about done unloading, and having secured my bundle, I was about to go on shore when the captain came, and in a bland manner be-

gan to talk to me about the distance I had to go yet and how much nicer it would be to go a trip with him to Erie and back, which would not take long, and he would pay my fare on the cars. I thought a moment and then concluded to accept his offer. We warped the schooner to the opposite side of the creek, and, without waiting for a cargo, towed her to the light-house, and then put out in the open lake with the wind dead ahead. Every seaman knows that a head wind means hard work, and our case was no exception. I worked as lively as I knew how, but did not seem to suit the captain, who would, ever and anon, curse me, saying I didn't half work.

I then saw my folly in accepting his offer, but had to endure it till I could help myself. We kept tacking and going about until midnight, and did not get out of sight of Buffalo light-house. It being a very dark night we came very near being run into by a steamboat; the cause of which was attributed to the negligence of the cook, whose duty it was to have hung the light out. He could not find the lantern. The captain's patience was manifested in scolding and swearing. The steamer came stem on till within a very short distance, when the lantern was found, lighted, and hung up in the rigging, which the steamer saw in time to sheer off.

Soon after the steamboat passed us the captain concluded to go back to Buffalo and wait for a change of wind. There was one individual not sorry, and who inwardly resolved never to leave the city again in that schooner. We arrived in Buffalo about daybreak, and after tying the vessel fast on the opposite side of the creek, turned in to get a little sleep, as we had been up all night. Obtained about three hours' sleep, when we were roused out for breakfast.

After breakfast the captain went over the creek, which was several rods wide, and deep enough for heavily laden vessels; but before going gave orders to the two hands to look out for me and not let me leave the schooner. It seems that he had an idea that I would leave the vessel, although I had not said a word of my intention to any one.

I thought we will see whether he will keep me against my will. I was very indifferent about leaving, but was keeping a sharp lookout for a chance, when offered, to go over the creek. At length I saw a boat coming over the creek with one man in it, who came over and made his boat fast by the bow of the schooner. I waited till he came back and then asked him if he would take a passenger over with him; he replied in the affirmative; and knowing the whereabouts of my bundle, I hastened to get it, jumped into the boat, and was pretty well over the creek before those on board found it out. After landing, went to where the canal boats were loading; enquired for a chance to work my passage to Utica, New York; received for answer that times were too hard to take on Extras now; they could not take me. Turning away, I followed the canal out of Buffalo, and overtook a journeyman tanner, who was hunting work, and whose means were getting low, and who had concluded to foot it awhile. We concluded to go in company, and after walking together some five or six miles, he, looking back, said, "There's a boat coming." I replied it made no difference to me; having asked them once to let me work my passage, should not ask them again.

The boat passed us about sundown, and when about a hundred yards past, the helmsman and a boy about fourteen years of age (the captain's son) began to halloo for us to come there, and laid the boat up

to the tow-path, signifying that they wanted us to come on board. I told my fellow traveler that it was for him they were calling, thinking probably he had money to pay his fare; but he said,

"No; it is for both; let us go and see what they want."

"No," I said, "you go along; never mind me; I will get along."

He replied, "I will go."

And suiting the action to the word, hurried up and went on board. After he had got on board they seemed to be asking him why I had not come, for they began to call on me to come along. I finally concluded to go on board; if they wanted to let me ride, all right, especially as night was fast approaching.

Hurrying along I came up with the boat, and the steersman and the boy told me to get on board, that the captain was not on board; he had gone to Lockport in order to secure passengers or freight; that I could ride at any rate till he came; and if he said that I could not ride farther I would have to get off. About an hour after twilight had faded, the captain, who had come up the tow-path to meet the boat, came on board. His wife and three children came on deck to greet him. After the salutation was over, I saw the oldest boy talking with his father. A full, harvest moon was shining, and I was but a few feet from them, who on one or two occasions cast a glance over to where I was seated. The boy came and said that his father wanted to see me. I followed him to where his father was, who interrogated me as to where I was going, and where I was from, &c., all of which being answered he said:

"Well; you can ride as far as Lockport, and then you will have to get off; we can not carry Extras; times are too hard."

Thanking him, I retired to another part of the boat. Arriving at Lockport about eleven o'clock p.m., I was getting ready to get off the boat, when the boy, who appeared to take an interest in my behalf, came with some crackers in his hand, and said:

"Here, Extra, take these; father said that you need not get off now. You can ride all night; but you must get off in the morning."

This was truly gratifying to me, in the thought, that I could, instead of getting

off in the night without any well defined idea of what I was going to do, ride and sleep, and be advanced on my journey in the morning. Had I had the slightest thought that the good natured boy was not telling the truth about his father's willingness for my stay on board, my sleep would probably not have been so sound, for fear that he might get up in the night and find me on board. The next morning before it was fairly day-break, the boy friend came to me with his hands full of biscuits, and told me to get off at the bridge ahead, for his father was about to rise, and if he found me on board would be very angry.

"I told you a fib," said he, "about his saying you might stay on board. I did not like the thoughts of you going off the boat in the night."

As soon as we came to the bridge, being on the forward part of the boat, I lay down to pass under, and then rising, jumped on the bridge, went on the tow-path, and the boat passing me I waved an adieu to the generous hearted boy, and to the steersman standing at the stern guiding the boat. The canal taking a bend, the boat was soon out of sight; and I felt relieved, for I did not want the boy to suffer for what he had done for me.

My gratitude ascended to God, whose kind hand I recognized for the help and sustenance received; and I trudged along with a somewhat light heart, but never expecting to see the boat I had just left again. After walking some four or five miles I came to a town, whose church spires I had seen quite a distance back; and what should I see laid up by a canal store but the identical boat that I had parted company with a few miles back. My warm hearted boy friend identified me first, and turning to his father, exclaimed:

"There is Extra, as sure as the world."

The father turning towards me—by this time I was opposite the boat, on the tow-path, exclaimed:

"Halloo, Extra, where did you come from? You are determined to go to Utica."

I replied, "That is my intention."

I could see by the action of the boy that he was pleading for me, but could not hear what was said, from the low tone of conversation.

The captain said: "Extra; you can

come on board and ride; but I can't give you anything to eat, times are too hard."

There being a bridge crossing the canal at a short distance, I crossed it and went on board. The men were engaged washing dishes and the sides of the boat, and the captain told me to go to work and help them, which I cheerfully did. All being ready, the driver cracked his whip, with the admonitory, "Get up;" the fleshly motive power was set in motion; the tow-line straitened, and the boat being made acquainted with its intention, yielded to its persuasion, and began to move towards its destination.

I used to think, and have had no reason to change my mind, that traveling on a canal-boat was far above any other mode for ease and comfort and safety of life. There is none of that shaking and jostling, noise and rattle, shrieking and barking; none of that disagreeable smell emanating from the engine, together with cinders, or something else getting in your eyes if you wished to have the windows open to obtain a little fresh air; no danger of rushing into another train pell mell and securing a hasty exit out of the world without asking, "If you please;" no danger of a broken rail, or rotten bridge, or any such man-traps to destroy human life by its thousands yearly.

O, you must be an old foggy; do, you think we can in this fast age descend to travel so slow as on the canal, when so much is at stake? Time is money now-a-days, and we must take every advantage to save it. We did not say that for saving time or making money it was the best mode of travel, but for ease and comfort and safety of life. Yes, this is a very fast age; not only destroying life very fast by railroad disasters, but by the dynamite plot, by incendiarism, by murder, by mobocracy, by suicide, and for preparing to destroy life by the wholesale if they are permitted to carry out their evil designs by organizing and combining to that end under the various names of anarchism. But we have digressed.

When noon came there was no invitation for poor Extra to come and dine; but my benevolent boy-friend managed to secrete in his pocket something in the way of edibles for him; and this was a sample of his treatment of me, in this respect, all the way through; but the father was disposed to be churlish. When night

came, and the passengers and family had gone to rest, I thought—to avoid the heavy dew—I would go down in the forward cabin and lie down on the floor, with my bundle for a pillow; not for a moment thinking that I was on forbidden ground. In the morning, when there was just light enough to discern objects around me, I was jerked upwards and waked out of a sound sleep by some one having hold of my shirt collar, whom I soon found out was the captain. The first words that saluted my ears were: “Get out of here, and off this boat; and be quick about it. I’ll teach such as you to come down here to sleep.” I wanted to get my bundle, but he would not let me have it; so I hurried up on deck, and, the boat being laid up to shore, jumped off on the tow-path. As far as distinguishable in the dim morning light, there seemed to be quite a town, which I ascertained, soon after, to be Palmyra. Associated with this name came a train of reflections, as follows:

Here is the place where the work commenced, which, after spreading considerably over the United States, extended to England; found our family in prosperous circumstances some eight or nine years ago; for which work we left our native land; sundered the ties of relatives and friends; came to this country, about five years ago, to associate with kindred saints; went to Nauvoo, where my parents now lie awaiting the morn of the first resurrection, the prophet and patriarch massacred, the church split up in factions, my only brother in bondage for eight long years, my sister living among strangers, and I a weary, lonely wanderer, without a home, just kicked off a boat for the extraordinary crime of lying on a cabin floor.

I walked along about an hour, and turning a bend, saw a boat ahead, and hastened along to catch up with it, which I soon accomplished, the boat being heavily laden. I asked the captain if he would let me work my passage to Utica. He replied that times were too hard to carry extras then. I then asked him if he would let me ride awhile. “Oh yes,” he replied, and laid up to land to let me on board. The boat was laden with heavy sacks of waste from some mill out west. I went into the hold and lay down on one of the sacks and passed off to sleep. I must have slept some time, for when I came on deck the sun was getting well up

towards the zenith. About noon the driver came on board, leaving his team to go alone awhile. He came and sat down by me and asked where I was going and as to the state of my finances. Being answered, he said: “It’s a shame; the captain can carry you if he will. There’s one thing he can’t do: he can’t hinder me from riding on the boat; and you can drive my team; it is not his and belongs to a company I’m driving for.” I proceeded on shore, and drove the team till about six o’clock p. m., when we came to a station where they changed horses, and I had to dismount.

After thanking the driver, I entered a bakery and bought a dime’s worth of crackers, which left my finances at zero. Crossing the bridge at this place, I walked on the tow-path, eating my crackers and meditating upon what to do when night should come, and came to the conclusion to walk on as long as I could see, and then lie down in a fence-corner. I had walked probably two miles [I had worn out my shoes some time before this], and, turning a bend, what struck my vision but the very boat that I had been so unceremoniously driven off in the morning, laid up by a flour mill on the opposite side of the canal, taking in flour.

The two boys and the two steersmen—who were brothers—joined in chorus: “There’s Extra; there’s Extra. Hurry up; hurry up and come on board.” They were just ready to start out, and laid up for me to get on board. I looked at the captain to see how he took it, and seeing my look he said, “Come on board, Extra.” When I had obeyed the invitation, he said:

“Well, Extra, you beat all the fellows I ever saw; you are determined to go to Utica.”

I replied: “Yes, Sir; I set out with that intention.”

He stuck to his old text, I could ride, but he could not give me anything to eat. I was not over anxious about that, for I knew there were those on board who would not let me starve.

In a few miles travel we came to the Montezuma swamp, where mosquitoes were as thick as they get to be anywhere, and were as quick to present their bills for liquidation. Sleep was out of the question. I tried to go to sleep on the deck, having a distinct recollection of the

last night's transaction; but those noisy, unfeeling (in themselves, not to me) exactors interfered with my design; so I went aft and sat on the taff-rail of the boat, conversing with the steersman. After talking awhile, he said: "You must be hungry; we will wait awhile; the captain has not been down long enough to be asleep; when he goes to sleep I will get you something to eat." In a very short time he left the tiller in my hands and went below on a foraging expedition, returning with a very generous piece of bread, and steak in proportion. Thanking him, I ate with a relish the savory repast.

About two o'clock a. m. we came to Rome, about fifteen miles from Utica.

After stopping at a canal store about an hour we proceeded on our way, and came to the outskirts of Rome. I have said my destination was Utica, because that was in the vicinity of where I wanted to go, and more noted than the small factory village I wanted to stop at. I concluded to stop off at Yorkville, three miles southwest of Utica, which was the same distance that Utica was from the place I wanted to go to.

As we drew to the place of disembarkation I began to think of my condition, not being in a very presentable one, having worn out my shoes, and my straw hat, which was in a tolerably good condition when I started, had lost its rim.

I was well aware that the society I was about to present myself among were very tony in dress, and that I, in my present condition, would be exposed to the severest criticism; and, to make matters worse, it was Sunday. But the die was cast, the gauntlet must be run, let the consequence be as it might.

Drawing near to Yorkville, I secured my bundle, and told the captain that I wished to get off at that place, thinking that he would lay the boat near shore; but he kept it near the center of the canal, and making a slight variation, told me to jump. I threw my bundle on shore, and jumped upon the stones—that were placed on the sides of the canal to keep the earth from washing—up to my knees in water; and to save slipping down further in the water I put out my hands to catch hold of the stones, and wet my arms to my shoulders. The kind-hearted (?) man set up a roar of laughter, which was feebly endorsed by the spectators on the

boat. I found my feet bleeding from cuts in coming in contact with stones; and having no other recourse than to let them bleed, I picked up my bundle and started for New Hartford, where my relatives resided. Arriving nearly there, I pursued a way across the fields that would lead to their house without going the whole length of the factory yard. It was a road used by the factory hands for pleasure walks, upon which I met with some young men of my own age, with whom I was acquainted, before we left for the West. They did not seem to notice my condition, but received me very cordially, and treated me with kindness.

Of course questions were asked relative to my trip west, etc., and answered with apparent satisfaction. They turned back with me on the path, and shortly we discovered my uncle—who had married my father's youngest sister. He had just landed at Yorkville without his family as we had our goods on the dray to take to the canal-boat when we moved west; consequently we had not much acquaintance, but I recognized him on sight. Meeting him, one of the boys said, "Do you know this young man?" He answered, "Yes, I know him." I extended my hand to shake hands with him, but he refused to and turned back, walking some little distance ahead of us on to the house. The boys were astonished at the act, and said they could not have believed it if they had not witnessed it. I remarked that he came without his family to this country, but he had earned enough to send for them in the interval between my going to and coming from the west, a period of about three years. I had not seen my aunt for seven years, or I should have turned on my heel, and departed for the sea coast.

As it was, I concluded to go to sea after I had seen her. Before arriving at the house the boys left me, and I followed uncle to the house; and when I had passed the threshold he enquired of aunt if she knew "this fellow." She looked at me and shook her head, replying in the negative.

I then said, "Aunt, do you not know me?" She looked again, and answered again in the negative. I did not blame her; she had not seen me since I was eleven years of age. But I resolved that I would relate a circumstance that transpired, by which she would know me, and then would leave.

I said to her: "Do you remember the time you took a little fellow with you to the Tiviot Dale Methodist Chapel, in Stockport to a Watch Meeting, to watch the New Year in; and the little urchin instead of kneeling, insisted upon standing up, when near the hour of twelve, watching the minister, whose eyes were intent on the clock, and who, when the hands got together at twelve, said: 'The arrow is flown; the moments are gone; the millennial year presses on to our view, and eternity is near,' and all the congregation arose and commenced singing?" Some other things in connection with the affair I brought to her mind, when she exclaimed, "Oh, its Edwin!"

I then said, "I thought I could make

you know me;" and turning to go, said, "Good bye, aunt, I must go." Eagerly enquiring where I was going, and receiving my answer, she pleaded with me in tears not to go to sea; she would try and fill a mother's place as well as she could, and said that I must try and look over uncle's odd ways (he had in the mean time gone and left us).

Well, the upshot of the matter was, after taking in the situation, my penniless condition and poverty-stricken appearance, I concluded to stay for a while, any way. I got into employment right away, in the cotton mill, at weaving; and by diligence and economy had, in the Savings Bank at Utica, in a little over a year, one hundred dollars.

(To be continued).

## ✻ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ✻

EDITED BY SALOME.

### THE RING SUSPENDED BY A BURNT THREAD.

Put a teaspoonful of salt in a wine-glass-ful of water, stir it up and place in it some coarse sewing-thread. In about an hour take out the thread and dry it. Tie a piece of this prepared thread to a finger ring; hold it up and set fire to the thread, when it has burned out the ring will not fall, but remain suspended to the astonishment of all beholders.

### DAISY APRON.

One yard of dotted white mull (the dots to be as large as silver three cent piece), 10 skeins of yellow filling silk, 4 skeins brown filling silk, one-fourth yard plain white mull, four and one-half yards yellow satin ribbon, No. 9.

Commence at the second row of dots from the bottom, and work large yellow daisies in long loop stitch from every other dot, leaving the dot for the center. Work four rows of daisies across the bottom or a cluster in one corner. Make French knots of the brown silk for the centers. Face the bottom and sides with plain mull. Turn down apron at the top and put in the ribbon, hemming the mull down; make a pretty bow of the ribbon left, and bring belt around to bow and fasten on left side.

### SPOOL CANE AND UMBRELLA RACK.

This convenient little receptacle can be made for a few cents and would always be both ornamental and useful in a front hall. About seventy-two spools are required and these should be of uniform size. These spools may be painted black, white, or red, or gilded with one of the numerous kinds of gold paint now so much used. The iron rods must be ordered from a blacksmith. These should be of a size to pass conveniently through the holes of the spools and

should be flattened at one end and have the other end turned as a screw with a nut provided to screw on it. Two rings of wood, twenty-one inches in circumference and one and a half wide, should be made with three holes drilled in them to admit of the iron rods passing through. These pieces of wood should be painted or gilded to match the spools. A pretty conceit would be to paint the spools black and gild their edges. Paint the rings black also with bands of gilding on them. Put the rods through one ring so as to make it the top of the stand with the flattened end of the rod on the top. Then divide the spools into three and slip them one after the other on the rods until they are entirely covered; pass the rods through the other ring and fasten tightly with the nut. The socket to hold the umbrellas may be of tin, which can be ordered of the size required from a tinsmith, or one of the pretty little china bowls that are now so common may be used for the purpose. The lower ring should exactly fit the edge of the bowl, which should be placed inside of it.

### A GEOGRAPHICAL GAME.

Have the the pupils "chose sides," as you have done many times, perhaps, in the old-fashioned spelling-school of blessed memory. Have the leader on one side name a town and give its county, state, or country, as New Orleans, La. The leader on the opposite side gives the name of a town whose initial letter is the final letter in Orleans, as Springfield, Ill. The names will come rapidly for the first round, perhaps. When the speed begins to slacken, lay down the following rules: 1. Any one repeating a name already given misses. 2. Any one failing to give the state or county misses. 3. No one shall be entitled to more than one minute in which to find a name. There is something more than knowledge and fun to be gained from such an exercise.







**ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.**

[See page 188.]

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, APRIL, 1889.

No. 4.

## ARKANSAW.

BY PERLA WILDE.

Arkansas, some call it, but this does not suit,  
So the state legislature has quelled the dispute,  
Deciding it Arkan-saw, now and for aye,  
Therefore good, faithful subjects have nothing to say.  
'Tis an Indian term, "floating down with the stream,"  
And the people seem fully imbued with the theme.

The country is varied; majestic and grand,  
With steep, lofty mountains, rock, valley and sand;  
The primitive forest, the deep shady dell,  
And caves, where the bear and such animals dwell.  
Small streams are abundant, in winter quite full,  
While in summer, it seems, they exist but in pool.

There are numerous rivers, but two we will quote:—  
The White, and the Arkansas—worthy of note;  
In the part we have seen, the corner north-west,  
Admitted to be both the healthiest and best.

The broad Ozark mountains, the Boston range, too,  
And the Mulberry mountains, still southward, we view.  
Alternate with valley, and canyon, and stream;—  
This beautiful land is as fair as a dream.

The people are quaint, unsuspecting and kind;  
Save those who are biased by some leading mind.  
Their dialect differs from ours, and their ways—  
Though not like our own—are oft worthy of praise.

Their manner of life is simple and plain,  
With none of the northern push-on-and-get-gain.  
They live as their parents and grandparents did.  
In the old beaten track they are willing to tread.

The men chew and smoke with much gusto and noise,  
Which example is followed by most of the boys;  
While most of the women and bright-eyed young  
girls—

Even down to the child in ruffles and curls—  
Dip snuff with a stick that is held in the mouth,  
A custom long prevalent here in the South.

If you chance to go out any day on the street,  
There's a stick in the mouth of each woman you meet;  
Or if in the country, you'll see the fair belle,

Driving out with her lover, a mountaineer swell;  
Though lovely and bright as a rose, she may be,  
She is nibbling a snuff-stick you plainly can see.

You are greeted with "howdy," on every hand;  
"I guess so." and "think so," you can well understand.  
To carry, is always "to tote" or "to pack;"  
There's never a buggy, because it's a "hack."  
A team and a wagon they "carry," they say,  
And the "evening" is all the last half of the day.

On the south mountain slopes where the cotton fields lie,  
On the foot-hills and Arkansas river close by,  
There are numerous cotton mills larger or small,  
Where the grower his cotton "crap" surely must haul.

The mill is a gin, separating the seed  
From the raw cotton crop;—the first is for feed;—  
A fourteenth for ginning, and when it's in bale,  
The cotton is brought to the station for sale.  
The seed is hauled home for the cattle to eat,  
And the poor, half-starved beasts have a grand, lus-  
cious treat

But the milk and the butter (if butter is made)  
From cotton-fed cows, is of very low grade.

We sojourned for a time in a snug little town,  
Where a great, rugged mountain looks over and down;  
While opposite, with a broad valley between,  
The blue, misty summit of mountains are seen.

One day in mid-winter, with soft, balmy breeze,  
And sunshine, like summer engilding the trees,  
We began the ascent of the mountain near by,  
That lifted its head so far up in the sky.

Up, upward and onward, o'er height upon height,  
Our starting point oftentimes lost to our sight;  
Still onward and upward, oft pausing to rest,  
Till at last we stand firm on the bold, rocky crest.

Our long, toilsome walk all forgotten, we stand  
Enraptured, and gaze o'er the broad, smiling land.  
There's a full bird's-eye view of the town there below,  
And those two gleaming lines mark the railroad, we  
know.

The valley expands and the winter-brown trees  
Seem to bow their proud heads the beholder to please,  
And the broad, sweeping river comes out fair and clear  
In vast shining stretches, and seems to draw near.  
Though four miles away, it looks just at our feet;  
And the mountains beyond, that our wondering eyes  
meet,

Seem scarce out of reach, as tall peak after peak,  
They lift their bold heights upper ether to seek

The first line of mountains stands out bold and clear,  
While the next, and the next, seem to be just as near  
Only bluer and mistier; higher, more high,  
And dimmer with distance, till lost in the sky.  
Some are thirty miles off, others forty or more;  
While at home, down below, they seem close to our  
door.

Such a beautiful view; grand, majestic, serene;  
How could any forget such a picturesque scene.

But the sun, dipping low in the far distant west,  
Reminds us the day is soon going to rest;  
So we turn, and reluctant, begin the descent,  
And we feel that our time has been very well spent.

There are so many features we're forced to omit,

That we seem to have scarcely begun our theme yet.  
The green thrifty cane-brake,—the rich pawpaw grove,  
And the mistletoe hanging in clusters above,  
Adorning the arms of the great forest trees;  
The sycamore swinging its balls in the breeze,  
The sweet, spicy sassafras thickets anon,  
Bearing bright, wax-like berries till autumn is gone;  
And then the persimmons we must not forget,  
So rich and so juicy when frost they have met,  
And even in winter they're still just as good,  
Though some northern palates scarce relish such food.

But the mistletoe bough is a beautiful thing,  
It yields not its freshness to please the frost king,  
An evergreen plant with no root, it depends  
For sustenance on the old tree that befriends;  
Its foliage is glossy and light, vivid green,  
With waxy-white berries alternate between  
No wonder it's used as a Christmas device,  
For it's everything novel, and charming, and nice.

Well, we've tried, in our own simple manner, to trace  
A few leading features, that serve to embrace  
A practical view, as far as we may,  
Of life in the old 'Mossback state' of to-day

## AN EARLY REMINISCENCE.

I HAD been a Latter Day Saint about fifteen months when that which I am about to relate occurred. I had obeyed the gospel, had received a knowledge of the truth of what is called the latter day work, and, upon receiving that knowledge, had, in the silence of my own room, prayed God that I might always be willing to testify in its defense. Then, after a few short months with those of like faith, duty called me away among strangers. My energies were to be taxed that I might earn a livelihood. I entered a college where I might fit myself for my duties. I had been there but a few days, when my faithfulness was tested in a manner that took me by surprise.

I was seated one morning in the history class, listening to the recitations of others, as they reviewed some portion of colonial history. A young student had just narrated the story of Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, who was persecuted for her religious claims. The Professor stood with his back to me, and, without turning, said, "Now, Miss R., you may take the same topic. (I have always thought he did not know me, but simply called my name

from memory, as I was still a stranger to him.)

Upon hearing my name called, I arose and complied with the request and then remained standing, to be excused according to the custom. It was a trial then to me to rise for recitation, and I would gladly have been seated. You may imagine my agitation then, when, instead of excusing me, the Professor said, "Mrs. Hutchinson claimed to be inspired; do you believe any man has been inspired since the days of Christ and the apostles?" I just stopped long enough to exclaim mentally, "Well, I'm in for it," and then I answered briefly, "Yes, sir."

He thought I had misunderstood his question and very slowly and distinctly repeated it, and I answered again, "Yes, sir." Such a puzzled look came over his face, and, coming down in front of the row in which I had been seated, he looked straight in my face and said, "Who do you believe has been inspired?" My heart beat fast, but the answer came without hesitation, "I believe that Joseph Smith, the man whom the world despises to-day, was a prophet of God," and

looking about into the uplifted faces, I added, "I suppose there is not another here who believes as I do."

I wonder yet who of all present was most surprised, the Professor, the students, or myself. I was excused and sat down. As I did so, a young man on the opposite side began making eager gestures to attract the attention of the teacher. He had not heard, he said, and wanted to know what had been said. So the Professor told him how unwittingly he had questioned me and what my answers had been. He said he was glad I was in the class; for heretofore they had been at liberty to abuse the Mormons, but now it would be more fair to investigate with some one on the opposite side.

At this juncture the dinner bell rang, the class was dismissed, and I walked from the recitation room and through the long halls, with a beating heart and feeling that, without any effort on my part, I had reached the conspicuous position of "a city set upon a hill which can not be hid."

As I slowly climbed the stairs, I looked down on a little group, gathered below, and the question floated up to my ears, in a stage whisper, "What is it she says she believes?" How correctly the question was answered, I do not know; for the answer came in low tones and I passed out of hearing.

It would be a hard matter to describe the state of my feelings as I entered my room. I knew that, as yet, I was greatly misunderstood and that in all probability many would believe me a defender of principles which my soul abhorred. But amid all the contending emotions that moved me for a time, there was mingled no sense of shame. Knowing the purity of the cause I had made my own, I felt that in time, I could fully correct whatever wrong impressions my fellow-students might have received.

I was cheered, too, by the ready sympathy of my room-mate and a little circle of friends I had made for myself, and I have always cherished a grateful feeling for those young girls, who, although strict adherents of a very different faith, were so generous with me. He who has taught us to rejoice with those that rejoice and to mourn with those that mourn, will not forget them in the day when all are rewarded according to their deeds.

A few days after this little episode, as I was passing from the class-room, Professor C. detained me, and asked if he might bring me a paper he had at home, containing an article on "Mormonism." I replied that I would willingly read anything on the subject, and, in return, asked if I might bring him some of my *Herbals*, to which he assented.

I proceeded at this time, in a few words, to inform the gentleman of the existence of two churches, called by almost the same name. He frankly confessed his ignorance and said, "Then the article I proposed bringing you will be no attack on your faith."

Although I had many conversations in private with my companions, no public allusion was made to the subject, until we reached the "Mormon Troubles," as it is called in history, referring to the time when the Saints left Nauvoo.

Let me relate one little incident which may seem small, but which was not too insignificant to trouble a sensitive mind.

During my stay at the college, I had made the acquaintance of a young lady, Miss E., and, as we took the same branches, she came often to our room to prepare her lessons. She seemed to enjoy being with me, and asked permission to sit at the same table, and I returned the friendship she proffered me.

She, it seemed, did not know of my peculiar religious belief, and one day asked if I would, the following Sunday, accompany her to church. On the way, she asked me if I was a member of any church. I replied that I was a Latter Day Saint.

When, in the conversation that followed, I expressed the opinion that Joseph Smith was a prophet, she said very bluntly, "Well, I don't believe it."

I answered quietly, "If you had the same reason to believe it that I have, you would think just as I do."

We passed on to church and home again, but in a different mood from the one in which we had set out that pleasant winter morning. We parted at the front stairway with a simple good bye, quite unlike her usual pressing invitation to go up with her, and I went on alone, sad at heart, yet knowing I must expect just such things all along the road of life.

For some time I had occasion to be pained at her distant manner, but as I

endeavored to keep my manner unchanged in consequence, she gradually lost her reserve, and one evening at the supper table she told me she had brought up a packet for me from the post-office. On going with her to her room to obtain it, I found it to be one of our church histories. I began to explain to her what it was, and to my astonishment, she allowed me to talk freely and seemed interested and pleased, while I told her, as best I could, the wonderful story of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon. Truly "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Time passed on and it was with some anxiety that I turned over the pages of my book, and noted how rapidly we were nearing the subject of such deep interest to me. I did not know what attitude Professor C. would assume. I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night, but at last the topic was introduced. Then there were recitations on it, and one bright little fellow told, in good faith, that story of the Spaulding Romance. (By the way many of these students had not been in the class the former term when the subject was first brought up).

Another on being asked if the Book of Mormon taught polygamy, answered in the affirmative, and so the recitation went on, and I began to think I was not to be called on at all. But finally, when all the points had been brought forward, I was asked if I had anything to say in defense.

I arose to plead, "not guilty," and denied the story of the Spaulding Romance, giving in proof, the discovery of Prof. Fairchild. I could not deny that there was evil in the church in those times of persecution—the existence of an apostate church, bearing the name of the faithful, argues that there must have been; but I did deny that such evil was the result of the teachings of our sacred books.

Questions poured in from the interested young people, until much was told of the "marvelous work" that has come forth in our day and in our land. The finding of the plates, the testimony of the eight witnesses, also that of the three witnesses was told and more, familiar to the Saints, but

new and strange to those young students.

I remember, and always with amusement, one young man who rose with the confident manner of one who thinks:—"Now, I've got you." In measured tones he said, with some emphasis on the personal pronoun, "I just want to ask Miss R. where those plates are now," and when I answered in tones that apologized for my ignorance, "I don't know where the angel took them," a smile flitted over the assembly, like a wave of sunshine, succeeding the shade of thought.

When Prof. C. arose to sum the matter up, he pointed out clearly the two distinct churches called Mormon; corrected the false statement, concerning the Book of Mormon; and, in concluding, said, "We should be careful what statements we make against a people who are as good and perhaps better than we." "And now," continued he, "I wish to ask how many of you have learned something new to-day on this subject, something you did not know before? Nearly every hand was raised and then, the time having expired, the class was dismissed and we went our various ways "each one as before to chase his favorite phantom."

A few days later, as I passed through one of the halls, I was detained by a young lady, whom I had noticed in the history class. She had been injured in her childhood, and could walk only with difficulty. She wished to know if I had reading matter that would enable her to understand our religion. I carried her my books and papers, and she came sometimes to my room to talk with me, and as I watched the pale, earnest face and saw her move painfully along, I would wish that she might learn the truth, and find that pearl of greatest price.

These are only a few incidents set forth, nothing great nor mighty, nor calculated to excite wonder. Every Saint carries a little budget of his own, and yet it is pleasant and sometimes profitable for us to compare notes and though our efforts may not seem to work any great results

Their future growth and greatness,  
Who can measure, who can tell?

It is remarkable that every day in the week is by different nations devoted to the public celebration of religious services Sunday by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday by the Turks, and Saturday by the Jews.

## HOME.

BY CARRIE A. THOMAS.

'Tis a snug little spot  
 On the great round earth;  
 Quite humble, secluded,  
 Yet precious in worth;  
 Nor mansion, nor palace,  
 Can with it compare,  
 For home's dear attractions  
 Are all centered there.

Some homes are more costly,  
 More splendid in art;  
 In prospect more lovely,  
 And dear to each heart

Of those who possess them;  
 But none that I see  
 Seem half as attractive  
 As mine does to me.

Oh, should I e'er leave it,  
 This Eden of mine,  
 It can not but make  
 My glad spirits decline;  
 For this I'm assured of,  
 Wherever we roam,  
 "Be it ever so humble,  
 There's no place like home."

## THE SACRAMENT.

BY A. H. PARSONS.

THIS ordinance in all its bearings, I have thought often, is not understood as it should be by many. It is a subject matter I have studied a great deal since being identified with the Church of Jesus Christ. To partake of the sacrament appeared to me, at first, to be a great privilege, and one that should bring the solemnity of eternity to rest on those who participate; not to be long-faced like the Pharisees of old, or those of our day, but having the Holy Spirit by which we may be able to understand the whys and wherefores. I do not think we can talk or write too much on this all-important topic. For the benefit of the young, as well as the middle aged, I will venture to drop a few thoughts, with Scripture references.

First note what Jesus said in the sixth chapter of St. John: "For the bread of God is he which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger."

This was a hard saying for the Jews; they did not comprehend it. It may be hard to some now. Just read on: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever, and the bread that I will give is my flesh."

Hear what the Jews say: "How can this man give us his flesh to eat?"

Astonished, O, ye Jews? Yes; we do

not understand; pray tell us how can this be?

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you. Whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Here is reflected the necessity of eating of his flesh and drinking of his blood. But still there were some who did not comprehend, as yet; even his disciples, as we read: "This is a hard saying: who can hear it? and they murmured at it."

Let us pass on to a further illustration by Christ, which is explanatory of that we have just read. In the twenty-second chapter of St. Luke we find: "And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body, which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. Likewise he took the cup,"—that is, in the same manner as he blessed the bread, so he blessed the fruit of the vine,—saying, "This is my blood which is shed for you."

From these texts of Scripture we learn this first, that bread and wine are emblematical of his flesh and blood; second, that eating and drinking understandingly gives life to the souls of men, which is the means by which man may continue to live on and on. Although he die, yet shall he live, was the language of the blessed Master. But we will not

stop here, but pass on to the teachings of the apostles, with this injunction before us: "Teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

St. John says in the seventeenth chapter: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

With this promise connect the following: "But the comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

"If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments and abide in his love."

Here was an exceeding great promise made, which we find by the Scripture was made manifest, especially on the day of Pentecost, and after, not only to the apostles, but, as Peter said, "unto all that are afar off."

With these brief but plain statements we can enter into the teachings of the apostles with the assurance that what they taught was in harmony with what Christ has presented in that already considered. Paul says: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?" Paul says "we" bless and break. Why should he use such an expression? Here is the answer:

As thou hast sent me, so send I them. The blessed Master set the example, and taught them to do as he had done.

"For I received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread. And when he had given thanks he brake it and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner, also, he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye as oft as ye drink it in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come."

Here the apostle Paul says he had delivered unto them just what Christ had given him. Here in these texts it is made plain that the people of God

received bread and wine from God's chosen servants after being blessed, and did so in remembrance of his body and death for them, and thus received gifts and blessings through the operation of the Holy Spirit.

Right here would be a good opportunity to introduce Christ's teachings to those "other sheep" as you read in Book of Mormon: "And while they were gone for bread and wine, he commanded the multitude that they should sit themselves down upon the earth. And when the disciples had come with bread and wine, he took of the bread and brake and blessed it; and he gave unto the disciples, and commanded that they should eat. And when they had eaten, and were filled, he commanded that they should give unto the multitude. And when the multitude had eaten and were filled, he said unto the disciples, Behold, there shall one be ordained among you, and to him will I give power that he shall break bread, and bless it, and give it unto the people of my church, unto all those who shall believe and be baptized in my name. And this shall ye always observe to do, even as I have done, even as I have broken bread, and blessed it, and gave unto you. And this shall ye do in remembrance of my body, which I have shewn unto you, and it shall be a testimony unto the Father that ye do always remember me, and if ye do always remember me, ye shall have my Spirit to be with you."

Again in the Book of Mormon we read: "And I give unto you a commandment that ye shall do these things. And if ye shall always do these things, blessed are ye, for ye are built upon my rock."

The similarity of this text with those from the Bible proves that it originated with God the Father, and that his ways are one eternal round. As Jesus said they should hear his voice, the same voice, producing the same sound, leaving the same example and precepts.

Dear reader, turn and read the miracle wrought in furnishing bread and wine; astonished, no doubt, were some who were present. But we learn the effect produced upon those who ate of the bread and drank of the wine; "Behold they were filled with the Spirit, and they did cry out with one voice and gave glory to Jesus."

While we have thus carried your mind



from Palestine to the great American continent to listen to the teaching of Jesus Christ and his apostles, we think it would be well to walk down the stream of time to about 1830, and view some of the sayings of God through his prophets of latter days; "It is expedient that the church meet together often to partake of bread and wine in remembrance of the Lord Jesus."

The same principle is presented just in the same light as in former days. Just read on as the prayer is given, and note the language: "That they may eat in remembrance of the body of thy Son, and witness unto thee, O God, the Eternal Father, that they are willing to take upon them the name of thy Son, and always remember him and keep his commandments which he has given them, that they may always have his Spirit to be with them."

Here we note the word "witness" as used in both prayers in blessing bread and wine. Witness what? Why, that we who partake are willing to do all that he has taught—keep his commandments. How many think of this as we ought? I fear sometimes we do not.

Paul says: "For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep."

How careful man should be to examine himself and strive to keep himself worthy. We return to latter day revelation: "And the Spirit saith further: Contention is unseemly; therefore cease to contend respecting the sacrament and the time of administering it; for whether it be upon the first Lord's day of each month, or upon the Lord's day of every week, if it be administered by the officers of the church with sincerity of heart and in purity of purpose, and be partaken of in remembrance of Jesus Christ and in willingness to take upon them his name by them who partake, it is acceptable to God. . . . To avoid confusion, let him who presides in the sacrament meeting, and those who administer it cause that the emblems be duly prepared upon clean vessels for the bread and clean vessels for the wine, or water, as may be expedient."

There could be no life in the children of God eighteen hundred years ago, unless

they ate of his flesh and drank of his blood; can there be now? It is made so plain in the revelation last quoted, it needs no argument in proof. What a grand privilege to eat and drink in faith! As the children of Israel were commanded to look upon that brazen serpent and live; so we look to Christ and live by eating his flesh and drinking his blood. Herein is manifested the real Christ, not merely a picture of him that is so old it has lost its beauty, but the picture and the blessed Lord himself. Herein is manifested the form and power as God hath appointed. Who could stay away from the sacrament meetings with these blessings promised: gifts, faith, wisdom knowledge, healings, tongues, prophecy, discerning of spirits, and above all and in all, that love that cometh from above, which binds hearts closer together than any other cord or kindred tie? Some are fearful they are not worthy, and therefore abstain and eat not. To such let me give the language of Christ: "Except ye eat of my flesh and drink of my blood, ye have no life in you."

Could you expect to have life (spiritual life) not observing the sacrament, any more than you could expect a forgiveness of sins without baptism—immersion in water?

As to worthiness, not performing our duties will make us unworthy. "If ye love me, keep my commandments," was the language of Christ. In the last revelation the voice of the Master is so plain:—"Be ye clean in your bodies; avoid the use of tobacco, and be not addicted to strong drink in any form, that your counsel to be temperate may be made effectual by your example."

Some will say this refers directly to the ministry. It does, as is certain, but does not stop with them. If it was to have been understood in that light, then the word "example," would be of no weight. That word, with the connections, indicate, beyond a doubt, that the laity were to follow that example.

Again: "That the work of restoration to which the people of my church are looking forward may be hastened."

Does this revelation correspond with those of former times? Read: "And again, strong drinks are not for the belly; but for the washing of your bodies. . . . Tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly."

Can a brother or sister use that which God says they should not and then claim to be obedient children? Are you clean, dear brothers or sisters? Are you worthy? If the ministry must abstain (and they must if they obey) from the use of tobacco and strong drink (to be an example) would it be well for them to say as Paul: "Be ye followers of me as I follow Christ?"

Restoration. What is the meaning of this word. Webster says: "State of being restored; recovery;" "that ye hinder not the restoration." Do you think, dear brother and sister, you are assisting in bringing about that event. Restoration? Could you possibly think so? Christ said except a man become as a little child, he can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven. Are you like one, brother? Could you handle the emblems of the body of Christ, and then handle the accursed stuff, and further, offer that prayer: "Always remember him and keep his commandments which he has given them, that they may always have his Spirit to be with them?" What think you are the fruits of the Spirit? Paul says: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. Against such there is no law."

Here is a rule that would be safe to solve the problem — are we worthy. Do we bear the fruits of the Spirit? If we

do, they will be manifested so by what Paul says: "Examine yourselves." By comparing the fruits you bear, with this rule, you can speedily ascertain your condition. If you bear the fruits of the flesh you will be unclean, worship idols, manifest the fruits of idolatry, using tobacco and strong drink. If you keep the commandments of God, you worship him and manifest your faith by works by letting that which God has said was not good for man, alone, and thus becoming clean, fit temples for his Holy Spirit.

It is evident that the work of restoration would be hindered by the ministers indulging in filthy habits. The Master so understood it, and warns us. Shall we heed it? Choose this day whom thou wilt serve, was language used days gone by. Would it not come to us forcibly at this time, if we desire to be worthy; if we are going to serve God, keep his commandments, that we might assist fallen humanity to return to its former purity?

This was the object that the Lord had in view when he commissioned the angel to visit Bro. Smith. And through him and his successor he (Christ) has spoken plainly on these matters we have been considering. There need be no mistake nor errors made. Let your light shine. "Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness."

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## FINE MANNERS.

NO one who has any appreciation of grace and beauty in nature or in art can fail to recognize the charm of fine manners in an individual. We rejoice in them as we do in a lovely sunset view, or a beautiful piece of architecture, or a fascinating poem, for their own sake and for what they express; but even beyond this they have another attraction in the magnetic power they exert upon all beholders in setting them at ease, in sweeping away shyness, awkwardness, and restraint, and in stimulating them to the expression of whatever is best worth cherishing within them. It is undoubtedly true that the presence of fine manners, whether it be in the home or the social circle, in the workshop or the counting-

room, in the visit of charity or the halls of legislation, has an immediate effect of reproducing itself, in diffusing happiness, in developing the faculties, and in eliciting the best that is in everybody.

Many persons, recognizing this power and feeling this charm, desire greatly to possess it, and to this end they assume a mannerism that is as far removed from really fine manners as any other counterfeit is from the reality it imitates. Manners may be either a revealer or a concealer of the true mental or moral condition of a man. When adopted as a veil to hide what is there, however ingenious the artifice, the beauty and grace of truly fine manners can not be reached. There will always be an indescribable something

to dim their luster and cast suspicion on their verity. The bland courtesy which covers up dislike or indifference can not command absolute trust; the gracious condescension which is adopted to hide a mild contempt generally betrays it in the end. The finest manners are those which express, frankly and unconsciously, the actual presence of fine qualities, in their most delicate shades. All mere imitations of them, where they do not exist, all artificial airs and graces for the sake of appearances, are mere mannerisms, which soon become transparent and only disclose what they are intended to hide.

If fine manners require the expression of the good, they equally demand the repression of evil. Anger, heat, exaggeration, violence, ill-nature, selfishness, are all foes to good manners. Self-control and self-respect will diminish them by forbidding them to vent themselves. Kept in subjection, they will subside; allowed

free expression, they will become intolerable. The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Wherever familiarity exists there is a tendency to loose the check upon selfish conduct, which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons, who are kind and courteous in company, are rude and careless with those whom they love best. Emerson says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making small sacrifices, one for another. Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose their power or their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

## THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.

BY ELDER M. H. BOND.

“**F**OR I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; for therein is the righteousness of God revealed.—Rom. 1: 16, 17.

The words, "power of God," suggest so much to the contemplative, thoughtful, analytical mind, that I hesitate to enter into an approach even to an analysis. It is a text so commonly used however that I have thought perhaps its deeper meaning might be obscured by that fact.

In the first place, the rational mind allows—as it obviously must—that the term God, whether defined as a force or as a personality, is dignified and exalted in the authorship and responsibility of the creation of all things,—visible and invisible, known and unknown,—to the finite mind. Then, rationally, this responsibility must take the form—in human experience and analogy — of a care for, and a supply of, the want of this knowledge to the natural man—the highest order of creation and life, this aggregation of solids and fluids, ponderable and imponderable forces, of not only flesh and bone,

etc., but of that which gives the material or sensual part significance, force, expression, life; this creature, this wondrous something called man.

The history of the world proves that there has lodged somehow, and from some source, in all ages, in the mind of man the idea of an authorship, and of a designer of all things that are, and that ever did exist.

Plato affirmed that this world was the work of reason, and that creation was but "the copy of an idea."

Creation and authorship then implies responsibility. This has come to man's consciousness as a want and a necessity.

Man did not and could not make the world nor the worlds. He as yet knows nothing of the origin of life, and but little of the mysteries wrapped up in that word. He is not possessed as yet of either of these things; but he is possessed of an everlasting want and thirst, which the ages can not obliterate, to know of these things.

He did not make the worlds; they did not make themselves. Something made,

designed, and with inherent power controls, under constant, recurring phenomena, called law—this something that has been entitled God.

Paul affirms that something called by him the gospel of Jesus Christ reveals the righteousness of God. This revelation comes to man alone—the especial and, as said before, to the natural man, the highest and most significant form of intelligent expression of the forces of life. If this is so, then may not the heathen poets, to whom Paul at Mars' Hill referred, have been right when they gave expression, not to an invention, but, to that which the author of their life had indelibly engraved as a part of their being in their hearts, embellished by the harmonies of the soul as expressed in music and in song: "For we are also his offspring."

For as much then as we are, or may conceive rationally that we are, the "offspring" of God, this self-evidently places us in possession of the right to demand of our cause and our originator a reason for our existence, and to demand of him an explanation by speech or word, or revelation of himself, of the designs he had in giving us conscious existence.

How does God speak to man? Paul affirms (Hebrews chapter 1.) that God "at sundry times and in divers manners"—that's more than one—"spake unto the fathers by the prophets," and had also spoken in his day "by his Son." The advent of Mary's son reveals a body like ours, evidence of the statement, "Let us make man in our image." If true, this at once clothes humanity with a dignity that belongs to no other order of life ordinarily known to this earth. Moses' exceptional experience on the Mount (Ex. 33: 20-23) if true, is confirmatory of the idea.

The "Book of the Wars of the Lord," or the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel, written by uninspired men; that is to say, the accounts of even the dealings of God with Israel and surrounding nations, told from a merely human standpoint, as much of it seems to have been done, unaided either by the power of God to write in or read in that which is true, divine, and according to, not local, but eternal justice, —reading these, to read *out* the human is not only the privilege but the duty of rational minds who believe only in a revelation which reveals God's righteousness.

"All scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable," &c. Translators of the Revised Version have also relieved us from the necessity of claiming any longer for the Bible what the Bible never claimed for itself—one of the absurdities and mental monstrosities and blasphemies which Mystery Babylon, has entailed upon her children. Much of not only the Old, but of the New Testament, is historical. The ancient scribes were accused of writing "vainly." Jesus said: "Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of olden time;" "Moses for the hardness of your heart gave you a commandment," &c. Paul affirms that he was not inspired in some things which he wrote. An order for his cloak did not need the wisdom of revelation from God. Luke wrote as he remembered concerning Christ, and in some respects wrote differently from the other writers of the New Testament. Jesus never made a belief in the truth or falsity of Jonah's imprisonment in the whale's belly a test of fellowship of faith in his mission, in my opinion. If he did it is not recorded. He himself expresses a belief in and enjoins a study of the prophets and of Moses' sayings because they "testify of" him. But what he did require, and positively enjoins, as an eternal necessity, was not only a belief in, but obedience to, his gospel—condemnation or salvation following its rejection or acceptance. And why? Because that, and that alone, reveals the eternal wisdom and righteousness of that God and Father of us all, of whom he came as an express witness into this world to testify. This much in defense of the epitomized statement of the faith of the saints:—"We believe that in the Bible is contained the word of God."

"Hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son."

We call again, in this new and last dispensation, of the fulness of times, as the ministers of Christ and of God, to all the world, to the nations of the earth, to turn from the poverty of doubt, from the sad reflections of an apparently wasted life, from broken idols, from vanished hopes, impossible ideas, unsatisfied longings, impoverished hearts, and from the infidel's cry as he surveys all that the flesh can see of God's religion, and counts the results to him as an awful history of "man's inhumanity to man," instead of a revelation of righteousness and justice—

to say nothing of the gentler quality of mercy.

And yet, we believe the story that was told: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be," not to the few alone, which "shall be,"—future tense—"to all people." For unto you is born, this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord." Who told it? Men? No, not at first, but angels; first one, and then a host, a choir, took it up, and to the music of heaven was the chorus added: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." This sentence disposes of the substance, and negatives the force for evil, of very, very much that under protest of the mind of man has passed for, and been enforced and submitted to as, the gospel, for at least sixteen centuries.

In fulfillment of a pledge made to John, one of the disciples of Jesus Christ, upon Patmos Isle, eighteen hundred years ago, another angel was to bring this same message that was brought to the shepherds, and of which John was carefully enjoined to "write," so that if it should be fulfilled in the ages unborn, we who lived afterward should know to whom it was to be reasonably attributed whenever this remarkable prophecy should be fulfilled—remarkable because its possibility was and is universally denied.

It then was and is now, reasonably an expression or revelation of the power of the God of this universe, and as such honors his great character when presented under his sanction.

It must then first be an intellectual power, and of such a high grade and character as to challenge by fair comparison all the mental evolutions of the human race. The wisdom, order, harmony, and majestic forces of the "heavens" which declare the glory of God, and of "the firmament which showeth his handiwork," and the adaptation of physical phenomena to supply the wants of the creature man, that tell us of the wisdom displayed in physical law in all the forces of earth, forbid the acceptance of a lower standard of wisdom and intellectual appreciation to be made manifest in "the law of the Spirit of life" in the higher manifestations "in Christ Jesus," the revealer of the mind of the infinite Father; and there follows also, as a legitimate necessity, upon this point, that Christ's ministry should seek to

possess themselves of arguments that will rationally dispose of, and not irrationally disgust the arrayed opposition of, not only the easily answered absurdities of human creeds and faiths, but of the more subtle opposition of "science," often, even in our day, "falsely so called," remembering that "Christ, the power of God and the wisdom of God," is, through his ministry when called, chosen and sent forth according to his revealed mind, able "by sound doctrine" to convince or put to silence the gainsayer and opposer; so that the ministry of his church, when the time shall have come, may have no cause to fear the united, yet, withall, discordant, opposition of the champions of gilded, fashionable, apostate Babylon, Dr. Fields and William Gladstone, or of the great modern Pagan, R. G. Ingersol, and the less flip-pant, but keener and more analytical Herbert Spencer.

Like the Gentiles, so the Jews are to be brought to a knowledge of God through Jesus Christ alone; for "no man cometh unto the Father but by" him; "no man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son revealeth him." And after their gathering back to the promise of the possession made under the stars to Abram their father, the new covenant is to be introduced by the foolishness of preaching, through the "hunters and fishers" whom God is to send. And by this is an appeal to the intellectual forces of such men as Rabbis Wise and Schindler to be made; For God says: "I will put my law in their mind."

The appeal is not first to be made to the emotional nature, as in modern revivals of religion. A message coming properly from above should fall first upon the brain, and pass through the sieve of their best and calmest judgment before making the appeal to the oftentimes unguarded citadel of the heart of men and women—an appeal which charlatans, frauds and devils know so well and so skillfully how to apply—"the Holy Ghost of the modern vestry and foremost angel of the Lord at camp meeting revivals," says George Stearns. However severe this criticism may appear at first upon many honest, devout religionists, it must be obvious that the Holy Ghost of all revivals of every sect can not be "the Spirit of Truth," as it leads people to endorse and encourage opposition to, instead of acceptance of, the mission

of Christ's ministers and of his gospel in our day.

The gospel is an intellectual power: "I speak as unto wise men: judge ye." "Come; let us reason together." Its service is a reasonable service. "Whoso heareth these sayings of mine, I will liken him unto a wise man." "Whoso looketh into the perfect law." This suggests thought, study, inquiry. A man who builds without law, or without the care-

ful employment or appliance of the highest intellectual power in things pertaining to this life, is called a foolish man. A religious faith that deals with propositions concerning man's eternal destinies for happiness or woe should not have,—and the times we live in can not, or will not, permit it to have,—any other than an intellectual basis upon which a permanent constituency, organization or church shall stand.

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### THE LIPS THAT TOUCH WINE SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE.

Alice Lee stood awaiting her lover one night,  
Her cheeks flushed and glowing, her eyes full  
of light;

She had placed a sweet rose 'mid her wild  
flowing hair,

No flower of the forest e'er looked half so fair  
As she did that night, as she stood by the door  
Of the cot where she dwelt by the side of the  
moor.

Her lover had promised to take her a walk,  
And she built all her hopes on a long, pleasant  
talk.

But the daylight was fading, and also, I ween,  
Her temper was failing, 'twas plain to be seen,  
For now she'd stand still, then a tune she  
would hum,

And impatiently mutter, "I wish he would  
come."

"You may say what you like, 'tis not pleasant  
to wait,

And William has oft kept me waiting of late,  
I know where he stays, 'tis easy to tell.

He spends many an hour at the sign of the  
Bell;

I wish he would keep from such places away;  
His rakish companions do lead him astray."

She heard a quick step, and her young heart  
beat fast,

As she said, "I am glad he is coming at last;"

But it was only a neighbor who hastened to  
speak,

And he marked the quick flush on the young  
maiden's cheek,

And his aged eye twinkled with pleasure and  
glee,

As he merrily said, "So you're waiting, I see.

Now don't think at all I'm intending to blame,  
For love ought ne'er be a subject of shame;

But I tell you to warn you, I fancy, my lass,  
Young William is getting too fond of the glass;  
And oh! If you wish for the love that endures,  
Say, The lips that touch liquor shall never  
touch yours."

He went on his way; but the truth he'd im-  
pressed,

Took root and sunk deep in the fair maiden's  
breast,

And strange things she could scarce account  
for before

Now appeared quite plain as she pondered  
them o'er.

She then said with a look of deep sorrow and  
fright,

I really believe that the old man is right.

When William next comes, I will soon let him  
know

He must give up the liquor, or else he must go,  
'Twill be a good chance for me to prove,

If he is really sincere in his vows of deep love;  
He must give up at once and forever the wine,

For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

She heard a step coming over the moor,

And a merry voice which she had oft heard  
before,

And ere she could speak a strong arm held her  
fast

And a manly voice whispered, "I've come, love,  
at last,

But I know you'll forgive me, then give me a  
kiss;

I'm sorry that I've kept you waiting like this."

But she shook her bright curls on her beautiful  
head,

And she drew herself up while quite proudly  
she said,

"Now William, I'll prove if you really are true;  
For you say that you love me—I don't think  
you do,

If really you love me you must give up the wine,  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

He looked quite amazed; "Why, Alice, 'tis  
clear,

You really are getting quite jealous, my dear."

"In that you are right," she replied, "for you see,  
You'll soon love the liquor far better than me,  
I'm jealous, I own, of the poisonous wine,  
For the lips that touch liquor shall never touch  
mine."

He turned then quite angry. "Confound it!"  
he said,

"What nonsense you've got in your dear little  
head;

But I'll see if I can not remove it from hence."

Said she, "'Tis not nonsense, 'tis plain com-  
mon sense,

And I mean what I say, and this you will find,  
I don't often change when I've made up my  
mind."

He stood all irresolute, angry, perplexed;  
She never before saw him look half so vexed;  
But she said, "If he talks all his life I won't  
finch."

And he talked, but he never could move her  
an inch.

He then bitterly cried, with a look and a groan,  
"Oh Alice, your heart is as hard as a stone!"

But though her heart beat in his favor quite  
loud,

She still firmly kept to the vow she had vowed;

And at last, without even a tear or a sigh

She said, "I am going, so, William, good-bye."

"Nay, stay," he then said, "I'll choose one of  
the two,

I'll give up the liquor in favor of you."

Now William had often great cause to rejoice,  
For the hour he had made sweet Alice his  
choice;

And he blessed, through the whole of a long  
useful life,

The fate that had given him his dear little wife.

And she by her firmness won to us that night

One who in our cause is an ornament bright.

Oh! that each fair girl in our abstinence band  
Would say, "I'll ne'er give my heart nor my  
hand,

Unto one who I ever had reason to think

Would taste one small drop of the vile cursed  
drink;"

But say when you're wooed, "I'm a foe to the  
wine,

And 'The lips that touch liquor shall never  
touch mine.'"—*Sel.*

## CAMPING IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

BY LULIE E. MORISON.

(Concluded from last Number.)

WE arise early and are soon on our way  
to the great valley. Two and a half  
miles above Crane Flat the highest portion  
of the road is reached, being seven thou-  
sand feet above sea level; the outlook  
from here is strikingly bold. Magnificent  
views of the snow-covered peaks of the  
Sierras open at brief intervals before us.  
Passing along here we find several snow  
plants. This is a strikingly attractive  
flower, and the most beautiful flower born  
of the Sierras; its stem, leaves and bell-  
shaped flowers being all blood red. Botan-  
ists consider this a parasitic plant.

Passing Tamarack Flat and down the  
Cascade Creek, we commence the descent  
of the mountain-side on the Yosemite  
road. Looking down the great canyon of  
the Merced river from this point, there

opens before us one of the most magnifi-  
cent and comprehensive scenes to be found  
anywhere; as not only can the numerous  
windings of the river be traced for miles  
as it makes its exit from the valley, but  
its high bluffs and distant mountains  
stand boldly out. At another turning of  
the road we look into the profound and  
haze-draped depths and up toward the  
sublime and storm-defying heights, with  
feelings all our own, and behold Yosemite.

Our road up the valley to the Guardi-  
an's office and hotels, for the most part,  
lies among giant pines, or firs and cedars.  
Crystal streams occasionally ripple across  
the road, whose sides are fringed with  
willows and wild flowers. On either side  
of us stand almost perpendicular cliffs to  
the height of nearly thirty-five hundred

feet. At every step some new picture of great beauty presents itself. And as we ride along, in addition to the Bridal Veil Fall, are Cathedral Spires, the Three Brothers and the Sentinel, while in the distance glimpses are obtained of Yosemite Falls, North Dome, Royal Arches, Washington Tower, Cloud's Rest and the Half, or South Dome.

Arriving at the Guardian's office, we enquire for a place to camp. (There are parts set aside for the free use of campers). Our choice is on the banks of the Merced, under Sentinel Rock and opposite Yosemite Fall.

Yosemite Valley is a deep, almost vertically walled chasm in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Its sides are built of a beautiful pearl-gray granite of many shades of color. These are from three thousand to six thousand feet in perpendicular height above their base. Over these vertical walls vault numerous waterfalls that make a clear leap of from three hundred and fifty to two thousand feet. The altitude of the floor of the valley is four thousand feet above sea level. The Merced river, a beautifully transparent stream, full of delicious trout, runs through it; and its banks are ornamented with azaleas and syringas and overarched with balm of gileads, alders, black oaks, pines, cedars and silver firs. The valley is about seven miles in length by from one-half to one and a half in width.

The day after our arrival (Sunday) was rather gloomy, a drizzling rain having set in, which lasted the greater part of the day; but on awakening on Monday morning we found it most beautifully clear, so concluded to visit Mirror Lake. To see the lake at its best, when the reflected shadows are strongest and the beautiful mirror upon its glassy bosom is in the greatest perfection, it should be seen before the sun rises upon it. Leaving camp at half-past six, we passed up the valley, past the Royal Arches and Washington Tower, riding over rocky hillocks and among debris that has at some time fallen from the adjacent mountains, we arrive at the enchantingly beautiful Mirror Lake. At first its size was rather disappointing, but that is soon lost sight of and forgotten in admiration of its loveliness. It is situated in Tenayah Canyon, formed by the vertical face of the great Half Dome, which towers up five thousand

feet, and by the base of the North Dome on the opposite side. Looking higher up the canyon glorious Cloud's Rest stands six thousand feet above the lake at the right hand, and Mount Watkins at the left. The latter exceeds four thousand feet. Whole days could be enjoyably spent here, reading, musing, fishing and rowing on the lake. As we wish to use our horses some every day, we go no farther, but return to camp, passing by the new State Hotel which has just been completed—forty thousand dollars having been appropriated by the Legislature for its construction.

Next morning (Tuesday) we again leave camp early and proceed on horseback to view the Vernal and Nevada Falls. As this is an almost all-day trip, we provide ourselves with lunch; and we are soon at the upper end of the valley. Leaving the wagon road and proceeding up the trail, we obtain a good view of the Tooloola-weack Fall in the distance. Crossing the bridge that spans the Merced river, we catch the first view of the Vernal Fall. On up the zigzagging trail, we pass the Vernal Falls, a perpendicular sheet of water which makes a descent of three hundred and fifty feet. The rock behind this fall is a perfectly square-cut mass of granite extending across the canyon. Close on to a mile farther up can be seen the Nevada and the Cap of Liberty. We pass the "Casa Nevada," or Snow's Hotel, on up to nearly the top of the Nevada Fall, where the whole Merced river makes a leap of over six hundred feet. A magnificent view is obtained. This is considered by many, the grandest waterfall in the world, whether from its vertical height, the purity and volume of the river which forms it, or the stupendous scenery which surrounds it. We stop and rest here some time, feasting our eyes upon this never-to-be-forgotten scene, taking an icy drink from the glorious Cap of Liberty spring we proceed back down the trail, passing the Diamond Cascades, Silver Apron and Emerald Pool, to the top of Vernal Fall. Approaching the edge of the fall, we walk up to, and lean upon a natural balustrade of granite that seem to have been constructed there for the benefit of weak-nerved people, so that the most timid can look over it into the abyss beneath. We separate here, my husband leading the horses back over the



trail, while the others seek the "Ladders," by which we can descend to the foot of the Vernal Fall, and passing on down the narrow canyon, join my husband and horses at the bridge. After a ride of three or four miles we are again at camp.

Wednesday, our fourth day in the valley, we take a general drive around. Driving up to, or near the foot of the Yosemite Falls, we tie our horses and climb on foot up a short trail, so that we can view the falls to a better advantage. These are on the northern side of the valley and somewhat nearer to its upper than to the lower end, and are the loftiest waterfalls in the world. They make three leaps; the first, or upper has the greatest height, fifteen hundred feet; the middle fall is a series of cascades, having a total descent of six hundred and twenty-six feet, and the lower fall is a straight downward plunge of five hundred feet. The stream from the bottom foams over masses of broken rock for a short distance, and then more placidly flows onward to its junction with the Merced river. Driving on down the valley we cross Pohono Bridge and are at the Pohono, or Bridal Veil Fall. This is indeed an enchanting scene. The graceful, wavy sheets of spray that fall in gauze-like folds as the wind sways them first to one side and then to the other, with long sweeping motions, are more than ideal grace; and we can not but add that the fall is appropriately named — Bridal Veil. When seen late in the afternoon, when the sun has painted two or more magnificent rainbows, it adds still more to its attractiveness.

Thursday we take a drive down the entire length of the valley to the Cascade Fall, where the Merced river makes a hurried exit from the Valley. This is a wildly picturesque road. There are many attractive forms of the bounding waters, as they dash and eddy and surge and swirl among and over huge blocks of rock with lofty and frowning bluffs on either side; and at almost every turning of this live oak arched road are wild flowers in endless variety. Arriving at the extreme end of the valley we view the Cascade Falls, some seven hundred feet above the road. This is one of the most delightful drives to be had in the valley. Returning we pass the Bridal Veil, and again stop to admire it in all its prismatic beauty.

Friday morning my husband and self make an early start for Glacier Point, and seeking the horse trail at the back of the little chapel, close to our camp, we commence the ascent, and zigzag the mount from base to summit, which in climbing up four and a half miles we reach three thousand two hundred and fifty seven feet. Reaching Union Point, we are at an elevation of two thousand three hundred and thirty-five feet above the valley. Here we dismount, and while the horses are resting and breathing we enjoy the wonderful sights. Near the trail at Union Point there is a rock standing on end like a huge ten-pin, some thirty feet in height and ten in thickness. It looks as though a strong breeze would blow it over. It is known as the Agassiz Column. From Union Point we make a turn to the eastward to Moran Point, where the whole upper end of the valley, with all its sublime scenes can be witnessed to excellent advantage. We steadily climb, while I keep my eyes turned away from the awful canyon, fearful of becoming too dizzy to stay in the saddle, until we are at the Glacier Point Hotel, from the porch of which we get a broad sweep of the great chain of the High Sierras, whose ridges and summits throughout the year are draped with snow. The Nevada Vernal, and Tooloolaweack Falls form the center of this picture; while most prominent of all this rare landscape, is the great Half Dome — as Prof. Whitney says — "so utterly unlike anything else in the world." It overshadows and eclipses every lesser object. Leaving the hotel porch we proceed to Glacier Point. Here we are on the edge of an abyss three thousand two hundred and fifty seven feet deep. It almost stops the beatings of one's heart to lean over the iron railing set between two verge-toppling boulders on the peak's brink and glance down into the awful gulf below. As we heard Mr. Hutchings express it, "It causes spiders of ice to crawl down one's spine." Mount Ritter, Mount Lyell with its living glacier, Mount Clark, and Mount Starr King are among the most prominent of the peaks. We are loth to leave this scene, one of the grandest in the world; but our watch admonishes us that the afternoon is fast slipping away; so remounting, with a nervous dread of the descent, we proceed downwards, until we reach Moran Point.

Becoming so dizzy that I can not with safety stay longer in the saddle, my husband assists me to dismount, and we both proceed on foot, only stopping at Union Point for a short rest. Down, down we go until we meet two gentlemen, one on horseback, the other walking and leading his horse. The latter, with the perspiration playing hide and go seek down his face, says he became too dizzy to stay in the saddle, and asked me if I walked all the way up. I told him no, that I had made the whole ascent on my horse, and that I am very much afraid that if he can not stay on going up, it will be impossible for him to coming back.

At last we are down the dizzy mountain and at camp. My sentiments were expressed in the words of a lady who had just made the trip to Glacier Point, that "she wouldn't have missed the sight for a thousand dollars, but that she wouldn't go again for two thousand."

The next morning we had intended revisiting Mirror Lake, but as our horses are in pasture, resting up for their long trip home, we conclude to give them the benefit of the day, and so the last day in Yosemite is spent rather quietly.

After sunset, which occurs at this season of the year at five o'clock, we have our camp photographed, embodying the Yosemite Peak and Falls and Eagle's Point on the opposite wall as the background, with the beautiful winding Merced at the base. Mr. Fiske, the photographer, told me that Yosemite Valley was probably the only place in the world where they took pictures as late as from five to seven, with the same desired effect. Later in the evening we stroll up to the village, and by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard, proprietors of the hotel bearing their name, we inspect the parlors, including the Big Tree Room, where there are many both curious and pretty things to be seen. Emerging therefrom, what an overpowering sense of the sublime sweeps over us as we behold Yosemite by moonlight. Passing on down to the meadows, an open grassy stretch, we get a magnificent view of the whole valley, with all its peaks, its spires, its domes and points, with its white clouds of solid granite surging up into the air, and coming to everlasting anchor till the mountains shall be moved. The sense of solitude, of peace, and of an inspiration

which sprang from both, was so profound, beyond conception or utterance, we could but say, Surely this is the sublimest of temples where God is always within.

We rise at half-past four next morning, and by six have made every preparation and are leaving our delightful camp grounds; and passing down the valley that has become so familiar to us, soon begin the climb up the opposite wall to the one down which we entered. It is a good road and easy grade, and before we realize our actual nearness are at Inspiration Point. This is an unspeakably glorious view, the first the tourist catches of Yosemite, entering the valley by this road. As we turned we gazed long at the wonderful valley dropped at our feet, resting silent, and set apart, wrapped in a veil of soft purple mist. That scene of unequalled grandeur and beauty will be forever stamped on my memory, to remain when all other scenes of earth have passed from remembrance. But reluctantly as the word "good-bye" may sometimes fall upon the ear, or strike home to the heart, it must occasionally be uttered. The road is down grade all the way to Hawona (Indian for big tree). This is a central stage station, where three different routes come together, and which forms the starting point for the Mariposa Big Tree Groves. There is an enclosure set aside for the use of campers, so we remain here the rest of the day and night.

Next morning we drive some seven miles to the Big Tree Groves, and in so doing reach an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet above the station. The *Sequoias* of this group are divided into two groves, called the Lower and Upper, from their respective situation on the mountain side. In the Upper Grove there are three hundred and sixty-five big trees, in the Lower Grove about half as many, the largest *Sequoia* in the Lower being the Grizzly Giant, so called from its rugged, time-worn appearance. It measures over ninety-three feet at the ground. Passing the Grizzly Giant and other trees, the road climbs up the mountain side, winds around through the Upper Grove so that pretty nearly all the larger trees are brought into sight, and then returns by the Lower Grove. In making the drive, the road passes by means of a tunnel, directly through the heart of a

living tree called "Hawona." This *Sequoia* is twenty-seven feet in diameter at the base.

This, the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, with the Yosemite Valley, was donated to the state of California in 1864. Although there are a great many large and beautiful *Sequias* in this group, yet after one has first visited those of the Calaveras Grove they lose, to a certain extent, a full appreciation of all other Big Tree Groves.

Returning to Hawona, we visit Mr. Thomas Hill's studio. We find a number of beautiful gems of art, among them a very large painting of Yosemite Valley as viewed from Inspiration Point, the value of which he places at five thousand dollars. Mr. Hill took the first medal for landscape painting at the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and also the Temple medal of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia for 1884.

Leaving Hawona, our road winds up some four or five miles, through a glorious forest of pines, to the summit of Chow-Chilla Mount. From these heights, five thousand six hundred feet above sea level, we obtain another grand view of the snow-draped Sierras. In the next six or seven miles we make a descent of three thousand feet and are at Conway's Cold Spring, a delightful valley home, where we find an excellent camping ground for the night.

Our road next day lays over gently rolling, gravelly hills, covered with a light growth of shrubbery. Nearly all the available flats, or small valleys on streams, have been converted into grain-fields or gardens and orchards, so that numerous little homes add variety to the scene.

We pass through Mormon Bar, down Mariposa Creek, past quartz ledges and placer mines, until we reach Mariposa (Spanish for butterfly), the county seat of Mariposa county. The people in the last two places seem to be patiently awaiting favorable developments, to bring back the halcyon days of yore. As we ride along we can see that every gulch, ravine or flat upon the way bears scars of an active mining life, and gives evidence that a miner's labors, if they bring prosperity to himself and family and make addition to

the country's wealth, invariably bring desolation to the landscape. On we journey past Mount Bullion, and several "toll houses," until we are at Hornitos (Spanish for little oven), which is principally settled by Mexicans and Chinese, and which has more the appearance of a Spanish, than an American, town. We do not find a very desirable camp-ground, but make the best of it, as we have learned to do on more than one occasion, so there are no feelings of regret expressed when we leave Hornitos behind next morning and wind our way, over barren hills, down to Merced river. It is crossed on one of the old-time ferries, which is drawn across by the means of a pulley. A little below the ferry and we are at Merced Falls. From here until we reach Snelling we enjoy a delightful drive by the side of the Merced river, through an avenue of mock-orange, where quails, doves, and cotton-tail rabbits abound.

Our course from Snelling is over gently rolling hills, through fenceless grain-fields. We camp by a kind-hearted farmer's house at the top of one of these treeless hills, where we have a broad view of the country round about, and where those gentle San Joaquin breezes that were then blowing, has a clean sweep at us; however we take extra precaution to stake the tents down firm, for fear on awakening next morning, of finding ourselves tentless or back at Hornitos; but the morning is most beautiful, and we make good progress until we have passed Oakdale and crossed the Stanislaus river, when the wind commences blowing again; and by three o'clock it seemed to blow with all the fury of a hurricane. It impedes our progress to such an extent that we are forced to an early camp some seven miles from Stockton.

Passing through French Camp next morning we are soon at Stockton, where we repack our baggage, board the noon train and are soon leaving the "city of windmills" behind, and fast speeding towards Oakland, which is reached in the evening. We return home delighted with the scenes and knowledge gained by our four weeks' camping trip in the Sierra Nevadas.

OAKLAND, California,  
Sept. 21, 1888.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

## BOOK OF ALMA.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Alma visits Ammonihah.—An Angel instructs him.—Amulek converted.—They preach salvation from sin, and declare the coming Redeemer.—The Fall of Man; His Agency.—The Plan of Redemption.—The Tree of Life.—God's Ministers sent to preach and to baptize.—The Resurrection and Rewards.—Alma and Amulek imprisoned and mocked.—By God's power the prison is destroyed and they are made free.—They go to Sidom and preach and establish a church.—Return to Zarahemla.—Ammonihah destroyed by the Lamanites.—Prosperity and peace in Zarahemla.—Progress of the Church and diligence of its Ministers.

**A**FTERWARDS Alma went also to Ammonihah to preach the kingdom of God, but he was driven out by the people. And as he went on his way sorrowing he was met by an angel of the Lord, and the angel blessed him and commended his faithful work. Also he was instructed to go back to Ammonihah, and declare that destruction would be permitted to come upon them unless they turned from their hardness of heart and from their transgressions. When he had returned and entered the city he found that a man named Amulek had been instructed of God in a dream that Alma was a prophet, and that he should receive him. So Alma dwelt with Amulek, and in the streets he warned the inhabitants of calamities to come. Amulek also began to preach the word of God that had been known to their fathers, and to prophesy of the future.

They preached the near coming of the Son of God, and his atonement, saying that people must repent and be baptized in the name of the Son in order to obtain a reward with him.

They taught the resurrection through Christ, the restoring of every limb and joint to its proper place, and the re-union of the spirit of man with the body, which would be made immortal by the redeeming power of the Son of God, the Messiah who had been looked for by their fathers in the ages past.

Alma spoke of the second death, which is a final banishment from the presence of God and the good, and said that this death would only be partaken of by those who died in their sins, unrepentant and unholy by their own choice. He declared that because of Adam's transgression he fell from his innocency and

his high estate, and therefore he was shut out from God's presence. Consequently his posterity did by nature inherit a like estate, and of necessity they must all pay the penalty entailed, namely the separation of the body and spirit, which is called death. But, though banished from His presence in the day that they violated his divine law, yet God would not permit that the separation of their bodies and spirits should immediately take place, nor until they had had time to see the error they had made in listening to Satan, and also the opportunity as well as the time, if they were willing to do so, to exercise their free agency in making a willing return back unto God and his righteous commands.

Therefore, having prepared a plan of redemption for man from his unhappy condition, God caused this space of allotted time to be a state of probation, a time for man to prepare, if he will, for the life that shall be after the resurrection, which resurrection to life shall be an endless one, and therein each shall receive his portion of good, much or little, according as he has used his agency, and his time and talents, during his probation and day of choosing good or evil. If no divine redemption had been instituted then there could be no resurrection, but, otherwise, an endless sleep of the body and separation of the spirit from it. On the other hand, if Adam and Eve had partaken of the tree of life during the time of their transgression they would have lived forever in a mortal and suffering, in a miserable yet undying condition, and there would have been neither time nor place to prepare for something greater and better, no chance to make ready for a nobler life, for a grander and a happier state, no life beyond this, because man had partaken of that which perpetuated this mortality. For this reason God prevented them from partaking of that substance.

The way having thus been provided from the beginning for defeating the designs of the adversary and for overcoming death, God made known unto man his plan for the redemption of the race. Now, as they had transgressed the first law, and felt its results, they knew good from evil;

and, having their own free-agency, as well as this experience, they were therefore fitted to judge, to some degree, as to the effects of all good and all evil, especially when having divine instruction, and therefore could make choice of one or the other, according to their own wills. And whosoever wills to accept the plan devised in heaven to save man from all and every bondage to the enemy, and such as will receive Christ as their leader and guide, shall receive the eternal life and glory that he (Christ) is working out, and which he will perfect in the resurrection. But whosoever will harden his heart and commit iniquity in the love of it, neither repent of his sins, can not enter into that rest and state of reward. In order to give mankind full knowledge of the plan and the way, God sent forth those whom he authorized to declare these things, and to them he gave power to administer those ordinances which had been established as a sign and seal of salvation from sin and of acceptance with God, through their righteous obedience. Those whom he authorized as messengers had of themselves first chosen the good, by their own free-will, and refused the evil, and had been ordained unto the high priesthood of the Son of God, as well as sanctified by his Spirit, according to their faith and diligence.

When he had ceased preaching Alma stretched forth his hands and called upon the people of Ammonihah to repent, and to seek the Lord with all their hearts. Then he and Amulek found that some believed their words, but they could do no more because they were immediately taken by their enemies and carried before the chief judge of that city, and were there falsely accused and their destruction sought. But a lawyer named Zeezrom, who had at first opposed them bitterly, now stood in their defense, saying that they were innocent of the things charged. He plead for their lives; but he and others who believed the preaching were driven from the city, or slain, and Alma and Amulek were put in prison. There they were beaten and mocked, it being said that those who were prophets of God and who had seen angels ought certainly to be able to deliver themselves, and that if they would do so then the people would believe that God would yet destroy that city, as they had prophesied.

These closing words were said upon the last day of their captivity, and finally Alma cried unto the Lord for divine strength to deliver themselves from their afflictions. Then was power given them to break their bonds, and also the earth shook, and the prison walls were rent so that they fell upon those who had mocked God's servants, and they were slain. But Alma and Amulek escaped. And the people of the city were astonished, and they ran from before the men in great fear. Then, being commanded of the Lord, Alma and Amulek left the city and went to Sidom. In Sidom they found those from Ammonihah who had been driven out for believing their words, and from them learned the story of their escape and present safety. With them was Zeezrom, very ill with fever, chiefly caused by his trouble of mind over his past sinful condition. When he heard that Alma and Amulek were safe he sent for them, and they prayed for him and the Lord healed him of the fever. And in Sidom Alma preached the word of God, and he baptized Zeezrom and others; and many throughout all that region were converted unto the Lord Jesus. Then he organized a church and ordained ministers to have charge over it, according to the order of God.

But the people of Ammonihah remained hard-hearted and wicked, only Amulek and those with him caring for God's word; but these continued faithful. And Amulek preached with Alma until the latter went to his home in Zarahemla, taking Amulek with him.

Some time after this the Lamanites again came into the Nephite country, and they took Ammonihah (which was on the south), and becoming enraged with that people they destroyed them and burned their city. Thus the evil came that Alma had foretold would come unless they turned from their wicked ways. Some of the other Nephites were taken prisoners, but the Lamanites were pursued, and the captives taken from them in the south border, on the east of Sidon.

After this the history states that in the temples and sanctuaries, (which were built after the Jewish manner of architecture), Alma and Amulek continued to preach salvation through Christ. And the Church was established, so that the work of the Lord flourished throughout all the

land of the Nephites. And the Lord sent his Spirit upon the righteous, and he gave them understanding concerning the coming of the Savior, and about the great work of redemption that was being wrought out. Also the ministry were faithful in preaching against every kind of sin and evil, presenting in plainness the results of continuing in sin. They also declared the near coming of the Messiah. And by the Holy Spirit it was revealed unto them that he would appear in person to their nation after his death and resurrection at Jerusalem. Thus the people of Nephi were instructed of God, and also they were by him made great and powerful upon the land that we now call South America. (27)

(27) Concerning the ancient civilization of Peru, Prescott said in 1847 that those who might distrust the history of those things would find their doubts removed by a visit to the country. In volume 1, page 41, he wrote as follows:

"The traveler still meets with memorials of the past, remains of temples, palaces, fortresses, terraced mountains, great military roads, aqueducts, and other public works, which astonish him by their number, the massive character of the materials, and the grandeur of the design. Among them, perhaps the most remarkable, are the great roads, the broken remains of which are still in sufficient preservation to attest their former magnificence."

He says that two of these extended the whole length of the kingdom from north to south, and of the one on the Sierras he says as follows:

"Galleries were cut for leagues through the living rock; rivers were crossed by means of bridges that swung suspended in the air; precipices were scaled by stairways hewn out of the native bed; ravines of hideous depth were filled up with solid masonry; in short, all the difficulties that beset a wild and mountainous region, and which might appal the most courageous engineer of modern times, were encountered and successfully overcome. The length of the road, of which only scattered fragments remain, is variously estimated from fifteen hundred to two thousand miles. Stone pillars, in the manner of European milestones, were erected at stated intervals of somewhat more than a league, all along the route. The road was built of heavy flags of freestone, and in some parts, at least, covered with a bituminous cement, which time has made harder than the stone itself. In some places where the ravines had been filled up with masonry, the mountain torrents, wearing on it for ages, have gradually eaten a way through the base, leaving the superincumbent mass, such was the cohesion of the materials, still spanning the valley like an arch."—Vol. 1, page 41.

Prescott describes the bridges. To immense stone buttresses on the river banks were fastened cable ropes of osier that were as thick as a man's body, and upon these were laid planks

for the floor, while the sides were protected by a railing. He says further of the roads:

"All along these highways caravansaries were erected, ten or twelve miles apart, for the accommodation, more particularly, of the Inca and his suite, and those who journeyed on the public business. . . . Some of these buildings were on an extensive scale, consisting of a fortress, barracks and other military works, surrounded by a parapet of stone. Evidently these were for the accommodation of the imperial armies, when on their march. The roads are said to have been so nicely constructed that a carriage might have rolled over them as securely as on any of the great roads of Europe."

Prescott speaks of how constantly these were kept in repair by an admirable system and order. But the Spanish conquerors did not continue in it, therefore the roads have gradually gone to decay. Yet, he says, "the broken portions that still survive bear evidence of their primitive grandeur." He wrote that one traveler, though not given to enthusiasm, declares freely that "the roads of the Incas were among the most useful and stupendous works ever executed by man." Prescott speaks of the wonderful perfection of the courier system, by which dispatches were carried at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles per day. He says:

"Intelligence from the numerous provinces was transmitted on the wings of the wind to the Peruvian metropolis. Not an insurrectionary movement could occur, not an invasion on the remotest frontier, before the tidings were conveyed to the capital, and the imperial armies were on the march across the magnificent roads to suppress it. It may remind us of the similar institutions of ancient Rome, when under the Cæsars, she was mistress of half the world."—Vol. 1, page 46.

"They showed the same skill and respect for order in their military organization as in other things. The troops were divided into bodies corresponding with our battalions and companies, led by officers that rose, in regular gradation, from the lowest subaltern to the Inca noble, who was intrusted with the general command. . . . The country is still covered with the remains of military works, constructed of porphyry or granite. At regular intervals, also, magazines were established, filled with grain, weapons, and the different munitions of war, with which the army was supplied on its march. It was the especial care of the government to see that these magazines were always well filled. The Peruvian soldier was forbidden to commit any trespass on the property of the inhabitants. Any violation of this order was punished with death. The soldier was clothed and fed by the industry of the people, and the Incas rightly resolved that he should not repay this with violence."—Vol. 1, pages 47, 48, 49.

The above shows something of the military genius of the descendants of the Nephites. This account is certainly in keeping with the ideas that we derive from the Book of Mormon concerning the ancient people, their system of government, their military operations, their agricultural character, the abundance of the precious metals, and the stores of provisions that they must have possessed. Hence the great similarity in these things is all in favor of the book

that has been brought forth in latter days, and is great proof that it came to light by divine commandment. Prescott says that when the Spaniards came they found the depositories "Stored with all the various products and manufactures of the country, with woolen and cotton stuffs of the finest quality; with vases and utensils of gold, silver and copper; in short with every article of use or luxury within the compass of Peruvian skill. The magazines of grain, in particular, would have sufficed for the consumption of the people for several years. Inventories of the various products of the country, and the parts whence they were obtained, were each year taken by the royal officers, and these were recorded on their registers with surprising regularity and precision."—Vol. I, p. 38.

Prescott speaks especially of the extensive manufacture of woolen and cotton goods. He says that they also had a good substitute for linen, a fabric not made from flax but from a plant called the maguey, the fibers of which are very tough.

Their woolen goods were manufactured from the fleece of the different varieties of the mountain sheep, of which the llamas and alpacas were cared for by shepherds upon the pasture lands of the empire. But "the richest store of wool," as Prescott says, was obtained from two wild species, the huanaecos and vicunas, which were hunted at stated periods by authority of the government, and by royal order were preserved from destruction at all other times. From the wool of the vicuna was made a very delicate article, and the manufactured cloth was finished on both sides alike. It is related that the fineness of the texture and the excellency of the process of manufacture caused the fabrics made of this wool to have "a luster like that of silk," and that "the brilliancy of the unfading dyes excited the admiration and the envy of the European artisans."—Prescott, vol. 1, page 99.

Of the religious belief of the ancient Peruvians, and of their temples and worship therein, Prescott says:

"Among the traditions of importance is one of the deluge, which they held in common with so many of the nations in all parts of the globe, and which they related with some particulars that bear resemblance to a Mexican legend. Their ideas in respect to a future state deserve more attention. They admitted the existence of the soul hereafter, and connected with this a belief in the resurrection of the body. They assigned two distinct places for the residence of the good and the wicked, the latter of which they fixed in the center of the earth. The good were to pass a luxurious life of tranquility and ease; the wicked were to expiate their crimes by ages of wearisome labor.

"It was this belief in the resurrection of the body which led them to preserve the body with so much solicitude. . . . As they believed that the occupations in the future world would have a great resemblance to those of the present, they buried with the deceased noble some of his apparel, his utensils, and, frequently, his treasures."—Vol. I, p. 58, 59.

"The Peruvians, like so many of the other Indian races, acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. . . . No temple was raised to this invisible Being, save

one only in the valley which took its name from the deity himself. Even this temple had existed there before the country came under the sway of the Incas, and was the great resort of pilgrims from remote parts of the land."—Vol. I, page 60.

"But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched that it received the name of the "Place of Gold." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely encompassed by a wall, which, with the buildings, was all constructed of stone. The work was of the kind already described in the other public buildings of the country, and was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us that he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain which, for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it."—Vol. I, page 63.

"The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from amidst innumerable rays of light, which emanated from it in every direction. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold, thickly studded with emeralds and precious stones. It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the whole apartment with an effulgence that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceiling were everywhere encrusted. In the figurative language of the Peruvian, gold was 'the tears wept by the sun;' and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary were of the same costly substance, and a broad belt or frieze of gold, let into the stonework, encompassed the whole exterior of the edifice."—Vol. I, page 64.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold or silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor. . . . The censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterranean channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials. The gardens, like those described belonging to the royal palaces, sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals also were found there, executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill, which, in this instance, probably did not surpass the excellency of the material. The llama, with its golden fleece, was most conspicuous."—Vol. I, p. 65.

"Certain it is that the glowing picture I have given is warranted by those who saw these buildings in their grandeur, or shortly after they had been despoiled by the cupidity of their countrymen. Many of the costly articles were

buried by the natives, or thrown into the waters of the rivers and lakes: but enough remained to attest the unprecedented opulence of these religious establishments. . . . Besides the great temple of the Sun, there was a large number of inferior temples and religious houses in the capital city and its environs, amounting, as is stated, to three or four hundred. For Cuzco was a sanctified spot. . . . Other temples and religious houses were scattered over the provinces, and some of them were constructed on a scale of magnificence that almost rivalled that of the metropolis. The attendants on these temples comprised an army in themselves. The whole number of functionaries who offici-

ated at "The Place of Gold" alone, was no less than four thousand. At the head of all, both here and throughout the land, stood the great High Priest. He was second only to the Inca in dignity, and was usually chosen from among his brothers or nearest kindred. He was appointed by the monarch and held his office for life."—Vol. 1, page 66, 67.

This shows how plentiful the precious metals were, as the Book of Mormon relates was the case in the times when it was written. And all other writers agree with Prescott as to their abundance among the ancient inhabitants of South America.

(To be continued)

## THE SPOILERS OF JERUSALEM.

BY S. F. W.

Babylon succeeded Nineveh in power  
 As Nineveh succeeded Babylon in time.  
 Each ruled with force and fury its brief hour,  
 The mightiest of the age in any clime,  
 And blurred alike time's opening page with  
 crime,  
 And cast o'er earth's fair scene an early gloom.  
 They hasted up from vigorous youth to prime,  
 And from their prime as quickly to the tomb;  
 Alike in date, vicissitude and doom.

The fourth from Noah in the princely line  
 Bold hunter, Nimrod, first of men called great,  
 The first the tribes and families to combine  
 And under one firm rule consolidate,  
 Made Babylon the beginning of his state.  
 And e'en so soon ambition ruled the hour,  
 And sought its glory to perpetuate;  
 And, to retain its name and place and power,  
 Went to, to build a wall and wondrous tower.

And roomy was the rich round earth unclaimed,  
 And waiting was the wealth of wood and  
 wold,  
 And broad the plain of Shinar, earliest named,  
 And bountiful the moist and mellow mold  
 Where bright Euphrates in his beauty rolled—  
 Alas, that moil of sin the scene should mar!—  
 And Babylon became the Head of Gold,  
 And all the other peoples near and far  
 Were made to feel her force in furious war.

Renowned Euphrates and old Nile were twins,  
 Though not through Paradise their courses  
 ran;  
 'Tis since the flood their history begins,  
 Twin early seats of post-diluvian man,  
 Where literature and every art began.

Full-fledged, Minerva-like they sprang,  
 Matured and perfected in briefest span.  
 No pictures in dusky background hang  
 Of flints and wise, progressed orang-outang.

Babylon succeeded Memphis in high power,  
 Memphis succeeded Babylon in time;  
 Each ruled with force and fury its brief hour,  
 The Mightiest of their age in any clime,  
 And blurred alike time's opening page with  
 crime,  
 And cast o'er earth's fair scene an early gloom.  
 Each hastened up from vigorous youth to  
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 And from their prime as quickly to the tomb;  
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 And beautiful the moist and mellow mold  
 Where bright Euphrates in his beauty  
 rolled—  
 Alas that moil of sin the scene should mar—  
 And Babylon became the Head of Gold.



And all the other nations, near and far,  
Were made to feel her force in furious war.

Jerusalem now fallen, Tyre next fell,  
Her foe the same, her punishment as dire,  
Her fate and her offense as prophets tell.  
Next, Egypt felt the great king's fatal ire,  
And there he got the wages of his hire  
For service that he served, and toil so great,  
In executing judgments upon Tyre.  
Thus Egypt met her heaven-appointed fate,  
Reduced forever to a mean estate.

Nebuchadnezzar now alone is great—  
No worlds to conquer, and no wars to wage—  
His will alone is law throughout the state;  
Nor man nor monarch dare resist his rage;  
No combination dare his arms engage;  
His royal nod the millions meek obey;  
The greatest of his own or other age.  
An iron hand has cleft his royal way;  
An iron will alone can hold the sway.

Applause and power breed fever in the brain;  
Ambition's breath is a devouring flame.  
The spoils and captives that his armies gain  
Suggest to Babylon's King a higher aim  
And mode of gaining more enduring fame;  
He'll make the very stones his praises sing,  
And latest generations know his name;  
The warrior chief will be a builder king,  
And down the aisles of time his praise shall ring.

Standard inscriptions lately brought to light  
Make known what all the king of Babylon  
said:

"To former works I added strength and hight,  
And nature's powers I summoned to my aid;  
Great moats like vallies deep and long I  
made,  
And with the waters filled them flowing quick.  
On deep foundations that my father laid  
I built the double walls of hardest brick,  
As never king before, so high and thick.

"The Shimat to the reservoir I led;  
I tamed the royal river in his pride;  
To keep the bounding stream within its bed  
And check the flooding of his rising tide  
I reared substantial walls on either side,  
And said, There shall thy haughty waves be  
stayed!  
I spanned his banks with arches high and  
wide;  
Impervious gates at every street I made,  
With iron bolted and with brass o'er laid.

"Of seven stories, topped with shrine of gold,  
I reared again the temple of the sun,  
On site made sacred by traditions old  
Of temple there in ancient time begun  
Which all abandoned ere the work was done;  
Earthquake and thunder had the bricks dis-  
persed,  
Its casings scorched and rent and strewn  
As if the men who reared it at the first  
For some great sin were by the gods accursed.

"Within the walls I built the citadel  
As none beside has done and none will dare,  
And ramparts made to war impregnable  
With stones from distant mountains gathered  
there,  
Five miles on either side and built four-  
square;  
Against presumptuous enemies 'twas planned  
And, too, that man in wonderment might  
stare  
At all the mighty works of one strong hand.  
May Babylon the Great forever stand!

"I built the palace by my father planned,  
With plot and purpose most elaborate;  
With pillars as the trees in forests stand,  
And labyrinthian ways most intricate;  
And stored with specie of unreckoned  
weight;  
And lighted it with chandeliers impearled;  
Made it the treasure house of all my state,  
And in its name my proud defiance hurled;  
Latratnisi—wonder of the world."

Such city walls have ribbed no other plain  
Since man began to build, or time began,  
Nor while time lasts will ever be again;  
They seemed not work of cyclop or of man,  
But as if Pluto had devised a plan  
With heavenly principalities to vie,  
To found an upper kingdom for his clan,  
And pushed up massive dikes so high,  
Like igneous ridges lined against the sky.

Behold! As from on high let down, a vision!  
As if the heavens had opened to mortal plea,  
Or curtain lift that veils the life elysian,  
A portal to the heavens one seemed to see;  
Above, not of the summer-smitten lea.  
Bright rills and wooded hills the clouds among!  
What wonderful illusion can it be  
But that which olden Grecians bards have  
sung,  
A paradise from out of cloud-land hung?  
The gardens were a wonder of the seven.

Less strange the making than the motive  
seems.  
The motive that the chroniclers have given  
Is, that the queen, queen-like, had waking  
dreams  
Of native Median hills and dales and streams.  
In prison or in palace is no life  
That has not had its bright illusive gleams.  
This man of carnage and bold battle strife  
Was tender and considerate to his wife.

And, following up the thought, this man of  
slaughter  
Had other graces of humanity,  
And had, as we are told, a famous daughter ;  
And so there must have been a time when  
she  
Was fondly dandled on his unmailed knee,  
And chords were moved no other hand could  
trill,  
More precious than his crown her chatted  
glee.  
Heathen may heathen be and human still ;  
And all may take a lesson if they will.

A greater mystery remains to tell ;  
This many-sided man of many schemes  
Was gifted with supernal grace as well,  
And had true visitation in his dreams ;  
And with such facts the ancient record teems.  
I can not tell just how it came about,  
If God has changed, or man less worthy  
deems,  
But in our age of knowledge and of doubt  
The dream of king or clown is counted out.

In slumbers of the night he visions saw,  
In which all future history was shown.  
We mortals can not understand the law  
By which a future fact can be made known,  
And light adown the aisles of time be  
thrown,  
And unevolved events be made appear,  
In distant age alike and farthest zone,  
Alike for time or place afar or near,  
In outline shadowed or in detail clear.

A fire in forest depths at night reveals  
A world that is unknown to open day ;  
The wary wolf then from his covert steals,  
And stealthy tiger ventures for his prey—  
The kingdom of four-footed things holds  
sway.  
In wonder or in want some seek the light,  
And some by chance within its radiance  
stray ;  
It only brings the hidden things to sight ;  
Makes visible the solitudes of night.

The great refractors upward turned reveal  
An upper realm amazing to the sight,  
Where countless systems whirl, like wheel in  
wheel,  
By common law, and bathed in common  
light,  
We in the dark ; and only in the night  
They on our vision seem new-born to start,  
A universe of worlds—our own a mite—  
As real as ours that forms a part ;  
The magic all is in the optician's art.

No mystery is in seeing what's in sight,  
And where appliances their aid extend ;  
In bringing what is hidden to the light,  
Or guessing that to which all movements  
trend ;  
But how ere the beginning till the end ?  
See what is not ; and unborn ages scan,  
And meaning of their movements compre-  
hend ?  
The gulf of uncreated ages span ?  
'Tis not within the mortal powers of man.

We know astronomers can trace the track  
Of orbs that chase each other round the sun ;  
Can tell just when the comet will come back,  
And map the blazing course that each has run,  
And time the end of cycles not begun,  
Can name the elements in stars combined,  
But all these marvellous feats are done  
By rules well-known and well defined,  
And powers pertaining to the common mind.

Sky-piercing tube can not the future show.  
Man's intellectual powers and culture fail  
Events couched in the coming hour to know.  
To lift from off the morrow's brow the veil ;  
To say what joys shall greet, what griefs  
assail  
Ere comes another morn or noon or even  
No might of mathematics will avail ;  
And transcripts from the future's page are  
given  
As messages of mercy sent from heaven.

An image vast did Babylon's king behold,  
In vision, and with terror and surprise ;  
Its brightness excellent, its head of gold,  
It's breast and arms of silver ; brass its  
thighs ;  
Its legs of iron did like pillars rise ;  
Its feet were part of iron part of clay.  
A stone from mountain cut and small of size  
Besmote the feet ; the image passed away  
Like dust of threshing floor on summer's day.

Such privilege this heathen king possessed!  
 All kings and heathens, creatures are of God;  
 And through the patriarchs who escaped the  
 flood  
 All nations, kindred, tribes, alike are blessed,  
 On Japhet power bestowed above the rest,  
 Each separate motion has its course to run,  
 As prophets and God's providence attest;  
 By will divine their courses were begun;  
 One purpose holds in all that has been done.

But heathendom could not repeat the dream,  
 Nor true interpretation could declare;  
 In this was Abraham's blessing held supreme  
 Though all are subjects of divine control and  
 care,  
 Some special grants to him none else can  
 share;  
 And so 'twas captive Hebrew Daniel's gift,  
 By abstinence maintained, and frequent  
 prayer,  
 The vista through the mists of time to rift,  
 And vail from off the latter days to lift.

'Twas long ago the great king lived and  
 dreamed;  
 The tide of time has swept long ages  
 through;  
 Much plainer now the case than once 'twas  
 deemed;  
 And taking from our stand a backward view,  
 We find that all the dreamer dreamed was  
 true,  
 And every part but one has been fulfilled,  
 It has begun to be accomplished too;  
 And all the God of providence has willed  
 Was on the dreamer's quickened senses thrilled.

The king acknowledged God in fulsome words,  
 As true revealer of all secret things,  
 As very God of Gods and Lord of Lords;  
 But pride, the last besetting sin that springs  
 Forever in the breast of men and kings  
 Could not consent a greater power to own.  
 To monarch, good is only that which brings  
 Security and splendor to his throne;  
 The heavens revolve but for his sake alone.

In Dura's plain he reared an image vast,  
 And under pain of burning made decree  
 That all at sound of horn and bugle's blast  
 Should worship, bending low the head and  
 knee.  
 Three captive Hebrews—the immortal three—  
 Said: "God, who heard of old, can hear us  
 now,  
 And from the fiery furnace set us free;

If not, we can not to an image bow,  
 And violate our nation's sacred vow."

The furnace heat now seven-fold hot was made;  
 Each darting flame, like fiery serpent's tongue.  
 The captives who the king had disobeyed  
 Were bound and to the flaming torture  
 flung—  
 Their fame in every land is ever sung—  
 The king looked in; defiant of all law,  
 Not three, but four, walked loose the flames  
 among.  
 He stood transfixed in wonderment and awe;  
 One like unto the Son of God he saw!

And yet the king another vision saw,  
 By which his evil fortune was made known;  
 Still was he to himself the only law,  
 And soon forgot the lessons he'd been shown;  
 As other men before and since have done.  
 Presumption, vanity, self-will and pride  
 Pertain alike to hovel and to throne;  
 Yet though by time and place dissevered wide,  
 There is a common law and lot that all must  
 'bide.

He said: "Is not this Babylon the Great,  
 That I have builded by my royal might;  
 The capital of my unmeasured state,  
 Safe from assault and glorious to the sight,  
 Built to my honor and my kingly right?"  
 But hark! a voice, as if from heaven it fell,  
 And measured words his wakened senses  
 smite,  
 And awe his spirit with their mystic spell,  
 And his adjudged and fated fortunes tell.

"Oh king, hear ye! Thy power from thee shall  
 pass,  
 And thou shalt dwell apart beneath the sky,  
 And with the oxen herd and eat the grass,  
 And with the beasts upon the field shalt be  
 Till seven times have passed the seasons by,  
 And from the face of men be driven until  
 Thou hast been made to know that God  
 Most High  
 The kingdom makes his purpose to fulfill  
 And giveth it to whomsoever he will."

And, at the hour was every word fulfilled;  
 The king was from the face of men out-  
 driven,  
 And on his unshorn locks the dews distilled  
 At night. At morn and noon the same and  
 even,  
 Upon him beat the winds and storms of  
 heaven,

While grass he ate and lay with cattle prone  
 Throughout the allotted times and seasons  
 seven,  
 His nails and hair like claws and feathers  
 grown,  
 And all that he the power of God might own.

“When seven times had rolled the seasons by,  
 And come the end of the appointed days,

My understanding came again and I,  
 Nebuchadnezzar, did my eyes upraise,  
 And honored the Most High, and rendered  
 praise  
 To him whose life alone knows no cessation,  
 And who dominion everlasting sways;  
 Whose kingdom wide extends to every nation,  
 From earliest to latest generation.”

(To be continued).

### EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

“It is said that Topelcin Quecalcoatle was born on the day of seven canes, and they celebrated on this day of seven canes, a great festival in Cholula, to which they came from all parts of the country and the cities, and brought great presents to the Lords of the temple; and they did the same on the day that he disappeared or died, which was the day of one cane. These festivals happened at the expiration of every period of fifty-two years.”—Vol. vi., page 118.

“It was after the deluge that the custom of sacrificing commenced.—Comment:—According to Scripture, therefore, sacrifices commenced immediately after the deluge; but sin, according to the Mexicans, commenced very much earlier, for they believe that sin began with time. Noah was called by the Mexicans Patecatle, and Cipaquetona; they said that he invented the art of making wine, which it is generally agreed was not known before the deluge (since the patriarchs Noah and Lot were ignorant of its effects), and that he was preserved with six others in the ahuehuate or ark of fir, (which is one less than Moses said were saved from the deluge; since eight persons entered the ark), and that shortly afterwards his descendants built the tower of Tulan or Cholula, partly from curiosity to see what was going on in heaven and partly from fear of another deluge; but that Tonacatecutle, becoming incensed at their presumption, destroyed the tower with lightning, and scattered the workmen. Hence the Mexicans probably bestowed the epithet of Tepeva, or the dispenser, on their supreme deity.”—p. 119

“The God of the three-fold dignity resides in homuocan, that is to say,

the place of the Holy Trinity, who according to the opinion of their old men, by their word formed Cepotenal and a woman, Xumio; and these are the pair who existed before the Deluge, who begat Tocatintle, as we shall presently relate.”

“It is remarkable that the figure of the sun and moon turned into blood frequently occurs.”—p. 159.

“Torquemada says the Bishop of Chiapa, when he passed through Yucatan, sent his ecclesiastic to the interior of the country, who at the end of a year wrote to him that he had questioned a principal lord about the ancient religion, who informed him that they knew and believed in God, who resided in heaven; and that their God was the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; that the Son was called Bacab, who was born of a virgin named Chibirias, who was in heaven with God, and that the name of the mother of Chibirias was Oschil; and that the Holy Ghost was called Echuah. Bacab, the Son, they said, was put to death by Eopuco, who scourged him and put a crown of thorns upon his head, and placed him with his arms stretched upon a beam of wood, to which they believed he had not been nailed, but tied; and that he died there, and remained during three days dead, and the third day came to life and ascended to heaven, where he is with the Father; and immediately afterward Echuah coming, who is the Holy Ghost, filled the earth with whatever it stood in need of.”

“Ysnextli, they represented her as Eve, always weeping and looking at her husband Adam. She is called Ysnextli, which signifies eyes blind with ashes, and this refers to the time subsequent to sinning by plucking the roses. They accord-

ingly declare that they are still unable to look up to heaven, and in recollection of the happy state which she lost, they fasted every eight years on account of this fall; and this fast was on bread and water only. They fasted the eight days preceding the sign of one rose; and on the arrival of the sign they prepared to celebrate the festival."—p. 141.

"Botturrini observes in the following passage, speaking of the planets, that "the week of the Chiapanas, resembling that of the Toltecas, consists of seven days."

"In the year four house, or in 1509, they perceived a light by night which lasted longer than forty days. Those who saw it saw that it was discernable throughout all New Spain and that it was very great and very brilliant, and that it was situated in the East, and that ascending from the earth it reached the skies. This was one of the prodigies that they beheld before the arrival of the Christians."

Note.—"It has been observed above . . . that it was probably some volcanic eruption. \* \* \* Many other prodigies are related to have preceded the fall of Mexico, equal, both in number, in magnitude, and in impossibility, to those declared by Josephus to have attended the destruction of Jerusalem. Strange voices are said to have been heard in the air, and the serene vault of heaven to have been disturbed by the mimic combats of armed hosts. The sister of Montezuma, who was dead and buried, is pretended to have come to life, and many other signs and wonders to have happened.—p. 144.

Plate I. of Codex Vaticanus: "Homeyoca, which signifies place in which exists the Creator of the universe, or the First Cause, to whom they gave the name of Hometeul, which means the God of the three-fold dignity, or three Gods, the same as Olemris. They call this place in which he resides Zivenavi Chepaniucha, . . . and by another name, Homeiocan, that is to say, the place of the Holy Trinity, who, according to the opinion of many of the old men, begot, by their word Cepatenal, and a woman named Xumia; and these are the pair that existed before the deluge who begat Tocateutle, as we shall relate."

Note—"The worst argument that has been used to defend the doctrine of the Trinity, and one that displays the greatest ignorance, is that by which reasoners, like Dr. Warburton in his Divine Legation of

Moses, seek to address common-place arguments to unreflecting minds, viz; that if this doctrine had not been revealed to man by divine inspiration, it would never have entered human contemplation, since laying aside the consideration of whether such a belief was entertained by the Indians, who on this admission can not be supposed, from the rude state of science amongst them to have been the inventors of it, but rather to have derived it, with the knowledge of many other Christian mysteries, from more civilized regions of the globe."—p. 156.

"Amongst the many arguments which might be brought forward to show that Christianity had in very early ages extended itself to America, one of the strongest and most convincing is the fact that the doctrine of the Trinity was known in Peru, New Spain and Yucatan. This fact rests on the authority of very respectable writers. Acosta, in his Natural and Moral History of the Indies, distinctly asserts it; and the celebrated Las Casas, bishop of Chiapa, as cited by Torquemada, says that he had heard it from a person worthy of credit whom he charged to make inquiries into the religion of the inhabitants of the peninsula of Yucatan. A distinguished writer also, of the present age, the Baron De Humbolt, says that the Muyscas, the ancient inhabitants of Bogota, likewise believe in the existence of a Trinity.—p. 158.

Solacar says: "The chiefs and men of rank in the province of Chiapa were acquainted with the doctrine of the most holy Trinity. They called the Father Icona, the Son Bacab, and the Holy Ghost Estruach, and certainly these names resemble the Hebrew, especially Estruach that of the Holy Ghost does, for Ruach in Hebrew is the Holy Ghost.

"As in the tradition current in Yucatan of Bacab and his crucifixion (which both Remesal and Torquemada have recorded, the latter on the authority of Las Casas himself, and which it deserves particularly to be noticed each author has accompanied with some new circumstance in his relation, Remesal informing us that the name of the respectable ecclesiastic who gave the information to Las Casas, was Francis Hernandez, and Torquemada that it was Eopuca who scourged and put to death Bacab) so in these Mexican paintings many analogies may be traced be-

tween the events to which they evidently relate and the history of the crucifixion of Christ as contained in the New Testament. The subject of them all is the same,—the death of Quecalcoatl upon the cross, as an atonement for the sins of mankind. In the fourth page of the Borgia manuscript, he seems to be crucified between two persons who are in the act of reviling him; who hold as it would appear halts in their hands, the symbols perhaps of some crime for which they were themselves going to suffer. It is very remarkable that, although Quecalcoatl strictly enjoined honesty, temperance and chastity to the Mexicans, he still should have been esteemed by thieves as their patron god, as we learn from the following passage of the twenty-second chapter of the fourteenth book of Torquemada's Indian Monarchy: "Amongst the abuses which these nations practiced one was they had a sign in their false judicial astrology which they named Ceacatl, of which they said that those who were born in it, if they were nobles would be turbulent, and if they were common people, would become thieves addicting themselves to the superstitions and wicked arts of those whom they called Timapalytoticque, these were generally fifteen or twenty in number, who when they wished to rob any house, made an image of Ceacatl or one of the god Quetzalcohuatl, and went in a body, dancing to the place where they intended to commit the robbery; and he who carried the figure or this false god (who assuredly was false since he led such a worthless band as these) preceded them, leading the way, and likewise another who carried the arm of a woman who had died in her first childbed." Torquemada, in recording this superstitious practice does not attempt to explain in what it might have originated; regarded simply in the light of a superstition, the Mexican belief that one of their principal gods favored and protected thieves is not more open to the keen shafts of satire than those fables of classical antiquity, against which the early fathers launched all their wit and learning and often sullied with exceptionable passages their otherwise pure and spotless pages."—p. 166.

Page 163: "Las Casas says that Gomez, was in Nexapa, in the province of Guixaca, and the vicar of the convent showed him

sheets of paper, drawings copied from extremely ancient paintings on long pieces of leather, rolled up and much smoked, &c. . . She who represented Our Lady, had her hair tied up in the manner in which the Indian women tie up their hair, and in the knot behind was fastened a small cross, by which it was intended to show that she was the most holy, and that a great prophet would be born of her, who would come from heaven, whom she should bring forth without connection with a man, still remaining a virgin; and that his own people would persecute that great prophet, and meditate evil against him, and would put him to death, crucifying him upon a cross;—and accordingly he was represented in the painting as crucified, with his hands and feet tied to the cross without nails. The article of the resurrection, how he had to return to life again, to ascend into heaven, was likewise painted. The Dominican fathers said they found those things among some Indians who inhabited the borders of the coasts of the South Sea, who stated that they received these memorials from their ancestors."

The Mexicans seem to have confounded together in their tradition of four ages and four destructions of the world the fictions of Greece respecting the four ages; the traditions of the Hebrews respecting the fall of man, the loss of Paradise and the deluge; the belief of Christians in the accomplishment of prophecy, in the downfall of four great empires of antiquity, and the Jewish account of the destruction of Jerusalem.—p. 160.

"Torquemada informs us that Quecalcoatl had been in Yucatan, and was there adored. The interpreter of the Vatican Codex says, in the following curious passage, that the Mexicans had a tradition that he, like Bacab, died upon the cross; and he seems to add, according to their belief, for the sins of mankind."

"Gomara says the Spaniards noticed the resemblance of the Peruvians to Jews." "They are all very like Jews in appearance and voice, for they have large noses, and speak through the throat. The dress of the Peruvians was like the ancient Jewish dress."

Cogulludo in History of Yucatan:—"The ecclesiastics of the provinces, whose care accelerated the conversion of the Indians to our holy Catholic faith, anima-

ted with the zeal which they felt for their interests, not only destroyed and burned all the idols which they worshiped, but likewise all the books which they possessed, composed after their peculiar style, by which they were enabled to preserve the memory of past events and whatsoever else they imagined might furnish occasion for the practice of superstition or pagan rites. This is the reason why some particular facts which I wished to notice in this work can not be ascertained; but even the knowledge of their historical annals has been denied to posterity, for nearly all their histories were committed to the flames without any attention being paid to the difference of the matter of which they treated. Neither do I approve of that suggestion, nor do I condemn it; but it appears to me, that secular history might have been preserved in the same manner as that of New Spain and other conquered provinces has been preserved, without its being considered to be any obstacle to the progress of Christianity. I shall however, in consequence, be able to say little more than that which has already been written of their religious usages in the time of paganism."

"If more of the historical paintings and monuments of Yucatan had been preserved, we should probably have been able to have determined, whether Bacab and Quecalcoatlé were only two different names for the same deity, who was worshiped alike by the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. Torquemada informs us, on the authority of Las Casas, that Quecalcoatlé had been in Yucatan, and was there adored. The interpreter of the Vatican Codex says, in the following curious passage, that the Mexicans had a tradition that he like Bacab, died upon the cross, and he seems to add, according to their belief, for the sins of mankind. This tradition which rested solely upon the authority of the anonymous interpreter of that manuscript, acquires the most authentic character from the corroboration which it receives from several paintings in the Codex Borgianus which actually represent Quecalcoatlé crucified and nailed to the cross. These paintings are contained in the fourth, seventy-second, seventy-third and seventy-fifth pages of the above mentioned manuscript; the article of his resurrection, burial and descent into hell appears also to be represented in seventy-

first and seventy-third pages of the same." —p. 165.

"In the seventy-second page of the Borgian Manuscript, Yestapal Nanazcaya, or the fourth age of the Mexicans, that of flints and canes, memorable for being the era of the birth of Quecalcoatlé and of the destruction of the province and city of Tulan seems to be represented. Quecalcoatlé is there painted in the attitude of a person crucified, with the impression of nails both in his hand and feet, but not actually upon a cross, and with the image of death beneath his feet, which an angry serpent seems threatening to devour. The skulls above signify that the place is Tzonpantli, a word which exactly corresponds with the Hebrew proper name Golgotha. The body of Quecalcoatlé seems to be formed out of a resplendent sun, and two female figures with children on their backs are very conspicuously presenting an offering at his feet. The Mexicans sometimes added the epithet Tlatzalli to Tezonpantli when the signification of both names became the place of precious death or martyrdom; Tlatzalli meaning in the Mexican language, precious or desired. The seventy-third page of the Borgian manuscript is the most remarkable of all; for Quecalcoatlé is not only represented there as crucified upon a cross of the Greek form, but his burial and descent into hell are also depicted in a very curious manner; his grave which is somewhat in the shape of a cross, and strewed with bones and skulls symbolical of death, resembles likewise that kind of building which the Indians of New Spain constructed in the courts of their temples, which they called tlaco and in which they played the religious game of the ball, instituted perhaps in commemoration of him. The head of the devouring monster on the left signifies his descent into hell, and seems to compel Michtlantecutli, the Lord of the dead, to do him homage. Michtlantecutli, it may be observed, was a different personage from Zontemogue, the former presiding over hell, the region of the dead, and the latter over hell, the place of punishment for the wicked. The Mexicans, like the early Christians, seem sometimes to have personified hell and death; and Milton has followed their example, unwisely gilding error with poetry. —p. 166

To be continued.

## COMFORTING SUGGESTIONS TO THE SORROWING.

BY SISTER ALMIRA.

"I CAN NOT be reconciled," thought a sorrow-stricken mother as she sat at the open window, gazing toward the church yard in the distance, where recently had been laid the object of her fondest hopes.

"I can not be reconciled to the loss of my darling Gracie. She was the life and the joy of the household. Her prattling voice turned the monotony of domestic labor into the pastime of a summer's day. In my walks she was at my side, and at night she nestled in my bosom. She was mine—my child. Oh, cruel, relentless death that tore her from my heart, and left an incurable wound! Why should my child be taken, when I had ample means to meet her wants, and the children of the beggar be spared? Am I more vile than they? Ah, no; for I taught her to lisp her evening prayer to her Father, God, and I implored Him to spare her to me, my own, my darling Gracie! But, alas! He sent the messenger and bore her from my sight. If she could return, I would be reconciled, even if another's hand should administer to her wants, and another's bosom be her pillow. If I only knew that she was happy!"

The mother bowed her head and dreamed:

A white-robed personage stood by her side with a comforting message. He had witnessed all her sorrow, and her murmuring thoughts. He came to solace her. He whispered:—"I came not to chide, afflicted one, but to breathe to you the secret of the Father's mysterious dealings. This sad affliction is a blessing in disguise. In the present you can not fully understand it, but in the great future it will all be as plain to you as the scenes of childhood are to the man of understanding. You loved your darling child; she was the center of all your hopes. You saw her suffer, fade and die, and your heart rebelled at the dealings of that God you profess to love and serve. But He knew what temptations, what trials, what sorrows, what sufferings your child would have been heir to if you had retained her in this world of sin, and I was sent to bear her from your arms to a home of permanent rest. If she could come to

you and dwell in the richest mansion on earth, she must be subject to the disappointments, pains and sins of earth. She is safe now in the fold of Christ. He bears the little lambs in his bosom, and they develop in the glory and sunshine of heaven.

"There is no sin there to tarnish their purity. The curse that came by Adam's transgression was wiped out by the blood of Christ. The little ones have no sin of their own, for they know not the plan of redemption, and 'where there is no law there is no condemnation.' So dry your tears, cease your murmurings, and look up to him who cares for your child. Lay your will on the altar, and cast your burdens down at his feet. Think of the poor heathen mothers who sacrifice their loved ones to their gods. Think you that they love their children less than you do yours? Nay; they have the natural tie; but in the sincerity of their blinded devotions they lay down their will and the dearest object of their hearts, thinking to please their gods. Those who are under the gospel teaching may look to the heathen for an example of devotion and trust. Your little one is not dead, for 'all are alive unto God.' She only sleeps in Jesus, and when the trump shall sound she will awake more beautiful than when in this life. Her body will become a spiritual body, like unto Christ's most glorious body, and you shall behold your child, and dwell with her, if you become obedient to God's laws as you wished her to be to yours. I know it is as natural for the human heart to sorrow as it is for the fountain to send forth its waters; even Jesus wept at the grave of a friend. The sin is not in the tears, but in cherishing rebellious murmurings. The child was his. He only lent it to you, and in wisdom unfathomable has taken it to himself again. Never shall it know sorrow, nevermore know pain, never be weary, but with the harp and voice of an angel praise him who is worthy of all praise.

"Poor, sorrowing one, can you not believe that he in loving kindness transplanted your child to Paradise? Can not you look up through your scalding tears and say, 'Thy will be done?' Power is



not given to mortals to assuage the grief of your sorrow-stricken heart; peace of mind and happiness can be obtained only by the comforting Spirit given by him who sacrificed His only Son that your child might live. Accept it now."

The mother awoke from the dream, and learned that in submission to God's will there can be found a balm for every wound. Drawn by thought and prayer from experience and observation.

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

### CHAPTER VI. EDUCATION.

"With head on hand I sit alone,  
And watch the fire-flames dancing bright;  
And many a half forgotten tone  
Is whispered in my brain to night.  
I picture long departed days,  
With all they brought of joy or sorrow,  
And seek with ever eager gaze  
To frame me fancies for the morrow."

"For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt thou not deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?"—Ps. 56: 13.

WITH the return of summer Pattie was able to go about, but she always was a sufferer from her diseased spine. And owing to this delicate state of her health her parents rejected all suggestions about sending her away to be educated. So those two years, from the seventh to the ninth year of her age, embraced the whole of Pattie's school advantages. But with the start that she had obtained it would not have been difficult for her parents to have continued her education could they have found time to devote to it. But they were burdened with the care and maintenance of a large family; so they contented themselves with putting books in her way. The only routine of study marked out for her was reading in the New Testament, her spelling-book and mental arithmetic. To these were added plain and ornamental needle work, knitting, and such light housework as her strength permitted, and watching the baby; which last duty allowed her plenty of out door exercise, of which she was very fond.

Her young sister was now attending school, and Pattie missed her companionship, for Allie's ears now served for both; whatever reached them was sure also to reach Pattie. The lessons and events of school were nightly rehearsed, as well as

the conversational topics at home. Allie could not write well enough to carry on conversation that way, but, "two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," will find a way of communication, and Pattie readily learned to read the words on her sister's lips, as they were spoken.

Mr. Waldville observing this, it occurred to him that such a mode of conversation would serve to prevent Pattie from forgetting the faculty of speech—a calamity that he had feared. From that time he vetoed writing and the sign language as means of communication, and insisted that they all should make use of Allie's method; and Pattie was required to pronounce the words as she saw them spoken, as in reading a printed page, except necessarily more slow. When she failed to pronounce a word correctly she was made to repeat it until she succeeded, or if she failed in this way it was then written in syllables with its proper inflections. Much pains and patience were exercised in her instruction with success, and much greater might have crowned their efforts had time been at their disposal.

But time, of which her friends had so little to spare, often hung heavily on Pattie's hands when left alone after the departure of the other children to school. Mrs. Waldville, busy, with her household duties, could give her but little attention beyond directing her daily tasks. It was then that Pattie's mind turned to books, and sought companionship in reading, that soon developed into a passion. Unconscious in some quiet corner she would read as long as she was left to herself.

I have no doubt but my young readers will at once think of their own youthful literature, and imagine they see Pattie pouring over the fascinating pages of Robinson Crusoe, or Arabian Night's En-

tainment; but Pattie never saw them, nor any of the wonderful books of adventure and fairy tales with which youthful libraries are so fully stocked now.

"What did she read?" do you ask. I will mention a few of the books that she read between the age of ten and fourteen years. They were Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest," and other works by the same author; Flavel's "Fountain of Life," and "Method of Grace;" Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" and "Practical Piety," by Hannah Moore; with others of a similar kind, books that few even of mature minds think of reading now. But besides these, Pattie also became familiar with history and biography. She soon exhausted the supply of books in her home, and sighed for more books to conquer. Nor did she sigh in vain, for whoever owned a book or a library within the range of her acquaintance, were glad to place it at Pattie's disposal. The only restrictions made by her parents were against such works as they considered of an immoral tendency, including fiction of all kinds. She had not as yet made the acquaintance of novels, Mr. Waldville entertaining a strong prejudice against them. Of books that treated on religious subjects, of whatever denomination, he never objected; and as the neighborhood was composed of people of the various sectarian churches, Pattie thus became acquainted with nearly all shades of belief; and the purpose of this chapter will be to show how she was led to an understanding of the restored gospel without ever having heard it preached.

Every event of importance to mankind must have its preparatory forerunner; and such were these religious studies of Pattie's.

She read, and closely scanned the arguments advanced by each, and readily observed that none builded so well that others with equal dexterity could not pull it down, and this seemed indeed to be the chief work of many.

But the most surprising discovery that she made was how large a portion of Scripture was deemed non-essential by them all, and how small a part covered and sufficed for the groundwork of the doctrines and faith of each. From another point of view this reading was beneficial to Pattie; she acquired thereby a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, not only by

the practice of daily reading a portion, but also through the arguments and inferences drawn by the various authors from the inspired word, in support of their doctrines. Whatever of error their teaching contained, the study of them developed and stimulated her reasoning faculties, which, together with the knowledge she obtained of the groundwork and superstructure of their faiths, enabled her to form an intelligent comparison between them and the true gospel when at length it was presented to her; but as yet she had not heard of it; her preparation was not yet complete.

Though she was perplexed by the uncertainty that she found existing among those fathers of Protestantism and learned expounders of the Bible, faith in the atoning merit of Jesus Christ stood out clear and explicit from them all; and in this she felt that her faith could rest secure, though in all things else it was as an empty cask floating upon the water. She did not believe those contradictions existed in the Scriptures; that being the word of God, harmony must exist in all its doctrines. She would not admit that truth did not exist because men had builded their towers of Babel and Babylonian walls so high as to hide from sight the pillar of fire that should guide the way. She did not know that beyond those towers and walls, that fiery pillar—the Spirit of God—still led Israel's hosts, wanderers in the wilderness. Ah no! she knew nothing of this. How should she? But in her mind as she read, grew the conviction that none of the Sectarian teachers, from Luther down, really knew the plan of salvation beyond its fundamental principle of faith in Christ. She began to fear also that it could not be known, at least by human research; and if not, what then? Had the gospel been delivered in vain? Surely not!

"The mind of God," wrote one author, "being infinite, knoweth all things; but the understanding of man being limited, he can know but a small portion of any one truth, and some truths his mind is incapable of grasping at all." That proposition Pattie thought was unquestionably true; but she was now learning to draw her own conclusions and inferences, and she reasoned that, since there were some truths of so much importance for men to know that God had sent

his Son to declare them, who sealed his testimony with his blood, why was there such uncertainty of their meaning? Was the gospel understood by human intelligence? If so, were men intellectually less capable of comprehension than they were in the days of the apostles? It was evident from the reading of the New Testament that there had been a time when men clearly understood and taught its doctrines, Jesus confirming the doctrines as true by the signs following, as he had promised to do; and all these united in declaring that they did not understand it by wisdom of their own, but by the gift and power of the Holy Ghost.

Pattie thought that this must be the key to the situation, that men were in these days trying to understand spiritual things by the light of human reason. She recalled the lines of the poet:

“Reasoning at every step he treads,  
Man oft mistakes his way.”

But those gifts of the Spirit were promised to believers of all time, and she failed to see how it was that believers no longer had this heavenly light to guide them into all truth.

Unable to reason to any conclusion, she one day selected for her lesson the sixteenth chapter of Mark, and at its conclusion she asked her mother why believers had not the gifts as formerly, especially the gift of the Holy Ghost? She was answered:

“Believers do now have the gift of the Holy Ghost as formerly.”

“Just the same as they had then?” asked Pattie.

“Certainly, otherwise we could not believe; for faith is the gift of the Spirit, and through its operation we receive the gift of eternal life.”

“But if it is the same, why can not believers do those things that Jesus said they should be able to do?”

“In those days they did not have the New Testament as we have, and by which we learn God’s will, our faith being confirmed by the written word and the witness of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. You know that the Scriptures say that ‘by the testimony of two witnesses shall every word be established.’”

“But, mother, why does not the Spirit teach the word alike to all?”

“It does, of course, but all can not receive the word alike.”

“How then can we know which of them has received it aright?”

For answer Mrs. Waldville turned to the eighth chapter of Isaiah and bade Pattie read the twentieth verse:

“To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them.”

After cautioning Pattie to be very careful to compare all doctrines with the written word, and accept of nothing for truth that did not accord with the rules as laid down by Christ and his apostles, Mrs. Waldville closed the conversation and resumed her work.

But Pattie’s thinking did not end with the conversation. She had been comparing them, and it seemed to her that there were none in perfect accord with the written word. She had no doubt of the correctness of that which her mother had just told her, if she could only understand it, but it seemed so dark and indefinite. If the Holy Spirit confirmed the word in the hearts of all believers, there ought surely to be some nearer approach to harmony in faith.

How was she to judge between the law and the testimony on one hand and the expounders on the other? for she, herself had no such inward confirming witness, though she could not remember a time when she had not believed in God and the atoning merit of his Son; this faith had been her support in affliction, and had nerved her to look forward to a lifetime of its patient endurance for His sake. If others possessed this gift, what did she lack that she had not received it? Again she took up her Testament and re-read the lesson, “He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.”

She had not been baptized; was this the reason that she did not enjoy the gifts of the gospel? The language of the text seemed clearly to justify such inference; yet every protestant writer of whom she knew, excepting Alexander Campbell, had declared that baptism was not a saving ordinance. And if it were, they like her mother, taught that the gift of the Spirit was before faith. The uncertainty and mystery surrounding her own condition filled her with dread and alarm.

If any think that those were lofty exercises of thought for a child of fourteen, let me remind them that by the deprivation of hearing and other restrictions of

surroundings, her inquiring mind was forced into premature development; and God had made use of the natural bent of her mind, with her peculiar education, to direct its inquiry to a knowledge of himself.

"Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you," are not words of vain import.

If at times Pattie unconsciously trod the dangerous brink of metaphysical reasoning whence others had toppled headlong into the abyss of infidelity and despair, the power that had saved her from death kept her feet from falling, and led her by ways that she knew not to find the height and depth and length and breadth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But first she must learn the utter futility of human reason to discover it. "I am found of them that seek me," is no idle declaration of the Lord God, but the way to him is the divine one of his own appointment; and though she seek him with many tears, Pattie will not find him until she has proved the truth of our proposition in the first chapter of this narrative:

"Without revelation it is impossible to know God"—and by this we mean direct personal knowledge of Him. Yet I do not affirm that all, even of those who believe the doctrine, attain to such knowledge. But the promise is on conditions, through which they may attain to it.

To return to our subject, Pattie's habit of solitary reading and thinking increased her natural reserve, and she seldom talked of what she read, and still less of what she thought, to any but the young sister, who was as reserved and timid as herself.

She should have been encouraged to talk of her reading, if for no other purpose than to correct her excessive shyness. But so long as she was contented in the society of her books, and those were not of a character that they deemed pernicious, she was left to herself; and thus her parents knew nothing of the anxious fear and inquiry disturbing her mind.

After leaving school she had but few young associates, and Allie had ever been her only confidant. From her no thought was withheld, nor hope or desire unshared. To her she confided the result of her studies with all their perplexing uncertainties; and met fullest sympathy, but no help, no light.

Both parents were careful, by precept

and example, to train their children for God; but they never took them aside to urge their personal interest in those things of highest importance. They were gratified when the elder children, one by one, presented themselves for baptism and membership in the church of their own choice. But no one held the light for the two other anxious inquirers; and deeply anxious they had become.

"Oh," said Allie, with the tears in her eyes, "I wish father or mother would explain to us what we must do."

Doubtless they would gladly have tried to do so had they been aware of the state of their children's mind; but this the children both shrank from communicating, and Pattie no longer felt confident that they could give them the sure information. She had asked her father concerning the words of Ananias to Saul,—*"Arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins,"*—and he had told her that there was no virtue in water to cleanse or to save; that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin, and the baptism of water was but the outward sign of such inward cleansing.

An older sister had lately been baptized, and Pattie asked her if she thought it necessary to be baptized, as well as to believe, in order to be saved. And the sister had answered:

"It is necessary to believe to be saved; and we can not come into the church without baptism."

"But suppose one does not come into the church, would he be saved by believing without baptism?" persisted Pattie.

"I don't know; I understand that baptism is the sign and seal of our cleansing in the blood of Christ, and our adoption into the new covenant of faith, as well as into the visible church."

"Then without that seal we could not claim that cleansing or that adoption, even though we believe, could we?"

"I think not."

"It is necessary then; and what becomes of all those Christian believers who have died without baptism?"

"O, Pattie, you tire me with your questions! Study the Bible; it will tell you all that you need to know."

Pattie was silenced, but not satisfied. She had studied the Bible, and she was certain of but one thing, that beyond the first and leading doctrine of faith in Christ no one could tell certainly in what

the gospel consisted. Was Luther right? and was faith all?

As usual, all this was discussed with Allie. To them both it was the one supreme subject of importance; and they talked of it at every opportunity, in the quiet of their room, when washing dishes in the kitchen, or churning the snowy cream down in the spring-house.

They resolved, that putting all their faith and trust in Christ alone and endeavoring to live as become his disciples, keeping a watch upon themselves and each other lest they should be overtaken in a fault, or in remissness of duty, was all that they could do.

"I am happy at times," said Allie, "but sometimes I am careless and forget to pray; and if I do not watch all the time I am apt to say or do something wrong that makes me unhappy. Then again, when I have not really done wrong, my feelings grow unaccountably cold, so that I do not enjoy prayer.

And Pattie admitted that her own experience was similar; but she thought that this was what is meant by the "Christian warfare," and they must not grow discouraged.

Allie was still less satisfied than Pattie respecting the non-essentiality of baptism. She did not think the Lord would give a command of which there was no need, and she had resolved that whether she understood it or not she would obey the command at the earliest opportunity. She was often heard singing as she moved swiftly about her work, and the words oftenest set to the music of her clear sweet voice were those that expressed the panting of her heart for its absent Savior, as the prisoned bird carols for its native woods:

"How tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers  
Have all lost their sweetness to me."

And those who heard it said, "What a lovely voice." And no one thought how soon the bird would break its confining bars, and seek the absent Savior on the evergreen shore.

The family had a few months previous to this removed to another county, where a new town was springing up, where it was the purpose of Mr. Waldville to engage in merchandising. Soon after

their arrival an epidemic of scarlet fever swept over the entire county, and few were the homes in which there was not mourning for more than the first-born. Often an entire family of children fell victims to the deadly scourge.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldville did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and comfort the sorrowful; but soon their own dear ones needed all their care. One of the first to take the disease was Pattie. Allie assisted to nurse and wait upon her until she too was stricken. In three days after they told Pattie that her darling was going home, and Pattie reached the bedside in time to see the last departing breath.

How impossible it seemed that she was parted forever from a life that had been so large a part of her own! It was the first time that sorrow had laid its hand upon her affections; and the swift, sudden blow had seemed to wrench her own heart from its cords. How could she think of her own life as distinct and apart from one who had so lightened affliction's burden that it had scarce been felt? For the last time she looked on the beautiful face on which beamed a smile of sweetness and ineffable peace, and doubted not that the dear one was rejoicing in the presence of Him whose absence she had often mourned on earth.

The funeral service was conducted by the Lutheran minister, who had been untiring in his kind offices to the family during their sickness, though others stood aloof from fear of the fever which was now at its height in the neighborhood. But, from house to house this man went, closing dead eyes and wiping the tears from living ones; praying at the bedside of the sick, and distributing food from his own scanty store to the destitute. No creed limited his benevolence, and God blessed him; his family of eight children were the only ones in the town who entirely escaped the scourge. The angel of destruction passed by his home as by the blood besprinkled door-posts of Israel.

It was all over at last; and then came the time when Pattie must gather up the broken threads and go on with the web of her life, just as though the brightness and beauty had not faded from its filling, leaving to her but the dull gray warp of existence.

To be continued.

## ELDER T. J. ANDREWS.

(See Frontispiece.)

**T**HOMAS JEFFERSON ANDREWS, the subject of our sketch, was born at Broadford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, England, December 2d, 1833, and in the vicinity of this place most of his young days were spent. Having heard and embraced the gospel in an early day, he left his native land on January 29th, 1853, and took ship at Liverpool for New Orleans on the 5th of February, the same year, where he arrived on the 26th of the March following. From New Orleans he went to St. Louis, remaining there until May, when he left for Council Bluffs, Iowa, from which place he started his overland journey for Salt Lake City, where he arrived September 26th, 1853.

How very brief the space occupied in recording this long and eventful journey? and yet hundreds who read this will go over this same ground in memory and recall incidents sufficient to fill a volume. With what high hopes and sublime aspirations this young man bade farewell to the land of his birth, crossed the ocean and traversed the trackless waste of parched and sandy deserts hundreds who preceded him and yet hundreds of others who followed after, can attest. Thank God he was not to be numbered among those who, when too late discovering the horrible mockery of the hopes which had led them on, in very despair hugged more closely the chains of their bondage until in turn they became vile as those who at first they loathed. He was not long in discovering the terrible imposition which had been practiced upon him. That which had been represented to him as being lovely and pure, he soon discovered was worse than the apples of Sodom and altogether to be loathed.

But alas, what pen shall ever picture or words describe the agony of mind resulting to many a true and honest heart from such a discovery! Could it all have been swept away with one blow, and the man or woman have stood up in their integrity and said, "It is all false, thank God, I am undeceived," happy would it have been for such an one; but this could not be done, for thousands who had embraced the gospel, as it had been preached to them in its simplicity and power, had

received a knowledge for themselves of its truth, and now standing face to face with this hideous monster of the rocky fastnesses—the great apostasy of the latter days—they were bewildered and lost, not yet knowing where to draw the line of demarcation or how to solve the terrible agony of doubt.

Bro. T. J. Andrews was not long in coming to a decision in the matter, and embracing the first opportunity offered for leaving this modern valley of Hinnom, he started for California in company with others who were taking a train of horses through, early in the month of May, 1855. There was already a faint ray of light in his mind pointing towards the future, and hope whispered to him that, which at this time was unthought of by any in that desert, sin-cursed land. While at Burlington, Iowa, he had gone down to Nauvoo, Illinois, to visit the Smith family, and there learned of the apostasy of the church and the scattered condition of the Saints in America, and of how few had gone to Utah. He conversed with Lucy Smith, the mother of Joseph, who told him that Brigham Young was a wicked man and that "Little Joseph" (as he was then called) would yet lead the church.

These statements of Mother Smith had a great effect upon his mind, but as every effort was put forth by the elders of Utah to blacken and defame the character of the Smith family, he was not yet willing to admit that he had been deceived; but when in the course of time it became apparent that what he had been unwilling to admit was really true, then in the night of darkness and gloom there shone upon his pathway this star of hope, "Little Joseph would yet lead the church."

Those who have joined the Reorganization in these later years, and the world at large, have not the least idea of the system of falsehood and knavery adopted by the leaders of that apostate church from 1847 till of late years in order to deceive their converts until they should get them to the mountain fastnesses. Once there, however, the cloak was thrown off and submission or death were the only alternatives offered. It

was the rare good fortune of some to make their escape, and among that number, was Bro. Andrews. Far the larger number, however, never succeeded in breaking away from the meshes in which they were bound, while thousands died of broken hearts, and yet other thousands gave their blood (some willingly, some under the compulsion of violence) to enrich the soil groaning under the pressure of feet wading through crimes which had they been waves of the ocean would have swept that desert land from the face of God's habitable earth. But we pass to the contemplation of other scenes.

After a weary journey of nearly four months, performed mostly on foot, Bro. Andrews arrived in Sacramento, California, and from there went to Placerville, where he engaged in mining for a time, but, not liking the business, he removed to San Francisco and engaged in the business of tanning, and afterwards in the malt business, but leaving this, up to within a short period of his death he was in the drying business.

In 1861 he was married to Miss Mary Ruffley, of San Francisco, by whom he had three children—two girls and one boy.

Of Bro. Andrews and his connection with the Reorganization, Elder E. C. Briggs writes:

"The first to greet me welcome upon the Pacific Coast when I arrived in San Francisco in 1864, was Bro. T. J. Andrews. In those early days of the Reorganization, not one of the traveling ministry but will remember his neatly kept home and bountifully spread table, at which they were always welcome guests. He was fortunate in business and talented in defense of the latter day work, which he loved as the apple of his eye. While I was there, at a cost of four hundred dollars a year, he rented a neat little church for the use of the Saints, himself paying almost the entire amount, as the members were all poor. Upon one occasion when speaking with him about it, he said, 'It is all right; the Lord will raise up help after a while.'

"When the Reorganization found him, he soon discovered that it breathed the same Spirit which had animated the church in the far away time when he had embraced the gospel in his native land, and that the same gifts and blessings accompanied it, and he rejoiced in anything he was able to do for its advancement. 'When I am not able to help it forward, others will surely be raised up to do so,' was an expression he frequently made to me. He was earnest in defense of the gospel as well as liberal in its support, and I believe he did all that as a follower of Christ was required of him. He was an affectionate husband, and in both temporal and spiritual matters his wife was his counselor; a loving and indulgent father and if he erred, it was the fault of his judgment, not of his heart."

This is the estimate placed upon Bro. Andrews by one who knew him well, and many others who have been inmates of his hospitable home will heartily endorse this testimony.

He united with the Reorganization in 1865, and in his house the first meetings of this church were held. He was ordained an elder by H. Burgess in April, 1865, and was afterwards appointed Bishop's Agent, both of which offices he held during his life. In connection with brethren Brown, Lincoln and Haws, he started the "Expositor" in 1884, of which company he was the president.

On the 27th of August, 1886, he was attacked with pneumonia, and after an illness of only five days he fell asleep in Jesus. His body was taken to the Saints' Meeting House on New Montgomery street, where Bro. H. P. Brown conducted the funeral services, and from there conveyed to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery, where it sleeps in hope of a glorious resurrection. But while the earth retains his body and paradise is the home of his spirit, in the hearts of God's people his memory is enshrined and will remain fresh and green in the years to come.

A REMEDY SUGGESTED.—A bright Canajoharie five year old appeared with a dirty face at his grandmother's house the other day, and she, with an intensified look of surprise, remarked: "Why, child, you really look tough." The little fellow placed his hand upon his stomach, looked up with a pitiful expression, and said: "Grandma, I feel tough. Haven't you got any apples or pears in the house?" The young man's appetite was speedily appeased.

## IN AUSTRALIA.

BY ELDER J. W. WIGHT.

AS your readers will no doubt wish to learn of this land, I will try once more to pen somewhat of the things seen here, and of the events since our arrival, remembering that when the pen was last brought out to duty in this particular direction, we were some seven hundred miles farther north, it becomes our duty to go back and commence the history of the events that have since transpired, where we left off in our last.

If the record as we give it shall prove defective, it will be the fault of memory, as we trust to that entirely.

The first event worthy of record after the conference, was a trip of some thirty-two miles to Wingham, on the Manning. At two p. m. we mounted horse at Forster, and had some seven miles to traverse before having any guide. The art of horseback riding—though at one time quite well understood—had fallen to the minimum, and as a result our speed was of the careful nature till this seven miles had been left to the rearward. We were now told that if we thought of reaching our destination that night, it would become necessary to increase our rate of speed, and that nothing short of a canter where the road was good would do. This of course brought into use the free exercise of the twig and a greater exhibition of muscle, with that consciousness of misuse in the art, which brings with it a certain degree of timidity.

As to self, I was mounted on one of those slim built roadsters with wonderful powers of endurance, while Neely was not so fortunate in this direction, but had one more after the build of a heavy pony, and which, from its actions, indicated but poor speed and endurance.

Our saddles were after the English jockey style, with iron stirrups through which the feet could easily go, and had side pieces in front of each leg to act as protectors in the "bush."

I am thus particular in the description, that the ludicrousness of the scene about to be related may be more fully appreciated.

Our guide, mounted on a small white pony with a wonderful tact of leaving the

distance behind it, seemed an experienced equestrian; and as he cantered away it became necessary for us to apply the whip. With a certain feeling of insecurity already uppermost in our mind, it took only one long swinging leap to destroy what equilibrium might have existed, and as a consequence one of my feet was soon dangling, and as time after time I made an unsuccessful plunge with the hope of once more securing my foot, it only served to make the predicament worse, till at last the other foot also became loose; and then with tightened reign the pace was slackened to one of the most fearful trots it seemed I had ever experienced, till out of sheer despair a stop was effected and I was able again to adjust myself to the requirements of the occasion, and then on again. Thus in the agony of almost utter despair I continued for some miles, yet all the time gaining confidence, till at last I felt as though come what would I should stay in that saddle. But how fared it with our companion? The distance between as we cantered along, was all the time lengthening, till at last our guide and self thought it necessary to slow up; and if ever a sigh of relief came it was then.

Some time having elapsed, we were beginning to wonder as to whether Neely had taken a right about face. Judge of our surprise then, when we saw him some eighty rods behind leading his pony!

On his coming up he informed us that the pony was "played out," whereupon our guide only laughed. To us it seemed no occasion for levity, feeling that if the horse was really done out, and we many miles from our destination, in the Australian bush, it was certainly no desirable condition of affairs.

But it was soon discovered to be a false alarm, and once more mounted, Neely went in the lead—the more that we might act in his behalf in urging the pony to a faster pace. And now came the most laughable part of the journey; with whips raised we would both dash up to his horse, which becoming frightened at our appearance, would spring forward, when in Indian file we turned angle after angle of



the winding road, and no doubt scared many a poor wallowby or paddymelon from its seclusion.

The cantering horses—two of which were freighted with cargoes of inexperience—the winding road through the “bush,” the awkward position of two of the riders as occasionally a foot would leave the stirrup, and then effort after effort made to replace it till at times some six inches of light might be seen between the occupant and the saddle, with other events constantly transpiring which need seeing to fully appreciate,—all formed a scene that so completely engraved itself on memory’s tablets, as to never be effaced while time shall lengthen out her days to those who thus became participants.

Arriving at Tarree about an hour after the sun had bathed the earth in gorgeous splendor of the golden hue, and had pillowed himself behind the curtains of sable night, we found we must await the crossing of the river by a punt propelled by the use of a wire cable running over a large crankwheel on the side and under two small wheels at each corner, and fastened at each bank to a firmly secured post.

To await the arrival of this slow-moving conveyance required some patience, but at last we were aboard, and by the aid of brethren McLocklin and Butterworth we crossed over in about ten minutes.

It was some eight miles farther before we reached our objective point. The bright moon looked down in smiling complacency as we loped along, and the echoing clatter made by the shod horses on the hard road ringing out a glad refrain to the belated travelers. Digging deeply into the storehouse of memory we brought forth many a pleasant reminiscence of days far aback on the stream of time and obliterated for the moment the reality then being enacted. What a grand old place of refuge the memory at times becomes, and as we thus open out her partially faded leaves, and read of the unalloyed pleasures of innocent youth, what wonder that we sometimes cry out: Oh, that I were a child again! But we digress.

At the hour of nine p. m. we tighten rein, and are soon safely ensconced under the hospitable roof of brother and sister McLocklin. As the history of our stay here has been already sent to the “Herald”

readers, we will not burden your pages, but pass to a description of the various things of interest found in this far off southern clime.

New South Wales was first settled in 1788 by convict laborers, at Sydney, but is now a flourishing colony; and, so far as we have traveled, there can be no more hospitable people. It had in 1881 an estimated population of 740,836; the greater portion of which is along the coast line, which is heavily timbered. The different kinds of wood of which we learned being eucalyptus (gum), of which there are about one hundred and thirty species in Australia, oak—cedar, black butt, mahogany, iron bark, cabbage, mangrove, and others we can not now recall.

Of the animals we have seen in this colony, there are the paddymelon, wallowby, bandicoot, kangaroo rat, and native bear. The dingoo, or half wild dog, the kangaroo, opossum, and wild cat we have not yet seen. We learn that “of mammalia there are about one hundred and sixty varieties, nearly all being marsupial, in Australia.

Of birds, throughout the colony there are five hundred and twenty-eight varieties. The most beautiful of these are found in Victoria; but of that colony we will not at present speak, but return to some of the experiences that we hope will be of interest to those who may read.

Next day we return from Wingham; but as we were more used to the saddle, nothing of interest as to our manner of riding is worthy of record. Of our preaching at Failford and the controversy there, the “Herald” readers have been informed, so we pass to some of the events of life at Forster.

This place is situated on the north bank of the mouth of the Wilhamba river, which is navigable only for punts—a sort of great flatboat run by steam, and used principally for hauling logs. Bro. Wright, the founder and almost exclusive owner of Forster, owns two of these punts, a small steam-tug—used for pulling the lumber crafts out into the bay over the bar—and one craft complete, besides the greater portion of two others.

A sister Johnson having died during our stay there, was taken some fifteen miles up the river for burial, the corpse as well as the procession being taken up on the punt.

From time to time we were joined by the relatives and friends, who coming out into the river and the punt being stopped, they would climb on, and their skiffs were towed along side.

The cabbage tree, which grows to the height of some fifty feet, straight and without a limb, sends out at the top great blade-like branches that bend downward, in the center of which is a bunch somewhat resembling the cabbage head, and forms a back ground for this village. To the front and eastward lies the great Pacific in all the majesty of its vastness; and we remember many nights having gone to bed only to lie and listen to the roar of this king of the oceans, till lulled by its monotony we have quietly folded our thoughts, and in the seclusion of grand old Morpheus, become oblivious to our surroundings till perhaps the king of day had chased the darkened shadows from our room, and we were made aware of the fact that if we would "catch the early worm," we must again enact the duty that by its constant recurrence has woven itself into the very fibres of our being, and as it were, become a part of our life. To perform the morning's ablutions and out for a walk in the bracing air, serves to sharpen the appetite, as well as to bring the ruddy glow of health to the cheeks that have never been accustomed to the ocean's breeze, or at least till some two months before, when arising with the dawn, we remember having been driven from sister Andrews' hospitable door, out through the city of San Francisco and along the road through her beautiful park, till finally the reins were tightened, and for the first time in life we sat gazing out on the broad expanse of the mighty blue. There we watched the foam-crested breakers as they dashed on the rocks or boundary line, and seemed to fairly shriek out their despair that their "bounds had been set," and that with the mighty force of their persistent efforts they could come no further. There was fixed in our memory the event, which to us was as the first new hat to the little boy. Again, we looked out upon Seal Rocks, and heard the constant growl-like roar of the lions that might be seen upon them. And as we looked westward into the seemingly unfathomable distance, we could not keep back the thoughts that kept constantly knocking for admission, and made

us wonder what the future held in store for the two young men that were just beginning to awaken to the before unknown realities of a life far away; and as to whether after we had gone to the opposite side of the waters now before us, it would ever be permitted that we should return, and as to how we should be received by the inhabitants of the islands afar, after we should have finished the first voyage of life upon the briny deep. We do not now recall that there were any gloomy forebodings; but if memory is not for the instant treacherous, we felt calm, believing that God who orders all things for the best would care for us so long as we should stay in line of duty. We also recall that there was not that fear of going out upon the waters that often in life we had thought there would be, should we ever be called to do such a thing. But the many predictions that had been made to us, and more especially the one by a member of the quorum of the Twelve, concerning the mission we were now on, more than counteracted any feeling of fear that in the past might have been engendered by having heard or read of the dangers of the sea.

But this perusal of the events recorded on the tablets of memory has carried us in our narrative to the opposite shores of the briny deep, so with the speed of thought we carry the reader once more over the eight thousand miles intervening, and ask that you stroll with us along the beach to the northward, that you may thus make a selection of the shells that are being constantly deposited here by the breakers that come surging and roaring, seemingly lashing themselves into a rage that they can not reach beyond a given point; or, if not too tired, make preparations for a day's stroll, and we will go some ten miles, where it is said that beautiful specimens in this line may be found. As to self, however, I am not very particular to make the journey, as sister Smith has supplied us with a beautiful collection from Tahiti.

But in keeping with duty, we return to the events that are to find record here, and well do we remember the first time we tried fishing. Bro. Smith, Neely and the writer, being fully equipped in this direction, secured a small "dingy," or skiff, and having obtained a stone for an anchor, we rowed out into the stream to

where the water was some twenty feet deep, and heaving the rock over, were soon at work. Three flatheads and one brim made up the sum total of our labor. As this was rather dull sport, we secured the service of one of the brethren who piloted us to where the oysters were growing on the trees! Sure enough, on our arrival we found them clinging tightly to the roots.

Not being satisfied with our fishing exploit, we determined to try it again the next Saturday. On this occasion the schoolmaster and sister Smith were added to our former party, and we went some miles up the river, carrying our dinner with us. The results of this day was hardly so satisfactory as those of the previous one.

Some days later we determined to try it on a grander scale. So, fully equipped, some fifteen or more of us went out in Bro. Wright's tug boat to where the water was some twenty fathoms deep; and it was fine sport to pull the snappers of five to ten pounds weight up over the sides of the boat. Neely was the champion, he having caught sixteen. The most exciting episode, however, was the visit of a large shark some fourteen feet long. Time after time he swam around the boat, and at one time seized hold of the bow. Finally a bowline was fastened to the end of a long pole on which was made fast some bait, and as he came up he grabbed for it. The rope was pulled too soon, so that the noose did not get over any part but the head, and he pulled out. Preparing it again all now became excitement, and the prospect of catching a shark made us for the time forget all else. The skipper made fast a large knife to the end of a pole, and just as the great jaws seemed making sure of the tempting bait, the knife was plunged with full force into the back of his neck. This of course caused a hasty departure of his shark-ship, and before the noose could be pulled. From the flow of the blood I am inclined to think that he would never disturb another fishing party.

On account of the tide we could not return till about eight at night, so after darkness set in we spent the time in chat and song, sister Smith favoring us with a hymn in the Tahitian language. The success of this day somewhat fired our zeal, so on an after occasion we got up

about one a. m. to try it again—the tide being unfavorable for any other start. This time, however, we were very unsuccessful, and as an individual, it dampened my ardor to a large degree. The manifest love for the sport by brethren Smith and Butterworth, would lead one to think they might be real descendants of Peter and John.

This was our last sport in this direction during our stay, but we recall an incident of a different character, and that we think worthy of record. The American mail having arrived, we were very anxious to get it and therefore went over to the "post." After securing the boat, we made inquiry of a gentleman as to the locality of the office, and were told that we would find it after passing a "paddock." Thanking him for what was intended for information, we left as ignorant as to its whereabouts as before going to him; and I suppose that had some of the colonials heard us conjecturing as to the meaning of the word, and wondering if it could be the rise of ground in front that he had reference to, they would have laughed heartily at the expense of the Yankees. However, we found the post office, as well as the paddock or enclosure. And this brings to mind another incident relative to expressions. The week that Bro. Burton and family were there, I was one day swinging Bro. Wright's little four year old girl in the hallway, when sister Addie passing along, inquired if we had a "billet." To my ear it was as Greek, but being somewhat diffident about showing my ignorance, we put the machinery of the brain in motion, and on the principle of association soon concluded that it must relate to the task we were then performing, and answered yes. And we were glad to learn that our conclusions were correctly based.

Well do we remember the first time we heard the word "larakin," and wondered what kind of an animal that could be. Judge of our surprise to learn that it referred to a mischievous boy. We see by the paper that the coiner of the word—at one time one of Melbourne's police—died recently. If the American people were to hear that a man had gone into the "bush," carrying with him his "swag" and "tucker," they would scarcely infer that he had gone into the forest with his blanket and food; nor would they infer

that a "shakedown" meant a bed; or perchance one's coat had been "shaken," they would not think that it had been stolen. Here they laugh about the Yankees "guessing," while they always "fancy." and "guess" it is much owing to how it "strikes" one's "fancy," whether they "infer," "presume," "reckon," or "calculate."

It having become necessary for us to take our departure, it was with feelings of sadness that we took our leave of the friends by whom we had been so kindly cared for during our first six weeks' stay in this far away clime. And ever in the store-house of memory, safe from the blighting hand of time, we expect to retain the scene on the little wharf at Forster, as for the first time in life we made landing there. The only one of all the little band that awaited our arrival as we slowly steamed up, that we could recognize, was Bro. Burton, and that only by a photograph that we had seen of him in California. And he with wife and daughter had only stayed long enough to endear themselves—with that kind of endearment we trust to be lasting—to make the parting all the more difficult to endure, while with the others we had remained but six weeks, yet it had become as home, and now what wonder that there entered our soul a feeling attuned to sorrow as duty called us hence; and boarding the little tug we waved a last farewell for the time being and steamed out to the craft that was to take us some sixty miles south. Having been transferred to the craft, a heavy cable was made fast; the anchor was heaved, the little tug put on steam, and amidst the shadows of coming darkness we were moving on our way. Some two miles out, the cable was loosened, and the little tug steamed around us as a farewell salute, all those on board shouting good bye and waving hats and kerchiefs. And once more were we out on the broad expanse of the mighty blue, with sails slowly filling, they being now the only propellers by which we were carried on our journey. Passing the time in chat with the skipper or slowly pacing the deck till nine o'clock, we betake ourselves below, and by the rocking of the boat and swish swash of the waves, are soon lulled to sleep. When morning arrives we have but little wind, and all day till near sunset are compelled

to tack, as what wind there is comes from directly ahead. A strong breeze from aft at near sunset impels us along nicely, but before bedtime this has nearly died away, so that day is breaking when we arrive in the harbor at New Castle. As this is a great coal mining district, ships are seen here from all nations. We remember having seen one from Boston; and we wondered how many months it would be till she had rounded the Horn and once more arrived at her home dock, only again to be laden for a trip to some far off port, while the anxious mothers, wives or sisters of those on board awaited with heartfelt anxiety for the return of the wanderers. Then our own condition flashed before us, and we mused upon our contemplated return when the years had expired, and the work allotted to us had been completed. We wondered if ever again on this side the shores of eternity we should meet with those to whom we had extended the parting hand ere we had reclined behind the iron horse that, puffing and snorting had emitted clouds of steam or sparks of fire till many a weary and wasteless track had been traversed or beautiful agricultural and grazing lands had been left behind; or those that had offered their kindly adieus just a short time prior to our embarking from our native shores. Time, the great arbiter of human affairs, can alone solve the problem, unless the voice of inspiration speaks forth to unlock the mysterious future, whose great door swings back at the voice of her bidding and opens up to our mind the events as clearly as though they had already transpired. But I willingly await the slow-moving pendulum of futurity's clock, till the last moment shall have passed into the tense of time gone by; and then, if my muse does not mistake, I shall once more stand before the assemblages called to do duty for eternity, and in my own native land lift my voice again in defense of him who at one time was hated of all men. But why subject the brain to the task of future's problems?

This will not land us from the little timber craft, neither give your readers any idea of New Castle. About nine o'clock next morning we were take ashore, but as this article has already lengthened out we omit a description of this place and what we have since done, for the future.

QUEEN'S FERRY, December, 1888.

## DEATH.

BY ELDER M. T. SHORT.

THE last lingering rays of an autumn sun creep up the woodland heights; the breeze is dying with the expiring day; the variegated forest is blushing with serene loveliness; the wardrobe of nature in the vegetable kingdom is changing her emerald suit to buff and gold, dun and brown. The leafy bowers pale beneath the corroding hand of time, and the very life from out the verdant host is claimed by old Jack Frost. For a while some varieties are bathed in blood; but presently they succumb to the inevitable, bow reverently, fall gracefully, crisp briefly. Thence chemical decay lays a tribute to form the dark mould, all to rejuvenate the earth. The laws of organization and dissolution are as inevitable and inexorable as those of supply and demand.

In the great laboratory of universal nature the key that sends the sap from the branch and down the trunk; that prostrates the wild flower; that unmasks the dense forest and locks up the babbling brook, will reverse the action about the time of the vernal equinox, and set the forces of resurrected life bounding through the glad world. The beating pulse within the hand that guides this pen, while it speaks of vital force and animation, is but a muffled drum of a funeral march from the cradle to the tomb, unless peradventure, a kind providence would graciously interpose.

While bruin in the den and the seeds on the plain lay dormant throughout the winter season this sleep, akin to death, is but a natural rest. The bee in the cell, the cricket of the marsh, the frog of the pool, the insects of the swamp, the finny tribes of the stream, the serpent of the cave, all revive and come forth as the globe rocks on her axis and swings back towards her summer solstice.

In this prophecy of dame nature, with the often recurring periodical fulfillments thereof, the sorrow and pangs of death are but the key-board of fate and the loud harbinger of life. What we term death is but a momentary transition; but, in the words of the immortal poet, "life is real;" therefore we should look well to the latter, whereas the former will take

care of itself. Our existence goes forth with the tide of time, but the eternal shore is ever in view, with a well kept harbor and a beacon light.

The much loved "Herald" may chronicle the departure of those of different age, sex and condition, while we will only glance at the phenomenon in a general way. The "pale horse" of the Apocalypse—Revelations 6:8, may charge the mortal host; but the tread of the mystic hoof and the breath of his nostrils strike through with forlorn terror. The recurrence and frequency of the "beck and call" is a painful reminder that he is no respecter of riches, rank, intellect, or person. The immortals alone are not subject to change or decay, neither are their works of a temporary kind. To follow blindly carnal inclinations is death in a moral and spiritual sense, and usually, invites an early demise; whereas the converse holds good in every respect to a meek follower of Calvary's bleeding Lamb. If the lively interest of the Infinite judge is forthcoming for our peace and prosperity, verily we walk not forsaken and alone. "The memory of the just is blessed." "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." "His righteousness endureth forever." The king, even the king's son, shall deliver the poor and needy. "He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight." "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints." The omnipotent Father careth for the sparrows; heareth the ravens and numbereth the hairs of the head. He also sendeth his angels to instruct and deliver the living, cheer and comfort the dying and escort the righteous dead to the realms of delight; and thus they co-operate while the eternal ages roll.

The Seer of Moab, the subject of King Balak, was instructed to curse "the dust of Jacob;" but blessings followed, and, as explanatory, the prophet reported, "must I not take heed to speak that which the Lord hath put in my mouth? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Elimelech of Bethlehem-Judah, in a time of sore famine

departed to sojourn in the Moabite territory. The family tarried their decade of years, during which the father died, the two sons married, and finally died without issue. Naomi, the aged widow, hearing of plenty in the Holy Land, arose to kiss her foreign, yet dutiful daughters-in-law, and bid them a long and lasting adieu. The one named Orpha, after tender maternal counsel, advice, exhortation, and blessings, with reluctant footstep and aching heart, returned "back unto her people and unto her gods;" but Ruth, of immortal renown, who became the wife of Boaz—"a mighty man of wealth"—persistently implored: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me." She was the mother of Jessie and the grandparent of David, the inspirational poet of Israel and genealogical progenitor of Jesus Christ.

Job, an Arabian prince, or patriarch of distinction and property, beheld the vascillating vicissitudes of his own estate and the frail tenure of man, under the most extraordinary, unique and trying circumstances he preserved his equilibrium and maintained his integrity and kept patiently the even tenor of his way. When disasters multiplied, fortune fled away, foes increased, friends absconded, disease raged, and even his helpmate weakened, and his life seemed suspended in a balance—"hair hung and breeze shaken"—the Spirit that teaches about and accomplishes the resurrection enabled the patient, sincere, upright man to proclaim; "Oh, that my words were now written! oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth." He knew that he would die, and go "the way of all the earth." He was apprised that his earthly tabernacle would consume away and become food for the worms. He was assured that the inanimate dust would be resuscitated, that in his flesh he would walk upon a glorified earth and behold the king in beauty and for himself.

The psalmist turned his lyre to the beauties of universal nature, the providence and fatherly care of God, the grandeur and perpetuity of the kingdom, the redemption of man and the ecstatic delight and adamant strength and immaculate purity of the redeemed and immortal.

The evangelistic prophet chimes in with, "Together with my dead body shall they arise." Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, and others of ancient fame, have looked beyond the portals, while the New Testament is replete with evidences and soul cheering proofs of the life of which this is but the prelude.

The myriads of the wee denizens of the tropical seas that contribute their existence and life to throw up the dangerous coral reef and lagoon-adorned islands are regularly and periodically succeeded by innumerable millions destined to a similar fate and end; and thus the silent procession moves on, the endless chain revolves. Near three score of centuries have dropped into the reservoir of boundless duration since man was brought back to a reconstructed world and told to re-people, replenish, and occupy the whole earth. The rolling sphere is the Creator's, in fee simple, hence his image is at best a tenant at will. At the rate of three generations to the hundred years one hundred and seventy-six and seventy-six one hundredths have been chronicled.

While "seed time and harvest" succeed in regular gradation, while the kernel and germ of to-day are harbingers and heralds of to-morrow, our homes will be invaded by the unborn hosts yet to be. Dynasties have risen and figured, flourished and fell. Valor and patriotism, avarice and pride have been found in the march of events. Regal splendor and squalid want have been coupled close together. Intellectual fame and animated vigor have overshadowed ignorance and indolence. Virtue and vice have clashed steel on a thousand battle fields. Christian Europe is in martial array these times; munitions and accoutrements of war are beggaring civilization; unhappy monarchs and unruly subjects characterize the crowned powers, while the old sick world is all honey-combed with treason. The God of nature suffered on the cruel cross ere he entered into fulness of glory, and why will not his footstool go

through the crucible of death ere she is glorified in immortal youth?

His satanic majesty seeks to embitter life, derange the brain, enfeeble the body, contaminate the soul, hasten death, land in and supervise over in hell. His power has been curtailed, and his jurisdiction abridged by the Son of David, who partook of "flesh and blood" "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who though fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." The one "mighty to save," has atoned for original sin, spoiled "principalities and powers," burst the bars of the grave, brought "life and immortality to light," coped with "spiritual wickedness in high places," is "alive forevermore," and holds "the keys of hell and of death." He mediates, intercedes and advocates now; but when he will come in

his glory he will re-erect and ascend "the throne of the Lord of Jerusalem," and from thence "reigns over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end." His magnetic presence and righteous rule will assuage all grief, allay pain, tranquilize the heart, soothe the spirit, immortalize the body, re-unite the whole wide dispersed family of God, happily the blooming dominion, and everlastingly vanquish man's most persistent, ancient, implacable foe—death. Martha said unto Jesus: "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." Let the grand work of preparation go on with accelerated speed. The Bridegroom is ready and waiting for the spouse to adorn herself with the nuptial robes and the jewels both rich and rare. If we have on the whole armor of the Lord we can ever abide in his presence; wherefore comfort one another with these words.

## A SHORT HISTORY OF MY EARLY LIFE.

BY JOHN HAWLEY.

**T**HERE is a structure which every boy or girl, man and woman, is building, each one for him or herself. It is called character, and every act is a stone in the edifice. It is a building that will effect us in this life and in the life to come. Take heed how you build it. Our minds are given to us, but our character we must make. The germ is not the tree, the acorn is not the oak, neither is the mind the character. The mind is the garden; the character is the fruit; who will be the gardener? God has given you the mind; man has to make his own character. The mind is the white page and the character is the kind of writing we put on it; shall it be good or bad? The mind is the store, the counting room, and the character is the profits on the trade; large profits are made from quick sales and small percentage.

Great characters are made from little acts and efforts. Good deeds grow into noble years, and the years as they pass by grow into a beautiful structure that will endure forever to our praise and God's glory.

A good character is a precious thing,

above rubies, gold coins, crowns, or earthly kingdoms, and the work of making it is the grandest and noblest one of earth's architects. A good character is one of the highest objects of a man's life.

It is well to put the standard high, even though you may not be able altogether to realize it. "The youth," says Disraeli, the ex-prime minister of the British Empire, "who does not look up, will look down," and the spirit that does not soar and behold the wondrous works of nature and nature's God will be destined to grovel in a low state near the earth. He who has a high standard of living and thinking will be better off than one having none at all.

Character is like the stock in trade, the more you have of it the more you have the greater facilities of adding to it. A good character is a power in any community; its moral influence is strong; like a magnet it draws; it makes friends, creates funds, draws patronage and support from those around, and opens a sure way to honor, business, and wealth. Little actions, words and deeds, soon discover character. Truth should always be a

great corner stone in character. It is the "Nil Desperandum" (never despair) of human life. It surmounts like the eagle all difficulties. The standard of character is the value of human progression. The nation that undervalues character is low and barbarous. Just as a man prizes his character so is he. This is the true standard of a man.

Strength and power of a character depend on two things, namely, power of will and power of self restraint. It requires two things for its existence,—strong feelings, and a strong command over them. It is here a great many people make mistakes; (I too); they take strong feelings for strong character. A man who will make his wife and little ones quake because of his will power to be obeyed in all things, is not a strong man. He is weak; his passions are strong. The power and strength of character is not in the feelings; but when a man has the simplicity and the humility of a child when it is required, he must have the strength and power and will to stand up for the truth in all questions of verac-

ity. He must be chaste, not easily provoked; he must be forgiving, and yet restrain himself,—that man is a strong individual, and one who will draw. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness are traits in character that can not hang, in life, on every man's breath. Gentleness, deportment, honesty, and caution are needed in character; they are to character what love and reverence are to religion. The character of power is higher in the sense that knowledge is power. What would you think of seeing an educated pick-pocket, or an accomplished highwayman in Philadelphia? and yet such is the case. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers only for mischief and wrong doing.

Let the people sneer, scoff, laugh, and ridicule (who will) at an upright, onward course, even if it be called by the name of "Mormonism," it will soon evince to the world that there is more independence in a forgiving smile, than there is in the society of the mean and vulgar.

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### KEEPING THE FOUNTAIN PURE.

THESE are days in which self-indulgence in its various forms is taking on a great many fine names, when laxity of principle styles itself liberality, and lack of self-control passes for spontaneity. Let us not forget that the old responsibilities are still binding upon us. The battle of virtue and piety is to be fought at the fountain of the heart, where all the passions of our nature assemble to drink. The thoughts are as much the subjects of moral control and moral responsibility as the conduct. Our Savior has put that at rest forever. He who is angry with his brother is a murderer. He who indulges an unlawful feeling commits the offense to which it tends. I do not say that we can prevent all wrong thoughts from springing in the mind; but we can deny them shelter, we can drive them forth. "Evil in the mind of God or man may come and go unblamed, so unapproved."

There is no end to the riot to which an unbridled imagination may run, no mischief to the soul so deadly that unlicensed thinking may not affect it. Evil thoughts that never come to evil actions may ruin the soul, for to some natures thinking is action. Their life begins and ends in thinking; and all its springs, all its emotions, affections, tastes, may be perverted, soured and debased by mere unhallowed, unregulated, and wild thinking. It is because thought has been an adulterer that some hitherto discreet and sober man, every now and then, astounds society with a sudden breach of debauchery. It is because thought has been a murderer that the respectable and influential member of society awakes the horror of his class by a deed of blood. It is because thought has been a robber that the merchant of long-established honor suddenly proves a guilty defaulter. It is because thought has long been intem-



perate that drunkenness unexpectedly overtakes the man or woman of discretion and supposed self-control.

Regulate the thoughts. Have order, purity, truth, and honor there. Let obedience to God, submission to duty, begin with the affections and the sentiments. Think nothing and on nothing which stirs dangerous passions and wrong desires. Do not fancy yourself stronger

than others who have fallen in the path of wild speculation, unlicensed thinking, and vain imaginations. Avoid the dizzy road of novel and eccentric opinions. Respect the testimony of age and the wisdom of society; and you will find that out of a heart thus regulated and controlled there will not proceed "evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies."  
—Selected.

## Editor's Corner.

To our young readers we wish to say, Read with care the article in this number entitled, "An Early Reminiscence." It was furnished at our earnest request, by the young friend whose experience it is and who we had heard relate it as a passing incident of her life. To us it is more than a passing incident. It is an example of true heroism and reliance upon God; of love for his truth and faithfulness in vindicating it, which we would thank God to see imitated by every young Saint who reads these lines. And let us say to you that even the careless, the indifferent and the wicked, respect far more highly the individual who is not afraid to avow and defend his or her principles, than they do the one who acts as if ashamed of the faith they profess to believe, and this without reference to that honor which God will give to those who honor him.

In this issue we present our readers with a brief biographical sketch of Elder T. J. Andrews, late of California, whose loss was deeply felt by hundreds of God's people, who had known and loved him. His home in San Francisco was ever the home of the ministry and might well have been termed "The Saints' Rest."

It is not so complete as we could wish, but it will awaken memories in the hearts of those who knew him, which will lead up to the fullness standing out in the kindly acts and words of the man they knew, and which have been laid away with his memory in secret places of the heart. We are indebted to sister Andrews for dates and to brother E. C. Briggs, who knew him intimately and loved him well, for other facts.

## ❁ R O U N D T A B L E ❁

EDITED BY SALOME.

A REQUEST from a sister for bright pictures to make attractive the otherwise bare walls of the school-room, suggests the thought that there may be others among the readers of AUTUMN LEAVES who are teachers and would like to know how to do a little decorating at a trifling expense.

We devote this number of the "Round Table," therefore, to the school-room, but the house-mother will find several useful hints in it for brightening up the home as well.

### "THE SCHOOL-ROOM BEAUTIFUL."

Obtain a few yards of five-cent glazed cambric—scarlet, light blue and pink; a few yards of dark red Canton flannel, or cotton plush, as it is now called, a yard or two of old gold, and as much scarlet of the same material as the purse allows; two papers of

upholsterer's tacks, one large and one small, a paper of double pointed carpet tacks, a few ten cent packages of Diamond dyes, cardinal, bright blue, and old gold; a couple of dozen of folding Japanese fans, that come very cheap, but are of good designs and bright colors; some manila paper, the largest sheets used for wrapping in stores—a dozen or so, and as much best blank newspaper, clear white, from the local office, and a bunch of longest white splints. This is all you need to purchase. The paper-hanger will give you remnants of rich bright borders, some quite broad, and sample books of wall-papers containing good sized pieces in variety. If you can get a few sheets of dark blue paper used in crockery stores for wrapping, you will find it very useful. Of the uses of these materials more presently.

Of course we must have pictures or something to

take their place. If the children are invited to bring unframed ones not in use at home, they will respond generously, and some will be suitable, others not. There will be chromos too glaring to be used for the walls, but they may be pinned for a few days against the blackboard, for color of object or language lessons, and the donor is just as happy as if his offering were honored by a permanent place in the decorations. But never slight anything contributed in this way; make use of it somehow, and make the most of it, and then return it with kind praise to the little donor for him to have again at home.

Keep a large Wonder Box into which all sorts of remarkable objects may go, to be resurrected for illustrations or amusement on rainy days, or to use in language work. It may be covered with cretonne and form a bright spot of color as it stands on the platform. Highly colored chromos are subdued by a margin of cream-tinted manila paper pinned upon the wall where the picture is to be. Then the original margin from the chromo and fasten it upon the manila, with as wide a margin as practicable, six inches is none too wide. If the picture is very large, the manila paper must be cut the right width and fitted around the chromo, because the sheet was not large enough to serve a back and margin both. Mitre the corners of these strips by cutting the ends of two opposite ones diagonally to lap over the ends of the others, which are to be left straight. If the chromo is dull and dark, use white paper for a margin, to bring out what color there is. When it is arranged use smallest tacks to fasten all in place, and frame it later.

Use plenty of engravings in a room and few chromos. It is better to have all the pictures chromos on one wall, and all engravings on another. For good wood-cuts that are large enough to frame, look over old numbers of *Harper's Weekly* or some such illustrated paper, especially the Christmas numbers, and select those of boldest outlines,—a two-page-sized head of a horse or some other animal, a copy of some famous painting, an Arab standing by his camel on the desert sands. You will find hosts of them very suitable for school-room purposes, both decorative and educational. Only let them be striking in effect, and bordered with a very wide margin of white paper. Carefully trim the edges close to the engraving, leaving none of its own margin. These for the larger spaces; for smaller places panel-shaped or square wood-cuts from magazines mounted in the same way upon a paper margin against the wall. Just tack them, do not paste, as it wrinkles both picture and margin.

Now the frames. For small pictures use splints died cardinal red, woven with rustic corners and tacked over your picture against the wall. At the top, when done, stick a few dried brown rushes or sprays of grass or grain relieved against the white wall.

All our pictures must be framed without glass, it is so costly. Some of the large ones may have a frame of the rich paper border containing gilt. Either mitre the corners, or use a Japanese fan to cover the joining at each corner, doing all with tacks. Consider your picture well to decide whether you will use this or a frame you will make of a dark red cotton plush. Of the latter cut off a piece long enough for the longest side of two large engravings of equal size, outside of margin and allowing for corners. Cut it lengthwise into four strips. Now cut a shorter one for the ends into four lengthwise strips likewise. Cut thick paper strips not quite as wide to line these and fold edges of plush narrowly over and tack them with needle and thread back and forth across the back. Then fold the

side strips to diagonal ends and lap over the other end strips, tacking all neatly just over the outside of margin of mounted picture. Have the nap go from left to right on the side strips and from top to bottom on the ends, so that when dusted the frame will not become roughened as it would if brushed against the nap. You would hardly credit the richness of effect of these simple frames, till they are seen. Do not have too many, but three or four of them.

Now some substitutes for pictures. A banner of dark red or scarlet cotton plush, oblong in shape, tacked high upon the wall. Have it about a yard long when finished. Place a six inch band of old gold plush at the top and one about nine inches broad at the bottom, with the lower half of the depth slashed up into fringe about one-fourths of an inch wide. With double pointed tacks nail upon this panel a long vine of clematis with its feathery tails and all its leaves. It will dry in place and be beautiful as a painting against the rich color of its background; or, use large branches of thistle, or of smoke tree, or of anything that looks well when dry, only it must be airy enough to let the color show through, bringing out the design.

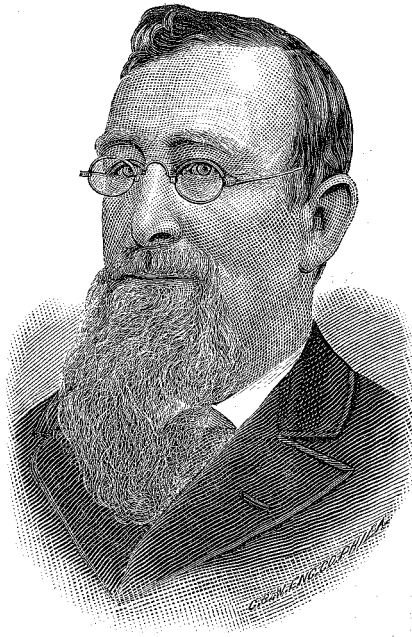
In another place tack long narrow panels of the dark blue paper, and put a border of red splints across the top, and a broader one at the bottom, but none on the sides; on these fasten sprays of oak with leaves and acorns, containing—one a hangbird's nest, the other any little bird's nest. These are wonderfully pretty, and the children love to see them.

In decorating a school-room use plenty of color, especially red. It warms and furnishes the bareness more than anything else. You can scarcely have too much of it, but it must be judiciously and appropriately used. A large square of dark red plush set on its angle on the wall, with an embossed head or any rather small picture in the center, is an easy ornament to arrange. An old shade hat nailed under a picture, flattened and tied with a bow of scarlet cambric, then filled with thistles, pressed ferns, sprays of pressed green leaves or of autumn leaves, cattails, coarse heads of grass or grain, or a fan nailed on the wall like a basket to hold the same sort of things, is a good ornament.

A word about pressed leaves. Be sure to preserve the branch on which they grew, or have another of the same species. When they come out of press cut short lengths of wire—that revealed from the wire net used for screens is good. Twist the wire firmly about the stem of the leaf and put it back on a node of the branch as it grew. Then you bend them as you like into position, and it is very natural.

Maple branches either green or red, blackberry sprays with their dry berries still on, oak branches with acorns, chestnut twigs with burrs, pine and fir branches with their cones, may be nailed up over doors and windows or against panels of dark blue paper with excellent effect. In large places, hard to fill, a group of sweet corn with its full length stalk and all its leaves, and the flower tassels dyed cardinal red, finished with a huge bow of light blue cambric at the bottom, is fine; also long stalks of cattails arranged in the same way. If you are on the Pacific Slope, or in the South, you have palms. Use three fan palm leaves, in some huge space, nailed well to the wall and finished with a great scarlet bow. Also pampas grasses are easy to obtain. Of the latter, use two dozen in a cluster; keep the handsomest ones white but dye half—old gold, bright blue, or Eosine pink. Have the dye warm but do not use the mordant. Dip the grasses slowly and after they are well saturated, lay to dry in a clean place.





APOSTLE T. W. SMITH.

[See page 304.]

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, MAY, 1889.

No. 5.

## A WINTER PASSAGE ON THE ATLANTIC.

BY ELDER JOSEPH F. BURTON.

IN 1860 the good brigantine "Forward," I left London, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, the crew consisting of eight persons—the captain, mate, second mate and cook, in the cabin, and four able seamen in the fore-castle. She left the downs early in December, and after a good run down the channel, carried a strong south-east wind as far westward as the banks of Newfoundland. Towards evening of the eighth day out, she met a long, heavy swell coming from the northwest which increased in volume as the day wore on, and the clouds grew blacker, the rain squalls were heavier, and followed each other in quick succession. And as the crest of a long northwest swell would meet the crest of the old sea, each seemingly striving for the mastery, they would send their spray far in the air with a shivering noise while the low southing and moaning of the wind added to the awfulness of the impending conflict of elements.

The captain (who had received the title of Neptune, from his crew), tall and straight, greybearded, with sun-burnt features, and every inch of a seaman, gave his orders to the mate in an extra firm tone of voice, "Put extra gaskets on the furled sails, extra lashings on the spars and water casks on deck, fasten the hatches and batten them down good and strong, for we will have a dirty night of it." The heavy swell from the northwest made the vessel roll and lurch about; the men worked quickly and silently, securing everything movable with extra lashings; the mainsail and main-stay-sail are close reefed, the bonnet taken off the fore-staysail; and as the clouds gather blackness the men move about gloomily, look-

ing earnestly to leeward. As the sun sinks behind thick clouds of darkness, the whole sky looks weirdly wild; the wind whistles shrilly through the shrouds of the rigging, as the little vessel plunges and jerks in the now heavy head sea. The low murmuring of the sea increases as the night wears on; the rain falls in torrents in the squalls, the thunder fairly crashing around the heads of the crew, while the lightning flashes reveal their anxious countenances as they await the bursting of the storm.

Suddenly a deluge of water from the thick clouds falls upon the deck of the little brig as though it would swamp her if it could. The clouds seemed not able to empty themselves fast enough by raining. Then followed a calm for a few minutes, when a northwest gale in its fury burst upon them, heeling the vessel over nearly on her beam ends and holding her steadily in that position, its very force leveling the sea for the moment, while upon the tips of the yards and mast-heads are seen the balls of fire (phosphoric light) called by sailors "compazants," indicating to them that the storm was at its height. After the first sweep of the storm is over the vessel rights a little, and the yet irregular sea begins to run quite high. The storm staysail is bent and set and the vessel is "hove to" under it, and the close reefed main-staysail and the fore-staysail. Just after midnight and preceding a squall she shipped a very heavy sea which swept the deck of extra spare boat and water-casks, carrying away the lee bulwarks and bursting the fore and main-staysails, which were quickly torn by the storm into ribbons. The brig lay rolling and wallowing all the rest of the night,

occasionally the sea making a clean breach over her.

When the morning dawned, the vessel looked desolate indeed; yet saddest of all, the second mate—Neptune's son—had been hurt during the night. The heavy sea which swept the deck washed him away from the pumps into the lee scuppers, and one of the spars which had just been broken adrift had jammed him against the after-house crushing his chest and otherwise injuring him so badly that he had to be carried into the cabin. That morning, after eight bells, the captain consulted with the officers; note was made of the damage done by the storm, and it was concluded best to square away for St. Thomas in the West Indies for repairs. The lower topsail was set, the foresail reefed and set, the storm-staysail taken in, the yards squared, the helm put up, and the good brig, "Forward" bounded and skipped over the waves before the north-west gale like the chased deer fleeing over the hills pursued by hunters. But there was sorrow on board. For "Neptune's" son, the second mate, loved by all the crew, lay in the cabin suffering intensely. Such suitable remedies as the medicine chest contained were used, but did not afford much relief from the great pain which racked his frame. Fever ensued, his lips grew black and thick. His mind wandered, and for two days he lay suffering acutely. On the evening of the second day, as the sun was sinking in the west, the crew gathered aft, for the second mate was dying. His voice grew faint; his breath grew shorter, and at last he slept to waken again at the great resurrection morn.

The storm had spent itself, but the northwest gale had run the vessel into the Tropics. And as she was now "running down the trades," these warm, balmy winds were in pleasing contrast with the cold, boisterous winds of the northern latitudes.

Low, and slowly that night, the sailors struck the bells noting the hours and watches of the night. Silently the watches were changed. At length the sun arose in a clear sky; the sea is regular and smooth; no sail is in sight, and the good brig, "Forward," is rolling on her course "suthard" through the eternal waters of earth's vast ocean alone on the deep. The dead body was prepared by kind and lov-

ing hands for burial; his hair is combed back from his square forehead; his eyes are closed; the lips are slightly parted. He seemed asleep; and the smile on his face might denote that he was dreaming of home, of mother, brother, sister, of one whose likeness he kept between the leaves of the Bible his mother gave him long ago when first he left home for a sailor's life! Clad in his "go-ashore" suit, he seems already prepared to answer, Aye aye, sir! to the angel who shall make the loud call to all those who sleep in the mighty deep, All hands, arise! The rough, but kind hands of the sailors are again called into requisition. The casket which is to contain his form must be prepared, and therefore the canvas, commencing at the feet, is sewed together; first placing at the feet some pieces of iron, and so the sewing goes on until the breast is reached. "Wait," says the mate; "let us look at him as long as we may." The plank is now laid, one end on the rail of the vessel amidships, and the other end on a temporary scaffolding on deck, and over all a flag is placed. The "ensign" is hoisted half mast; the square sails are hauled "aback;" the "Forward" stops her speed; all hands gather at the rail, for the body has been brought from the cabin and placed with the feet toward the rail upon the plank. One by one the sailors, cook, mate, and last of all the captain, takes a last look of his much loved son. Wait a little and let him look. Suppose you do see the great tears roll down his weather-beaten cheeks! What if you do see his tall frame shake and heave with a swelling heart filled with sorrow! Is not he a brave seaman! Yes, indeed; and therefore a kind and loving father! And what if the rough sailor did hesitate to draw the twine through the canvas which should forever shut out from view the gentle face of their shipmate! And what if scalding tears course down the cheeks of those mariners on that lonely ocean at twilight when about to consign the form of their loved companion to the keeping of mother ocean until "the sea shall give up its dead!"

But the palm and twine have done their work; and now the mate reads slowly and solemnly: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. As it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the spirit of our

dear brother and companion, we therefore commit his body to the great deep in the sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ who, when the sea shall give up its dead, shall change this body that it may be like unto His glorious body. I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die; and he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live again."

The plank with its burden is slowly moved over the rail, the inboard end raised gently and the body moves slowly down, parts the soft yielding waters, and quickly sinks to its grave in the absolute silence and darkness of ocean's depths! The waters gather again instantly; all hands stand silently looking, while the beat of the waves against the unmoving vessel is heard. How awful the quickness of the burial; how absolute and sudden the separation from the fondly loved form! At last the mate gives his orders quietly,—“Put away the plank.” The captain still looks to the places where the waters so quickly gathered to itself his son. Again the mate speaks: “Shall we fill away, sir?” O, the agony spoken in that groan! That wail from that old man! Who shall say ought if the briny waters did run down his face like a river, or that his frame did tremble

in his grief, or that every mariner there wept with their noble captain as he realized the entire separation from his son; for no marble marks the spot where lies the remains of thousands of earth's sons and daughters in the darkness of the deep. No visits can be made nor flowers placed or planted upon the graves of those over whom the ocean rolls and keeps guard; yet the Angel of the resurrection will speak and the sea will give up its dead—not one shall be missing there. For a few moments all hands gave themselves up to grief. And why not?

She sun has moved on and dipped below the horizon; the stars are twinkling so calmly; the tradewind blows gently; but the “Forward” still lies with her sails aback. Again the mate speaks,—“Captain, is it not better that we should fill away? You will soon feel better. Come; let us go aft.”

He answers, “Do as you choose.”

The mate then gives orders to fill away; the men at the braces haul the yards around so slowly, so gently, for the captain is still at the rail. Steadily the sails fill; the “Forward” forges ahead; the moon rises and casts a glow across the waters as the good brig moves steadily on her voyage, leaving the unmarked grave and its precious burthen in the care and keeping of Him who knoweth all things and doeth all things well.

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## THE OCEAN STEAMER.

BY DOLLIE.

Out upon the ocean, yonder,  
Far from sight of human eye,  
Sailed a ship, The Ocean Steamer,  
And the sea was tossing high.

All the crew was filled with terror;  
Not a single help was there;  
All save one, who, trusting upward,  
Sent an earnest, quiet prayer.

“Oh thou God of all creation,  
Guide us safely o'er the sea;  
For thou knowest we are helpless.”  
Comes the answer, “Trust in me.”

And he knew, that, bending calmly,  
In a room so warm and bright,—  
In a humble little cottage,  
Prayed a loving wife that night.

LAMONI, 1889.

Morning broke, the storm abated,  
And they reached the shore at last;  
Talking to each one that met them,  
Of the storm through which they'd past.

But the anguish that they suffered,  
On that awful stormy night,  
Not a single tongue could utter,  
Nor a gilded pen could write.

Yes; they landed there in safety,  
Those that never pray at all;  
Anchored just as safe in harbor,  
As the one whose Christ is ALL.

Not so, comrades, when they're sailing  
From this, to the better land;  
They will never reach the harbor  
Safely with the Christian band.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF APOSTLE T. W. SMITH.

(See Frontispiece).

**SISTER FRANCES:**—By your request I will attempt to give the readers of "Autumn Leaves" as brief and as concise a history of my life as would be reasonable. I shall have to trust to memory, as I have not kept a diary and thus recorded the important events of my life as perhaps I should have done. A very interesting history my whole life would make if written, I think I can justly say without egotism; but your columns can not be occupied with but only a few of the most important incidents in my life's history.

I was born of parents in whose veins ran both English and German blood, and on my father's side some Scotch-Irish blood. I first saw the light of day in Germantown, twenty-first ward of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of March, 1838. My father's name was Henry Smith and my mother's maiden name was Mary Ann Boyer. I am a descendant on my mother's side of the Allen's and Horner's of upper and central New Jersey. My mother's father, John Boyer, had a number of brothers, and from them that branch of the Boyer family has been widely scattered and numerous reproduced. At five years of age I was sent to school, and made rapid progress, having a fine retentive memory. I spent about eight years in various schools in Philadelphia. In the year 1853 I united with the Independent Christian Church of Philadelphia, Rev. John G. Wilson pastor. I was then fifteen years old. This church was in harmony with the "Christian Connection," or "New Lights" as they were commonly called, but did not belong to any Association or Conference of that body; therefore it was called the "Independent Christian Church." It had formerly been called the "Ebenezer Methodist Protestant Church," but as Mr. Wilson, its pastor, could not endorse the creed of that church, particularly in its teachings on the subject of the future punishment of the wicked, he and most of the congregation withdrew from the Methodist Protestant body and became independent. Mr. Wilson was a close Bible student; and being untrammelled by creeds, he soon discovered and preached many truths far in advance of ministers of the day. Among the doctrines taught by him were

Christ's second personal coming; his reign on earth during the millennium; the restoration of the throne and kingdom of David; the regathering of all the house of Israel to the land of their fathers; the subjugation of the heathen nations to the rule of the Messiah; the resurrection of those who are Christ's at his coming, and the rest of the dead at the end of the thousand years; and the final restoration of all mankind to the favor of God, after receiving due punishment for their sins. So you see that I understood that much of the "gospel of the kingdom" long before I had ever heard of the Latter Day Saints.

When about eighteen years old I began to study for the ministry under Mr. Wilson, reading various theological works, and also studying Greek—in which study I made considerable progress, so that I could read it about as well as I could English; but since I have belonged to this church I have had so little use for that language that I have nearly forgotten all that I ever knew of it.

I began preaching when about nineteen years of age. The first text that I used was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I used manuscript, and had my sermon fully written out. I was invited to make my maiden effort in a Baptist Church. When I entered the building I glanced up to the pulpit and saw two books lying thereon, which I supposed were the pulpit edition of the Baptist Hymn Book; but when I ascended the pulpit I discovered that one was the Bible. I felt troubled in mind then, because as my manuscript was written on ordinary sized letter paper, I knew that when it was opened it would spread out over the edges of the Bible at least three inches every way, and I knew that the congregation would notice that I was reading my sermon, and I felt ashamed to have them think that. But I had very little time to think, for it was time to begin the services. I read a chapter, then a hymn; then prayed; then read another hymn, and as I arose to speak I pulled the sermon out of my pocket and placed it, rolled up, on a shelf in the pulpit; and asking the Lord to direct my thoughts, I took the same text and began



to speak, and preached for about thirty minutes with quite good liberty. After meeting, while walking along the road with a brother who had accompanied me, I took out the manuscript and said: "I will read you a sermon." After reading, I said: "You see it is on the same text; now which do you like best?"

"Oh," said he, "the sermon you preached in the church is way ahead of this."

Well, I never had use for written sermons after that experience.

About this time I began reading some books provided by the "Disciples," or "Christian Church," and I became thoroughly convinced of the necessity of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and I desired to be baptized, but I could find no one to baptize me. The minister of the only Disciple Church in Philadelphia was away in Muscatine, Iowa, and I could not be baptized by any Baptist minister for none of them believed in baptizing for remission of sins, but "as an outward sign of an inward work of grace." The same objection I felt to hold good against Mr. Wilson and the ministers of the "Christian Connection." I had in the meantime got three other young men convinced of the necessity of baptism for remission of sins; and they too were anxious to be baptized. We were in trouble, and we did not know what to do. Finally I found a minister of the "Christian Connection," one Joseph S. Smith, and after two weeks' steady effort I got him converted to the doctrine of baptism for remission of sins; and then, on the 20th of March, 1858, we were baptized in the Delaware river. But before I went into the water I said to the preacher: "Now, Bro. Smith, I do not want you to say, 'I baptize you *in* the name of Jesus Christ,' as if you were authorized of Jesus Christ to do it, for I do not believe that there is any body on earth to-day who is directly commissioned of the Lord Jesus Christ to baptize in his name. You will please say, 'I baptize you *into* the name of Jesus Christ,' by which I understand that I take on me his name. Now if you say *in the name* you will have to do it over." So he baptized—immersed me *into* the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

About this time I heard Elder Miles Grant and also Elder H. L. Hastings of the "Advent Christian Church," and also

Elder George Storrs of the "Life only in Christ" party. I read much, and soon embraced the sleep of the dead theory and the non-immortality of the soul doctrine. The resurrection of the wicked at Christ's coming, to be judged and burned up, I could not receive, for I could see neither sense or justice in raising people from a state of non-entity, and utter unconsciousness, to life, and then to immediately blot them out of existence again. It seemed to me a wise God would simply permit them to remain dead, inasmuch as *death* was to be the punishment of the wicked. Not *suffering*, not *dying*, but *death*, the result or end of dying, was to be the nature of their punishment, so the Adventists claimed. Therefore, as the wicked were already dead, already extinct, already blotted out of existence, I was compelled to decide that they would have no resurrection. To get rid of numerous passages of Scripture teaching the resurrection of all mankind, and of the unjust as well as the just, demanded at my hands an examination of the "original," and by a good deal of twisting and turning of Greek articles, prepositions, adverbs, etc., etc., I managed to explain these Scriptures so that they did not (to my mind) teach that the wicked would live again. I hold that the doctrines of the non-immortality of the soul, and the unconscious state of the dead, and that man does not possess a conscious, living spirit that survives the death of the body, will force every man and woman who will allow himself or herself to think, or who like myself are troubled with large causality and sense of justice, to either believe that the ungodly will be raised to further probation or to life; or else not be raised at all. I could not get away from one text particularly, however, and that was, "It shall be more *tolerable* for Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment," than for Bethsaida, Capernaum, Chorazin and other places where Christ had taught, and wrought his mighty works. How, said I often, can there be any difference between the dead Sodomites and the Capernaumites, if both are now unconscious and both will be raised from this state and judged and executed by being burnt up root and branch.

The only answer any Adventist could give me, was that "that the people to

whom Christ preached, etc., would suffer more and for a longer time in the act of dying than the Sodomites would;" but this would not do, because they contend that *death, not dying*—the state of being destroyed, and not any *suffering* attached to the act of destruction—was the punishment; for the moment they would concede that *suffering* was the punishment, they knew they would have to admit eternal *suffering* to be "eternal *punishment*," and that would never do. So I could never get it out of my mind that the punishment of the people of Sodom and Gomorrah was to be less and easier to be borne than that of the others. Of course that doctrine upset the non-resurrection theory altogether, and it confused me in regard to the state of the dead; and finally I was compelled to believe that the Sodomites and the people of the cities of Judea would receive different degrees of punishment in the day of judgment, and that that punishment could not be annihilation.

Another Scripture, which was also the saying of Christ, troubled me. Jesus said: "Fear not them who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do; rather fear him who can destroy both body and soul in hell." I believed that a man's body with the breath in it was the soul, or that the man was the soul, and that when the body was dead, the soul was dead, or that the man was a dead soul. But Jesus seemed to teach that after the body was dead that the soul could also be killed; or that after the man had lost his life, or died, his soul could be destroyed or killed. And I saw that if man had only his breath to keep him a living soul, and that by destroying his life (by killing his body) that his soul was destroyed (as the Adventists claim) that man could do as much as God could in the case, for man could burn up the soul (or life, or the entire man) as much so as God could; but the truth is that there is something about man that his fellow man can not affect, something that he has no power whatever to destroy and that God can destroy the body (like man can) and that other thing also that man can not kill, even the soul. There was one ground that I always assumed and taught it publicly while holding those peculiar doctrines of the Adventists, and that was, that while I believed in

the unconscious state of the dead, and in the destruction of the wicked, yet these doctrines were not part of the gospel. "They were true," I said, "but as they lacked the character of good news or glad tidings they were not gospel truths, and therefore the belief of them was not essential to salvation."

In 1861 while holding these various views, which made me an independent thinker and kept me from becoming identified with any sect, I went from Philadelphia to Illinois.

I could not find liberty among the Christian, or New Light people, because of my Advent views and my position on baptism; nor could I find a home with the Disciples because of my Advent notions and my decided views of the gospel's being "the gospel of the kingdom," and because I insisted that we must believe in Christ's coming and reign on earth and on the throne of David, etc. Therefore I could not accept their "three fact gospel,"—Christ's death, burial and resurrection,—as being a sufficient faith or a sufficiently full gospel. I could find no resting place with the Adventists because of my view of baptism and my "Israelitish Kingdom" doctrine, so we had to form a denomination by ourselves, as it were, for Sr. Smith, whom I married January 1st, 1859, stood with me in my independent faith. I went to Illinois in 1861, leaving Sr. Smith at home. While considering the subject of marriage, I was led to suggest to her the probability that I would have to leave her and go west, and that while there I would probably have to leave her among strangers for a year or so at a time, while I went elsewhere to preach. I suggested that she might not always have enough to eat, or all the clothing she needed at times, and then said think it over two weeks before you give an answer to my proposal of marriage. At the end of that time she said she was willing to share life with me, even if these things should take place. And singular as it may appear, all that I pictured before her mind came to pass in after years. I left in October, and in May, 1862, she came to me, traveling nearly a thousand miles with her year old child.

In Fayette county, Illinois, near Vandalia, I preached and baptized some

thirty-five souls and formed Mt. Zion Christian Church. Here I was greeted as a Mormon, but what that meant, save polygamy, I did not know. However, the people said: "Whether he be a Mormon or not, he preaches the best Bible doctrine we have ever heard." I stayed in this region eleven months, preaching not less than four times a week. I received in that time a half dollar and a new soft felt hat as my salary. We lived with a noble family named Bray, from Tennessee, Union refugees. They were good people, kind, hospitable, honest and upright, and I believe that I shall meet them in the kingdom of God. They cared for us as if we were their own flesh and blood. While here I received an offer from the Unitarian Book House in Massachusetts, to travel for them and circulate their books, obtain subscriptions for their papers and present their faith, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year; but I declined on the ground that I could not preach some of the views of that body, and I would not preach an error knowingly, or keep back what I believed to be truth for the best salary they could offer, so I labored on for my fifty cents and two dollar hat.

Before I left this region I had a call to the pastorate of a Christian Church at Paris, Edgar county. I went and preached a few times, but I suppose I was too radical, and preached more than the "three facts" as gospel; so we could not agree, and the Lord had something else in view for me.

I had gotten into a correspondence with Elder Henry McCullough, living in Bureau county, Illinois, and by invitation we left for LaSalle county in the fall of 1863, calling at Bunker Hill and Carlville on the way.

Our little boy, John Conrad, died and was buried at Vandalia; our first one—our little Amelia—died in infancy in Philadelphia. We found a home in LaSalle county with Mr. Johnson near Ottawa, and there we formed the acquaintance of Elder Finn, and received from him some Millennial Harbingers, published at Detroit, Michigan, by Elder Thomas G. Newman. I soon discovered that I had at last found a home, for our views were in perfect harmony. I began at once to write for the Harbinger, both prose and poetry, and wrote a pamphlet which became very

popular among them, called "The Kingdom of God—not the church nor in heaven." I should change it somewhat if revising it now.

After laboring a while in and around Deer Park, stopping in the meantime with Elder Calkins and his kind family. I received a call from Strawberry Point, Delaware county, Iowa; but I had only nine dollars, and could raise no more, while the fare was eighteen dollars. I prayed over the subject and asked the Lord to open the way, if it was his will that I should go there. In a few days I received a letter from Mr. F. Chamberlin of Barry, Pike county, Illinois, who said he felt an irresistible impression to send me ten dollars, as he believed that I was in need of it. I thanked God, and Bro. Chamberlin likewise, and told him my situation. So we went to Manchester, and in due time to Strawberry Point, where we found a comfortable home in the family of Elder Peter S. W. Dayo.

From there we went to Greeley, Delaware county, where we found a pleasant home with Elder Gildersleeve, and where our Albert Alma was born. While here I became dissatisfied with my former baptism, as I did not comprehend "the gospel of the kingdom" fully when I was baptized by J. S. Smith in the east. After much investigation I was baptized near Eldora, Hardin county, by Elder Brayton, and ordained under his and W. S. Shockey's hands.

We soon after this went to Nevada, Story county, and then to Alden, Hardin county. About this time, in connection with Elder Shockey and others, I called a conference of the ministry of the Church of God in Iowa, and we formed the "Iowa Association of the Church of God." Bro. Shockey was chosen president and I secretary and state evangelist. While performing my duties in this position I met Bro. Jason W. Briggs, near Alden, while I was preaching not far from his house. He attended most of my meetings, and most generally would arise at the close and endorse my preaching; and he told it around that I preached more Bible truth than any man he had ever heard, or heard of, outside his own church. We found a pleasant home at Alden with Mr. Furry and his most excellent wife.

We moved to Independence, Buchanan

county, and stayed there a few months only, for I felt an ever increasing desire to return to Alden; so in the end of February, 1866, I made a pair of runners and took the wheels off my wagon and fastened the axles to the runners and put the wheels in the hind part of the wagon, and started back for Alden, with Helen and Albert. Helen murmured about going, and wanted to know what I was going for. I could only say, "I do not know, only I must go." We reached Alden and I commenced preaching in Bro. Briggs' vicinity again.

On one occasion six months before, when I was preaching in the Liberty School-house, Bro. Israel L. Rogers was present and heard me, and was much pleased. Bro. Briggs remarked to him, as Bro. Rogers afterwards told me, "I will baptize that man in six months from now." This was in October, 1865. He baptized me March 14th, 1866.

On the 13th of March I went to Bro. Briggs' house by invitation from him, to talk over our respective views. We commenced to talk at nine a. m., and continued without interruption until three p. m., he eating no dinner and I but little. Of course we did not discuss our points of agreement, but the calling of Joseph Smith, necessity of baptism and ordination by those having authority, church organization, baptism of the Holy Spirit, and spiritual gifts were all discussed thoroughly. I brought up every argument that I could conceive of against his positions, but they were fully answered until I had no more to say. When he sustained his ground by sound reasonable and Scriptural testimony I conceded the point. I did not discuss for the mastery, but I wanted the truth, and that only. I hated then as I do now, debate for the mere sake of appearing the abler man, and for the sake of having the last word.

To be continued.

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## EMINENT HEBREWS.

BY ELDER F. M. SHEEHY.

THE object of this article is to notice some who have become prominent among the Hebrews since the inception and establishment of "the marvelous work and a wonder, of Isaiah 29: 14, in connection with which, as an important factor, is the saying of the prophet in verse twenty-two of the same chapter,— "The house of Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale."

For many centuries the Hebrews have been objects of hatred and violent inhuman treatment by the "natives" or Gentiles, unparalld in historic times. They have survived it all, although they are scattered over every province of the habitable globe.

"Neither mountains nor rivers, nor deserts, nor oceans, have terminated their wanderings, which are the boundaries of other nations. They abound in Turkey, Poland, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Germany and the northern states of Africa, especially Tunis and Morocco; in Italy, Portugal, France, Britain, Hindos-

tan, Persia, Egypt and United States.

"They have long been established in China, which abhors the foreigner, and in Abyssinia, which is almost as difficult to reach as to quit. They are found also in New Holland, Japan and the West Indies; in Switzerland and Sweden and the Isles of Greece; on the rock of Gibraltar and at the Cape of Good Hope. They have drunk of the Tiber, the Thames and the Tigris; of the Niger and the Ganges, and of the Mississippi. They have trodden the snows of Siberia, and sands of the burning deserts; and the traveler hears of their existence in regions which he can not reach even in the interior of Africa, south of Timbuctoo."

Their ill treatment and scattered condition are well known subjects of Bible prophecy. In the midst of this state of affairs a young prophet (Joseph Smith) makes the announcement that the day of Israel's favor is at hand, in fulfillment of the ancient prophets. Facts subsequent to his announcement sustain him, a few of which we offer that relate particularly

to England. In order that the lines may be more vivid we will refer briefly to their history in England, in times previous to the work brought about by Joseph Smith and his co-workers.

In 1188, they were robbed by the government. A year later, when Richard I became monarch, they were robbed, and multitudes of them put to death at York. They were so sorely pressed by the mob that they shut themselves up in a castle, and rather than fall into the hands of their English persecutors, killed their wives and children, after which five hundred destroyed themselves in the flames. Many of the wealthiest of them left the kingdom, but were afterwards invited back only to be plundered. Their property was often claimed by the authorities and extorted from them by cruelties. One king made them wear badges of dishonor, and he put them all into prison until they paid enormous sums of money. Sometimes the bishops would not allow any provisions to be sold them; any that did it would be excommunicated from the church. Accused of the foulest crimes, whether found guilty or not, exorbitant fines were imposed upon them. In the thirteenth century the oppression was so severe that they requested to be allowed to leave England, but were not permitted. Seven hundred were murdered at one time, just to please the citizens. In 1220, they were banished from the realm, with a death penalty if they returned. Their property was seized, allowing them hardly a sufficiency to get away with. By this banishment they were excluded from England for a period of three hundred and fifty years.

The above is a sample of what occurred in England alone. Other countries were just as active in cruel hostility towards them; but this will answer for present purposes.

The first Jew to occupy a place upon the Judicial bench in Britain, was the Right Hon. Sir George Jessel, M. P. Q. C. After serving in Parliament for a liberal constituency, he was in 1871 made Solicitor General under the Gladstone administration. In February, 1872, he was publicly rewarded with the Knighthood, and in August, 1873, he was upon recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, chosen Master of Rolls, also at the same time being sworn in as a member of the

Privy Council. Sir George Jessel is reputed to be the greatest equity lawyer that has occupied the court of Master of Rolls during this generation.

Dr. Deutsch was appointed assistant in the library of the British Museum in 1855, of which place he has said: "For nigh twenty years it was my privilege to dwell in the very midst of that pantheon called the British Museum, the treasures whereof, be they Egyptian, Homeric, palimpsest, or Babylonian uniform, the mutilated glories of the Parthenon, or the Etruscan, mysterious grotesqueness, were all at my beck and call all days, all hours." He was versed in European, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Chaldaic, Aramaic and Phœnician tongues. He is author of numerous papers in Chamber's Encyclopedia, and Kitto's and Smith's Bible dictionaries.

Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmith, Bart., whose death occurred in 1859, rose to prominence in England, was immensely wealthy, noted for activity in industrial projects and in moral and educational cultivation of the masses, the founding of colleges and works of philanthropy. He was made a Baronet of the United Kingdom, also a knight of the tower and sword of Portugal. The King of Portugal also conferred upon him the title of Baron.

Sir Frances Henry Goldsmith, Bart., M. P., son of the above, was admitted to the bar in 1833, the first Jew who ever obtained that distinction in Great Britain, was elected to parliament in 1860, remaining a member thereof until his death in 1878. He held several other offices, and was noted for his zeal towards religious liberty and efforts to succor the afflicted and poverty-stricken of all creeds.

Numa Edward Hartog, born in 1846, succeeded after wonderful ability manifested in his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge, in being elevated to Senior Wrangler, never before honored by an Israelite. The "London, Jewish Chronicle," of February 5th, 1869, says: "A Senior Wrangler always stands alone. He is never found bracketed with another so near as not to be separable from him. The telegraph has flashed the news through the kingdom because it ranks as an event, the profound significancy of which is recognized on all hands."

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon young Hartog in the fol-

lowing form: "*Auctoritate mihi commissa admitto te ad telulam Baccalaurei in Artibus designate.*" omitting the, to him as a Jew, objectionable part, "*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.*" which makes it read, "By the authority committed to me I grant (or give) to you the title called (or designated) Bachelor in Arts." The part left out in deference to him is, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit."

As a Jew he could not subscribe to it in the Christian form. The favor granted him on the occasion was remarkable.

Sir Benjamin S. Phillips was the first Hebrew to serve as Common Councilman of London. In 1857 he was chosen Alderman, which post he filled until elected Sheriff, which office he served in 1859 and 1860. In 1865, he was made Lord Mayor of London. In deference to his strict conformity to Jewish observances the outgoing chief magistrate postponed the usual festivities from the 29th of September, which fell on the eve of the day of Atonement, to the 3d of October. During his term of mayoralty he had the honor of entertaining the King of Belgium at a grand banquet. The royal appreciation was shown by decorating the Lord Mayor with the order of Leopold. In 1863 he devised means to succor the distress caused by famine and cholera in India, for which service the Queen knighted him.

Rev. Dr. Louis Loewe was private secretary to Sir Moses Montefiore, Head Master to the Jews' College, Examiner for Oriental languages to the Royal College of Preceptors, Principal of the theological college at Ramsgate, a member of the Royal Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Asiatic Society at Paris, also author of several public works.

Sir David Salomons, Bart., M. P., was one of the most prominent and persistent of English Jews who fought the prejudices against his race, several times he ran for parliament and finally was seated in 1859. The chief causes of his defeat on previous occasions was because he would not take the required oath,—“On the true faith of a Christian,” which oath was repealed in 1858. His associates in the conflict for religious toleration were such men as Montefiore, Rothschild, Goldsmith, Macauley, Sir John Russell, Bentwick, Daniel O'Connell, Grote, D'Israeli

and Gladstone. He was the first of the two Jews who attained unto that high position, Lord Mayor of London. Sir David wrote several essays on questions of religious liberty, currency, coin laws, oaths, etc., etc.

Baron de Worms, born in London, is a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Middlesex, as well as Member of Parliament, noted for his espousal of the cause of religious toleration.

Rev. Prof. Abram de Sola, L. L. D., was an English Jew noted for his attainments in zoology, cosmogony and in Botany of the Scriptures. He was the author of the History of the Jews in England, History of the Jews of Poland, History of France, Notes on the Jews of Persia, Peritsol's Cosmography, and of other works of a high literary character. On January 9th, 1872, he was privileged to open the Congress of the United States, being the first foreign clergyman to invoke the divine blessing within the halls of an American Congress.

Nathan Meyer Rothschild, the English representative of the great financial house of the world, was the head of the firm. The other members of the family always consulted him upon matters pertaining to the business of which it is said “that they never took a bad loan on hand, and hardly any good loans fell into the hands of the others.” He was known for works of philanthropy, and he gave large sums of money to Jewish and Christian institutions. At his death, which occurred in 1836, many thousand pounds were left to be distributed among the poor by his widow.

Lionel Nathan de Rothschild, son of the above, served as a Member of Parliament.

Right Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli (whose father was also a Jew of note) arose to the highest eminence, bearing the crown, that Britain has to offer, and for statesmanship was recognized as the peer of any man of his time.

As a fitting capstone to this arch of eminent Jews we place the name of Sir Moses Montefiore, Baronet, F. R. S., who lived to see his hundredth year, and died amid the teeming praises of the civilized world, as the philanthropist of the age.

It will be noticed that these men arose to their grandeur in departments of life where the higher and nobler qualifications

of the soul were developed, and that this favor has come since "the morning of a beautiful clear day, early in the spring of 1820," when the heavenly messenger brought the glad news to the young man when he went to prayer, and pointed him to the prophesies that told of the day of

Israel's favor spoken of by Paul, Romans eleventh chapter, to take place when "the fulness of the Gentiles be come in."

With such characters as we have referred to to make up Israel's modern history, they certainly have no need to blush with shame.

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### TREAD LIGHTLY.

BY CARRIE A. THOMAS.

Lightly tread  
Round this lowly, turfy bed;  
Step with care,  
Some one lies there!  
See this fair young rose in bloom,  
Sending forth its sweet perfume,  
Breathing fragrance round the tomb.  
Touch it not  
In this sacred spot!

Here alone  
Rests a form whose spirit, flown,  
Dwells above  
In eternal love;  
But the cherished form so dear,

Free from sorrow, pain or fear,  
Long may lie in slumber here.  
Oh how blest  
Is such peaceful rest!

Look around;  
View each narrow grass-grown mound.  
Such may be  
Resting place for thee.  
All, the pain of death must know,  
All must lie in slumber low;  
But must rise to life or woe  
When at last  
Earth's full day is past!

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### A SHORT HISTORY OF MY EARLY LIFE.

BY JOHN HAWLEY.

I WAS born March 4th, 1826. Was baptized July, 1837, by William O. Clark, in Ray county, Missouri; and thus I became a member of the body of Christ. I became acquainted with the editor of this magazine in early life, in Missouri, and have often seen her when I was but a boy; and my father's family and hers were pretty well acquainted with each other. But to return to my life in Missouri.

At the time of the last trouble between the Saints and the Missourians in that state, my father was living in Ray county. He had to flee to Far West, for his life was threatened by the mob. Before he went he promised safety to the family, and mounting a horse, without weapons, he started. When out about four miles on the road he looked back and saw two men behind him on horseback, whom he

took to be his enemies. Knowing that Bogart, a Methodist preacher, was camped with troops at the main ford of Fishing River, to avoid this mob he left the main road, intending to cross above where the mob were camped. When he left the road to go to the upper crossing, the men spurred their horses, and before father was aware of danger, came within close range and shouted: "Stop, or we'll kill you." But father thought it would be death if he should stop, so he whipped up and left them.

These men came to our house the next day and told mother and the children how they got within ten yards of father and told him to stop or they would shoot him, and they said the reason for not shooting him, was, they "hadn't power to lift their guns to their shoulders;" and this was the way the Lord fought his battle.

These same men, with others of our neighbors, stood guard night after night, thinking father would come home, and they intended to shoot him on first sight.

Think of such treatment as this for about three months, dear Saints. And this is not half that we could tell that others suffered; for we only suffered fear, while others suffered torture and death.

The mob took all our horses and stock, except a few head of cattle.

There was a man by the name of Sherman who had agreed with the mob to give up his arms if they would let him remain in peace where he was. This they agreed to do. This man claimed to be a follower of Christ and to belong to our church. He advised my mother to send her boys with the cattle down to his father-in-law, (who was no other than Alpheus Cutler). He had made friends with the mob, as Sherman had. Mother had no one to console or advise her but her children, so she took his (Sherman's) advice and said to my oldest brother George, myself and brother Aaron, to go down to Bro. Cutler's with the cattle. The mob was traveling by, daily, to Far West to fight the Mormons, as they said. We started with the cattle, but before leaving, Sherman gave us orders to deny to all we met that we were Mormon boys; and this we agreed to do. We had to pass through Richmond before we got to Cutler's, and when within seven miles of that point we met a large gang going to Far West, and the captain of the mob swore our cattle were Grand River cattle and we were Mormon boys; but we

denied being Mormons. The captain swore an oath, and said he would make us tell the truth or he would cut our throats from ear to ear. So he came at George first. Opening his old fashioned dirk knife and grabbing him by his hair, he swore he would cut his throat if he did not tell he was a Mormon; but George would not tell. Failing to get the truth out of him, he came at me like a demon, and back went my head with a jerk, and he said about the same to me that he had said to George; but a lie came out of my mouth as it had done out of my brother's. Aaron being quite young told the truth and confessed that we were Mormon boys. So the captain of the mob dispatched a man to Richmond to tell the people to take our cattle from us; but when we passed through, it was about ten o'clock at night; so we were not disturbed. This was my first imprisonment, as we were taken and kept prisoners about three hours.

In conclusion let me say, we lost by this drive about all our cattle; but after that we told all who asked us that we were Mormons, and I can say in truth, this was the first and last time I ever denied being a Mormon, or Saint.

When peace was declared between the Saints and Missourians, we had but little of this world's goods. We were about like Lehi when he left Jerusalem; and this was the case with nearly all the church. But I have lived until now, and God being my helper, I do not intend to fall by the way.

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## A REMINISCENCE OF THE "DARK DAY."

MAY 1, 1780.

Men prayed and women wept; all ears grew sharp  
To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter  
The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
Might look from the rent clouds, not as He looked  
A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
A justice and inexorable law.  
Meanwhile, in the old State House, dim as ghosts,  
Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
"It is the Lord's Great Day! Let us adjourn,"  
Some said; and then, as if with one accord,  
All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport,

He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
The intolerable hush. "This well may be  
The Day of Judgment which the world awaits;  
But be it so or not, I only know  
My present duty and my Lord's command  
To occupy till He come. So at the post  
Where He hath set me in His providence,  
I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face;  
And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
Let God do His work, we will see to ours.  
Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.  
—John G. Whittier.



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. II.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

ON Tuesday the 10th we met with the Saints at Gringly. Bro. Ure addressed the meeting, followed by brethren Watson, Brewerton and myself. On the 11th we met again at Mattersea and preached there. Next morning Bro. Ure and myself took leave of that place and walked to Workshop, and the next day being the 13th, we parted, he going to Sheffield while I walked to Mansfield, thence to Nottingham the same day.

On the 18th I left Nottingham and walked to Chesterfield, remaining there until the 21st, and then walked to Sheffield, where I had the pleasure of meeting Elders Pratt and Taylor from America. On the 22d we met in the Music Hall where brethren Pratt and Taylor preached to large and attentive congregations. General satisfaction was given and the Saints rejoiced in the first principles of the gospel set forth by the apostles of the latter days. Tuesday, 24th, I returned to Chesterfield; next day brethren Taylor and Scovil also arrived, and we hired the assembly room and they preached in the evening. On the 26th we took train for Sheffield arriving there at noon. At four in the afternoon we met in the Hall of Science at a public tea party held by the Saints, and two hundred took tea together. Bro. Pratt was chosen chairman of the meeting. The best order prevailed, and after tea brethren Pratt and Taylor gave much good instruction and showed the future prospects of the Saints, to the joy and comfort of all present. Next morning they left for Doncaster.

I continued traveling and preaching, ever praying for the Spirit of God to direct and keep me humble, that I might be able to cheer and encourage the Saints, and find out the honest in heart who had not yet heard and embraced the truth.

On the 27th of June, 1847, I walked to Chesterfield and met in conference with Bro. Scovil, who was about to leave for the land of Zion. I was appointed to labor in Sheffield, which I did until Bro. Dunn came from America to take the presidency of that conference. I then returned to my former field of labor. In August I traveled in company with Bro. Dunn, and on the 2d of October I went to

Derby and Burton-on-Trent, and the next day brethren Dunn, Ward and myself walked to Greasley, in Derbyshire, and held conference there; we then walked to a place called Wooden Box to stop for the night.

On the 3d we walked to Whitwick, a small village in Leicestershire, twelve miles from Wooden Box, and on the 8th went to Sheepshed, and from there to Loughbro, where we took train to Leicester, twelve miles, meeting in conference with the Saints and where I first saw Bro. Spencer. I preached in and around Chesterfield until January, 1848. I then walked to Whitwell, Cramford, Stavely and other points, preaching at each place, doing what good I could at every opportunity. Went to Drenfield and Bolsover and then returned to Chesterfield, visiting and exhorting by the way, and preached at Totley, Drenfield, Brimington and Barlow. I afterwards went to Sheffield, held conference, and had a glorious time. Love and unity prevailed among the Saints; nothing but peace during the entire session.

I left Sheffield on the 30th and started for Liverpool on my way to Scotland, and landed in Glasgow at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 31st. Took train to Airdrie, my native town, and on arriving found my parents and all well. My father seemed more lenient towards me than when I saw him last, for he had banished me from his presence when I joined the church.

I met with the Saints there, finding a good feeling among them, and many bore testimony to the work. I preached for them, and apparently, good was done. On Friday I preached at Chapel Hall, a few miles from Airdrie, after which I returned and preached there three times on Sunday.

On Monday I set off for Kibornie and met with the Saints; also met Bro. Douglas from Glasgow. That night held a public meeting attended by many strangers. The next day Bro. Douglas and I walked to Dabry. From there I went to several other places, obeying the command to cry aloud and spare not, and visited my Uncle Glaud, whom I had not seen

for six years. I preached in Victory Hall, Kimarnock, and in Gatehead and Donald, two small villages near that place. Thus my time was employed until the 18th of May, when I left my father's house and on the 19th arrived in Liverpool. Called on Bro. Spencer and spent a few hours with him and at three in the afternoon left by train for Sheffield, via Manchester, where I found many of the Saints waiting my arrival. I met them gladly for they seemed to receive me almost as a father.

May 2d I walked to Kirkby, and then took train to Nottingham. Met brethren Dunn, Robins and Richards, and spent the time there busily engaged in the Master's work until Saturday, the 5th, when in company with Bro. Wigley, I walked to Basford; thence by train to Mansfield and Sutton, preaching by the way.

On the 25th Bro. Bagley and I walked to Chesterfield, and attended a Saints' camp meeting. On Sunday the 27th met in the market-place and had a good congregation. Brethren Lees, Mitchel, Dunn and Babbit were present; all bore a faithful testimony to this work being true.

On the 28th we met at five p. m. in the large assembly room, the house being crowded to excess. About three hundred took tea, and the evening was spent, as usual, in singing, speaking, etc. It was a time of rejoicing long to be remembered. Much good was done; peace prevailed in almost every soul present.

On the 29th Bro. Dunn preached in the chapel on the Book of Mormon—a good meeting.

A few days after I met a number of Elders at a place called the Forrest, and found great contention through the secret council of a brother, which did much harm to the branch. Such things are grievous, but it is only one among the many in the life of a traveling elder who is seeking to do right and shun that which is evil. We often meet with opposition, but it is nothing compared with the workings of an evil spirit among the brethren.

June 17th I walked to Mansfield, preached three times, had good liberty and excellent meetings; the Spirit of the Lord gladdened our hearts. Many strangers were present, and a number gave in their names for baptism.

On the 19th I walked to Woodhouse,

preached in the evening and after meeting baptized six persons, some of whom had belonged to the original Methodist Church. After baptism I walked to Mansfield, and on the 21st started for Sheffield, calling at Clay Cross and Brampton.

On the 23d I met brethren John Fletcher, Dunn, Babbitt and Robins, and spent the evening pleasantly transacting business.

On the 24th we met in conference. All the branches were represented in good standing, total membership being 1,723. During the quarter 267 had been baptized. Had a grand time and a general good feeling; the Saints parted rejoicing in the truth, and next evening met a few friends at Tapton, two miles from Sheffield.

July 1st we held a camp-meeting in Belper Town. The weather was not favorable and few attended. The meetings were addressed by brethren Taylor, Goulder, Stone and myself. The rain coming on in the evening, we repaired to the Saints' meeting room, where I spoke on the first principles of the gospel, and good feeling prevailed.

On the 2d Bro. Brewerton and I walked to a place called Hennor, and there met the Eastwood Saints awaiting our arrival to open up the gospel in that place. We assembled in the open air, and I spoke on the coming of the Kingdom of God to a large congregation. Although it was outdoor preaching, there was good order and all seemed interested. The good that may have been done, our Heavenly Father knows, and the fruit may be seen after many days.

On the 15th held meeting in Balsover, and preached on the Book of Mormon; and on the 16th visited the old Castle and gardens. Many thoughts ran through my mind as I stood there looking at the great tower, the thick walls, the narrow cells, etc., where many have been imprisoned and no doubt tortured and put to death because of their religion. How different the age in which we live! All are free to choose for themselves. Thank God for this privilege!

I continued my travels as heretofore until September 3d, when I rode to Derby and took train for Liverpool, in company with Bro. Dunn, arriving there at nine o'clock at night. The next morning brethren Robins, Dunn and myself went to the office and met brethren Pratt, Gib-

son and Burges. We then walked to the vessel which would soon leave with a load of Saints for the land of Zion, staying some time on board, looking after berths and other things, and then went to the train. There we met Bro. Fletcher and family and saw them all right and prepared to cross the sea. Next day, the 5th, spent the time assisting the Saints, and at twelve o'clock the vessel cleared the docks and lay in the river till four in the afternoon, then put out to sea. On the same day I crossed the river with sister Soar to Birkenhead. I returned to Liverpool and in the evening met with the Saints in the Music Hall and addressed them. Next morning I left for Chesterfield, via Manchester, Sheffield, etc., taking sister Fenton, who was too ill to go to America, safe back to her home.

October 22d attended meeting at Hyson Green, and bade farewell to Bro. Mitchel who was going to America.

November 1st Bro. Bagly and I visited the Saints at Tog Hill, Eastwood, Bagerly, Old Brunsby and New Brunsby, cheering and exhorting them to faithfulness in keeping the commandments of God; felt well in so doing, for while we were seeking to build up others, we ourselves were being strengthened. I then walked to Hyson Green, administering the sacrament, and found all rejoicing in the Lord. Walked to Benton to see Mr. Shelton about a chapel; returned and held council meeting in the evening, setting all things in order, leaving the officers united, and an apparent foundation for a great work.

On the 20th Bro. Dunn, Richards and myself ate dinner at Bro. Hayledon's in Basford, when we returned to Nottingham. The work of the Lord was very prosperous in that place.

On the 21st we walked to Radford, had some private conversation with brethren Bagly and Soar about going to Zion, machinery, etc., and in the evening returned and held fellowship meeting in the chapel. Many bore testimony to the work of God, and Bro. Richards gave some good instruction. On the 24th at home all day with a bad cold, but in the evening walked over to Bro. Grimshaw's.

On the 25th Bro. Richards and Wigley preached in the chapel and Bro. Selby and myself at the room; both places were nearly full; the spirit of peace reigned, and the Saints were made glad. Truly the

Lord blessed us, for which we hope to glorify His holy name forever.

On the 30th was not well. Went to Bro. Stapleton's to tea, conversing on the gospel, and on December 2d Mr. Antliff, a primitive Methodist preacher had been lecturing in the Town Hall against the Saints. I answered his objections and many came to our room to hear the reply. A good feeling was manifested and the Saints rejoiced; some ready for baptism.

On the 15th walked out to Radford station to meet Bro. Dunn. We walked to Nottingham, called on several of the Saints and made arrangements for conference which was to commence the day following and on Sunday, December 10th, 1849, the first conference [in that place. —Ed.] of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was held at the St. Ann's Chapel, St. Ann's Street, Nottingham. Meeting opened at half-past ten a. m., and Bro. Crandle Dunn was chosen to preside, John Grimshaw chosen clerk. Meeting opened with singing and prayer, after which Bro. Dunn gave some excellent instruction, and cautioned the brethren to beware of party feelings and never call men to the priesthood for favor; for such proceedings will be sure to bring down curses instead of blessings; but to seek the Spirit of God to guide in all things. This had a good effect and was quite in place as a word in due season. Then came the representation of the branches by their several delegates, who were all present. The first called for was New Brunsley being the oldest, or first raised up in that region of country. The total and increase I will only record here:

New Brunsley 44, baptized 4; Eastwood 51, baptized 1; Henner 27, baptized 3; Nottingham 207, baptized 30; Arnold 66, baptized 23; Calverston 49, baptized 7; Mansfield 135, baptized 15; Sutton 38, baptized 10; total membership 617; increase 93.

After this representation and the report of the elders concerning the standing and feeling of the Saints, we found things in a very prosperous state, the Saints united and officers determined to carry out the purposes of God made known by his servants in these last days. I gave a few instructions to the officers upon being humble and faithful to the covenants they had made with the Lord, seeking to build up the kingdom of God, and in the

due time of the Lord we should be gathered to Zion. Adjourned to meet at two o'clock.

At the hour appointed the chapel was full and Bro. Dunn and myself took up all the time, speaking of the great work of God and how it had rolled on in spite of all its opposers. We gave some advice concerning the observing strictly of the laws of God and walking in the light of the gospel. A good feeling prevailed and joy beamed on every face, so much so that strangers were astonished at our love and gladness of heart to see each other. In the evening I preached on the Book of Mormon to a crowded house. At the close we parted, all well satisfied with the proceedings of the day.

On the evening of Monday, 17th, I preached my farewell sermon to the Saints in Nottingham, and truly it was to me a time of rejoicing, for the Spirit of God rested upon me in mighty power and the Saints wept bitterly at my going, as the work had greatly prospered under my administration and the Saints had great love towards me. After meeting I had the good wishes and blessings of many both in and out of the church. Scores stood around me and wept and shook hands; indeed such a scene I had never beheld. It filled my very heart with grief, and caused me to wish we were where the weary rest, and where parting shall be felt no more.

Next day I went to Radford, called at Bro. Soar's and Bagley's, and went to Bro. Revel's and took tea, and on the 22d I met Bro. Cummins for the first time—the one who had come to take the presidency of the Sheffield conference. At ten o'clock on the 23d conference assembled at the hall in Sheffield. After the meeting was opened we entered upon the business of the day. The branches were represented mostly in good standing, the increase of the quarter was 158 baptized. In the evening I was called on to speak. I arose and laid before the Saints a few of my trials in the conference, how the work had been prospered all the time, what difficulties the elders have to contend with, and how their hands are sometime tied so that they can not spread the work for want of means, and thus their labors are not of so much value; how they can not bring forth the fruit they would if they had the faith, prayers and full confidence of the

Saints with their support in temporal things also; that I left them with the best of feelings, had nothing against any one, and that I had all the time sought to build up the kingdom of God, and save mankind in the way that the Almighty had appointed. I leave this conference because called to another field of labor, Bro. Orson Pratt, president of the church in Europe having appointed me to preside over the Liverpool conference. I hope I shall have an interest in your prayers, and that we may meet again and enjoy each others' society, where peace, love and joy may fill the hearts of all who dwell on the earth.

Bro. Cummins arose and spoke for a short time, and truly his teachings were cheering. He made some remarks upon the sufferings of the Saints in America and the manifestations of God towards them in the midst of their trials. Said he had come to preside over them and hoped the Lord would bless his labors, etc., that through their united efforts the work might roll on and the honest in heart be gathered to Zion, and there learn the laws of God and have eternal life in the kingdom of righteousness. All seemed satisfied and the Saints kindly administered to our wants.

Next day settled some church business, prepared the minutes of the conference for publication, took tea at Bro. Lee's and spent the night there.

On the 25th we met in the Hall of Science, a social gathering. At 2:30 took tea, and after the tables were cleared the room was nearly full. Singing commenced, and after that some good recitations, then a dialogue between reason, tradition and Scripture was ably performed by brethren Long, Hardy and Birtles; a short speech from Bro. Dunn and myself and the meeting closed; all in good spirits and rejoicing in the freedom of the gospel. Thus ended our labors in the Sheffield conference. Sister Myra Clayton and her sister Sarah and Mrs. Waterfield their aunt, are good Saints. They made me welcome to their humble fare.

Mansfield greatly prospered in my hands. I raised up three branches,—Woodhouse, Sutton, and Mansfield,—in about thirteen months, numbering one hundred and thirty-eight Saints, mostly baptized and confirmed by myself. The gifts and blessings were felt much in our

midst, particularly in healing. Some had powerful manifestations of the wisdom and glory of God in visions, etc.

While I built up the Mansfield branch, I was also president of Chesterfield, Bolsover, Clay Cross and Stavely, which all sprang out of the Chesterfield branch during my presidency. All these places were in a prosperous condition, as well as the Nottingham district over which I had presided for the last three months, all of which I left in good standing and with the best of feelings. My labors in the Sheffield conference were five years and nine months, and during that time above two thousand were added by baptism, many emigrated and many died, etc. It was organized into twenty-six branches and several ready for organization. I have seen much of the power of God and witnessed His goodness in the healing of the sick, in dreams and visions, tongues and interpretation of tongues, visions that I have had myself. I am sorry that I did not record these things in their time, but traveling from place to place as I had to do, and little convenience for writing, I passed them over, but they are known to me, for what my eyes beheld, my ears heard, and my own soul experienced, no one knoweth but myself. To me it is a comfort and fills my heart with joy and gladness that is easier felt than expressed. Gratitude shall ever fill my soul to my Father in heaven when I reflect on what

He has done for me, in weakness. He called me to labor in his vineyard, yet He has made me strong, for when traveling among strangers I have been supported, fed and clothed, and not only has the things of earth been my portion, but the blessings of my heavenly Father have been richly poured out upon my head throughout all my ministry both in Scotland and England, thus fulfilling the prophecy spoken by Bro. McLellan on the banks of the river Colder, when he confirmed me a member of the church. O, may the Lord still guide my steps aright and enable me to keep all his holy commandments and be kept faithful to the covenants I have made and at last find eternal life in his kingdom, that I may enjoy all the blessings laid up for the righteous, and stand on the earth when the Son of man shall come to reign with his people, for the Redeemer's sake, Amen!

I have now finished the record of my labors up to 1849, and hope to be able to improve in future, that I may be a greater blessing to my fellow creatures, in declaring the fulness of the gospel and enlightening the minds of the children of men upon the great work of God that the meek may be saved in his kingdom, which is destined to fill the whole earth, sweep wickedness from the face of the earth, and prepare a way for the coming of the Son of Man even Jesus Christ the Redeemer.

(To be continued).

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## THE CARPENTER.

I watch him in the sunshine bright;  
A simple lot, a homely sight,  
Yet shining with a halo's light,—  
For Jesus was a carpenter.

Methinks I see the dear Lord stand  
With tools within his holy hand,  
And some long task before him planned,  
Like any village carpenter.

My gracious Lord! I can divine  
How beautiful, how true and fine,  
Was any work that was of thine  
When thou wert village carpenter.

Shall we on humble callings frown,  
Or on a laboring lot look down,

When he who wore a heavenly crown  
Became a simple carpenter?

When all the living seraphim,  
The angels and the cherubim,  
Adored the kingliness of him  
Who was a working carpenter?

Then who need mourn his low estate,  
Or murmur at a laboring fate,  
Since Jesus made all labor great  
When he became a carpenter?

And if our mortal hearts begin  
To haughty grow with pride and sin,  
Then may this little thought creep in,  
That Jesus was a carpenter.—*Sel.*

## PREACH ONLY CHRIST JESUS AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

BY ALICE E. COBB.

Paul knew when he said it, that he who preached thus  
 Must needs the whole plan of salvation discuss;  
 Because every part of the grand gospel theme  
 Glides into the mind like a smooth flowing stream,  
 And crowds out the errors till truths glimmer through,  
 And sparkle like flowers bespangled with dew.  
 These fact-founded topics are closely allied,  
 And based upon Jesus, and him crucified.

The old gospel story! Paul-like, we rehearse,  
 Re-read and re-write it, in prose and in verse;  
 And then the old book like a banner unfurled,  
 Displays a grand view of our sin-stricken world.  
 The picture floats flag-like and we can perceive  
 As center, the figures of Adam and Eve;  
 While far in the back ground is plainly descried  
 The meek, lowly Jesus, thorn-crowned, crucified.

This earth-sketch, though painted on canvas so vast,  
 Portrays but the present. The future, the past,  
 Are seen but by glimpses, rare, fleeting and dim,  
 Save when they are kindly re-tinted by him  
 Who can with distinctness the outlinings trace,  
 And fill in with plainness the mystical space.  
 Christ promised to send back this comforting guide,  
 After he should be taken, condemned, crucified.

He said there should be by this messenger brought,  
 Precious gifts, such as faith-gems and diamonds of thought.  
 All things, past and present and future should glide  
 Back into the mind to forever abide.  
 When man once possesses these treasures of lore,  
 He can not the gift nor the Giver ignore.  
 He knows when this promise hath been verified,  
 That it *was* Christ Jesus, whom they crucified.

No person need unto these riches aspire,  
 Who founds not his claim as the law doth require;  
 For man by self-right or transmission by birth,  
 Hath heirship to only the things of this earth.  
 And hence by adoption he only can hold  
 The rich spirit-gifts that the Savior foretold  
 Should follow the test-law that he would provide  
 To make man an heir with the Son crucified.

Through Adam man dies and doth bondage receive;  
 Through Christ, if he chooses, he gains a reprieve.  
 And "The way is so plain that way-faring men,  
 Though fools, need not err," for Jesus says, when  
 A man will comply with his simple command,  
 His mind shall with wisdom and knowledge expand;  
 He shall know if Paul hath the law misapplied  
 And falsely preached Jesus and him crucified.

Then reads he the Bible; a soft mellow light  
 Shines out on its pages, that sharpens the sight,

Until every shadow of doubt is dispelled,  
 And thorn-hidden blessings are plainly beheld.  
 The mind, when no longer with prejudice rife,  
 Grasps quickly the whys and the wherefores of life,  
 And knows that the story is not magnified,  
 But Jesus the Lord was indeed crucified.

This life seems spread out like a broad sweeping main,  
 Spell-bound we stand gazing until we would fain  
 Shrink back; but the breakers rush out on the beach,  
 And mountains of treasures sweep into our reach.  
 Around and about us great faith-billows roll,  
 And we are borne back to the home of the soul,  
 Enclasped in the arms of a friend true and tried,  
 Even Jesus the Savior, whom they crucified.

At first we stand awe-struck, bewildered, amazed,  
 Like one who when dreaming, awakens half dazed;  
 But how the heart leaps, as the welcoming cheer  
 Of voices familiar fall sweet on the ear;  
 How thrills the glad soul with a rapturous calm,  
 As eyes mirror faces and palm presses palm!  
 Then loud rings our anthem in ecstasy cried,  
 Christ Jesus my Savior, alive, deified!

No pen draws this picture, no pencil nor brush  
 Can paint the heart throbbings, nor sketch the strange hush  
 That steals o'er the senses and quickens the brain,  
 As faith-born we stand in our old home again.  
 No longer as aliens or strangers or foes,  
 As rebels or slaves, but redeemed from our woes,  
 Made rich, strong, perfected, released, purified,  
 Joint heirs with Christ Jesus, all crowned, glorified.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Feb, 11th.

## ESTHER.

A TRUE STORY.

### CHAPTER I.

"THERE comes old Aunt Ingals again with her basket of trinkets; should think she would get tired of such small business; I'm sure I'm tired of seeing her," said Luella Small, addressing her Aunt, whom we will call Ruth Perley. The young lady left the room, abruptly, and took a stroll in the garden. She was a highly respected young miss, and had attained the honors of teaching primary school in the city of P—. She was fine looking, active and warmhearted, yet she lacked the discipline that makes the heart alive to others' woes. Her home had afforded her comforts and advantages above those of the majority of

her associates, consequently she knew not how to sympathize with the unfortunate. The presence of such was a little repulsive to her, so she invariably shunned them, which caused her sympathy to lie dormant.

The old lady entered the back door with a gentle, familiar step, and came into the presence of Mrs. Perley. She was warmly greeted by the lady, whose heart was always open to receive the unfortunate of every grade. The old lady's step was feeble, her form slightly bowed, her garments out of style, worn and dusty, but her delicate countenance wore an expression that told of great peace within. She was much fatigued by

a half mile's walk, yet she felt pleased, for she had been successful in trade.

She lived in a city whose stores were many, and whose houses were thronged, yet there were a few who understood her situation that patronized her. Mrs. Perley was one who never let her go away empty handed, even if she did not have articles that they needed. Their interview, too, was always profitable to both. Aunt Esther, as the old lady was generally called, invariably left this house with a more buoyant step and a happier heart than any other house. Ofttimes she was accosted on the street with: "Well, Granny Ingals, where now with your basket? How goes trade?" etc., but she heeded it not; her thoughts were not on the things of earth.

"Some more of the old woman's thread, buttons, etc., to-day?" said Luella, imitating her who had scarcely gone through the gate.

"Yes, I usually trade with her," replied her Aunt in a respectful tone.

"Does not Uncle have such articles in his store?" queried the young miss.

"Yes, but I feel it a duty to patronize this poor child of misfortune, and I shall do so as long as I have the privilege," was the reply.

A few hours later, after Luella returned from a walk with her lover, she sat in the parlor with her aunt, who was waiting her husband's return from business. Both seemed to be in deep thought. At length the silence was broken by Luella's saying:

"Please tell me a story, Aunt."

"A fairy tale, a love story, or what?"

"Oh, just as you please, Aunt."

"My mother, your venerable grandmother, although long since fallen asleep, still speaks to her children and to her children's children." Mrs. Perley hesitated a moment as her mind ran back to the many bright associations of her youth.

"Go on, Aunt; I always love to hear about my much loved grandma, and love to hear her lessons of charity and wisdom."

"When she was a young lady, about your age, she became acquainted with your grandfather."

Luella's countenance grew more radiant with interest as her ear caught the pleasing subject her Aunt was introducing, and her interest was fully given to the

point that never fails to gain the attention of the young.

"At that time she was attending the Academy in the village of F——, and he was one of the teachers." A brilliant romance flitted through the young girl's mind as her Aunt proceeded with the story.

"She was a favorite pupil with her teacher in music and painting, and as the weeks and months passed by their affections ripened into those of congenial sisters. That dear teacher of my mother was not merely a friend for a day, but for life. To her she owed much; for it was by her faithfulness that mother became a fair scholar, and by her wise counsel her mind was filled with high thoughts before unknown to her, and to-day that influence is shedding its rays of light and prosperity upon her descendants. My story to-day is not about my mother's girlhood, but her teacher's." Luella's interest diminished somewhat at this remark, but her Aunt continued:

"Her congenial manner and honest heart won the love of her pupils and in fact of all who met her. Her warmest friend was a young gentleman of high rank who was a sophomore, and years after noted for the power of his pen, for his eloquence in oratory, and for his influence as a politician. We will call the subject of our story Miss Esther, at present. She boarded in a family by the name of Eaton. Her boarding master was a small merchant with one clerk. The latter was noted for affability and integrity—better to be chosen than great riches.

"Miss Esther sat by her window watching the last rays of the setting sun, and occasionally glancing down the long shaded avenue that led to the main road, her mind filled with bright visions of the future and joyous expectations of the present. At length a team stopped at the foot of the avenue, and a tall manly form was approaching the house. She met him on the piazza, and escorted him into the parlor, where he was familiarly greeted by every member of the family. In fact they were proud to claim that they were of one blood. That memorable evening as the good-bye Esther and good-bye Daniel were whispered in tones of love, the ring was placed on her finger and the vow sealed by a kiss. Only one



year and a half more in college and he would return to call her his own forever. Bright hopes were her solace amid hours of tedious labor, and beautiful visions of the future charmed her hours of sleep. She had struggled on in spite of all obstacles, with unflinching zeal, that she might be qualified for the honorable position that she so nobly filled. There appeared to be nothing that could darken her prospects in the future. She was a church member and a Sabbath School teacher, and in everything that she undertook she won the esteem of the public, yet amid it all she maintained a meek and quiet spirit. Her position was truly flattering, and it was envied by many.

"Arn't you going to church to-day, Esther?" asked her boarding mistress, a few weeks later, as the hour had arrived and the carriage was waiting at the door, and the former was not ready.

"I am not feeling well to-day, so must deny myself the privilege," replied Esther, and went to her room.

"All the family went, John the clerk included, for he was a strict church goer.

"The next morning Mr. Eaton took his money trunk from a closet, its accustomed place, where it was always kept locked, and left for the store. Esther, feeling somewhat indisposed, did not come down to breakfast, but, however, when the hour came of school she went to her task. On her return, feeling unusually fatigued, she retired to her room. She obeyed the summons at the tea table, yet having no desire for food.

"An unusual silence seemed to pervade the group, which was broken by Mr. Eaton's announcing the fact that his money trunk had been robbed of one hundred dollars in bank bills during the time that it was deposited in the closet between Saturday evening and Monday morning. Each one was greatly surprised at so unexpected a robbery, and who the robber could be they could not conjecture. John was less surprised than the others, for he had made the discovery in the morning. The closet door was locked and the trunk was locked, and no one had been in the house during the time except its inmates, unless while in their absence at church. On inquiry they learned that Esther had locked the house and spent the time in her room till they returned. There was a mystery in the case that they

could not fathom. They knew that John was strictly honest, for he had been in their employ years, and never was known to take a cent that was not his own. Esther had boarded with them nearly a year, and they had never seen the slightest exhibition of a defect in her principles; but as she knew where the keys were kept, and was alone in the house much of the day, their suspicion rested on her. She being of a sensitive nature, quickly perceived the fact, although no one was bold enough to plainly tell her that she must have been the guilty one. She and John both protested their innocence, and their willingness to have search made throughout the house for the lost money. Her countenance wore an uneasy look, while his was as calm as if nothing of the kind had happened. His integrity was untarnished and his employer's confidence in him was perfect; then why should he have been disturbed? After search, the fact was settled that the money was not in the house. They had various conjectures concerning the whereabouts of the money, but fully believed that they knew who had taken it; yet there was no proof. Gossips and busybodies harangued the one topic till Esther gave up her teaching and returned to her home; yet no clue to the money could be found. The story reached her neighborhood before she did. Some believed it, but those who knew her best disdained to accept the thought, while others thought that one hundred dollars was a great temptation to a young, aspiring girl like her—money, then, was worth twice its value now, if expended in the fashions of the day. Instead of facing the world with undaunted eye she shunned society and thereby confirmed the suspicion of the world. The story of the theft was communicated to her affianced, who after much hesitation broke off their correspondence with the cruel words: "I think it will be for our benefit to break the vow that has so strongly bound us."

"This last blow was heavier than the first, for it crushed every hope that had sustained her. "She had hopes, but they had fled." Her feelings at that time can be better imagined than described. At this crisis she left her home and sought shelter with her sister who lived many miles distant. In those days the

aid of steam was almost unknown; the general way of traveling was by stage-coach.

"After many days' tedious ride and many exchanges, she arrived at her sister's in the city of N——. There she was kindly welcomed. New hope began to spring up in her heart. She had no resources to rely on except her own efforts, but as her misfortunes were unknown in that place (except as she had confidence in her sister), and as her accomplishments were sufficient to insure success, she hoped soon to obtain employment. In this she was not disappointed. She was an exquisite artist and her work won the applause of all who beheld it. Her deportment commanded respect, yet her sad expression in spite of assumed smiles attracted no small attention. She felt that fortune was again smiling upon her, but still her heart yearned for the object of its purest and warmest affection. The wound was too deep to be healed in a moment, but at times she solaced herself with the thought that when he had learned the truth he would renew his vow. He was too true, too noble to forsake her without abundant cause. "Were it not for hope the heart would break."

#### CHAPTER II.

A year had been very pleasantly spent by the inmates of her sister's home, and also by Esther herself as regarded external pleasures, when on a lovely June morning their hearts were made glad by the birth of a lovely boy. The new being, fresh from the hand of the Creator, was welcomed by each one, the nurse not excepted. The glad father looked sadly upon the wan face of his beloved wife as he saw her wasting and fading day by day in spite of her new hope in life. Prayers and tears could not prevail, it was otherwise ordered. After a few months of hoping and doubting as the case might appear, the young mother was laid in the grave. Esther had nestled the little one in her own bosom from the first, and it had become to her the dearest object on earth. Her brother-in-law was soon to embark for a foreign country where he expected to remain a long time. She who intended to accompany him had gone to a fairer country. He with perfect confidence resigned his darling boy to Esther's keeping, but not without a

reasonable compensation. A new era was opening in her life; she had something to love, something to live for, consequently her sorrow over past misfortunes abated more rapidly than she could have believed possible. She sorrowed much over the loss of her sister, but she did not sorrow without hope. Not many days later she was again at home. Time had wiped out her former stains in a great degree, so much so that many who before her absence had shunned her now greeted her as friends. Others visited her out of curiosity to see her exhibit her little charge with all the fondness of a mother. A few declared that such was the case, and in a short time it was the general opinion, but fortunately for her, my mother and a few tried friends firmly believed in her integrity. Her feelings were oftentimes wounded at the unfeeling remarks of those who ought to have been friends, but she did not swerve from her duty, the duty that she owed to the child of her departed sister. The latter had been her friend when misfortunes had hung heavily over her, and now she would pay the debt in spite of all obstacles. In process of time her father's health became impaired, and their income became too small to meet their daily wants. The only alternative was she must leave the child in her mother's care and seek employment abroad, that she might aid in defraying their expenses. The people of her own village did not care to patronize her as a teacher, so she had to go out into the world again. She had no sister to go to, but my parents were to her as a sister and a brother, and through their instrumentality she came to this city and was blessed with marked success. She had been excluded from the church to which she belonged, so in process of time united with the order of which my parents were members, and took an active part in instructing youth in the things that she had always kept sacred in her heart, and thus she was again useful in the service of her Master.

"The larger part of her wages was sent home for the benefit of her parents and the little boy, who by that time had entered school and must have money to meet his expenses. His father had not been heard from for several years.

"It was announced in the papers that Dr. W——, her affianced of long ago,

was married to a young lady of affluence and noted rank. At this announcement every hope of their reconciliation died within her hitherto trusting heart. She had at times flattered herself that she should sometime lean upon that arm that had been promised as her support. She tried to apply her mind more closely to her labors, and her affections to the loved ones at home. Her lost Daniel had made his debut in the world of oratory and was met with applause on every hand. The periodicals of the day and the politicians harangued it where his own voice was not heard. All this was as solemn mockery to her poor, wounded heart; but how different would have been her emotions had she been the favored one. She was equally as competent as her rival, and not inferior in principle; why, then, should the former be the honored one and she the outcast? was a question that would occasionally arise in her mind, followed by the comforting words: 'All things work together for good to them who love the Lord.' 'I will lean on his arm, that will never fail though heaven and earth pass away,' were her thoughts.

"There were none in the city who knew the truth of Esther's misfortune except my parents and those to whom they had revealed it; but there were many who knew the false report and some were ready to embrace it. Error flies as if on wings, while truth makes slow progress.

"Thus things passed on for several years, but at length Esther was sent for to spend a short time at home with her brother-in-law, who had returned after a long silent absence. He had married in a foreign country and had returned to claim his boy. He had not forgotten his old friends, although he had neglected them while his mind had been occupied with new attachments and new scenes. He did not forget to reward the benefactors of his child for their kind efforts. It was a great sorrow to Esther to bid farewell to the child that she had watched over with all the fondness of a mother. He then had become a youth of promise and she was hoping that he would soon be able to aid in supporting her aged parents. That hope, too, like all others that she had cherished, was blighted. She returned to her labors, however, feeling deter-

mined to be faithful in all her duties if fortune was against her. She knew in whom she trusted and believed that He would do all things well. Her plans for this life were thwarted, but by that discipline, hard though it was, her hopes grew brighter in regard to eternal life.

"My father came in one day with sorrow portrayed on his countenance and remarked, 'John Tyler, our wholesale merchant, is very sick. His physician says there is no chance for him. I had word from his wife this morning that he desired us to come immediately and take Esther with us. We have been friends many years, but he never named to me that he was acquainted with Esther.'

"I think that was the name of the clerk where she boarded when she taught in the Academy years ago, but I never supposed it was the same man,' replied my mother.

"The following day they entered the magnificent dwelling of the dying man, and were ushered into his apartment which exhibited affluence and taste on every hand.

"His countenance was pale and emaciated, his eyes sunken and his expression too horrible to be described. When his eye met the sympathizing look of my father, a gleam of pleasure spread over his face, but when mother and Esther approached his bedside his emotions were too great for utterance. He gave vent to his feelings in violent sobbings. As his grief began to subside he exclaimed, 'Esther, O Esther, can you ever forgive me!'

"'Forgive you for what?' she queried, her countenance exhibiting surprise and ignorance at so unexpected a declaration. The mystery was soon unravelled in the following confession:

"'You remember the theft that took place at Mr. Eaton's, my employer's, when you boarded at his house?' interrogated the dying man, his eye upturned toward Esther, who was standing near him.

"'I do,' she softly replied.

"'I was the one who took the money and you were the one that was suspected. I have had the use of it and you have borne the disgrace, but your position has been enviable to my own. Now in my last moments I ask to be relieved of a guilty conscience which has been an abiding guest since the fatal morning

that I took the money from the trunk and sent it to my brother.' He paused for breath and she gently replied: 'I have nothing to forgive, neither have I power to relieve you of one stain of guilt. You must submit to the mercy of Him who will wash away our sins in his own precious blood and make us fit to enter into his presence.'

'He continued: 'Soon after you left Eaton's I left and joined my brother in business. He invested a small amount and the one hundred dollars; and I, what I had saved of my wages. We have been prosperous as the world terms it, but we have many times lost the stolen amount and always been harassed by guilt. I've been a church goer and helped support the cause; have been styled an honest man and received the applause of the world, while you have been crushed by a series of misfortunes, and my act of theft was the cause of them all. O, can it be possible that such a gross crime can be forgiven!'

'He closed his eyes and clasped his hands as if to seek forgiveness.

'She bent over him and gently replied: 'Though your sins are as scarlet they shall be white as wool.'

'Yes; but I do not merit it,' he said, after a few moments pause.

'It is not in our own merits that we claim the forgiveness of heaven, but in the merits of Christ.'

'Oh, had I sought forgiveness before your hopes were blasted! I gladly would have done so when I've heard your fervent petitions go up in behalf of the unfortunate and those who were stained with crime, but my proud heart would not let me. Your calm, trusting look, your isolated condition, your plain garments, your wearisome labors, all have been arrows of conviction to my soul; but alas I loved the world too well to yield. Now I must soon stand before the Great Judge. The things of earth are receding from my sight, and my soul is not saved. My soul shrinks back and cries out, Confess, confess your guilt, or you will be cast off with the damned. I frankly confess it to you with my lips, and it shall be confessed to my old employer by the pen of my friend with you.

'God only knows the sorrow that that act of yours has caused me; but I forgive

you all, as I hope to be forgiven,' said Esther, kissing the hand of the dying man, and then leaving the room.

'There were many hearts made sad by this confession, and not a few were made glad to know the truth of that fatal mystery. Mrs. Small paused and wiped a tear-drop from her eyes, for this rehearsal brought to her mind vivid recollections of the dear ones that had passed over the river.

'Luella had been very attentive to her Aunt's recital of the misfortunes of her mother's friend, but as she paused she exclaimed:

'Poor Esther, my heart aches for her! Oh, how sad for one to be thus destroyed! Go on, Aunt, I long to know what became of her,' continued Luella after a moment's silence.

'A few years later she was called home to perform her last labors for her parents. With untiring zeal she administered to their wants, month after month, till her father had passed away, and then she faithfully performed the last labor that could be done for him. She cared for her mother as only a faithful daughter can, till her last work was done, then returned to the city. All this time people were making progress in the art of painting, and Esther was growing old, and old-fashioned as the world terms it, so they did not choose to patronize her; and besides, my father gave his business up to my brother, and his wife did not wish to be encumbered with the 'old maid;' she was too sedate, too religious to be an associate for the gay, and she was not able to be a domestic.'

Another pause followed, which was broken by Luella's earnest enquiry:

'But what became of her? Who took care of her? Poor creature!'

'Dear old Esther, the favorite of my mother, has supported herself for years by selling such articles as she can carry in a basket, and many call her Old Granny Ingalls, while a few who know her worth, call her Aunt Esther.'

'What! that old woman that was here to-day! It can not be possible that she was once my grandma's associate!' exclaimed Luella, feeling surprised and somewhat chagrined.

'Yes, the very same one, and she is a chosen vessel of the Lord. She has passed through the furnace of affliction and

has come forth purified. But two more scenes and she will stand in spotless garments, with those who have come up through great tribulation. We doubt not that she will wear a crown, tune the harp, carry palms of victory and shout the high praises of her King with those whom she has led to the cross.

"She has called on no one for help, although for several years her health has been very poor, and of late so much so that she has been obliged to stay in for weeks at a time."

"Where does she live? I would like to call on her," said the young lady, beginning to feel a deep interest in the case of the unfortunate woman.

"About half a mile from here, No. 20 I— street. She rents two rooms on the second floor; one she occupies as kitchen, bedroom, sitting-room, etc., the other as a wood-house. The walls of her room are completely covered with various kinds of paintings, the work of her younger days; her amusement is her cat, and her companions her books, the Bible the favorite one."

"Had I known the bitter experience of her life I would not have treated her so coolly," said Luella, feeling sorry for her misdemeanor. From that time the young lady was a constant visitor at No. 20 I— street, and she never went with empty hands nor an unfeeling heart. She often

bathed the aching brow, and smoothed the whitened locks of the aged sufferer, whose heart was continually going up in behalf of others, that they might escape a bitter experience in life and be saved at last.

"Not many months later she fell asleep in Jesus. She had nothing of earth to cling to, her hopes, her treasures, were in mansions above. She had saved enough, however, from her scanty means to defray her last expenses. She disposed of her paintings, etc., as tokens of gratitude to those who had been her friends. Her death made no more impression on the world than the dropping of a pebble does on the ocean, but her memory is sacred to the hearts of a few, and we doubt not that her presence is appreciated by angels.

"A few years later, the statesman and orator was called to resign his work, notwithstanding it had been great to him, and great to the nation's interest. He had been crowned with honors, had worn laurels of fame; but he had to bow before the angel of death and lie as low in the tomb as his forsaken Esther. We can draw the parallel no further, but feel that the case of the latter is preferable to the former, as she had by repeated disappointments been weaned from this world, while he by success had been led to lay more upon its altar."

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## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

### BOOK OF ALMA.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The sons of Mosiah go among the Lamanites.—They preach there for fourteen years.—Ammon converts King Lamoni and many others.—They go to Middoni and release Aaron and his companions from prison.—Aaron converts the King, Lamoni's father.—They preach in many Cities.—Thousands are baptized and Churches are organized.—Lamanite converts will not shed blood even in self defense.—The Lamanite Church remove in a body to Zarahemla.—Liberty of conscience and speech.—Korihor rises against the Church.—The judgment of God upon him.

WE come next to the narrative of the experiences of the sons of King Mosiah and their companions, who, as related in chapter twelve, left Zarahemla to go into the south country in order to

preach to the Lamanites. It will be remembered that after their conversion they so greatly rejoiced in the truth of God's word that they desired above all things to present the evidences thereof to their kindred, the descendants of Laman Lemuel and Ishmael. So Alma sought the Lord, and he was instructed to let them go; and it was promised that their lives should be preserved and their work should be blessed.

Now as Alma, the son of Alma, chanced to travel from Gideon south to Manti, fourteen years after their departure, he met them as they were on their way back to Zarahemla from the Lamanite country.

And he found that they had passed through many trials, but that these experiences had only made them the more steadfast in God's work, and that they had diligently used the time of their long stay in trying to reclaim that people from darkness and sin. After they had left their own nation they had fasted and sought the Lord for qualification and power to bring some unto righteousness, and in return the Lord told them to be comforted, and he promised that they should perform a good work. But he said that they must manifest humility in spirit, meekness in conduct, and be gentle in their teaching, or they could not prevail with that people. They must also patiently endure the afflictions that would surely be placed upon them by the Lamanites, and thus set an example that would have an effect even upon them, and thus only could they accomplish that which they desired to do.

So they took courage and traveled to the land they sought, where they found the people so darkened in mind that they knew not God, but worshiped idols that they had erected. The sons of Mosiah were Ammon, Aaron, Omner and Himni, and they and their companions separated and went to different parts of the country to begin their work. And from time to time they sought for and received instruction from the Lord, when they specially needed guidance in their efforts and experiences.

Ammon went to the portion called Ishmael, and there he was taken and carried before the ruler. The name of this prince was Lamoni, and he was the son of the Lamanite king who ruled over all the original possessions of Nephi and Laman. But Lamoni possessed a kinder heart and a more gentle disposition than the most of his race had, therefore he did not put Ammon to death, but instead, he placed him among his servants. After a time something occurred in the course of Ammon's duties with his fellow servants that was remarkable, and it came to Lamoni's knowledge. So he sent for Ammon and questioned him as to his origin and the source of his power. Therefore Ammon took the opportunity to tell Lamoni of the existence of a true God, and to teach him of the greatness and goodness of this supreme Being, the Creator and Father of all mankind. He also

said that it was in the name of and by the authority of this exalted being that he (Ammon) had done that which seemed remarkable to Lamoni, and that by God's Spirit he had knowledge of Lamoni's thoughts. Then he gave a brief account of God's dealings with the world from the beginning, and told of the colony of Lehi and his sons, and of their separation into two nations, and of the record that had been kept. He spoke also of how God manifested himself unto the church, unto His people who were among the Nephites, and of the expected soon coming to the earth of the Redeemer in person.

As he heard these things Lamoni became more and more satisfied that Ammon told the truth; and as God's Spirit rested upon his heart he was convinced that he and all his people were in a dark and sinful state, far from the light that they should have concerning their Creator and his works. The result was that both Lamoni and his wife, and also many of their people in Ishmael, accepted of Jesus Christ as their Savior and were converted to God, from that time forward having a desire to keep themselves from sin and from doing evil to others. And as many as believed were baptized; and thus for the first time was the gospel established among the Lamanites. And it is related that some of them became so faithful and pure-minded that they were permitted to see angels and to receive instruction from them.

But Ammon was warned of God that Lamoni's father would try to destroy him and stop the work he was doing, and at the same time he was instructed to go into Middoni where he would find his brother Aaron and two companions in prison, needing to be delivered. When Lamoni heard of this he also determined to go with him, thinking that he could influence the prince of Middoni to release Ammon's brethren. As they went they met Lamoni's father. When he learned their business he became angry, and he lifted his sword to kill Ammon; but the Lord smote his arm that it became powerless, so that he was helpless before Ammon. In this condition he conversed with them and his heart became softened. Finally Ammon obtained a promise from him that he would release Aaron and his companions, and that he would deal kindly

with Lamoni and not take away his rulership, and that concerning his faith Lamoni should be free to worship the God of their fathers, Lehi and Abraham. As Ammon plead for Lamoni in an affectionate manner the king saw that he truly loved his son, and he was surprised to see how deep that regard was. Therefore his heart was touched the more, and God's Spirit wrought upon him so that he promised to do all the good that they had asked, and he desired that when Ammon's brethren were released that they should be sent to visit him. Then he went on his way, but no longer disabled.

When Ammon and Lamoni arrived in Middoni their brethren were delivered to them. Then they learned that they had been among a very wicked people before coming to Middoni, and that they had been beaten and driven out of several places. After their release they preached in Middoni, then went to see Lamoni's father, while Ammon returned with Lamoni to Ishmael to dwell there.

Of Aaron and his companions the king sought knowledge about God and the doctrine they preached. So Aaron taught him of the disobedience of Adam, of the agency of man and the allotted probationary time; of the plan of redemption; of the necessity that men should have faith and repent of their sins; and of death and the resurrection; and of the rewards to be given. When the king had heard these things plainly presented he believed, and he and the queen and their household were converted unto God. And he sent out a proclamation that no one should hurt these men nor prevent their preaching freely wherever they would.

So Aaron and his brethren went unmoested from city to city, and many people were converted, so that churches were organized, and ministers were ordained to teach the people, and to have charge over the churches. Thus in time, we are informed, thousands of Lamanites were brought to know the truth, through the labors of the sons of Mosiah and their brethren. And they who were converted would no longer fight against the Nephites or do any injury to others, for they became lovers of peace and righteousness. And they also became diligent and industrious; therefore in time the curse was removed from them. But those who refused to

hear became angry at the church and their king, and they rebelled against them.

Then all the converted Lamanites gathered to the land of Ishmael, and there they decided that they could no longer shed the blood of man, even in defense of themselves; so they buried their swords and all their weapons of war, in token of their allegiance to the God of love and peace, and of their faith in and reliance upon him. And when the rebellious Lamanites came they slew a thousand of the unresisting followers of Christ; but they desisted when they saw their faith; and many of them turned unto God. Those who were yet thirsting for blood went over the border and slew the people of Ammonihah and destroyed their city, as already narrated.

After this the sons of Mosiah had great reason to be glad in their work; for, from year to year, many Lamanites were converted, and the promise of the Lord unto them was thus fulfilled; and they praised his name because of the great good that had been accomplished.

After awhile the unconverted Lamanites distressed and troubled the church so much that Ammon believed that they ought to remove to Zarahemla; therefore he inquired of the Lord to know his will. Then he was instructed to take the people out of that land; for the Lord said that if they remained there they were likely to be destroyed. Therefore he and the king gathered the people and their flocks and went northward. But on the borders Ammon and his brethren left them until they should learn what the feelings of the Nephites were toward the Lamanites. As they journeyed north near Manti they met Alma, as spoken of at the beginning of this chapter, and he returned with them to Zarahemla.

There Ammon related to the chief judge and to the Nephites all that had happened to them during the past fourteen years; and he and his brethren told them of the conversion of so many Lamanites, and of their present situation and needs. When the people heard these things they were moved with compassion for their kindred, and, by the voice of the nation, the land of Jershon was given to the Lamanite brethren for their possession forever. From that time they dwelt there, and were called the people of Ammon. And they continued as a people to abhor

the shedding of blood. They were also very upright in their conduct, and were faithful and zealous in the service of God.

Among the Nephites freedom of conscience and liberty of speech was both the rule and the custom, every man having the right to think and to believe as he liked, and to worship God if he pleased, or not to do so. Only for transgressing the laws that had been enacted against crime were any condemned by the judges; if a man murdered he suffered death, and if he committed other deeds of evil he was punished.

About these days a man named Korihor appeared among the Nephites and tried to turn them from believing in the existence of a God and a Savior. He also declared that no life existed beyond this, and that all men might do as they pleased here. This was pleasing to some, therefore he led a few into sinful ways. But he was finally taken before Alma, the high priest over the church, to be questioned. In the conversation that followed, Alma and others affirmed that they knew that God lived. Then Korihor said that he too would believe if a sign was shown him, and he urged that it be done. And one was given him by which he was convinced; for the Lord caused him to become instantly dumb, and he was no longer able to speak. But he wrote a statement that he now saw that he had been deceived by Satan, for Satan had taught him that there was no God and no atonement for mankind; and that there would be no resurrection, and no rewards and punishments hereafter. And he went out from them condemned of the Lord. (28).

(28). There are so many evidences in relation to the ancient people of America, and of their wonderful civilization that it is hard to make choice of matter to present with these chapters. But, along with the testimonies of Montesiños, Humboldt, Prescott, Baldwin and others, already in part presented, the author would now gather important evidences from the writings of M. Desire Charnay, the French traveler and explorer. He visited Mexico and Yucatan in 1857-8 and again in 1880-1, and studied the sculptured monuments of a lost people and the ruins of their great cities. For his work Allen Thorndyke Rice, of New York, wrote the introduction, from which the following extracts are made:

"This interesting volume, now offered to American readers, is the outcome of an expedition which received strong support in the United States, and enriched the museums of

Paris and Washington with valuable collections. . . . The expedition aimed at the careful reproduction of Central American monuments, and a systematic investigation of the ruined cities and other remains of ancient civilization in Central America and Mexico. It was dispatched under the joint auspices of the governments of the United States and France. The means were provided not only of photographing bas-reliefs and hieroglyphic inscriptions, but of making careful casts of them. Copies of these casts were to be presented to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and to the French Government. The collection and preservation of these reproductions formed one of the most valuable features of the enterprise, offering as they now do, to students of all countries, an ample field for investigation, and possibly the materials requisite for a solution of the language problem by some future Champollion.

"In the face of great difficulty and discouragement M. Charnay has succeeded in securing and safely transporting numerous casts of the important palaces and temples of Central America, now on exhibition in the musums of Paris and Washington, after the destruction of the first collection of hostile Indians. . . . These monuments are of surpassing grandeur; their annals and the tale that their hieroglyphics strive to tell are still unsolved. . . . Yet how few Americans of our day have any conception of the stately edifices of monumental Mitla, or of Palenque, with its magnificent palaces, its terraces, and temples, its pyramids and sculptured ornaments. The story of Spanish rule in America is familiar to all, but comparatively few have any knowledge of those splendid relics that crown the entire nucleus of New Spain, and which, despite the havoc of time, speak to us so eloquently of a noble culture reaching back beyond the Conquest. More, no doubt, would have been known but for the untimely end of the distinguished traveler, John L. Stephens.

"All the marvels of Eastern fable pale before the vision of a New World emerging like a mirage from the Western seas, peopled by strange races, glorious in the richness of its tropical vegetation, its forests teeming with curious animal forms, its mines reputed to contain inexhaustible stores of gold and gems. The bounds of human empire had suddenly been widened, and the world's compass was increased by an unknown quantity. . . . Thence came gold and silver to be coined in all the mints and curiously wrought in all the jeweler's shops of Europe and Asia.

"Of the innumerable questions to which the discovery of America gave rise, the most difficult to answer, perhaps, was that regarding the origin of the newly discovered races. . . . In support of a derivation from Noah, we are constantly referred to the native flood-myths, and to the tradition of a foreign origin. According to the Lord Kingsborough, who is a willing believer in Scriptural analogies, the Mexican tradition of a deluge bears 'unequivocal marks of having been derived from a Hebrew source.' . . . As a sequel to the flood-myths we come upon traditions of the building of a tower of refuge, and this has led some writers to identify the Americans with certain of the builders of Babel, who were scattered over the earth after



the confusion of tongues."—Rice's Introduction to Charnay's "Ancient Cities of the New World," pages 9 to 17.

While Mr. Rice does not believe (nor does M. Charnay) that the ancient Americans were of Hebrew origin, and that it is doubtful if they came from any European or Asiatic country, still Mr. Rice says that it is true that there are "striking resemblances between the architectural style of America and of several Old World countries; and slight, but seemingly real, points of affinity in language; while a consensus of traditions shows an aboriginal knowledge of certain countries beyond the sea inhabited by 'white-faces.'"

He says farther:—"One of the distinctive features of Mexican architecture is the pyramidal form of the buildings, or their substructures. On this account, chiefly, an attempt has been made to trace a connection between America and Egypt, in civilization if not in race. . . . Most of the ruined towns have such mounds, but the great pyramid of Isamal is peculiar in consisting of two pyramidal piles of masonry, one on the top of the other, the base of the whole measuring not less than eight hundred and twenty feet on each side, and the first platform six hundred and fifty feet. The pyramidal form is also finely seen in the Casa-Gobernador (Governor's House) at Uxmal, which is described as the most stately in form and proportions of all the structures of the kind. Here three successive terraces form the base which holds aloft the grand ornate building, and they add to its looks of spacious magnificence. According to Stephens the carved work is equal to the finest Egyptian work. It would be impossible, he says, with the best instruments of modern times to cut stone more perfectly . . . Add to this the difficulty of quarrying large masses of stone, of conveying them long distances through a rough country, and of raising them to great altitudes, and the construction of these vast edifices seems truly marvelous.

"Whether or not it will be in human power to decipher the hieroglyphics, and to give to history the annals they so vainly strive to tell, is a question yet to be settled," and he says that the problems thus presented are worthy of the attention of the greatest intellects of Europe and America, and that it is "reasonable to expect that some new Champollion will yet do for the early annals of our continent what has already so amply been done for the history of ancient Egypt." He adds that the monuments "attest the prosperity of what was one of the finest and most populous regions of the earth," and says that the scholar, with the photographs and plaster casts in sight, may now, in effect, have before his eyes "Copan with all its mysteries; its columns scored with hieroglyphics; its rows of death's heads on its sculptured walls; its nameless kings and gods; and to his unimpassioned research we must trust to bring before us once more the old faith of an ancient and mighty priesthood, and the lost knowledge and strange arts of a cultivated and vanished people."—Rice's Introduction to Charnay, pages 20 to 23.

But there is no reason to believe that the great intellects of Europe and America will be able solve this great problem, which is attracting so much attention just now, unless God shall give to some one the key to the mysterious languages that are engraven upon the walls and monuments of the lands of Jared and of Zarahemla. Already has God given much unto men, if the great and wise would but consider it, and if they would seek unto him for more after his own way. But for the fulness and for the closing scenes of "his act, his strange act," they will have to wait, even till he shall "make it plain."

The chief things in M. Charnay's book will be given along with succeeding chapters of this story, in connection with extracts from Stephen's works, and from the writings of other explorers.

To be continued.

## MANLY COURTESY ILLUSTRATED.

A YOUNG lady of tender years, but of evident precocity of discernment, gives about the true idea of manly courtesy. Speaking of two clerks in the express office, one of whom was a somewhat serious person whose dancing days were avowedly past, the other an adept in the art of shining in society:

"Yes," said the young philosopher, addressing the first mentioned gentleman, "yes, I know; Charlie can make a lovely bow, can take off his hat like a prince, and has a delightfully deferential manner towards ladies, but I think you are,

after all, much the finer gentleman of the two."

"Why, how so?" said the astonished senior.

"Well, when Charlie goes to the window I can tell just by his face whether the lady is young, handsome, well dressed, or otherwise; but when you go, no one would know from your manner whether you are waiting on a washer woman or the Queen of Sheba."

And this is about as concise a summary of the distinction between the solid and veneered article as can be found.—*Sel.*

## A BIRTHDAY VISION.

BY VIDA.

The shades of night rolled slowly back  
 Like some great curtain dark,  
 And gleaming on the mountain top  
 The beams of day I mark.

But, looking towards the eastern hills  
 Upon the clouds of blue,  
 The soft light melts in visions bright  
 That open to my view.

The pearly gates are open thrown;  
 I see the golden street;  
 And near the ones around the throne  
 I see two angels meet.

Each holds a book and each a pen,  
 As near the scales they stand,  
 And open the books and turn the leaves  
 With snowy, spotless hands.

One book I mark with bands of gold,  
 And through the open gate;  
 I watch the white leaves slowly turned,  
 And count them—*thirty-eight*.

The shining pen glides swiftly o'er  
 The last page,—spotless white,—

And leaves in every golden line,  
 Bright words of gleaming light.

And then the other book I see;  
 The leaves are not so white;  
 For oft I see a darkening blot,  
 And sometimes mould to blight.

Then both were closed and fastened firm;  
 The angels quickly turned,  
 And placed the books upon the scales.  
 Ah, how my own heart burned!

But lo! the book with golden clasps,  
 And shining words of light  
 Drops low, and up the blotted page,  
 With iron clasps in sight.

I see the clasps are rusted, too;  
 Then how the angels shout!  
 And then I wonder, must I go?  
 Oh, will they shut me out?

Just as the gates are closing soft,  
 I hear a chanted word:  
 "His works are all for righteousness,  
 His glory for the Lord."

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE BAPTISM.

"Calm and tempest, heat and cold,  
 Light and shadow, sun and shower,  
 Over and over, as seasons unfold,  
 And out of it all grows the beautiful flower.

Joy and suffering, smiles and tears,  
 Rest and labor, peace and strife,  
 Over and over, as fly the years,  
 And out of it all grows the beautiful life."  
 —E. C. Dowd.

"I have inclined mine heart to perform thy statutes always, even unto the end."—Psalms 119: 112.

ONLY for a little while was Pattie permitted to indulge her heart in its sorrow, for very soon she observed that the dear mother's step was no longer light and active as had been its wont. No complaint escaped her, but she moved about in a slow, listless way, like one sinking beneath a mortal hurt. The soft brown hair that had scarce shown a silver thread

began now to whiten as by untimely frost. Pattie tried by every loving attention to lure her back to her old cheerful ways, to be gently put aside with a protesting, "don't, dear;" till at last in utter despair she sank down at her feet, crying: "O, mother! why do you mourn so for sister? She is better off now."

"My child, if I only knew that she is better off I could not mourn. I know she was good," she continued, as though in answer to the mute surprise in poor Pattie's face. "But I never talked to her about those things, and now she is gone and I do not know whether she is saved or not."

"Mother, I have often talked with Allie, and she with me; I know surely that she believed in Jesus and loved him, and that she tried to do right. I am sure that she is safe."

"But, Pattie, she was not baptized."

"Why, mother! have you not told us that baptism could not save? and that water has no virtue to wash away sin?"

"Yes, my child, but it is a command of the Savior, and if we love him we should obey him. I should have told her of her duty, but I put it off, hoping that she would come into the church as the others had; for I am such a poor hand to explain the Scripture, that I have shrank from the task. It is these thoughts that worry me more than her loss. I could give her up cheerfully, could I only know that it is well with her, and feel that I had done my duty by her."

Pattie was silent. She recalled with a pang those days of anxiety and doubt, when both Allie and herself would have been so grateful for counsel and direction; but she could not add anything to the self-condemnation of the broken-hearted mother, by telling her of it now; she tried instead to cheer her with Allie's often expressed hope in the Savior, and her determination to be baptized when the opportunity offered.

"I am glad on her account, Pattie, but that does not relieve me for the neglect of my duty. Had I talked with her she would have told me of her desire, and we could have procured her the opportunity."

Pattie did not speak of her own hopes and fears, for her perplexities were sadly increased by this conversation, and she felt that if she could make herself understood there was little chance of obtaining any light. If baptism was non-essential, was obedience essential? She determined to study the subject from this point. If the question of salvation hinged on obedience, surely she would obey.

The family had now returned to the vicinity of the old home, but they were sadly diminished in number. Only Pattie and two young brothers, the babies that she had watched over in former days, remained of that once happy household. The two older daughters were married and presiding over homes of their own, and the eldest son had gone out to battle with the world for himself.

The new home was near the town where was located the church with which Mr. and Mrs. Waldville were connected. It occurred to Pattie that their pastor would be the person most likely to assist her in her search for the gospel. He had visited them occasionally, and although he had

never addressed any conversation or inquiries to Pattie, she resolved to address some to him, which she did in a letter, briefly setting forth some of her difficulties, more especially those concerning baptism.

For answer Mr. P—— came in person, bringing with him a book, explaining to Mr. Waldville that he felt at a loss how to present the subject to one who had been deprived of hearing since of an age to understand doctrine. The book, he said, illustrated by a simple story the subject of baptism, and would probably satisfy her better than anything he could write.

To Mr. Waldville's request that he should converse with Pattie, he excused himself, saying he would do so when he called again after she had read the book, but other engagements required his attention at the present. He then took his leave.

Mr. Waldville examined the book critically, and finally, with a somewhat dubious air, he handed it to Pattie, telling what Mr. P—— had said.

The book was entitled "Grace True-man," a novel by Sally Rochester Ford. Some one has aptly described the book as "A love story strung on a thread of religion." Its object, as Pattie found, was the defense of immersion as the proper and only true mode of baptism. But this was a subject on which she had entertained no doubt. In her reading she had become acquainted with the arguments that were used in defense of all modes. She had seen "Greek meet Greek" on the original meaning of the word translated baptism. And one of her difficulties was occasioned by this very wrangle over the word by Christian believers, all of whom were professedly led by the same Holy Spirit of truth. She was content with the mode plainly implied in the example of Him who gave the command. But not even among the adherents of that mode had she found one who could give her the import of it, or could tell why the promise of salvation was made dependent on obedience to the command. On these weighty questions the book threw no light.

Pattie was amazed to find how utterly the reverend gentleman had failed to meet the questions that perplexed her. Had baptism no deeper significance to

him than "to dip," "to plunge?" Fanny Peter or Paul directing one to a work of fiction as a guide to truth. Pattie felt that she had failed once more in obtaining the light that she had so long been in search of. She had asked for bread and been given a stone, aye, worse than that, a serpent. She was confirmed in her former conviction that the religious teachers and professors of the times professed no certain knowledge of the truth. Was it attainable? She believed that the Scriptures so taught. Did not Peter declare that the gift by which they knew was promised to as many as the Lord our God should call? What now could she do? The promise is that those who seek shall find. She would continue to seek, to pray, to watch, meantime she would obey the form of baptism, if she could not the Spirit of it. If there was aught of blessing and safety in obedience she would obey. Of this determination she informed Mr. P.— on his return about a week after his former visit. He informed her that a number of others had applied for the ordinance, and he would present her name to be received with theirs. The question of authority had not yet occurred to Pattie.

The next Sabbath was appointed for the baptism. It was a clear, cold day, in January, 1860; the snow lay deep upon the ground; the ice in the river had been cut for the purpose, and the crystal blocks were piled around the edge of the aperture, making a wall several feet high above the water. Fully a thousand spectators lined the banks, and the long bridge that spanned the river a short distance above the spot, was packed to its utmost capacity of standing room; even the slippery branches of the trees near the water were occupied by those anxious to witness the scene. Ten young candidates for the rite stood with their friends at the entrance of the icy font; and one by one entered the chilling flood to their temporary graves beneath it.

As the waves closed over Pattie, these words of Jesus rushed through her mind with force: "But I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?" Like the Psalmist, "the waters overwhelmed her, the stream had gone over her soul." She arose from its depths feeling that it was not only a symbol of the Lord's death

and burial, but that she had been initiated into the fellowship of his suffering, and this bond would forever unite her to Him in her mortal life.

When Pattie was led back to the shore she was received by the outstretched arms of her parents, on whose faces were tears of joy and thanksgiving. And after their return home that memorable Sabbath evening, as Mr. Waldville turned the pages of the old family Bible, Pattie marked the light of gratitude and peace visible on the faces of both parents, and thought how satisfied they would be of her salvation were she to die that night. And yet, were she to ask them in what way it was more secure than when she simply believed on Jesus without works; could they tell her? For herself she felt that she had obtained no new light on the mysteries of the gospel; her faith was no greater than it had been when she carried her childish troubles to Jesus; her love was no deeper than that of her sister. How was she saved?

The year 1860 not only marked an era in the humble life of Pattie, but it also marked one in the history of the American nation and in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. In the one by the civil war and in the other by the fulfillment of the prediction made by the martyred prophet twenty-six years before, concerning the re-gathering of the scattered Saints under the leadership of one whom God would send in his stead.\*

The faithful believers were waiting and watching for the fulfillment of this prophecy, and in 1852, under the direction of the Spirit they reorganized the church, as far as they could, and waited as directed; for it had been previously made known to two of them who the new leader was to be; and all were cheered with the promise that the time was near when Zion would be remembered. Meanwhile the word of the Lord came to Joseph, the son of Joseph Smith, commanding him to go and take up the work where his father had left it. The promise was given him that God would be with him as he had been with his father, to bless him according to his faithfulness in fulfilling his mission.

In obedience to the heavenly mandate, Joseph presented himself for membership

\*Doctrine and Covenants, 100: 3.

to this little band of Saints, who had met in conference at Amboy, Illinois, April 6th, 1860. He was received with great joy, and at once chosen to preside over the church.

In the beginning of this article was traced Heaven's thought in gathering from all nations the peoples to form this nation, and next the gathering from all churches to form one church. Now is set up the standard that is to be the signal for the final gathering together, in one, both ancient and latter day Israel. Having one Lord, one faith, one baptism, they shall at length be one people, one church, one nation on an undivided earth.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" Thus in rapturous strain burst forth one of the prophets of ancient Israel, as his inspired vision looked down the long vista of years with their changing scenes stretching down through the mist of ages to these latter days, when God would begin to gather together from the ends of the earth the peoples and records as witnesses for himself of all who possess a knowledge of his truth. "Even every one that is called by my name; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea I have made him. Bring forth

the blind people that have eyes and the deaf that have ears."\*

God is indeed glorified in that which he has created, when the blind see out of obscurity, and the deaf hear out of silence, and, with all the rest of the great cloud of witnesses called by his name, testify of God that they know him, and of his gospel that it is truth. Not that they think it is, or believe it to be, but *know* it is truth because he himself revealed it to them.†

Isaiah challenges all other people to do as the Lord's people, produce their witnesses who can say, it is truth. †

The ministers of this latter day work are daily making the same challenge to those who profess to have this knowledge yet deny the only means by which it ever was or ever will be obtained—direct revelation from God.

Pattie early discovered the lack of this knowledge, its cause she did not yet comprehend. But there is a book, "A marvelous work and a wonder,"§ that she is soon to read, and it will enlighten her as millions of novels never could; but God himself must make known to her the great things of his law before she can testify that Jesus is the Christ and his gospel the truth.

\* Isaiah 43: 7-8.

† Matt. 16: 16-17; 1 Cor. 2: 10-12; 12: 3.

‡ Isaiah 43: 9.

§ Isaiah 29: 11-19.

(To be continued).

## TOOK IT TO GOD IN PRAYER.

READING in the "Autumn Leaves" for November last about Jack and his losing his clapper, and taking it to God in prayer brings to my mind a similar circumstance which happened here. I have a neighbor who is a plasterer, and he had occasion to use his lathing hatchet around the stable. When he was done he threw the hatchet down and in working around he covered up the hatchet with a board. When he left he forgot the hatchet, and several days after, he wanted it and could not find it. Then he accused his little boy about seven years old of having taken the hatchet, and said:

"You have had the hatchet. I am going to the store to be gone an hour or so, and if you do not find that hatchet by the time I get back I will give you a terrible whipping."

George knew what that meant, and he went to looking for the hatchet, and looked every place he could think of, and no hatchet could he find. And now you may smile, either old or young, but George took the hatchet to God in prayer; and he prayed earnestly to God to show him where the hatchet was, and told the Lord what a whipping he would get if he did not have the hatchet when his father got back. The time was nearly up, and after

pouring out his soul in prayer, (and I suppose there was never a more earnest prayer), when he got up he says that something caused him to turn over the board he had been kneeling on, and there was the hatchet.

In a few minutes his father came, and

remembered then that he had left the hatchet there himself; but there was great rejoicing before the father got home.

If you want to know anything more about it, write to George Mader Hampton, Chase, Chase county, Nebraska.

## KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,  
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came  
To see the splendors of his court, and bring  
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her highness heard  
What flowers of wisdom graced his royal speech,  
What gems of wisdom dropped with every word;  
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach  
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished in sooth  
To know if rumor spoke the simple truth.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,  
In either hand a radiant wreath of flowers;  
The one bedecked with every charming hue,  
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;  
The other no less fair in every part,  
Was the rare production of divinest art.

"Which is the true, and which the false," she said.  
Great Solomon was silent. All amazed,  
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,  
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,  
As one who sees a miracle, and fain  
For very rapture ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked,  
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king.  
"So wise a head should not be hardly tasked,  
Most learned liege, with such a trivial thing."  
But still the sage was silent; it was plain  
A deepening doubt perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees  
Hard by the casement—so the story goes—  
A little band of busy, bustling bees,  
Hunting for honey in a withered rose;  
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head,  
"Open the window!"—that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;  
Within the room the eager insects flew,  
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!  
And so the king and all his courtiers knew  
That was Nature's; and the baffled queen  
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.—*S&L*.

## HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

UPON Thursday evening my husband, Tubal, was still reconciled to the granting of the privilege to the children. But upon Friday noon he manifested some uneasiness, and in the evening felt quite disconcerted, although he did not hinder the plans from being effected. The time arriving, the children prepared themselves and went.

There were about twenty young folk present, making ten couples. Over was delighted with his company, and everything passed off pleasantly. Unit and Tilly-Jane were much pleased and returned home by half-past ten o'clock. Julia Jendors read an essay on "Bugology" that was quite amusing and instructive. Ponta Riggins sang a baritone solo entitled, "The Ship in the Air." Ponta is an excellent singer and Unit said he was loudly applauded.

My husband, Tubal, was desirous of knowing what went on at the party and when told, he said there was no religion in "bugs," and to sing of "Ships in the Air," was nonsense, as there never was no such a thing and never would be! When he was told that Maude Sown and Jolly Lack sang that beautiful duet, "Rock of Ages," he was delighted, and said he guessed "the party had some sense to it after all." Maude Sown's folk are Congregationalists, and Jolly Lack—his father is a United Brother, and his mother Freewill Methodist. They are good young folk and of respectable parentage. My husband doesn't like our children to mingle with sectarian children, but I think it is all right, so long as they are honorable young people. Unit and Tilly-Jane have never lost any view of "the faith" by association and can not as long as they remember to "honor their father and mother."

Unit is a mild tempered boy, and kind hearted, and is well liked. Tilly-Jane is a meek, modest child and reservedly winsome in her manner. They have "the faith" well at heart—and husband and I have never been ashamed of it.

Tubal was anxious to learn if there had been any card-playing, so he asked Unit: "Was there any card-playing at Mr. Jendors', last evening, Unit?"

"Why no, father, I do not suppose any one present thought of such a thing."

"Well, my son, you are aware that I solemnly protest against anything of the kind. It is not a protesting wholly traditional, but from observation as well. There is a vile sin surrounding it, and an influence not separable from it that is not of God."

"Was there any dancin' there," continued Tubal; "you know I'm against that as well."

"No, father, there was none; and no mention made of it. The evening was spent in a musical and literary manner, with a few innocent parlor games."

"Games?" queried Tubal; "games of chance, I reckon! Betting on this thing and that; seein' who'd get something—did you win anything?" And husband walked the floor, and looked troubled.

"Why, no, father," said Tilly-Jane; "they were not 'games of chance' at all."

"Who told you to speak—I wholly addressed myself to Unit; speak when you're spoken to!"

This almost "upset" the children; they looked dumbfounded, and I was simply nonplussed! I began to feel that after all my prayer for Tubal had not yet been fully answered.

"Father," said Unit, "there were no 'games of chance.' We played a few simple games."

"Simple enough, I've no doubt," answered Tubal, peevishly.

"Why," continued Unit, "Mr. and Mrs. Jendors would allow of no 'gaming' in their home, I assure you, father."

"Gaming! didn't you just tell me you played games?" responded Tubal.

"Yes, father; but that is not 'gaming,' as we use the word."

"O well, I don't know much about your grammar hair-splittin' terms; but I reckon 'twas bad enough."

"Father, pardon me if I unwittingly assume too much; but I wish to ask of you how much confidence do you repose in sister and I, after having talked to us, as you and mother have on morals and religion, and knowing we have never deceived you, nor have you ever learned of one really bad thing we ever knowingly

committed, to now presume that at Mr. Jendors' we should so far over-step all bounds of propriety, and so disregard your teachings, as to do what we knew would displease you, even had Mr. Jendors tolerated the presence of that which you condemn, which he did not do. The language, father, would imply that you doubted the extent of your own influence over us, or doubted our confidence in your word."

This was indeed a big venture for Unit, and it amazed his father almost into silence!

His father's eyes filled with tears—they actually did! And he said:

"Unit, my son, you talk like a philosopher! I am surprised, and yet I am pleased; your sober, thoughtful words cause me to think where I stand, and what I may be doin'. If I account you as honest children, the offspring of my life, why should I so unthoughtedly charge you with apparent dishonesty? O! it is the expression of an unwarranted fear I entertain for your own good—but maybe I don't get at it the right way." And he wept.

Tilly-Jane felt deeply wounded at her father's speech to her, on her supposed interference, but, dear child, she concealed it as best she could.

I have many times feared their father's severity would drive into the evils disparagement so often creates, but I had wrapped them in the swaddling clothes of lisping trustful prayers, and commended all unto God. Severity is not the best way nor yet the safest plan by which to enforce religious instruction upon any one; and especially young people. I have always held this view, and have had no cause to change it. And to all parents I would commend the correctness of this view. What there is in the religion of Jesus Christ that should so unseemly eliminate from the life of mortals all privilege or right to *some pleasure* is a confronting problem I have not been able to determine. Had the gospel ever been taught, and the genius of its own broad spirit understood, things might be different. But I have told Tubal that not only we, but our ancestors as well, had been wrapped and warped into such monstrosities of thought and idea born of traditional superstition that existed in folks' minds when no light from heaven shone

upon them, that it was difficult for us to rid ourselves of the sting of their fangs, or the effects of their poisonous taint left in our "systems" by hereditary transmission.

"Husband, Tubal," said I, "there are pleasures that are evidently legitimate, and which God, in Justice, may not frown upon! The Bible does not condemn all and every pleasure not spiritual; nor yet does it say we shall have no part therein. You claim to be a 'Paul man,' let me quote to you his language."

"All right," answered Tubal, "I'm willing to hear."

"Paul writes of those who should be 'lovers of pleasures, more than lovers of God.' Please do not lose sight of that word 'more.' The fact of the matter rests, not in the legitimate pleasure, but in loving evil, worldly pleasures *more* than we love God! Now, wherein is love for God manifest? In that we 'keep his commandments,' any 'pleasures of sin' that are in direct violation of God's commands exhibit this low degree of love for God, or more for pleasure than for his word of command. Paul speaks of Moses and 'pleasures of sin for a season.' The Apostle James speaks of 'vices of the world.'

"People of the world of sin find pleasure in sinful things. Shall we therefore account all pleasures not strictly religious, as 'pleasures of sin?' Is there no line of distinction anywhere to be made? Surely there must be; else what use this power of judgment we are supposed to possess, or what need for discretion or the exercise of conscience?"

"Jus' so," said husband Tubal. "Decinda, I must confess I've been seein' the wrong side of things. No pleasure at all? I had mine when a youth—and they were of the wrong kind; and my folk bein' of puritanical sort drove me almost to despair—and when I renounced my kind of pleasures I swept away all—and have been, I think, a leetle crooked, like the injun's tree, so straight, I leaned a leetle the other way! God help me see more clearly! I've been judgin' from conscience—its a creetur of education—my education trained it rather queer, I honestly believe, Decinda!"

"Tubal, dear," I answered, "how happy I am to-night that God is opening your eyes, and that your rigidity is melting



away into more seasonable grace of considerate thoughtfulness. Youth must not be robbed of any association, the tendency of which is to ennoble and enrich the traits of human life. Youth should be allowed to develop into that sweet richness of being that may be known to true pleasure, spiritual and temporal; pleasures that leave no stain of sin, and such there are most assuredly. The party at Mr. Jendors' had none of the sinful elements in it at all, and bud nor blossom of life's beauty were blighted therewith. Mr. and Mrs. Jendors, although differing from us in religious thought, are people possessed of a high sense of honor, and goodly neighbors. We may sometime win them over to the true light of God. We are, however, to compromise no principle of right—God forbid."

"That may all be true, Decinda; but those essays on 'bugs,' and songs on 'ships in the air,' seem rather queer to me for Christians to indulge in, and I must confess they detract from the mental powers of religion!"

"How can they, Tubal; has not God created all animal existence—and a treatise on 'bugology' only aided in bringing out thought upon the varied species of such things, and how marvelous are God's works! And as regards 'ships in the air,' it was a song, while paradoxical, yet called the mind unto a line of scientific thought, portraying the possible capabilities of human inventive genius. Air ships may yet be really possible. They are experimenting with them in the eastern states. And I read recently of a gentleman who contemplates a trip across the Atlantic in one of his own constructing that proved successful in a limited voyage!"

"O, yes, Decinda, you're always reading something scientific! Don't you know Paul wrote about 'oppositions of science falsely so-called?' Science can't save ye!"

"Why Tubal, 'theology is a revealed science.' It is a science of life. Religion is scientific!"

"No science about it, Decinda! What would Jesus have to do with science? That party at Jendors' wasn't scientific, no how! Humph!" And Tubal left the room.

"Mother," spoke Tilly-Jane, "what does father mean anyway? He seems to grow

more peculiar every day. Sometimes you think you have him, and then you havn't. O dear, I wish he were not so!"

"Tilly-Jane," I responded, "he is your earthly father; he has wrought hard to feed, to clothe, to school you; for all these you owe him your utmost gratitude; beneath all these let his seeming eccentricities be buried and you'll have more power of endurance and forbearance. Life is strange at best. We are not each alike, and these diversities are life's frictions that create those electrical forces of human nature that cause them to burn in resplendent beauty or explode them into sudden darkness to be forgotten as errors of mortal effort, that's all."

"Talkin' about electricity are you? You're always rackin' your brain about everything but the gospel, Decinda!" said Tubal who just entered the sitting room.

"O no, husband, I was not."

"Sounded like it, anyhow," replied Tubal. "Well, Decinda, I'm much perplexed over this affair. I fear all aint right about it. Jendors' are plumb full of Methodism; and Methodism aint the gospel. They think pleasures are all right, no matter what kind. 'Tis easy to slide from one kind on to another, you know; that's what I'm lookin' at, Decinda. We must be keerful. Here's Unit and Tilly-Jane; we wish them to be a man and a woman, not nonsensical 'society flips!' What's society anyhow? I never had much use for it."

"Why, husband; I thought you had began seeing matters more clearly."

"O well, the thing's an open question yet, Decinda, and I don't know when it will ever get shut up, I'm sure. Pleasure is pleasure the world over! Don't talk to me about 'discrimination,' or 'judgment,' unless it be 'eternal judgment'—that's what Paul talked about, you know. 'Scrimination, what use have we for that, Decinda. The devil talks about dividing, and lookin' this way and that; I want to look square at the thing—that's what I want; and no dodgin' the matter, Decinda." And Tubal paced the floor excitedly.

I felt sorry matters had taken such a turn. It began to appear as though all my praying had been in vain. But still I knew it had not. No woman has prayed more about our home concerns than I. The neighbors do not know all about

Tubal, and they shall never know by my telling. I am only earnestly hoping for a full answer to my long continued praying that, at last, people may think they had known of Tubal incorrectly. I believe that,

“Ceasing to pray, we cease to fight.”

So, along life's weary path I've wended my way; sometimes hopeful, sometimes almost discouraged. I have loved my husband with a true womanly love. I've borne patiently with his weaknesses, and endeavored always to teach the children that respect due their father, as a father. Notwithstanding his peculiarities, he has been anxious for their good, although the methods employed seeking that good have not always been of the wisest sort; but then, I muse, we are not wise in all our actions. I have my own weaknesses to lament.

In answer to his last speech I said: “No, neither would I dodge any question for the sake of trying to free myself from rendering a proper answer. But of pleasures I have expressed some of my views. I believe we can have temporal pleasures with which God is not displeased. My proof lies in the fact that I have indulged in certain pleasures wherein I had much amusement, and received instruction therefrom, and discovered that God blessed me just the same after as before, for what I did and enjoyed there is no written command against, and no rule of propriety was violated. I never loved, nor indulged in true temporal pleasures to the neglect of any spiritual or religious duty imposed by my baptismal vow. I never absented myself from the house of God, when time and duty called me there, for the sake of pleasure temporal. I always sought to never indulge in that kind of pleasure that would cause me to withhold my hand from the sacramental emblems; nor hinder me from prayer or speaking a word for God and his cause. Herein have I ever sought to be consistent, and have felt fully assured that upon such a line of conduct I have been condemned by no word or command of God; neither have I found in such procedure, that I came under the ban of Paul's words, being a ‘lover of pleasure more than a lover of God!’ This, husband Tubal, has been the rule of my conduct, and the kind of a line of discrimination we should draw upon the question of pleasure! Such

have I ever sought to instil into the minds of our children whom we love as gifts of God unto us. Dear husband, for us to allow them no evening pastime, no mental recreation, when it all shall be free from ‘the vices of the world,’ and in the association of those whose characters we do not question, would be to commit an egregious error, and present a wrong view of life and its real merits unto them. Did they seek to avoid the house of God, to neglect their daily prayers, to withhold from the communion because of a love for pleasure, and that pleasure be pure or impure, 'twould be a vastly different thing. We should seek to teach them these truths, the power of discernment and use of good judgment regarding these matters, and we have nothing to fear. The desire for mental and physical recreation is an inherent quality of our being, and you can't get it out. So all we can do is to meet it, and properly educate it. There is surely some true channel in which it can course. Unreasoning prejudice is not the standard by which these, or any other matters, are to be truly determined. Youth is not age, and a youthful life disappointed, forming a prejudice, and basing its objections upon that, carrying it into maturer years, should not be made the criterion by which other youths shall be guided. This would be but to repeat an error from which one right can not be produced. The children have been to other gatherings upon several occasions, and no apparent harm has ever come to them; although you have ever feared, your fears so far have been illy founded. I have ever had to intercede in their behalf; and Tubal, dear, you surely can not condemn my actions at this late date in our marital life.

“I am aware of some such thing,” said Tubal; “you have swung your scepter over matters considerable. Knowing you to have been a praying woman, I have yielded more than I otherwise ever should have done. It seems strange to me, Decinda, that I have prayed also, yet in some things we have walked apart, not seeing alike; but then we've never quarrelled I reckon! Why can't I get the light you seem to have on these party questions?”

“I can answer in but one way, husband: When you have prayed you have held fast hold on your prejudices and yielded

not one inch, and would arise from prayer unchanged in thought or feeling; and to any intimation of diverse opinion than that held by you, you have persistently dissented."

"There, I reckon that's about true," replied Tubal; "for when I prayed I held to my views both before and after prayer."

"Certainly," said I, "and by that means you were persuaded that your prayers confirmed the correctness of your views, whereas such was never the case!"

"Well then," said Tubal, "I reckon when I prayed for light, I shut up my soul so close that when the light flickered around it couldn't shine in—so I didn't get any, and have thought I was all right."

"Father, kiss me," exclaimed Tilly-Jane, as she hastily arose, approaching her father and throwing her arms about his neck in warm embrace, and she kissed him ere he knew it! Tubal was fairly shocked at her conduct. But Tilly-Jane felt so happy to hear her father begin to reason on the matter more sensibly that she could not prevent the outburst of gratitude she felt in her soul. Husband kissed her, and patted her on her cheek, and the warm tears fell upon his beard. Swinging her father's hands, and casting a glad look into his tear-dimmed eyes that bespoke a daughter's true love, she let go and resumed her seat.

Tubal's home relations are good ones, but like many others he surely has not appreciated them as he should. The children have never disobeyed him; they are too true to the nobler instincts of their souls to attempt it. Fear, fear, fear; has so actuated his movements. And he has so often found that his peculiar fears

have been groundless that one would think ere this he had relinquished his hold upon them to an extent at least.

He does not object to my writing this serial of these things, trusting others may profit by them. I assure the readers they are not all fiction, by any means! Truth lies couched in every sentence I pen.

Upon Tilly-Jane resuming her seat, Unit arose, and after his honest, manly way, approached his father, when Tubal exclaimed: "What! another kiss?"

"Certainly," replied Unit, "femininity doesn't hold monopoly upon this token of regard." And they grasped their right hands warmly and kissed each other.

Then Tubal arose and said: "Wife, daughter, son! let us bow in prayer and seek God's blessing upon our souls to-night, ere we retire."

And we bowed in prayer, husband leading. And such a prayer from his lips I never heard. I prayed next, then Tilly-Jane prayed. And O! such sweet, lispng words of grace that fell from her dear lips; it was marvelous. You would have thought she was an angel descended into our presence. Unit prayed! The dear, good boy he is. He could scarcely pray for weeping. It was not a long prayer; short, sweet, pure, from honest lips that never told a lie; and I doubt if guile has ever stained them. We retired for the night; and the Holy Spirit's peace hovered o'er our home.

The next morning husband arose and at breakfast stated he had had a vision in the night, and he was happy. He said he would tell us of it in the evening.

Unit had a dream also. The day passed away pleasantly.

## THE BASIS OF POLITENESS.

IS there a grace more desirable than that which is the essence and spirit of the Golden Rule—a spirit which shelters ignorance from comment, while it strives to remove it; a spirit which seeks to make every one in the circle of its influence feel that they have a friend whose heart and mind are conservatories sheltering the flowers of kindness and sympathy?

Manners, no matter how elegant, can never cover innate selfishness or ill-breeding. Good manners are but the expres-

sion of the impulses of a good heart; a heart that is full of sympathy for ignorance and suffering. One who makes the Golden Rule the basis of intercourse with others never fails in the essential of polite manners.

Wealth and good manners are not synonymous; neither are poverty and rude manners. No amount of wealth can cover the blemishes of a small or coarse nature, no poverty the greatness of a generous one.

—Christian Union.

## BEREAVED ONES.

Respectfully inscribed to the wife, parents and friends of Bro. Joseph Allen Hopkins.

BY M. RODGER.

How peaceful the rest in this beautiful land, Where my poor tired spirit has flown; From my prison of clay I am carried away, To a brighter and happier home.	I'm not far away from you, loving ones dear, Be comforted,—short is your stay; Be patient in sorrow, A brighter to-morrow Will cheer the dark hours of to-day.
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You think I am dead; ah, you can not see;  
The veil o'er your earth-eyes is drawn!  
I am now free from pain,  
And I here shall remain  
'Till the morn of eternity's dawn.

I am gone for a season away from your sight, Dear father and mother, farewell; And brothers, and wife Whom I loved as my life, And my two little children, farewell.	Remember the parting, be ready to come, And sister and I will await To greet you once more As you come to the shore, And enter the beautiful gate.
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April 22d, 1839.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

NOT long after this, having replenished my wardrobe, I went to a factory yard called "The New York Mills," to visit a family by the name of Calder with whom I had formed an acquaintance before leaving for Nauvoo. This family was very regular in their attendance at the Saints' meetings and favorably impressed by the doctrine taught. They were also well known by all the members of the branch.

While here visiting, two young ladies called to have a social chat with the family which consisted of a widowed mother and three grown daughters. One of these was a sister of my wife, that now is, who, when returning home, mentioned having received an introduction to a young man by the name of Stafford, who had recently returned from Nauvoo, and was now visiting the Calder family.

Her parents sent her back with an invitation for me to go and see them, as they desired to ask some questions relating to certain persons at Nauvoo with whom they were acquainted in England, and I also learned that they were acquainted

with my parents before we left the town of Stockport, England.

I went with the young lady, and being introduced to them, conversation commenced about Nauvoo, and my parents, and enquiry made concerning William Clayton, Thomas Moon, and their families with whom they were acquainted on the British Isle. It was at this time that I first saw my wife, and it might be termed on my part at least, "love at first sight;" but I learned from her afterward that it was not the case with her. In the fall of the same year, the family, consisting of the parents and four grown daughters, moved near to the place where I lived. They had two other daughters and one son married, who with their families moved to the same place; all combining their fortunes to run the warping, dressing, and weaving department of a small Cotton Factory. The carding and spinning were done by another man having a family large enough for the purpose. They wove bed-ticking by power-looms.

My uncle and aunt with whom I

resided were well acquainted with Mr. Eastham, father of my wife, and his family, together with the families of the married ones, and one Sunday afternoon we visited the old folks for a walk and a friendly chat about "Auld lang syne." My relatives chatted with the old folks, while the writer was privileged to enjoy the society of the younger ones; but he was disappointed in not seeing among them the face he most desired to see; but a little before sun-down a laughing, joyous, vivacious creature with an eye the index of her soul, which was as pure as human nature could be, made her appearance. If impressed at first, the feeling now took deeper root, and I felt that I had met my destiny. I did not enjoy her society long at that time, but as an introduction to the family had been gained, I was determined to improve every opportunity to secure a meeting and know my destiny from her own lips, as soon as a favorable opportunity should offer. Accordingly next Sunday found me there again, and when night came the four grown daughters prepared to go to the village about a half mile away to attend meeting. Asking and obtaining permission to go along, we started, and I showed my partiality for the youngest by walking with her. In fact, like Samuel with the sons of Jessie, I chose the youngest. I walked home with her but did not have an opportunity of saying what I wished to say.

On the next Sabbath evening the same programme was carried out, with this exception, while returning, being the last couple, we naturally fell behind the others and I ventured all in order to learn my fate. I need scarcely tell you that the answer I received was a favorable one, for many of the friends who will read this have seen us growing old together, but let me assure you that during the first year of our engagement circumstances did not point to a favorable ending of "love's young dream." No sooner was her father aware of the nature of my attentions to his daughter, than, for some unexplained reason, I was forbidden the house, and for nearly a year, all our meetings were of a clandestine character. It may have been that my religion was objectionable to him, or some party might have misrepresented me. Be this as it may, I never knew the cause, but the facts in the

case are that the old gentleman was extremely averse to any of his daughter's marrying, having declared that he would never give a daughter of his away. The two who were settled had been married away from home, having been compelled to meet each other without his knowledge, or to crush out the affections of their hearts and never meet at all. It is a vain thing for parents to strive to separate those who truly love each other, for there is no risk which true love will not scorn and few are the obstacles which it will not surmount.

After things had continued in this state for nearly a year, another of my father's sisters came from England. They were intimately acquainted with Mr. Eastham's family, and upon the occasion of their going to visit them, I accompanied them, stopping at the house of one of the married daughters. When the dinner hour arrived, to my utter astonishment an invitation was sent me to join the family, and upon my hesitating to do so, Mr. Eastham sent his daughter, Prudence, to insist on my doing so. Terms of agreement were immediately entered upon and I partook of the mid-day meal with the family, and after that was at liberty to come and go without hindrance.

This was in the fall of 1846, and in the spring of the next year the Mexican war was in full blast. I made up my mind to go to the war, and told Prudence that I thought some of going to sea; but she thought I was joking and trying to frighten her, and took no notice of it. I however, resolved to go, thinking that war time was a good time to rise to distinction, and I had a preference for the sea. Right here I wish to say that my religion was at a low ebb. I had seen enough of Rigdonism to satisfy me. I had two uncles who went to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, one of whom went home disgusted; the other eventually turned to be a Spiritualist.

If in some parts of my narrative anything should transpire, which the readers should judge was not in keeping with my former profession, let them not lay it to the religion I had professed, but to the want of it, for I had become about discouraged. Sometimes I would wonder if the Church of God would ever be organized again, and had strong hopes; at other times I was despondent. I was

young and had not made myself acquainted with the purposes of God as made known through the prophets. But this much I will say, that my parents' teachings, together with what I had learned in the lifetime of the "Seer," enabled me to shun the immoral practices of the sailors. I left unbeknown to any one for fear my courage would fail me under the pleadings of my relatives and friends; and more especially those of her to whom I had pledged my troth.

I landed in New York sometime in May, and went aboard of the receiving ship, North Carolina, waiting with others to be placed upon a sea-going ship the first opportunity. About the middle of June a line of battle ship came into port from the Gulf of Mexico, and had orders to go round into the Pacific Ocean to reinforce the United States forces who were carrying on the war on the Mexican coast, in that ocean, and our first point of attack was to be the fort of Acapulco. I had written home to Prudence of my whereabouts and my destination; but had received no answer as yet. The recruits on the receiving ship were transferred to the ship which was to be our future home for three years. About the last week in June we got under way, and in going over the bar outside of Sandy Hook, our ship drawing too much water, got aground and could not be got off until next day. The steamer that came to tow us off, brought the mail and I was so lucky as to get a letter from Prudence.

Getting off the bar, all was life and bustle; hands were sent aloft to loose sails, which were hoisted to their mast heads and sheeted home by hands on deck; the sails all set she began to move, and then I began to realize my situation and how long I had shipped for. There was no back door out of which I could find egress, so I made up my mind to round up my shoulders and bear it the best I could.

Standing on deck at the foot of the main-mast and looking up at the hands on the yards, brought to my mind a dream I had about a month before I thought of going to sea. I dreamed of being on the largest ship I ever saw; indeed in my dream I questioned about it being a reality because she was such a monster of a ship.

I saw the men aloft and myself watching them, in my dream, just as I now was in reality. The dream was literally fulfilled.

There was only one larger ship in the United States Navy, The Pennsylvania, but she was condemned as unseaworthy.

Our ship was pierced for a hundred and twenty guns. She had three gun decks, called the spar (or upper) deck, the gun deck and the berth-deck; these were all above water. There was another called the olive-deck, and then the hold of the ship which was of enormous size; both below the water line. She carried on her upper deck thirty-two pound guns, or guns that threw that sized shot; on her gun deck forty-eight pounders, and on her lower, or berth deck, sixty-four pounders. On her main, or gun deck she carried amid-ships two sixty-four pounders on each side. These guns were mounted on exceedingly strong frames or carriages made of heavy timber, and had wooden axles, the ends of which were about six inches in diameter running into wooden trucks which were about sixteen inches in diameter, and about eight inches thick. Through the butt end of the cannon, or gun as they are always called aboard ship, is a hole about four inches in diameter, through which runs a rope called the breeching, to which is fastened at each end a large iron hook. These are hooked into two large iron eyes, or ring bolts fastened in the side of the ship, one on each side of the gun, the object of the breeching being to keep the gun from running too far inboard from the reaction when it is fired off, and it is long enough to let the muzzle of the gun come far enough inboard to allow the spongers and loaders room to work.

These guns are invariably run out, that is, about one third of them are outside of the ship, except in action, sham or real. There are stationed to each gun eight men and a boy, who act in the capacity of first and second captain, first and second loader and boarder, first and second shot and wad men, first and second sponger and boarder and the powder boy. There are quarter-gunners whose duty it is to keep the guns clean, see that their fastenings, especially when at sea, are all secure, and to fire salutes when occasion requires.

(To be continued.)

## MISS CLARA BARTON.

THE WOMAN NAMED BY SOLDIERS THE "ANGEL OF THE BATTLE-FIELD."

"SOMEBODY had to go and take care of the soldiers, and so I went!"

Simple words of a great-hearted woman, the watchword of whose life has been and is duty—duty that has led her, not into the quiet paths of home-doing, but amid scenes that appalled the strongest heart; duty that has demanded of her the most heroic self-sacrifice, the most sublime devotion to God's law of the universal brotherhood of humanity; duty which has called for utter self-abnegation, for the sternest self-control, for the sweetest, purest, truest womanhood—by such duty as this has she of whom I write to-day been tried, and never found wanting. With no thought of peculiar consecration to any given work, she heard and heeded the still, small voice that showed her the way to her divinely appointed task, and bravely walked therein.

The life of Clara Barton is an open one to the world. She was born upon a Christmas day among the bleak New England hills, at a place called North Oxford, in Massachusetts. Her father was Captain Stephen Barton, who had served as a non-commissioned officer under Mad Anthony Wayne. He became a prosperous farmer and a man of influence in public affairs. Clara was the youngest of a large family of children, and was educated mostly at home. The consequence was a greater freedom than children usually enjoy in their school days, and she spent many hours alone among the trees and flowers, laughing in glee at her own thoughts, dreaming her own child dreams, but keeping by this communion with the outdoor world, that simple unconventional nature which forms her peculiar characteristic as a woman.

When she was eleven years old a well beloved brother met with some misfortune which called him to endure many weary months of confinement to his bed. Little Clara became his nurse and companion, and here she showed those rare qualities which made her so efficient among the suffering in after days. For two years this child nurse held to her self-appointed task of caring for this

brother day and night. Wonderful, indeed, that one so young should have shown the wisdom and lack of thought for self that made such a thing possible. The influence of her buoyant, hopeful, energetic, and yet tender nature, was, without doubt, a staff of strength to the invalid, and he finally recovered.

Released from this care, after a little more study, she began teaching. She was then sixteen, a bright, fresh looking girl, with keen, dark eyes that looked inquiringly out into the world which held so much for her to do. She was a successful teacher, and proved herself also to possess good business talent, developed by assisting her brothers at intervals during several years, in their pursuits. Her school education was finally finished by a three years' course at Clinton, N. Y. Immediately after this she made a most emphatic demonstration of her skill and fitness as an educator by her work in Bordentown, New Jersey.

There was, in this place, a most determined dislike to the Public System of Free Schools. Seeing their necessity, with her usual lack of thought for herself she offered to take the responsibility of opening and carrying one forward for three months at her own expense. Imagine her then taking an old tumble down building, and with six scholars beginning her labor. How she popularized it may be known by the fact that in a few weeks the numbers had swelled so that two schools were necessary, instead of one, and in a year, a fine building was erected and five hundred pupils taken from the ranks of both rich and poor, were being taught at public expense. This one thing was enough to establish her name as that of a public benefactor.

Then followed her work in the Patent Office at Washington. She had gone to that city to rest and recuperate from her arduous labors. Trouble had arisen in this Department through the treachery of some of the clerks, who had betrayed secrets, to the great inconvenience of inventors. Miss Barton was recommended to the Commissioner as one who

could be trusted, while at the same time she was clear headed and well trained in business matters. She was offered the position and accepted, little recking of the petty malice of the male clerks, who could illy brook the advent of a woman among them. It is related, that morning after morning, they would range themselves in two rows along the hall through which she had to pass, and she would be obliged to run the gauntlet of their sarcastic looks, low whistling and insulting sneers. They all failed of their purpose. It is characteristic of Clara Barton that nothing can deter her from doing what she holds to be her duty, and though she walked with burning cheeks and down-cast eyes through this fiery ordeal to a sensitive nature, she nevertheless remained at her post, as she did through all subsequent attempts by slander to drive her away. Three years passed, and then the suspicion of "Black Republicanism" caused her dismissal—which she accepted without remonstrance—but she was a little later urgently recalled because of her efficiency.

Then came the outbreak of the Civil War. Little did she know all which this meant to her. Through every vein ran the thrill of patriotism, and her spirit grew strong in the conviction that, though a woman, she could help her country. Loyal to the heart's core, devoted and true, she could not yet imagine what burning ploughshares her feet must walk over before her work was done.

Resigning her position because she would not accept money drawn from an already overtaxed treasury, she entered a broader field of labor. She was in Washington when the Sixth Massachusetts regiment arrived there with their wounded, who were struck down in Baltimore. From that hour her mission was defined. She went among these poor fellows and ministered to their wants as long as there was a necessity. A little later, day after day, during the Peninsular campaign, she went down the Potomac, returning with the wounded soldiers, caring for them in various ways until they were taken to the hospitals.

One thing troubled and perplexed her sadly. Although provisions and stores poured into Washington, there was no way to get them to the soldiers at the front, who were suffering and dying for

their lack. It was borne in upon her that there her duty lay, but it was not until she returned from her dying father's bedside armed with his words, "Go, if you feel it your duty to go! I know what soldiers are, and I know that every true soldier will respect you and your errand," that she found courage to take the steps to get there. Every effort to go forward was rebuffed until she applied to the Assistant Quartermaster, Gen. Rucker, who listened to her request, made with eyes swimming in tears, entered heartily into her plans, and from that time onward put every facility in her way to successfully carry them out.

After this, all through the war she was found upon the battlefield, a very angel of mercy. Friend and foe alike received her ministrations. They were all her brothers, and as such she knew no difference. Side by side with the field surgeons she endured the exposures and ran the risks which were inevitable. She furnished her own supplies, transported by the government, and she never rested in the labor of distribution. Her foresight was wonderful. Once, after a terrible battle, when the surgeons went on the field at night, and found to their dismay, there was but one half-burnt candle with which to succor thousands of wounded men, she drove the darkness away with the stores of candles and lamps she had remembered to bring.

One can hardly believe, if it were not so well authenticated, all that this woman did for the wounded and dying soldiers upon the hardest fought fields, such "battles as Cedar Mountain, second Bull Run, Chantilly, Antietam, Falmouth, and old Fredericksburg, siege of Charleston, on Morris Island, at Wagner, Wilderness and Spottsylvania, The Mine, Deep Bottom, through sieges of Petersburg and Richmond, with Butler and Grant, through summer without shade and winter without shelter, often weak, but never so far disabled as to retire from the field; always under fire in severe battles; her clothing pierced with bullets and torn by shot, exposed at all times, but never wounded." These are the words spoken of her in the "History of Woman Suffrage," and the same testimony is borne by thousands of men who saw her upon these battlefields.

Her next work was corresponding with



the friends of missing prisoners at the close of the conflict. Appointed by the President to do this work, she established at her own expense a Bureau of Records of missing men of the armies, employing several clerks to assist her. Then, going to Andersonville with the aid of one who had been a prisoner there and had preserved the rolls, she identified all of the thirteen thousand graves with the exception of about four hundred. She had each one inclosed and marked so that friends could find them, and a fence made entirely around the Cemetery.

One thing with regard to Miss Barton's career may be noted. She never asked for and never received any pay for her services, and never hesitated to use her own small income—the result of wise investment—to carry forward her good work. When it became known that she had expended several thousands of dollars for the Bureau, Congress voted her reimbursement, and an additional sum for going on to a conclusion. During the four years in which she continued with the Bureau, she frequently electrified large audiences with her war experiences, that were so full of thrilling and pathetic incidents.

It would seem as if with the war Miss Barton's active work might have ended, and yet it had only fairly begun. I can can preface her later labors with anything so good as Miss Lacom's words regarding her in "Our Famous Women:"

"There is nothing in the divine ordering of human lives more beautiful than the way in which opportunities to do noble work grow out of similar work which has already been faithfully done. Life is no longer fragmentary; every part has meaning and unity, and the toiler goes thankfully on through the broader activities, and into the deeper consecration, developing always a less conscious personality, but one everywhere more definitely recognized and honored."

This is eminently true of Clara Barton. Instead of rest, new labor awaited her. Seeking a renewal of strength among the magnificent Alpine mountains in the fall of 1869, at Geneva, her work again found her. Leading members of the "Red Cross Society," an international organization for the relief of the wounded in war, formed five years before, waited upon her to ask her influence to get the signature of the

United States, to the treaty which rendered neutral all surgeons, chaplains, or nurses, upon the battlefield, engaged in caring for the suffering, whether friend or foe. This she at once, with all of the enthusiasm of her nature, promised to do.

While lingering in Berne the Franco-Prussian war broke out. Again the Red Cross committee came to her and begged her to go with them to the battlefield. Invalid that she was, she did not hesitate. Said Mrs. Bolton, in speaking of her work there: "When Strausburg capitulated and over twenty thousand were homeless and starving, she provided materials for thirty thousand garments, to be made by poor women who needed money for their daily bread; then distributed the garments. She aided the starving people at Metz and the wounded at Sedan. She entered Paris on foot, during the days of the Commune, distributing food and clothing to the needy. Once when, eager for bread, so that the mob overcame the police, she came out of her house and spoke to them; they said: 'God! it is an angel,' and became quiet and orderly."

It is hard to refrain from dwelling upon the grand work which she did here, but I must hasten onward. In 1873, Miss Barton returned to the United States crowned with the love and gratitude of France and Germany, and bearing mementoes of the friendship of the noble Grand Duchess of Baden, who was an active member of the Red Cross Society, and of the Emperor William, the latter giving her the Iron Cross, won only by deeds of heroism upon the battlefield.

Back in her native land, she at once began urging the signing of the treaty before mentioned, which was finally done, and Miss Barton was appointed by President Garfield, the president of the Red Cross Society in this country. Under her charge the work of this organization has been extended to times of peace. When great disasters come, by flood, fire, pestilence or earthquake, there are Miss Barton and her fellow-laborers to be found forgetful of self, laboring only for humanity. And she has made the nation feel that this is the people's work, and everywhere, they are gathering themselves under the banner of the Red Cross." What that banner represents Clara Barton has made us understand.

Honors have come to her from both

sides of the water, but it does not need that I should enumerate them here. When we remember what she has done; how she has labored, often while racked with bitter pain herself, yet seeking only to alleviate that of others; when we recall the generous bestowal of time, thought, strength and money; when we think of

what life meant to her, and how simply and yet earnestly she has carried out its meaning, our hearts turn with loving reverence to this woman whose inspiration and strength must have come from the Infinite Father, enabling her to do so much for suffering humanity.

—Selected.

## HE KNOWETH THE WAY THAT I TAKE.

I know not, the way is so misty,  
The joys or the griefs it shall bring,  
What clouds are o'er hanging the future,  
What flowers by the roadside shall spring;  
But there's One who will journey beside me,  
Nor in weal nor in woe will forsake;  
And this is my solace and comfort,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

I stand where the cross-roads are meeting,  
And know not the right from the wrong;  
No beckoning fingers direct me,  
No welcome floats to me in song;  
But my Guide will soon give me a token  
By wilderness, mountain, or lake;  
Whatever the darkness about me,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

It is true that I can not perceive Him,  
If backward or forward I go;  
He hideth Himself, but He tries me,  
That more of His love I may know.  
And O, that the gold may be purer  
For the trouble that comes for love's sake!  
I am not afraid of life's sorrow,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

Who knoweth? The Father who loves me;  
The Savior who suffered for me;  
The Spirit all present to guide me—  
Whatever the future shall be.  
So let me have hope and take courage;  
This truth shall my joy anthem make,  
The Lord is my strong tower of refuge,  
"He knoweth the way that I take."

And I know that the way leadeth homeward  
To the land of the pure and the blest,  
To the country of ever fair summer,  
To the city of peace and of rest;  
And there shall be healing for sickness,  
And fountains, life's fever to slake;  
What matters beside? I go heavenward;  
"He knoweth the way that I take."—Sel.

## STRANGE BIRDS OF SYRIA.

BY S. F. WALKER.

IN the times of the empire the ostrich was common in Syria and Babylon, though that phenomenal creature is not any longer found in those regions. Perhaps the most peculiar bird of these countries is a kind of heron, unknown in Europe. It inhabits northern Syria and the districts about Aleppo. It is grayish white in color, having tips of scarlet on its wings, and a large beak scarlet and black. The feet are yellow and the eyes red. In shape it resembles the stork, but it is four feet high, and the expanded

wings measure as much as nine feet. This strange creature goes in a flock of its kind. They are semi-aquatic. In the rivers of northern Syria they may be seen standing in rows across the stream. They select a shallow. Here they squat, with their outspread tails up stream. The current is thus stopped; the water runs away, leaving bare the river bed. When this feat is accomplished the birds all swoop down at a signal and gather up in their big beaks the fish and frogs that have been exposed in the bed of the river.

## Editor's Corner.

UNDER the caption of "A Short History of my Early Life," appears an article written by Bro. William Street, the title of which should have been "Character." We trust the mistake, under the circumstances, will be pardoned.

In this issue our attention has been called to the following errors in an article by Bro. Sheehy entitled, "Eminent Hebrews," and as the form was already printed, they were discovered too late for correction.

On page 208 and fourteenth line from the beginning, where the word "natives" occurs, it should be "nations." "Corn laws" instead of "coin laws" on page 210, second column, fifth line from top; and "barring the crown" instead of "bearing the crown," on page 210, second column, thirteenth line from bottom.

In the April number of the LEAVES our readers will find that by an oversight of the proof-reader there occurs a repetition of four verses in the poem entitled, "The Spoilers of Jerusalem." The editors at the office were leaving for conference, while sickness pressed heavily upon our own home, excluding the oversight which the magazine at other times receives. Our friends will understand it all. The Father has drawn near to us, and the poem broken off on earth will be continued in heaven. To its com-

position was given the last earthly labor of one who is now at rest, and whose hand will never pen the thoughts which filled his mind, even to the hour in which the "Silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken." As the visions of earth faded, the "sweet harmonies" of heaven fell upon his ear and the poem of Life Eternal forever displaced the jarring measure of this. Into the gates of the "New Jerusalem" no spoilers shall ever enter, and He who is the light thereof has conquered forever the spoiler, death, and separation shall never come to those who dwell therein.

W. S., in writing to us says: "No one can fully realize what good the church periodicals are doing and have done. My folks have always been opposed to the latter day work; and when I say opposed I mean it in the very strongest of terms. Some have read the "Herald," "Hope," "Expositor" and "Autumn Leaves," and have expressed themselves like the following: "If there are any church publications that contain nutriment and grain without chaff, they are the winnowed articles that come from the Latter Day Saints' periodical and publication house in Iowa. My mother is quite interested in the "Autumn Leaves," and I guess she will read nearly every article that appears." w. s.

## ✻ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ✻

EDITED BY SALOME.

### FRESH WATER AQUARIUM.

Perhaps some of our boys would like to try their ingenuity in making a fresh water aquarium.

Though marine animals surpass the inhabitants of fresh water in strangeness of form and tint, there are enough aquatic objects to be found in any stream or pond to keep my readers busy and happy for years in studying their habits and natural history. And if you determine to have an aquarium, have one whose contents will afford a constant source of amusement and instruction. Sea-shells, corals, etc., should not be used in a fresh water aquarium. The lime and salts they contain will injure both fish and plant. By making the artificial home of the aquatic creatures, conform as nearly as possible to their natural ones you can keep them

all in a healthy and lively condition. Of course those who wish can buy tanks ready to use, but we give below a simple way for making them and almost any boy with a little ingenuity and some patience can make one for himself.

Procure two pieces of glass for sides, each 24 by 7; two for ends, each 16 by 7; one board 28 by 20 with rounded edges; 28 inches of three-quarter round moulding, about one inch through, (this can be procured of any carpenter or wherever lumber is sold), and a little putty.

Plow out grooves in the top of your board to hold the glass so that the corners fit together nicely. Put your moulding on at each corner, nailing from beneath. Fill groove in board with pliable putty, then insert your glass and putty up corners on the inside, and if you choose to make a little finish for the top, get enough of

quarter round to do so, (two pieces 24 inches long and two 16 inches long) and nail to corner standards.

Your aquarium is now ready to stock unless you choose to paint it. Some paint the glass on the outside, all except the front one which is left clear for observation.

First cover the bottom with sand and gravel. Then build your rockery; it is better to cement it together and into place.

After this is all arranged, go to the nearest pond or brook, and dredge up some water plants. Any that are not too large will do—starwort, milfoil, bladder-wort, pondweed, etc. Fasten the roots of your plants to small stones with a bit of string, and arrange them about the tank to suit your taste. Fill the tank with water, and let it stand in the window for a week or two, where it will receive plenty of light and but little sun. By that time all your plants will be growing, and numerous other little plants will have started into life of their own accord. Then you may add your animals, and if you do not overstock the tank you need *never change the water*. Be sure not to handle the fish; if, for any cause, you wish to remove them, lift them gently with a dip net. Should you wish to keep a turtle, a crawfish, or any such animal, you must have your rockery so arranged that part of it will protrude above the water.

Feed your fish on insects once or twice a week. Do not try to force them to eat. If they are hungry they need little persuasion. Boat-bugs, whirligig beetles, and, in fact almost all the aquatic bugs and beetles will eat lean raw meat if given to them in small bits. Carp, dace, and such fish will eat bread; bass, pickerel and gars will not.

Never allow food to remain in the bottom of the aquarium to spoil, for it will contaminate the water. The vegetarians in your tank will feed upon the growing plants and eat up the bread.

Never put a large frog in your aquarium, for he will devour everything there.

The following receipt from the *Scientific American* I have found withstands the action of the water much better than putty which flakes off.

"Aquarium Cement.—Linseed oil, 3 ounces; tar, 4 ounces; resin, one pound; melt together over a gentle fire. If too much oil is used the cement will run down the angles of the aquarium; to obviate this it should be tested before using by allowing a small quantity to cool under water. If not found sufficiently firm, allow it to simmer longer or add more tar and resin. The cement should be poured in the corners and in groove on bottom while warm (not hot)."

#### CORK ORNAMENTS.

Cork cut very similarly to the mode employed for wood veneers is being fashioned extensively into ornaments, particularly in displaying, on exact scale, famous ruins, picturesqueness of effect being aided by the porous texture of the material imitating decayed masonry and the rough bark of trees. Ruins of the Church of the Sept Douleurs at Jerusalem, of the gate at Damascus, of the Castle of Babertsburg near

Potsdam, and the Castle of Rheinbeck are among choice productions. The body, or foundation, is of clip or stiffened cambric.

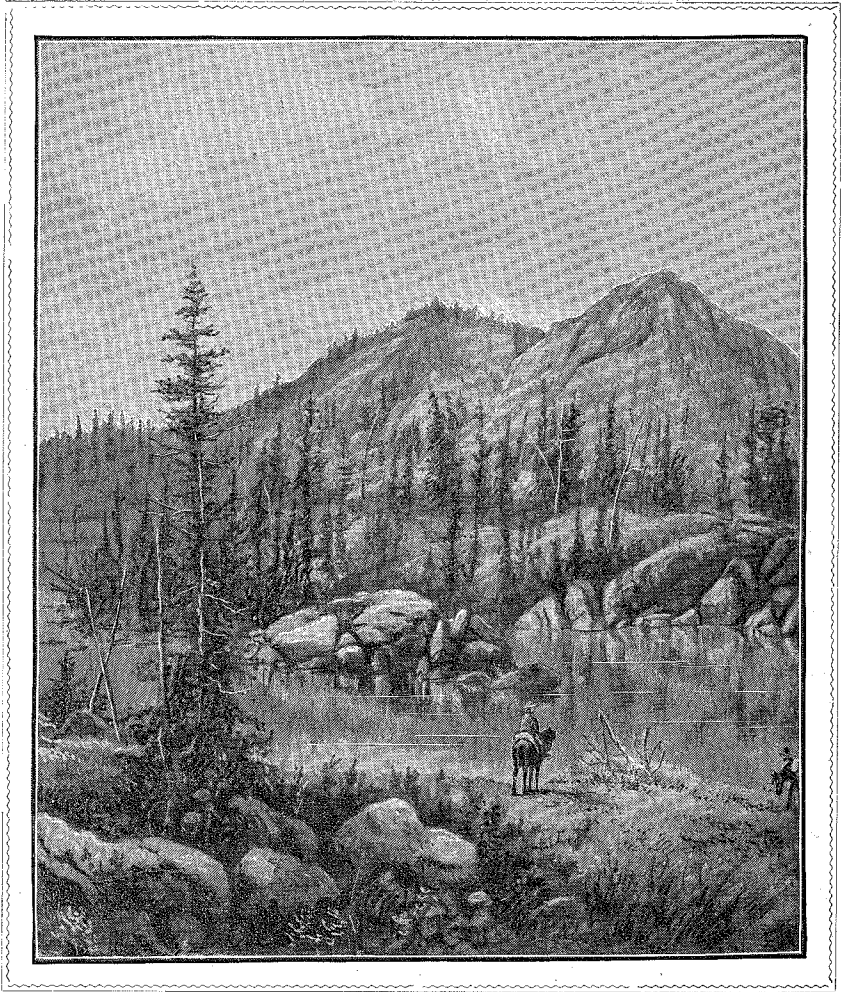
All kinds of toys can be made with corks. The "little tumbler" is very easily made. Several corks should be glued together, and when the glue has dried, with a sharp penknife cut out a figure, hollowing it. On the feet fasten a small lead shot so that in whatever way the figure is thrown down, it will stand on its feet. Ducks can easily be made of corks and when they have been ballasted with lead they will outsail any storm. If a piece of wire or steel is placed in the body of a duck it can be manipulated on a sheet of paper with a magnet. A small model of a mouse can easily be made and with care it will present a very pretty appearance. These cork bricks can be easily fastened together by passing a wire through the cables and gluing them. To cut a cork, a sharp knife is all that is necessary, and more fun and amusement can be had out of them than one can imagine. This modeling may be taken up as an amusement by amateurs.

#### BEAN BAG.

CONSIDERABLE skill may be developed in the game of "Bean Bag;" it certainly produces a great deal of amusement in a company of young people, and is said to have been very popular last winter in Boston circles. The necessary apparatus is very simple, and consists of a board three feet long and one foot and one half wide, nine inches from the top of the board a hole six inches square is made. Make five gaily colored bags six inches square, and one (called Jumbo) six by ten inches; fill them all loosely with beans. One end of the board should rest on the floor and the other end be raised about nine inches by means of a prop, so that the board will present a sloping surface to the player. Each player stands five to eight paces from the board and throws all the bags, trying to pitch them through the square hole. Every bag that goes through counts ten for the player, those landing on the platform count five each, and all falling on the floor discount ten each. "Jumbo" must be thrown last and counts or discounts twice as much as one of the smaller bags. The number of players is unlimited, but if the party is a large one, captains may be appointed and sides chosen. Prizes are awarded to the most successful and to the most unsuccessful participants.

Another popular form of this game is to provide a quantity of the six-inch bags, one half of the number red and the other half blue. Arrange the players in two rows facing each other. The blue bags are deposited at the head of one row and the red at the other. The persons heading each row at a signal picks up a bag, passes it to the next and so on down the line. When all the bags reach the foot they are returned one by one as quickly as possible, the side which first returns all its bags being the successful competitor. A hat containing a number of blank slips and one slip bearing the word "Prize," is passed to the players. The person who draws the prize slip is then entitled to some suitable home-made gift.





**LAKE MARY.**

See page 283.

# AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 6.

## BEFORE MARRIAGE.

“I NEVER go to a bridal that it does not almost break my heart.” Why?

In reading the excellent words of Marion Harland in *March Autumn Leaves*, and previously many other pieces of good advice to young married people, I felt to thank God, first, that to human beings in a higher degree than to any other embodied spirits he had given the power to communicate thought; secondly, that they have been permitted to formulate a system by which their thoughts may be recorded and sent from one to many; and thirdly, for those excellent spirits upon the earth in almost all ages of the world who are so unselfish in their natures that they will sacrifice, if need be, a part of their own time and energy to the benefitting of their fellow beings.

And yet in carefully weighing this article of Marion Harland's, it seems to me that she has too much overlooked what she yet acknowledges to be a sinful error, in her effort to arrive at the causes of discord in wedlock. She says “the key note that sets all ajar is usually struck in the earlier months of marriage. By a curious reversal of conditions the ardent wooer of the ante-nuptial idyl becomes the philosophically contented husband with the utterance of the irrevocable words.” That the latter statement is true of most of the marriages of to-day I can not well deny; but I believe that these “curious reversals of conditions” after marriage would be wholly unnecessary were the contracting parties to understand before marriage the true relation that man and woman should bear to each other, to the world, and to their God.

“It was the lover's business to make the world beautiful to his betrothed during

the wooing.” And is it not a matter of false education which leads the girl to expect that this is his only business, in the wooing as well as in marriage? Let us examine for a few moments the ante-nuptial life of the average girl of refinement and education of to-day. For ten months out of the year she is sent to school where the ultimate end is to graduate her in algebra, geometry, zoology, botany, geology, chemistry, rhetoric, literature, and ancient and modern history, and her vacations are spent upon embroidery and piano lessons. She is carefully absolved from the performance of practical house duties, or if she is permitted to assist in these she is given the part of beautifying and keeping the house in order. After graduation there is no change in her employment except that for school is substituted “society,” and her time and thoughts are filled with pleasure, gaiety, beauty, art, and fiction generally, until she succeeds in capturing some deluded man, who is willing for a time to pander to her wishes with the hope that in the end she will repay him as a wife. She, meantime, has no idea but that their present relations will always continue; and from such a life and such training how could she know otherwise? And yet when we come to consider the true part of a woman in the married relation, how different it necessarily is! A woman would be astonished if any one made the statement to her that it was not the man's business to provide for the family the necessities of life. And yet, granting that it is, does she think that there is no compensation due upon her part for the things provided, but that he must also provide the necessary “help” in order that they be prepared for use?

In the first place it is an artificial, not a natural supposition that a man should have the means when married to hire his house labor done. It is not a natural supposition that a man should have obtained sufficient means by the time he marries to absolve himself from personal labor, and I very much doubt, means or no means, whether he should thus absolve himself until old age or decrepitude prevents him from using his mental or physical powers. If, then, instead of being a parasite, he is expected to labor personally to provide for his wife and family, is it any more than just to expect that she also should labor personally in preparing for use the things provided?

This, however, would necessitate that she become familiar with all those ministering arts that pertain to every household. How and when is she to do this?

Will any sensible woman marry a man who is utterly unversed at the time in the art of making a living? Is it not rather the thought that a man is presuming too much in this age to ask the hand of a woman until he has learned some trade or is master of some vocation by which he can support her? When she can cut and make not only her own garments, but her brother's or her father's as well; when she can deftly and easily cook all of the common foods in more ways than one; and when she can manage the housekeeping work—from washing and ironing, and making beds, and tidying rooms, down to washing dishes and putting the cupboards to rights—with neatness, order and despatch, woman will just have become ready to stand even in accomplishments with the man who has thoroughly learned his trade.

And the acquiring of this should not be deferred until the knowledge is needed in all its perfectness, but each responsibility should be taken up gradually as the mind and body grows, until at last the girl becomes a woman prepared to care for herself and for others.

"But should she receive no mind culture at all?" you ask. Certainly. The fundamental principles of mathematics, language and the sciences are needed in all her labors; and more than this, she should have special training in practical chemistry, hygiene, and botany. Not that in the latter she need spend months in learn-

ing the technical names of the different plants, but she should be taught without the elaborateness that is usual with the study of *materia medica* to recognize at sight the common useful plants, and to understand their properties and powers. Let her also be informed of the world and its inventions, and of the labors performed in different ages by different people for the benefit of humanity; but let this mainly be done by the reading of histories and books of description, which she is taught to read during moments which would otherwise be wasted.

A woman thus prepared will not feel the first responsibilities of housekeeping in wedded life an added burden for which she must be paid by an undue amount of petting and coaxing and praising. She will feel that she is but doing her legitimate part of the temporal labors of life, and without worry. If the man is equally well prepared, both may enjoy the fruits of their labors. And, farther, when a woman understands from her own experience that labor and the affairs of business pertaining to the individual or to the citizen are a necessity in the life of the man, the term "generic jealousy" may be safely laid aside.

Yet a mere knowledge of how to manage temporalities alone on the part of each is not all that is required to produce a happy union. The God-given natures of men and women differ; "man is not woman, nor woman man." How necessary then that woman be led to understand the true nature of man before she marries, and *vice versa*. More than half the disappointments that come to married people probably arise from the lack of this knowledge. Women expect the same fineness of feeling and consideration in man that they themselves possess; when were he to possess it in his struggle for existence his life would be miserable or a total wreck. Man often times expects labor to be performed by the wife that her delicacy of constitution can not endure; and all because he himself is so strong that he thinks he is requiring very little. Could not parents who have learned these things by experience teach their children both the spiritual and the physical natures of their opposites?

But above all do man and woman need to know the purposes of union and of life; for without a true idea of these, gained



soon after marriage if not before, the finest match will prove an unhappy union. They should understand that this life was not granted them for the purpose of wasting their time in seeking and enjoying the pleasures of the senses merely, and that he who does this will surely reap the harvest of discontentment, suffering and unhappiness. On the contrary they should be taught that God has placed them here under certain laws and conditions, with certain works to do wherein he will prove them to see if they will choose righteousness rather than evil; and that as a consequence the highest joy that can come to them here is the knowledge or assurance given by God's Holy Spirit that they are doing properly the works he requires. For if they do these they have the promise of an infallible God, that they shall have joy in this world and eternal happiness in the world to come. They should understand that, in connection with assisting each other to work out their individual salvation, one of the greatest works required of them by God is the bringing forth and nurturing physically and spiritually during their immaturity other beings who are ordained to come into the world. And when they anticipate marriage they should understand that it should be undertaken with a view to accomplish these two labors; and they should weigh the matter accordingly, seeking counsel of man and of God, that they may use wisdom in making their choice.

Finally, when they are married, the husband should understand that, as his wife has agreed to take that part of their mutual labors which, of necessity compel her to remain almost daily within the limits of her home, he should supply her

with the knowledge and information that he has the opportunity of gaining in his relations with the world. That upon him rests the responsibility of teaching his family the law with regard to both temporal and spiritual things, and that he should inform himself accordingly. And lastly that he is to assist and uphold her in her labors for good with the children and the household, and that he is to guard her and them from the evils of the world. Let the wife remember that she should be interested in the struggle for life which the husband is constantly waging, and that the office of her calling is to be a comfort to him in his afflictions, while she yet bears in mind that as with him rests the responsibility of the issue, so with him must rest the decision of method. She should understand that the husband daily associates with that which tends to lower his plane of spirituality, and that it is her privilege to assist in clearing away the rubbish that surrounds the gems of truth discovered by him, and to polish them and set them in their places for guides to both in the future. And finally, that by love and by prayer she must turn his heart to the weaker spirits beneath him, as well as to the infinite Spirit above him, that in the end she may restore unto him what she caused him to lose in the beginning—the fruit of the tree of life, which is the pure love of God. (B. of M. 1 Nephi 3:17).

With this knowledge could a woman enter marriage lightly? without counsel? without a careful forecast of the future? and above all without God's Spirit to aid her in her choice? And with proper knowledge possessed by both parties before marriage, would our "hearts need to break" at the wedding feast?

VINA.

### THE BRAVEST BATTLE.

The bravest battle that ever was fought,  
Shall I tell you where and when?  
On the maps of the world you will find it not;  
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,  
With sword, or nobler pen;  
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought  
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently, bore her part,—  
Lo, there is that battlefield!

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song,  
No banner to gleam and wave;  
But, oh, these battles! they last so long,—  
From babyhood to the grave.—*Sel.*

## CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

Read by J. A. GUNSOLLY at Lamoni, Iowa, April 30th, 1889.

"Our fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries fall like grains of sand,  
We meet to-day, united, free,  
And loyal to our land and Thee,  
To thank Thee for the era done,  
And trust Thee for the opening one."

NO words of ours could so well and beautifully express the purpose for which we are met to-day as these few lines from the poet, Whittier; and this ought to be and no doubt is the sentiment of every one present this morning.

It is man's nature to be dissatisfied; and out of this dissatisfaction there comes a desire for change. In every avenue of life this is strikingly manifested. The gratification of this desire begets progression or retrogression; progression if the aspirations are high and lofty, retrogression if they are low and degrading. There is no neutral ground upon which to stand; whether we make an effort or not, we are unconsciously borne along with the host, ascending or descending. Which?

It was through the workings of this same restless spirit that Columbus was led to undertake that voyage the equal of which in its results has never been made before nor since. While Columbus and Isabella chiefly desired to carry Christianity to the heathen nations of the Orient, suspecting not that there lay directly in their way a continent peopled by a race which had degenerated to the level of the savage though once the favored sons of Jacob, yet there attaches to them certain credit for the discoveries which they made.

Our Pilgrim Fathers, throwing off all allegiance to the established church, and persecuted for their religious opinions, resolved to seek refuge in the wilds of America. Accordingly, having reached the coast of the new world, they, in the cabin of the Mayflower, formed a solemn compact which resulted in a pure democracy composed of one hundred and one citizens, the embryo which subsequently developed into the greatest republic, in many respects, that the world has ever seen.

The government in embryo planted in the hearts of the pilgrim fathers, began to germinate, and gradually spreading

throughout all the colonies, this desire for civil and religious liberty finally burst the shell of British opposition, shot upward into the light of liberty, and penetrated deeper into the hearts of her loyal citizens. The struggle for Independence follows. Columbia's soil is drenched with the blood of our ancestors for eight long and terrible years that you and I might enjoy the inalienable rights of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Independence having been secured, the attention was next directed to the establishment of a constitutional form of government. The Articles of Confederation were found to be entirely inadequate to the demands, since under it the government proved to be a union of independent commonwealths, the principle of which is destructive to the ends for which they endeavored to unite. It is a well known principle that, in order to form a perfect union there must be a common ground upon which all concerned may stand, which common ground was wanting under the Confederation.

Therefore measures were at once instituted to form a "more perfect union." A convention having been called at the suggestion of Washington, representatives from five states assembled, September, 1786. This being a minority of all the states, they adjourned to meet in May, the following year, at which time delegates from all the states, except Rhode Island, met at Philadelphia, the second Monday in May, 1787. This convention, the greatest in importance ever held in America, organized by choosing George Washington, of Virginia, president; and after about five months of earnest, and at times heated discussion, overruled by an all wise Providence, brought forth to the American people and to the world the constitution of the United States. The constitution having been ratified by eleven states, the first Wednesday of January, 1789, was appointed upon which to elect a chief magistrate. The people had but one choice, and early in April the counting of the electoral votes revealed the fact that George Washington was unanimously elected first President of these United States of America.

Let us all now with united effort take hold upon the great wheel of time, and for our present gratification turn it backward one hundred years, arriving upon the morning of April 30th, 1789, at the metropolis of the nation, New York City. Having arrived there let us proceed at once to the old City Hall to witness the scene about to transpire. While awaiting the appointed hour we are attracted to the vast throng surging to and fro, anxiously waiting, and each fearing lest he may not get a clear view of the scene which is shortly to present itself. Presently our attention is called to the old hall where a party, having emerged from the building, have taken their stand upon the balcony; instinctively all hats are lifted, all eyes are fixed upon them, all hearts are silent, while each ear is strained to catch the words as the great American receives the oath of office. But hark! as he stoops to kiss the sacred Bible, Chancellor Livingston cries out, "Long live George Washington!" The acclaim is taken up and passed from lip to lip throughout that vast throng, and methinks I can see the chief executive bowing with a kindly smile to them, his loyal constituents.

Now with your kind assistance we will turn forward again the wheel of time, but slower than before, that we may take a brief view of the century through which we passed so swiftly a few moments since. What marvels have been wrought in a century! What stupendous growth has our country experienced! She has developed from the embryonic stage into the mighty tree, of whose fruit every nation under heaven partakes. Our population has increased from three millions to more than sixty millions, our cabinet from three to eight members, our Senate from twenty-two and our House from sixty-five to their present magnitude, the number of states from eleven to forty-two. In 1789 constitutional liberty was feeble; in 1889 every American citizen is proud of the name and has reason to boast of the protection and privileges afforded him by his government. Then the treasury was empty, currency depreciated, the flag without power and honor abroad, and the people at home distrustful of the government; now our country's credit is considered good in the remotest parts of the world, our currency passes at par, the flag

above insult, and the people prosperous and at peace, liberty-loving and loyal. Wildernesses then inhabited by Indians and wild beasts have been transformed into pleasant fields, dotted by magnificent cities with spires pointing heavenward; rivers then useful only to the water-fowl and fish, and perhaps to slake the thirst of some wild beast and still wilder human being, are now converted into a mighty power used for moving the ponderous machinery of our factories and for transporting the products of our land to the sister nations of earth. We have extended our domain from a narrow strip bordering upon the Atlantic until it now stretches westward to the Pacific, and from the Great Lakes on the north to the Gulf of Mexico on the south; and may we not hope for the fulfillment of the prophetic words of the great Englishman who said: "I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen north in unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people and one language and one law and one faith; and over all that wide continent the home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime." We have descended into the bowels of the earth and brought from nature's treasure-house untold wealth of precious metals; we have tapped her reservoir, and copious streams of liquid fuel have poured out; yea, we have taken her poisonous breath, as it were of demons, and converted it into usefulness. We have captured the lightning, and harnessed the steam, and erected a highway in the heavens. For the stage-coach we have substituted the electric carriage; for the tallow dip we have substituted the brilliant electric light; we have exchanged the fleet-footed messenger for the instantaneous telephone; instead of the slow and unruly sailing vessel we now have the steamer; and we do not stop with that but mount into the air and sail away as we list. To speak further of our inventions and discoveries would be trespassing upon your time and patience, for their name is legion. That which is most deserving of mention in the line of progression is our educational advancement. We have outgrown the course designated by the three "r's" and adopted that which is calculated to develop

harmoniously all the powers of man, since the primary object of education is the perfection of the individual. Our scores of isolated log shanty school-houses with their hundreds have been supplanted by hundreds of little white school-houses with their thousands. The progress in city schools and colleges has been equally remarkable, in fact in our public school system and in our schools and colleges we stand second to no nation in the world.

With all these facts staring us in the face, dare we neglect the education of our children? Ought we not rather to give them those lofty ideals of citizenship which are the soul of true patriotism, the safeguard of republican liberty? to imbue them with true American ideas, the power of the ballot, to fear God, to honor the flag, and to obey the laws? Our forefathers left us in their lives a greater and richer legacy than our charter of liberties. Let us study them and profit by their example. While we should worship no man, we should admire and respect George Washington, not because he was greater than all other men—for it is the honest conviction of your speaker that there have lived since his time as good men as he—but because he was the instrument chosen by Jehovah to set in operation the machinery of this government, and because his is one of the names in American history which the tongue of slander can not reach and partizan hatred dare not assail. As I believe Washington to have been inspired to save the nation in its infancy, so I believe Lincoln to have been inspired to save it during the four years of internal rebellion.

Who is able to know what the future may develop for our country! What man can foretell the character of the leaders we may have a century hence! Can you conceive of a government whose officers are uncorrupted? whose citizens are pure?

Methinks away down through the mists of futurity I see these boys taking the places of the president, of the governors, of the doctors, lawyers, professors, ministers, mechanics, merchants and farmers; and these girls taking the places of the county superintendents, the doctors, lawyers, Sunday School teachers, public school teachers, temperance lecturers,

editors, and the good wives and mothers. Methinks I can see no traces of crime and drunkenness, no war nor bloodshed; I can hear no lying nor swearing; I can hear of no midnight carousals, nor see men contaminated with that loathsome and filthy weed called tobacco. I see the children on a Sunday morning wending their way to church and Sabbath School, their fathers and mothers leading the way, where they lift their hearts and voices to God in songs and prayers of thanksgiving and praise.

Dear children, if you would become great and good like Washington, you must be truthful, kind, gentle and loving. Dear parents, to you is entrusted the care of these young minds which may be moulded as you will; to you through them is entrusted the future weal or woe of this republic. Although our nation may never become perfect until Americanism shall have spread to every part of the earth, and Christ's universal kingdom shall have been established, yet just how near it approaches perfection from a human standpoint depends entirely upon you, fathers and mothers.

Would that we all might fully awake to a perfect realization of the duty we owe to the rising generation, that we might feed them upon the fruits of liberty and the bread of patriotism, that we might inculcate within them by precept and example a proper conception of pure democracy and uncorrupted republicanism, that we might instill within them pure motives and a desire to emulate the lives of our great public benefactors; then shall be ushered in an era of peace and prosperity such as our nation has never known, when we shall have thrown off political corruption, when true merit rather than an accumulation of filthy lucre shall have been recognized as the criterion of public worth, when men shall no longer pander to the dictation of moneyed trusts and avaricious monopolists, when every citizen shall have learned to regard the country's welfare as his welfare. May the great Jehovah endow us with that wisdom which shall enable us to place in power such men as shall be necessary to speed on the good work, and hasten that glorious day.

## SOCRATES AND ARISTODEMUS.

WE will now relate the manner in which Socrates discoursed with Aristodemus, surnamed the Little, concerning the Deity; for, observing that he neither prayed nor sacrificed to the gods, nor yet consulted any oracle, but, on the contrary, ridiculed and laughed at those who did. He said to him:

“Tell me, Aristodemus, is there any man whom you admire on account of his merit?”

Aristodemus having answered “many,” Socrates said:

“Name some of them, I pray you.”

“I admire,” said Aristodemus, “Homer for his epic poetry, Melanippides for his dithyrambs, Sophocles for tragedy, Polycletes for statuary, and Xeuxis for painting.”

“But which seems to you most worthy of admiration, Aristodemus, the artist who forms images void of motion and intelligence, or one that hath the skill to produce animals that are endowed, not only with activity, but understanding?”

“The latter, there can be no doubt,” replied Aristodemus; “provided the production was not the effect of chance, but of wisdom and contrivance.”

“But since there are many things, some of which we can easily see the use of, while we can not say of others to what purpose they were produced, which of these, Aristodemus, do you suppose the work of wisdom?”

“It should seem the most reasonable to affirm it of those whose fitness and utility is so evidently apparent.”

“But it is evidently apparent that He, who at the beginning made man, endued him with senses because they were good for him; eyes, wherewith to behold whatever was visible; and ears to hear whatever was to be heard. For say, Aristodemus, to what purpose should odors be prepared, if the sense of smelling had been denied? Or why the distinctions of bitter and sweet, of savory and unsavory, unless a palate had been likewise given, conveniently placed to arbitrate between them and declare the difference? Is not that providence, Aristodemus, in a most eminent manner conspicuous, which, because the eye of man is so delicate in its contexture, hath therefore prepared eyelids like doors, whereby to secure it;

which extend of themselves whenever it is needful, and again close when sleep approaches?”

“Are these eyelids provided, as it were, with a fence on the edge of them to keep off the wind and guard the eye?”

“Even the eyebrow itself is not without office; but, as a penthouse, is prepared to turn off the sweat, which falling from the forehead might enter and annoy that no less tender than astonishing part of us! Is it not to be admired that the ears should take in sounds of every sort, and yet are not too much filled by them? that the fore teeth of the animal should be formed in such a manner as evidently best suited for the cutting of its food, and those on the side for grinding it in pieces? that the mouth, through which this food is conveyed, should be placed so near the nose and eyes as to prevent the passing unnoticed whatever is unfit for nourishment; while nature, on the contrary, hath set at a distance, and concealed from the senses, all that might disgust them? And canst thou still doubt, Aristodemus, whether a disposition of parts like this should be the work of chance, or of wisdom and contrivance?”

“I have no longer any doubt,” replied Aristodemus; “and, indeed, the more I consider it, the more evident it appears to me that man must be the masterpiece of some great Artificer, carrying along with it infinite marks of love and favor of Him who hath thus formed it.”

“And what thinkest thou, Aristodemus, of that desire in the individual which leads to the continuance of the species? Of that tenderness and affection in the female towards her young, so necessary for its preservation? Of that unremitted love of life and dread of dissolution which takes such strong possession of us from the moment we begin to be?”

“I think of them,” answered Aristodemus, “as so many regular operations of the same great and wise Artist, deliberately determining to preserve what he hath once made?”

“But farther, [unless thou desirest to ask the question], seeing, Aristodemus, that thou thyself art conscious of reason and intelligence, supposest thou that there is no intelligence elsewhere? Thou knowest thy body to be a small part of that

wide-extended earth which thou everywhere beholdest; the moisture contained in it thou also knowest to be a small portion of that mighty mass of waters whereof seas themselves are but a part, while the rest of the elements contribute, out of their abundance, to thy formation. It is the soul, then, alone, that intellectual part of us, which is come to thee by some lucky chance, from I know not where, if, so be, there is indeed no intelligence elsewhere; and we must be forced to confess that this stupendous universe, with all the various bodies contained therein—equally amazing, whether we consider their magnitude or number, whatever their use, whatever their order—all have been produced, not by intelligence, but chance!”

“It is with difficulty that I can suppose otherwise,” returned Aristodemus, “for I behold none of those gods whom you speak of as making and governing all things, whereas I see the artists when at their work here among us.”

“Neither yet seest thou thy soul, Aristodemus, which, however, most assuredly governs thy body, although it may well seem, by thy manner of talking, that it is chance, and not reason, which governs thee.”

“I do not despise the gods,” said Aristodemus. “On the contrary, I conceive so highly of their excellence as to suppose they stand in no need of either me or my services.”

“Thou mistakest the matter, Aristodemus; the greater magnificence they have shown in their care of thee, so much the more honor and service thou owest them.”

“Be assured,” said Aristodemus, “if I once could be persuaded the gods took care of man, I should want no monitor to remind me of my duty.”

“And canst thou doubt, Aristodemus, if the gods take care of man? Hath not the glorious privilege of walking upright been alone bestowed on him, whereby he may with the better advantage survey what is around him; contemplate with ease those splendid objects which are above, and avoid the numerous ills and inconveniences which would otherwise befall him? Other animals, indeed, they have provided with feet, by which they may remove from one place to another; but to man they have also given hands, with which he can form many things for

his use, and make himself happier than creatures of any other kind. A tongue hath been bestowed on every other animal, but what animal except man hath the power of forming words with it, whereby to explain his thoughts and make them intelligible to others?” . . .

“But it is not with respect to the body alone that the gods have shown themselves thus bountiful to man! Their most excellent gift is that soul they have infused into him, which so far surpasses what is elsewhere to be found. For by what animal, except man, is even the existence of those gods discovered, who have produced and still uphold, in such regular order, this beautiful and stupendous frame of the universe? What other species of creatures are to be found that can serve, that can adore them? What other animal is able, like man, to provide against the assaults of heat and cold, of thirst and hunger? that can lay up remedies for the time of sickness and improve the strength nature hath given by a well proportioned exercise? that can receive, like him, information and instruction, or so happily keep in memory what he hath seen and heard and learned? These things being so, who seeth not that man is, as it were, a god in the midst of this visible creation; so far doth he surpass, whether in the endowments of soul or body all animals whatsoever that have been produced therein! For if the body of the ox had been joined to the mind of man, the acuteness of the latter would have stood him in small stead, while unable to execute the well designed plan; nor would the human form have been of more use to the brute, so long as it remained destitute of understanding! But in thee, Aristodemus, hath been joined to a wonderful soul, a body no less wonderful, and sayest thou after this ‘The gods take no thought for me?’ What wouldst thou, then, more to convince thee of their care?”

“I would they should send and inform me,” said Aristodemus, “what thing I ought or ought not to do in like manner as thou sayest they frequently do to thee.”

“And what then, Aristodemus! Supposest thou that when the gods give out some oracle to all the Athenians they mean it not for thee? If by their prodigies they declare aloud to all Greece—to all mankind—the things which shall

befall them, then are they dumb to thee alone? And art thou the only person whom they have placed beyond their care? Believest thou they would have wrought into the mind of man a persuasion of their being able to make him happy or miserable, if so be they had no such power? or would not even man himself long ere this have seen through the gross delusion? How is it, Aristodemus, thou rememberest, or remarkest not, that the kingdoms and commonwealths most renowned as well for their wisdom as antiquity, are those whose piety and devotion hath been the most observable? And why thinkest thou that the providence of God may not easily extend itself throughout the whole universe? As, therefore, among men, we make best trial of the affection and gratitude of our neighbor by showing him kindness, and discover his wisdom by consulting him in our distress, do thou, in like manner, behave towards the gods; and, if thou

wouldst experience what their wisdom, and what their love, render thyself deserving the communication of some of those divine secrets which may not be perpetrated by man, and are imparted to those alone who consult, who adore, who obey the Deity. Then shalt thou, my Aristodemus, understand there is a Being whose eye pierceth throughout all nature, and whose ear is open to every sound; extended to all places; extending through all time, and whose bounty and care can know no other bounds than those fixed by his own creation!"

By this discourse, and others of the like nature, Socrates taught his friends that they were not only to forbear whatever was impious, unjust, or unbecoming before men; but even when alone, they ought to have a regard to their actions; since the gods have their eyes continually upon us, and none of our designs can be concealed from them.

SOCRATES.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

### BOOK OF ALMA.

#### CHAPTER XV.

The Zoramites—Their Doctrine of Election—Alma takes Amulek, Ammon and Omni, and they preach Christ and the Atonement to the Zoramites—Some are converted—Alma gives the Records into the charge of Helaman, and he instructs him—Alma also teaches and commands his sons Shiblon and Corianton—He presents the Resurrection and the state of the spirits of men after Death—What Restoration is.

AND there was also a people called Zoramites who had withdrawn from the Nephites and settled in a region by themselves. Now while these denied the need of a Redeemer and the God-given plan of salvation, nevertheless they claimed that they were the very elect of God; and they were high-minded and proud in their supposed acceptance and approved righteousness with the Lord. They said that it was foolishness for the Nephites to believe in Christ, for no Savior was necessary to redeem the elect of God, which they were. The main part of these people were rich and very haughty, so that the poor who had fallen into the

same views and joined them soon found that they had no place among them.

Then Alma took Amulek, Ammon, Omni and two of his own sons, Shiblon and Corianton, and went to see this separate people; and when he had witnessed their self-righteous manner of worshipping the ideal god that they claimed to adore, he felt to mourn over their blindness and pride. So he and his companions began to preach in their streets and in their houses. And because the poor were in an humble condition they were influenced by the truths presented, but Alma told them that, while it was good to be humble even if made so by necessity, it was still better to be humble by choice at the first, no matter whether poor in goods and lands, or rich in the possession of many things. He also gave them much instruction concerning faith and its power among the children of God.

Following Alma came Amulek, and he taught the Zoramites in relation to the great atonement to be made by the Son of

God, even Jesus Christ who was soon to come, saying that it was needful that a great and last sacrifice should be made for mankind, and that such a final sacrifice could not be made from among the beasts and be effectual, nor among mortal man, but must be of one greater; it must needs be of one who had power to redeem and restore himself and all mankind. Therefore in Jesus the Son of God was this perfect sacrifice found, and he was willing to pass through the ordeal of suffering and death for the lifting up of all the race. Hence it was an infinite and eternal sacrifice, and after that should be the end forever of the shedding of the blood of beasts for sin, or in token of repentance and remission thereof; the only thing necessary being faith in the great sacrifice.

Amulek also taught that they should be humble in spirit, and that they should pray unto the Lord and ask him to bless their households with health, and their fields with prosperity, and also against the power of Satan and his wiles. In fact he taught that their hearts should ascend unto God in supplication, whether they were in their houses, or in their fields, or in their shops, or in the wilderness, in behalf of themselves and their fellow men. He also instructed them to visit and aid those who were more needy than they were, and that if they did not so their prayers would be vain before the Lord.

The result of the teaching by these six men was that many Zoramites were converted, and those who were converted withdrew from the Zoramites and went and dwelt in the land of Zarahemla.

After these things Alma called his sons together and gave them instruction and commandment concerning the word of God and as to the conduct of their own lives. To Helaman, the eldest, he related his experience with the sons of Mosiah and how they had all been rebuked by the angel of God when he appeared to them by the way, and how they had all been converted unto the Lord by the power of truth; how he was brought to believe in Jesus Christ and to his present happiness and joy in the Redeemer of the world; how the knowledge that he had obtained had remained with him during all the persecutions and evils that he had endured. And God delivered him from prison and

from death, and had given him witness of his goodness and love, like as he had done unto the fathers in delivering them from bondage in Egypt and from later captivities.

Then Alma committed to Helaman's charge the records of their fathers from the days of Lehi, also the copy of the prophets taken by Nephi from Laban, and the plates that contained the Jaredite history. And he commanded him to keep a faithful history of the nation and of the doings of the people in his days, and he informed him that he must keep the records as a secret trust or they would be taken from him and he would come under Satan's influence through serving him. If he would keep the commandments of God and preserve these precious things then no power on earth or in hell could take them from him. This was according to the promise of God made in generations past, and by him they would be preserved and brought forth as he had declared to their fathers should be the case.

Concerning the secret organizations had among the Jaredites, and their works of evil and how they finally perished, Alma informed Helaman that he should continue to warn the Nephites when he saw any tendency that way among them, and to show them that a curse would rest upon all who dwelt or should ever dwell upon the land who practiced such secret abominations and performed wicked deeds, and that they should be cut off from the earth whenever they became great in iniquity.

Alma also urged upon Helaman the necessity of teaching the people, and the children of the people, to have a continual hatred of sin and of every form of iniquity and vice, and, on the other hand, to steadfastly love truth and righteousness, and to strive faithfully to withstand every temptation of the wicked one. He was to teach them to be meek in spirit, and to go forward humbly in the way of the Lord, even as their fathers were led in the wilderness by the compass that the Lord had given to guide them to the great waters by the best and safest course. As when the fathers went forward in faith all went well, and when they were careless or wanted their own way then they ceased to travel in the right direction, so now it was with those who



remained in the path to eternal life or who left it. And as surely as the compass brought their fathers at last to the desired place so surely would the word of God and faith in Christ bring unto redemption and happiness all who would come, if they were diligent and faithful, not slothful and negligent.

Then Alma spoke to his son Shiblon, and he blessed him for his earnest desire in his youth to serve God, and for his faithfulness in every good that he undertook. If he continued in this course he would surely gain eternal life, for the way, the only way, to gain it, was by Jesus Christ and his gospel; for the Son of God was and is the light and life of the world. Shiblon was also commanded to keep from pride, and from boasting of his own wisdom or of the power he had. He should be humble in heart and contrite in spirit always, and when he prayed he ought always to ask God to forgive his sins and to look with much mercy upon his brethren; neither should he be idle in any way.

Corianton, the youngest son, was exhorted to observe the steadfast and faithful manner in which Shiblon tried to live and serve God, and Alma cited examples that were good for Corianton to follow. For Corianton had boasted of himself and had also done evil things, and Alma reproved him and admonished him to forsake the course of sin, and he advised him to receive counsel from his brothers as to his conduct, and to turn unto God with all his heart. He taught him of the coming of Christ and of the resurrection of the dead, saying that there would be no resurrection until after the coming of Christ in the flesh.

Alma said that all men were to rise from the dead, but that there would be a space between death and the resurrection, and that at the time of death the spirits of all men are taken home to God, and that then the spirits of those who have lived righteously are received into a state of rest, a place of peace and happiness, which state is called paradise, where such are free from all care and sorrow. But the spirits of the wicked are placed in a condition of darkness, where there is not only unrest to the spirit but also fear of the judgment to come. They remain in these conditions until the time of the resurrection, when they shall be brought

before God to be judged according to their works.

At that day shall every limb and joint be brought to its proper place and the perfect frame of every man shall again be inhabited by his spirit, and after that shall the righteous shine in God's kingdom. It was requisite and just, by the salvation of Christ, that the whole man should be restored to life, and each spirit to its own body, otherwise it would not be a redemption. Then if the works and desires of men have been good they shall receive good in return, but if they have sought evil and loved it, they shall receive accordingly.

He said that men could not be restored from wickedness to happiness, for sin never was happiness. To restore was to bring a thing back as it was before, to return that which had been sent out. Therefore those who dealt mercifully and justly should have mercy and justice restored or given back to them, even as a man reaped the same kind of grain that he sowed or planted. The work of justice could not be destroyed because it was the eternal law; but a time of probation, a preparatory time, was obtained for man, a time to choose righteousness and to seek for the great reward that is made possible through the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and to obtain eternal life by obedience to his word as the captain of our salvation, which word is called the gospel, the law of truth and righteousness.

Thus ended the teaching of Alma to his sons, his counsel and instruction to them concerning their future life and happiness. And after this Alma and his sons continued to preach the word of God among the people, even as they were guided and instructed by the Spirit of the Lord to do, teaching constantly the doctrine of Jesus Christ and the gospel of the Son of God, that they might bring unto salvation all who were willing to come. (Note 29.)

(NOTE 29.) As proposed in the preceding chapter some extracts will be given from Mr. Charney's book, and from the writings of others, particularly now in relation to the origin and history of the Toltecs. They were the ancient people of Mexico, but they disappeared as a nation before the Aztec rule in that country. Concerning them Charney refers to the writings of Veytie, an old-time author of a book about the Toltecs and their monuments

and remains. Charney says of Veytie that he, "Like all historians of that time, places the primitive home of the Toltecs in Asia, to make his account agree with Genesis, where it is said that, after the destruction of the Babylonian Tower, 'the Lord scattered the sons of men upon the face of all the earth.' According to him they crossed Tartary and entered America through Behring Strait by means of large flat canoes, which, in their manuscripts, are called *acalli*, or 'water houses.' Directing their course southward they built their first capital, *Tlapallan*, subsequently called *Huehue-Tlapallan*, to distinguish it from a later *Tlapallan*. It was the cradle whence originated the various tribes which peopled America."—Ancient Cities, page 79.

To the believer in the Book of Mormon the supposition of Veytie is not very far wrong. His idea that this continent was peopled immediately after the great dispersion from Babel is in accordance with the facts related in that history; therefore, as remarked in the first chapter of this story, such a conclusion of antiquarians, historians and philologists, is a very just one. The people of Jared *did* cross the sea from Asia to America soon after the confusion of tongues at Babel, themselves retaining the original language as it was spoken before the Flood. The book shows that they came on the sea as far south as the west coast of Mexico and Central America. There they landed and spread abroad upon the face of the earth, from ocean to ocean, as the Book of Mormon relates plainly, and as antiquarians affirm was evidently the case, the whole land, as various writers say, becoming "densely populated."

"In his "Antiquities of the Jews," Josephus writes about the dispersion of the people from Babel, and of their going abroad over land and sea, as follows:

"After this they were dispersed abroad, on account of their languages, and went out by colonies everywhere; each colony taking possession of that land which they lighted upon, and unto which God led them. . . . There were some also who passed over the sea in ships."—Antiquities of the Jews, Book one, Chapter five.

Many writers on American traditions and antiquities have noted how remarkably full and clear was the understanding had among the American Indians in relation to the great deluge and about a tower erected for safety in case of a repetition of the evil. Hubert H. Bancroft in the fifth volume of his exhaustive work on the Native Races of America gathers up some of these theories and their proofs, as follows:

"Noah's ark, says Ullao, gave rise to a number of such constructions, and the experience gained during the patriarch's aimless voyage emboldened his descendants to seek strange lands in the same manner. Driven to America and the neighboring islands by winds and currents they found it difficult to return and so remained and peopled the land. . . . Siguenza [and Pineda also] conjectured that the Americans were descended from Naphtuhim, the grandson of Ham, whose descendants left Egypt for America shortly after the confusion of tongues. Clavigero considers it proven by the native flood-myths and the traditions of foreign origin

that the Americans are descendants of Noah. He quotes the [Toltec] tradition of Votan, who is declared to have been closely connected with the Babel-builders. . . . According to the common version of the Mexican flood-myth a man and his wife were the only human beings who escaped from the great deluge which covered the face of the earth. When the waters went down the ark in which they had saved themselves [the hollow trunk of a bald cyprus] rested on the peak of Culhuacan, and the children that were born to the rescued pair were taught many languages by a dove. . . . The Peruvians were acquainted with the deluge, and believed that the rainbow was a sign that the earth would not again be destroyed by water. This somewhat startling announcement is made by Lord Kingsborough, and he shows, in an eminently characteristic manner, that there can be no reasonable doubt on the subject."—Native Races of the Pacific States, vol. 5, pps. 10-16.

Lord Kingsborough, in proof of his statement, mentions the fact that in his history Balboa recorded the Peruvian legend that Manco Capac (the reputed founder of their empire) while traveling with his princes when the rainbow appeared said to them that this was the sign that the earth would not be again destroyed by water. Kingsborough says that proof is afforded by this passage from the History of Balboa that the Peruvians were acquainted with the history of the rainbow, as given in the ninth chapter of Genesis. Bancroft says further upon the subject:

"Many of the flood-myths are supplemented with an account of an attempt to provide against a second deluge, by building a tower of refuge, resembling more or less closely the tower of Babel. A Cholultec legend relates that the anger of the gods was aroused, and they slew many of the builders, so the work was stopped. . . . These myths have led many writers to believe that the Americans had a knowledge of the tower of Babel, while some think that they are direct descendants of certain builders of that tower, who, after the confusion of tongues, wandered over the earth until they reached America. . . . The tradition of the Toltecs, regarding their travels before they reached Huehue-Tlapallan, has been the theme of much speculation, especially as connected with their descent from the Babel builders. The period of time between the creation and the deluge they call Atonatiuh, because the world was destroyed by the deluge. It is found in the history of the Toltecs that man and all the earth were destroyed by great showers and by lightnings from heaven, so that nothing remained, and the most lofty mountains were submerged to the depth of fifteen cubits; and here they add how men came to multiply again from the few who, in a closed chest, escaped destruction, and how they built a very high tower, in which to take refuge when the world should be a second time destroyed. After this their tongue became confused, and, not understanding each other, they went to different parts of the world. The Toltecs, seven in number, with their wives, who understood each other's speech, after crossing great lands and seas and undergoing many hardships, finally arrived in America, which they found to

be a good land and fit for habitation. An Okanagan myth relates that they were descended from a white couple who floated ashore on this land, which has grown larger since then. Their long exposure on the ocean bronzed them to the color of which their descendants now are. The Chilians assert that their ancestors came from the west. . . . The Algonquins preserve a tradition of a foreign origin and a sea voyage. For a long time they offered an annual thank-offering in honor of their happy arrival."—Bancroft's Native Races of the Pacific States, vol. 5, pps. 17-22.

In relation to the statement of the depth of the waters upon the earth during the deluge, Kingsborough says:

"This nice agreement with the Mosaic account of the height which the waters of the deluge attained above the summits of the highest mountains is certainly extraordinary, since we read in Genesis 7:20, 'Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered.'"—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 8, p. 25.

The Hon. E. M. Haines, in his late work, quotes the language of an educated Ojibway Indian who said that the prevailing opinion among nearly all the tribes was

"That their forefathers were placed somewhere in the west, whence they took their journey towards the sun-rising. The notion they entertain of the souls of the dead returning to a good country, towards the sun-setting may be derived from a faint remembrance of their having come from that direction, and the love they still feel for the better land they left behind."—The American Indian, p. 63.

Mr. Haines writes as follows concerning the knowledge of the deluge and of the dove:

"Humboldt, who visited South America in the fore part of the present century, found a tradition of the flood among the unreclaimed tribe of the Cordilleras of the Andes. . . . Mr. Catlin informs us that the Mandans had a tradition of a great flood, which at some period visited the earth, which event they commemorate every year at their annual religious ceremony of five days. . . . According to their tradition the twig that the bird brought home was a willow bough, and had full grown leaves on it; and the bird to which they looked was the mourning or turtle dove."—The American Indian, p. 79.

In Note Thirty important quotations will be made from other writers upon these points.

## MY LAMBS.

I loved them so,  
That, when the Elder Shepherd of the fold  
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,  
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,  
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet—  
A little, fondling thing that to my breast  
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—  
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best;  
And yet, and yet

I laid him down  
In those white shrouded arms with bitter tears,  
For some voice told me that, in after years,  
He should know naught of passion, grief or fear  
As I had known.

And yet again  
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.  
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint;  
Another! She who, gentle as a Saint,  
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away!  
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,  
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,  
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam,  
I knelt to pray.

"Is it thy will?  
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?  
Oh, Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven?"  
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven;  
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,  
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild  
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child?  
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,  
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried;  
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand  
Upon the noblest of our household band,  
Like a pale specter there he took his stand  
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet  
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,  
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh, let me die!"  
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,  
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;  
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,  
So faint I could not see my darling go;  
He had not bidden me farewell, but oh;  
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,  
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame;  
Though could I but have heard him call my name  
"Dear mother?" but in heaven 'twill be the same;  
There burns my star.

No tears! no tears!  
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?  
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.  
Yes, yes, thank God! no grief that clime shall  
keep;

No weary years.  
Ah! it is well;  
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly  
guide.

There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,  
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—  
Ah! it is well:

Through the dreary day  
They often come from glorious light to me;  
I can not feel their touch, their faces see,  
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me,  
Heaven is not far away.

—Selected.

## THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

THE village gossip is a nuisance. It may be an involuntary one, but still decidedly a public nuisance. To the gossip nothing is sacred. In a sly hinting way characters are ruined and mischief done.

Gossips are of two classes. There is the deliberate gossip and the involuntary one. The first deserves a prison cell as a reward and the other a room in an asylum for the insane.

The deliberate gossip is met with very frequently, and may be either of the masculine or feminine gender. This gossip will, with premeditation and deliberation, attack and destroy the character of innocent persons with no other object but pure love of scandal. There is a method in the deliberate gossip, however, which makes it difficult to bring home the slander to them. The mode of procedure is usually like this: "I was on the cars the other day, and what do you think I heard? Why, so and so is——" and then will follow a recital of moral or legal delinquencies. "Oh, I have it on good authority" will cap the climax when any one dares to doubt. Pressed closely, the deliberate gossip will hedge and say: "Oh, well, I only wish I could believe as you do. I am so sorry for—so and so—such a nice person. It is sad, but—don't mention me as saying anything, for I would not injure him (or her) for the world." And so the listener goes away fully believing that the story must be true, but oh how sad it is.

The involuntary gossip is one who spreads scandal without ever thinking of the consequences. This gossip talks just for talking's sake. She—for the involuntary gossip is generally a member of the fair sex—will chatter away so glibly, pleased at hearing her tongue rattle along, and when at last there seems nothing else to talk about, will throw out an innuendo, such as: "Don't you think that Jennie Jones is too much with young Tom Smith?" or else something of this kind: "Ah, I met William Winter as I came along, do you know—this is *entre nous*—I don't see how he can keep up such a style on his small wages." Then perhaps another girl will be attacked, and her character undermined, until you begin to

believe that your best friends are of poor moral character. But when you begin to think, you realize that the involuntary gossip had not really said anything, but only hinted at something not altogether square. Another phase of this involuntary gossip's mischief is where a young man or woman is trying to earn their living honestly. The busybody will perhaps be in conversation with the employer, when suddenly the gossip will remark: "I see you still have Miss Brown in your employ. I'm so glad." There is nothing said, but the employer thinks of the manner in which the words have been uttered and remarks many times to himself, "What could she mean? Why shouldn't I have Miss Brown in my employ?" It eats like canker into his soul, he grows suspicious, and at last the feeling gets so strong that he dispenses with the services of the innocent young girl. The writer knows just such an instance. A young lady who earned her living honestly left her employment suddenly through the sickness of her mother. A few months afterward she was engaged in another position. One day the gossip spied her at the cash desk. Going up to the young lady's employer the gossip spoke about everything in general, and at last casually remarked: "I see Miss —— at the cash desk." Yes, do you know her?" Oh, no, only by sight; but I was in a store some time ago and heard the proprietor ask why she had left without notice or excuse."

That was all, but it rankled in the man's heart until he at last told Miss —— that her services were not wanted. A little later he had met her former employer and found that the young lady had gone back there. "But she left you suddenly, did she not?" asked employer number two. "Yes," answered her first employer, "but it was all explained; her mother was sick and she had no means of letting me know."

Here was a girl thrown out of a situation, and might have been ruined entirely through the idle talk of a gossip.

No home should tolerate the slanderer or gossip. No family, no individual member should enjoy the dissecting of the characters, or listen to a recital of the sins

and weaknesses of their neighbors. We have all something more important to do than listening to the tales of either the deliberate (and criminal) or the involuntary (and silly) gossip.

Let us look to ourselves, bridle our

tongues, restrain our passions, strengthen our weak points, correct our own faults, and we shall have sufficient to occupy our leisure without giving heed to innuendoes, gossip and slanders.—*Sel*

### EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

ON the seventy-fifth page of the Borgian Manuscript Quecalcoatle is again represented as crucified, and one of his hands and both his feet seem to bear the impression of nails; he appears from the phonetic symbol placed near his mouth, to be uttering an exclamation, and his body is strangely covered with suns. If the Jews had wished to apply to their Messiah the metaphor of the Sun of Righteousness, they would have perhaps painted him with such emblems; and perverting in like manner another expression of Scripture,—“I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end,”—have painted the signs dedicated to Quecalcoatle before and after the signs allotted to the twelve tribes of Israel, as seems to be the case on the seventy-fourth page of the Borgian Manuscript where the skull or symbol of death placed over the other signs may signify that he had redeemed them from it.

The two signs dedicated to Quecalcoatle were the cattle, or the wind, and the green feathered serpent, which occupy the first and the last places amongst these signs. The seventy-first page of the manuscript seems to represent a cross overshadowed by the wings of a cherub, beneath which Quecalcoatle is reclining, whilst the figures on the sides and the mutilated human limbs around, may bear some allusion to the punishment of his enemies. The eagles which are represented on the same page, remind us that that bird is sometimes mentioned in the Old Testament as an instrument of divine wrath, as in the eleventh verse of the forty-sixth chapter of Isaiah:

“Calling a ravenous bird from the east, the man that executeth my counsel from a far country; yea I have spoken it, I will also bring to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it.”

Since the Jews interpret the Old Testament in so different manner from Christians, and contend that the Messiah is spoken of under innumerable types which the latter refuse to recognize, because they have not been noticed by the apostles, we may reasonably demand whether the eagle was one of them, and whether the representation of Quecalcoatle, borne upon the wings of an eagle, which occurs on the fourth page of the Borgian Manuscript, may not allude in some manner to the fourth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Exodus?

“Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bore you on eagle's wings, and brought you unto myself.”

It is remarkable that in these Mexican paintings the faces of many of the figures are black, whilst the nails on the hands and feet of others are long, and more like the talons of a bird than human nails, and that the visage of Quecalcoatle is frequently painted in a deformed manner. Even here Jewish absurdity and the perversion of ancient prophecy seem to betray themselves. The Jews esteemed long nails as the symbol of the divine ordinance, “Be ye fruitful and multiply;” and it is therefore probable from this as well as from other reasons which are enumerated in the following passage (taken from a little work treating of their religion) that they would have added them to the representations of their heroic or mythological personages:

“They look so attentively to their nails because of their great fruitfulness.”

And, as regards the deforming of features, which the Mexicans attributed to Quecalcoatle, the words of Isaiah, in the fifty-second chapter of his prophecies, which the Jews believed referred to their Messiah, and which they might have

understood in an exaggerated sense, must also be recollected:

"Behold my servant shall deal prudently. . . . He hath no form or comeliness."

Notwithstanding the reserve which the early Spanish historians imposed upon themselves in treating of Quecalcoatlé (whose name in fact would scarcely have been handed down to us but for the preservation of a chance copy of the first edition of the "Indian Monarchy" of Torquemada, from which a second edition was printed at Madrid in 1723), we are still enabled to give some description of his busts, some of which it may be supposed were very deformed, and others much less so."

[Text of Plate III and IV.]

"The second place in which these unfortunate people believed was hell, which they affirmed that the souls of those who died by the hands of justice, or by disease, or by any other kind of natural or violent death, were conducted, the souls of those who perished in war excepted, which passed to heaven. In this region of hell they supposed that there existed fair gods."

168. Both a fan and sickle were sometimes placed in the hand of Quecalcoatlé, as it would appear from busts which is preserved in the British Museum, the countenance of which is mutilated, though not deformed, and the curve of the sickle in the right hand broken off. Reasons are given in another place for assuming the bust to be of Quecalcoatlé, but it would seem that the Mexican artist intended to give an expression of youth and beauty to the face, nor is it surprising that the image should not always have been sculptured with a deformed visage, according to the description of Torquemada:

"Since the same motives which induced some Spanish writers, whilst openly reviling the other Mexican gods, to speak almost in respectful terms of Quecalcoatlé, namely: a regard to the excellence of his moral precepts, and the exemplary conduct of his life, might have inclined the Mexicans occasionally to represent him with a sweet and benignant expression of countenance."

Torquemada, in the sixth book of his "Indian Monarchy," thus eulogizes Quecalcoatlé:

"In truth the dominion of Quetzal-

cohuatlé was sweet, and he exacted no service from them but easy and light things, instructing them in such things as were virtuous, and prohibiting such as were wicked, evil and injurious, teaching them likewise to abhor them."

169. Mons. Dupaix discovered in the province of Tlascala, which bordered on Cholula, a bust which so exactly corresponds with the description given by Herrera of the image of Quecalcoatlé, which was adored in that city, that we can not refrain from referring to the Fifty-third Plate of the Second Part of his Monuments, which contains a representation of it under the number 123. The bird's face was perhaps only a mark or visor, symbolical of his absence; or it might have been the bill of the Huicilan and have alluded to the proper name Hurtzelopuchtle, and to the bird which invited the Mexicans out of the bush to set out on their pilgrimage from Aztalan.

It deserves to be remarked, that both of the hands of the figure seem to be pierced with nails, the heads of which are invisible. The tradition current in Yucatan, that Eopuco crowned Bacah with thorns appears also to be preserved in its head-dress. A crown of thorns of another fashion may perhaps be recognized on the head of another piece of ancient sculpture discovered by Mons. Dupaix. This figure, in relief, is represented in the Ninth Plate of his Monuments, Part Third, number Thirteen; and the crown seems to be formed out of the thorny leaves of the aloe.

If such testimony as that of Las Casas, Kemesal, De Salcar and Torquemada, may, from the importance of the subject, still stand in need of further corroboration before belief can be yielded to the traditions of Yucatan, which even went so far as to affirm that Bacah had been crucified by Eopuco, it is afforded by the discovery of which Mons. Dupaix made of a cross in a temple, when investigating the ruins of the ancient city of Palenque, which was situated on the borders of Yucatan.

Although, in anticipation of the objection which some persons may be inclined to make, that the finding of a cross on the confines of Yucatan was no proof that the people of that province believed, as a matter of faith, in the crucifixion of

an individual, we shall insert a passage from Cogulludo's History of Yucatan, which is very remarkable, as the cross there mentioned had the image of a person crucified sculptured upon it:

"In the middle of the court formed by the cloister of our convent in the city of Merida, there is a stone cross, the thickness of the four several sides of which is about six inches, and their length a yard; its length has evidently been diminished by a part having been broken off. The figure of a saint crucified, of about half a yard in length, is sculptured in mezzorlievo on the same stone. It is understood to have been one of the crosses which in the times of Indian paganism were discovered in the island of Cozumel. Many years ago it stood in the upper part of the church; and it is reported that, from the period when it was placed there, scarcely any flashes of lightning struck the convent, although it had often been struck before that time. Being blown down in a storm they carried it into the lower body of the church where we saw it for some time, leaning against the foot of the altar of the Chapel of Captain Alonzo Carrio de Valdes, with little decency. The reverend father, brother Antonio Ramirez, on being elected Provincial, both on account of that which was rumored of this cross, and in order to place it in a more decent situation, caused a foundation composed of stones to be constructed for it with steps up to it, and a pillar in the middle of sufficient height, on the top of which was fixed the cross in an upright position, with the image of the crucified saint turned toward the east, its extremities being gilt and worked with beautiful mouldings. With the general consent of both ecclesiastics and of the laity, and in order not to affirm aught which was not entirely certain, an inscription was placed on the back of it which says:

"This cross was found in Cozumel without tradition."

176. Botturini says: "No pagan nation refers primitive events to fixed dates like the Indians. They recount to us the history of the creation of the world, of the deluge, of the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel, of the epochs and ages of the world, of their ancestors' long travels in Asia, with the years precisely distinguished by their corresponding characters.

They record in the year of Seven Rabbits the great eclipse which happened at the crucifixion of Christ our Lord; and the first Indians who were converted to Christianity, who at that time were perfectly well acquainted with their own chronology, and applied themselves with the utmost diligence to ours, have transmitted to us the information that from the creation of the world to the happy nativity of Christ, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine years have elapsed, which is the opinion or computation of the Seventy."

175. "These miserable men hence invented certain dreams, the result of their own blindness, relating that a god of the name of Citlallatonac, which is the sign seen in heaven, called St. James, or the milkyway, sent an ambassador from heaven on an embassy to a virgin of Tulan, called Chimalman [which name signifies a shield] who had two sisters, one named Tzochitlique and the other Conetlique; and that the three being alone in the house, two of them perceiving the ambassador of heaven died of fright, Chimalman remaining alive, to whom the ambassador announced that it was the will of God that she should conceive a son; and having delivered to her the message he rose and left the house. As soon as he had left it she conceived a son, without connection with man, who was called Quetzalcoatl, who they say is the God of the air, and his temples are round, in the manner of churches, although to that time such was not the fashion of their temples. He was the inventor of temples of this form, as we shall show. He it was, as they say, who causes hurricanes, and in my opinion was the god whom they called Citoladuali, and it was he who destroyed the world by winds.

"This painting here is wanting, together with another, which represented that as soon as this son of the virgin was born he possessed the use of reason. The son of the virgin, Topilcin Quecalcoatl, knowing that the vices of men were necessarily the cause of the troubles of the world, determined on asking the goddess Chalchenitlican, who is she who remained after the deluge with the man in the tree and is the mother of the god Tlaloque, whom they have made goddess of water, that they might obtain rain, as they stood in need of it, etc."

[Note.] "The painting seems to represent the ambassador or angel announcing the message to Suchiquecal, who was Eve, or the woman whose seed was to bruise the serpent's head, which prediction seems to be alluded to in the seventy-fourth page of the Lesser Vatican Manuscript, which immediately follows another, representing Quecalcoatlé slaying the beast whose power was in its tail.

"The Mexican religion was peculiarly austere, unlike the religions of antiquity, and those which still prevail in Asia, with the exception of the Lamaism of Thibet, which some learned men have supposed to be an offshoot of Nestorianism, it permitted not even the slightest levity, in the service of the gods, cruel and sanguinary in the extreme, it notwithstanding professed to inculcate rigid morality.

178. "It is a remarkable fact, that the brazen altar in Leviticus, an engraving of which may be found in the old editions of Prideaux's Connection, is a model in miniature of the Mexican Teocallis; they are quite alike, except that the ascent to the Teocallis was by stairs consisting of steps and the ascent to the brazen altar was by an inclined plane."

183. [Plate XV Codex Vaticanus.] "Of Quecalcoatlé they related that proceeding on his journey he arrived at the Red Sea, which is here painted, and which they named Tlapallan, and that entering into it they saw no more of him, nor knew what became of him, except that they say that he desired them at the time of his departure to restrain their grief and to expect his return, which would take place at the appointed time. And accordingly they expect him even to the present time; and when the Spaniards came to this country they believed that it was he; and even at a later period, in the year 1550."

186. Capotecus revolted, they alleged as the cause of their insurrection, the report of their god, which was to redeem them, had already come. Quecalcoatlé was born on the sign which they call Ove Cane; and the year to which the Spaniards arrived commenced on the sign of Ove Cane, according to their ancient computation; whence the occasion arose of their believing that the Spaniards were their god, because they said that he had foretold that a bearded nation would arrive

in those countries who would subject them; and they did not comprehend how the devil, who invented all that, could know what was at the future time to happen; because there was no grounds for inferring this, except that as wars have been so common and natural amongst men, from the beginning of the time, when sin began, and mankind are so ambitious of usurping the dominion of others, he might have chosen to utter this prediction in order that when any other nation should subject them he might take credit to himself, saying, that long ago he had prophesied it to them; and so in fact it happened; they adored him as a god, as will be seen, for they believed it certain that he had ascended into heaven and was that star which is visible at the north of the sun before the break of day, which is the planet Venus; and they represented him accordingly as has already been shown."

[The Book of Mormon contains prophecies of Columbus and Europeans coming here and subduing the nations.—ED.]

186. [Cortez letters to Charles V.] "All, especially Montezuma, replied, that they had already informed me that they were not the native race of the country; that a long period of time had elapsed since their forefathers came to settle it, and that they could easily believe that they might have erred in some matters of their former faith since it was so long since they had quitted their mother country; and that I, as having more recently arrived, should be better acquainted with the things which they ought to yield their faith to and believe, than they themselves; and that I should tell them these things and cause them to comprehend them, and that they would do that which I desired them, which was better."

187. "An infinite variety of facts connected with the customs, religious rites and ceremonies, and opinions of the Indians, are utterly inexplicable, except on the supposition that America has in early ages been colonized by Christians; and not a few others are difficult to be accounted for, unless we suppose that colonies had proceeded to that continent from Egypt. In the first class may be reckoned the Christian doctrines and traditions discovered in America; in the second the discovery of Greek crosses in many provinces of New Spain, and of brass money, in the shape of a cross,



as of the Greek letter [T]. The art of embalming, which in Peru was carried to the highest perfection; the pyramidal shape of the Mexican Teocallis, some of which, for example the temple of Cholula, and that discovered by Mons. Dupaix among the ruins of the city of Palenque, were like Egyptian pyramids, hollow in the interior; the use of the temazcalli, or vapor bath, which was very general in New Spain; but above all, the invention of the Mexican calendar, which nearly agreeing with the Coptic, especially in an extraordinary intercalation of a month every four years displayed an exact knowledge of the duration of the year, which it is impossible to suppose their own proficiency in astronomy enabled the Mexicans to attain, and for which the Copts were indebted to the ancient Egyptians. The Mexican calendar seems likewise to have borrowed certain numbers which it employed from the Coptic; four was a number in high esteem in the Abyssinian Church, because it was that of the Evangelists, five was the day of fasting amongst the primitive Christians,

which the Copts esteemed with or more than the Sabbath. The number eight was also much prized, because the ceremony of circumcision took place on the eighth day after the birth of the infant. That this Jewish rite adopted by the Copts, was performed originally with a stone knife, as is evident from the twenty-fifth verse of the fourth chapter of Exodus, and from other passages of Scripture, which circumstance induced Garcia to suppose that the reason why the teapatl, or flint knife, was held in such reverence by the Mexicans, was on account of its connection with circumcision. And Torquemada says that the Totonacas, a numerous nation of New Spain inhabiting a mountainous country to the east of Mexico, near the sea-coast, circumcised their children on the twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth day after their birth, and that the high priest, or the priest next to him in rank, performed the ceremony with a stone knife. It deserves also to be remarked, that in the Mexican calendar the number eight, in connection with the sign of the flint, was much esteemed."

(To be continued).

### THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—Selected.

## A MOTHER'S SONG.

What my baby is like, do you wish me to write?  
 A darling, a beauty, my baby is, quite.  
     She has one little face,  
     Full of sweetness and grace,  
     And one little head besides;  
 Two pink little cheeks for her father to kiss.  
 Indeed and indeed she's a sweet little miss!

What my baby is like, do you wish me to write?  
 She's fat and she's smooth, and she's soft and white,  
     With a sweet little nose  
     To smell at a rose;  
     Two rosy-red cheeks between,  
 One little ear on each side of her head—  
 So baby can hear every word that is said.

My dear little baby sits smiling on me,  
 She has two little blue eyes with which she can see;  
     Two pretty eyes,  
     With which baby cries,  
     When anything happens to vex her.  
 With her two pretty eyes my baby 'goes sleep,'  
 With her two pretty eyes she plays at 'bo-peep.'

Dear darling baby, I love her so well!  
 How much I love her no words can tell.  
     Dear little curls  
     Has this sweetest of girls,  
     Though I love her without them as much.  
 She wears a blue sash to make her look smart,  
 Though her own sweet prettiness wins each heart.

There's one little tongue for my baby to talk,  
 And two little feet for my baby to walk—  
     Two little feet  
     To trot down the street,  
     And two little shoes as well;  
 Two little shoes, and two little socks,  
 And a pretty red jacket to wear with her frocks.

One little mouth, and ten little teeth,  
 Six up above and four beneath.  
     She calls out 'Papa.'  
     And she calls out 'Mamma,'  
     That's all that my baby can say.  
 Dear little mouth, we must teach it to talk;  
 Dear little feet, we must teach them to walk.

Does any one wish my sweet baby to see?  
 If you wish to see baby, why, come and see me!  
     For baby and I,  
     When we part, often cry—  
     At least baby does if I don't.  
 So some day to you, her picture I'll send,  
 And surely you'll say 'She's a smart little lady.'

And now would you know what is baby's dear name?  
To guess it will make you a capital game.

Is it Ann or Amelia,  
Or Julia, Cordelia,  
Florence, or Edith, or Emma?  
Is it Daisy or Janie, or May or Matilda,  
Caroline, Katherine, Rosa or Hilda?

Agnes or Agatha, Bertha, Paulina,  
Eva or Marion, Lucy, Marina,  
Louisa, Augusta,  
Theresa, or Justa,  
Elizabeth, Alice, or Mary?

Take each pretty name that you hear or you see,  
Yet sweeter than all is my baby's to me!

Selected by Ruthie Sheehy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF APOSTLE T. W. SMITH.

AT three o'clock of Saturday, March 13th, 1866, I heard a voice above me and back of me, quoting the words: "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost; for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

The voice said: "Have you received the Holy Ghost?"

I answered: "I do not think that the Holy Ghost is given now."

The voice said: "The promise is to all that are called. Is there anybody called to-day?"

I replied: "Yes. God is calling people by the gospel."

The voice replied: "Then if the Holy Ghost is not given, it is because there is nobody called, for the promise is to all that are called; and if there is no one called, then the gospel is not preached, for that is the way that men are called; and if the gospel is not preached, then there are no believers; and if no believers, then there is no church; and if there is no church, there is no salvation."

The voice then said: "In what way was the Holy Ghost given anciently?"

I answered: "By the laying on of hands of the ministry."

The voice then said: "Have you authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost?"

I answered: "No, I have not; nor do I believe that any one else has."

The voice said: "If there is no one who has authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, then the Holy Spirit is not given; and if not, then it is because there is no one called; and if no one is called, there is no gospel preached; and if no gospel is preached, there are no believers, no church and no salvation."

I saw at once that there must be some one on earth with authority from God to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. I knew that I did not have that power; I knew also that my ordination was as good as that of any minister on earth, unless it was true that an angel had conferred the ancient priesthood on Joseph Smith, and he in turn had conferred it upon others, and that the ministers of the church which he established had the necessary authority.

I turned to Bro. Briggs and said: "Have you authority to lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost?"

He said: "I make that claim."

I saw at once if I admitted that, I must also concede that he received it from Joseph Smith, and to acknowledge Joseph Smith as the chosen of the Lord was indeed a bitter pill for me to swallow. I said to myself I can not receive that claim. I saw, however, by what was then revealed to me, that I had to choose between Joseph Smith and no salvation. That is, if Joseph Smith had not been

commissioned from God, with authority to lay hands on baptized believers of the gospel, and no one else had that right, that the Holy Ghost would not be given, and therefore no one is called, no gospel preached, no believers, and no church, and no salvation; for so the voice from heaven showed me.

I then turned to Bro. Briggs and said: "You will baptize me to-morrow."

He answered: "If you believe the doctrine I will."

I said: "I do."

I filled an appointment that night as an elder still of the "Church of God." Sr. Briggs, who was present, declared that I had a large measure of the Holy Spirit with me. On the day following I was baptized at one p. m., by Bro. Briggs, and confirmed and ordained an elder within an hour after; and at night I preached as a Latter Day Saint elder. Immediately I was published in the "Harbinger" as a "turn coat," and charged with being "fickle minded," etc. But the editor, T. G. Newman, replied that he could not admit that I was fickle or easily turned, but that if I had changed my faith on any point, it was because I had after due investigation become convinced that I was in error. He said also, that they could afford to lose almost any other man in the church better than myself. I say this to show the esteem that was had for me among that people. In regard to the charge of being a "turn coat," I admitted it, and claimed that I was wise in changing my coat, when I discovered that I had been wearing it inside out.

Shortly after my baptism and ordination I met Bro. H. P. Brown, who had come to Bro. Briggs' to baptize a couple of his children; and in the confirmation I heard for the first time the voice of prophecy, through Bro. Brown.

Sr. Smith was baptized on the Thursday following my baptism. Some time after Bro. Briggs informed her that he had seen that she would in time receive the gifts of tongues, interpretation of tongues and prophecy, which prediction has been fulfilled, as many know. I went to the Annual Conference in April with Bro. Briggs, where I was ordained a Seventy by Bro. Briggs and father Gurley. From this conference I returned to our home in Independence, Iowa, and removed to Alden; from there to Decatur county,

Iowa, and then to Farmington. Here I heard the gift of tongues for the first time; and here Sr. Smith received the gift of prophecy. I here baptized the first one I had baptized in this church—Sr. Anna Doty. I first saw the manifestation of an evil power here, and saw the unclean spirit cast out. I was much troubled about this time with the report that Joseph Smith had been in polygamy, etc. But Bro. Ebenezer Robinson gave me much satisfaction by stating that he had lived in Joseph Smith's house for a number of years, or had been in the family, I think he said for nine years, and that he had never seen or heard anything about him unbecoming a Christian and a gentleman.

In the spring of 1868 I was called to go to Plano to assist in preparing a copy of the Inspired Translation for the press. After we had finished that work, Bro. Joseph, Bro. Blair, Bro. Rogers and myself were in an upper room in Joseph's house, when the question concerning the proper title of the book was discussed; and finally Joseph proposed that we pray over it, which we did, and when we arose from our knees he took a pencil and wrote the title as we now have it. I was appointed at the conference held that year in Plano to labor in the New England and Middle States. When I left my home at Farmington to go to Plano I had determined to go with but one coat, and with no money; and so I gave my wife the few dollars that I had and started and walked twenty-two miles the first day, and found a place to stop with a sister who lived at the place, (West Point), and next day I reached Burlington. But before I reached Burlington I had to cross a bridge for which I had to pay toll, as I found when I reached the other side, I was stopped and five cents was demanded. I knew that I had given every cent to my wife, and I had carefully searched my pockets so that I might not take even a penny. I told the toll-gate keeper how it was, but just then a voice said: "Examine your vest pocket." I almost mechanically put my hand in the right side pocket, and there I found a silver five cent piece, which I gave the man and went on, after telling him I did not believe that I had it when he demanded it; and I do not believe at this day that the money was left in my pocket

when I left home. When I reached Burlington means were put into my hands, and the captain, through the intercession of Bro. Jerome Ruby, took me to New Buffalo for half fare; and from that day I have always had means put into my hands to travel with. Several times in the state of Maine we have been carried on the steamer Lewiston free, and furnished meals gratis, when our funds were low. I can now say that in my twenty-two years' experience in the ministry I have never been compelled to go without a meal, or have suffered for a drink of water, or been refused a shelter for the night. I can truly say that I have lacked for nothing. I forsook a home and hosts of friends for the gospel's sake; but I have had other homes built by the generosity of the Saints, and have found all the friends that I have needed, in this church.

While I was in the east at that time many remarkable manifestations of God's power to heal were displayed; a few only can I take space to mention. In Dennisport I found a sister one morning lying on a couch in a raging fever; I laid hands on her and prayed, and when I had concluded, the fever had all disappeared, and she arose, put the wash boiler on the fire, and as soon as the water was hot commenced washing. In Fall River, Massachusetts, while at prayer with Bro. John Smith, I heard a voice saying: "Your wife is sick, you must pray for her." We knelt and prayed, and both had the assurance that she was healed at that hour. She was then at Millersburg, Illinois, some nine hundred miles away. And when I heard from her, she related how that about six o'clock of the day that we prayed she had been very sick, indeed was unable to get out of bed; but was instantly made well, to her great astonishment and that of Sr. Vernon, in whose house she was living. In Boston, Massachusetts, one day while writing to her, the Spirit revealed to me that she was sick, although when she wrote the letter that I was answering she was not sick. The Spirit said: "Lay your hands on the letter when folded, and bless it, and she shall be healed." I did so, and sent it off. When she received it she was too sick to read it, and left it lying on the table until next morning, when she read it; and when she read the command to "lay it upon the afflicted

parts" she did so and was instantly healed, although in her chest, throat and head she was suffering terribly. And several times after when suffering pain she was healed by the same means, there being no elders nearer than Buffalo Prairie at that time. The remarkable case of the little child of Bro. and Sr. Hooper of Little Kennebec, Maine, who was healed of speechlessness and impotence in its legs, occurred about this time. The child although over three years old, could not walk, or stand alone, or even creep; and had never uttered a word in its life, or even a natural cry; and whose limbs contained only cartilage instead of bones; and who had no sinews apparently—was enabled to spring upon its feet and walk in an instant of time; and in a few days after as suddenly received the power of speech—numbers of people, of all grades of society came from one to twenty miles to see the child on whom this "miracle of healing" was performed; but not one ever believed and obeyed the gospel because of the wonder; howbeit, numbers had before time challenged me to work a miracle, saying that if it should be done they would join us; but when God wrought so marvelously, they neither believed, nor obeyed; no, not one. In Grand Manan Sr. Cynthia Lakeman, who had been for years an invalid, was made well through obedience to the gospel. But I could fill a whole number of the "Autumn Leaves" with cases of healing that have come under my observation.

While in Maine I received, while preaching, a direct revelation from heaven that Jesus was really and truly conceived by the Holy Ghost in the womb of the Virgin Mary, so that I was constrained to cry out: "I know that Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God, and that neither Joseph nor any other man was in any sense connected with his birth." As in Peter's case, it was revealed by the Father in heaven; so I can truly say that I know who the Son is. After my second return from the east, in 1875, I was sent to Minnesota to labor among the Cutlerites. I baptized some forty odd and organized two branches. But by many I was rejected, and refused the church by the class who owned the building. I was constrained to wash my feet in Silver Lake as a testimony against them, and I was informed that they came near perish-

ing soon after, because of the destruction of everything in the shape of grain, grass, vegetables, fruit, etc., by the grasshoppers. Had not our brethren there furnished them with food many would have died of starvation. This reminds me of a prophecy pronounced on my head in Dennisport many years ago, to the intent that whosoever should rise up against me while in the line of my duty to destroy my influence or hinder my work, should wither away like the grass under my feet. I have seen a number, who were elders in good standing, and enjoying the spiritual gifts, and who were doing much good, who suffered themselves to be led by Satan to oppose my work, and I have seen them tumble headlong into darkness, and into transgression, and out of the church; and some remain out till this day, because they are too blind to see their error and confess their wrong. I do not mention this to convey the thought that I am any better or holier than others, but to show that God regards the authority that he confers upon men with a jealous eye; and that rebellion or opposition to lawful authority is treason to God. I doubt not that the prophecy will apply as well to any of the spiritual authorities in the church.

After my first return from the east, or on my way to the west, while in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1870, I was spoken to by the Spirit through Sr. Martha G. Woods, now Sr. J. H. Lake, that I should be called to the Quorum of the Twelve. And in the fall of 1872 Bro. Frank West in Florida spoke the same thing. Shortly after this I was poisoned, as I truly believe, and came near dying, and our little boy Albert did die. We both were acted upon by the evil alike; but certain revelations as those just named, and a prophecy given by Elder E. N. Webster in the spring of 1870 that I should return again to the east gave my wife the only hope that she could feel that I would not die, as did our boy, in a strange land by the hand of an enemy to whom I had done good, and good only. But my work was not yet done, and so I lived; and after going to Texas in the winter of 1872 and 1873 I was called by Joseph to come to Plano to attend conference. I went, although still very weak in body and mind; and there, by revelation, I was

called to the Quorum of the Twelve. But so fearful was I that I should be simply nominated for the office, that I prayed at least a dozen times a day for two months before the conference, that God would frustrate any and every attempt to place me in that quorum unless it was positively His will and purpose. But when the revelation came I had all the evidence that I could wish, that the call came from God. I was immediately sent to the east again, where I remained awhile. And while on that trip and on my way west, I was subjected to some of the severest trials of my life, and in new and unexpected ways to me; but by the grace of God I was saved from falling into the many pits laid for my feet, although in some cases I was left to wander pretty close to the edge. It seemed that while I remained a Seventy I had little or no temptations or trials, but as soon as I became an Apostle the devil set to work to destroy me if possible, and he has tried one tack and another almost continually ever since.

It was after my return from this second trip east that I went to Minnesota, as before mentioned. I labored after this in Kansas, Western Iowa, and Western Missouri, and went to St. Louis, and up through Illinois to Plano. Among the places visited was Buffalo Prairie, where a number of revelations were given concerning my being sent to the South Sea Islands and Australia. One clear and pointed one being given Bro. David S. Holmes. It may be digressing somewhat, but I would like to say that I never saw revelations come so perfectly true as those spoken by Bro. Holmes; except, it may be, the great majority of those spoken through Sr. Smith. I labored around in Illinois, Missouri and Kansas, until 1878, when I was again appointed to go east. From that field I returned, and located in Chicago in 1881. While I was in the east in 1879, I think, it was revealed to me that General Conference would before long be held in the Temple at Kirtland, Ohio, which came to pass in 1883. On my return from the second mission to the east, in 1874, I called at Syracuse, Ohio, where my labors were greatly blessed; and while here I had a new experience. I received a letter from a brother who had been controlled by an evil spirit for several years, and he

desired that I should pray for him. I sat down to answer his letter, when the Spirit rested upon me, and I was constrained to say or write: "I adjure the evil spirit that is troubling you to come out of you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and I afterward heard that from the time he received the letter, he felt the evil influence leave him, and he began to recover in body and in mind.

I should have said before, that in 1870 I was sent to take charge of the Southern Mission; and while on my way there I labored awhile in Southern Indiana, and baptized Bro. Columbus Scott among others. In the south I baptized quite a number of colored brethren and sisters, and some very good Saints were found among them.

In 1883 I was sent to labor in Southern Indiana and Southern Illinois, and while there baptized among others Bro. Leonard Scott. In 1884 I was appointed to the South Sea Islands mission, where I labored for three years, baptizing some seven hundred, and organizing and reorganizing some nineteen branches; making since my first baptism in 1866 some twelve hundred souls. I suppose that by my faithful sons in the gospel, John C. Foss, Charles N. Brown (now dead), Columbus Scott, Leonard Scott, T. J. Martin, Henry Way, Thomas Matthews, Tehopea, Metuaore and others, there has been nearly fifteen hundred more brought into the church; so that not less than twenty-six hundred have come into the church from the baptism of one in 1866 by Bro. J. W. Briggs. It is somewhat singular that I was baptized and confirmed, ordained an Elder, a Seventy, and an Apostle by Bro. Briggs; he being spokesman on each occasion.

One interesting circumstance comes to my mind, that occurred while I was located in Chicago, which may be profitable to relate. A young married woman got angry with her husband because he would not leave a meeting and go home with her. She went home, which was not over fifty yards away, and was taken possession of by an evil spirit. It threw her on the floor and caused her head and feet and arms to beat the floor with astonishing rapidity, and at the same time she was talking in some strange tongue in a most rapid and vehement manner. I was sent for, and hastened over, and as I

entered the room the power seemed determined to cause her to beat her brains out by the violence with which she pounded the floor with her head. I attempted to grasp her hand, but failed the first time. I caught her hand in the next attempt, and to myself I said: "I command this unclean spirit to depart, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ." Instantly she was as quiet as if she was asleep. We lifted her to a chair, for she was as weak as a baby, and in a short time she arose and went about her work. I mention this and the other circumstances merely for the strengthening of the faith of the young, who chiefly are interested in the teachings that are found in the pages of the "Autumn Leaves." I desire no credit to be given me, as the power was of God by which the sick were healed in answer to prayer, and through the medium of a piece of paper, instead of an apron or handkerchief; and the unclean spirits cast out; and the miraculous healing of the child, all these and much more that I could relate, prove that God and his church and his Spirit are the same to-day as in other ages of the world, and that the same authority exists in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, that was found in the Church of Jesus Christ of Former Day Saints. As some have an idea that I had belonged to a number of churches before I became a Latter Day Saint, I would say that I belonged to two organizations only; first, the Independent Christian Church of Philadelphia, and second, the "Church of God," or Age to Come Brethren. I never united with the Adventists, or Disciples, although I labored in harmony with them. I was for some time considered by the Disciples in Illinois as one of them, but I did not unite with any organization among them. The Church of God was the first body that I had found believing in all points as I did, and to-day they are nearer our faith than any other church on earth. In every change that I made I was getting on higher ground, receiving more light, and holding on to what I had received; and this church alone could give me what I lacked. In leaving this church for any other I should lose much and gain nothing at all. I should not find any truth elsewhere not already found here.

There is one movement that I do feel a most intense interest in, and that is the

work going on among the Jews in eastern Europe in their acceptance of the Messiah. For them I feel a tender, sympathetic, and even anxious regard. Could they only see the gospel in its fulness, how great would be their joy! They will surely receive it some day. They can find no home in any sectarian church on earth.

My course thus far has been by the leading of the Lord, as he has said repeatedly that "from my infantile days till now He has led me, and in ways that I knew not, and did not understand, and that He will still thus lead me." I never can see very far ahead, where I am going, or what I am going to do; but only see a day or two ahead. I have been asked often how I came to unite with this church. I have answered that I tumbled

into it as naturally as a turtle slides into the water off a log. I simply could not help it. I suppose my Israelitish blood has had something to do with it. God had been training me step by step for his work, from my boyhood days up till I was constrained to throw myself in Bro. Briggs' way. And if I am entitled to any reward for bringing hundreds into the church, Bro. Briggs will receive his share of the credit. While he has not many sons in the gospel, he has over a thousand grandchildren, and still more great-grandchildren, in the gospel. May the Lord forbid that he should forsake them all. I am afraid that I have made my story too lengthy, but I trust it will prove both interesting and profitable; for to that end only have I written.

NORTH FORSTER, N. S. W.,  
July 10th, 1888.

## CENTENNIAL ADDRESS.

By Elder H. A. STEBBINS at Lamoni, Iowa, April 30th, 1889.

IN the city of New York, one hundred years ago to-day, George Washington was inaugurated the first president of the United States of America, and at the same time the constitution of the compacted colonies became in reality the law to govern the federal union that is now known as the 'Republic of America.'

With these things in memory we have an interest in celebrating what may be called an eventful day, if not a birthday, of the nation in which as individuals, as communities, and as states, we rejoice to have citizenship. And we think that it is good to call to mind the struggles, the trials, and the labors of the fathers of our country in their endeavor to establish an enduring and a just form of government for their posterity. We feel that it is well to be patriotic in the true meaning of the term, not by burning powder or making a noisy demonstration, but by bringing our minds to consider the debt of gratitude that we owe to those men for the blessings conferred by their self-sacrificing patriotism, and by reflecting upon the inestimable value of our moral, spiritual and political liberty, and the greatness of the inheritance secured to us by their toilsome labor.

It required the best work of mind, of heart, and of brain, as well as the natural genius and tried virtue of those wonderfully endowed men to accomplish what they did. Under divine guidance, we believe, and with pains-taking thought and labor they brought into being the nucleus of our great government; and that, too, under the most trying and discouraging circumstances. In consequence of that labor of love the names of George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, James Madison, Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton, and of others composing that constitutional convention, must live in the hearts of freemen while time shall endure and nations continue to exist.

A hundred years ago the narrow margin of colonies along the Atlantic became known as the American Union of states. After stormy and trying scenes they were banded into a federation, formed into one government under the constitution that had been adopted in Independence Hall at Philadelphia in 1787, after more than four months of weary session. Before that they were independent states, each having its own government. Their beginnings were the patents of the King of Great Britain. But now the rule of royal-



ty had been cast off; thus far the word of God was fulfilled, wherein he had said that no kingly despotism should rule and prosper upon the land, this land, which he had designed and covenanted should be a land of liberty forever.

In that narrow border along the Atlantic were three million people, but no common country, no common cause, since the united struggle against British exaction was over. Inter-state traffic was broken and trade relations were unsettled, while England had monopolized the commerce of the seas.

The people had truly gained their freedom and the right to govern themselves, but the question was: "In what manner shall it be?" The nations of the old world were waiting to see the result. To them the attempt at such a new creation was a folly, and its childhood was to be its end. Even those who admired the brave struggle for independence and who felt friendly to the American cause, did not deem that a national government was a possibility. The past was strewn with the wrecks of nations, not only with monarchies but with some attempts at a democratic form of government. Greece had tried the plan by which the people acted directly as a law-making and executive body, but it failed; it was not correctly built, nor was it composed of enduring materials, therefore nothing better was expected of America. One of the leading ministers of England, the Dean of Gloucester, spoke as follows of the attempt:

"As to the future grandeur of America, and its being a rising empire under one head, whether republican or monarchical, it is one of the idlest and most visionary notions that was ever conceived even by writers of romance. The mutual antipathies and clashing interests of the Americans, their difference of governments and habits, indicate that they will have no centre of union and no common interest. They can never be united into one compact empire under any species of government whatever. A disunited people till the end of time, they will be divided and subdivided into little commonwealths or principalities, according to natural boundaries of rivers and mountains."

But none of them knew that God himself had foreordained the rising of the new nation, that he had prepared the

land and brought the people to it, and that the time had now come for its establishment; they knew not that the Almighty had designed better things for the child than death in its infancy. Therefore, under his guidance, and with the virtue and the power of a young David, the nation stood forth against the monarchial and oppressive Goliaths of the old-time governments, and, cutting out a new path, a new way among the nations, she called on all those in other lands, who wished for freedom of life and of worship, to come with her out of darkness and bondage.

The organizing and uniting of a people for a common good and for mutual prosperity in the arts of peace, is a matter of no little moment, and especially was it so then, with all the diversity of people and of climate, with only the slow means of intercourse on land by the stage coach and on horseback. Only small streams were bridged; the rivers must be forded or ferried across. Again, there were people of strict Puritan ideas, others were free Cavaliers. There were Hollanders in New York, Quakers in Pennsylvania, Huguenots and French in the south, besides Puritan New England, and other differences in nationality and religion that were far more marked than anything that exists to-day.

Then again, in all the colonies slavery had been tolerated, but from Massachusetts it was gone forever, and in the north generally it was fast disappearing. Patrick Henry and Jefferson were doing what they could to abolish it in Virginia. But just then cotton began to be raised for export, and none but colored bondmen could labor at that, and in the swampy rice fields of South Carolina. The paper money of the Revolution had become worthless, and a state currency did not meet the success hoped for. Some of these things prevented and some hastened a union. As early as June, 1781, Washington had addressed the governors and presidents of the various states, giving his ideas as an outline of a future national government, but the lessons of time and severe experience were first needed to mould public thought, and to prepare men to lead in the great work of unification, before anything could be done. Not only were the interests of three million of people at stake, but also

the interests and happiness of their children and of their children's children were in the balance. They were preparing to leave to their posterity a free, a great, and a richly endowed heritage, and they needed time in which to accomplish it.

In 1785, to Maryland and Virginia commissioners who visited him at Mount Vernon, Washington again proposed his measures. From that time both these states awakened to the greatness of the plan. Then Maryland sent out circulars and gathered delegates from five states to Annapolis where the idea was furthered. There Alexander Hamilton of New York set forth the great advantage of calling a general convention of all the states to meet in Philadelphia in 1787. This hastened matters, and nearly all of the states took action and sent delegates.

Not until May 25th, 1787, were enough of them present to begin their work, though May 14th had been set as the day to convene.

They gathered in the hall where the Declaration of Independence had been framed eleven years before. Fifty-five delegates took part in this convention which lasted over four months. The sessions were held with closed doors, and not for fifty years, until Madison's notes were obtained after his death, did the country know much of the trials and strife experienced in that convention, or how near they came, at times, to breaking up in confusion.

But the work was finally done and presented to the states. One after another they ratified it, and by July 4th, 1788, ten of the states had accepted it. Rhode Island, which had sent no delegates to the convention, was the last of the thirteen to adopt it. Then Washington was elected and inaugurated under the provisions of that Constitution.

And truly, as has been well said, those men "builded better than they knew." They framed and put together a mighty structure out of few materials, but those materials were staunch and enduring ones, as the century has well proven.

This national organization was the goodly house that they erected, and we have the word of the great Being above that the Constitution of this land was framed by wise men whom he raised up for that very purpose. He sanctioned it and they dwelt in it; and by inheritance,

we have the right to live in it, to maintain it and to defend it. Consequently we rejoice in the land and in the righteous execution of the just laws of the nation; we speak of it with thanksgiving to God, because it has proven the best form of government ever made by men, even though there be corruptions and evils existing that are not sanctioned of God.

The peculiarity of this form of government is that the people take no part directly, but they delegate their authority to agents to act for them, by their own will and vote changing those agents when they think that they are not serving the general good as they ought to. The fathers found no model in history of the house they wished to frame, no previous nationality to take pattern from. The best form of successful government then existing was that of a limited monarchy, but they had both seen and felt the oppressive power of such. They wanted something better than anything they saw then existing, or that had ever existed. They did not draw their inspiration from the deeds of other nations, nor were they encouraged by other's success to hope for better things, or for the perpetuation of a free and independent nation. Inspired of God they worked out the great scheme from their own ideas of what were the true principles of justice and freedom, such principles as they considered should govern all mankind. The immortal Lincoln said at Gettysburg:

"Our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, one conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal."

In the consideration of these things we may be helped to a noble enthusiasm in honor of the work of the men who thought for us, in honor of those who built for us a noble mansion in that day so long before we had being on the earth.

We to-day do believe, from the history of the nations as well as from the evidences of God's word, that the Almighty does preside over the destinies of nations; and that, by an overruling providence, the child-like America arises, and in virtue becomes great, while a corrupt Babylon or Ninevah goes down to desolation forever.

After the dark ages of temporal and spiritual bondage, after the stake and the inquisition, God moved upon the hearts of fearless men to break away from the bond-

age of base superstition and cruel bigotry, and to obtain first religious freedom and afterwards civil liberty. Hence God prepared America; and here was to be witnessed a successful effort, under divine sanction and favor, for the establishment of a system of government which was to be right in the sight of the Creator and of all just men.

By his servant Ezekiel, (17: 22, 23), the Lord foretold that he would plant a tender shoot in a high mountain and eminent, and that it should bring forth boughs and be a goodly tree, and that under its branches the fowl of every wing should find shelter. Has not this been marvelously fulfilled? Have not the people of every land found rest here, such as they could find no where else? Has not the tender plant grown to be a tree of renown among all the people of the earth? Can we, who are here to-day, whether we

were born here, or came to America, be any too thankful, even in the midst of toil and trial, that we have escaped the evils of greater moment that exist in lands where millions of armed men, non-producing, are continually kept waiting, ready at all times, at the will of kings, to fall upon and slay their fellow-men in multitudes. And as the Lord has said of America, that "this land shall be a land of liberty," and that he "will fortify this land against all other nations, and he that raiseth up a king against me shall perish, saith God," therefore, believing this word, the Latter Day Saints ought to be more thankful than any other class of people, especially in consideration of greater things to come. And so may we live that we may share in those better things, is my wish in the name of Him who shall be King of kings and Lord of lords, when the fulness of peace comes in.

## THE VOW OF WASHINGTON.

Read in New York, April 30th, 1889, at the Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the United States.

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun  
Lay green the fields by freedom won;  
And severed sections, weary of debates,  
Joined hands at last and were United States.

O City sitting by the Sea!  
How proud the day that dawned on thee,  
When the new era, long desired began,  
And, in its need, the hour had found the man!

One thought the cannon salvos spoke;  
The resonant bell-tower's vibrant stroke,  
The voiceful streets, the plaudit-echoing halls,  
And prayer and hymn borne heavenward from  
St. Paul's!

How felt the land in every part  
The strong throb of a nation's heart,  
As its great leader gave, with reverent awe,  
His pledge to Union, Liberty and Law!

That pledge the heavens above him heard,  
That vow the sleep of centuries stirred;  
In world-wide wonder listening people's bent  
Their gaze on Freedom's experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold  
And hopes deceived all history told.

Above the wrecks that strew'd the mournful past,  
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the people's choice was just,  
The one man equal to his trust,  
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,  
Calm in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,  
Made possible the world's release;  
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,  
And rule, alone, which serves the ruled, is just;

That Freedom generous is, but strong  
In hate of fraud and selfish wrong,  
Pretense that turns her holy truths to lies,  
And lawless license masking in her guise.

Land of his love! with one glad voice  
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice;  
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,  
And, God be praised, we are one nation yet.

And still, we trust, the years to be  
Shall prove his hope was destiny,  
Leaving our flag with all its added stars  
Unrent by faction and unstained by wars!

Lo! where with patient toil he nursed  
 And trained the new-set plant at first,  
 The widening branches of a stately tree  
 Stretch from the sunrise to the sunset sea.

And in its broad and sheltering shade,  
 Sitting with none to make afraid,  
 Were we now silent, through each mighty limb,  
 The winds of heaven would sing the praise  
 of him.

Our first and best!—his ashes lie  
 Beneath his own Virginian sky.  
 Forgive, forget, O true and just and brave,  
 The storm that swept above thy sacred grave!

For, ever in the awful strife  
 And dark hours of the nation's life,  
 Through the fierce tumult pierced his warning  
 word,  
 Their father's voice his erring children heard!

OAK KNOLL, Danvers, Mass.,

The change for which he prayed and sought  
 In that sharp agony was wrought;  
 No partial interest draws its alien line  
 'Twixt North and South, the cypress and the  
 pine!

One people now, all doubt beyond,  
 His name shall be our Union-bond;  
 We lift our hands to heaven, and here and now,  
 Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

For rule and trust must needs be ours:  
 Chooser and chosen both are powers  
 Equal in service as in rights; the claim  
 Of duty rests on each all the same.

Then let the sovereign millions, where  
 Our banner floats in sun and air,  
 From the warm palm-lands to Alaska's cold,  
 Repeat with us the pledge of a century old.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

## JEALOUSY OF BIRDS.

PROFESSOR FRESCAUD cites a number of well authenticated incidents illustrating the jealousy that exists among the lower order of animals—jealousy involving a train of thought and processes of reasoning. One of the most curious of the practical experiments he himself made was in the case of a family of storks at Constantinople. Having obtained permission of the caliph to investigate the social and domestic economy of these historic birds, Professor Frescaud introduced into one of the nests on the roof of a mosque eleven duck eggs and took away the eggs which the mother stork had laid. The birds did not seem to notice the exchange and the male and the female stork took turns, as is the custom with most birds, at sitting upon the eggs. In due time the eggs were hatched and nine plump ducklings made their appearance. The mother stork was apparently fully satisfied and she brooded over her callow infants with great tenderness. But when the father stork got a glimpse of the

ducklings he became terribly agitated and evinced his displeasure by shrill cries and violent gesticulations with his wings and legs. As if, however, to have the scandal properly if not legally ventilated, this enraged husband flew away and presently returned with an immense number of neighbors of both sexes. The strange company expelled the mother bird from her nest and for a long time inspected the young ducklings, keeping up meanwhile an incessant chattering as if, forsooth, they were discussing among themselves the probability of the female stork's infidelity. At last, seeming to have agreed upon a verdict, they fell upon the female and killed her, after which they put the ducklings to death and destroyed the nest and every vestige thereof. Professor Frescaud says that soon after this judicial murder the father stork, seemingly overcome by mortification at the supposed faithlessness of his wife, committed suicide by drowning in the Bosphorus.

NEXT in importance to knowing what to say in public address, is knowing when to stop. Many a preacher who has impressed a great truth on his hearers by his earnest spoken words, dissipates or neutralizes that impression by continuing to talk after he has said enough. In praying for power in his pulpit work, every preacher ought to pray for grace to stop at the right time.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

AFTER the ship got under way, the first duty of the recruits was to draw hammocks from the sail maker—who was a commissioned officer—and obtain rope-yarn from a man who had charge of it, to lay this up, or twist it into small three-strand ropes called nettles, and then to fasten it in eyelet holes in the ends of the hammock. These small ropes would let the hammock spread out to receive the mattress upon which we had to sleep. The ropes were made fast to a ring about two inches in diameter, to which again was made fast another piece of rope about as thick as common halter rope; this larger rope, in swinging the hammock, was run through a hole in a cleat that was made fast to a beam in the ship overhead, one at the head and another at the foot of the hammock.

Our names were called off and as we answered we were placed in the different parts of the ship where we would have to perform duty the balance of the cruise. We were then given our stations at the guns, bedding and blankets were served out, and by this time night was upon us. The ship feeling herself free, with the aid of a stiff breeze, was soon out of sight of land.

It was different here to being on the receiving ship; there were so many men that you could hardly move without jostling against some one, while on the receiving ship we had plenty of room. And upon the receiving ship the officers did not appear in any way tyrannical or crusty; but here we were soon made acquainted with the fact that both predominated in commissioned as well as in petty officers.

I soon found out that my calculation about rising to distinction was an *ignis fatuus*; that no common man could attain to even a midshipman's berth; that it required money or influence in congress to obtain the lowest commission; that the most a foremast hand could aspire to was a boatswain's mate, quarter gunner, or a quarter master, realizing about eighteen or twenty dollars per month. This, and the treatment I received from the officers and men, soured my temper considerably. The landsmen or raw recruits were about

fifty in number. These received very annoying treatment from both officers and men. The men would push them on one side with a gruff, "Get out of the way you land lubber, you haven't got the hay seeds out of your hair yet." This and worse treatment caused the landsmen to cling together, and in a short time they began to turn on the seamen and gave some of them a severe drubbing before they would cease their persecutions. To give a sample of how the officers thought of and acted towards the men, I will relate a circumstance showing how I was treated by an officer when not many days out. I had done something in my ignorance, what, I have forgotten and can not now bring to mind, which a petty officer thought it worth while to report to the officer of the deck.

My name was called by a boatswain's mate, and upon answering it I was informed that the officer of the deck wanted me. Going on deck I found the officer pacing the deck to and fro, and my accuser stood by the fife-rail. After standing there a short time the officer of the deck came up and asked "What's wanting?" My accuser stated what I had done, when I spoke up and told the officer that I did not think I was doing wrong. Said he, "You scoundrel, who gave you liberty to think? You have sold your liberty to think for three years; go to your duty and don't come before me again in this manner!" I turned away and instead of losing my liberty to think I thought, and thought all the more; and instead of stopping my thoughts he set them in motion with accelerated velocity. There were one or two honorable exceptions among the lieutenants and midshipmen in their treatment of the men.

We went out of our course a few days' sail in order to strike the trade winds, which are said to blow six months one way and then turn round and blow six months in the contrary direction. These would carry us direct on our course to our destination.

The first port we aimed to make was Rio Janeiro; having on board a minister plenipotentiary by the name of Smith, sent there by our government to take the

place of Minister Wise, of Virginia, who had displeased the Brazilian government in some manner and had thereby caused that government to request ours to call him home.

We had quite a fair trip out, having to handle ship but a very little, except once or twice to reef topsails in a heavier blow than common. This was owing to the trade winds which were favorable all the time. The daily routine commenced by piping up by the boatswain and his mates of all hammocks, which when securely rolled up and fastened, formed a roll.

They were taken on deck to a petty officer detailed to place them in a long box-like place, on the top of the bulwarks which run the whole length of the ship; they were placed in a slanting position, having a third of the hammock visible above the rail, or box; and when stowed away had a very neat appearance, and contrasted greatly with the hull of the ship—the hammocks being white as the driven snow while the hull next to them was as black as jet. If the labor just described was not done right, in the judgment of the petty officer, we were liable to be reported and subjected to punishment with the cat-o'-nine-tails, or other punishment at the discretion of the officer of the deck.

The hammocks were stowed away all day, so that there was no chance to sleep in the day, watch and watch, like unto merchant ships. We had watch and watch in the day time so far as work was concerned; that is, the time for work, day or night, on every sea-going ship of whatsoever name or nation, merchantman or man-of-war, is four hours for one watch, and that is relieved, and the other takes its place.

After hammocks were stowed away then come washing of the decks, and then breakfast. Seamen of all other nationalities, with whom the writer became acquainted, and very nearly all nations were represented, ascribe the meed of praise to the American navy above all others for the best food.

Our bill of fare was the same, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, from the commencement of the year to the end thereof, except when we arrived in port, and then fresh beef, instead of salt beef, and potatoes or yams were allowed. It consisted on Monday of salt

pork and beans boiled, with hard tack for bread; Tuesday, salt beef and rice, with hard tack; Wednesday, salt pork and beans with hard tack; Thursday, salt beef and duff, or raisin dumpling, almost as heavy as lead; Friday, salt beef and rice; Saturday, salt pork and beans,—hard tack or sea biscuit may be always counted in the bill; Sunday, salt beef and duff. I suppose duff is the abbreviated form for dough. This fare was served out for dinner only, the breakfast each morning was made out of the meat left from the day before, chopped into small pieces and boiled together with broken hard tack, and as much tea, well sweetened, as you can carry at one time, to wash it down; and if fortunate to have left from the day before, a small piece of butter for your sea biscuit. The butter is dealt out by the Purser twice a week; but sailors are so extravagant with it when it does come, that there is not much left after the first day. They use it frequently in their tea for cream. Sometimes we had the luxury of cheese dealt out about twice a week. It is made round in balls about the size of a thirty-two pound shot, though not quite as hard, although it takes quite a blow with a hatchet to break it.

The sailors facetiously remarked that Uncle Sam had an eye to business; foreseeing that if there should an engagement take place and the iron shot should run out, the cheese would answer the purpose.

There were about fifty messes, with twenty-four men in a mess, and one who got the material ready for the ship's cook, to each mess. We took our meals on the berth-deck upon canvas mess-cloths spread on the deck; and we all sat round cross-legged—like tailors—or the best way we could, so as not to interfere with our own and other's mess-mates.

All who chose, drank a lot of grog before breakfast, and also before dinner; all who abstained received three dollars and a half at the end of three months. The writer was among the latter. Every night, at the call of fife and drum, we had to go to quarters, that is, muster at our guns.

It was as much an inspection of the men, to see that they dressed and appeared to the officers' taste, and also that the bright work of the gun was kept clean, as anything else. The roll was called and each man answered, naming his position

at the gun; thus keeping his memory active in that matter. Sometimes, when expecting the commodore or captain to review, we would all toe a seam in the deck, forming a line from bow to stem; and this was done on the occasion of visits from the great ones of the different governments we visited. Speaking of going to quarters reminds me of the first difficulty I got into with one of my ship-mates. There was on board a barber shop kept between two guns. It had all the paraphernalia belonging to such, among which were brush, comb and glass at the service of the seamen. On the occasion in question it was drawing near to the time of going to quarters and a seaman had been combing his hair and whiskers for some time, and using the only glass that I could see outside of the barber's chest. The drum had just tapped for the call to be beat, and as it tapped some fifteen or twenty minutes before the time, I waited a minute or so longer and began to think that I would not get a chance to comb my hair (the officers were strict touching our appearance), and stepping up said: "Campbell, wont you let the glass stand between us so that both can see? It is getting near to quarters, and we have not much time to spare." He jerked it away and said roughly: "No, I won't." "Now," said I reaching towards the glass and putting it between us, "don't be ugly, you have been using it for some time and I have waited till the time for quarters is almost up." I had no idea of his striking me till I was about to fall on the deck from the force of the blow. I recovered so as to fall in a bent position, and before I could rise he caught me and held me down, the motion of the ship aiding him; but I had the good fortune to break his hold and he was glad to quit. Of course there was a crowd of men around, and after it was over, seeing that my eye was very black and swollen and it so near quarters, they expected that the officer would see it and I should be in for a flogging with the cats. One advised me to tell this wrong story and another that, as an excuse for the appearance of my eye. I said, "No, if the officer asks me I shall tell him the truth." They laughed me to scorn, saying that I was foolish to run the risk of a flogging when I could avoid it. The call to quarters was made. It was rather cloudy weather,

and I placed my hat, as some sailors do, sideways over my eye and the officer did not discover it. It passed along for a few days without discovery, until the order for our division to give an account of the clothing we had, as well as to expose it for the officer's inspection—(we are by the navy regulations obliged to have a change of white and blue shirts and undershirts, and are to have other things according to prescribed rule.) My name being called I answered, "Aye, aye, sir!" He asked a few questions and looking under my hat said: "What is the matter with your eye?" "It is black, sir." "I see it is. How did it come black?" "Fighting, sir." "What, do you dare to tell me you have been fighting?" "Would you have me tell you a lie, sir?" He looked at me in surprise, and I thought by the expression of his eye that he said to himself, "Is it possible that a common blue-jacket will tell the truth in such a time and run the risk of a flogging?" He replied: "Telling the truth has saved you this time; but don't you come before me again in this manner."

Sometimes—when the weather was fair—in the dog-watch, which is between six and eight o'clock in the evening, the boatswain would pipe all hands to skylark, and then could be seen by the silent spectator, if the men would let you be one, all kinds of performances, such as wrestling, boxing, going up a slack rope hand over fist, the best man to go the highest; fiddling and dancing, and every diversion imaginable. Very frequently in the first dog-watch, between four and six o'clock in the evening, the band would discourse music. Many of my readers may not know, and wonder what the dog-watch is. It simply means a watch of two hours, or two reliefs between the hours of four and eight o'clock p. m., in order to change the watch that had eight hours on deck the previous night, so as to have eight hours below the next night. Were it not for these short, or dog-watches, the same men, or watch, would have eight hours on deck every night, which would not be fair. Every night about sundown the hammocks were piped down, each man knowing the number of his hammock, (the writer's was six hundred and fifty-eight), stood ready to receive it from the one whose regular duty it was to stow away and hand out. When

all were slung up in their proper places, singing songs and spinning yarns was the order of the hour; and groups would be formed between the guns for that purpose. No singing or loud talk were allowed after the one watch had turned in at eight o'clock, but the other watch must go on deck, answer the roll call, and then be ready for further duty till relieved at eight bells, or twelve o'clock at midnight. If there was nothing to do, some would assemble every night forward by the foremast, and a man by the name of Ben, a very oracle on board of ship, would entertain them with stories peculiar to their taste, a very large number assembling together on every occasion, and so eager were they to listen to his stories, they would gather long before he came on deck to secure places as near the speaker as possible. No novel reader could become more infatuated in a written work of fiction than they in these oral ones. His versatile, imaginative, and loquacious powers were so well developed, that he could commence a story without any apparent preparation and continue it from evening to evening without interruption, or so I learned from some of the listeners. I listened to him a short time one night, but his theme not being of a character to suit my taste, I paid no more attention to his fanciful

effusions. I used to pace the deck back and forth at night, when there was nothing to do, thinking of those I had left behind, and very often have reviewed my whole life, and would at such times wonder if God would establish his church on earth again. My heart was very sad on these occasions, yet hope would be enkindled frequently, and a measure of faith obtain in my heart that such would be the case.

I do not remember of our speaking a single ship from New York to Rio Janeiro and we were six weeks on the trip. We would frequently see a school of porpoises following the ship, and sometimes a whale spouting at a distance, and in the night watch, when the sea was smooth and everything still, would hear what the sailors said was a fight between the sword-fish and thrasher. We crossed the line before getting to Rio, but there were no demonstrations such as on merchant ships on such occasions are practiced upon landmen.

We did not scrape acquaintance with King Neptune, neither were subject to any of his demands. Whether he was afraid to try to enforce any of his customary exactions on so formidable an opponent as a Line of Battle ship is not for me to say, not being entrusted with the confidence of his oceanic majesty.

(To be continued).

## GOVERNMENT CENTENNIAL.

THE centennial year of Washington's inauguration is marked by the giving of a free constitution to Japan; the agitation for self government by India and Ireland; the celebration in France of the fall of the Bastille; the international industrial exposition at Paris; the erection of the Eiffel tower, nearly twice as high as the highest previous structure; a trip across the Atlantic in the City of Paris in five days, twenty-three hours and seven minutes, the quickest trip on record; the opening up of South America and northern and Central Asia by rail roads; the incorporation of the Nicaragua Canal Company, the work of which will likely affect the commerce of the world; the

completion of the phonograph, by which Gladstone's voice has been heard in America while Gladstone was in England; the commencement of the construction of a telescope large enough to enable us to know whether the moon is inhabited; the beginning of active work looking to the fertilization of our American Desert; and the use of electric street cars. The mere mention of these things is enough to make one feel as though we were standing upon a vast height, from which it was dangerous even to look into the valley beneath. The age is phenomenal and grand in its accumulation of the wealth of the ages past which has burst forth into sight like the flower of the century plant.

—D. F. Lambert, in Independent Patriot.



## AN UNSEEN FOLLOWER.

It was a stormy winter's day,  
And fast the snow was flying;  
Great drifts upon the meadow lay,  
The winds were sadly sighing.

A stalwart man of noble form  
Across the fields was going,  
He heeded not the pelting storm,  
Cared not that it was snowing.

He paused a moment and looked back,  
Lest drifting sleet should blind him;  
His little son right in his track  
Was trudging on behind him.

"What brought you here?" the father cried,  
"Why through these snow-drifts wallow?"  
His blue eyes flashed as he replied,  
"Where father goes I'll follow."

That stalwart man of noble form  
With keenest anguish listened;

And though he heeded not the storm,  
With tears his eyelids glistened.

If little feet, each weary day  
To follow him endeavor,  
He may perchance lead them astray  
For ever and for ever.

He took the little fellow's hand,  
And in his own he clasped it;  
Too young was he to understand  
Why thus his father grasped it.

There, in the storm, that father prayed,  
"O Savior, ever guide us,  
Through all life's journey grant thy aid,  
And let not death divide us.

"Let me in paths of safety tread,  
To God's dear-love no stranger;  
By me let this dear child be led  
Away from paths of danger."

EGBERT L. BANGS.

## LAKE MARY.

(See Frontispiece).

TO THE traveler over our western prairies, unused to mountain scenery and whose journey extends beyond the mountains, there opens many a grandly imposing scene. Borne swiftly along behind the steaming, panting iron horse, he leans from the open window too absorbed in the rapidly changing landscape to analyze his own emotions or realize the wonders of that which his eye takes in. Not thus, however, when at his journey's end upon some calm summer day, he wanders away and entering a mountain canyon follows its ever ascending, ever changing course. Above him meet the branches of lofty forest trees, interlocking their boughs and almost shutting out the light of day. Wild roses, flowering shrubs and willows fringe the margin of the clear mountain stream, now winding gently over a level tract with scarcely a murmur as it glides, and now rushing and tumbling over a rocky ledge with the music of echoing laughter and the song of wild birds heard in its rush and roar. Onward and upward with untiring feet he wends his way, when

suddenly the narrow canyon widens out, the noise of falling water grows faint and fainter; the branches part like friends for a time separated; the twilight is exchanged for the warmth and brightness shed by the vertical rays of the sun at its noon-time splendor; and he finds himself beside the sleeping waters of a rock-bound lake. Here, hundreds of feet above the sea level, placid, clear and solemn in its very stillness, lying at the rock-bound feet of lofty, towering heights, Lake Mary reflects from her bosom the warm kisses of the sunlight, and filled with the gladness of untrammelled nature bathes the shrubs and flowers whose thirsty roots seek her refreshing waters.

Far away in the distance the shrill whistle of the locomotive sounds and the rush and hurry of the thousands still go on. But here there is silence. Here the soul of man arouses from its sleep; the cares, toils and perplexities of life fade away like mist—are lost in the distance like the sound of the waterfall—and man finds time for communion with his Maker. How like a dream,

an idle dream of a night which is past, are the scenes left behind! Wrapped in contemplation as a mantle, the worn and care-weary man of the world dimly realizes the vanity, vexation and folly of that which but yesterday engrossed his mind to the exclusion of better thoughts. How grateful to his soul is the very silence and solitude. Gently the breeze steals through the valley and the song of a solitary bird trembles on the air! There is harmony in all the works of God. It is

only when man enters upon the scene that discords follow; and yet, is not man the crowning piece of God's workmanship, and shall there not yet evolve from this rush and whirl, this maddening strife, some greater, higher good? The answer comes borne in upon the soul in those beautiful lines of Tennyson:

"Cast all your cares on God: that anchor holds.  
Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? If I flee to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea is his,  
The sea is his: He made it."

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### FICTION.

"And as we loose our wistful hold  
On warmth and loveliness and youth,  
And shudder at the dark and cold,  
Our souls cry out for Truth.

"No more mirage, O Heavenly Powers,  
To mock our sight with shows so fair!  
We question after solemn hours  
That lead us swiftly—where?"

—Celia Thaxter.

"For my people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water."—Jer. 2. 13.

WHATEVER the prophet had in view by the simile which we have here selected for our motto, there has assuredly been nothing in these last days on which so much useless labor has been expended, or so vast a waste of money and time as in the writing, printing and reading of fiction.

Could the evil accomplished by it be estimated in dollars and cents, or in squandered hours, the sum total of either would appal us. But when to these large scores against it is added the long list of ruined lives traceable to it, the account awaiting reckoning is fearful to contemplate.

I do not refer to a certain class of cheap literature that finds patronage among the vicious, or those of low, uncultured tastes and tendencies. More insidious than this is the high-toned fiction which goes into refined Christian homes.

In these days if there are any who show an unfamiliarity with the writings of Thackeray, Dickens, or other popular nov-

elists of the times, they are regarded in much the same way that the Puritans regarded those graceless people who never read the Bible.

There are as clearly defined grades in fiction as in intoxicating beverages; and to those who acquire an appetite for fiction, as well as for the other, the road will prove "down grade" all the way, and the descent from the best to the lowest, certain, unless there is a resisting force powerful enough to hold them in check. This force must be supplied by the Christian home training, and careful nurture in the word of God. Let parents see to it that their children obtain at home the taste for healthful mental food, while under their control. And then, if like Pattie they should be tempted by these gilded cisterns to forsake the fountain of living water, they will, like her, return to it as surely as the prodigal remembered the bread of his father's house when he had tired of the world's husks.

To those youth who from their cradle have been more familiar with these unsatisfying things than with the pure fountain of truth, the descent from the refined to the reverse is as easy as coasting down hill, and as fascinating. It is only now and then when some crushed and bleeding victim is forced on public notice that the evil is recognized.

Religious novels are some of the efforts put forth to repair the evil that comes from the neglect of healthful home education, especially of the scriptures; but they are nothing more than an attempt to

fill the "broken cisterns" with water from the fountain of truth.

That novel reading does have the evil effect pointed out let any one compare the precepts of the Bible with the false coloring given to social life by fiction. Take for instance the command to "covet not anything that is thy neighbor's." Not only is this violated in fiction, but the offense becomes so glossed that if it does not appear a virtue, it at least gains connotation in the mind of the reader and thus weakens the force of the precept; and this may and does go on through every one of the ten commandments. The laxity thus brought about in society is sure to react on the home and its most sacred relations.

Pattie's experience went just far enough to reveal to her its tendency, and the results to which it contributed; and then her soul drew back as from a horrible pit. "Grace Trueman" was not her first introduction to fiction, she had previously read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and one or two other of Mrs. Stowe's works; these with perhaps a few magazine stories were the extent of her knowledge of it when she had reached the years of young womanhood.

Of the literary monthlies published exclusively for ladies none were ever patronized in the home of Mr. Waldville. Occasionally some found their way there, but magazine stories of the Peterson type had no attractions for Pattie—"milk and water sop" she called them.

The first tears ever shed by her for fictitious woes were wept over the pages of "Jane Eyre," a book obtained of a school friend—an avowed votary to fiction. This lady was of cultivated tastes, and the books of her selection were always from authors distinguished in their writings for elevated tone as well as for their powers of imagination and description.

Pattie's limited acquaintance with fiction had not disturbed her equanimity or particularly impressed her, and she was inclined to regard her friend's infatuation with a sort of charitable contempt, paying but little heed to the books when her friend by way of entertaining her would offer them to her. But "Jane Eyre" was a book to catch and chain the attention from the start. Its strong, bold, delineation of human love and temptation, the supernatural and unreal made so vividly

real and natural, all held for Pattie's mental poise a peculiar charm. She became so interested that she could not relinquish the book when she must return home, and her friend requested her to take it with her, which she gladly did; but she had not gone half of the short distance before doubts intruded respecting its reception by her father, if he should see it. The nearer she approached home the more the doubts took the form of certainty. She hesitated between her apparent duty to return the book and her desire to see how it ended.

The tempter whispered: "Why need he see it?" She had never been under the necessity of concealment, and the deception implied in the thought sent the hot blood to her face.

"There is nothing bad in the book," continued the tempter; "it is only your father's prejudice that makes the trouble."

This seemed true, and Pattie felt an angry feeling of resentment towards her father that he should place her in such an uncomfortable position. She was no more a child to be kept under such strict supervision. Influenced by such feelings she passed on to her home with the book. But deliberate disobedience, to a conscientious mind, is an intolerable foe to peace. She could only read it at such undisturbed moments as she had to herself, and all the sweet companionship that she had hitherto found in reading was absent. It was finally finished, and as she carried it home she formed the resolution to read no more of them. Alas for her resolution! She found her friend full of the account of another, still more fascinating, which she declared she had sat up all night to read and shed "oceans of tears." Pattie must read it without fail. But Pattie shook her head. "Father does not approve of such reading," she said, apologetically.

"Oh, yes, I know that your father is a precious old foggy; but doesn't he read the nasty newspapers every hour of his valuable time that he can get? And what is there in a book like this so harmful to the morals? If he had ever read the works of Charlotte Bronte or Miss Mulock, he would not call them immoral."

Such reasoning sounded very specious to Pattie. It must be, she thought, that her father was unreasonably prejudiced.

In fact, as she came to think about it she had never known him to give a reason for his opinion. It was a great relief to conscience to be persuaded that it was really her father's judgment that was defective and not her inclination or act. Still as she carried home the new volume she did not feel altogether easy in mind. If she had not been *trained* to such intolerable dry reading, it seemed to her there would now be no trouble about it; then she reviewed the years of her theological studies and questioned what good had she gained? All that she had learned was resolved into this, that little or nothing was known of the science of divine things.

Ah, Pattie! the time is coming when you will understand that to have learned that is to have found the spring of wisdom. But now Pattie was seeking excuse for wasting time on the cisterns which can not hold water.

She made no further effort at concealment. If objections came she would meet them and have them out. The trouble of mind that distressed her ceased then, but as she continued her reading she found trouble of another kind, a vague unrest and discontent that she could not explain, and to escape from which she plunged still deeper into the exciting cause. As the drunkard seeks to drown thought in the cup that intoxicates, like him she neglected duties to pursue the phantom that lured her.

To the remonstrance of her mother and the command of her father she answered, as she had answered herself, that she must have enjoyment. Sternness met stubbornness. She was no longer a child to be subdued by frowns, and he made no appeal to her reason, nor explained the ground of his opposition. He tried to interest her in horticulture and flowers, and though she had a genuine love for both they failed to draw her from her books.

The description of life viewed through the glitter of romance, assumed to her the appearance of real life from which she by circumstances was debarred.

Restless discontent embittered her mind at the contrast between the beautiful charmed lives of the heroines of whom she read, when contrasted with that of her own afflicted and restricted life, filled with its tiresome round of homely duties.

The Bible was no longer read except as a task imposed by conscience. She could

not conscientiously ask at a throne of grace for the worldly desires and longings of her heart, consequently prayer was neglected. But for this she was frequently summoned before the tribunal of conscience, and writhed under the lash of its infliction. She grew weary of the perpetual warfare and longed for the old fellowship that she had once enjoyed in books, in religion, and in God. Romance lost its charm, and though she continued to read it, she but employed it as the assassin of time to enable her to escape from the thralldom of discontent. But works of fiction were less frequently resorted to, as interest in them diminished, and finally a complete revulsion of feeling took place. She loathed that which she had loved, and hungered for mental food of the kind which requires the digesting operation of thought. She felt that her mind was becoming barren and incapable of entertaining her as it had formerly done.

An invalid lady who knew her well, to whom she mentioned her ennui, suggested books of travel and ancient history, offering to supply some of them.

Pattie wisely acted upon this advice, beginning with the "Travels of Bayard Taylor," "Livingstone's Explorations in Africa," "Monuments of Egypt," and the "Works of Josephus." A healthy tone of mind soon returned and books again became her friends and companions. It was a severe lesson that left pain in its memory, but it was never forgotten and proved of importance to her later as will appear.

The Bible became a new and interesting study in connection with this new reading. Some of the wise who read this will understand the purpose of God in all this; they can trace the thought of His mind through all the leadings of His providence. There came a time when Pattie looking back over the way could do so too, but it was after she had forever quenched her thirst at the well of living water.

But at this time in our narrative she could only see the long road stretching before her without, seemingly, end or aim. Events of importance affecting both time and eternity were crowding thick upon her path. She had not then learned to read God's purposes of the past; faith could only lay its hand in his and go on to meet the future.

(To be continued).

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. III.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

ON my arrival in Liverpool, my newly appointed field of labor, I was well and kindly received by all the Saints, and many not in the church gave me a hearty welcome; but I felt weak, and if ever a man felt his own littleness I did mine at that time. But I was not on my own work and this gave me courage to press forward, and although my co-laborers were those whom I considered so much higher in the kingdom of God than I was, and knew so much more than I did, yet I felt determined to do the best I could, the Lord being my helper. The Saints met and held their meetings in Music Hall, Bold street, a very obscure and humble place compared with the many rich and elegant churches in that large city. There are so many grains of sand upon the sea shore that one grain passes unnoticed, and so it seemed to me that we were but a speck and unnoticed among the many thousands of human beings passing to and fro in those busy streets; but the great Master smiled upon his people though few in number and gave us the choicest of heaven's blessings, adding some good and faithful souls to the cause.

Here I became acquainted with Matilda, eldest daughter of John and Hannah Clark. Her parents were not members of the church, and she, like many others, was the only one of her family who belonged to the Latter Day Saints. She was an active, zealous member and a teacher in the Sabbath School; ever ready and willing to help in any good cause.

We were married February 16th, 1851, in St. Silas' Church, (Church of England), Pembroke place, London road, Liverpool.

Orson Pratt, with his family, having just returned to America, we went to live in the house they had vacated, 15 Wilton street, office of the Latter Day Saints in England, and Franklin D. Richards, one of the twelve who succeeded Orson Pratt, boarded with us. Thus it happened that when any of the elders landed in Liverpool, 15 Wilton street was the first place they inquired for. We thus became acquainted with many of the leading men, among whom were John Taylor, Erastus and Lorenzo Snow, Samuel Richards, Isaac C. Haight, with many others whose

names I have neither time nor place to mention. These were, apparently, all good men and, so far as we knew, well behaved. They won the love and respect of the English people, and not one of them gave us the least cause to suspect that any thing was wrong in the Valleys of the Mountains, and as for polygamy it was strongly denied. They said it was a false report circulated by their enemies to bias the minds of the people against the truth; that it was not a doctrine of the church, and proving their words by quotations from the writings of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, Book of Mormon, etc.

I endeavored to spend the time profitably, especially among the small branches and scattered members. Mattie, my wife, would often accompany me to such places. The Saints made us welcome and we made ourselves at home with them, thus conferring mutual benefit and pleasure. True Saints are not strangers to each other, whether at home or abroad, but feel as one family where all are united.

It cost four cents, two English pennies, to cross to Birkenhead, over the river Mersey, a pleasant trip of twenty minutes on a small steamboat. Rock Ferry, a very pretty little village on the river side, about two miles from Birkenhead, where lived Bro. and Sr. Enion, two honest faithful souls, quite comfortable in this world's goods and trying to make those around them comfortable. New Brighton is another small village close by the shore at the entrance of the river, with plenty of bathing cars at the water's edge. We would pay twenty-five cents, an English shilling, for the use of one, don our bathing dresses of dark blue serge and when ready let the owner know. Then he would come with his horse and hitch it to a kind of a singletree—there is one at each end of the car so it can be drawn either way without turning it round—and take us out into the water and there leave us. If the tide was coming in, a wave would often wash over our heads and then recede. The owner kept watch and as the tide rose higher he would draw the car nearer to the shore. These are pleasant memories of the past.

On the second of January, 1852, our

first little boy was born, whom we called Kenedren, a name given to his mother in a dream six months before he was born. Mattie lay at the point of death for two weeks. Suddenly she opened her eyes, looked round the room and said:

"I shall not die now. I saw a group of angels in the sky with a large harp. They were playing and singing such heavenly music. One of them beckoned me to come, and I made a move to go, for I wanted to join them, but the one at the head held out his hand, waving me back, saying, 'not yet, not yet.'"

She began to recover from that moment, gained strength every day and was soon well again.

A strong desire to gather with the Saints seemed to be manifested among the people of God, and many were thinking of emigrating to America. When we saw our most familiar friends preparing to go, the same spirit seized upon us, and we said, one to the other, we must go too. I made known my intention to the president of the English mission, who said, "It is rather sudden, must you go now?" I answered "Yes, we would like to;" consequently we made arrangements for our departure. Father and Mother Russell and their son Archie, a fine young man of twenty-seven, Br. and Sr. Collinson and their family, also Bro. Wm. Coward, all wealthy people, went by steamer, a shorter and far more comfortable mode of travel than in an emigrant sailing vessel. When they were gone, and we had fully made up our minds to go, the thought flashed upon us that we were leaving the home of our childhood, parents, friends near and dear, perhaps never to behold them again, and it made us feel sad indeed, but it was for the gospel's sake, to mingle with those who loved to serve the Lord. The next vessel leaving with a load of Saints would soon be ready and we concluded to go on that. We had a busy time preparing, getting everything ready, bidding farewells, etc. But time flies fast and the day of our departure soon arrived. We went on board the *Ellen Maria*, the sailors weighed anchor, and on the tenth of February, 1852, the pilot towed us out of the river Mersey. It was rough in the channel, but soon we were out upon the broad ocean, miles away from land and the home of our birth. We had secured passage in the second cabin,

two berths from the door, as comfortable a place as any (captain's cabin excepted) on board an emigrant ship. Next to us was Bro. and Sr. Robins, a few berths beyond was Br. Steven Wood and his sister Fannie, who suffered severely from seasickness nearly all the voyage. On the opposite side was one of our Liverpool Saints, Bro. Brookbank and family, whose wife did not belong to the church, but rather opposed it. While the ship was lying in Clarence dock, Mattie's father went on board and nailed some strips of wood up and down the edge of the berth, as he said, to keep the baby from rolling out. We thought sometimes when out at sea that he must have been inspired to do so. It was a long narrow ship and the cargo not being very well packed together, caused it to roll until it sometimes seemed as though it would roll over; but none were very much afraid, feeling an assurance that God would guide us safely over the troubled waters. Our baby grew to be a fine big boy, and every morning he took his bath in a bucket of water dipped from the ocean. Very little sickness occurred among us considering so many passengers of all ages. We numbered over three hundred, nearly all Saints, and as a general thing they enjoyed themselves as well as could be expected on ship board, living on sea crackers the hardest of all bread, and bad water for many days until it purified itself.

I have heard it said that singing sounds better on the water than any where else, I used to think so while listening to the sweet and clear voices on the deck as they sung the songs of Zion, looking forward to the time when they would be happy on Zion's land.

Among the passengers was an old lady and her son, Bro. and Sr. Roff. She was nearly eighty years old and her son was fifty. I remarked when we started that I did not think any one so old could stand the journey, but she seemed to get along pretty well for several weeks, but alas it proved too much for her, she failed very fast and at last passed away to a better land than the one she was going to on earth. Her mortal remains were sewed up in a winding sheet, and bound fast to a board a little longer than the body, with a heavy weight fastened to the foot to make it sink quicker. After singing and prayer and the funeral discourse over, it was con-

signed to a watery grave. It is past all human imagination to conceive the feelings of those who witness a burial at sea, although aware that while upon the mighty deep with nothing but a vast expanse of water beneath and the beautiful blue sky above, all serene and pleasant as it was on that funeral day, our noble ship riding proudly over the dark blue waves with nothing to mar its progress or indicate that we should not, e're long, reach our desired haven. Yes, we are aware that in a few moments the scene could be changed and storm and tempest engulf us all in the same watery grave; but while all is peace, to stand on deck and see one of our number already encased in coarse canvas, bound to a plank, the sailors holding fast, waiting for the signal to let go, when it slides off into the water to be seen no more till the resurrection morn, when the sea shall give up its dead, I can say for one that such a scene is never to be forgotten.

One day while standing at the cabin door watching the large sails sway to and fro, I saw a sight that after it was over made me tremble with fear. Some thoughtless person had put a tar barrel over the galley pipe, it did not draw very well, consequently the fire did not burn well, and cooking was rather slow. All of a sudden the barrel caught fire and blazed high, but the sail happened to be swinging over to the side of the ship or it might have been right over the blaze. The mate saw it and quick as thought sprang on top of the galley, lifted the burning barrel and threw it overboard. I shudder when I think what might have been the consequence if that fire had not been quenched. I raised my voice to heaven in prayer and thanks to Almighty God for what we had escaped. What could be more terrible than a ship on fire freighted with human beings; but we were saved through the kind watchcare of our heavenly Father, whose eye was over us all the way, and save the rolling of the vessel, a little sea-sickness, and our faith and patience pretty well tried, we had a fair passage, and reached the bar at the entrance of the Mississippi about seven in the evening. Our captain said it was a dangerous crossing and cast anchor there till morning. At early dawn we crossed the bar in safety and arrived at New Orleans, just eight weeks from the day we left Liver-

pool docks. We went on shore and spent a few hours, taking a survey of the quaint old fashioned looking city. Returning to our vessel we were soon busy gathering things together, packing up, and preparing to leave and go on board the steamer St. Paul. The river was crowded with vessels of all kinds, with scarcely room to pass. No sooner were we on board the steamboat than the bow of a large vessel run right into the side of it, mashing one of the state rooms, and making it tremble as though an earthquake had shaken the whole earth. Repairs were soon done and they managed to get away without any further damage. We were fortunate in getting two of the best berths on the boat, nicely situated in the best cabin, for it was crowded to excess, about six hundred persons being on board. Traveling on the Mississippi is not so pleasant. Often the boat would strike a snag, causing it to tremble violently for several minutes, creating great fear and alarm among the passengers. Many times in the night we would be aroused by a terrible shock, expecting every moment she would sink to the bottom. We passed two sunken steamers, the tops of them just in sight. Very few lives, if any, are saved in such cases. The trip would have been pleasant had it not been for those ugly snags. A good table was set, fit for a king. We had never seen corn bread before, and did not know what it was made of, as there is no corn meal in England. It was excellent and many times since have I heard Mattie say, "I wish I could make corn bread like that we had on the boat." Two weeks' traveling night and day brought us safely to St. Louis, where my brother William lived. He came on board to meet us. The old St. Paul was not allowed to take another trip, as it was condemned, and the officers said they wondered it had not sunk with all on board. My brother, who had joined the church in Scotland, had come to America some years before and settled in St. Louis. Both he and his wife tried to persuade us not to go any farther. Told us about polygamy and other evils carried on in Salt Lake and said they had good reason to believe it true. Many of my old friends with whom I had been acquainted and had brought into the church years ago in England had also settled in St. Louis. They talked to us and told us many things

about Utah and its leaders, and tried hard to discourage us and keep us from going, but it was no use, it seemed to us

impossible that such things could exist, and we could not listen to them.

To be continued.

## Editor's Corner.

In the columns of our magazine for this issue will be found interesting matter relative to the great national anniversary celebrated on the 30th of April, 1889. Latter Day Saints ought, better than any other class of people, to understand the purposes of God in the events which have transpired and which now are transpiring in the world; because of all people now inhabiting the earth, so far as we are informed, they are the only people claiming to be led by revelation. The only people contending for the faith once delivered to the Saints, which faith does not exclude the promise, "It shall teach you things to come." We have before called the attention of our young readers to the fact that God raised up and inspired Columbus to search out this continent, and we have traced through history the purposes of the Almighty in so doing. There was not upon the face of the earth a country or government where man was allowed the privileges of freedom, either political or religious. When God spake to Israel he said, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve;" but how can a man choose who is allowed no right of choice? Again, the Lord says, "Come and let us reason together;" but how can a man reason with the sword and the faggot? Kingdoms and monarchies as established by men are not compatible with God's form of government. To his own people he promised to be a King, and under him they made choice of their judges. Grievous as was the day for Israel, when they rejected God and choose them a king like the nations around them, God soothed the heated anger of the prophet and told him to hearken unto the people, "for," said he, "they have not rejected you but me." Man has his agency, and will never be a free man until he loves mercy, truth and justice better than he loves his own life. If he can acquire this love only, after he has been in bondage to that which is the opposite, then must he be a bondman before he can be free. But it was said, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son, for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman." The time had come when God was going to redeem his prom-

ise to his covenant people, and to the younger born son of liberty he said, Stand forth and claim thy rights! This land shall never be in bondage to kings or tyrants. Priestcraft shall never flourish here, and later on he said to his chosen prophet, through the baptism of blood the last vestige of enslavement must perish.

Not alone with incredulity and distrust, but with chagrin and annoyance as well, did the governments of the old world regard the growing republic, the child of freedom. When the baptism of blood was overwhelming the nation, and every resource of the government was taxed to its utmost, three of these governments took occasion to interfere with affairs in Mexico, and although two of them withdrew, the third persisted in placing Maximilian upon a throne, with the title of "Emperor of Mexico." The first decree issued by him was, "That all who adhered to the republic or resisted his authority should be shot." Many prisoners, among whom was General Ortega, suffered death under this order. He also ordered the enslavement of the whole laboring population of Mexico. The United States refused to acknowledge his government and required Napoleon to withdraw his army. Maximilian entered the city of Mexico in 1864, and on the nineteenth of June, 1867, he was shot at Quiretaro, thus taking but three years to end the unjust and terrible tragedy and verify the prediction made years before, that no king should prosper upon this land. Poor and distracted as was the government of Mexico, under her President Juarez, he yet inaugurated reforms tending to emancipate his countrymen from the priest-ridden condition in which they then were, and these measures he maintained with firmness despite the remonstrances and demands of foreign governments.

One century has passed, bringing with it the fulfillment of many things spoken of by the prophets, and let us be assured that not one word of inspiration shall fall to the ground. Let us labor, and while we labor, wait, with faith which trusts the guiding of His hand whose presence we know has been with us in the past.



ANY parties having a January or August number of Autumn Leaves, volume one, which they will part with, will receive full price for the same at the Herald Office. Notify Bro. Dancer by postal card before sending, and do not send until card reaches you to do so. This precaution is necessary to prevent more being sent than we can use.

WE have for some time been in receipt of an article entitled, "Sincerity Seeking Salvation," which will appear as soon as space admits; also one entitled, "Gleanings from the History of the English Mission."

To OUR correspondents, whose letters have demanded replies, we wish to say, be patient with us, for it is far from our wish or thought to

neglect any: Those who have sent selections which do not appear, will please remember that theirs is one among many. Should it never appear, do not regret the sending, for it has given us more from which to choose, and we are as grateful to you as to those sending such as appear.

ERRATA.—In the last issue the story entitled "Esther" should have been credited to "Almira," and a brief selection, "Strange Birds of Syria," from Ridpath's History, is credited to S. F. Walker.

A LETTER addressed to M. J. Clare, Keokuk, Iowa, has been returned to us marked, "Unclaimed." Should the party desire to have the letter, please send address.

## HOPE.

BY RUSSELL ARCHIBALD, JUN.

HERE is not a word in our language which has more numerous and more pleasant associations than Hope. With its sound, even as it falls on the ears, we are accustomed to link grateful emotions and joyful sensations which it never fails to impart, and on account of which it is considered one of the dearest possessions of man. Wherever we turn our eyes upon mankind we see the influence of Hope. It begins with the dawning of reason and ends only with life. Before the eye of youth Hope spreads out the future, clothed in all the glowing colors of imagination. It promises happiness, honor and fame, and tells him that his most ardent expectations shall be more than realized. Would he climb the hill of science and stand first among her votaries, Hope whispers in his ear that nothing can be more easy. Does he long for wealth, Hope says he shall obtain it. Would he be a distinguished man and have his name written on the pages of history, Hope tells him that this, and more than this, shall be attained. It is Hope that imparts to youth half its happiness and vivacity, and to age a blessed assurance. Take it away and you leave a blank which it would be impossible to fill.

If we survey the busy world around us we see no one who is not influenced in one way or another by Hope. Each one has

some favorite object in view which leads him to believe he can succeed. Each one is engaged in some occupation which he thinks most likely will aid him in accomplishing and realizing his wishes. Look at the man of business—see how wholly absorbed he seems to be in the pursuit of gain; with what anxious look he hurries to and fro, and with what eagerness he embraces each opportunity of increasing his treasure. Watch the changing outlines of his troubled brow, and if you can read the thoughts thereon inscribed, you will find that the subject which is ever uppermost in his mind is the hope of gain.

The student whose whole soul is absorbed in his studies is found bending over his books from morning till night; he consumes the midnight oil in search of knowledge, and thus in his ardent thirst, changes night into day. It is the hope of one day standing in the front ranks of literature that enables him to plod along from day to day, storing his mind with the choicest gems that learning can afford, even while he knows that disease is making encroachments upon his system.

Again; look at the man whose God is ambition. He may be a statesman, or warrior, or an author, it matters not; see with what perseverance he surmounts every obstacle that lies in his way to emi-

nence, and how constantly he struggles on, it may be against persecution and bigotry, removing every impediment until finally he attains the summit of his hopes, and sees no one excelling him in honor. He looks proudly on and views all his competitors toiling far below him, surveying with wistful eyes the eminence on which his feet are securely placed. What is it that urges him forward? It is the Hope of fame.

In our adversities and troubles, when all whom we have esteemed as our friends have forsaken us, Hope displays its real value; it cheers us onward, gives us promise of better days and whispers in our ears that all may yet be well. The prisoner in his cell, who is, perhaps, to die on the morrow, still has hope, and it is not until the fatal rope has put an end to his existence that it forsakes him. That aged sire, whose locks are whitened by the snows of four score winters, still thinks he may live a few years longer, and death's arrow may pierce his brow while hope is still glowing there.

Hope is the connecting link between the past and the future. It is a constant prophet, save that it always dresses events to come in a gaudy attire, which fades and blackens when the wheels of time bring us to the consummation. Were it not for this principle implanted in the breast of man, he would have nothing for which to live, nothing to induce him to drag out a miserable existence. Never is Hope so wild and imaginative, and I may say deceitful too, as in youth; never so sober, so true, so stable as in age. Hope carries its consoling rays into the recesses of the dungeon, smiles serenely on the bed of sickness, sustains in every period of life, and sheds its grateful radiance around the pillow of the dying. It blooms in every season of existence, and like the evergreen, it preserves its verdure throughout the year.

Hope is a secret instinct to draw our minds to future happiness. Our heavenly Father has given us a hope of that blessed immortality, where the troubles and cares of an unsatisfying world will forever cease, and the soft and balmy breath of an eternal spring sooth the spirit's soft repose in the haven of eternal rest, where we shall again meet with those on whom death has laid his withering hand—the fairest buds of our earthly love expanded

into lovely flowers, and hear again the voices of those dear ones who shared with us our earthly sorrows; a meeting that shall never be dissolved, a reunion in the presence of God, where death can never come and rob us of our dearest friends. How true then the sentiment of the apostle, that "Hope is an anchor to the soul." How bright and beautiful is that Hope which meets the shadowy future without fear; which comes to us amid storms and darkness to tell us we have a friend in our dear Redeemer, who will never forsake us in the hour of misfortune, sickness or death! We feel the necessity then of that blessed Hope which sheds its balmy influence over the silence and loneliness of the human heart, and building up anew the broken altars of its faith, and reviving again the drooping flowers of its desolate affections, in the hope of forgiveness, and in the promise of that blessed Savior who has said, "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

The venerable Matthew Wilkes called upon the Rev. John Wyatt, his colleague in the ministry, when he was at the point of death. "Well, brother Wyatt," said the good old man, "I have sometimes heard you say in the pulpit, that if you had a hundred souls you could venture them all on Christ; can you say so now?" The dying saint, though worn nearly to a skeleton and almost suffocated, made an effort to speak, and with his eyes almost flashing fire, replied, "Blessed be God, a million! a million!" and in a few moments he expired.

Without Hope how dreary would be the world; appearing to the care-worn pilgrim one wide desert, with all its paths thronged with misery, beset with trouble and embittered with sorrow! But Hope lights us on our way; when darkness lowers and gloom oppresses, Hope strengthens our faltering footsteps, collects our scattered senses, and presents to our view a pleasing object lying before and just within our reach; we spring forward with alacrity and often pass our lives in eager pursuit, with as much pleasure as if we had attained the objects of our wishes. Hope raises the sinking heart and restores the courage which begins to droop and each time I feel the magic influence of her rays, I will bless thee, Oh! my God; blessed forever be thy divine mercy, which permits me to hope that when time here shall

be no more, my glad soul shall quit these narrow confines to repose on the bosom of my Creator, through the countless ages of eternity.

Were it not for this certainty of immortality, this fond hope of eternal life and happiness, few would be the incitements to virtue, and weak would be the inducements to mental improvement. But with the expectation of a future, glorious state of existence, we can smile at care and trouble, arm ourselves against the fleeting pleasures of this life, and pity the deluded disciples of folly and dissipation. There is a deep spring of joy in Hope to the human breast, whose waters, while life remains, never cease to flow. When all around is dark, and want and wretchedness stare man in the face; when in the past all is barren, and in the future there is no ray to light the wanderer on his pilgrimage, there is still a spirit of Hope within him, teaching him to gather the few flowers

that yet remain within his reach, though they be of fading beauty and dying fragrance.

How many are doomed to roam this wide world alone, unvisited and unknown? What can cheer the mind, raise the drooping soul, calm the agitated bosom, and throw a cheering light on the future? It is Hope! sweet Hope! that ministering spirit of heaven, which visits the abodes of misery, wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, chases away the anguish of despair, and sweetens the cup of affliction with its all soothing power. And when the solemn hour of death shall come and the lamp of life but faintly glimmer, Hope shall bid us look to a better and brighter world than this, to live and reign with the blessed Redeemer in never-ending joys; such joys as "ear hath not heard, nor eye seen; nor hath it entered into the human mind to conceive" that endless bliss which is prepared for those who love and serve God.

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#### KATRINAS VISIT TO NEW YORK.

VELL, von morning I says to Hans (Hans was mein husband):—"Hans I tinks I goes down to New York, und see some sights in dot village."

Und Hans he say: "Vell, Katrina, you vork hard pooty mooch, I tinks it would petter be dot you goes und rest yourself some." So I gets meinself ready righd avay quick und in two days I vas de shteam cars on visting avay for New York. Ve vent so fast I tinks mein head would shplit sometimes. De poles for dot delegraph vires goes by like dey vas mad und running a races demselves mit to see vich could go de fastest mit de oder. De engine vistled like sometimes it vos hurt bad, und screeched mit de pain und de horses by dem fields would run as dey vas scared.

It vas pooty mooch as ten hours ven ve rushed into some houses so big enough as all our village und de cars begin to shtop vith so many leetle jerks I dinks me I shall lose all de dinner vot I eat vile I vas coming all de vay apoudt.

Vell, ven dem cars got shtopped, de peoples all got oudt und I picked mein traps up und got oudt too. I had shust

shtopped de blatform on, ven so mooch as ein hundert men, mit vips in dere hands, und dere fingers all in de air oup, asked me all at vonce, "Vere I go?" Und every one of dem fellers wanted me to go mit him to his hotel. But I tells em I guess not; I vas going mit my brudder mit law, vot keeps ein pakeshop on de Powery, where it did't cost me notings. So I got me in dot shtreet cars, und pays de man mit brass buttons on his coat to let me oudt mit de shtreet vere dot Yawcup Schneider leeves. Oh, my! vot lots of houses! De shtreets vos all ofer filled mit dem. Und so many peoples I tinks me dere must be a fire, or a barade, or some excitement vot gets de whole city in von places. It dakes me so mooch time to look at everytings I forget me ven to go oudt und rides apast de blaces I vants to shtop to, und has to walk again pack mit dree or four shquares. But I vind me dot brudder mit law who vos make me so welcome as nefer vos.

Vell, dot vos Saturday mit de afternoon. I was tired mit dot day's travel und I goes me pooty quick to bed und ven I vakes in de morning de sun vas high oup in de

shky. But I gets me oup und puts on moin new silk vrock und tinks me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so schveet I dinks I nefer before hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on de beoples vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces mit worship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I comes to de von mit ein shteeple high oup in de shky und I goes in mit de beoples und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a leetle mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed like as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

Pooty soon de breacher man stood in de bulpit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de peoples sing until de churches vos filled mit shweetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dat de bulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Villiam R. Shtover, mit Leavenworth, Kansas.

Den dot man gommence to breach und to read mit his text, "Und Simon's wife's mother lay sick mit a fever." He talks for so mooch as ein half hour already ven de beoples sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vas so nice I tinks me I goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to my ownself—dot vos too bad, und I goes home and tells Yawcup, und he says, "Nefer mind, Katrina, to-night ve goes

some where else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vas all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudder-mit-law, ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

My! but dot vos ein grosse church, und so many beoples vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vos sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dat de Rev. Heinrich Vard Peecher vas to de White Mountains gone mit dot hay fever but dat de bulpit would be occupied on this occasion by the Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gets mit de bulpit oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same text, "Und Simon's wife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

Dot vos too bad again und I gets mad. I vos so mad I vish dot he got dat fever himself.

Vell, ven dot man vas troo Yawcup says to me, "Come Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take de boat vat goes to New York!" Ven ve vas on dot boat de fog vas so tick dot you couldn't see your hands behind your pack. De vistles vos plowing, und dem pells vas ringing, und von man shteped up mit Yawcup, und say, "Vot for dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas—and I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vos ringing? Vy for Simon's wife's mudder, vot must be died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vos sick mit ein fever."

—Selected.

## A PERSIAN LEGEND.

It is related of a Persian mother that on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion she made him swear never to tell a lie, and said: "Go, my son. I consign thee to God; and we shall not meet here again till the judgment day." The youth went away, and the party he travelled with were assaulted by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what he had; and he answered, with a candor that surprised his questioner. "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments." The robber laughed, thinking the boy jested. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last, the chief called him, and asked him what he had. The boy replied, "I have told two of your people already

that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes." The chief ordered his clothes to be ripped open, and the money was found. "And how came you to tell this?" "Because," replied the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I solemnly promised never to tell a lie." "Child," said the chief, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother while I am insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it." He did so, and his followers were struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," they said to the chief: "be the same in the paths of virtue." And, taking the boy's hand, they took the oath of repentance on it.

# ❁ R:O:U:N:D :· T:A:B:L:E. ❁

EDITED BY SALOME.

## "MIDSUMMER EVE."

In the minds of most of us, midsummer is associated with dry, dusty roads, parched vegetation, the shrill cry of the locust (cicada), the shriller notes of the mosquitoes, and the hum of myriads of other insects; but midsummer does not come at this time; astronomy fixes the date at June 21st, the longest day of the year, when the leaves are still glossy green with the fresh sap circulating through their veins, giving them that healthy, juicy look so refreshing to the eye, and the heat of the sun has not yet dried to a white powder the firm country roads over which we delight to wander.

Ages ago the Pagans used to celebrate the day with rejoicing, because old Sol's bright face had broken loose from the clouds of winter and the rain and mists of spring. They symbolized the revolution of the season by rolling great wooden wheels down the hill sides; sometimes attaching straw to the outer circle and setting fire to it at night, making a miniature midnight sun as it dashed down the steep incline.

The people also believed that ill-luck rolled away from them with the fiery wheel, and to this day you will see fortune or misfortune represented as traveling upon a wheel.

All the elves, brownies and fays were supposed to be on hand at midsummer night, and it is this old superstition that Shakespeare has so beautifully illustrated in his "Midsummer Night's Dream."

It was on midsummer eve that the supposed invisible seeds of the fern could be gathered which rendered the fortunate possessor invisible whenever he choose to carry them about with him. Among other strange and some quite pretty superstitions, there is a tradition that a coal, found attached to the roots of the mugwort or plantain on midsummer eve, will keep away misfortune and insure good luck to the finder.

The girls and boys of to-day who, although advanced enough to discard the superstitious element, can appreciate the poetic ideas symbolized by these ancient rites, may take hints for the entertainment of themselves and friends from the old belief in the mysteries and charms of midsummer eve.

Games can be invented, and pretty keepsakes and souvenirs exchanged upon this night, that will translate ancient Paganism—into modern good feeling and fellowship.

## FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

The entire party forms into a circle, standing about two feet apart; then a wheel or hoop is started around the inside of the ring, and kept going by each one giving it a gentle push with the hand, sending it to the person next in the circle. As the wheel goes around the players sing these lines, pronouncing a word as each player touches the wheel, as if counting out:

"Fortune's wheel we speed along,  
The while we sing our mystic song.  
Bring happiness, fame, power and wealth,  
True love, long life, good friends and health,  
Success in music, poetry, art,  
And with it all a merry heart."

When the wheel drops at the feet of any one as a gift of Fortune is being sung, or if they fail to strike it as it passes, or striking they send it into the center of the ring instead of to their next neighbor, it denotes that Fortune will withhold that special gift from them and they must leave the circle. The game continues until only one player remains, and this person who has succeeded in keeping the wheel moving is Fortune's favorite.

—From "A. G. Handy Book," Scribner & Son.

## A GIRL'S FOURTH OF JULY AT HOME.

Strips of bunting, cheese cloth or tissue paper, in red and white and blue are necessary, and must do their part in adding to the gayety of the scene. These can be arranged in festoons, and made into wreaths, stars, etc., to be used as ornaments on the walls. Tiny flags pinned in groups on walls and curtains give quite a holiday look. The words Liberty and Independence can be cut out of thick paper and pasted to the window panes. Make of tissue paper a Liberty Bell, Goddess of Liberty, American Eagle and Flags. Paste these on the edges and fasten to windows. In the evening place a bright light behind them and the tints of the paper will shine out—the face of the Goddess, the feathers on Eagle, and lettering on Bell must all be done with paint brush and black ink or paint.

Fasten securely, here and there on the lawn, large paper Japanese umbrellas in upright positions. This is accomplished by binding the handles of the umbrellas securely to poles which have been sharpened at one end, and planting the pointed end of the poles firmly in the ground. From every other rib of the umbrella suspend a Chinese lantern by a wire long enough to prevent any danger of setting the little canopy on fire when it is lit in the evening.

## DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS.

### PARACHUTE.

Cut a piece of tissue paper five inches square, twist each corner and tie with a piece of thread eight inches long. Wrap a small pebble in a piece of paper and tie the four pieces of thread securely to the pebble. A favorable wind will send them flying as high as the house tops.

### THUNDERBOLTS

are fashioned of bright colored tissue paper. Cut the paper in pieces four inches wide and eight inches long. Then cut each piece into strips reaching about one-third of the length of the piece of paper; pinch the uncut end of the paper together and twist it tightly.

### WHIRLS

are made by cutting circular pieces of writing or common wrapping paper into simple spiral forms. The center of the spirals are weighted

by small pieces of wood gummed on. When these are freed in mid air the weight will draw them out and they come wiggling and twisting to the ground.

#### WINGED FANCIES.

These birds may be cut out of wrapping paper measuring seven and a half inches long and ten inches from tip to tip of the wings. A burnt match stuck in and out of the neck, will give the bird sufficient weight. When tossed from an upper window these paper swallows skim about in the most delightful bird-like fashion. Fold them through the center lengthwise, then unfold and straighten out, this helps to give them form and they fly better.

For the new game of

#### TOSS

make nine disks of card-board, painted or covered with paper, red, white and blue, three of each color.

Place in the center of the lawn a fancy wastebasket, and let each player in turn stand at a distance of six feet from the basket, having the station marked by a stick, stone or chalk line.

If played by sides, two stations, one on either side of the basket will be necessary.

The object of the game is to throw the disks into the basket, and they are valued according to color, red counts one, white two, and blue three.

If played by sides, each side should play five rounds, ninety being the highest possible tally for any one player.

This is an easy and pleasant game, and may be played with or without sides. The hostess keeps account, and at the end of the game gives a knot of red, white and blue ribbons as a prize to the one having the highest score.

—From "A. G. Handy Book," Scribner & Son.

#### SUNFLOWER TIDY.

Material—One ball of Macremé cord No. 6, and a large steel crotchet hook, or thread No. 30, and smaller hook.

Make a chain of 6, join.

1st row—16 s c into the ring, join.

2d row—Ch 4, 1 d c in second stitch, ch 1, \* 1 d c in second stitch, ch 1, repeat from \* until you have 16 d c, join.

3d row—Put the needle under ch 1, between the first two d c, s c the stitch; ch 10—\* work 9 d c down the ch 10, skip a loop or hole, and put the needle in next loop, s c the stitch. ch 10, repeat from \* until you have 8 half leaves, join.

4th row—D c up the opposite side of ch 10—9 d c, ch 1, sc 1 in each stitch down the other side of ch 10, taking up the back part of the stitch; d c up the next half leaf, ch 1, s c down the other side of ch 10, and so continue through the row.

5th and 6th row—Are made the same as 3d and 4th rows, putting the needle in the first hole skipped by the first row of leaves; ch 10, etc., putting the s c in the loops left. When this row of leaves is finished, break the thread.

7th row—Join the thread at the end of a leaf in the upper row, ch 6, s c in top of lower leaf, ch 6, join in the top of upper leaf and so continue through the row.

8th row—Ch 4, 1 d c in second stitch, ch 2 \* 1 d c in second st, ch 2, repeat from \* through the row.

9th row—Ch 4, 1 d c in top of stitch where

ch 4 commenced, ch 3, 1 d c in 6th st \* ch 2, 1 d c in same, ch 3, 1 d c in 6th st, repeat from \* through the row; there should be 24 groups of 2 d c around the wheel.

10th row—Ch 2, 1 d c into first group of 2 d c, \* ch 4, 1 s c into top stitch of d c, ch 4, s c into same place, ch 4, s c under the ch 3 between first two groups, ch 2, d c in next group; repeat from \* through the row. When finished, there will be 24 little leaves around the wheel.

Make four of these sunflowers. The two sunflowers are joined together while making the last row; \* ch 2, 1 d c in group of 2 d c, ch 4, s c in top stitch of d c, ch 2, catch in the middle stitch of second ch, 4 in the other sunflower, ch 2, s c in the same place, ch 4, s c in the same place, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 3, repeat from \* twice, then proceed and finish the 10th row; join the other sunflowers in the same way, leaving 2 leaves without joining. Join next 3 leaves to three in the opposite sunflower, make 2 leaves without joining; finish the row.

For the center piece, make ch 6, join, 16 d c under ch 6, ch 8, sc in middle of ch 4 of one of the little leaves, d c in each stitch of ch 8, s c in second d c, ch 8, catch in second leaf, d c down the ch 8, s c in 4th d c, so continue until you have joined all the sunflowers.

Take one yard of yellow satin ribbon, No. 9, cut it into two lengths, and run one half over and under the joinings between the sunflowers under the center piece that connects them, over, under and over the other side.

Proceed with the other piece of ribbon in the same way, and sew the ends of ribbon to form a point, and sew a plush ball the color of ribbon on the end of each point, and one in the center of each flower, and in the center piece.

#### TERMS IN CROCHET.

Ch—chain; a straight series of loops, each drawn with the hook through the preceding one. Sl st—slip stitch; put hook through the work, thread over the hook, draw it through the stitch on the hook. S c—single Crochet; having a stitch on the needle (or hook) put the needle through the work, draw the thread through the work, and the stitch on the needle. D c—double crochet; having the stitch on the needle, put the needle through the work, and draw a stitch through, making two on the needle. Take up the thread again, and draw it through both these stitches. T c or Tr—Treble Crochet; having a stitch on the needle, take up the thread as if for a stitch, put the needle through the work, and draw the thread through, making three on the needle. Take up the thread and draw through two, then take up the thread and draw it through the two remaining; S t c—Short Treble Crochet; like treble, except that when the three stitches are on the needle, instead of drawing the thread through two stitches twice, it is drawn through all three at once. L t c—Long Treble Crochet; like treble, except that the thread is thrown twice over the needle before inserting the latter in the work. The stitches are worked off two at a time, as in treble. Extra Long Stitch—Twine the cotton three times round the needle, work as the treble stitch, bringing the cotton through two loops four times. P—or picot; made by working three chain, and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain.





**SOLITUDE.**

(Wasatch Range.)



# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

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No. 7.

## THE JEST OF INFIDELITY.

IT has been well said that "the last few centuries have given birth to a few men who have coveted an immortality of infamy." Whether this class of people is increasing or diminishing may yet be a subject of alarm and thoughtful inquiry, though its present portend may not be of sufficient moment to arouse any action or painstaking investigation. Occasionally men have appeared who, by a little wit which they have mastered, and by a fair endowment of mental acumen, have become the champions in the ranks of infidelity. They have used the platform and the press in promulgating their invectives against Christianity; they have carried the most profane ridicule of religious observance into much of the social life of the age, and in every way possible to them, they have disseminated objections to the Bible, and have treated with supercilious contempt the things held in veneration and loved by Christians throughout the civilized world. With a skill which might have been employed otherwise and in a much more commendable manner, they have tainted the lives of the many, and thrown over the shoulders of the unsuspecting the poisonous drapery of skepticism. They have ransacked the whole land in quest of susceptible persons who have become chafed and restless under common moral restraints, and have tauntingly pressed the old question of unbelief put by Job into the mouths of wicked men more than three thousand years ago: "What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?" Their ingenious sophistry and profane derision have been frequently and overwhelmingly met by men of superior intellectual grasp and in possession of boundless scholarly resources. But, like "the hydra, beheaded

frequently by the blade of Hercules, infidelity fights hard for life." Not content with its petty achievements or satisfied with the spoils which it has won through its hollow pretense it has come up again and again with as many changeful forms as the sea-god Proteus. The typical scoffers to whom Peter alludes when he says, "There shall come in the last days scoffers walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of His coming?" will probably not all be dead until the end of time.

There is a bold, vulgar and blasphemous type of infidelity associated with the names of Bolingbroke, Voltaire and Paine, and voiced by the profane lips of Robert J. Ingersoll, which is now as in the past seeking to turn everything sacred in the Christian religion into the merest jest and ridicule. This has always been not by bulk of brain or wealth of knowledge, but by the lowest depth of scurrility into which the scoffing buffoon has drifted. There are profane satires, blasphemous harangues and puerile utterances against Bible teaching which must fall with obnoxious effect upon every cultured mind, be it infidel or Christian. Many go forth to win the applause of the masses, or are governed by the sordid motives of money-getting, whose chief stock in trade is debasing anecdote, vulgar witticism, and meaningless syllogism. Where is the playground for such adventures as these, and where does this blatant and frivolous infidelity find a forum? Doubtless it has readiest access to the hearts of those who are restless under restraints of law, and have no affinity for morality or religion. There are vicious and lawless men—some of them even criminals—who seem never to have paused for a single moment to give a sober, serious reflection upon the momentous issues

of the present life, and have become hardened in sin, and if they can find a subterfuge anywhere they seize it with greatest avidity. This they find in the scoffs and silly mockery of a heartless infidelity. To cover a "multitude of sins" they take refuge under the lowest joke and vainly fancy that this will shield them from all serious reflection or significant conviction. If they can find a pretender whom Shakespeare describes as coming "With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts," they at once place themselves under his leadership and are ready to proclaim that he is "That Lord whose hand must take my plight."

A jesting infidelity finds ample playground in the shallow characters so numerous in this age. These surface characters are sometimes found high up in social circles, and are often the inheritors of princely fortunes, they have gold but nothing more. The gifted Robertson describes them as follows: "You meet with such persons in life. There is nothing deep about them; all they do and all they have is on the surface. The superficial servant's work is done, but not thoroughly—lazily, partially. The superficial workman's labor will not bear looking into, but it bears a showy outside. The very dress of such persons betrays a slatterly, incomplete character of their minds. When religion comes in contact with persons of this stamp, it shares the fate of everything else. It is taken up in a superficial way." When infidelity, in the form of joke and ridicule, comes into contact with such as these, it finds indigenous soil. Lightness and frivolity weave about such souls the spell of their witchery; mirth charms with a deceitful gauze; wit sparkles with a glare which only for the moment conceals the vortex of ruin which lies beyond; and the cup of pleasure, like the fatal wine cup, so exhales its treacherous odors, that they are pressed to the lips as the sweetest nectar. Alas that so many drink of such a cup as this to its very dregs, and then all too late find it to be the cup of death.

"Thus the fond moth around the burning taper  
 plays,  
 And sports and flutters near the treacherous  
 blaze;  
 Ravished with joy he wings his eager flight,  
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;  
 He tempts his fate and courts a glorious doom,  
 A bright destruction and a shining tomb."

It is a most lamentable fact that this

trifling infidelity finds a large place in the hearts of many of the young of the age. There are many young men who would be vicious and lawless openly in life and in conduct, but they are restrained to a considerable extent by morality and religion. Perhaps this tendency in the youth of the age is wider spread than it is really supposed to be. Religion, the teaching and influence of the church, the pulpit, the Sunday school, and of the Christian home, have checked and restrained such persons, and to some extent, have counteracted this tendency. They feel and know that religion and its influences are the chief restraints. They have not dared to express themselves openly, and rush to the extremes of repudiating all restraint. Nor have they dared to deny that vice should be checked and punished. But they have been anxiously looking for some hero they may follow, some audacious champion who should lead them out of the bondage of the old staid life into the free and easy life of indifference.

There is another class of young men who seem to be so totally lost to every element of a virtuous life that sin of every hue becomes a delicious morsel to them. They seem never so happy as when they are turning the sober, sacred things of life into scenes of ridicule and laughter. If they are able to find a man of any distinction whatever, who is willing to become their champion, they are ready to crown him at once. They have found such a leader in Ingersoll. He, more than any other man of his times, has made an effort to place himself at the head of these classes, and much of the ruin which gathers around the young life of this country must be credited up to his leadership.

Says Clark Braden: "Ingersoll has acted as the mouth-piece of these classes, and given vent and boldness to their evil tendencies. He has played the part of a hardened street gamin, who comes up to a crowd of boys who are evil disposed and vicious, but who have not perpetrated any crime, and who are contemplating one, but are afraid to undertake it. He perches his brimless hat on one side of his head, rolls his quid to one side of his mouth, gives his ragged, suspenderless breeches a hitch, spits out a mouthful of tobacco juice, and exclaims with an oath, 'That's nothin; you're a lot of greenies. Come on, and I'll show you how it is

done. I'm not a spooney and coward as you are.' The little ruffian is a hero to these embryo criminals. He gives vent to the evil tendencies of their corrupt nature. So Ingersoll gives confidence and impudence to irreligion, infidelity, lawlessness and rebellion against restraint, against religion, morality and law."

The eminent poet and novelist, Robert Buchanan, says in the *North American Review*, "Ingersoll enters the temples of religion with his hat on one side, a cigar in his mouth and a jest upon his lips. He is just the sort of a person of whom America does not stand in need. The predominant vices of America, especially as represented by its great cities, are its irreverence, its recklessness, its impatience—in a word, its materialism. This exhibition can do no good; it may do no little harm. For my own part, I should prefer even to accept hell with John Calvin, rather than to eat cakes, drink ale and munch hot ginger with Colonel Ingersoll. The gospel of the hot ginger, as preached by Ingersoll, would soon make of New York another Sodom."

Would this not be the fate of the whole world if the gospel of infidel frivolty were to prevail? Would not the whole round earth feel the thrill of a mightier presence if the jest and sarcasm of unbelief were put away?—*Selected.*

We commend the above article to the careful consideration of our young readers and assure them that it is truthful and well worthy the earnest attention, not only of the young, but of the thoughtful who have numbered more years. Can a Saint, with impunity and blamelessly, spend his money and his precious time to hear this scoffer, this blasphemous, God-defying man? Can they?

"Why not?" says one? "I do assure you that many of his illustrations are grand, and his eloquence is sublime and beautiful! *Of course* his infidelity can not affect me! (?) I tell you it is worth your dollar to listen to him. Such imagery; such poetry of thought; and the way in which he shows up cant and hypocrisy!"

Young man, young woman,—yes, and even you who are older, and may perchance be an elder in the Church of Christ,—let us warn you against the deceitfulness of that qualifying phrase, "*Of course.*" "No man liveth unto himself," are the words of inspiration. This man, "Robert Ingersoll," is perhaps of all men of his generation, the happiest selection which could be made as a

type of the truth of this assertion. His influence is great, and every dollar which he possesses—every faculty of his brain, and all the powers of body and mind are enlisted to their fullest extent in an uncalled for, relentless, cruel, base and dishonest warfare against the great Captain under whose banner you have enlisted, and whose servant you are; he who first loved you and gave himself for you, to win you, (by his love and with reason), not only to himself, but to such a course of action as shall merit the entering in upon a life hereafter, where you shall not only find the garnered harvests of this, but the opportunities of labor and advancement towards the one grand end—the emancipation of the entire human family from the thralldom of sin.

We might pause to question how you could enjoy words (no matter how charming the visions they portrayed to your mind) falling from lips so steeped and stained in wicked blasphemies? But passing this, and even granting you that in your case the "of course," is not misleading, but that you came out of the lecture-room as good and strong a Saint as you was when you went into it. What of your substance? Have you honored the Lord with it, or has it gone to swell the accumulated thousands which the enemy of all righteousness is using to overthrow the very kingdom that our blessed Redeemer taught us to pray might come? Will Robert Ingersoll use your money for the upbuilding of that kingdom?

Again: Granting that this contact has not injured you, there comes a social hour in which the conversation turns upon this blasphemer and his lecture. You went to hear him, but for what purpose? To refute his sophistries? To judge him by his own words, and by them condemn him, and to warn others—pointing out especially to the young the snares, the pitfalls, and covered wreck and ruin lining the entire road of life upon which he was setting up his wonderfully painted and artistically beautiful guide-boards? Did you? We would not misjudge, but did you not yourself say, "I tell you it is worth your dollar to listen to him. Such imagery, such poetry of thought, and the way in which he shows up cant and hypocrisy!" You enjoyed it then, and in your enjoyment received the worth of your money; and there is even now more than one person listening to you who mentally resolves, "I will go to hear Robert Ingersoll the first opportunity I have." Now, were it possible for you to draw aside the curtain and see the impressions made upon the minds and hearts of those individuals who (but for these unguarded words of yours might never

have gone), when the opportunity came, did go to hear him, you might well shudder at the result, and we hope—not too late—put forth every effort to undo the evil wrought by your thoughtless words.

Our government requires all poisons to be labeled, and they are never dealt out without the skull and cross-bones standing guard to warn human beings of their deadly nature. But alas, that Christians should ever deem less vigilance necessary in warning the young from coming in contact with the deadly poison of asps, which oils the tongue of Robert Ingersoll and his compeers!"

Will it suffice to say, "We are free agents and must choose?" All nature and every enactment of civil governments flatly contradict the truth and justice of this theory when applied to the young. The parent birds brood above, shelter and defend their young from every foe, until the time comes when, by the God-given instinct of self-protection, the young bird knows its enemies and has wings to bear it in its flight beyond their reach. Then, and not until then, the young bird is coaxed or driven from the sheltering nest. Alas, that our Christian parents should suffer their sons and daughters, while yet under their control, to become the prey of wolves and vultures! Danger-

ous places upon our coasts are lighted that mariners may avoid them. Is the soul of so much less value than the body? Shall we warn of one danger while we smile at the other far more deadly in its nature, and reason that our children must choose for themselves? There is no law to prevent any vessel from steering upon shoals and quicksands, even when warned of their existence, but there is a law to bring the offenders to justice; but, if no danger signal was there, what then? Simply a transfer of responsibility and inquisition would be made for—not the hapless mariner who went down in the wreck, but—him whose duty it was to have hoisted the danger signal and through neglect or culpable indifference did not do so.

Robert Ingersoll, while professedly an exposé of cant and hypocrisy, is himself the best example of it which this enlightened nineteenth century has produced. And we can not omit this favorable opportunity of recommending to our readers two small volumes written by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, which are on sale at the Herald Office, entitled, "Notes on Ingersoll," and "Tactics of Infidels." If the acquaintance of the man must be made, then you will search long before finding one so well prepared to introduce you as L. A. Lambert.—ED.

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## THE PROMISE AND THE PROMISER.

BY BRO. W. STREET.

WHEN the wild tempest of affliction has rolled over the soul, and the still small voice has calmed the storm, it is even as when Christ walked on the Sea of Galilee and said to his faithless disciples be not afraid, "It is I." And who that lives in habitual fellowship with God does not even recognize it in the familiar household language, throwing a sweetness over and around common joys, daily toils and daily troubles. Who has not known its power of consolation in the day of weeping? I have.

I remember well working in one of the large cotton mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, I received a telegram that my sister had died. I knew one was sick; but this was another one, the prettiest of thirteen. It was Friday noon and I had got consent to go to the funeral, to the State of Pennsylvania, on condition I

would be ready for duty Tuesday morning of the following week. While on the boat and on the cars I tried in every conceivable way to divert my attention and my feelings from the sad scene I should meet when I got home. Money was plentiful then and I had sufficient for my journey; nevertheless, tears would flow thick and fast. When I got to New York I bought a Philadelphia paper and took the first train, a limited express, and a seat in a drawing room coach. I opened the paper to read it. I could scarcely believe my own eyes; they were red with weeping, and my face would not have failed to awaken an interest and sympathy in any one acquainted with grief. On seeing the announcement in the obituary column I gave vent to my feelings and sorrow in such a manner that it would have brought pity from the most hard-

hearted. What had been the matter? Who was to blame? What had caused all this sorrow and trouble? Was I not a Latter Day Saint? What about the promises and the One who promised? When all of a sudden my being was made to rejoice in the Comforter. I took my handkerchief from my pocket to wipe my eyes, but they were dry. Suffice it to say, the rest of my journey was made in peace.

When God enjoined the Father of the Faithful to walk before Him, he prefaced His injunction by a declaration of His power; and when He bade him go forward as one who knew whom he served He promised the patriarch His presence. Thus demonstrating the inability of His servant to walk before Him in his own strength, or to follow in the way without the companionship of One who alone was able to succor and guide him. When the Lord Jesus prepared his disciples to forego his visible presence, and to wait for the promise of the Father, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in that upper room in Jerusalem by which signs and wonders were to be wrought in His name, He directed their attention, not to what He had already taught them, nor to their faithfulness and affection; but to his faithfulness, his power, his promises, and his presence to the end of the world. If there are any failures and defalcations, it must be because of our walking in unfaithfulness, wilfulness and ignorance, and making ourselves responsible for the results. Such a course of life and walking will bring heaviness of heart, and darkness of understanding and perhaps a falling away. The Lord has a peculiar people and he leads them in a mysterious way. But if the Saints are pleased with externals, the world will not oppose them; on the contrary it will applaud them. But the Saint or the church who walk with the world will never convince them that life in a crucified and risen Redeemer is a real thing. Sectarianism and division obliterates brotherly love, for a house divided against itself can not stand.

What was the testimony of Rahab who sheltered the spies? Terror fell on the inhabitants of the land, not because Joshua was an able commander, nor because of the magnitude of his army, but because of the wonders God had wrought with his people. The army that has the living God on its side can strike terror in the

lands of the heathen. The scarlet line in Rahab's window was a visible token of her faith in God, and like the blood on the lintel of the dwellings of the children of Israel was a safeguard and a shield. She believed in the efficacy of the simple scarlet line. Why? Because of the wonders God had wrought amongst his people according to his promises.

The Phillistines were afraid when Israel was in the camp. Why? Because they knew that God was there. They remembered what he had done to the Egyptians, and though Israel was defeated before their enemies, it did not defeat their testimony. It was permitted for their chastisement, they were cast down, but not forsaken. Saul was afraid of David, not because he was a warrior, but because the Lord was with him. Isaac knew he was blessed of the Lord when he told the heathen prince, "Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me?" Even Laban would fain have retained Jacob in his service because of the long promised blessings. The lad who gathered up Jonathan's arrows would seem of very little importance, but between Jonathan and the future king of Israel he was an important personage, linking together two souls faithfully in one mind.

"The word killeth," we are told, "but the Spirit giveth life;" but the Spirit never alters the doctrine of the word of God already given. "To the law and the testimony, if they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them."

The child Samuel girded with a linen ephod could hear the voice of the living God and deliver his message, and God let none of his words fall to the ground, according to the promises. "There is no unrighteousness in Him, neither is there any variableness, nor even a shadow of turning." Every word he utters must come true. When the children of Israel asked counsel of the Lord as to going up to battle, (Judges 20: 18), they received it, went, and were defeated. They did not try a second attack on the children of Benjamin; and yet Benjamin went forth against them a second time out of Gibbeath and destroyed eighteen thousand men; the number that drew the sword being forty thousand men. The defeated ones sat before the Lord, wept, fasted, and offered burnt offerings and peace of-

ferings and received the promise of victory, which had not been given before, and Israel was victorious.

The Spirit of God does not lead according to the spirit that is in man.

When the Lord has given counsel he also shows what he will have done. For instance—When he sends for Samuel to anoint David as king he bids the prophet, call Jesse to the sacrifice, and then he tells him, “I will show thee what thou shalt do.” Every step taken in faith, waiting on his guidance, must necessarily bring peace, gifts, and blessings. Like the shipwrecked mariners, sometimes we must feel and try our surroundings as we

proceed. “They drew near to some country and sounded and found it twenty fathoms; and when they had gone a little farther they sounded again and found it fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should have fallen on rocks, they cast out four anchors and wished for the day.” They waited till day break; till the dawn of day. And, dear reader, if you want to walk circumspectly so must you and I do.

Let us have a communion of thought, feeling and affection; a communion of watching, waiting and suffering; a communion of daily life and service, and when we are of one mind and heart the Lord says we are His.

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## OUR CHURCH.

BY JOSEPH DEWSNUP, SEN.

7s & 6s D.

Our Church has her foundation  
In Jesus Christ, the Lord;

True source of revelation,—

The Light, the Life, the Word.

His strength alone supports her,

He guides her by his grace;

His name is placed upon her,

She is his resting place.

Our Church the Lord has builded,

With principles divine;

True faith with works resplendent,

Through all her portals shine.

Her gates are only opened

To souls washed clean from sin;

None but baptized believers

Through them may enter in.

Our Church has her endowment

And gifts from Christ her Lord,

Always bestowed upon her

When faithful to his word;

And servants who are faithful,

Will shew his marks divine;

The impress of his Christ-love

Will Christ-like hearts enshrine.

MANCHESTER, England,  
May 7th, 1889.

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## WHAT WILL BENEFIT?

BY REGINA.

WHAT shall we write of benefit? This is the important question; yet, when we stop to think there are hundreds of subjects presenting themselves which if properly handled, as the learned can do, would be worthy of perusal, and would prove of benefit to those who retain that which is read.

“Actions speak louder than words;” then why do much writing or printing? Because there are those isolated from the lecture room, church, library, music halls, and other things tending to strengthen our minds or cheer us in arduous toil.

Those who thus benefit are doing their share of life's work. There is never any good lost. We do not always immediately know what benefit our spoken or written words will be; but rest assured if spoken with care they will repeat themselves in various forms sometime. An impetuous young man is reading an article of good advice, which he has heard a dozen times before; he does not chew, smoke or drink, therefore he is tired of the oft printed article on the subject; but as God willed, other ears chanced to hear and comprehend the writer and took

the advice which was applicable to them. A paper is laid carelessly where a zephyr takes it flying to the feet of a wayward son who sits in the shade of an old box car making plans for the night's revelry; his eyes fall on the bold heading: Murder—Assault. This pleases him better than anything else just now, and he snatches the paper ere another breeze carries it further; he reads of a man who was once a boy like himself, and went through the same experience that he is about to be led into; but lo! the result is not as pleasant as had been pictured by his companions, and he resolves to do better, by adhering to this resolution, experiencing in after years pleasure and riches which is the opposite extreme of what would have been had not this seemingly accidental advice been written.

There are many who are benefitted by reading, who would not listen to spoken

words. Not only is the paper or book good for the reasons given, but we learn punctuation, language, construction of sentences, useful household and business hints, foreign and home history; who acquired fame on stage or in pulpit; our thoughts are awakened to what will benefit financially, and in other ways our books transport us to Africa, Asia, Russia, Germany and elsewhere, and we travel, as it were, resting our weary sight from monotony, and acquainting ourselves with our distant relatives.

Let us be thankful for good writers. We may not be near them to watch their lives; we need not trouble about it. Since what they've written proves good medicine for our varied ailments, it should make no difference to us if they do not always practice what they preach; we should be conscientious enough to follow what we read and know to be good.

## THE GIRL KING.

THERE were tears and trouble in Stockholm; there was sorrow in every house and hamlet in Sweden; there was consternation throughout Protestant Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was dead; "The Lion of the North" had fallen on the bloody and victorious field of Lutzen, and only a very small girl of six stood as the representative of Sweden's royalty.

The States of Sweden—that is, the representatives of the different sections and peoples of the kingdom—gathered in haste within the Riddarhus, or Hall of Assembly in Stockholm. There was much anxious controversy over the situation. The nation was in desperate strait, and some were for one thing and some were for another. There was even talk of making the government a republic, like the State of Venice; while the supporters of the King of Poland, cousin to the dead King Gustavus, openly advocated his claim to the throne.

But the Grand Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, one of Sweden's greatest statesmen, acted promptly.

"Let there be no talk between us," he said, "of Venetian republics or of Polish kings. We have but one king—the daughter of the immortal Gustavus!"

Then up spoke one of the leading representatives of the peasant class, Lars Larsson, the deputy from the western fiords.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" he demanded rudely. "How do we know this is no trick of yours, Axel Oxenstiern? How do we know that King Gustavus has a daughter? We have never seen her."

"You shall see her at once," replied the Chancellor; and leaving the hall he returned speedily leading by the hand a diminutive, but by no means bashful looking, little girl. With a sudden movement he lifted her to the seat of the high silver throne that could only be occupied by the Kings of Sweden.

"Swedes, behold your king!"

Lars Larsson, the deputy, pressed close to the throne on which the small figure perched silent, yet with a defiant look upon her little face.

"She hath the face of the Grand Gustavus," he said, "Look, brothers, the nose, the eyes, the very brows are his."

"Aye," said Oxenstiern; "and she is a soldier's daughter. I myself did see her, when scarce three years old, clap her tiny hands and laugh aloud when the guns of Calmar fortress thundered a salute. 'She must learn to bear it,' said Gustavus

our king; 'she is a soldier's daughter.'

"Hail Christina!" shouted the assembly, won by the proud bearing of the little girl and by her likeness to her valiant father. "We will have you and only you for our queen!"

"Better yet, brothers," cried Lars Larson, now her most loyal supporter; "she sits upon the throne of the Kings; let her be proclaimed King of Sweden."

And so it was done. And with their wavering loyalty kindled into a sudden flame, the States of Sweden "gave a mighty shout" and cried as one man, "Hail, Christina, King of Sweden!"

There was strong objection in Sweden to the rule of a woman; and the education of this little girl was that of a prince rather than of a princess. She was taught to ride and to shoot, to hunt and to fence, to undertake all of a boy's exercises, and to endure all a boy's privations. She could bring down a hare, at the first shot, from the back of a galloping horse; she could outride the most expert huntsman in her train.

So she grew from childhood into girlhood, and at thirteen was as bold and fearless, as willful and self-possessed as any young fellow of twenty-one. But besides all this she was a wonderful scholar; indeed, she would be accounted remarkable even in these days of bright girl-graduates. At thirteen she was a thorough Greek scholar; she was learned in mathematics and astronomy, the classics, history, and philosophy; and she acquired of her own accord German, Italian, Spanish, and French.

Altogether, this girl Queen of the North was as strange a compound of scholar and hoiden, pride and carelessness, ambition and indifference, culture and rudeness, as ever, before her time or since, were combined in the nature of a girl of thirteen. And it is thus that our story finds her.

One raw October morning in the year 1639, there was stir and excitement in the palace at Stockholm. A courier had arrived bearing important dispatches to the Council of Regents which governed Sweden during the minority of the Queen, and there was no official to receive him.

It was the period of what is known in history as the "Thirty Year's War"—that era of strife and diplomacy, war and controversy, that, reaching from the year 1618 to 1648, embroiled all the nations of

Europe, developed great generals and countless unknown heroes, ruined thousands of families, and laid in woful waste the industries and homes of Europe. Into this dispute Sweden had been drawn, and not even the death of her great King at Lutzen could end her share in the strife. Christina, as head of the State, carried on Sweden's part in the war, and her captains and soldiers were among its sturdiest fighters.

The courier to the court at Stockholm evidently bore important dispatches. His manner was peremptory and his bearing impressive. Closely following the lackey who received him, the courier strode into the council-room of the palace. But the council-room was vacant.

It was not a very elegant apartment, this council-room of the palace of the Kings of Sweden. Although a royal apartment, its appearance was ample proof that the art of decoration was as yet unknown in that country. The room was untidy and disordered; the council-table was strewn with the ungathered litter of the last day's council, and even with the remains of a coarse lunch. The uncomfortable-looking chairs all were out of place, and above the table was a sort of temporary canopy to prevent the dust and and spiders' webs upon the ceiling from dropping upon the councilors.

The courier gave a sneering look upon this evidence that the refinement and culture which marked at least the palaces and castles of other European countries were as yet little considered in Sweden. Then, important and impatient, he turned to the attendant. "Well," he said, "and is there none here to receive my dispatches? They call for—Ha! so! what manners are these?"

What manners indeed? The courier might well ask this. For, plump against him, as he spoke, dashed, first a girl and then a boy who had darted from somewhere into the council chamber. Too absorbed in their own concerns to notice who, if any one, was in the room, they had run against and very nearly upset the astonished bearer of dispatches. Still more astonished was he, when the girl, using his body as a barrier, danced and dodged around him to avoid being caught by her pursuer. The startled bearer of important dispatches was evidently in use as a "buffer"—here in the very council-



hall of the Kings of Sweden—in a rather rough and exciting game of tag. Scandalized and indignant, the courier shook himself free from the girl's strong grasp. Seizing her by the shoulder he said sternly:

"How now, young maiden! Is this seemly conduct toward a stranger and an Imperial Courier?"

The girl now for the first time noticed his presence. Too excited in her mad dash into the room to distinguish him from one of the palace servants, she only learned the truth by the courier's harsh words. A sudden change came over her. She drew herself up haughtily and said to the attendant:

"Who is this officious stranger, Klas?"

The tone and manner of the question again surprised the courier, and he looked at the speaker amazed. What he saw was an attractive young girl of thirteen, short of stature, with bright hazel eyes, a vivacious face, now almost stern in its expression of pride and haughtiness. She had flung aside the masculine fur cap that had, at her entrance, rested upon the mass of tangled light brown hair, and this imperfectly tied with a simple knot of ribbon, fell down upon her neck. Her short dress of plain gray stuff hung loosely upon a rather trim figure; while the black scarf that had encircled her neck lay crumpled upon the floor. In short, he saw a rather pretty, carelessly dressed, healthy, and just now very haughty-looking young girl who seemed more like a boy in speech and manners—and one who needed to be disciplined and curbed.

Again the question came, "Who is this man, and what seeks he here, Klas, I ask?"

"'T is a courier with dispatches for the council, Madam," replied the man.

"Give me the dispatches," said the girl, "I will attend to them."

"You, indeed!" The courier laughed grimly. "The dispatches from the Emperor of Germany are for no hairbrained maid to handle. These are to be delivered to the Council of Regents alone."

"I will have naught of councils or regents, Sir Courier, save when it pleases me," said the girl, tapping the floor with an angry foot. "Give me the dispatches, I say, I am the King of Sweden!"

"You—a girl—King?" was all that the astonished courier could stammer out. Then, as the real facts dawned upon him,

he knelt at the feet of the young Queen and presented his dispatches.

"Withdraw, sir!" said Christina, taking his papers, and visiting upon his recognition of her station the scant courtesy of a nod; "we will read these and return a suitable answer to your master."

The courier withdrew, still dazed at this strange turn of affairs; and Christina, leaning carelessly against the council-table, opened the dispatches.

Suddenly she burst into a merry but scarcely lady-like laugh. "Ha, ha, ha, this is too rare a joke, Karl," she cried. "Lord Chancellor, Mathias, Torstenson!" she exclaimed, as the three leading members of her council entered the apartment, "what think you? Here come dispatches from the Emperor of Germany begging that you, my Council, shall consider the wisdom of wedding me to his son and thereby closing the war! His son, indeed! Ferdinand the Craven."

"And yet, Madam, suggested the wise Oxenstiern, "it is a matter that should not lightly be cast aside. In time you must needs be married. The constitution of the kingdom doth oblige you to."

"Oblige!" and the young girl turned upon the gray-headed chancellor almost savagely. "Oblige! and who, Sir Chancellor, upon earth shall *oblige* me to do so, if I do it not of mine own will? Say not *oblige* to me."

This was vigorous language for a girl of scarce fourteen; but it was "Christina's way," one with which both the Council and the people soon grew familiar. It was the Vasa\* nature in her, and it was always prominent in this spirited young girl—the last descendant of the masterful house.

But now her boisterous play-fellow, the young Prince Karl Gustaf, or Charles Gustavus had something to say.

"Oh, cousin mine," and he laid a strong though boyish hand upon the young girl's arm. "What need for couriers or dispatches that speak of suitors for your hand? Am not I to be your husband? From babyhood you have so promised me."

Christina again broke into a loud and merry laugh.

\* Vasa was the family name of her father and of the ancient kings of Sweden.

"Hark to the little burgomaster," † she cried; "much travel hath made him, I do fear me, soft in heart and head. Childish promises, Karl. Let such things be forgotten now. You are to be a soldier; I am a King. Have done, sirs! You do weary me with all this. Let us to the hunt. Axel Dagg did tell me of a fine roebuck in the Maelar woods. See you to the courier of the Emperor and to his dispatches, Lord Chancellor; I care not what you tell him, so you do but tell him no. And, stay; where is that pompous little Dutchman, Van Beunigen, whom you did complain but yesterday was sent among us by his Government to oppose the advices of our English friends. He is a greater scholar than horseman, or I mistake. Let us take him in our hunting party, Karl; and, look you, see that he doth have one of our choicest horses."

The girl's mischief was catching. Her cousin dropped his serious look and, seeking the Dutch envoy, with due courtesy invited him to join the Queen's hunt.

"Give him black Hannibal, Joüs," Christina had said to her groom; and when the Dutch envoy, Van Bennigen, came out to join the hunting party, too much flattered by the invitation to remember that he was a poor horseman, Joüs, the groom, held black Hannibal in unsteady check, while the big horse champed and fretted, and the hunting party awaited their new member.

But Joüs, the groom, noted the Dutchman's somewhat alarmed look at the big black animal.

"Would it not be well, good sir," he said, "that you do choose some steadier animal than Hannibal here? I pray you let me give you one less restive. So; Bror Anderson," he called to one of the under-grooms, "let the noble envoy have your cob, and do you take Hannibal back to the stables."

But no, the envoy of the States of Holland would submit to no such change. He ride a servant's horse, indeed!

"Why, sirrah groom," he said to good-hearted Joüs, "I would have you know that I am no novice in the equestrian art. Far from it, man. I have read every

treatise on the subject from Xenophon downward; and what horse can know more than I?"

So friendly Joüs had nothing more to say; but hoisted the puffed-up Dutch scholar into the high saddle; and away galloped the hunt toward the Maelar woods.

As if blind to his own folly, Van Beunigen, the envoy, placed himself near to the young Queen; and Christina, full of her own mischief, gravely began to compliment him on his horsemanship, and suggested a gallop.

Alas, fatal moment! For while he yet swayed and jolted upon the back of the restive Hannibal, and even endeavored to discuss the "Melannippe" of Euripides with the fair young scholar who rode beside him, this same fair scholar,—who, in spite of all her Greek learning was after all only a mischievous and sometimes rude young girl,—faced him with a sober countenance.

"Good Herr Van Beunigen," she said, "your Greek is truly as smooth as your face."

As the envoy of Holland turned upon her a face upon which Greek learning and anxious horsemanship struggled with each other, Christina slyly touched Black Hannibal lightly with her riding-whip.

Light, however, as was the touch, it was enough. The unruly horse reared and plunged. The startled scholar, with a cry of terror, flung up his hands, and then clutched black Hannibal around the neck. It was but another though earlier case of John Gilpin:

"His horse, who never in that way  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got  
Did wonder more and more.

"Away went Gilpin neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;  
He never dreamt when he set out,  
Of running such a rig."

Minus hat and wig, too, the poor envoy dashed up the Maelar highway, while Christina, laughing loudly, galloped after him in a mad race, followed by all her hunting-party.

The catastrophe was not far away. The black horse, like the ill-tempered "bronchos" of our western plains "bucked" suddenly, and over his head like a flash went the discomfited Dutchman. In an instant, Greek learning and Dutch diplo-

† Prince Charles Gustavus, afterward Charles XI., King of Sweden, and father of the famous Charles XII., was cousin to Christina. He was short and thickset, and so like a little Dutchman that Christina often called him "the little burgomaster." At the time of this sketch he had just returned from a year of travel through Europe.

macy lay sprawling in a Swedish roadway, from which Jöns, the groom, speedily lifted the groaning would-be horseman.

It is claimed that the discomfited Van Beunigen never forgot nor forgave this discourtesy, and that it really prevented an important treaty of friendship between Sweden and Holland.

But this affair of the Dutch envoy was not the only piece of madcap folly in which this wild young queen indulged. Even in her zeal for study, really remarkable in so young a girl, Christina could not forego her misguided love of power and her tendency to practical joking. One day, it is said, she even made two grave philosophers, who were holding a profound discussion in her presence over some deep philosophic subject, suddenly cease their arguments to play with her at battledore and shuttlecock.

A girlhood of uncontrolled power, as was hers, could lead but to one result. Self-gratification is the worst form of selfishness, and never can work good to any one. Although she was a girl of wonderful capabilities, of the blood of famous kings and conquerors, giving such promises of greatness that scholars and statesmen alike prophesied for her a splendid future, Christina, Queen of Sweden, made only a failure of her life.

At eighteen she had herself formally crowned as *King* of Sweden. But at twenty-five she declared herself sick and tired of her royal duties; and at twenty-eight, at the height of her power and

fame, she actually resigned her throne in favor of her cousin Prince Karl. Publicly abdicating her kingly position, she left her native land, and for many years led the life of a disappointed wanderer.

The story of this remarkable woman is one that holds a lesson for all. Eccentric, careless, and fearless; handsome, witty and learned; ambitious, shrewd and visionary,—she was one of the strangest compounds of “unlikes” to be met with in history.

She deliberately threw away a crown, wasted a life that might have been helpful to her subjects, regarded only her own selfish and personal desires, and died, a prematurely old woman, unloved, unhonored, and unlamented.

Her story, if it teaches anything, admonishes us that it is always best to have in youth, whether as girl or boy, the guidance and direction of some will that is acknowledged and respected. Natures unformed or overindulged, with none to counsel or command, generally go wrong. A mother's love, a father's care, these—though young people may not always read them aright—are needed for the moulding of character; while to every bright young girl, historic or unhistoric, Princess or peasant, Swedish Queen or modern American maiden, will it at last be apparent that the right way is always the way of modesty and gentleness, of high ambition, perhaps, but, always and everywhere, of thoughtfulness for others and kindness to all.—*E. S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas.*

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### CHURN SLOWLY.

A little maid in the morning sun  
 Stood merrily singing and churning—  
 “Oh! how I wish this butter was done,  
 Then off to the fields I'd be turning!”  
 So she hurried the dasher up and down,  
 Till the farmer called with half-made frown,  
 “Churn slowly!”  
 “Don't ply the churn so fast, my dear,  
 It is not good for the butter,  
 And will make your arms ache, too, I fear,  
 And put you all in a flutter;  
 For this is a rule wherever we turn,  
 Don't be in haste whenever you churn—  
 Churn slowly!”

“If you want your butter both nice and sweet,  
 Don't churn with nervous jerking,  
 But ply the dasher slowly and neat,  
 You'll hardly know that you're working;  
 And when the butter has come you'll say,  
 ‘Yes, surely, this is the better way’—  
 Churn slowly!”  
 Now all you folks do you think that you  
 A lesson can find in butter?  
 Don't be in haste, whatever you do,  
 Or get yourself in a flutter;  
 And when you stand at life's great churn,  
 Let the farmer's words to you return—  
 “Churn slowly!”  
 —Selected.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

## BOOK OF ALMA.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Alma foretells the time of the Nephite Apostasy.—He blesses his sons and the Church and departs.—Amalickiah seeks to be a King.—He flees to the Lamanites and there becomes King.—Moroni lifts an Ensign of Liberty among the Nephites and raises armies to defend their land.—The Lamanites invade Zarahemla and a prolonged war results.—Cities taken and retaken.—A rebellion among the Nephites is overthrown by Moroni.—The Lamanite armies driven out and Peace restored.—The church prospers again.—Death of Helaman and Moroni.—First Emigration into North America.

**A**FTER these things there was a brief but serious war between the two nations, by reason of the Lamanites invading the territory of the Nephites, and trying to bring that people into subjection to them. The battles were along the south border, being fought on both sides of the river Sidon, and, under Moroni, their general or chief commander, the Nephites conquered and repelled the invaders. For, as Moroni said, his people fought for their liberty, for their free homes, for their wives and children, and for their faith and the principles of eternal truth. And the Nephites did not forget to return thanks to God for their deliverance, because he had taught them those great principles, and because he strengthened them in their love and zeal for freedom and justice.

During the peaceful days that followed, Alma spoke to his son Heleman (to whose charge he had committed the sacred writings, and the records, as previously related) and said to him that the Lord had shown him that four hundred years after Christ should come in the flesh the Nephites would depart from the ways of the Lord and fall into wickedness of all kinds, into sin and bloodshed, all because of wilfully going into darkness from the great light and knowledge that they at present had, until none would remain but those who became like the Lamanites in their deeds and habits, and then the Nephites, as a nation, would become extinct. He also said that the land would be cursed of God unto any and all people who dwelt upon it who would become wicked to the extreme; but that the righteous should be blessed of God.

And Alma blessed his sons and the Church also, saying that those who would

continue to stand faithful for the truth and for righteousness should endure and be favored of God. After that Alma departed from Zarahemla as if to go to another place; but he was seen no more by any one, and it was believed that the Lord took him even as he did Moses.

After the departure of Alma, the son of Alma, Helaman and his brothers continued to labor for the Church, and for the prosperity and happiness of the nation. But by and by some grew restless and then rebellious, till under an evil and ambitious man named Amalickiah, such withdrew from the Church and the nation. And this man sought to establish kingly rule again, and to bring to an end the liberties of the people. But Moroni, the commander of the Nephite armies, said that God had dedicated this land to freedom; therefore he lifted up before the nation a sign or standard unto this principle, in order that he might draw the hearts of the people together fully, even into a union of love for the retaining of liberty and peace in their country. And he called upon God to aid them in the preservation of their rights as a free people upon the land that he had himself designed as a land of liberty forever.

For Moroni said that it could not be that they would be overthrown and destroyed except as the result of their own iniquities and pride. So he called upon all who were willing to maintain the ensign of their liberties and their God-given rights, to rally and maintain it against those who would overthrow it and establish a king. Then the greater part of the Nephites joined with Moroni in a covenant to preserve the legacy of liberty that had come from their fathers and from God. And as an army these went and intercepted Amalickiah and his men who had started on the way to join the Lamanites, that they might unite in war to overthrow the Nephite nation. And they took many of them, but with their leader a portion escaped and united with the Lamanites as they had intended. And in time they became like them in their idle and filthy habits and in wicked ways.

In relation to the Nephites of those times we learn that fever and other dis-

eases prevailed among them, but it is said that many were healed by certain plants and herbs which they found contained excellent curative qualities, and which the Lord had prepared for that purpose.

After a time Amalickiah, by deception and wickedness, caused the death of the Lamanite king, and he took the throne himself. Therefore when he had obtained full control over the people he sent a great many against the Nephites to try and overcome that nation and destroy their liberties. But Moroni had spent much time in fortifying the chief cities, erecting forts, and raising walls of earth and stone along the borders of Zarahemla. The Nephites understood that they were doing God's will in thus preparing to maintain their liberties in the land which he had given to them, and in which he had said that they were to be a free people; so long as they would abide in truth and righteousness.

Therefore when the Lamanite hosts arrived they found strong defenses, and the first time they come they were defeated with great loss, so that they returned home. After that the Nephite government built more fortifications of earth and stone. Also Moroni built watch towers from which to discern the movements of their enemies if they came again. But for some years they were unmolested, and they enjoyed peace among themselves and prospered. However there were some among them who still desired to have a king and at last when these knew that the Lamanites were coming again they rebelled against these who stood for the cause of liberty. But Moroni saw the danger of the situation at such a time, and ere the Lamanites came he caused his soldiers to punish the rebellious, so that many were slain, and the others were humbled.

While this trouble was being put down the Lamanites arrived and captured the city of Moroni, which was by the sea shore, on the coast of Zarahemla. Probably it was situated on that sea that we call Carribean. After that the invaders continued the war for several years, in time capturing the cities of Morianton, Omner, Gid, and Mulek, and they advanced until one of Moroni's generals named Teancum met and defeated them with his army. And he killed Amalickiah their king. Then the Lamanites fell back and held the cities taken by them.

Ammaron succeeded his brother in ruling over the Lamanite people, and as soon as he could do so he attacked the Nephites along the west border. There he captured some cities and killed many of the defenders, some of them being murdered by him after his men had taken them in battle. Helaman wrote to Moroni that those who were slain had "died in the cause of their country and of their God."

While this was taking place Moroni and Teancum on the east had by stratagem recaptured the city of Mulek and taken many prisoners with it. They also took Gid, and they released their own men who were there being held by the Lamanites since they took those cities.

About this time Antipus, who was in command on the west, was pressed hard by Ammon and his army, for the government had failed to send him enough men. Seeing this situation those sons of the people of Ammon who had not covenanted like their fathers, (that they would not shed blood for any cause whatever), asked Helaman that they might lead them to battle, that they might aid in the defense of the liberties of their adopted country. And Helaman did so, and they arrived in a time of need and fought with courage and devotion along the west and south border and near the river Sidon. After that Antipus being still further reinforced he recaptured the cities of Antiparah, Cumeni and Manti, which had been taken by the Lamanites. The Nephites had a very severe time in doing this and in maintaining their ground, but they felt thankful to God for their freedom thus far.

After that the Lamanites went to another part and took the city of Nephihah, because Moroni had not enough troops to fully defend all the frontier from the enemy. When the enemy had gained this new advantage Moroni wondered that neither troops nor provisions were being sent on, and he was indignant and angry. Therefore he wrote to Pahoran, the chief governor, and reproved him and the people at home for their lack of love for the cause of freedom, for which cause so many had already perished in the protracted war and for which the remainder of the army were still fighting.

But when Pahoran's reply came Moroni found that a large party at home who still wished a king had risen and taken Zarahemla.

hemla, the seat of government, and driven Pahoran out into the province called Gideon. Therefore was he helpless to aid the armies. But he besought Moroni to come there with part of the army. So Moroni started, and as he went he lifted the standard of freedom from kingly rule. This inspired thousands who loved liberty and Moroni was able to restore Pahoran to the seat of government. And Pachus (who sought a throne) and his leading men were put to death.

Then Moroni sent men and provisions to the armies under Lehi, Teancum and Antipus, and he went himself and recaptured Nephiah. After that they drove out the Lamanite army on the east and retook all the cities that they had lost early in the war. And many of their Lamanite brethren were weary of fighting and so they remained with the Nephites and learned the ways of peace, tilling the ground and raising fruit and grain, and cattle and sheep.

Now the Nephites had suffered much by the Lamanite war, and by war at home, and also because of famines and various evils, as well as by wickedness among themselves; therefore, while some were hardened, many were brought down to humility and to greater love for God and their fellow men. And when peace was established Helaman and his brother began again to preach the word of God and to restore the Church; for many repented and were baptized. Therefore righteousness increased among them and God prospered them according as they lived for it. And when Helaman died his brother Shiblon took charge of the sacred and historical records. And Moroni died also, and his son Moronihah succeeded him as chief general of the army. Several thousands went across the sea to the land north, of which more will be said hereafter. And this is the end of the book of Alma. (30.)

(30.) The conclusions of the celebrated Josiah Priest on the subject of the Asiatic origin of the American Indians, and about their tradition of the deluge, the confusion of languages, etc., are in agreement with many other writers. He says that the authors of the great works found in America seem to have retained the ideas received from their fathers at the time of the building of Babel better than did many of the nations of Europe. Upon this he writes as follows:

"This is consented to on all hands, and even contended for by the historian, Humboldt. In order to show the reader the propriety of be-

lieving that a colony, very soon after the confusion of the language of mankind, found their way to what is now called America, we give the tradition of the Aztec nation, who once inhabited Aztalan. The tradition commences with an account of the Deluge, as they had preserved it in books made of the buffalo and deer skin, on which account there is more certainty than if it had been preserved by mere oral tradition, handed down from father to son. They begin by painting, or, as we would say, by telling us that Noah, whom they call Tezpi, saved himself with his wife, whom they call Xochiquetzal, or a raft or canoe. The raft or canoe rested on or at the foot of a mountain which they call Colhuacan. The men born after this deluge were born dumb. A dove from the top of a tree distributes languages to them in the form of olive leaves. They say that on this raft besides Tezpi and his wife were several children, and animals, with grain, the preservation of which was important to mankind."—*Priest's American Antiquities*, pp. 199, 200.

Mr. Priest asks the question if the raft is not the ark, the mountain Ararat, and if the men said to have been born dumb do not well represent the confusion of tongues, equal to being dumb, because of their being unable to converse with each other. And if the dove and the olive leaves, the children, the animals, the grain preserved, are not all in harmony, to a great degree, with the Biblical account of the ark, the deluge, and the tower, and certainly one must admit that they are.

Mr. Priest continues upon the same point:

"When the Great Spirit ordered the waters to withdraw, Tezpi sent out from his raft a vulture, which never returned, on account of the great number of dead carcasses it found to feed upon. Is not this the raven of Noah, which did not return when it was sent out the second time, and for the very reason here assigned by the Mexicans? Tezpi sent other birds, one a humming bird. This bird alone returned, holding in its beak a branch covered with leaves. Is not this the dove? Tezpi, seeing that fresh verdure now clothed the earth, quitted his raft near the mountain Colhuacan. They say that the tongues which the dove gave to mankind were infinitely varied, and when they received them they immediately dispersed. But among them were fifteen heads or chiefs of families which were permitted to speak the same language, and these were the Toltecs, the Aculucans and the Aztecs, who embodied themselves together and traveled they knew not where, but at length arrived in the country of Aztalan, or lake country."—*American Antiquities*, p. 200.

We note here a wonderful harmony between the Aztec tradition and the history given in the Book of Mormon concerning the language of the people that left the tower of Babel for America after the confusion of tongues; for they agree in the fact that this first colony retained the use of the original language of the earth, that which was spoken before the rebellion at Babel and its consequences. We read as follows: ▀

"Jared came forth with his brother and their families, with some others and their families, from the great tower, at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people. \* \* \* And the brother of Jared did cry unto the Lord and the

Lord did have compassion upon Jared; therefore he did not confound the language of Jared and his brother. \* \* \* And the Lord had compassion also upon their friends and their families, and they were not confounded. \* \* \* And they did travel in the wilderness, and did build barges in which they crossed many waters, being directed continually by the hand of the Lord. And the Lord would not suffer that they should stop in the wilderness beyond the sea, but he would that they should come forth even unto the land of promise, which was choice above all other lands."—Book of Mormon, pp. 301, 302, 303.

Thus we see that the book that was written by the people of olden time who came upon this continent, and whose words were hid up to come forth in latter days, is fully testified to by the tradition kept by their descendants, as certified to by the wise of our day who, have for many years, made these subjects their study.

Mr. Priest says that he obtained knowledge of the tradition, and also the engraving of which he speaks, from Baron Von Humboldt's volume of "Researches in Mexico," and that Humboldt himself found it painted on a manuscript book, one made of the leaves of some tree that were suitable for the purpose, after the manner of the ancient nations of Asia, around the Mediterranean. He relates how Humboldt found many other "painted representations" on the native books and on the prepared skins of animals, delineating the leading circumstances and history of the fall of man, of the serpent deceiving the woman, and of the murder of Abel by Cain.

In writing further of this historical picture and its valuable testimony, and of the group of men receiving their different languages from the dove, before their scattering abroad, Mr. Priest says:

"The purity of this tradition is evidence of two things: 1. That the book of Genesis, as written by Moses, is not, as some have imagined, a cunningly devised fable; because these Indians can not be accused of Christian priestcraft, nor yet of Jewish priestcraft, their religion being solely of another cast, wholly idolatrous. 2. That the earlier nations came directly over after the confusion of the ancient language and the dispersion, on which account its purity has been preserved more than among the wandering tribes of the old continents.

"There is another particular in this group of dumb human beings that is worthy of notice, which is that neither their countenances nor the form of their person agree at all with the countenances or formation of the common Indians. \* \* \* If so then it is evident that the Indians were not the first people who found their way to this country.

"Among these ancient nations are found many more traditions corresponding with the accounts given by Moses respecting the creation, the fall of man by means of a serpent, the murder of Abel by his brother, etc., all of which are denoted in their paintings, as found by the earlier travelers among them."—American Antiquities, pp. 202, 203.

Another tribe, the Mayas, are thus spoken of by H. H. Bancroft:

"Votan \* \* \* was the supposed founder of the Maya civilization. He is said to have been

a descendant of Noah, and to have assisted at the building of the tower of Babel. After the confusion of tongues he led a portion of the dispersed people to America."—Native Races, vol. 5, page 27.

Quotations to the same effect might be made from Delafield, Donnelly, and other writers, but it seems unnecessary. However it would be well to give some of the views entertained about the ancients of America having been of Asiatic origin, and, moreover, that they were acquainted with the manners, customs and arts of the Egyptians, which would also agree with the Book of Mormon in its account that the colony that came over under Lehi were Jews from Jerusalem. For the Jews had been acquainted with Egypt and her people for over a thousand years before Lehi emigrated, and doubtless borrowed some of the peculiarities of that people. And a colony of them in a new country, and dividing out into various parts of it, were more likely to make use of some of those peculiarities of architecture and sculpture than were those living in an old community. Bancroft says:

"The theory that America was peopled, or at least partly peopled, from Eastern Asia, is certainly more widely advocated than any other, and, in my opinion, is moreover based upon a more reasonable and logical foundation than any other."—Native Races, vol. 5, page 30.

On the same page Bancroft quotes the learned Humboldt as saying:

"It appears most evident to me that the monuments, methods of computing time, systems of cosmogony, and many myths of America, offer striking analogies with the ideas of eastern Asia, analogies which indicate an ancient communication."

Albert Gallatin writes as follows, as quoted by Bancroft:

"I can not see any possible reason that should have prevented those, who after the dispersion of mankind towards the east and northeast, from having reached the extremities of Asia and passed over to America, within five hundred years after the flood. However small may have been the number of those first emigrants, an equal number of years would have been more than sufficient to occupy, in their own way, every part of America."—Transactions of the American Ethnological Society, vol. I, page 179.

While Bancroft himself does not believe that the original Americans originated in Egypt, as some scientists have made claim, (but which is contrary to the Book of Mormon, as already shown), still he admits as follows:

"Resemblances have been found between the calendar systems of Egypt and America, based chiefly upon the length and division of the year, and the number of intercalary and complementary days."—Native Races, vol. 5, page 62.

Mr. John Delafield in his celebrated work on antiquities says:

"We find one feature common to the architectural genius of these races, which is to be discovered nowhere else. We allude to the surprising mechanical power that they must have employed in constructing their works of massive masonry, such as the present race of man has attempted in vain to move. Travelers in Egypt are filled with amazement at the stupendous blocks of stone with which the pyramids, tem-

ples, and tombs are constructed. In Peru the same is observed. \* \* \* Another feature presents great analogy: Their buildings, particularly their sacred houses, were covered with hieroglyphics. Each race, Egyptian, Mexican and Peruvian, recorded the deeds of their gods upon the walls of their temples. Nay, science was also sculptured thereon in both countries, in the form of zodiacs and planispheres, corresponding even in signs. In the sanctuaries of Palenque are found sculptured representations of idols which resemble the most ancient gods, both of Egypt and Syria. Planispheres and zodiacs exist which exhibit a superior astronomical and chronological system to that which was possessed by the Egyptians."—Antiquities of America, pp. 59, 60.

In relation to the harmony found to exist between the calendar systems of the Egyptians and the Ancient Mexicans and Peruvians, already referred to by Bancroft, we gather the following from Delafield. It is a portion of a letter from Mons. Jomard, a scientist who had carefully investigated the astronomical computations and calendar system of the ancient Egyptians. He thus wrote to Delafield:

"I have also recognized in your memoir on the division of time among the Mexican nations, compared with those of Asia, some very striking analogies between the Toltec characters and

institutions observed on the banks of the Nile. Among these analogies there is one which is worthy of attention. It is the use of the vague year of three hundred and sixty-five days (composed of equal months and of five complementary days equally employed at Thebes and in Mexico, a distance of three thousand leagues. It is true that the Egyptians had no intercalation, while the Mexicans intercalated thirteen days every fifty-two years. \* \* \* In reality the intercalation of the Mexicans comes to the same thing as that of the Julian calendar, which is one day in four years, and, consequently supposes the duration of the year to be three hundred and sixty-five days and six hours. Now it is remarkable that the same solar year of three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, adopted by nations so different \* \* \* relates to a real astronomical year, and belongs peculiarly to the Egyptians. \* \* \* It would be superfluous to examine how the Mexicans obtained this knowledge. Such a problem would not be soon solved. But the fact of the intercalation of thirteen days every cycle, that is, the use of a year of three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, is a proof that it was either borrowed from the Egyptians, or that they had a common origin."—Delafield's American Antiquities, pp. 52, 53.

### THE BIVOUC OF THE DEAD.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo;

No more on life's parade shall meet

The brave and daring few.

On fame's eternal camping ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And glory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

No answer of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind,

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind;

No vision of the morrow's strife

The warrior's dream alarms;

No braying horn or screaming fife

At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,

Their plumed heads are bowed;

Their haughty banner trailed in dust

Is now their martial shroud,

And plenteous funeral tears have washed

The red stains from each brow,

And their proud forms in battle gashed

Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,

The trumpet's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

The din and shout are past;

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,

Shall thrill with fierce delight

Those breasts that never more shall feel

The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread Northern hurricane

That sweeps his broad plateau,

Flushed with the triumph yet to gain

Came down the serried foe;

Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt

To meet them on the plain;

And long the pitying sky hath wept

Above our gallant slain.

Sons of our consecrated ground,

Ye must not slumber there.

Where stranger steps and tongues resound

Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil

Shall be your fitter grave;

She claims from War his richest spoil,

The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,

Far from the gory field;

Borne to a Spartan mother's breast

On many a bloody shield;

The sunshine of their native sky

Smiles sadly on them here,

And kindred hearts and eyes watch by

The heroes' sepulchre.



Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!  
 Dear as the blood you gave,  
 No impious footsteps here shall tread  
 The herbage of your grave;  
 Nor shall your glory be forgot  
 While Fame her record keeps,  
 Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
 Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceful stone  
 In deathless songs shall tell,  
 When many a vanished age hath flown,  
 The story how he fell;  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
 Nor time's remorseless doom  
 Shall dim one ray of holy light,  
 That girds your glorious tomb.

—Selected.

## MOSES Q'S REASON.

MOSES Q keeps a barber shop under the savings bank. He is about as black as black can be, and was once a slave.

One morning I stepped into his shop to get my hair cut. There was another man just taking a seat in the chair as I entered. He was the secretary of the — Church Sunday School, and a very fine specimen of a man.

I was not a little amused at the conversation that was carried on between Moses and his customer, for unlike his Hebrew namesake, the darkey Moses is by no means slow of speech.

"No sah," said Moses, very emphatically, "I'se done quit dat dirty business."

"But," said the customer, "you came from a tobacco raising State. You must have used the weed a good while."

"Yes sah," said Moses, "I beginn'd it when I was a pickaninny. I smoked on de ole plantation, and I smoked in de wah times, and after de wah was ober I kept on smokin'. I began wid a clay pipe, but arter I got free and commenced to pick up de dimes, I got shut of de clay pipe and took to usin' cigars.

"Seemed like I was mo' of a gemman wid a cigar in my mouf, 'specially when de little white boys on their way home from school would grab for my stubs, that was as short as my wool, and den go round the streets smokin' 'em for all dey was wurf.

"Dey wouldn't eat wid a nigger nohow, but dey wasn't above smokin' his old cigar stubs. Dey might jes' as well have worn his old clo'es."

"What made you give up smoking, Moses?" said the gentleman in the chair.

"Well sah," said Moses, "dere was a great awakenin' in the Free Methodist

Church about five years ago. De evenin' meetin's of dat church used to keep de neighbors awake ebery time.

"De debbil make a big fight for dis yer sinner, but de good Savior stood by him, and I tell you, sah, I didn't git no peace till I went back on de debbil and jined de army ob de Lord.

"One Sunday mawnin' de preacher took for his text dis yer passage ob Scriptur': 'Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of the Holy Ghost?'

"De preacher said de good Lord did not care wheder de body was black or white, if only it was clean on de inside. I had smoked all de way to church de very day I heard dat sermon. So I looked at de matter dis way: I axed myself, 'Moses, is yer clean on de inside?' Den I axed myself, 'Did I ever see a smoke-house dat was clean on de inside?' And I had seen some dat had mo' bacon hangin' in 'em when I opened de doah dan when I shut it.

"Furdermo', for some time befo' I heard dat sermon, I had been teachin' in de Sunday-school. Some of de boys was serious like. Seemed as if de Holy Spirit was a strivin' to git into deyer hearts. I thought, suppose de Holy Spirit should come into dat class next Sunday, and smell de teacher's bref, and den say, 'Moses, you ain't clean and it ain't no use for you to try to lead dese young lambs to Jesus, when you's a wanderin' sheep yourself.'

"And den I thought, can de Holy Ghost live in Moses' heart when dars old cigar stubs lyin' round in ebery corner of it, and I tell you, sah, I jest had to give in and tell de Lord I was dun quit smokin'.

"After dat I felt as if I was kind o' tidied up inside, and when I stood befo'

my class de next time it didn't seem as if dey would say, 'Go away you old hypocrite, what you lettin' on about a clean heart for? De boys used to smoke cigarettes, but when dey heard dat de teacher had dun quit his cigars dey dun quit smokin' too, and I tell you what, boss, I'se got a glorious class.'

"Well, what's to pay, Moses?" said the customer.

"Let's see; you've had a shave and a sea-foam. Thirty-five cents, sah. De top ob your head am clean, and I hope sah, you's clean inside."

A day or two after that my friend, to whom Moses had given his reasons for giving up his cigar, took a seat in my office.

"Do you know," said he, "that I have quit smoking?"

"No," said I; "have you?"

"Yes, I have," said he.

"You heard black Moses tell me the other day why he quit, and it occurred to me that if a darkey who has been a slave could take such a position as he takes,

for the sake of his influence, and for conscience' sake, then for conscience' sake, I, a white man, and secretary of a Sunday school, ought not to take a lower one."

There was a roar in the office at this little speech, for several veterans of the weed were making the air blue with smoke.

"So you are a disciple of Moses, are you?" said one of them. "We'll see how long you will hold out."

"A hopeful young convert," said another. "Young converts are generally like young robins, the younger they are the more mouth they have. We all hope you will persevere."

But I, the listener on both occasions, think that Moses was right. No matter who laughs, I would say to any minister of the gospel, or Sunday-school teacher who reads this sketch, as President Lincoln said to the Marquis of Hartington, when he announced to him a marriage in the Queen's family, "Go thou and do likewise."—*Sel.*

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### "THE WORDS OF THE BOOK."

"There are in this loud stunning tide  
Of human care and crime,  
With whom the melodies abide  
Of the everlasting chime;  
Who carry music in their heart  
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,  
Plying their daily toil with busier feet,  
Because their secret souls a holy strain  
repeat."

"And in that day shall the deaf hear the words of the book."—Isa. 29:18.

ONE glorious Saturday morning in April, 1861, Pattie, in company with an elderly lady, was on her way to attend the monthly church meeting. The day was perfect in the beauty of resurrected life, though but few, except those whose ears were closed to external sounds, took note of its loveliness; for hostilities had begun between the different sections of our country. The roll of the drum and the tread

of marching feet were the sights and sounds that occupied the attention of all ears and eyes. All tender affections of the human heart, all heavenly aspirations and holy teachings were alike forgotten in a mad rush "to the front," in obedience to the cry "To arms!"

Arriving at the church, Pattie and her friend both noticed the air of suppressed excitement among the people assembled who were gathered about the room in little knots discussing some absorbing topic, while a look of determination was exhibited on most countenances. The meeting was opened as usual by singing and prayer, with other preliminary proceedings, after which the case of a brother was called for trial, charged with unchristian conduct towards a brother during the heat of a political discussion. The friends of both parties were out in force, and no sooner had the case been stated than counter charges began to fly back and forth, mingled with such epithets as "liar,"

"copperhead," etc. All semblance of respect for the place was cast aside and passion took full control.

Pattie looked at the strange scene in amazement and alarm, unable to hear what was said, but well comprehending that it meant the reverse of peace and good will. Neither of her parents were present, but Mrs. Thurston, the friend who accompanied her, presently arose and taking Pattie's arm, said, "Come, we will go." A number of others who had taken no part in the scene also left.

On their way home Mrs. Thurston related the cause of the disturbance, and when they reached her home, a short distance from Mr. Waldville's, she invited Pattie to stop with her for tea, saying that she desired to talk more with her. There was a warm friendship existing between the two, notwithstanding the disparity in their ages. Mrs. Thurston was an intelligent, refined lady of sixty years, and childless. Her home was one of the few places which Pattie delighted to visit, and the lady always welcomed the young girl with affectionate interest. This memorable day as they entered the pleasant sitting room she placed a pillow on the lounge and bade Pattie rest while she changed her dress.

The warm sunshine flooding the window where Pattie lay invited her gaze to the budding greenness and freshness without, and her vision rested upon them with conscious appreciation; but the currents of thought and feeling had been stirred to their depths by that which she had witnessed of unrestrained human passion, and her mind could not return to its communion with nature as a few hours before. Was it not enough that fellow citizens of a common country were at war, without brethren in the church of Christ being also moved by the same spirit of hate to mutual destruction? Could the political union of states be of more importance than the spiritual union of the body of Christ? How did all these things comport with the word of the inspired apostle, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.?"

Pattie's reverie was interrupted by her friend drawing a low rocking chair to the side of the lounge, saying as she seated

herself, "Now, dearie, tell me of what you are thinking."

"I am thinking of the strange dissimilarity between Christ and his disciples of the present time, and wondering what they would have done had he suddenly appeared in his temple to-day," said Pattie. Her friend smiled.

"He will not trouble them by his presence there. That is not his church in doctrine or practice," she replied.

Pattie turned a startled look of surprise on her, for Mrs. Thurston had ever been regarded as a strong Baptist. Was it possible for the events of a day to change her convictions? When Pattie found voice to speak she asked, "But where would you go? You know that the other denominations are as distracted and torn by political strife as the Baptists? The Methodists and Presbyterians are divided North and South through sectional hate?"

"Yes, dear, I know all that is true. I am not looking for the Church of Christ among any of the sects."

"Do you think then that there is no true church upon earth?"

"No; I know that God has a people now upon the earth who have the gospel in its fullness and perfection. Did you ever think, Pattie, how different are the *doctrines* as well as the practices of the various religious sects to those of Christ and the apostles, as you read in the New Testament?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Thurston; I have thought about it, but I have never been able to understand just how they differ; yet there does appear to be as great a difference between them and the teachings of Christ as between the sects themselves."

"You are right. It is a different gospel; and you know what Paul pronounced against those who should preach another, or a perverted gospel? 'Let him be accursed.'"

Pattie was silent for a moment. She had never gone so far in her questioning, and it seemed to her like disloyalty to Christ to admit the correctness of such a conclusion. At length, speaking slowly as though weighing each word, she said, "I have thought there was some mistake, but I have never doubted the honesty of the people of the various faiths."

"Neither have I, but honesty, my child, does not prevent people from being deceived. The real honest in heart are those

who look well to their steps and are willing to retrace them, and inquire for the right paths when they have reason to doubt the correctness of those in which they are walking."

"Mrs. Thurston, you spoke of a people who have the perfect gospel. Where are they, and why are you not with them?"

"Well, Pattie, when I first heard of them in 1842 there were circumstances which I thought prevented me from uniting with them, and two years afterward their leader was killed and the people scattered. I do not know now where there is a body of them;\* but I know they have the truth and it will yet be made manifest. You have read of a people whom the world call Mormons, have you not?"

"The Mormons! Yes, I have read about them in history; they were said to be a bad people. They are now in Utah Territory and Brigham Young is their leader. They are said to practice polygamy."

"That is what the world says of them, and as far as Brigham Young and his followers are concerned I will not dispute it, for they are apostates from the gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed in the New Testament and the Book of Mormon, and as delivered to Joseph Smith by the angel, and preached by him to the time of his death. I will show you *the words of the Book.*"

She went to a drawer and took from it a book the size of a pocket Bible, and finding the place she handed it to Pattie requesting her to read them aloud. They were as follows: "Hearken unto the word of the Lord, for there shall not any man among you have save it be one wife, and concubines he shall have none." †

"There, dear; there is nothing in the Bible between its two lids that so explicitly forbids the crime of polygamy as the words you have just read from the Book of Mormon, that book translated by Joseph Smith through the power of God."

Pattie turned the volume over, looked at it curiously and said: "Do you mean to say that this is the book translated from the golden plates?" she asked.

"Yes, that is the book. It has become very precious to me, and if you think your parents will not object, you may take it

home with you to read. I have also some other reading that will tell you all about the finding and translating of the plates. Read them carefully, and when you are through tell me what you think of them."

It must not be supposed that this long conversation took place with the ease that it would had Pattie been in the full possession of her faculties. Mrs. Thurston had frequent resort to the slate and pencil to make herself understood, but she had her reward in the thoughtful interest awakened in the mind of the young girl. The other reading of which she spoke was a bound volume of a magazine, entitled, "The Gospel Reflector," published in Philadelphia, in 1841, wherein the doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is set forth and scripture evidence adduced to establish it.— Thus it read on the title page. It contained a history of the Book of Mormon and Oliver Cowdery's letters to W. W. Phelps.

Mrs. Thurston related to Pattie her own conversion to the faith through the labor of a cousin of hers, an Elder Barton, with whom she still corresponded; and she drew from her pocket a letter that she had received a few days previous and gave it to Pattie to read. He wrote: "You ask what I think of the war. I believe it is the fulfillment of prophecy as found in Isaiah, Daniel and Joel, and last of all by the Prophet and Seer, Joseph Smith, who in 1832 gave by revelation and prophecy the following:

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, concerning the wars that will shortly come to pass, beginning at the rebellion of South Carolina, which will eventually terminate in the death and misery of many souls. The days will come that war will be poured out upon all nations, beginning at that place: for behold, the Southern States shall be divided against the Northern States, and the Southern States will call on other nations, even the nation of Great Britain, as it is called, and they shall also call upon other nations, in order to defend themselves against other nations; and thus war shall be poured out upon all nations.

"And it shall come to pass after many days, slaves shall rise up against their masters, who shall be marshaled and disciplined for war.

"And it shall come to pass also, that the remnants who are left of the land will

\* Mrs. T— had not at this time heard of the Reorganization.

† Page 116 Book of Mormon, Jacob ch. 2, par. 6.

marshal themselves, and shall become exceeding angry, and shall vex the Gentiles with a sore vexation; and thus, with the sword, and by bloodshed, the inhabitants of the earth shall mourn; and with famine, and plague, and earthquakes, and the thunder of heaven, and the fierce and vivid lightning also, shall the inhabitants of the earth be made to feel the wrath, and indignation, and chastening hand of an Almighty God, until the consumption decreed hath made a full end of all nations; that the cry of the Saints, and of the blood of the Saints, shall cease to come up into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, from the earth, to be avenged of their enemies.

‘Wherefore, stand ye in holy places, and be not moved, until the day of the Lord come; for behold it cometh quickly, saith the Lord. Amen.’

‘The first part of that prophecy is now exactly fulfilled in the rebellion of South Carolina, and the division of the Southern from the Northern States. I fully expect to see every item of it accomplished and much more before the war shall end. Yea there will be trouble and bloodshed, such as America has not seen since the final destruction of the Nephites, as related in the Book of Mormon.’

As Pattie prepared to return home after the pleasant five o’clock tea, Mrs. Thurston, laying her hand upon the Book, said, ‘That is no novel, Pattie; you will find in it the solution of all your difficulties. Study it carefully and prayerfully.’ And Pattie promised.

She walked home, pondering deeply the things she had seen and heard that day. Was it so that the gospel was, in very truth, the same that it had been centuries ago when it came, not in word only, but in power? Did he still reveal himself to prophets in these days as when Moses and Elijah, with wrapt, ecstatic, vision trod the Mount of God? She raised her questioning eyes to the blue depths above her and exclaimed with intense yearning in her voice, ‘O, is it true? is it true?’ She longed to believe so, but if it was true how could the world have lived in ignorance of it so long? ‘I am not of the world,’ came to her mind with such startling distinctness that it seemed to have been spoken near her, and she remembered how as a stranger and a pilgrim her Lord had walked the earth

in the midst of those who were looking for his appearing. Perhaps he was as unrecognized in his works and doctrine now as he was then.

With a sober, thoughtful brow she entered her home and reverently laid the books on the table. Her mother looked up, ‘Something more to read?’ she questioned smilingly, and Pattie answered, ‘Yes, from Mrs. Thurston.’ No further notice was taken of them, for it was such a common occurrence for Pattie to bring home books.

To her father’s inquiries she related the proceedings at the church, but said nothing of the subsequent conversation with Mrs. Thurston, distrusting her ability to make it comprehensible to them, and desiring as unrestrained and unprejudiced an investigation of the subject as she had given to other religious faiths, and feeling uncertain how her parents would regard it, although they were liberal towards other denominations; yet she made no attempt at concealment, leaving the books where they had full opportunity to examine them, and she studied them in the presence of the family, as she was accustomed to do in all her reading. No notice was taken of them however, as the stirring news from the war occupied all minds; for as time went on and its magnitude began to develop, every heart was filled with alarm, and all were too absorbed in watching its progress to feel interest in aught else.

There are but few school children in this land who are not well acquainted with that sad part of our national history; but as our magazine will be read by the youth of other lands who are not so well acquainted with the details of that occurrence, it seems desirable to point out to them the literal fulfillment of the Seer’s prophecy.

The rebellion began by the withdrawing of South Carolina from the Union in December, 1860, followed soon by ten others of the Southern States. Hostilities began by the firing on Fort Sumpter, at Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, April, 1861. In the latter part of the same year the South sent James M. Mason and John Slidell, as ambassadors to Great Britain.

The emancipated slaves were marshaled and disciplined for war, as was foretold.

In the Summer of 1862 there was a terrible massacre of over seven hundred peo-

ple in Minnesota, by the Indians (the remnants), who continued to vex the people in various places for many years after.

I need not go on to tell you of the storms, cyclones and earthquakes that have prevailed, nor remind you how war and rumors of war have followed each other in Europe; nor how even now all nations are waiting, armed for the blow to fall that is to involve them all in conflict.

Nearly thirty years ago our young friend Pattie began to watch the fulfillment of these things with an interest far greater than any could feel who watched them from a political standpoint; for to her they meant the certainty that God had spoken again in these last days, and they intensified her interest in the study of the books.

To be continued.

## THE HONEST RUM-SELLER (?);

### OR LIGHT IN THE BAR-ROOM.

BY THOMAS J. SMITH.

#### CHAPTER I.

While storms wildly rage on the billowy deep,  
The waters in part lie calmly asleep.

**F**AR out on the western border of the State of Nebraska and nestled among the rugged hills of the sluggish Republican river stands the little town of T—. At the time of its platting and organization, some nine years ago, the footprints of the savage had scarcely faded away from the hillsides, the reign of the "gay and rollicking" cowboy was at its zenith, thousands of the vast herds of buffalo that once roamed those wild prairies were still to be seen, while the lonely homesteader, "in his little sod shanty by the draw," was nightly serenaded by the hair-raising racket of the prowling coyote, or the child-like scream of the panther. The Burlington and Missouri River Railroad Company had, just prior to this time, pushed a line of road from the Missouri River to Denver, Colorado, and this little town was one of the stations upon it. Its population, all told, was just two hundred and fifty souls, and they were a live, energetic people.

There was nothing connected with the history of this place, either past or present, to distinguish it from all other western towns of equal size, save one thing, and that was, that since its beginning not a single saloon had ever been established within its limits. This indeed was peculiar and foreign to general custom; for the rum seller is usually among the pioneers of all western towns, as well as eastern, northern and southern ones. The

reason for the absence of the saloon in this town was not because there were no men willing to engage in the business, but because the citizens in and around the town were opposed to the liquor traffic, and as a natural result a saloon in such a place would not be successful; hence its non-appearance. So long had the idea of a saloon been frowned down by the people, that many of them indulged the hope that they would never have to grapple with this arch enemy of the human race; and so deeply grounded was this idea with some of them, that they openly boasted that no man dare establish a saloon in the place. But many new settlers of anti-temperance views had flocked in from all parts of the east, and matters began to assume quite a different aspect. The old rum fiend commenced raising his head and moving his slimy coils. This action, however was promptly frowned down by the temperance party, and its members felt stronger than ever.

But this success was only temporary; for while this feeling of hope and security was at its height and the thought of a saloon in the town seemed farther away than ever, the greatest excitement and consternation was produced by the following advertisement appearing in the weekly paper of the town:

*To whom it may concern:*

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, at the next meeting of the county commissioners, make application for a license to sell malt, vinous and distilled liquors on lot 1, block 6, in the town

of T——, H—— county, State of Nebraska.

JOHN MEYERS.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the effect this little advertisement produced upon the temperance people. Every mother's cheek blanched, and a pang of the deepest anguish pierced her inmost soul. Every father knit his brow, while his face assumed a troubled and determined expression. There was a loud disapproval of the act and an expressed conclusion to oppose it bitterly.

"The fat was in the fire," sure enough. War was quickly declared, and that to a finish. Those who endorsed the movement and would give it their influence, consisted of a few old men who "took a drap now and then," and a number of others who believed that a town never amounted to much without a saloon. Matters were running under the high pressure system, and night had not drawn her sable mantle over the little town before the line, which separated the two parties had been distinctly drawn, and every one knew exactly where it was, save in a few cases, and they were those of Harry Walters, the village blacksmith, and a number of his intimate friends who stood on neutral ground.

Harry had not sided with either party, but had remained completely non-committal. The Temperance party had hopes of him, because he had encouraged every enterprise that tended to benefit the town or people. The other side claimed him, because he had been known to tell that he had been in the liquor business himself for fifteen years. Although he said nothing about the matter, a close observer could have readily discerned which party his sympathies were with. His face wore a frowning and troubled expression, the draw hammer fell with more than usual force upon the plowshare, while every now and then a deep drawn sigh would escape his lips and a tear moisten his eye. Some sad scene of the past was no doubt passing his mind. Each party was quite anxious to know how he and his friends stood on the matter, so that they would know just what to do when the final struggle came. So next morning he was approached by a representative of each and asked his views on the subject. He gave neither one any satisfaction, but made the unexpected proposition, that if the people would turn out on the coming

Saturday evening, at the school hall, he would speak to them on the matter and give his views on the temperance subject.

This announcement created almost as much excitement and comment as did the rumseller's advertisement. No one ever dreamed of such a thing. 'Tis true that several of them knew that he had been educated, and had taught several terms of the district school before he embarked in the blacksmith's trade; but such a thing as a village smith lecturing on temperance had never entered their heads. Then, well might the excitement run high and the people wait in anxiety for the appointed time to come.

It may be well to remark right here that the license laws of Nebraska compel the applicant to get the signatures of a certain number of citizens of the place in which he wishes to sell liquor to a petition expressing their willingness for him to do so. He must also have them testify to his honesty, and must give security to a stipulated amount of money for a faithful observance of the laws regulating him. To the uninitiated this may sound somewhat awry. They, probably, cannot get the matter straight in their minds how an honest man can carry on a dishonest business; but they must not be too inquisitive. They must just "shut their eyes and open their mouths" and swallow whatever is thrown in, and must wink at the idea so often expressed, that a "crooked" business must be carried on by "crooked" men and on "crooked" principles. But should there a be reader of this little story who has the courage and independence to investigate the "crookedness" of the rum trade, we will inform him right here, that he will have to wade through a sea of mire, filth and rottenness, the duplicate of which cannot be produced this side of the pit.

The anxiously awaited evening at length arrived, and with it a crowd of people filled the school hall to overflowing. From the old grandmother of three score and ten to the four weeks old babe, all had turned and been turned out; the latter, however, did not exhibit that interest in the all-absorbing topic of license or no license, as did the old grandmothers. In the mean time the petition asking for the names of those desiring the establishment of a saloon in the place and recommending John Myers as an honest and upright man, had been circulated and signed by all who

were so disposed. On the other hand, the temperance advocates had gotten up a remonstrance to this petition, which had been signed by all those who coincided with their views. The number of names to each paper was so nearly equal, that the neutral names would have turned the victory to which ever side they might be given. These neutral persons would sign neither paper until they had heard the matter fully canvassed, and as they had great faith in Harry Walters, they must hear what he had to say before making up their minds. The reader will at once perceive that the result of the whole matter depended upon him.

The time for the exercises to begin having arrived, Walters arose before his audience. He was quite pale and trembled some, which, however, was not perceived by his audience. His voice was strong and clear. The most casual observer who was in the least acquainted with the history of this short "whisky war," knew the moment he arose from his seat just how it would end. His convictions were written as plainly upon his face and as easily read as the largest sign that ever hung over a saloon door, and the countenances of the temperance portion of his audience shone and sparkled as brightly as the largest lamp that ever illuminated the inside of one, while the faces of the rum party were as dark and dismal as the hopes and prospects of a drunkard's wife.

"My friends and fellow citizens," he began, "I am not here to-night to deliver you a temperance lecture; that is, a lecture after the usual way of delivering them. I am not here to attempt to measure the length, the breadth and the height of the evils and curses that flow from the rum trade, for I tell you they are beyond dimensions. I am not here with charts and diagrams to draw a comparison between this trade and the mercantile pursuits of the world; but will say, that the odds are greatly against the latter. I am not here to number the dollars and pounds that annually flow into the coffers of the rum makers and sellers, but will say that in the great day of judgment every penny of it will be heaped upon their heads, which will sink them to the lowest depths of perdition. I am not here to give you the volume of the river the amount of rum drank in a year would make were it all turned into one channel, but will say

that that river is constantly pouring its murky waters into the great reservoirs of eternity, where they are turned into the bitterest gall, and the rum seller, the rum maker and the rum advocate will have to drink it to the last drop. I am not here to tell you of the number of war ships the tears shed over this life-destroying and soul-sinking traffic would float; but will say, that not a single tear drop will go unremembered, they are bottled up in the archives of heaven and will be poured out as "vials of wrath" upon the heads of the makers and venders of this accursed poison. Neither am I here to tell you that were all the prayers and curses pronounced against this business, written out in shorthand, they would reach a thousand times around the globe; but I will say that every mother's prayer, every father's curse, every widow's groan, and every orphan's cry for bread will meet these rum apologists at the bar of God as flying scorpions and flaming swords, where they will sting and pierce them to the very soul. No, my friends, I am not here for these purposes; but I will tell you why I am here to-night and in this capacity.

Within the past few days you have been called upon to express your willingness that a saloon should be established in this town and designated Mr. John Meyers as an honest and upright man and one suitable to conduct the affairs of this saloon, when established; that is, you have been called upon to make him an "*honest rum seller*." Now, having had fifteen years' experience in the rum trade, I know you will not doubt me when I tell you that I have learned about all there is in it. I know it from its beginning to its ending, from Alpha to Omega, from the first dram to a drunkard's tombstone. I have sold the miserable stuff in many of the largest western cities, as well as in many of the smaller ones. I began in Cincinnati, Ohio, and ended up in a small town in Iowa. I have seen the business in all its phases, and am prepared to say, that no matter where conducted, how conducted, and by whom conducted, it is the same thing. It is true that some of the rum venders are farther advanced in the mysteries of the trade than others, and some branch out in different directions from their predecessors, but the finale of the whole matter is the same. I am here to-night, my friends, to "show up" this *hon-*



*est rum seller*, to exhibit him in his true and natural element, to shed "*light in the bar-room*," and to expose the tricks and traps of the rum trade by which the sot is gunk deeper, the shackles riveted more firmly upon the moderate drinker and the footsteps of the young led into the way to

a drunkard's grave and ruin. But ere I begin upon this task it may be well for me here to relate how I came to forsake the degrading business. You will, therefore, excuse me if I trace a few lines of my past life.

(To be continued).

## EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

(Page 192, Plate 16, Codex Vaticanus.)

"THIS they say is the representation of that tower which we have already mentioned that they built in Cholula, which the old men say was constructed in this manner. Those Indians who were under that chief who had escaped from the deluge, name Xllua, made bricks out of a mountain in Tlalmanalco called Cocotle; and from Tlalmanalco to Cholula, Indians were placed to pass the bricks and cement from hand to hand, and thus they built this tower, that was named Tullan Culula, which was so high that it appeared to reach heaven. And being content, since it seemed to them that they had a place to escape from the deluge, if it should again happen, and from whence they might ascend to heaven,—a chalcuitl, which is a precious stone, fell from thence and struck it to the ground." . . .

(Page 200, Plate 20.)

"We certainly ought to deplore the blindness of this people and the cunning of Satan, who in this manner has persevered in counterfeiting the Scriptures; since he communicated to these poor people the knowledge of the temptation of our mother Eve, and of the inconsistency of our father Adam, under the fiction of this woman, who is turned toward her husband, as God declared to our mother Eve, (and she shall desire towards her husband), whom they call Isnextli, who is the same as Eve, who is always weeping, with her eyes dim with ashes, with a rose in her hand, emblematical of her grief, being in consequence of having gathered it. And accordingly they say that she can not behold heaven; wherefore in recollection of the happiness which, on that account, she lost, they celebrate a fast every eight years, on account of this

calamitous event; the fast was on bread and water. They fasted during the eight signs preceding the entrance of the rose, and when that sign arrived they prepared themselves for the celebration of the festival. They affirm that every series of five days comprised in this calendar was dedicated to this fall, because on such a day Eve sinned. They were accordingly enjoined to bathe themselves on this night, in order to escape disease."

204. "I can not omit to remark, that one of the arguments that persuades me that this nation descends from the Hebrew, is to see what knowledge they have of the Book of Genesis; for, although the devil has succeeded in mixing up so many errors, his lies are still in such a course of conformity with Catholic truth, that there is reason to think that they have had acquaintance with this book. Since this and the other four books which follow, which are the Pentateuch, were written by Moses, and were only found amongst the Hebrew people, there is very strong ground for supposing that this nation proceeds from them. The manner in which they came to this country is unknown. Further proof of this fact may be found in their frequent sacrifices and ceremonies; one amongst others was . . .

The Jews considered the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness as a famous type of the coming of their future Messiah. And since the Mexicans were so well acquainted with the early history of the Pentateuch, and with the signs and wonders which Moses performed in Egypt, by lifting up his rod, which became a serpent, it is probable that they were not ignorant of the history of the brazen serpent, and that Quecalcoatle (which proper name

signifies the feathered serpent) was so named after the memorable prodigy of the serpent in the wilderness, the feathers perhaps alluding to the rabbinical tradition that the fiery serpents which bit the children of Israel, and which God sent suddenly against them, were of a winged species. Representations of the lifting up of serpents frequently occur in Mexican paintings, and the plagues which Moses called down upon the Egyptians by lifting up his rod, which became a serpent, are evidently referred to in the eleventh and twelfth pages of the Borgian Manuscript. An allusion to the passage of the Red Sea, the waters of which rolled back to allow the children of Israel pass, and were a wall unto them on their right hand and on their left, as it is said in the twenty-second verse of the fourteenth chapter of Exodus, seems also to be contained on the seventy-first page of the lesser Vatican Manuscript; and the destruction of Pharaoh and his host, and the thanksgiving of Moses may perhaps be signified by the figure on the left, on the same page, of a man falling into a pit or gulf, and by the hand on the right, stretched out to receive an offering."

255. "The Toltecas were most probably Jews who had colonized America in very early ages, bringing along with them the knowledge of various arts, and instructing the Indians in them, but especially propagating among them their own religious doctrines, rites, ceremonies, and superstitions, which seemed to have pervaded the New World from one end of that vast continent to the other, and even to have extended to some of the islands in the Pacific Ocean; for we read in Captain Cook's voyages of the rite of tattooing, or consecration, or putting apart, or making unclean for a definite period of time, both animate and inanimate things; and also that the natives of some of those islands, which were probably peopled from America, practiced circumcision."

#### 290.—BEARDED TRIBE.

"But still, the account of a bearded tribe amongst the Indians inhabiting a mountainous district of the Capotecas, who were designated by the Spaniards Mexis or Mixies, and who, according to their report, exceeded all Indian tribes in cannibalism, and were cruelly exterminated by them, (principally with the assist-

ance of mastiffs), must excite our suspicion as to whether they might not have been Jews. Herrera says: 'In the province of the Mixies, that has been already mentioned, which is twenty leagues distant from Guaxaca, the people are of a good stature, have long beards, (which is an uncommon thing in these parts), and their language is very thick in pronunciation, like that of the Germans.'"

From a painting which occurs on the eighty-seventh page of the Codex Vaticanus, it would appear that the Capotecas were a bearded people, as well as the Mexes. The two nations bordered on each other, and alliances might sometimes have taken place between them.

"If the Mexes were Jews, it is probable that their ancestors constructed the palaces of Mictlan and other splendid monuments in the territory of the Capotecas, which M. Dupaix is not inclined to attribute to the art and industry of the latter people. That the Mexes were not the barbarous people that Spanish authors describe them, is evident from the superior knowledge which they possessed of the art of Indian warfare; for, whilst the Tlaxcaltecas with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men could scarcely preserve their independence against Montezuma, and had in fact consented to the payment of a slight tribute, as is evident from the forty-fourth plate of the collection of Mendoza, where the symbol of their state is found amongst those of the other tributary cities and nations, and is numbered twenty-three. The Mexes are said by Herrera to have resisted all the efforts of Montezuma to subdue them, although their entire population did not exceed two thousand men. Another proof of their possessing a certain degree of civilization is, that they employed historical paintings, in which they recorded the brave actions of their country men."

296. "It is certainly surprising to see how nearly the Jewish costume is imitated in some of the Mexican paintings. In the twelfth page of that manuscript of the Bodleian library, which seems to represent the migration of the Mexicans, or some other subject connected with a descent into hell, and which is unfortunately only a fragment of a larger painting, from which a part has evidently been torn off, the figure occurs of a Mexican priest in a dress very like that of the high priest of

the Jews; the linen ephod, the breast-plate, and the border of pomegranates, described in Exodus, are there in a manner represented. The golden bells are wanting, but those ornaments will be found in the valuable painting preserved in the Royal library of Dresden, attached to the dress of several of the figures, to which they are appended by certain hemmings or fringes, as was ordained in the twenty-eighth of Exodus, in the case of the dress of the Jewish high priest, 'And beneath,' &c. Was it the fruit or the flower of the pomegranate, we ask, that was worked on the garments of the priest? The fruit appears to be imitated on the dress of the priest in the Oxford manuscript; but the flower, which may be that of the pomegranate, occurs as a symbol in the representations of several of the Mexican temples.

"It has been remarked above that the dress of the Mexican priest bears only a partial resemblance to that of the Jewish high priest; for it will be immediately perceived that besides the golden bells, the girdle and mitre are wanting. Gomara has observed, that a girdle sometimes formed a part of the Indian costume; and in the great variety of sacerdotal habits in use among the Indians, there is no difficulty in supposing, that what on one occasion might have been worn, might on another have been omitted. The Archbishop of Saint Domingo, Augustine Duvila, whose testimony must have great weight in a question of this kind, has also affirmed that the sacred vestments discovered in Tamaculapa were very like those worn by the high priests of the Jews. The head of the above mentioned priest seems to be ornamented with ribbons interwoven with the hair; but the Mexican tecutli, or crown, which bore a much closer resemblance to the head dress of Aaron than the Episcopal mitre, is represented in the same page of the Oxford Manuscript on the head of another figure. It also frequently occurs amongst the paintings of the collection of Mendoza, and is there always painted blue. This crown, or mitre, was worn by Mexican kings, and likewise by the judges; the former has it richly adorned with plates of gold. Those kings united, it is to be supposed, pontifical with regal dignity, although the ostensible head of the Mexican religion was the high priest,

who at his consecration to the office was anointed with oil of olli, mixed with blood. Moses declares in the sixth verse of the twenty-ninth chapter of Exodus, that he was commanded by God to "Put the mitre upon his head, and put the holy crown upon the mitre;" and in the twentieth verse to "Kill the ram, and take of his blood, and put it upon the tip of the right ear of Aaron, and upon the tip of the right ear of his sons, and upon the thumb of their right hand, and upon the great toe of their right foot, and sprinkle the blood upon the altar round about."

"It is evident, from the passage in Exodus which has been quoted, that the holy crown was distinct from the mitre, &c. . . . Three things deserve to be mentioned of the Mexican mitre. It frequently consisted of a plate of gold on a blue ground; it was tied to the head by a lace or ribbon; and it was peculiarly worn on the forehead of the king or priest. In Peru, a tassel hanging from the head of the Inca was the symbol of regal dignity; but some of the Incas wore a crown more nearly resembling an Episcopal mitre, if the portraits of those monarchs prefixed by Herrera to his Decads are not ideal."

298. "The Egyptian priests, some of whose customs the Jews seem to have imitated, notwithstanding the hatred they bore to the Egyptian nation, wore also, when discharging the functions of supreme judicature, a breast-plate with the image of Truth engraved upon it, as Diosdorus Siculus testifies."

"The figures in the Oxford Manuscript before referred to, are in the original paintings large and coarsely executed, with little apparent regard to minute details; it is impossible, therefore, to decide whether the breast-plate on the priest represented on the twelfth page, is square or round, or whether it contains one or more precious stones. The breast-plates worn by the Mexican priests appear to have been of different shapes and sizes, and to have been set with various numbers of precious stones. In the thirtieth page of the original Mexican painting, preserved in the library of the Vatican, the figure of a priest or some other personage occurs, with a round breast-plate attached by a chain to his neck; and near him appears to be two or three breast-

plates, one of a square and the other of a round form.

“From the forty-second verse of the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus: “And thou shalt make them linen breeches to cover their nakedness; from the loins even unto the thighs they shall reach.” It would appear that the mantle, worn from a sense of decency by the Mexican priests round their loins, very much resembled the breeches which Moses made for Aaron and his sons. It says in the thirty-seventh and following verses of the fifteenth chapter of Numbers: “And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and bid them make fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a ribband of blue; and it shall be unto you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the commandments of the Lord, and do them.” It was to be expected that so solemn an injunction to the Jews to wear fringes on the borders of their garments would be scrupulously obeyed throughout their generations; accordingly we find in the fifth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew: “But all their works they do for to be seen of men; they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments.”

Reference to the eighth page of the Oxford Manuscript, before mentioned, will show that it was a Mexican custom also to wear fringes and borders fastened to the apparel; and an examination of any of the Mexican paintings contained in these volumes will fully establish the fact. The Oxford Manuscript, which has been so often referred to, it has already been observed, is incomplete. This original Mexican painting is drawn in a very coarse style, on paper of the metl, and unlike other Mexican paintings, it rolls up instead of being folded; some of the figures are uncolored, and the subject is probably historical or mythological, and it has been supposed connected with the descent of some fabulous personage into hell, since in a Christian calendar, that is to say, a Mexican painting explanatory of the rites and doctrines of Christianity, which we have had the opportunity of seeing, hell is always represented by the symbol of the upper jaw of a serpent, and the Jewish notion of descending as

it were into a pit, seems also to be preserved.

[NOTE].—It is probable that the lower orders amongst the Jewish populace dressed exactly like the Mexicans, wearing simply a mantle girded round their loins, which slight covering was even dispensed with by their prophets when they prophesied (Isa. 20; 1 Sam. 19). To the Greeks this manner of prophesying would have appeared as extraordinary and unbecoming, as the hallowed cave from which the Delphic oracles were delivered, or the tripod and the inspired priestess, were in the eyes of the early fathers. The oracles had in fact sunk into contempt for some time before the Christian era; since their predictions having so often failed, mankind began at last to suspect them; but that stress which some theologians lay on the cessation of oracles, which, like the cessation of sacrifices amongst the Jews, they say was occasioned by the coming of the Messiah; appealing moreover to a treatise of Plutarch on the subject, to prove that the oracles did cease about that time,—is unnecessary, since what becomes of their argument, if it can be proved that oracles existed in the New World long after the establishment of Christianity, and that the Jews there revived their old sacrifices? With respect to oracular inspiration, considered as a long prevailing belief of some of the greatest and wisest nations of antiquity, it may be observed that it was not so absurd as many Christian writers have represented it. For the principle having been admitted, that men might occasionally receive divine warnings of events likely to compromise great interests, the idea which suggested itself to the ancients, of establishing oracles, that on the one hand they might not appear to neglect the admonitions of heaven, nor on the other to suffer the populace to be deluded by false prophets, such as were frequent among the Jews—was founded on policy and a regard for the public good.”

313. “In the thirty-ninth page of the Mexican paintings, now in Pesth, Hungary, a curious representation of Quecalcoatle, as it would appear, occurs in the shape of a serpent fixed to a pole.”

“Mention has already been made of ablutions as common amongst the Mexicans; but the confession which was customary among the Peruvians is still more

surprising. Acosta, in the twenty-fifth chapter of the fifth volume of his history, describes it."

302. "We are induced from all these considerations to believe that the Peruvian sacrifices of atonement and burnt

offerings were originally instituted amongst the Indians by the Jews; and that time had corrupted them, as likewise the feast of the passover, into a mass of superstitions."

(To be continued).

### THE RING MOTTO.

A lover gave the wedding-ring  
 Into a goldsmith's hand.  
 "Grave me," he said, "a tender thought  
 Within this golden band."  
 The goldsmith graved  
 With careful art—  
 "Till death us part."

The wedding-bells rang gladly out.  
 The husband said, "Oh wife,  
 Together we shall share the grief,  
 The happiness of life.  
 I give to thee  
 My hand, my heart,  
 Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand,  
 (O love, that this should be!)  
 Then on it placed the golden band,  
 And whispered tenderly,  
 "Till death us join,  
 Lo, thou art mine  
 And I am thine!"

"Now grave four other words for me—  
 "Till death us join." He took  
 The precious golden band once more,  
 With solemn, wistful look,  
 And wrought with care,  
 For love, not coin,  
 "Till death us join."

—Selected.

"And when death joins we never more  
 Shall know an aching heart,  
 The bridal of that better love  
 Death has no power to part,  
 That troth will be  
 For thee and me  
 Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill  
 Through fifty changing years,  
 They shared each other's happiness,  
 They dried each other's tears.  
 Alas! Alas!  
 That death's cold dart  
 Such love can part!

But one sad day—she stood alone  
 Beside his narrow bed;  
 She drew the ring from off her hand,  
 And to the goldsmith said:  
 "Oh, man who graved  
 With careful art,  
 'Till death us part.'

### STRONG DRINK THE CHAMPION FIEND.

AN arch-fiend arrived in our world and he built an invisible caldron of temptation. He built that caldron strong and stout for all ages and all nations. First he squeezed into the caldron the juice of the forbidden fruit of Paradise. Then he gathered for it a distillation from the harvest-fields and the orchards of the hemispheres. Then he poured into this caldron capsicum, and copperas, and

logwood, and deadly nightshade, and assault and battery, and vitriol, and opium, and rum, and murder, and sulphuric acid, and theft, and potash, and cochineal, and red carrots, and poverty, and death, and hops. But it was a dry compound, and it must be moistened and it must be liquified, and so the arch-fiend poured into that caldron the tears of centuries of orphanage and widowhood, and he poured in the

blood of twenty thousand assassinations. And then the arch-fiend took a shovel that he had brought up from the furnaces beneath, and he put that shovel into the great caldron and began to stir, and the caldron began to heave, and rock, and boil, and sputter, and hiss, and smoke, and the nation gathered around it with cups, and tankards, and demijohns, and kegs, and there was enough for all, and the arch-fiend cried: "Aha! champion-fiend am I. Who has done more than I have for coffins, and grave yards, and prisons, and insane asylums, and the population of the lost world? And when this caldron is emptied I'll fill it again, and I'll stir it again, and it will smoke again, and that smoke will join another—the smoke of torment that ascendeth forever and ever.

"I drove fifty ships on the rocks of Newfoundland and the Skerries and the Goodwins. I defeated the Northern army at Fredericksburg. I have ruined more senators than will gather next winter in the

national councils. I have ruined more lords than will be gathered in the House of Peers. The cup out of which I ordinarily drink is a bleached human skull, and the upholstery of my palace is so rich a crimson because it is dyed in human gore, and the Mosaic of my floors is made up of children dashed to death by drunken parents, and my favorite music—sweeter than *Te Deum* or triumphal march—my favorite music is the cry of daughters turned out at midnight on the street because father has come home from the carousal, and the seven hundred voiced shriek of the sinking steamer because the captain was not himself when he put the ship on the wrong course. Champion fiend am I! I have kindled more fires, I have wrung out more agonies, I have stretched out more midnight shadows, I have opened more Golgothas, I have rolled more Juggernauts, I have damned more souls than any other emissary of diabolism. Champion fiend am I?"

—Talmage.

## A BRIEF TESTIMONY.

BY WILLIAM JORDAN.

AT THE request of a number of my friends I will try and give a few incidents in my life, together with some of the strong reasons why I am a *Latter Day Saint*. My early life will not be particularly interesting to your readers, so I will pass briefly over it:

I was born in the year 1802, near Richmond, Virginia. In 1815 our family moved to Bedford county, same state, and in 1817 to Breckenridge county, Kentucky. From there I went to St. Louis in 1820. I had been raised in the Methodist faith, but while I was in this newly started city, —which was at that time being evacuated by the Spanish and French, and being settled by Americans,—I was, I thought, driven into infidelity, and I will tell you how it came about: There was at that time seven different religious societies in the young city, and each seemed to be trying to gain control of the government of the town. The whole winter was spent by them in meetings, each working against the others. Seeing the confusion I thought

"Surely, there is but very little God in any of it." It seemed that the finishing touch to drive me into infidelity was given on one Sunday when I went to the — church and the pastor took for his text Zechariah 1: 8—claiming that his church was the pure white horse, while the other churches were the speckled horses, and that he was called of God to preach the gospel as he did.

In the evening of the same day I went to the church of which I was a member, and, to my surprise, the preacher took the same passage for his text, claimed to be called of God to preach as the other had done, and that his church was the pure white and the others were the speckled. I could see if there was any God in their teachings he was not the kind of a God I wished to worship. Each of these claimed to be "called of God," and yet their teaching were in positive contradiction to each other.

This was more than I could "swallow," and as I left the church that night, I told

my companions I did not believe God was the author of such confusion, and said to them, "Let us go and hear John Bobs," who was an infidel lecturer. From that time until the year 1841 I was as much an infidel as a man could be.

In the year 1824 I went to Galena, Illinois, from St. Louis, and two years after, crossed the river to where Dubuque, Iowa, now stands, and conducted a trading post with the Indians for the Farrow and St. Vray Company. On the 12th of May, 1833, I was married to Miss Mary Galland, who had come west from Indiana with her father and uncle. The uncle had been west, and finding better farm land than his previous home, brought his family and settled in what afterwards became Van Buren county. I settled, after marriage, near Farmington, in the above named county, and continued my residence there until 1841.

In the spring of this year I was requested by a party of eight men, who were like myself, infidels, to attend the Mormon conference and see if they were as bad as had been represented to us. I consented to go, as a sort of delegate, and find out all I could about them by questioning the prophet and thereby get information direct. When the conference convened at Nauvoo, on the sixth of April, I was there. I sought and obtained an introduction to Joseph Smith, the prophet, and sought a conversation with him. He informed me that there were hundreds there on the same mission as myself, and that his time was all engaged until five o'clock that evening, at which time he would meet me and answer my questions. After showing where the High Council were met he left me. This was the first time I had seen him. I had expected to see a man with a very commanding air, but he was just the opposite.

I entered the High Council chamber and remained with them until they adjourned, then I was introduced to "Mother Smith." I conversed with her for some time, thinking I would get her "story" and after that I would test the prophet and see if their statements harmonized. At five o'clock I left "Mother Smith" and met the prophet.

It is needless to say that I was surprised to find their statements so harmonious and all their teachings to be pure. For I had expected to be able to prove that they

were wrong, but I could not, and at the close of that conference I was *baptized* by Elder Savidge, confirmed by Elder Hicks, and was ordained to the office of an elder at the same time.

I had not, as yet, received any positive evidence of the truthfulness of the work, but in my conversation with the prophet all my infidelity was driven from me, and I could not help but *believe* the work was true. I had never spoken in public until about three or four months after my baptism, when I was challenged by a Campbellite preacher to defend these questions: "First, the Mormons are uncharitable; they unchristianize the world." Second, "The gathering together is not a Bible doctrine."

I tried to avoid debating, but could not do so without injuring the cause, which I would not do when I knew it; so we met in a tavern, chose moderators, and spoke once each on the first question, and twice each on the second one.

Although this was my first public speaking, yet God blessed me so abundantly that the decision of the people was that "the Mormon" had "rolled the other man in the dust." Thus I proved that God is a present help in time of need.

In the autumn of that year I saw the first of God's power shown in healing the sick. Mrs. Stewart, wife of 'Squire Stewart, one of the infidels who asked me to go to conference and learn what I could about the Mormons, was taken very severely with bronchitis, and was thought to be almost dead. She requested to be administered to and sent for Elders Jackson, Eames and myself. We went, administered, and almost immediately after she arose and dressed herself. She said she felt as well as she ever did. In a few days she was baptized.

In February, 1842, we moved to Montrose, Lee county, Iowa, and another manifestation of healing occurred in August, 1842, or '43, in the healing of Sister Potter: She was very low with what the doctors called "inward ulcer and fever." She sent for Elders Van Ausdall, Smith, Dalrymple and myself. When we arrived she could only speak in a low whisper, but after administering—before our hands were taken off her head—she spoke aloud and said, "Thank God I will stand on the earth again." This was on Sunday, and on Tuesday of the same week she rode on

horseback to our home, five miles distant, and was well; although she had not regained her full strength.

Another was the case of Br. Blankenship. He had been through the persecutions in Missouri; been driven out, and by this time had lost nearly all confidence in the truthfulness of the work; so when he was taken sick he sent for a doctor. I met the doctor one evening as he was going home, and, on inquiring, learned that they thought he was dying. He said "he has the death hiccough, and he will not live until nine o'clock."

I went in the house and told my wife to get ready and we would go over to Bro. Blankenship's, as he was dying. When we arrived there he was, to all appearances, as the doctor said, dying. On looking around the room on the large family of small children, my wife was moved by the Spirit, and said, "If you will get some oil and anoint him all over with it, God will not let him die."

I sent for a bottle of oil and anointed him with it from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and Bro. Goff pronounced the blessing upon him. He stopped hiccoughing immediately, went to sleep and slept for several hours. When he awoke he asked for something to eat. He was healed from the time we took our hands from his head.

These are a few of the great many evidences which I had received. Shortly after this the conspiracy against the Seer was plotted by the Laws, Higbees and others, claiming he had fallen from his prophetic office.

Dr. Green, an old friend and neighbor, of whom I thought a great deal, was carried away with their claims, and would come to me almost daily, telling me that "Joseph is a fallen prophet;" that "Nauvoo was a sink of iniquity and a den of thieves," and many other things which for a time troubled me considerably.

While I was troubled over and meditat-

ing about these things, (for I never could quite think Bro. Joseph had fallen), I was taken very sick, almost unto death. Being in such a condition of mind I did not feel like sending for the elders and would not have a doctor. Finally, after I had got very low, my wife came to me and said: "William, look at our family; I can't spare you; you must either send for the elders or let me call a doctor." I consented to have the elders, and made this covenant with the Lord; I told him that if Bro. Joseph had fallen, that I did not want to be healed by the administration of the elders, but that I might call a doctor and be cured by his treatment; but if the prophet had not fallen, that I might be healed through the administration, and if he had not fallen, and I was healed, I would always stand a ready witness to the *faithfulness* of His latter day prophet, come life or death to me by or on account of my testimony.

Elders Fisher and King came and administered to me. Bro. King, I believe it was, in rebuking the disease told the fever to pass of by perspiration, and when he commanded the disease to depart, all pain left me instantly and I sat up in bed. In place of the burning fever came perspiration so fast that, as I held my hands out it would drop like rain from my fingers, and we could smell the fever in it plainly.

Now, dear readers, do you think that in my after life I ever for one moment thought that our martyred prophet had in his last days fallen from the grace of God? How could I?

No, I never did; I could not, I did not, and by the help of God I never will!

This is my testimony in brief, although I could add a great many times this of incidents almost as important as the ones I have given.

My prayers are for the ultimate triumph of the work of Jesus Christ.

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A good reader is necessary to give a good writing its full value, and a good listener is necessary to give good talking its full value. If there were no readers, there would be no writers. If there were no listeners, there would be no talkers. To indulge in the reading of bad books is to give bad authors their power for evil. To indulge in listening to slanderous or evil disposed talk is to give the evil speaker his full power for evil. The reader becomes part author; the listener becomes part talker. The way to check evil speaking is to stop evil listening.—*Sel.*



## THE CHIMES OF AMSTERDAM.

Far up above the city,  
 In the gray old belfry tower,  
 The chimes ring out their music  
 Each day at the twilight hour;  
 Above the din and the tumult,  
 And the rush of the busy street,  
 You can hear their solemn voices,  
 In an anthem clear and sweet.

When the busy day is dying,  
 And the sunset gates, flung wide,  
 Mark a path of crimson glory  
 Upon the restless tide,  
 As the white winged ships drop anchor,  
 And furl their snowy sails,  
 While the purple twilight gathers,  
 And the glowing crimson pales;

Then from the old gray belfry,  
 The chimes peel out again,  
 And a hush succeeds the tumult,  
 As they ring their sweet refrain;  
 No sounds of discordant clangor  
 Mars the perfect melody,  
 But each, attuned by a master hand,  
 Has its place in the harmony.

I climbed the winding stairway  
 That led to the belfry tower,  
 As the sinking sun in the westward  
 Heralded twilight's hour;  
 For I thought that surely the music  
 Would be clearer and sweeter far  
 Than when through the din of the city  
 It seemed to float from afar.

But lo, as I neared the belfry,  
 No sound of music was there,  
 Only a brazen clangor  
 Disturbed the quiet air!

The ringer stood at a keyboard,  
 Far down beneath the chimes,  
 And patiently struck the noisy keys,  
 As he had uncounted times.

He had never heard the music,  
 Though every day it swept  
 Out over the sea and the city,  
 And in lingering echoes crept.  
 He knew not how many sorrows  
 Were cheered by the evening strain,  
 And how men paused to listen  
 As they heard the sweet refrain.

He only knew his duty,  
 And he did it with patient care;  
 But he could not hear the music  
 That flooded the quiet air;  
 Only the jar and the clamor  
 Fell harshly on his ear,  
 And he missed the mellow chiming  
 That every one else could hear.

So we from our quiet watch-towers  
 May be sending a sweet refrain,  
 And gladdening the lives of the lowly,  
 Though we hear not a single strain.  
 Our work may seem but a discord,  
 Though we do the best we can;  
 But others will hear the music,  
 If we carry out God's plan.

Far above a world of sorrow;  
 And o'er the eternal sea,  
 It will blend with angelic anthems  
 In sweetest harmony;  
 It will ring in lingering echoes  
 Through the corridors of the sky,  
 And the strains of earth's minor music  
 Will swell the strains on high.

—Selected.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. IV.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

WE BEGAN to make preparations for our overland journey, the dangers of which we could not even imagine. Men whom we never thought of doubting when in England were entrusted with money given to them before they left Liverpool, to select and purchase work cattle for those who were not used to them; and our money was among the rest.

These cattle were to be delivered at Council Bluffs. We purchased a wagon in St. Louis, recommended to be a suitable one for the occasion, bought material for a wagon cover and tent, and by the time these were made and other things ready, we were ready also, and expected to start on the steamer Saluda but missed it, which detained us one day longer.

Having taken farewell of relatives and friends in St. Louis, we left next day on the steamer El Paso, bound for Council Bluffs. To our great joy and satisfaction we were blessed with very pleasant traveling companions, which is a source of comfort to the weary traveler. When we arrived at Kansas City, Missouri, there we saw what was left of the Saluda. She had been blown up the day before, just as they were ready to leave the landing. The captain did not want another steamboat to pass him and ordered on more steam, hence the cause of the accident. His body was found in a tree a long distance from the wharf. Many were killed and many drowned. One brother lost his wife and children; children lost their parents, and much distress was the result. Some of her passengers were taken on board the El Paso; among them a man, his wife and children, and although they had not lost one of their family, yet the shock to the wife was so great that she lost her reason. Miss Wittiker, a young English lady who was on board at the time, and whom we afterwards met in Salt Lake City, told us that when she opened her state room door if she had taken one step forward she would have gone into the river. Said she, "I have not yet recovered from the shock. It makes me shudder when I think of it."

The question arose in my mind, why did we not go on that boat? Surely the hand of the Lord was in it. We were hindered a few hours in consequence of the accident, but at length proceeded on our journey. Smoothly and pleasantly we glided along over the waters of the muddy Missouri until we arrived at our destination about one week after bidding adieu to our friends in St. Louis.

It was evening when we landed and our goods, wagon and all, were put off on the bank of the river, and now, for the first time since we left the shores of old England, we felt that we were really away from home. What a strange, wild looking country, with no house near, and what would we do? The men told us to put our wagon together, make the best bed we could in it and stay there all night. Mattie cried and said she could not do that, for she had never slept out of doors in her life, and only when on board the ship she had been used to bolts and bars, and she was afraid we would be killed;

but as it was getting dark we had to make the best of it, and did as we were told—slept in the open air all night without a wagon cover, and when morning dawned we found our goods all safe and ourselves quite refreshed. We partook of a cold breakfast, then I walked to town, about two miles distant, to make arrangements for some place to stay in for a few weeks. Council Bluffs was a very small place then, and I had difficulty in finding even a room to move into. Finally I rented an old log house, fifteen feet square, a very desolate looking place on the bank of a creek; another trial to Mattie when she saw it, for she did not know what a log house was. She was born and raised in a large city where the houses were all built of brick or stone, and paved streets, lit up with gas. Now we could scarcely step for mud; no sidewalks or anything else that looked home-like. However we set to work with a will and made up our minds to do the best we could under all circumstances. The windows were very small, two in number, and nearly all the glass broken out. The fire place, half way across one end of the room, an old door without either latch or lock, the floor black and rotten, with holes in it large enough to let the rats through, and they were abundant; rafters for the ceiling, ornamented with plenty of spiders and their webs. Mattie was afraid of them, but she tried to be content and did not even utter a wish that she was back again, for we had started for Zion, as we supposed, and meant to go there if the good Lord would let us. Now came another trouble—how to cook and bake bread with the wood fire in this large fire place. The neighbors said, "Get a skillet or bake oven." We did so, and the first Mattie baked in it she built a fire under and on top of it, but when she looked at her bread it was black as a coal, but after a considerable practice she succeeded in preparing quite a meal in this novel way. Time passed on and our cattle had not yet come. Upon examination our wagon proved not to be first-class; one of the axletrees was not good, and at the suggestion of a friend we secured an extra one and strapped it under the wagon in case it should be needed. Here we met our Liverpool friends. They were waiting with the rest till the company was ready. It was nearly three weeks before the cattle

arrived, and then what a rush! Those that understood how to select them were in a hurry to get the best, and those men who were entrusted with money to buy them, and who we had thought were men of God, willing to do right by others as well as themselves, we were obliged to acknowledge were not very honest. This was a stumbling block to us and the first real disappointment of the kind we had met with. It was a trial indeed, but only the beginning of what was in the future. All we could do (in case of the cattle) was to take what was left and be thankful we had any at all. I went with one of those good brothers to look at the cattle. He said very smoothly, "Brother Rodger, those are yours," pointing to a yoke of cows and two yoke of oxen. Some of them did not look fit to start on the journey, much less to go through, nor were they very gentle; but it was no use grumbling, we must take them or none.

At the end of four weeks we were ready and waiting for the company to organize. The emigrants crossed the plains in companies of fifty wagons, each company starting a short time ahead of the other. Some of my friends and myself were impatient at the long delay, and thought we would start on and the rest would soon follow.

Accordingly nine wagons started the last of June, with Crandle Dunn as captain. Of course we did not intend to go the whole journey alone, but got tired of waiting and thought we would move on. When we came to the Missouri River the only crossing was a flatboat, with a rope from one side of the river to the other. It would only take two wagons at a time, and the cattle were driven into the water and made to swim across. Finally, when all were safely landed on the other side, we pitched our tents and camped for the first time, not a house being in sight. Omaha has been built there since. We started next morning in good faith that the rest would soon overtake us. Crandle Dunn and his brother had horse teams. Mr. Hayes, not in the church, had very large mules, the other teams were good, our cattle proved to be better than they looked, and our little company traveled faster than we were aware of. We took with us across the plains a boy about seventeen and Br. Roff, the old man whose mother died at sea. What a strange way

of traveling it was to us, for we had never seen a yoke of oxen before; and did not know how to manage them. The only way we could do was to follow the other wagons and do as they did as near as we could. After traveling about ten miles we came to a good camping ground, unyoked the cattle, pitched our tent, and made ready the evening meal, the first one cooked in the open air. We were cheerful and happy, but could we have known for ourselves the dangers that lay before us and the almost unendurable fatigue and disappointment we were destined to meet with on that route, we could not have gone further. But it is an old saying, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The old man and boy made a bedroom of the tent, and we occupied the wagon, quite comfortable for camp life. After a peaceful night's rest, all arose next morning refreshed in body, feeling well in spirit, and not forgetting to offer thanks to our Heavenly Father for his kind watchcare over us. About seven o'clock we partook of a hearty breakfast, enjoying it with appetites sharpened by the fresh air and plenty of good things to eat. Breakfast over, dishes washed and all packed, with cattle ready to yoke, what was to be done? There were only eight wagons and a cart in our company. We waited awhile thinking the rest would be coming in sight, but not seeing anything of them as far as the eye could reach over the prairie, we decided to go on and travel slowly. We did travel slowly enough, so we thought, but by evening we had gone fifteen miles. After the usual preparations, and supper over, we gathered together to talk over the matter. What was best for us to do? Should we go on and try to overtake another company, turn back and see what was the matter with the one we were organized into, or stay where we were till they came up? To think of traveling alone over a thousand miles of wild Indian country seemed impossible. However we concluded to go on.

We stood guard, two at a time, half the night and then changed. Found the roads very rough in places; crossed a few streams; met some Indians, now and then, and found good camping grounds every night, but tarried on Sunday to rest both ourselves and animals. We had been on the

road two weeks when one evening we saw a corral of white covered wagons in the distance, and found them to be the company that started more than two weeks before we did. We joined them, but they could not travel as fast as we could, besides there was much confusion among them, so different from our quiet little camp that we left them behind. They wished us not to do so, and indeed it was running a great risk.

At Elkhorn crossing there was an old rough shanty, and it was the last human habitation of any kind for five hundred miles. The crossing there was not so bad. Cradle Dunn always went in advance to find out the best road. Many of the streams were very dangerous; but the Loup Fork seemed worse than all because of the quicksands. We must hurry through or sink. It is a fearful feeling to drive ones team down into the water and not know whether they will ever get out again or not. Our hearts were silently lifted in gratitude to God after we had safely passed through such dangerous places. Camp life did not seem quite so romantic as at first, and journeying along the Platte river was anything but pleasant. In some places millions of mosquitoes would darken the sky like a cloud, and it was almost impossible to find a resting place at all. Then the Indians would come up to us and ask for something to eat, we could not repress all fear of them, but prayed that they might not have power to harm us. They liked to trade, and more than once wanted us to exchange our baby boy for buffalo robes, but though we were afraid to offend them of course we could not do that.

We had been out about five weeks when one morning we were surprised to see scores of Indians coming toward us. They surrounded us and wanted bread and other things. We were calm and gave them what we could, and traded some fancy calico and beads, taken with us for the purpose, for robes. They stayed an hour or so and then quietly went away. I said in my heart, "Why are we spared when so many have been sacrificed to their savage cruelty? Surely the Lord has a work for us to do!" Occasionally our camp would lay over a day for washing, and then some of the men would go on a hunt and almost always bring in a buffalo, the meat of which was

very good. Buffaloes were plenty in those days.

To cross the Platte river was another great undertaking, but it must be done. Cautiously we went into the water, almost counting every step. We passed safely through, and once more stood on dry land, rejoicing that our lives had been spared, and again we wended our weary way toward Zion, with little to vary the routine of every day life on the wild and desolate plains.

A few days brought us in sight of Fort Laramie. The very walls seemed to make us feel glad to once more behold even the least trace of civilization. It seemed like months, instead of weeks, since we had looked upon a home built by the white man's hand. Resting a day or two for house cleaning, as the sisters called it, the men visited the fort and enjoyed a chat with the soldiers, all in good feeling.

On the morning of the third day we started on again for another five hundred miles of travel over a rough and rugged road, far worse than that just left behind. Our horses and cattle felt the better for their rest, they were in good condition, not even sore-footed. Mr. and Mrs. Flewellyn (not in the church, but emigrants to California) owned the cart and one yoke of cattle. These were very large ones, and pulled the cart and its contents all the way, excepting a few places where they doubled teams. One thing looked strange to us. Those who owned horses would give the milk of the cows to them to drink, and they were as eager for the milk every night and morning as we were for our supper and breakfast. It kept them up in flesh and they were as glossy and fine looking at the end of the journey as at the beginning. The road was getting worse and worse, and the mountains we had to climb were very steep, while here and there was seen a lonely grave, the last resting place of some worn out traveller. In some places the hungry wolf had dug up the body and the bones lay bleaching in the sun. Were any of us to meet with a like fate? Awful thought! Still such impressions would come when feeling sick, faint, way-worn and weary. "Lord increase our faith," would often be on our lips and oftener in our hearts.

Moving slowly along as we did, for the teams never went faster than a walk, there

was plenty of time for reflection on the past, present and future. What would be the end of such a life? Ofttimes there would be right before us in the distance a large mountain so high that it seemed as though its top reached to the sky. On its crest the sun shining in golden splendor, making us almost forget our present situation, so grand and sublime it looked; but when we reached the foot and commenced the ascent, winding round and over that same mountain, and the sun went down, the huge rocks looked bleak and barren enough. Such is life that appears to us the most beautiful when beyond our reach. If once obtained it often proves to be like the mountain, very different to the appearance it had in the distance. Some of the scenery in the Rocky Mountains is grand beyond description. One would almost think that some of the figures were carved and set up by human hands. Other places are fearful to look at, such as the Devil's Gate, etc.

One circumstance occurred which will always be remembered as long as life may last. We had stopped for the night close by a lone mountain, a very easy

place for any one leaving camp to get lost. Morning dawned mild and pleasant, and on such occasions two or three of us walking a few rods away from the wagons to look around were not noticed. Mattie and I have often taken baby and walked out of sight, sometimes finding a clear, pretty brook, and would sit down on the bank and enjoy the sound of the rippling water; but it was unsafe, and when I think of it now it makes me shudder. Well, no one imagined, as far as we know, that anything was wrong that morning, and all were busy preparing to start at the appointed hour, for pretty good order was kept by us even in the wilderness. Shortly before the time to move on Mrs. Brookbank was missing. As I have before stated she was not in the church and only left her English home for the sake of her husband and children. Search was made but no trace of her could be found. She was never heard of afterwards. God knows what became of her; we do not. All we ever knew was, that after diligent search we were reluctantly compelled to move on, leaving her behind, her fate unknown.

(To be continued).

## ON A MISSION TO THE LAND OF MY FATHERS.

IN the absence of further communications from our own correspondent in Palestine, we publish the following letter from Rev. Isaac Levinsohn, now in Jerusalem. This takes up the subject at about the point where sister Alley left off. We expect shortly to give our readers a full account of Mr. Levinsohn's conversion to Christianity, which reads more like romance than reality, and will show our young Saints the grand integrity of the Jewish people in defense of what they believe to be right. Would God, in this respect, each one of us might imitate them.

HAVING spent several hours visiting Jews, my aged friend, a Rabbi from Kovno, Russia, asked me if I would go with him to the wailing place to mourn over the desolation of Jerusalem, and pray for Israel's restoration to her former glory.

"I will go with you," I replied, "and pray very earnestly that God may hasten the day when Judah will return to the Lord."

Being Friday afternoon, the time when many Jews assemble for prayer at the wall of the ancient temple, I joined the company of Israelites. It was, indeed, a

most memorable and painful sight. Here were Jews from among all nations, in their peculiar Oriental costumes, some dressed also in their *Talith* (praying garments). Their attitude and prayers were most heartrending. As loud as they possibly could they read the twenty-second Psalm. The wall before which the assembly prayed, and against which their heads reposed is very thick and high. Its length is 158 feet, and it is 60 feet in height. We counted over twenty rows of stones, some 30 feet long and 5 feet thick. The lamentations here were most pathetic. Women, dressed in white, with great

earnestness cried aloud. Their *shricks* were appalling as they repeated, over and over again, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me? Why art Thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring? O my God, I cry in the daytime, but Thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent." The men also were weeping as if in most terrible grief, and rehearsed psalms, litanies and prayers for the dead. Most of these earnestly pressed their lips against the stones and kissed them. Some of these stones are in some parts smooth through such passionate kissing. Two holes are seen, which my friend pointed out. He also informed me of the belief of the mourners that these holes led to the Holy of Holies, and many offer their heart-piercing prayers through these holes, believing that prayers offered in them *must go direct to God*. Through these two holes, the prayers offered by Jews all over the world must pass. How touching it was to see some of the stones wet with tears.

As I listened to their pathetic prayers I remembered what the rabbins said in the Talmud—that "Since the destruction of the Temple, the gates of prayer have been closed, and only the gates of tears are open."

We also thought of another saying of the rabbins: "He that mourns over Jerusalem shall see it in its joy, and he that does not mourn over Jerusalem shall not see it in its joy." Who can listen to their prayers and litanies without being filled with compassion towards the afflicted race. The rabbi in sad tones repeated:—

For the place that lies desolate. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For the place that is destroyed. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For the walls that are overthrown. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For the majesty that is departed. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For our great men that lie dead. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For the precious stones that are buried. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For the priests who have stumbled. We sit in solitude and mourn.  
 For our kings who have despised him. We sit in solitude and mourn.

The most touching and heartrending wailing over Jerusalem is to be witnessed in the homes of the pious Jews. At midnight they wrap themselves in their pray-

er garments, put ashes on their head, and prostrate themselves on the ground. Then in melancholy tones they rehearse:—

A voice of woe from Ramah's hoary tower,  
 A voice of wail from Zion's sainted hill;  
 Alas! my diadem and queenly dower.  
 The youthful honors I remember still.  
 Dark is to me the solitary bower  
 Who did of old a throne of splendor fill.

I was surnamed Jehovah's fairest bride;  
 But now am forced, forlorn, disconsolate,  
 His heavy wrath and vengeance to abide;  
 My joys are flown, my heart is desolate.  
 Come weep, ye daughters, at my faltering side,  
 For no one draweth near my sorrows to abate.

Degraded from peerless eminence,  
 Victim of pride and wanton vanity—  
 My beating heart in trembling violence  
 Strikes at her cage of hopeless misery.  
 Judah laments in tearful penitence,  
 A widow mourning in captivity.

I was in Solyma a radiant queen,  
 A golden cloud in the mount of God:  
 But now by infidels despoiled, I ween,  
 No poorer pilgrim o'er the desert trod.  
 Wrenched from the bosom all my babes have been,  
 The murdered elders steeped the spoil in blood.

Doth no one lay my wretchedness at heart?  
 And no one check the swiftly rolling tear?  
 And no one soothe the soul-empiercing smart?  
 And no one say, "The heathen shall not dare  
 Call him my husband?" Oh, the poisoned dart,  
 The cruel mockings I am bound to bear!

Father of Mercies, come, return with grace,  
 To Zion's dwellings beautified again.  
 Let Israel's eye behold Thy dwelling place  
 Restored; then list the hallelujah's strain,  
 The hymning voices of a ransomed race,  
 Greeting the rising wall of that eternal fane.

After this several psalms are read and prayers offered. When rising from the ground, they say, "Shake thyself from the dust; arise and sit down, O Jerusalem, Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." The

#### MOST REMARKABLE PRAYER

that the Jews offer on these occasions is most interesting. It no doubt has reference to Isaiah 7: 14—

In mercy, Lord, Thy people's prayer attend:  
 Grant his desire to mourning Israel.  
 O shield of Abraham, our Redeemer send,  
 And call His glorious name Immanuel.

The rabbi having ended his devotions I asked him several questions about the Redeemer for whose coming he prayed. I reminded him that the Redeemer has already come whose name is *Immanuel*, and that He will come again to gather to himself all who have believed, that believers shall reign with Him, and that

glorious will be the state of all who now trust Him. I found the great difficulty with this rabbi was the doctrine of the *Trinity*. That Christ should be the Son of God was incomprehensible to him. I reminded him of predictions that Messiah must be the *Redeemer*, and that a person holding such an office must be *Divine*. We also read together Psalm 2:7-12; 72:17. We had an earnest and warm discussion upon Prov. 30:4. "Who hath ascended up into heaven, or descended? Who hath gathered the wind in his fists? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established all the ends of the earth? *What is His name?* and what is *His Son's name*, if thou canst tell?" We spent several hours conversing about redeeming love, and as I left the house I presented him with some Hebrew tracts, which I pray may be a means of blessing to him.

Having left this Jewish house I took a walk in

#### THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT.

Here I met with a young man, who was holding in his hand a bag containing his *Talith* and phylacteries. Having greeted one another with the Hebrew *shalom alechem* (Peace be unto you), I enquired where he was going to. He answered, to the great synagogue to pray. I offered to go with him, and he seemed willing to accept my company. We at once entered into a warm conversation about Christianity. "Christians," he said, "are idolators. They pray to Jesus, the Nazarine." "Perfectly true," I said, "Christians pray to Jesus, but I deny that praying to Him constitutes idolatry." I asked him to produce his prayer-book, and pointed out to him a prayer therein, where the Jews, alas! in their ignorance, offer a solemn prayer to *Jesus*, the Prince of the Presence of God, to be Mediator between Israel and God. He read the passage over and over again. "But this is not *Jesus*," he said, "but *Jehoshuah*." I reminded him that *Jesus* is only the Greek translation of the Hebrew name *Jehoshuah*. He seemed perplexed; and felt somewhat defeated with his own weapon. He then asked me if I would see him later in the day, which promise I was glad to fulfil. I also presented him with a Hebrew New Testament. We then took a walk to Aceldama. There we sat down

and read the twenty-second Psalm. I asked him what these words meant:

"The assembly of the wicked have inclosed me: they pierced my hands and my feet. I may tell all my bones: they look and stare upon me. They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

His reply was that these words referred to the afflictions of the psalmist, Jeremiah, and to the *nation Israel*. I pointed out to him that these words could not possibly apply to these he mentioned. I then read to him Matthew twenty-seven, and pointed him to the bleeding Savior, in whom the above words were fulfilled; and also Isaiah fifty-three.

It is often said *Jews live on making money*, and that they worship Mammon. Although, alas! this is too true of many in Europe, the charge certainly can not be brought against them in Palestine. Most of the Jewish inhabitants in the Holy Land are very poor. Many of them have left Europe, where they have lived in comfort and luxury, and given up all for the sake of spending the remainder of their lives in prayer and fasting. Many Jews fast regularly on Mondays and Thursdays. Some appoint for themselves other special fast days, which they spend in devotion and in mortifying the flesh, believing that this will be accepted as an atonement for their sins. Besides these special days of fasting, the Jewish inhabitants of Palestine observe the regular fast days, such as the Fast of Gedaliah, in memory of the dreadful murder recorded in 2 Kings 25:25. The Fast commemorating the fall of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar is kept by all as a day of sorrow and lamentation. They also keep the Fast of Esther, in memory of the troubles endured as described in the Book of Esther. The 25th of June is kept as a day of fasting, since on that day Moses destroyed the tables of the law, and also on that day Antiochus Epiphanes burnt the book of the law, and placed an image in the sanctuary of the Most High.

Beholding the thousands of Israelites in Jerusalem, and all over Palestine, and struck with their poverty, we inquire, How can they live? And the answer is, only by the *habukah* (alms) sent to them by their co-religionists in Europe. The lives of many are, therefore, wretched; widows, and fatherless, alas! often suffer

starvation, and the cries of the hungry are constantly heard. What wonderful opportunities are there consequently for the benevolent disciples of Christ to go about doing good.

After walking about several hours in the morning, we again retired to the Mount of Olives. Here we were interested in watching a shepherd go before his flock, and the sheep following him. Our dragoman conversed with the shepherd for some little time, and we parted. Late in the afternoon, when walking in the Valley of Hinnom, we were agreeably surprised to meet with the same shepherd, but this time without his flock. We asked him why he still rambled about, seeing

that he must surely have been weary, having been with his flock all the day. He answered that he was looking about, if possible, to take his flock to different pastures on the morrow. We could not help admiring the kind-hearted thoughtfulness of the shepherd for his flock. We thought of Psalm 23: 1. We also thought of the Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps. And as we thought of the Shepherd of our souls, we delightfully sang:—

“Jesus, my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My way, my Life, my Truth, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.”

—The Hebrew-Christian.

### PRAYER FOR ISRAEL.

“Remember . . . Thine inheritance which Thou hast redeemed.”—Ps. 74: 2.

Great God of Abraham! hear our prayer;  
Let Abraham's seed thy mercy share;  
Oh! may they now at length return,  
And look on Him they pierced, and mourn!

Remember Jacob's flock of old;  
Bring home the wanderers to thy fold;  
Remember, too, Thy promised word,  
“Israel at last shall seek the Lord.”

Though outcasts still, estranged from Thee,  
Cut off from their own olive-tree;

Why should they longer such remain?  
For Thou canst graft them in again.

Lord, put Thy law within their hearts,  
And write it in their inward parts;  
The veil of darkness rend in two,  
Which hides Messiah from their view.

Oh! haste the day, foretold so long,  
When Jew and Greek, a glorious throng,  
One house shall seek, one prayer shall pour,  
And one Redeemer shall adore!—*Scz.*

### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

**E**ARLY in the morning land was des-  
cried, which proved to be Cape Frio,  
and we entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro  
about noon. The anchor being let go  
about half a mile from the city, the sails  
furlled almost as soon as the anchor was  
dropped, for we had men enough to man  
every yard and to furl every sail like clock  
work.

The Brazilian flag was run up and salu-  
ted with twenty-one guns, which number  
is the salute given to every nation whether  
at home or abroad. The Brazilian fort  
situated on an eminence overlooking the  
sea which appeared to be about a mile

from town, ran up the American flag, and  
gave a salute of twenty-one guns in return.  
We then saluted the English, the French,  
and two or three other national flags, rep-  
resented by men of war in the harbor, in  
the same manner, and these salutes were  
also returned. The time taken to fire all  
these consumed the greater portion of the  
afternoon; then all hands were piped to  
supper, after which the most of them re-  
tired to the gun-deck where a place was  
allotted them to smoke; and from several  
hundred pipes the reader will readily  
conceive a not very diminutive cloud of  
tobacco smoke arose. It was so thick



sometimes, that we could not see a man, to distinguish him, ten feet from us.

For a while, my shipmates were continually teasing me to smoke, urging that I looked so odd not smoking with the rest; but I had been cured on the voyage out from ever wanting to smoke more. At that time I tried to smoke a cigar to the stump, and tugged at it faithfully to the end, although so sick that I could hardly stand up, because old tobacco smokers told me that by so doing, I would never be sick again from the use of tobacco; but it made me so sick that I formed a resolution not to indulge any more in that delectable (?) pastime; and neither coaxing, slurs, sarcasm, nor anything else, have been able to move me from that resolution.

Hammocks were piped down for the night, which being swung, songs and story-telling were the order with the sailors as they were seated between the guns. At nine o'clock a big gun was fired as a signal to go to bed (or turn in, is the sea phraseology). As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, we were ordered to dress in white frocks, trousers and hats; the occasion being what is called manning yards, which is the custom on national ships when some great functionary is going ashore or coming on board. The Minister Plenipotentiary was going on shore with his family, and as the representative of the United States must be honored in his official capacity, a number of men were chosen to go aloft, and stand on the yards just far enough apart to touch each others hands when extended out. The only thing by which to steady ourselves was a life line about half an inch in diameter, made fast at one end to the top-and-lift, and ran breast high in the mast. Upon this we dared not lean, for it would slacken if we did and we would be precipitated to the deck, which was sure death. I was chosen among this number, and, it being my first experience of that kind, I had a timidity about going on the yard trusting only to my feet. I learned what yard I was stationed on, took in the situation, and made up my mind to get as near the top-and-lift as I could, so as to have it handy to catch hold of if inclined to fall. But the farther I got on the yard from the center, the greater was the leverage, as the ship was pitching and rolling considerably from the swell in the harbor. The word being

given, there was a strife to see who would get on the yards first, and I happened to get on our yard second, which placed me so that in an emergency I could just barely reach the lift; but not so as to benefit me any while standing. To me it was a critical condition to be in. The rolling and pitching were increased manifold up there. I looked down on deck once, but soon raised my eyes, with an admonition to keep them on a level after that.

The Minister Plenipotentiary, in court dress, with his family and escort rigged out in their best suits, coats trimmed with gold lace, and epaulets of like material, white vests, &c., after what seemed to me an age, entered their boats and proceeded under the steady and even stroke of twenty-two oarsmen to each boat, towards the shore. The reeling of the vessel was increased by another salute to the departing minister, and it was all we could do to maintain our balance. We had to stand on the yards until the boats arrived near the wharf before being relieved, and truly it was a relief to me. A landsman who had never been aloft before was falling off the yard, having become dizzy-headed, and two of the men near the slings of the yard caught him and saved him from being dashed to pieces on the deck.

We lay here, our anchor not disturbed, for four months, and had only the privilege of going on shore twenty-four hours in all that time. The starboard watch went on shore one day and our watch the next. Each watch had about five hundred men in it, and each man had a month's pay that he drew from the ship's purser.

We landed about ten o'clock a.m. at what appeared to be the public square, which was surrounded on three sides with what I took to be business houses. The streets leading from the square seemed to be very narrow, and from the west side of the square began to ascend a gradual incline; I could not tell now how far back they extended. Indeed I should not mention this visit on shore were it not that I could not otherwise break the monotony of a four month's stay in this harbor, for my memory is much confused concerning the town, only a few things that transpired occur to me now. I remember being impressed with the ancient appearance of the inhabitants and their antiquated ways of doing things.

The poorer portion of the inhabitants,

(I supposed them to be such from their attire), wore sandals on their feet, such as I had read about in the scriptures and had seen in pictures; they had also a most ancient way of hauling water. In the center of the square was a public well, and it appeared to me from the number of water carriers always waiting, that it must be their principal source of supply. They had common sized barrels having a piece of board or plank across the ends, as I supposed to make them stronger, and in the center was inserted a half inch iron bolt, attached to which was a piece of thick raw hide about four or six inches long, having a hole at each end; one to go on the bolt or gudgeon, and the other to receive the end of a half inch rope to be tied there. When the barrel is filled and the bung hole stopped to prevent leakage, then it rolls over, the man gets into what the sailor calls the bight or loop of the rope, about six feet from the barrel, and drags it rolling along after him. These water carriers seemed to be the only means of supplying the town folks with water, for I saw a great many of them engaged in its delivery in the different portions of the town.

I also saw a primitive way of hauling a hoghead. I do not know what was in it. Two ropes or what the sailors call slings were placed around each end of the hoghead, long enough to run a straight pole through. This pole was itself long enough to admit of eight negroes, four in front and four behind, placing it on their shoulders and walking along with the hoghead swinging between them.

As was my wont I traversed the city alone. On one occasion I came across a party of my shipmates who had declared when on board ship that if they ever came across me on shore they would make me drink whisky. They surrounded me before I was aware of it, and one taking a bottle of whisky from his pocket offered me a drink. I declined taking any. He said I must drink. I refused and was seized by three or four men, and, although I struggled hard to get away, was thrown down and held while the one who had the whisky tried to pour it in my mouth. I shut my teeth tight, compressed my lips, and not a drop went down my throat, although they struggled hard to force the bottle into my mouth.

I got away from them as quickly as I

could, and as night was coming on, and not choosing to stay over night in such places as sailors generally do, I made up my mind to go on board ship on the boat that came at night to take all who wished to go aboard. I made for the wharf, but was too late. I heard the splash of the oars at a distance, called for the boat's crew to come back, but they either did not hear or did not want to. It was very dark, and raining hard, which caused me to seek some kind of shelter, the only one I could find being a doorway of a store or warehouse, the door jams of which were tolerable wide and the upper part of the doorway was projected over so as to protect from the falling rain, which was unattended by wind and fell straight down.

I had been standing there about an hour when a dark form stood before me at the foot of the three steps up which I had ascended. I had heard the sailors talk about midnight assassins, who sometimes robbed and murdered sailors for their money in these foreign countries, and thought that this man might be one of them; so I watched him closely, expecting him to speak, but he went away without uttering a word. Having no weapons of defense about me, I felt no match for such a man in the dark, and when he was gone I went down into the street to see if I could find a stone, but could not find one of any size. Returning to my shelter, for it was still raining, I had not been there long before the same dark form stood before me, not a soul was stirring besides him and myself, and it was getting near midnight. He went away again without saying anything. Another visit to the street, but after diligent search no weapon of defense could be found. I resolved if he came again to ask him his business, if it was with me I wanted to know it, for the suspense was getting irksome.

He came again, stood in the same position as before, when I said, "What do you want?" He asked, "John, do you want a boat?" I felt glad at first thought, that I could go on board the ship, even if I had to pay for it, and asked somewhat eagerly, "Have you got a boat?" He spoke in broken English, telling me to "come on."

I am naturally very cautious and allowed him to lead, keeping behind him at a safe distance so as to have a chance to defend myself if he turned on me. We had gone the length of the block and were

coming to what the sailors call "The Bone-yard," where, so many murders had been committed, when it seemed as though some one told me to stop and go no farther. I stopped and asked him where his boat was. He pretended to call for a companion to bring a boat, but no response

being given, I was convinced of his design, and at this juncture I heard some of my shipmates coming down the street, to whom I shouted, "Come on quick!" My midnight visitor made good use of his locomotive powers and disappeared in the darkness before the sailors arrived.

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 THE WATER-MILL.

Listen to the water-mill  
 Through the livelong day—  
 How the clicking of the wheel  
 Wears the weary hours away.  
 Languidly the autumn wind  
 Stirs the withered leaves;  
 On the field the reapers sing,  
 Binding up the sheaves;  
 And a proverb haunts my mind,  
 And as a spell is cast:  
 "The mill will never grind,  
 With the water that is past."

Summer winds revive no more  
 Leaves strewn over earth and main,  
 And the sickle ne'er can reap  
 The gathered grain again;  
 And the rippling stream flows on,  
 Tranquil, deep and still—  
 Never gliding back again  
 To the water-mill.  
 Truly speaks the proverb old,  
 With a meaning vast:  
 "The mill will never grind  
 With the water that is past."

O the wasted hours of life  
 That have swiftly drifted by!  
 O the good we might have done!  
 Gone! lost without a sigh!  
 Love that we might once have saved  
 By a single kindly word!  
 Thoughts conceived, but ne'er expressed,  
 Perishing, unpenn'd, unheard!  
 Take the proverb to thy soul—  
 Take, and clasp it fast:  
 "The mill will never grind  
 With the water that is past."

O! love thy God and fellow man,  
 Thyself consider last,  
 For come it will, when thou must scan  
 Dark errors of the past;  
 And when the fight of life is o'er,  
 And earth recedes from view—  
 And heaven in all its glory shines,  
 Midst the pure, the good, the true—  
 Then you'll see more clearly  
 The proverb deep and vast:  
 "The mill will never grind  
 With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
 Loving heart and true;  
 Golden years are fleeting by;  
 Youth is passing, too.  
 Learn to make the most of life,  
 Lose no happy day;  
 Time will ne'er return sweet joys  
 Neglected, thrown away.  
 Leave no tender word unsaid,  
 But love, while love shall last—  
 "The mill will never grind  
 With the water that is past."

Work while yet the sun doth shine,  
 Man of strength and will;  
 Never does the streamlet glide  
 Unless by the mill;  
 Wait not till to-morrow's sun  
 Beams brightly on thy way.  
 All that thou canst call thine own  
 Lies in the phrase "to-day."  
 Power, intellect and blooming health  
 May not, will not always last;  
 "The mill will never grind  
 With the water that is past."

—Selected.

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HE can not be an unhappy man who has the love and smile of a true woman to accompany him in every department of life. But no man can be truly happy who must endure the frowns and sourness of a woman who seems to find her only pleasure in being miserable, and making everybody about her feel the same way.

## THE HOME VS. THE SALOON.

OURS is the great and sacred cause of the home versus the saloon. Our people are bound to discover that this country can not support both institutions. One must go up into safety, the other down into outlawry. I would like to summon here into the witness-box a saloon-keeper, in an honest hour, to testify to us what it is that he does for this great, kindly compact that we call society. We want to find out what he proposes to add to the firm's capital stock—the great firm of We, Us and Company. The individual comes in as a junior partner, and he must render a reason why he should be admitted. The saloon-keeper, not accustomed to look at the subject from this angle of vision, finds it a conundrum not easy to be solved. Perhaps he will say: "I am a middle-man, between the brewer and the distiller and the people. They take the golden grains and luscious fruits of the earth, and by their processes change them into alcoholic drinks, which leap up to the brain, as a panther leaps upon a deer. I do not deliberately desire to do harm, but I must keep my patronage recruited, because if I do this I am sure to become a rich man after awhile. That is the reason why I am in the business. I must pay my tax on somebody's fireside, on somebody's cradle, on somebody's dearest and best. In order to succeed I must take away the little fellow from his mother's side, bait for him with cigarettes and cider, music, cards, and young company, drawing him away gradually, until after a while I will change that boy's ideas so greatly that he who loved the songs of home and sanctuary shall far better love the bacchanalian ditty of the saloon; he who used to breathe God's name in prayer, shall hiss out that name in curses, and I will so change his face that his mother would not know him, and his soul that God would never recognize it."

Friends, it is because these things are true that womanhood has been aroused at last; for to protect her children is the dearest and most sacred instinct of a woman's heart. In this great, tolerant, and

free America we have come forward, and are standing side by side in a grand army of the republic that is just as well known South as North. We have learned something about the weapons of the enemy. He is busy brewing beer; we are busy brewing public sentiment. He is busy distilling whisky; we are busy distilling facts and arguments. He is busy rectifying spirits; we mean to be busy rectifying the spirit that is in manhood.

I want to say to you strong, sturdy men, who have power to carry this great issue forward beyond what we women can yet achieve, do not forget us when you drop your ballots in the sacred urn where a republic manufactures destiny.

Do you recall the splendid conduct of Conductor Bradley, whose heroic story Whittier has made immortal? Rounding a curve, not a great many miles from here, Conductor Bradley saw another train bearing down upon his own at fearful speed. Bending to the brakes with might and main "he did his duty as a brave man should," but in the terrific collision he was crushed and mangled with those whom he had tried to save. Taken from the wreck a short time after, the hero spoke no word about himself or friends; but murmured, brokenly, in dying anguish: "*Put out the signals for the other train!*"

Dear friends, there is another century speeding toward us along the track of time. Don't you almost hear the rumble of the train? Can't you catch the distant whistle of that Twentieth Century Express coming along behind us at a more than lightning speed? We of the nineteenth have suffered pain and loss and almost ruin by the collision of our best beloved with the grinding engine of the liquor-traffic. Our cycle is almost at an end. God grant that with devoted loyalty we may "put out the signals for the other train;" that for the twentieth century, so full of light and life, whizzing toward us so rapidly, we may wave aloft in friendly warning the electric torch of scientific temperance instruction, and turn on the glowing head-light of Prohibitory Law!

—Selected.

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I HAVE seldom seen much ostentation and much learning met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows; and at mid-day, when he is highest, none at all.

## Editor's Corner.

### OCCUPY TILL I COME.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which taken at the flood leads on  
To fortune."

As we take our pen amid the silence and beauty of this June morning, to have just a little chat with our readers, involuntarily our eyes wander, and through the open casement take in the scenes without. There is a soft haziness in the atmosphere, but shimmering through and penetrating it come the warm rays of the sun just rising above the distant horizon, while the perfume laden air is vocal with the songs of birds flitting from branch to branch of the fruit-laden trees. Beautiful rose bushes are literally bending beneath the weight of their lovely, fragrant blossoms; honey suckles climb the supporting trellis and fill the room with their grateful, penetrating odor, while peonies, syringas, pinks and columbines sway in the breeze and shake from their petals the clinging drops of dew. And yet four short years ago there was not even a dwelling upon this spot of land, and only the prairie grass grew in untamed luxuriance, where now both fruit and flowers abound and, almost more than the dwelling place, mark the spot as *home*. Were we to ask any one of you, how came this transforming change? there would be no hesitancy in the reply, "By painstaking care and labor."

Fathers and mother's in Zion, we come first to you this morning and beg that for just a little time—just a brief hour—you will put every other thought from your mind and let us have your undivided attention while we talk with you about the future of your children. As we look forth from the open casement and take in the loveliness of the scene, with it we take in also one great, grand lesson, which permeates not this alone, but the entire universe of God. It is this: "Occupy till I come." Upon the entire earth, the universe so far as we can know, the race of mankind, indeed upon everything which God has created, he has stamped upon industry and diligence the indelible seal of his approval, in that he bestows upon both unlimited reward.

Earth is the servant of man, created for

his abode, at his command she fills her lap with plenty, and pours out her abundance like a flood of waters; and as the limit of his faithfulness and ability has never been reached, neither has the limit of her capacity to enrich and bless the race; for, the one is the exact measurement of the other, and as the earth suffered when man fell, and is to-day groaning under the defilements of its inhabitants, so shall she be cleansed and fitted for his everlasting habitation. When?—"the bride hath made herself ready." But to return:

We said, "Earth is the servant of man," but let us not forget the dual nature of man and that in the very nature and eternal fitness of things there is yet another servant provided; and, if this servant is not brought into subjection, like the earth, he will bring forth thorns and briars; the good will be choked out and that which is noisome and rank will flourish like a green bay tree. As the earth is dependent upon man for the cultivation of that which is pure, lovely and good; so is that other servant, (the body), dependent upon the immortal part of man, (the mind), and as the earth can not and does not bring forth fruit to perfection when neglected by man, so man does not and can not arrive at that stature to which God intended he should arrive, when the mind is neglected and has not been trained to bring the body into subjection.

As fathers and mothers in Zion there is now presented to us an opportunity, which never has been offered to us before in the history of the church. Those who have felt the need of a thorough education for their children have been compelled to send them away from home, to incur the risk of counter influences and deep-seated prejudice, in order that a higher degree of usefulness might be possible of attainment for them. Some have borne the test nobly, while others have fallen by the way. Were we in so doing making straight paths for lame feet? Perchance it might even enter the mind or heart of some one to say, "If they could not stand let them fall." Of such a one we would ask, "Was it in this way you cared for and tended the

plants in your vineyard? Did you seek the most unsheltered and exposed situation for your tender vines, or did you plant them upon the sunny hill slope, where sheltered from rude blasts they grew strong and brought forth fruit in perfection?"

Should it enter the mind of any one to say, "This gospel of the kingdom shall not stand in the wisdom of man," let us say we most heartily agree with you. It never has, it never will so stand. But what does this prove? Does it prove that there is in ignorance an affinity for the wisdom of God? Just here let us introduce an illustration of this supposed affinity.

Not long since in a certain branch a good brother, who presumably had taken a fancy to a certain good sister, said to her, "I have a revelation that you are to marry me."

"How did you get it," asked the sister.

"I have a Urim and Thummim in my pocket," was his answer; and she, poor innocent soul, accepted it as gospel truth.

"What fellowship hath light with darkness?" If the Bible contained between its two lids but this one verse, "Come let us reason together," it would be sufficient to prove the estimation in which God holds the intelligence he has created. Can you fancy any degree of mental advancement—any amount of knowledge so great that by the possession thereof you will be unfitted to accept this invitation to reason with God?

"A little learning is a dangerous thing," says the poet, and we most heartily endorse the sentiment. It is proud, boastful, vainglorious, willing to believe in its own greatness, because others possessing the same small amount have been unwise and foolish enough to pat it on the shoulder and exclaim, "Wonderful! wonderful!" Let us appeal to your own experience and ask you if the wisest man or woman you ever knew was not the humblest, the least in their own estimation? Along our battle line the Spirit of God is passing the cry, "Come up higher," and those who respond to this cry will, when they have reached that higher plane, know of a surety that God demands every faculty of their being to be trained and disciplined to the utmost limit of their capacity in order that they may be prepared to "occupy."

"Obtain knowledge from all good books," is the command of God to his church in these latter days. Have they obeyed it? Have our elders taught it? And just here we wish to ask as an especial favor of the traveling ministry that if we are wrong in the assertion we are about to make they will do us the favor of correcting it. It is this, that nine-tenths of all the difficulties which arise for settlement in the church, (we do not of course include misunderstandings of the law by which the church is governed), are the outgrowth of ignorance?

In our next issue will be found an article by Professor J. A. Gunsolly, on the advantages of a liberal education. We bespeak for it a careful reading.

But now we come to the practical part of that which we wish you to consider, namely: Will you come forward to the help of those who are putting forth herculean efforts in this direction? If you have not a thousand dollars to invest, have you not five hundred? If this is still more than you have, surely you have one hundred or even fifty which you can invest in this enterprise, and thus be helping in one of the noblest efforts the church has ever put forth. "Knowledge is power," and when properly used is a mighty power for good. Men with very limited educations have become men of mark and usefulness, not only in the world, but in the church. But can any one say their usefulness would not have been greatly augmented by a liberal education? And, mark you, in every instance of this kind which has ever come to our knowledge, these men have felt the want of an education as an irreparable loss, and have been most anxious to secure to their children that of which they themselves were deprived. The church, of which we are individual members, owes this debt of gratitude to her faithful ministry, that she establish an institution of learning where their sons and daughters may be educated under her watchcare. Will she pay it?

Let us now come to the final question: "Will you help?" Yes, the question is direct to you who are reading this, and won't you please answer it before you lay down the magazine? You know your own resources better than any one knows them, but won't you help, even if it demands a sacrifice? There was a time when a great work was done in Israel by sacrifice; and

yet we do object to the use of this term, *sacrifice*, as incorrect. They brought for the work of the Lord such ornaments as enriched them not, and in exchange received the divine approval and carried a blessing away with them. Think you we would be far wrong should we make the assertion that to-day there are useless ornaments enough both of gold and of silver in the church to build more than one college? Would it be a sacrifice to bring these and lay them upon the altar of consecration? Let us say to you that instead of a sacrifice, it would be a grand privilege to do so; an opportunity of being a co-laborer in a grand work. Are there any who would do this were it necessary?

Are you who are reading this one of the traveling ministry? If so, are you making a special effort in this work? Have you made it a point to let no opportunity pass unimproved to present the claims of this enterprise? The summer is upon us and the harvest time is now, and whatever is done must be done quickly. Let us ask of you once more, do not lay down the magazine until you have decided what you can and will do in your day and generation that those who follow you may rise up and call you blessed. Send up such ringing words of cheer to Br. Winning and those associated with him as shall make them take courage anew and press on to victory. You have the decision of this matter in your own power. Shall we have a college? Will you occupy?

"Live and be happy in thyself and serve  
This mortal race, thy kin, so well that men  
May bless thee.

BRO. JORDAN will notice the omission of a brief paragraph at the conclusion of his article. It refers to a subject which we do not think wise to open up in the magazine. It will be preserved in the *Herald*.

IN this issue we give a companion picture to Lake Mary, which, because of its isolated, bleak and lonely situation, has been named "Solitude." There is something awful in the very air which hangs above the deep recesses of a mountain defile, and the solitude of a place like this is vastly different from the solitude of a far-reaching plain, or densely wooded forest. The varying moods of nature, who may follow, who depict? "Here silence reigns and naught there is to mock

The far-off murmur of the mountain rill,  
As if a voice in solemn accents breathed  
O'er the lone lake and scathed rock, "Be still."

WE have still to beg the indulgence of our readers for the continued omission of our serial, "With the Church in an early Day." We hope to be able to resume its publication at no distant day.

WITH this issue we present our readers the first installment of a temperance story, from the graphic pen of Br. Thomas J. Smith, and we commend it to the careful reading of both old and young. We hope to be more frequently favored with articles from Bro. Smith than we have heretofore been.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Sr. Alley, which will appear next issue. The call for an elder there is urgent. When will he be sent?

## ✻ R:O:U:N:D :: T:A:B:L:E. ✻

EDITED BY SALOME.

### A DOORSTEP PARTY.

Now, if ever, is just the time for one of those pleasant doorstep parties which we read of. When the lighted house becomes too warm for comfort and the evening coolness and fragrance wows us to come out into the twilight which presently becomes the moonlight.

I remember a porch hung with "glories," which in the mornings made color, beauty and shade—and in the summer evenings the

moonlight came and fitted through the leaves and carpeted the floor with lacy shadows,

"Making all things beautiful which were not,  
And leaving that which was so."

It was a place dedicated to music, poetry, story and song, and many now scattered here and there in different states still hold pleasant memories of that long and narrow porch. This is a model way of entertaining when the heat will not permit of exertion—and being out of

doors gives an added charm and zest to the conversation and quiet games.

The following, though not exactly a game, will give an idea of what is suitable for such occasion:

"FIVE MINUTES CONVERSATION."

A program like the one shown below, with small pencil attached by a ribbon, should be given to each guest upon arrival. The engagements for five minutes conversation are made by putting your name down on your friend's card opposite the time chosen for your conversation with her, also on your own so that you may be sure to remember your engagements.

Five minutes only are allowed for one conversation.

Two or more consecutive engagements with one person are not allowable. When engagements are made and programs filled, the hostess or any one willing to keep time, must ring a bell, giving notice that conversation is to begin. At the end of five minutes the bell should be rung again, all talking cease, positions exchanged and a new conversation commenced.

The one who keeps time should attend strictly to her duty and ring the bell promptly at the end of five minutes, but that need not prevent her or him from taking part. You will find the hour has flown before you know it.

Other ways of amusement will suggest themselves. You will sometimes find it pleasant to have a particular topic of conversation for half an hour. A good story well told, the life of some famous person, a bit of travel from personal experience will all be good.

*.....*	
: Program Five Minutes Conversation com- : : mencing at Eight o'clock. :	
: 8.00.....	: 8.30.....
: 8.05.....	: 8.35.....
: 8.10.....	: 8.40.....
: 8.15.....	: 8.45.....
: 8.20.....	: 8.50.....
: 8.25.....	: 8.55.....
*.....*	

"RIBBON WORK."

There are two kinds of ribbon work combined with embroidery in vogue at the present time, the one done in very fine ribbon, one-sixteenth of an inch wide and associated with silk embroidery, and the other with much wider ribbons and arrasene or crewel embroidery, the latter being a coarse and showy kind of work, with not much taste to commend it to artistic workers. The former or fine ribbon work was in vogue during the reign of Louis XVI, of France, when it was extremely fashionable, its beauty and delicacy making it a favorite form of decoration with the embroiderers of that artistic period. For a long time the art of executing this work seemed to have been lost, till within a few years it has experienced a revival. The flowers for what we shall call the Louis XVI

ribbon work are all of the smaller kinds, such as small fine asters of the wild species, bearing a little white star-like blossom, forget-me-nots, pansies, violets, heliotropes, snowballs, buttercups, and the like, their foliage and stems being executed in filoselle or silk embroidery. The designs are usually baskets of flowers, the basket being embroidered, scrolls and garlands of flowers, the scrolls also being embroidered, associated with tendrils and sprays of fine leaves, these sometimes being worked with silk, though as often done in green ribbons.

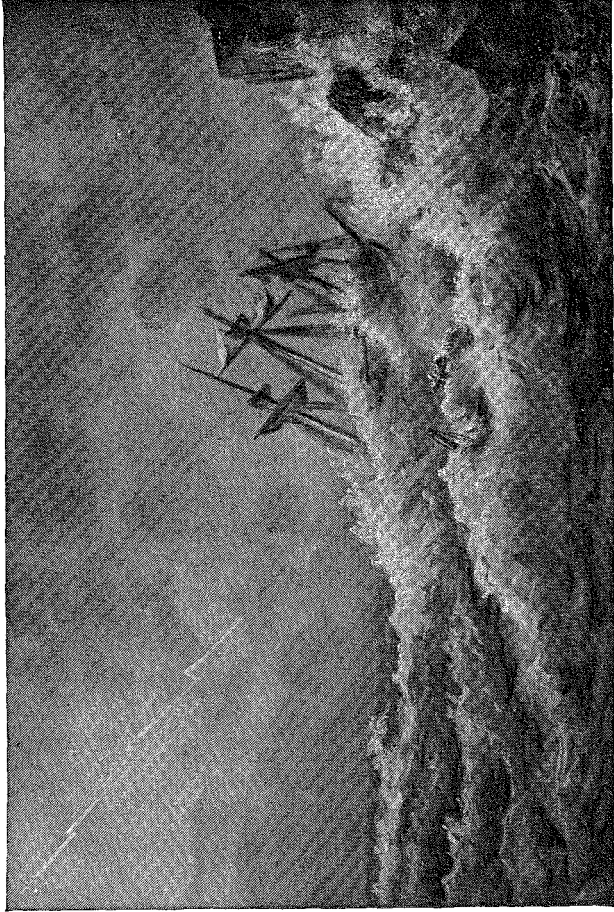
The flowers are made entirely in ribbon work, the ribbon as stated being very fine and only one-sixteenth of an inch in width, and the hearts of the flowers are worked in one or more French knots in silk. A large eyed needle, like a worsted needle, for example, is threaded, so to speak, with the ribbon, and one stitch is taken from the center of the flower to the edge of the petal. Before the ribbon is pulled quite down it must be smoothed out with a stiletto to make it lie flat, and care must be observed not to draw it too tightly, as it will pucker the work. The design must first have been stamped on the silk or satin, for the work is to be executed in one of these rich materials. The worker must use considerable taste and skill to do the work gracefully and pleasantly, also great care to make all the little blossom petals lie smoothly and neatly on the surface of the satin. The stems of the flowers, where they show, must be worked in stem or chain stitch in brown and green silks, and the foliage in the stitches employed in Kensington or crewel embroidery. The shades for leaves must be of soft olive greens and golden olives.

In working the petals of flowers treat them very much as in the ordinary embroidery of the smallest flowers, or else begin at the ends of the petals, and come toward the center, passing the needle through and fastening the ends of the ribbons on the back with a needle and silk, or else continue to work with the needle and ribbon just as if it were threaded with worsted or chenille or arrasene. It would be well to line the satin with an open meshed soft material to work through, as this would give more body to the satin.

The larger ribbon work is done as follows, say for wild roses: Have two or three shades of rose-colored ribbons, and cut from them pieces twice the size and in the form of a rose petal; run a thread around the edge by which to gather it, draw the thread, and as it gathers turn under, forming the exact shape on the petal as on the design, which should be outlined or stamped on the material to be decorated, and this may be satin sheeting, velvet plush or felt. Stitch the gathering to keep it in form, then sew down in its place on the pattern with blind stitches. Then form other petals and still others, the deepest colors to be near the center, which must be filled in with French knots of yellow silk. Embroider small buds, stems and green leaves. Treat large daisies and flowers of that description as directed in fine ribbon work. Articles ornamented with ribbon work should be removed when sweeping is done, or else carefully covered.







WRECKED.  
(See page 345.)

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, AUGUST, 1889.

No. 8.

## W R E C K E D .

BY J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

(See Engraving.)

WHO can conceive of a more majestic sight than that of a ship, her sails filled with a gentle summer breeze, gliding over the placid waters of the great deep, plowing long furrows upon the unruffled surface, deviating neither to the right nor to the left as she speeds on her voyage, laden with her precious cargo of immortal, human souls? See how proudly she rides upon the bosom of the briny ocean? The captain and crew have great reason to be proud of her, indeed she seems almost to understand the very words they utter, and to leap for joy responsive to their praise and adoration.

The passengers are comfortably disposed here and there; some are in their state-rooms attending to duties, some are upon deck gazing far out over the sea, thinking perhaps of loved ones far away whom they have left behind to seek a home in the "far west," or perchance they are returning to wife and family after an absence of years, contemplating the happy re-union which is in waiting; while still others are thoughtlessly walking the deck regardless of either past or future, living entirely within the present. All seem to have implicit confidence in the sea-worthiness of the vessel and in the ability of the captain and crew to bring them safe to port. Happy they if they encounter no violent gale or hidden reef.

All goes well for a time, but suddenly the breeze which has been bearing them along so calmly becomes lighter and lighter, then ceases altogether. A dead calm rests down upon them. Hark! from the distance comes a low wailing sound as of some one in distress. Was it a false alarm? Nay! There it is again, but stronger than before. There is no

mistaking it this time. Every sailor is familiar with this note of warning. All hands are set to work to take in sail and to clear the deck for a storm. Scarcely is the work done when the sky is suddenly overspread with clouds of an inky blackness; a strong wind begins to blow, which soon increases to a gale, lashing the sea into a foam, causing the billows to run mountain high, and sending blinding sheets of spray over the deck. All hearts are stilled with fear, all voices are hushed, and nothing can be heard save the roaring of the sea and the shrill notes of the captain as he utters his commands through his speaking trumpet. There is still hope, for the pilot is trusty and tried, and if he keep his eye upon the compass all may yet come out right.

What is that? "She has unshipped her rudder," comes down through the stairway that leads to the cabin, where sit in almost breathless silence the frightened passengers.

"Lost, lost!" passes from lip to lip. Their only chance of escape now depends upon the assistance of some vessel which might be near enough to hear their signals of distress. In the darkness there appears something which resembles a vessel and the sailors feel a ray of hope enter their breasts, but upon nearer approach it proves to be only a naked rock, towering above them, waiting as it were, "with outstretched arms" to receive them. Nothing can be done to avert the impending doom; a moment, a crash, and all is over. She has gone to pieces upon the rock, consigning all on board to a watery grave—"wrecked."

Man! "How fearfully and wonderfully made!" In his organism he surpasses

everything else in nature, and in his endowments he is second only to the Divinity. The crowning work of the Omnipotent hand, how grand and majestic! He is ruler of the earth and sea and sky and all their myriads of inhabitants. He has named all nature's moving creatures, analyzed all known substances, computed the movements and determined the laws which regulate the universe, yea, has carried on communication with his Maker; yet how weak is he! A single misstep may launch him into eternity; the puncture of a cambric needle may sever his connection with earth; a single act may start him upon a downward course which may ultimately lead him to ruin.

Let me paint you a picture. Do you see that little hillock over yonder, bordered perhaps upon two sides by tall poplar trees, and whose surface carpeted with nature's green is dotted by numerous mounds, some of which are marked by slabs of marble? About midway up the slope you notice a group of people, and upon looking closely you see they are gathered about an open grave, over which there rests a casket containing the corpse of one who had not yet reached the prime of life. That elderly gentleman standing near the head of the coffin with bowed head and a face expressive of deep anguish of soul is his father; and that lady who stands leaning upon the gentleman's arm, bending over the cold form and sobbing as if her heart would break is his mother. While you are gazing upon the picture, let me tell you a story.

In a city, the name and location of which I need not state, there lived a man and his wife, both of high social standing. He was a prominent merchant of the place, she a retired teacher, both Christian people, active in Sunday-school and church work. Their union was blessed with several bright, beautiful children, and home seemed almost a paradise. The father was closely occupied in his business affairs and could spend but little time at home, hence the care of raising the family devolved chiefly upon the mother, who, being chairman of a Christian's Aid Society, and a regular correspondent of a periodical published in the interest of social improvement, besides being superintendent and teacher in Sabbath school, had but little more time to devote to the training of children than

her husband. The children were placed in good schools during the day and allowed to run the streets at night until bed time, when they came home as they pleased and retired. Family prayers! Ah no! They had no time for that. By and by the eldest boy, who was nearing the age of manhood, failed to come home some nights, and his fond mother expressed her fears to his father concerning his welfare, who upon investigation awoke to the alarming fact that his son was accustomed to visit places of disrepute. He made the fact known to the mother, who was almost dumb-founded at the revelation. A council was called, and the son was told that he must break off all his evil habits and shun vicious companions. But how? He has never been taught to love home, and now it has lost all attraction for him. In his poisoned frame of mind he imagined that his parents had turned against him, and yielding to the advice of his disreputable companions, he quitted the parental roof and launched out amid the breakers of an unfriendly world.

My story is soon finished. He went on from bad to worse, his parents having lost all trace of him, until yesterday morning's paper revealed to them the following: "Murdered, at the Red Light Saloon, corner of Maple and Tenth streets, last night, in a drunken quarrel, one John —;" and the grief-stricken family have come to claim the remains, and to lay away in the bosom of mother earth all that remains of their once bright and happy boy, who through their neglect was allowed to drift out upon the broad, changing sea of life without a rudder, and was cast upon the reef thrown up by the demon alcohol, and was "*wrecked*."

Fathers and mothers who read this, have you ever seen anything of the kind? If so, you know the picture is not over-drawn. But the vital question with you is, how are you training your children? Are you training them to be industrious, and not allowing them to grow up in idleness? Are you making home attractive, so that they will be anxious to return and loth to leave? Do you see that they read proper matter, and associate with proper companions, and not allowing them to choose for themselves? Are you seeking to give them a liberal education, so that they may be fitted for the highest positions in life? Are you

lending your influence and means to the cause of education, so that your children may have better associations? If you can answer all these questions in the

affirmative, there is little danger that it shall be said of your child when he quits this stage of action—"wrecked."

## WHEN I AM GONE.

BY A. M. SHELLEY.

When I'm gone—oh, who will miss me,  
Who for me will shed a tear!  
Who will gather round my death-bed,  
Who will follow up my bier?

Will the world pass coldly by me,  
Caring naught that I am dead,  
Will the earth that closes o'er me,  
Cover up the path I tread?

Will my wrong deeds be forgotten,  
Will the good I may have done,  
Live to tell in future story;  
Live to cheer some weaker one?

Will the friends of early childhood  
Cherish still for me a thought;  
Will they think of early friendship,  
When they hear that I am not?

Will the ones with whom I mingle,  
Here on earth from day to day,  
Feel a pang not soon forgotten,  
When I'm naught but lifeless clay?

Will a brother or a sister,  
Bound by ties of kindred love,  
Feel a true and unfeigned sorrow  
In their bosoms gently move?

July 27th, 1880.

Will the children whom I've cradled  
Oft upon an aching breast;  
Gather round me when I'm dying,  
Going to my long sought rest?

Will they think then of the counsel  
That I sought to give them here,  
Will they feel that heartfelt sorrow  
That's not banished by a tear?

Will the one with whom I've journeyed  
Through this world of toil and care,  
He with whom I've known earth's pleasures,  
Of each sorrow borne a share;

When I'm gone—ah, will he miss me,  
Will he shed for me a tear;  
Will he bury every feeling,  
That hath marred our peace while here?

Will he sometimes come in sadness  
To the grave in which I lie,  
Will he long again to meet me,  
When Christ comes amid the sky?

Should he ever choose another  
His companion here to be,  
Should she prove a nobler helpmeet,  
Will they ever think of me?

## PERSEVERANCE.

DOMOSTHENES, the poor stuttering son of a butler, became the most famous orator of ancient times. Virgil, the son of a baker, was the most celebrated of Latin poets. Æsop, the son of a slave, and almost a slave himself, managed to acquire imperishable fame. Thomas Wolsey, the son of a butcher, became Cardinal of the Church of Rome, and next to the King, in his day, the most powerful person in the English Dominion. William Shakespeare, also the son of a butcher, yet one of the most famous poets the world has ever beheld. Oliver Cromwell rose from a comparatively humble station to be Protector of the English Commonwealth. Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer in his early days; he afterwards became one of the most celebrated philosopher

and statesmen. William Guildford, the editor of the Quarterly Review, was in youth an humble shoe-maker's apprentice, and, for want of paper, was obliged to work his algebraic problems upon leather with an awl. Robert Burns, plowman, of Ayreshire, Scotland, was afterwards the greatest of Scotch poets. James Cook, for a long time a common sailor, but afterwards, on voyages of discovery, sailed three times around the world. Jeremy Taylor was a barber's boy, and afterwards a Doctor of Divinity. Thomas Tedford, the great civil engineer, was once a shepherd's boy. Inlige Jones was first a journeyman carpenter, and afterwards the chief architect of his age. Halley, the astronomer, was the son of a poor soap boiler. Haydn, the composer, was the son of a poor wheelwright.

Henry, the chemist, was the son of a weaver. Smeaton and Rennie, both eminent engineers, were both of them, at one time, merely makers of mathematical instruments. And when you

have read the lives of all these, ask yourself whether perseverance had not as much to do in making these men great, as any other quality which they possessed.

## A TEMPERANCE TALK TO THE GRANGERS.

BY MRS. DANIEL JONES.

AS THE enemies of prohibition are straining every nerve to defeat the law they are trying to pass in Lincoln, of having this question of temperance decided by the people, I think a few thoughts on the subject might show the granger what a curse to the country this liquor business is, and how they ought to vote against it, regardless of any political party, and for the sake of the noble young men that are growing up surrounded by this monster evil which destroys both the body and soul—for we read in that Holy Book, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.

The objections raised against prohibition are trivial, such as loss of trade and stagnation of business if the liquor business is banished from the state, when we compare them to the loss of manhood, character, and self-respect, that those who indulge in the free use of liquor invariably come to. A great many vote against prohibition because the whisky funds go to help keep up the schools; but, grangers, you do not get any of those fines for your country schools, and the country people that drink have to help support the town schools besides paying taxes for their own schools; and then, think of having your children tempted by the saloons, and perhaps drawn down to ruin. Would not your conscience torment you then to have your children educated from money that was made by sending men to perdition. If it were not for liquor our taxes would not be near as heavy, and you would have plenty of money to carry on your schools; but now whisky makes us pay taxes to keep her victims in the poorhouses, insane asylums and prisons; if whisky was done away with, three-fourths of their inmates would not be there.

Many noble youths have been led away by this curse, and if the temptation had not been put in their path they would never have fallen from sobriety into

drunkenness, and to-day would be respectable citizens instead of miserable outcasts from society. Arouse, grangers, and vote this curse from your country!

A prominent senator at Lincoln, when asked the reason he voted for prohibition, said, "I looked this question squarely in the face, and put the dollars on one side and the souls of humanity on the other, and concluded the saving of souls of mankind of far greater importance than the money paid for licenses to sell liquor."

Let us look at facts and see what they have to say on this subject. In 1875 the whisky traffic amounted to one billion, five hundred and eighty-three millions, four hundred and ninety-one thousand six hundred and fifteen dollars annually. This is twice as much as the flour and meal, and the cotton and woolen goods, and the boots and the shoes, and the clothing and the newspapers of the country cost. Or we could, by dispensing with whisky, board and clothe another nation as big as ours and have none of the evil effects of whisky to combat. One-half of the tax you pay is on account of whisky. If therefore, as you walk up to the clerk's desk and count out two hundred dollars to pay a year's tax, whisky was done away with, the clerk could count out one hundred dollars and hand it back to you. If the money that is spent on whisky were applied on the national debt it would be paid in less than three years. These facts are something for you, grangers, to study over

What effect has alcoholic drink upon the human system. The effect is to excite the brain and nervous system. Hence if the body be more intimately related to the base of the brain than to the upper part of the brain, drink will stimulate those parts more. What then is the fact? Amativeness is located at the lowest point in the base of the brain. Liquor always excites it, hence the vulgarity of a drunken

man. Liquor of some kind is indispensable to any and every debauch. Why do abandoned females drink to intoxication? The answer is this: Because they drink to drown the voice of conscience, blunt modesty, stifle morality, intellect and virtue, and whirl them into sin.

Men and women, be they ever so good, under the influence of intoxicating drinks, are not safe. Drinking also excites the combative or contending propensity in man. So combustible is the anger of the intoxicated that they take fire at every little thing, and even seek occasions to quarrel; and more fights and duels are caused by ardent spirits than by all other causes united. How rarely do men fight unless when excited by liquor. Alcoholic drinks also stimulate destructiveness, or the bitter, hating revengeful feeling; and hence the drunkard will caress his wife and children one minute, and beat them the next. More murders are caused by liquor than by all other causes combined. Let the calendars of crime decide this point. Drink excites his destructiveness and depresses the benevolent and conscientious organs. Nothing but animal propensity subjects criminals to the penalties of civil law. Ask any intelligent lawyer, judge or sheriff this question, "Does not most, if not nearly all your criminal business have its origin in drinking?" and their answer will be "Yes." Now if drinking excited the moral sentiments in man this state of things would be reversed, and drinking would render mankind more virtuous instead of vicious. The fact stands out in bold relief that drunkenness and vice go hand in hand. Liquor never rendered bad men good and the immoral virtuous, for this reason: it never stimulates the moral and intellectual faculties more than the animal feelings. This law shows why liquor often renders good men real demons incarnate. How destitute of sense, thought and refinement the conversation of drunkards. Witness bar-room conversation! full of stories to be sure, but what kind of stories! Do you want your boys educated in such a hot-bed of sin and corruption. Liquor deadens the brain so that drunkards have no thought about laying up for the future, no industry, economy, or forethought; but squander all for liquor, even to the bread out of the mouths of their hungry children and the clothes from off their

wives' backs. They care nought for credit, honor, promises, respectability, or even the disgrace of family; are destitute of shame, dead to dignity and manly feeling and associated with those who in their sober days they would have scorned even to speak to. Why does not liquor render the pious more devoted and the literary more intellectual? Why not deepen and widen the channels of thought? Or why not excite the moral faculties instead of the animal? The answer is, because it only excites the lower part of the brain where the animal propensities are, because the body is more intimately related to the base of the brain. Liquor does not augment talent or make the profane pious; but it actually diminishes them all. It prostrates intellect, bedims reason, darkens counsel, renders the ideas muddy; and before king alcohol intellectual greatness and moral purity all vanish like the dew before the rising sun.

Ministers may preach, and revivals be multiplied to any extent, but unless the ax is laid at the root of the tree of vice and it be destroyed, it will be of no avail. Prohibition in the United States will kill this evil, and that is the only remedy that will do it.

The cry is raised by the enemies of prohibition: "This is a free country, and no one has the right to take away our liberty in this matter." This is a flimsy argument. Although this is a free country, yet laws are made to prohibit many evils. Liquor selling is an evil, and the government also has the same right to prohibit that. Without having laws to prohibit evils in this country what would become of it. Socialists, Nihilists, murderers and horse thieves would hold high carnival among us. Why not give the horse thief a license to steal, and the Socialist a license to blow up any one they have a spite against, as well as to give the liquor dealer license to ruin homes, make men brutes and heap misery, suffering and want upon innocent children.

This license law is one of the greatest frauds of the age. It is nothing more than buying men's votes. "Let us sell liquor," it says, "and no matter about the wrong it inflicts upon our community; you will have that money to run your schools, and that will make your tax lighter." And many that are for temperance will vote for license, thinking

they have saved themselves a few dollars, and thus are selling their influence to help this evil business along.

In the states of Dakota and Nebraska we read that the money spent for liquor in one year was \$23,108,128.00 at the rate of \$9.49 a head; and that the money spent for schools \$4,268,128.00 an average of \$1.78 a head. Look and see what a terrible state we are in, more money spent for liquor than for education. Nebraska takes the lead this year by passing a law

allowing the voice of the people to decide between license or prohibition. Pennsylvania and Massachusetts have also fallen into line, and Illinois is now considering the question. If the temperance people will now work together, regardless of parties, religion, or color, in a short time prohibition will become a national law, and our young men be saved from ruin.

Grangers, arouse and assert your manhood by helping stamp out this great evil from our midst.

WEBSTER, Nebraska.

### JERUSALEM NOTES.

JERUSALEM, with its twenty-five to thirty thousand Jewish inhabitants, is a large and, though difficult, encouraging field for work, especially in our days, when the Jews seem to be if not actually well disposed towards Christianity, at least more accessible. It is one of the signs of the times that even in this city, the stronghold of Judaism and fanaticism, they begin to shake off the chains of Rabbinism which have enslaved them for so many centuries. A spirit of freedom, of thought and of searching after the truth, is everywhere perceptible. Tracts are eagerly read, and everywhere asked for. The New Testament is diligently studied. And had it not been for fear of their Rabbis, upon whom the majority of the Jews here are dependent, (the Chaluka, or distribution of money sent by their European brethren, having to pass through the hands of their Rabbis), many more Jews would have come forward. They dare not have intercourse with the Missionary, or receive him into their houses, but gladly accept the offered tracts, and promise to read them secretly. A great number of Jews, however, who gain their livelihood by various trades, and consequently are not so much under the direct influence of their spiritual advisers, readily converse with us, receive us in their houses, and in many instances eagerly listen to the glad tidings of the Messiah. The New Testament is no longer a sealed book to them. Many are well acquainted with its contents, unconsciously imbibe its teachings, and even adopt its phraseology. The other day I called upon a Spanish Jew, and while con-

versing with him I noticed that he often made use of New Testament expressions, and even whole sentences without knowing it. On further inquiry, I found that he had been an in-patient of our hospital for some time, where he diligently studied the New Testament.

“On the other hand, infidelity seems to be rapidly spreading, even in these remote regions. The continual increase of foreign Jews from different parts of Europe—where the authority of Rabbinism, and along with it Judaism, is being rapidly undermined—exercises a most unwholesome influence upon the native Jewish population. At no other time, perhaps, was it more necessary to throw all our energy into the work, in order to counteract this evil influence, and to stem the tide of infidelity, by bringing to them the religion of Christ. For, humanly speaking, it is more difficult to convince a Jew of the truth of Christianity who has lost faith in his religion, than one who still keeps it up.

“Through the kindness of Miss Barlee and Mr. Coral, I was introduced to many Jewish shops and houses. I also arranged with the doctors to kindly let me accompany them on their visits to their patients. This I found the best mode of introduction into many a Jewish house, which would otherwise have been inaccessible. With the exception of the early morning services, and those days on which I was at the depot to receive Jews there, the greater part of my forenoons was occupied with visiting Jews in their houses, or speaking to them in the streets.”

—Rev. J. F. Segall, in *Jewish Intelligence*.



## THREE BLUES OF SPRING-TIME.

We tried the flowers of every hue;  
But love the red, white and blue.

Red, white and blue.

The red is love's sweet blushing hue,  
And hope lies imaged in the blue.

Red, white and blue.

When faith is free and love is true,  
We sow the red, white and blue.

In eastern lands the seed we cast,  
But weeds would choke or drouth would blast

Red, white and blue.

Sweet love was lost in passion's fires,  
From idol worship faith retires,  
And hope by despot's frown expires—

Red, white and blue.

Then to the western world we came,

And sowed the flowers of holy name,  
Red, white and blue.

Faith and Hope and Love were sown,  
And oh! how strong the plants are grown,  
And through the world their flowers are known,

Red, white and blue,

For freedom eagle-pinioned flew,

And bore the red, white and blue.

Now in one banner fair to see,  
We twine the hues in trinity—

Red and white and blue.

The red and white are leaves of light,  
And stars as flowers the blue bedight,  
And o'er the world this banner bright,

Red and white and blue,

Has guardian angels strong and true,  
Who love the red and white and blue.

Author Unknown.

## OPTIMISM.

THE Centennial address of Bishop Potter, in St. Paul's church, New York, has been the cause, not only of a vast amount of criticism, favorable and unfavorable, but has also led to the unearthing of a great deal of the true inwardness of those early days which has so often been justified and eulogized at the expense of the present time. One result of this will be that the average American will know much more of our national history than he ever before even dreamed of. He will learn that while our fathers of a hundred years ago were certainly not sinners above all other men, yet neither were they saints beyond the men of to-day. And we are glad to know that our article previously written on this matter was fully warranted by the letters and public papers that still exist to show us how extremely human men are apt to be, and that our political literature is, if not purer, at least more decent than of old.

There is scarcely a point of comparison, if even a single one, in which the present day is not equal, and in most respects superior, to the days of A.D. 1789. Would it be possible to renew the atrocities of the French Revolution? When the Commune in Paris made the attempt, their reign was but for a day; and the victims of their passion were few. If a foreign army should land upon our shores

for purposes of subjugation, would any State refuse to send her contingent for defense; or would our armies freeze or starve because a foreign (Tory) influence was powerful enough to refuse supplies of food or clothing? Had one-third of the States in 1789 refused to submit to national authority because they saw that by the election of Washington to the Presidency their political projects were threatened with defeat, where were the resources and the power that could have brought order out of the chaos of rebellion? To-day our nation is capable of doing all things necessary for the defense of our liberties; and a million harvest-fields would yield abundance of supply of food, and the almost inexhaustible sources of wealth are at hand to support the Government under every trial.

It is within the last fifty years that the children of our land have entered upon their heritage of education. The slender resources of America that left so much to be supplied, have expanded to such unbounded limits that no child of the land need remain in ignorance; schools and colleges are scattered with a lavish prodigality that seems sometimes almost a waste, yet the people use them all, and a prudent beneficence constantly seeks and finds new modes of applying wealth to spread the reign of knowledge. A hun-

dred years ago, universities sought long and patiently for endowments. To-day men endow them with a million of dollars at a time without solicitation or reserve.

The standard law of morality, individual and social, that is regnant to-day among the people, would not permit for an hour the things that were common to all a hundred years ago. Then schools were endowed, even churches were built, by the proceeds of lotteries. Public libraries were established by means of them; bishops thanked God who had blessed them with a prize; now, popular with a certain class, the laws of most of the States forbid them, and religion frowns upon them.

It is true that many religious people mingle in the dance or look on at public sports, who then were bound by strongest ecclesiastical law not to indulge in such "vanities;" some even visit the theater or opera who would have then been excommunicated for so doing. But a larger proportion of the people is present at the public services of their particular church; and they only need to be reminded of the demands of charity or religion to furnish unheard of supplies to those who minister to such needs. The sacred vessels upon a thousand altars have been secured, in part at least, by the self-denial of little children, who look forward with present joy to the day when they shall enter upon their sacred heritage, and learn the lessons of a Savior's love from a thousand pulpits, whose hangings have been adorned by the patient toil of their own fingers.

And it is through the silent force of

example that the Old World has been politically transformed during the last hundred years. Surely there is more freedom and of a higher character in every nation of Europe to-day. The influence we are exerting to-day is purer and more exalting than it once was. Formerly it was but the name of Liberty, that name that came down from the oligarchies and aristocracies of the republics of Greece and Rome. Now we may bid the peoples witness a Liberty that belongs to every human being within our boundaries, yet binds each one in subjection to the law that is provided for the protection of all. Slavery has vanished, anarchy has no excuse. The communism of our institutions secures to every one the fruit of his own labor, yet forbids his interference with the just rights of his neighbor. In no age or country of the world was ever greater freedom given to conscience; and the danger of ultramontaniam, whether on the part of Rome or any other religious power, is growing less day by day. Yet never was money so freely contributed for the support of the gospel, for the building of churches, for the relief of the needy, for the furtherance of every plan for the material and spiritual salvation of men. Great moral reforms receive the support of the best portions of society, and the masses receive the benefit of their efforts for their welfare.

Who shall say that the former days were better than these? or why should we lament that we can not live over again the lives of our fathers?

—Selected.

### SONG OF FLOWER ANGELS.

I found to-day, in sunny nook,  
Blue violets sweet and coy,  
The earliest factors of the year  
To give the sun employ;  
They nodded under sheltered banks  
As is their modest way,  
And lent their beauty to the earth,  
Thro' all the vernal day.

Above them, in the barren trees,  
The blue-birds chattered glad,  
And fluttering, moved in tender mood,  
The mate that must be had;

They first return from southern lands  
As harbingers of spring,  
And weary hearts grow glad again  
When they begin to sing.

And higher still the soft blue sky—  
The heavenly arch above—  
In symbol of our father's care,  
His canopy of love.  
This azure sky with sunny days—  
The blue-birds flown from far—  
The violets too are tokens all,  
How wide His mercies are.

—Selected.

## THE HONEST RUM-SELLER (?);

## OR LIGHT IN THE BAR-ROOM.

BY THOMAS J. SMITH.

## CHAPTER II.

I will tell you a story,  
Of love unrequited;  
Of two trusting hearts  
That were never united.

I WAS born, raised, and received what little education I possess, in the state of Ohio. At what particular town, or in what county in the state, does not matter to this audience. My father intended that I should follow the profession of law; but my health failing, my physician recommended that I learn some trade which required manual labor. So I took up the blacksmith business, and was soon stout and healthy again. I was about twenty years of age at this time, and was very ambitious to make money. I soon discovered, however, that the trade I had chosen, although a very honorable one, was a very slow one to accomplish my desire of money getting. I became discontented, quit the business, left home, and inside of three weeks was installed as a bar-tender in the saloon of Lovemoney and Gallmaker of Cincinnati. I remained here for two years, and then wandered from place to place, as my fancy led or opportunity offered, for about eight years more, always acting as clerk in some saloon. I finally landed in a small town in Iowa, with money enough to go into business myself. This was, of course, before prohibition struck the state. I put up a building with all the modern improvements and conveniences, and as there were no other saloons in the place, had a very flourishing and lucrative trade. Of course you all know just what that means. As a large amount of money flowed into my coffers, I sent out in return an equal amount of "riot and ruin."

I run my business here for about five years, when an incident transpired which completely ruined it, and filled my soul with feelings of the deepest shame and remorse. Among my many customers was one Captain Raymond, an old soldier, who figured quite prominently in a Pennsylvania regiment during our late war. He was called by his many friends "a jolly good soul," and had been in his ear-

ly life a fine specimen of God's noblest work—man. But unfortunately for himself and all connected with him, he had acquired a passion for strong drink, which had left him but a poor imitation of his former self. It was, indeed, an unusual thing for him to go home, once a month, sober. The seal of "confirmation" had not as yet been stamped upon his forehead, but he was fast approaching that limit where it would be. He was rapidly nearing the "dead line" of intemperance which, when once overstepped, reformation is unknown. All his earthly possessions had long since been swallowed up in drink save an acre of ground and an humble little cottage, situated about a mile from town. His only means of support came from a pension of twenty dollars per month, for wounds received in battle. The greater part of this, however, went as did his other possessions, to the rum-seller's till.

The captain had no family except one daughter, who at this time was about twenty years of age; and as this daughter was the chief actor in the incident just referred to, you will please pardon me if I devote a few moments to her. She was small in figure, neat and trim in appearance, and bright and sparkling in intellect. She would not, however, have been considered handsome by one person in a hundred. But if there ever was an angel in human flesh, if there ever was a person from whom every thing sinful had been cast out and everything divine implanted, Maggie Raymond was that person. The angel in her, although plainly visible to all, shone brightest in her strong devotion to her drunken father. She was his only dependence, and had no doubt saved his life scores of times. If he failed to be at home at nine o'clock at night, be it once a week or seven times a week, winter or summer, foul or fair, she would come for him as regularly as day succeeds night, and in all her troubles and trials with him, she was never known to misuse or speak harshly to him.

Is it anything strange, then, my friends, that I, hardened as I was to most of the

finer feelings of the human heart, by my unholy calling, should fall in love, and that deeply too, with this little type of a better world. No; this is not strange at all; but what follows is passing strange, and that is that my love for her was warmly reciprocated, and we were engaged to be married only a week after the melancholy incident before referred to occurred. I will remark here, however, that she would not consent to our marriage until I had agreed to forsake my business in one year after the wedding took place.

One cold day in December the captain had been drinking harder than usual, and I knowing that he could not reach home unless he started early, persuaded him to leave the saloon about dusk and to go across the field, the near way, and to make the best headway he could. I will here remark that in going to the saloon he always took the "short cut," and in going home he always followed the road. It was this advice of mine that caused the whole trouble. Had he followed the road, as usual, all would have been well. The captain had just reached the top of the field fence when the liquor overcame him and he tumbled off and fell insensible upon the ground.

Maggie awaited him at the house until nine o'clock, and as he did not appear she started in search of him. As usual she followed the road, and not meeting him, she came to the saloon. I told her that he had taken the path through the field and was, no doubt lying on the way. She turned to go, and I realizing what a time she would have in getting him home, offered to go and assist her in the task; but she would not permit me, remarking that she could "manage" him.

I insisted on helping her, but she resolutely refused.

Seeing that it was useless to urge her further, and that the night was very cold, I told her that she ought to drink something warm to stimulate her in the unpleasant task. She refused at first, but upon a little persuasion consented and drank a small glass of sweetened brandy.

Oh, my friends, a thousand times in the deepest anguish and remorse of soul have I cursed that glass of brandy.

I suppose she soon found her father lying in the fence corner unconscious, and seeing that it would be useless to attempt to move him in that condition,

had taken off her wraps and spread them over him. She then had sat down at his feet to await his awakening. The brandy must have stupefied her, while the cold had overpowered her, for early the next morning as I was going over to the captain's to learn how she had succeeded in getting him home, and on reaching the fence where he had fallen, what a scene of horror presented itself to my view. *There sat Maggie at her father's feet, as stiff and cold and white as a statue of marble.*

I gazed for a moment in complete bewilderment, and then seized her in my arms and tried to awaken her. I chafed her icy hands. I held her stony cheek to my lips. I pressed her silent heart to mine. I seized the wraps from off her father and gently placed them around her lifeless form. But all to no purpose. She was in that sleep that knows no awakening until the trump sounds which is to bring forth the noble, the good and the true in the great day of God's recompense.

My friends, I can not dwell upon that scene. My soul can not endure it. It faints at the recollection. Suffice it to say the captain arose from his drunken sleep a broken-hearted man. He buried her in the little church yard at the foot of the hill, and was soon laid beside her himself, by his friends.

And now, all the world has to remember her by, save her good deeds, is a little marble slab placed over her grave, bearing this inscription: "*Sacred to the memory of Maggie Raymond, born November 5th, 1856; frozen to death December 15th, 1876; aged 20 years, 1 month and 15 days.*"

One bright moonlight night, just before I left the place to come west, I visited her grave; and kneeling at its side, I raised my right hand toward heaven, and there in that sacred stillness vowed, that by God's help, and by the sacred clay that rested beneath me, I would never taste or handle the soul destroying poison again, and that should the time ever come when I should fail to raise that arm against the damnable traffic, it might wither to my shoulder, and my tongue might sear in my mouth if I ever failed to speak against it.

This, my friends, is why I quit the business, and one reason why I am opposed to signing this petition.

And now as we have an understanding of this matter so far, I will proceed to the task before me, and will carry you back in imagination to yonder city in the eastern part of this state. Undoubtedly you are aware that it is in the cities where the rum seller flourishes and spreads himself, not as the green bay tree, however, which lends a grateful shade to the weary pilgrim and a shelter to the unprotected beast, but as the poisonous ivy vine, sickening and corroding everything that comes in contact with it. Among the scores of saloons which infest the place, we will select one as a sample, (for as I have already told you they are all alike, all chips off the same block), and then begin our investigation. We will pick up one of the daily newspapers of the place, read the numerous advertisements and then choose the one which suits us best. Well, here is a whole list of them, and a motley crew they make in very deed: "The Blue Front," "The Red Front," "The Farmer's Home," "The Cross Swords," "The Index," "The Shade Tree," "The Bird's Nest," "The New Racket," "The Daisy," "Tivoli," "Alhambra" (whatever those two last names mean), "The Honey Bee," "Hole in the Wall," "Elk Horns," "The Grass-hopper," and here—ah here we have struck it, "The Model Saloon." That is the one we want. It will be a model of all the balance of them. So without stopping to enquire as to the fitness of the name, whether it is a model money making establishment, or expected to make more drunkards and complete them in less time than any other saloon, we will enter its glittering domain. But just wait a moment, we will read the advertisement first:

*"Model Saloon; on Elm street, between Tenth and Eleventh, south side. The choicest liquors and cigars constantly on hand. A large importation of the best brands just received. Please call and sample. W. Pennygrabber, Pro."*

Now I do not presume that there is a man, woman or child in this audience, or in any other, unacquainted with the rum business, who can form the remotest idea as to just what that advertisement means. So we will enter the door of the Model Saloon, and as we wish to get at the foundation of this business, we will pass to the cellar first, where a little light will be shed upon the matter. Do you see

this barrel of whisky here, that barrel of brandy there, that one of wine under the window, and those kegs on the shelf containing the same kind of liquors as are in the barrels?

You do. Well, what I have just pointed out to you constitutes the whole of that "large importation" mentioned in the advertisement. This, no doubt, will appear strange and unreasonable to you, as the Model is one of the largest and most extensively patronized saloons in the city, and consumes large quantities of liquors daily. I will explain. Just step over to that dark corner where you see that large chest. We lift the lid. Why, bless your soul, if here is not a perfect little drug store. Alum, borax, turpentine, cayenne pepper, cinnamon, gunpowder, blue vitriol, tobacco, arsenic, carbolic acid, aqua fortis, and even strychnine,—quite a formidable and lengthy procession to march down a man's throat, is it not?

This seems to startle you, my friends; but it need not, for it is but the plain, unvarnished truth. All of these drugs, with many more that I have not named, are used in manufacturing and mixing up the liquors drank by modern swiggers. Each fourth of that barrel of whisky there is drawn out and placed in other barrels containing three-fourths water, a number of these drugs then are introduced, and Mr. Pennygrabber has four barrels of the best brand of Old Kentucky Bourbon Whisky. A similar process is gone through with the brandy and wine barrels, and he has eight more of the best brand. Four of rare French brandy, and a similar number of the choicest Maderia wine.

We now see the full meaning of that advertisement, and have our first illustration of the "honest rum-seller." The proprietor of the Model Saloon, probably, does not intend to act dishonestly, or to misrepresent in his advertisement. He may imagine that the dilution of his liquors by water and the introduction of drugs may prove beneficial to the health of his customers. As to the other, he was only a little careless in the use of his language; the words "large importation" instead of applying to the liquors he had received, should apply to the water and drugs he had mixed and toned his liquors up with. So don't let this trifle prejudice your minds against his "honesty."

As we will have occasion to look after those kegs on the shelf further along in our investigations, we will quit the cellar and enter the bar-room. Everything here is in the neatest shape. The walls are as white as the snowflake; the floors are clean and sanded; the counters, billiard tables and chairs, fairly glisten; the bottles and cups sparkle; the well rubbed lamps shed forth a soft mellow light; while the proprietor and his clerk, Johnson, both tastily dressed, wear a broad, pleasant smile around the corners of their mouths. We will take seats around the neatly polished stove and await developments.

Ah, what great crowd of men is this just coming in? That tall, well dressed man in front is Major B——, one of the candidates for State Senator, and those others are some of his numerous friends. The major is going to "set 'em up," as they term it out west. That's it, is it? Well, the major looks as if he had "set 'em up," or "put 'em down" several times too often already; in other words, he is just two-thirds drunk. But he has been hard at work all day long, pushing his claims to the office to the front, and we must overlook his present limber condition. The clerk, with lightning rapidity, has the counter completely covered with glasses, and politely asks each man: "What will you take, sir? The glasses are filled with the liquors desired; each

person takes his own, tips it with the major's, and wishing him success, drinks the contents. After it is all over, the major bends over the counter towards the proprietor and softly whispers: "Chalk it down." The latter smilingly replies: "All right." Now keep your eyes wide open, for ten to one you will see another illustration of the "honest rum-seller" here. We will count noses—just fifteen with the major's. That is correct. Now step around and take a peep into Mr. Pennygrabber's book as he "chalks it down."

"Major B—— to twenty-five drinks of liquor, time eight o'clock and twenty minutes." Ah, just as I anticipated. That is an old trick. Twenty-five drinks instead of fifteen. But the proprietor does not intend to be dishonest. Oh, no! You see the major is drunk and has plenty of money, and will never know the difference. And how liable a man is to make wrong figures at such a time, especially if the mistake will be in his favor. A man may make a figure two instead of a one any day. So this little mistake will not affect his reputation for honesty at all; besides could he not have "chalked it down thirty-five, or even forty-five drinks, instead of twenty-five, had he not been honest? Certainly he could.

The blindest eye can clearly see,  
For all is plain as it can be.

(To be continued).

## QUESTIONS FOR THOUGHTFUL WORKINGMEN.

1. What have the saloon-keepers done to improve the conditions of the working classes?
2. Have you more comfortable homes through supporting the drink-sellers?
3. Have you fewer jailers and magistrates through supporting the saloon-keepers?
4. Are your taxes less because drink-sellers are kept busy?
5. Is bread cheaper because nearly forty millions of bushels of grain go to the maltster instead of the miller?
6. Is trade improved because money is spent at saloons instead of in clothes, furniture and food?
7. Are the articles manufactured by brewers and distillers worth the money that is paid for them?
8. If drink-sellers had to keep all the paupers, lunatics and criminals they make, how many of them would be able to keep out of bankruptcy?
9. Is the health of these drinkers of intoxi-

cants better than that of people who don't drink?

10. Are the neighborhoods most orderly and prosperous where the saloons are the most numerous?

11. Would your sons and daughters be improved if they were trained up behind saloon bars?

12. Don't saloon keepers generally vote for those candidates who promise to protect their trade, regardless of every other trade!

13. Could any class be better spared than the liquor-sellers?

14. If one law authorizes bishops and clergy to preach the sanctity of the Sabbath, is it right that another law should authorize maltsters and drink-sellers to violate the Sabbath?

15. If a church were composed of nothing but maltsters, brewers, distillers, saloon-keepers and their assistants, what influence would it exert on the drunkenness of the country?

—Selected.

EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN  
ANTIQUITIES.

313.—“The following chapter, which is taken from the Third Book of Garcias: Origin of the Judeans, we here insert in the original Spanish, with the translation annexed, both because it contains many scriptural authorities to prove that the Jews in ancient times did frequently profane religion by the celebration of human sacrifices and likenesses, because Garcia inclines to the opinion that their descendants introduced that shocking custom into Peru. This chapter is entitled, *Como los Judeas; los Indias, le curon sacrificia de Nenos.* \* \* \* (See 2 Kings 17th). “And they sacrificed their sons and their daughters to devils. \* \* \* And they asked the blood of the innocent.””

Manasseh passed his sons through the fire; Achaz sacrificed a son.

“It can not be doubted that human sacrifices were common throughout Palestine. And if the Holy Land was polluted with these abominable rites, which the Jews are said to have learned from their neighbors, the Canaanites, where is the difficulty in supposing that in after ages they were transplanted to American soil by their descendants. \* \* \* It is a very remarkable fact that the Indians were accustomed to pass their sons through the fire as a kind of baptism. \* \* \*”

320.—“It deserves to be remarked that as amongst the Jews certain cities were appointed as cities of refuge, by which criminals might fly and escape the punishment of the law; so amongst the Mexicans and amongst most of the Indian States, there were appointed places of refuge to which culprits might fly and claim the rights of the sanctuary, but that murderers could avail themselves of this privilege, as anciently was the case in Christendom, is neither probable nor asserted by any Spanish historian. The places of refuge amongst the Indians were the palaces of kings, named by the Mexicans *tepan*; and wherever there was a place, there it may be supposed was a city of refuge likewise. But it may also be imagined, although it is not so expressly stated by Spanish writers, that the Mexican *teocalli*, especially the greater temples of Mexico, were places of refuge, and that the city of Cholula was a place of refuge.”

326.—“The reflection that human sacrifices were common among the Jews at one period of their history, as among the Mexicans and Peruvians, must give rise to grave reflections. \* \* \*”

338.—“What shall we say when we find \* \* \* that the Indians of New Spain did expect a Messiah, whom they even named *Mexi*, which name exactly resembles the Hebrew, whose advent they expected in the year of the Cane, or the year of the Lord. Although Cortez is himself silent on the subject, Torquemada has recorded in the thirteenth and fifteenth chapters of the Fourth Book of his ‘Indian Monarchy,’ the curious fact, that when the Spanish general arrived on the coast of New Spain, he was not only taken by the Mexicans for their Messiah, but actually received their adorations in that character, seated on a throne erected for that purpose on the deck of his ship. To this belief of the Mexicans Torquemada is inclined to attribute the rapid progress of the Spanish arms, as the necessary consequence of the general commotion into which their empire was thrown by the rumor everywhere circulated that the Messiah had come to take possession of his kingdom.”

351.— \* \* \* Cortez kept the matter a secret, because there were those who did not wish it to be known in Europe that he had been taken for the Messiah in America. But great as was the folly of Montezuma, in thus blindly following the faith of his ancestors, it does not surpass that of some modern Jews, inhabitants of Morocco, who annually confine in a coffin a virgin of their own race, in the hope that she may give birth to their expected Messiah.”

378, Temples.—“It is obvious that we can not compare the temple of Jerusalem, as a whole, with any of the Mexican temples, because we have not a perfect idea of all its parts. It is only from scattered passages of Scripture that we are enabled to guess that there were many features of resemblance between these different structures. That Solomon’s temple was high, we learn from 2 Chron. 2:21, where it is expressly so designated: ‘And this house which is high, shall be an astonishment unto every one that passeth by it, so that

he shall say, why hath the Lord done thus unto this land and unto this house?' That it had an ascent, which was probably eight steps up to it, is incidentally mentioned in 2 Chron. 9: 2-4, which contains an account of the queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon: 'And when the queen of Sheba had seen the wisdom of Solomon, and the house that he had built, and the meat at his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel; his cupbearers also, and their apparel, and his ascent by which he went up into the house of the Lord; there was no more spirit in her.'

"A causeway is also mentioned in 1 Chron. 26: 16 as leading to the latter temple. 'To Shuppim and Hosah the lot came forth westward, with the gate Shallecbeth, by the causeway of the going up, ward against ward.'"

"It is impossible when reading what Mexican mythology records of the war in heaven and of the war of Zontemonque and the other spirits; of the creation of light by the word of Tonacaticutli, and of the division of the waters; of the sins of Yztlauhqui, and his blindness and nakedness; of the temptation of Suchiquecal, and her disobedience in gathering roses from a tree, and the consequent misery and disgrace of herself and all her posterity,—not to recognize Scriptural analogies. But the Mexican tradition of the Deluge is that which bears the most unequivocal marks of having been derived from a Hebrew source. This tradition records that a few persons escaped in the Ahuehuete, or ark of fir, when the earth was swallowed up by the deluge, the chief of whom was named Patecatle or Cipaquetona; that he invented the art of making wine; that Xelua, one of his descendants, at least one of those who escaped with him in the ark, was present at the building of the high tower, which the succeeding generation constructed with the view of escaping from the deluge should it again occur; that Tonacatecutle, incensed at their presumption, destroyed the tower with lightning, confounded their language and dispersed them; and that Xelua led a colony to the New World."—*Mex. Antiq.* tom. vi.

409.—[Torquemada]: "Another ecclesiastic named Brother Diego de Mercado, a grave father, who has been definator of this province of the holy gospel, and one

of the most exemplary men and greatest doers of penance of his time, relates, and authenticates this relation with his signature, that some three years ago, conversing with one of the Otomies, about seventy years old, respecting matters concerning our faith, the Indian told him that they in ancient times had been in possession of a book which was handed down successively from father to son in the person of the eldest, who was dedicated to the safe custody of it, and to instruct others in its doctrines. These doctrines were written in two columns, and between column and column Christ was painted crucified with a countenance of anger. They accordingly said that Lord was offended, and out of reverence would not turn even the leaves with their hands, but with a small bar which they had made for the purpose, which they kept along with the book. On the ecclesiastic's questioning the Indian as to the contents of the book and its doctrines, he was unable to give him further information, but simply replied that if the book had not been lost, he would have seen that the doctrine which he taught and preached to them and those which the book contained were the same."

"It is so singular a fact that the Indians of Mexico and Peru should have believed with Christians in many doctrines which were held to be peculiarly and exclusively Christian, and to constitute a line of demarcation between Christianity and all other religions that it appears a convincing proof that Christianity must, in early ages, have been established in America, and that ancient communication existed between the old and the new continents at a period long antecedent to the age of Columbus."

"In pointing out some of the leading doctrines of Christianity, the knowledge of which was likewise found amongst the Indians, it may be proper to observe that although it might be easier shown that the Indians believed in the existence of Deity, in the immortality of the soul, and in a future state of rewards and punishments; still, as these are intuitive truths which all religions teach, which all ages have believed, so inferences will be attempted to be drawn from them, since the Romans, the Greeks, the Mahometans, or the Hindoos, might by the same arguments have proved to have carried on intercourse in former ages with the Indians.



The doctrines were peculiarly Christian, a belief in which the Indians likewise professed. However mixed up with other superstition, and from which inferences may be fairly drawn, are the following: That of a Trinity, of original sin, of repentance, of penance, of a vicarious atonement, of a future Redeemer, and of the resurrection of the body."

"But, besides exhibiting a certain degree of conformity on these doctrinal points, they likewise seem to have been formerly acquainted with the sacraments, although superstition had lamentably perverted these ancient mysteries of the Christian church, since traces of them may be found in various rites and ceremonies common alike to the Mexicans and Peruvians."

"Having briefly mentioned what the particular doctrines of Christianity were, which the gravest writers assert were known to the Indians before the arrival of the Spaniards in the New World, we shall proceed separately to adduce proofs to show that the above mentioned doctrines did in reality constitute a portion of the Indian faith; and, although many testimonies from different authors might be cited in confirmation of each article, it will be sufficient in this place to quote the single authorities of men like Acosta, Peter Martyr, Garcia, and Torquemada, whose writings are highly appreciated in Spain, and are also known to the rest of Europe."

"Several historians of the New World mention Suchiquecal, and the sin which she committed in eating the fruit of a tree."

"The doctrine of a vicarial atonement, or of a sacrifice for sin, whereby the guilt of one party is expiated and atoned for by the innocent blood of another, was also well known to the Indians; and the question is curious, how traces of this doctrine should have been discovered in America, and how, on the supposition of these traces, affording indications of Christianity having in earlier ages existed in that continent, the doctrines of a purer faith could have thus degenerated, and in time have become mingled with such barbarous superstitions."

"If our surprise is excited by the discoveries that the Peruvians were not altogether ignorant of the nature of a vicarial sacrifice, or atonement, it will be produced

in no less degree when we discover that the inhabitants of New Spain generally believed in the coming of a future Redeemer or Savior, whose advent, as well as the last destruction of the world, may seem to have expected at the close of the certain stated periods corresponding with the artificial cycles of time which they displayed in their calendars. That future Redeemer was Quecalcoatle. The letters of Cortez to Charles the Fifth fully prove that about the time when the Spaniards first arrived in America, the expectation was very general in New Spain of the appearance of Quecalcoatle, and for many years afterward that expectation continued; so difficult it is to root out ancient prejudices, since we are informed that the mere report of their God having come to redeem them, induced the Capotecas to revolt in the year 1550."

"Gomora, speaking of this expectation, says: 'The Indians viewed with attention the dress, deportment and beards of the Spaniards. They were astonished at seeing the horses feed and gallop; they were terrified at the glittering of their swords, and fell to the ground at the report and noise of their artillery, thinking that heaven was bursting with thunder and lightning, and they said of the ships, that it was Quecacoatle who was coming, bringing his temples with him, since he was the God of the air who had left them, and whose return they expected.'"—*La Conquista*.

"A most striking proof of the firmness of the faith of the Mexicans in Quecalcoatle is afforded by the relation which Cortez, in his third letter to Charles the Fifth, and Gomara in his 'Conquest of Mexico,' gave of the events which occurred during the last days of the siege of that city. Gomara, describing 'the state of extremity to which the Mexicans had been reduced, and their obstinacy in resisting the Spaniards to the last, says: 'Cortez being desirous of seeing how much of the city remained yet to be gained, ascended a high tower, looked around him and perceived that there was an eighth part. On the following day he returned to the attack of the remaining portion. He commanded his troops to kill none but those who defended themselves. The Mexicans lamented their unhappy fate, entreating the Spaniards to conclude their work of slaughter. And certain chiefs

called to Cortez in a very pressing manner, who hastened to the spot, imagining that it was to treat of terms of surrender. Having placed himself by the side of a bridge, they addressed him: 'Since you are the son of the sun, why do you not finish with his course? O sun! that canst

encircle the earth in so short a space of time as a single day and one night, kill us at once, and relieve us at once from such great and protracted sufferings; since we desire death, in order to go and rest with Quecalcoatle, who is expecting us.'

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### OUR WESTERN HOME.

Mamma, just smell these sweet williams;  
If I kiss them I guess they won't die;  
And here are some wild johnny jump-ups  
Blue, like your eyes and the sky.

I gathered them up in the pasture  
Where papa was building a fence,  
I held a rail up while he nailed it  
And he kissed me, and gave me five cents.

And I caught a big chub with a pin hook,  
You ought to have seen the thing pant,  
I showed it to old Mr. Dawson  
And he called me General Grant.

The bobolinks held in their music,  
As if they were bound not to sing,

But at last it would pry their throats open,  
And bubble out just like a spring.

And while they were singing, the lillies  
Would bend their heads low on one side,  
As if angels were lighting down on them  
And it made me so happy I cried.

And I just tumbled into the clover  
And threw down my fish hook and darts,  
And pitched in and sung like the birds did  
For the song wouldn't stay in my heart.

Now I'm going out into the garden  
To catch a big white butterfly  
And play it's a wee baby angel,  
Kiss me now, mamma. Good-bye.

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### THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

WE must learn that as a rule Marriage is the appointed instrument for our highest moral development. That is no idle dream which affirms a mutual affinity to be a prime condition of real marriage. The ideal husband and wife are first attracted to each other by common tastes; then a mutual esteem, mellowing into friendship and preparing a community of interests, ripens into the concentrated joy of love. The consciousness of that love is in each of them the soul's awakening; on one side magnanimous strength defending weakness; on the other clinging dependence clothing power with grace; on both the glad renunciation of self, or rather the finding of a new and nobler self in surrender of the old. The baser animal life shrinks dwarfed in fit subordination to the regal qualities of the spirit. The reason, the imagination, the moral affections, all are quickened—purged as with cleansing fire—exalted and enobled to life's higher planes. The commonplace melts into the heroic; and love's clear vision reveals in each to other, not only what all the world beholds, but every latent possibility of perfection otherwise visible to none but Him who Himself is the infinite ever-

lasting Love. Scoff who may at this early glow of romantic tenderness, to my thinking it is light from heaven upon the upward way; and they who are so blessed as to keep it through the following years are they who best attain the real ends of marriage. How almost god-like the chivalrous solicitude of one, the passionate faith and sweetness of the other, the mutual devotion of the twain blending holly into one community of being! And where in the universe could fitter nurses be found to welcome babes and train and nurture children into the image of Christ? They who have so appreciated what marriage may and ought to be will never wonder that Paul beheld in it a sacramental sign of the relation between Christ and his redeemed church. A sacrament in the Romish sense of conferring grace marriage is not; but a sacrament in the true sense of shadowing diviner things it surely is. When souls are wedded, when husband and wife alike are baptized into the divine secret of utter self-abnegation such that every drudgery is glorified and every sacrifice made sweet, earth has no fairer picture of celestial joys.—*Sel.*

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

## BOOK OF HELAMAN.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Helaman has charge of the Records.—The Nephites extend north into Central America and Mexico.—Civil war among those in South America.—Also the Lamanites come against them.—Gadianton's Secret Band.—Their wickedness.—Nephites settle in the United States.—They build cities, and engage in Agriculture and Manufacturing.—Driven out of South America.—Many Lamanites converted by Nephi and Lehi, the sons of Helaman.

**H**ELAMAN the son of Helaman was placed in charge of the sacred and historical records by his uncle Shiblon in the thirty-ninth year of the reign of the Judges. Two years before this several thousand of the Nephites had passed through what we now call the Isthmus of Panama and gone into the land north. Also in those days Hagoth and others built ships and went up the west coast, and probably some went across the Gulf of Mexico, into those regions hitherto unknown and unexplored by the Nephites. They found in Central America, Mexico and the United States (as they are now known to us) the ruined cities, monuments, fortresses and great mounds of the Jaredites, the people who were the first settlers in America after the deluge. From the days of King Mosiah, as previously mentioned, the Nephites had been astonished at the evidences that a great and an enlightened people had dwelt in the land Desolation, and to the northward of it; and now they began to see more of these wonders. (Note 31.)

In the fortieth year the Nephites in Zarahemla (South America) became divided in the choice of a chief judge, and the chosen son of Pahoran was assassinated by the opposite party that favored his brother. A general time of trouble followed this terrible deed. Not only was there civil war, but also the Lamanites came again, and especially at the capital were the Nephites both unprepared in numbers and unfitted in moral power to meet enemies from without. Consequently Zarahemla was taken; and after it other cities and portions of land. But Moronihah, the son and successor of Mormon in command of the army, prevented their further progress north by gathering his men from the borders and giving them battle; and finally he drove out the Laman-

ites, retaking Zarahemla and restoring peace to the Nephites. Then Helaman was chosen as chief Judge over the nation.

About this time arose the notorious Gadianton, who re-instituted the secret organization with wicked covenants. His band was composed of those whose object it was to take the property and the lives of others and to overthrow the government, at the same time having made oath that they would shield and protect the members of the order under all circumstances. Their deeds of darkness and sin were like those that have been practiced among many nations, both before their day and since then, to obtain great power among the people and to set the wicked in authority. One of Gadianton's chief men, Kishkumen, came to assassinate Helaman, but he was discovered by a servant and slain. After that Helaman tried to capture the band and stop the growing evil; but the men fled into the wilderness, and to hiding places in the hills and mountains. In them they dwelt, coming out occasionally to rob and plunder the people. Excepting for trouble with this band the nation enjoyed peace for some years longer, and the church received divine favors and many blessings, so long as its ministers and members continued to be worthy.

During these years many more of the Nephites went into the northern country, both by land and by sea. Their history relates that some of them went a long distance, probably as far as the northern line of what is now the United States, because the book says they arrived in a country of great waters and many rivers. They found that in some parts of the land the former inhabitants had cut off the timber so entirely that scarcely any could be had for building purposes, therefore they were compelled to bring much timber in ships from the south land, and also to use cement in constructing their dwellings and houses of worship. (Note 32.)

But they found a good country, and they were industrious and diligent in cultivating the earth, and in building cities, both north and south. What trees or bushes they found growing they cultivat-

ed, and they also planted others, so that in time there might be plenty of timber again. They kept a history of their growth upon the new territory, of their progress in agriculture, manufactures and commerce, and of how they spread abroad from south to north and from west to east over a wide area of the goodly land that lies south of the great lakes.

Helaman and many of the Nephites remained in Zarahemla, where they continued to have both good and evil times. The Church yet existed and there were still many good and righteous people. But there were also many wicked ones, as well as bands of robbers, that did great evil, after the manner of Gadianton and his secret organization. Helaman acted righteously in his place as chief judge. He kept God's commandments, and, so far as he could, he executed justice and caused the people to do right. And his two sons, Nephi and Lehi, grew up in that manner and were taught in the ways of the Lord, so that they and many others were baptized into Christ and became members of the Church of God. Yet pride and rebellion were in the hearts of many in the Church, as well as existing among those without.

In the fifty-third year Helaman died, and his son Nephi succeeded him as chief judge. During that and the following years some Nephites rebelled and were driven out. These went to the Lamanites, and in their hatred of their brethren they urged the Lamanites until they caused them to make war again. This was in the fifty-eighth year, and now they not only took Zarahemla but all the Nephite possessions south of the Isthmus, the Land Bountiful only remaining to them. So Moronihah and his men fortified along the line at the south end of the Isthmus that we call Darien. The length of this line from the sea east to the sea west is described as being a day's travel for a Nephite on foot. It was now five hundred and sixty-seven years from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem.

Although Moronihah, in the sixty-first year of the Judges, succeeded in retaking about one-half of the Nephite cities, still their rulership in South America was about over. And many of them now saw that they had lost their ancient possessions because of their iniquities and follies. They had neglected the command-

ments of God and had forsaken his way, therefore his word was fulfilled wherein he had foretold their distresses and sorrows in case they should fall away. Some had a vivid remembrance of the declaration's of Alma, of Mosiah, and of other prophets who had warned them; and many of them mourned because they had in the past set at naught the law of God and been stubborn and rebellious. Because of this they saw that they had lost the Holy Spirit's presence, and that they were weak and powerless where once they had been strong and able to overcome all evils by the help of God. But others did not care, and were still contentious and wicked; therefore Nephi became weary of the work of governing them. So he resigned his position and Cezorum was chosen as chief judge.

After that Nephi and his brother Lehi spent their time in preaching the word of God, and in exhorting the people to live righteously. Their father, Helaman, had taught them of the coming of Christ; and of his great work of atonement and restoration, saying that only through him could mankind be saved in the kingdom of God. They also converted thousands of the Lamanites by going into their country and preaching earnestly and faithfully, and by ordaining ministers among them also. And those who came to Christ were more zealous and devoted than were the Nephites of that time; for already very many of the latter had departed from the great truths that were known and loved by their fathers. Even some of the Lamanites became preachers to the Nephites, endeavoring to renew them in the faith, but with only partial success.

NOTE 31. Concerning the first discovery of the land of Desolation by the Nephites the following is found in the Book of Mormon:

"And they were lost in the wilderness for the space of many days . . . having traveled in a land of many waters, having discovered a land that was covered with the bones of men, and of beasts, and with ruins of buildings of every kind; having discovered a land which had been peopled with a people who were as numerous as the hosts of Israel. And, for a testimony that the things that they have said are true, they have brought twenty-four plates, which are filled with engravings; and they are of pure gold. . . . And I say unto thee again, Knowest thou of any one that can translate? . . . For perhaps they will give us a knowledge of the people who have been destroyed, from whence these records came."

The plates above spoken of were the ones from which Mosiah translated the brief history of the Jaredites, as presented in chapters one and two of this story. They dwelt in Honduras, Yucatan, Chiapas and Mexico. Some believe that they were identical with the Mound-Builders of the Mississippi and Ohio valleys. And this is probable, because the book shows that they went north and east from Mexico in the days of their division and decline, and scientific men hold that the Mound-Builders were a different people from the progenitors of the Indians, that they were a peculiar race throughout, and that they perished from off the earth, giving place to a later and dissimilar people, the ancestors of the various colored tribes that were found in America by the European discoverers and explorers. Some scientific men think that the Mound-Builders were the same as those in Mexico called Toltecs. This is doubtful; because the tradition of the Toltecs seems to denote that they lived and flourished after the birth of Christ; notwithstanding they, like the Jaredites, are said to have mainly vanished from sight before the Aztecs ruled in Mexico. But probably the Toltecs were a remnant of the Nephites before they gave way to the Lamanites, or were incorporated among them and by amalgamation and degeneracy lost their superiority. Of the Toltecs Charney says

"All that the Toltecs did was excellent, graceful and delicate. Exquisite remains of their buildings, covered with ornamentation, together with pottery, toys, jewels, and many other objects, are found, for, says Sahagun, 'they had spread everywhere. The Toltecs were good architects and skilled in the mechanic arts. They built great cities like Tula, the ruins of which are still visible, whilst at Totonac they erected palaces of cut stone, ornamented with designs and human figures that recall their chequered history. At Cuernavaca were palaces built entirely of cut stone.' Torquemeda speaks of the Toltecs in the same terms, observing that 'they were supposed to have come from the west and to have brought with them maize, cotton, seeds, and the vegetables found in this country; that they were cunning artists in working gold, precious stones, and other curious things.' Clavigero thinks that 'they were the first nation mentioned in American traditions, and justly celebrated for their culture and mechanical skill, and that the name *Toltec* came to be synonymous with architect and artificer.'"—Ancient Cities of the New World, pages 82, 83.

The Book of Mormon shows that the first nation in American tradition were the Nephites (the Jaredites having perished only in name), and that the Nephites came originally from the west, across the sea, bringing all needful seeds with them; and that afterwards they emigrated from Peru into Yucatan, Mexico and further north. Also the scientific men of our time agree that there was an ancient emigration from South America into North America; that some came by sea; and that there were different periods of settlement and of civilization in Central America and Mexico as well as in the United States. Prof. J. D. Baldwin says concerning these matters:

"The civilized life of the ancient Mexicans and Central Americans may have had its ori-

ginal beginning somewhere in South America, for they seem more closely related to the ancient South Americans. . . . I find myself more and more inclined to the opinion that the aboriginal South Americans are the oldest people on this continent."—Ancient America, page 185.

"It has sometimes been assumed that the Aztecs came to Mexico from the north, but there is nothing to warrant this assumption, nothing to make it probable. . . . Investigation has made it probable that the Mexicans or Aztecs went to the valley of Mexico from the South."—Ancient America, pages 217, 218.

Of the Mound-Builders, whether they were the Jaredites or Nephites we do not decide. Mr. Baldwin says:

"The facts that the settlements and works of the Mound-Builders extended through Texas and across the Rio Grande indicates very clearly their connection with the people of Mexico, and goes far to explain their origin. . . . We can not suppose the Mound-Builders to have come from any other part of North America, for nowhere else north of the Isthmus was there any other people capable of producing such works as they left in the places where they dwelt. [In the Ohio and other valleys of the United States.] Beyond the relics of the Mound-Builders themselves no traces of the former existence of such a people have been discovered in any part of North America save Mexico and Central America. . . . It is not unreasonable to suppose that the civilized people of those regions extended their settlements and also migrated across the Gulf into the Mississippi Valley. In fact the connection of settlements by way of Texas appears to have been unbroken from Ohio to Mexico."—Ancient America, page 73.

At a meeting of the 'American Science Association,' held in Chicago, August 7-11, 1868, Prof. J. W. Foster claimed that the evidences were that the ancient Peruvians "carried on commerce with distant parts of the continent, as relics prove." At the same meeting Dr. J. H. Gibbon said, "The hieroglyphics of Central America represent sailors, priests, and classes and kinds of men different from the native races of America."

On page 209 of "Ancient America," Mr. Baldwin relates that in 1502, at an island off the coast of Honduras, Columbus met some Mayas, who came there "in a vessel of considerable size" from a port in Yucatan, thirty leagues distant; that it was a trading vessel, "freighted with a variety of merchandise, and that it used sails."

Of the ancient people, and of their mounds, their pyramids, their buildings and of the materials used in them, Baldwin says:

"Coming from Mexico and Central America they would begin their settlements on the Gulf coast, and afterwards advance gradually up the river to the Ohio valley. Their constructions were similar in design and arrangement to those found in Mexico and Central America. . . . Pyramidal platforms or foundations for important edifices appear in both regions, and are very much alike. There is evidence that they used timber for building purposes. In one of the mounds opened in the Ohio Valley two chambers were found with remains of the timber of which the walls were made, and with arched

ceilings precisely like those in Central America, even to the overlapping stones. The resemblance is not due to chance. This method of construction was brought to the Mississippi Valley from Mexico and Central America."—Ancient America, pp. 70, 71.

"This ancient race seems to have occupied nearly the whole basin of the Mississippi and its tributaries, with the fertile plains along the Gulf."—Ancient America, page 32.

Speaking of the ancient Colhuan nation who dwelt in Yucatan, Honduras, Chiapas, etc., Baldwin remarks:

"Some of the traditions state that the Colhuas came from the east in ships. . . . If accepted as vague historical recollections they could be explained by supposing that the civilized people called Colhuas came from South America through the Carribean Sea, and landed in Yucatan and Tabasco. They are universally described as being the people who first established civilization and built great cities. . . . The Colhuas are connected with vague references to a long and important period in the history previous to the Toltec ages. They seem to have been in some respects more advanced in civilization than the Toltecs. . . . Some of the principal seats of the Colhuan civilization were in the region now covered by the great forest. . . . In my judgment it is not improbable that they came by sea from South America. . . . Tradition places their first settlements on the Gulf coast in Tabasco, between Tehautepec and Yucatan."—Ancient America, pp. 198, 199, 200.

NOTE 32. That the ancient dwellers in Central America and Mexico did use cement, and in a variety of ways, is attested by Charney:

"The interior of the pyramid is composed of clay and volcanic pebbles. . . . Over this was a thick coating of stucco (cement), such as was used for dwellings. Where the pyramid is much defaced its incline is from thirty-one to thirty-six degrees, and where the coatings of cement still adhere, forty-seven degrees. . . . If by an effort of the imagination we were to try and restore this dead city (Teotihuacan), restore her dwellings, her temples and pyramids, covered with pink and white coatings, surrounded by verdant gardens, intersected by beautiful roads paved with red cement, the whole bathed in a flood of sunshine, we should realize the vivid description given by Torquemada (as follows): 'All the temples and palaces were perfectly built, whitewashed and polished outside. All the streets and squares were beautifully paved, and they looked so daintily clean as to make you almost doubt their being the work of human hands, destined for human feet. Nor am I drawing an imaginary picture; for, besides what I have been told, I myself have seen the ruins of temples, with noble trees and beautiful gardens full of fragrant flowers.' The outline of the pyramids is everywhere visible, and serves as a beacon to guide the traveler to the ruins of Teotihuacan. . . . We set out under the escort of an Indian, and soon reached an immense mound known as the *Citadel*, measuring over sixteen hundred and fifty feet on the sides. It is a quadrangular enclosure, consisting of four embankments some nineteen feet high and two hundred and sixty feet thick, on which are ranged fifteen pyramids. . . . On the opposite bank of

the torrent we noticed in some places three layers of cement, laid down in the same way and consisting of the same materials, as I can certify. This cement is identical with that of Tula, except that there it was probably done for the sake of solidity; whereas here, where the city was demolished several times, it was due to the fact that the new occupants did not care to clear the ground of all the rubbish. This supposition becomes almost a certainty, when we add that numerous fragments of pottery have been found between the layers. Besides this is amply exemplified in Rome and other cities, where ancient monuments are divided from later ones by thick layers of detritus."—Ancient Cities of the New World, pp. 129, 130.

"Here also the floors and walls are coated with mortar, stucco, or cement, save that in the dwellings of the rich they are ornamented with figures, with a border like an Aubusson carpet. The colors are not effaced; red, black, blue, yellow and white are still discernible."—Ancient Cities, page 146.

Of the ruins now called Comalcalco, Charney says:

"When these excavations first began, statues, stones of sacrifice (indicative of later times), columns, huge flags, and cement were unearthed. Unfortunately the whole was destroyed by these ignorant people. The ruins consist of groups of pyramids of different dimensions, so extensive as to cover twenty-four miles. A country gentleman tells me that he has counted over three hundred of these artificial mounds on his own property. Besides these ruins others are to be met at Blasillo, situated on the Toltec march of migration. . . . I hear that an important city formerly existed there, whose monuments, like those of Comalcalco, consist of columns, statues and caryatides. This city having the same origin; and Toltec migration, Toltec civilizing influence being admitted as well as proved, these two cities would be the first built by them after their great migration."—Ancient Cities, page 196.

"The walls of the palace were without any ornamentation, save a layer of smooth painted cement. . . . Some thirty-five feet to the southeast of the palace, on a cemented platform, is a tower of three stories, of which two are still standing. . . . Facing this pyramid, to the north, hidden by the luxuriant vegetation of a virgin forest, are three other pyramids. All were crowned with temples, the walls of which are still standing. The layers of demolished cement leave uncovered the body of the walls. . . . Hundreds of other pyramids, every one occupied by palaces, stretch as far as the sea-board, buried in the depths of the forest, presenting innumerable monuments to be brought to light, for which years, numerous workmen, and iron constitutions are required for the future explorers. I have shown the way—let others follow. The stupendous ruins, of which we have had but a glimpse, imply an immense amount of labor, and a dense population. It is quite clear that the present Tabasco, with a population of one hundred thousand, could not produce monuments so imposing as those of Comalcalco. The question arises, Who built them ages before the Conquest; and what became of the numerous population which such

monuments presuppose?"—Ancient Cities, pp. 199, 200, 203, 206, 207.

On page 204 M. Charney says that the towers, the palaces, and the temples, "must have gleamed on the astonished gaze of the Spaniards, as did the walls of the maritime cities of Yucatan," at the time of the Conquest nearly four hundred years ago.

J. L. Stephens is quoted as saying of the palace of Palenque that the floors were "of cement as hard as the best seen in the remains of Roman baths and cisterns," and I find that he mentions it as covered with stucco and painted. Also the following by him:

"The stucco is of admirable consistency, and hard as stone. It was painted, and in different places about it we discovered the remains of red, blue, yellow, black and white?"—Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan, Vol. 2, page 311.

In relation to the statement in the Book of Mormon that the timber had been cut off in many parts of this north land before the Nephites took possession, we find that scientific men, without knowing of or caring for the book, believe that such was the fact, and that the timber grew up again after the days of the Mound-Builders. The trees are found as a forest, alike upon the palaces and pyramids of Central America and upon the mounds and fortifications of the United States, those in the south being hidden entirely from view by the overgrown and almost impenetrable forests. Of the Mound-Builders Mr. Baldwin says:

"No trace of their ordinary dwellings is left. These must have went to dust long before great forests had again covered most of the regions through which they were scattered."—Ancient America, page 34.

(To be continued).

### WHAT MAKES A WOMAN.

Not costly dress, nor queenly air;  
Not jeweled hand, complexion fair;  
Not graceful form, nor lofty tread;  
Nor paint, nor curls, nor splendid head;  
Not pearly teeth, nor sparkling eyes;  
Not voice that nightingale outvies;  
Not breath as sweet as eglantine;  
Not gaudy gems, nor fabrics fine;  
Not all the stores of fashion's mart;  
Nor yet the blandishments of art;  
Not one, nor all of these combined,  
Can make one woman true, refined.

'Tis not the casket that we prize,  
But that which in the casket lies.  
These outward charms that please the sight  
Are naught unless the heart be right.  
She, to fulfill her destined end,

Must with her beauty goodness blend;  
Must make it her incessant care  
To deck herself with jewels rare;  
Of priceless gems must be possessed,  
In robes of richest beauty dressed;  
Yet these must clothe the inward mind,  
In purity the most refined.

She who doth all these goods combine  
Can man's rough nature well refine;  
Hath all she needs in this frail life  
To fit for mother, sister, wife.  
He who possesses such a friend,  
Should cherish well till death doth end.  
Woman, in fine, the mate should be,  
To sail with man o'er life's rough sea;  
And when the stormy cruise is o'er  
Attend him to fair Canaan's shore.

—Selected.

### WONDERS OF THE DEAD SEA.

ONE of the most interesting lakes or inland seas in the world is the Dead Sea, which has no visible outlet. It is not mere fancy that has clothed the Dead Sea in gloom. The desolate shores, with scarcely a green thing in sight, and scattered over with black stones and ragged driftwood, form a fitting frame for the dark, sluggish waters, covered with a perpetual mist, and breaking with slow, heavy, sepulchral-toned waves upon the beach. It seems as if the smoke of the wicked cities was yet ascending up to heaven, and as if the moan of their fearful sorrow would never leave that God-smitten valley.

It is a strange thing to see those waves, not dancing along and sparkling in the sun, as other

waves do, but moving with measured melancholy, and sending to the ear as they break languidly upon the rock only doleful sounds. This is no doubt owing to the great heaviness of the water, a fact well known and which we amply verified in the usual way, for on attempting to swim we went floating about like empty casks. This experiment was more satisfactory in its progress than in its results, which were a very unctuous skin and a most pestiferous stinging of every nerve, as if we had been beaten with nettles. Nor was the water we took into our mouth a whit less vile than the most nauseous drugs of the apothecary.

That fish can not live in this strong solution of bitumen and salt is too obvious to need proof,

but to say that birds can not fly over it and live is one of the exaggerations of travelers, who perhaps were not, like ourselves, so fortunate as to see a flock of ducks reposing on the water in apparent good health. And yet this was all the life we did see. The whole valley was one

seething cauldron, under more than a tropical sun. God-forsaken and man-forsaken, no green thing grows within it, and it remains to this day as striking a monument of God's fearful judgments as when the fire from heaven devoured the once mighty cities of the plain.

—Missionary Herald.

## THE ADVANTAGES OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION.

BY J. A. GUNSOLLEY.

SITTING by an open window before which stretches a wide expanse of rolling prairie, which the hand of man has converted into fruitful fields, the soul takes in the splendor of a Fourth of July morning. The eye is greeted upon every side by the various shades of Nature's green, the ear is enraptured by the melodies of the happy and innocent birds, and the nostril is delighted with the perfume of the flowers—"God's smiles." When drinking in of these draughts of nature the thought comes, Whence all this harmony? How is it that all things in nature work together in perfect harmony without the least jar or discord, one department contributing to the sustenance of another? Can it be a wonderful coincidence, or is there a master mind overruling all? Delving into the intricate recesses of science there are traces everywhere of design pointing back to a first great cause and designer; and it matters but little whether the doctrine of "evolution" or "special creation" hold's credence, the fact remains the same and is plainly visible that there is a great power over all and above all, known as the Creator, or God.

All the work of Creation is represented in the three kingdoms, mineral, vegetable and animal. Of these three the mineral is oldest and underlies both the others, for it furnishes directly the sustenance of the vegetable and indirectly contributes to the sustenance of the animal kingdom. It is the primary substance in the make-up of the universe. The vegetable kingdom follows the mineral in order and depends upon it, and while drawing its sustenance from the mineral kingdom, it contributes directly to the life of the animal and prepares the mineral food needed by the animal. The animal kingdom is last of the three in the order of creation and is de-

pendent upon both the other for its sustenance. It is the finishing work of creation. In each of these kingdoms is found endless variety, and while there is such variety—indeed no two individuals exactly alike—there is such similarity that they may readily be formed into classes, thus exhibiting system and design. The crowning piece of the animal kingdom is man, "created in the image of his Maker."

"In the image of his Maker!" This can mean no less than that man is the greatest of the creatures, and when he is compared with the highest type of the lower animals he is found far superior both in physical organization and in mental endowments. "What a wonderful piece of work is man!" The mechanism of his structure can not be approached by the most skilled workman. It is both complex and simple, delicate yet strong. With all the study and investigation of centuries there are organs whose functions are still unknown.

Man exhibits the widest difference between himself and the inferior animals in his mental organization. His powers of mind were recognized by the Lord when he said, "Come, let us reason together." Man is capable of exercising distinct lines of reasoning and of making logical deductions, while the inferior animals have only a certain instinct upon which they must depend for their existence.

This intellect is a gift of God to man, and is susceptible of great cultivation and development, indeed the degree of distinction between man and the inferior animals depends upon the amount of intellectual development. Just in proportion as the mind grows, unfolds and develops, does the man rise above the brute and approach the Infinite: God has made the desire to reach out and grasp after the mysteries one of the prominent character-



istics of mind, and hence he must have supplied a means whereby this desire might be, to a certain extent, gratified. This process of development of the intellect is known as education, whose primary object is, "The perfection of the individual." Then the nearness to perfection which one attains, depends upon the amount of education he possesses.

The advantages accruing to the individual are numerous, chief among which is that mentioned above. Education unadulterated makes one broad and consistent, calls upon him to be charitable to others, enables him to see his own inferiority and littleness. And it is evident that none but those who have a limited education are narrow minded and contracted in their ideas, while those whose education is liberal are always least arbitrary in their opinions and are most ready to concede to others the right of opinion. It is quite evident Pope had this thought in mind when he wrote, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," etc. Every one who reads this has doubtless observed that the educated man is the one chosen to serve the people by filling the responsible positions in life, because he is best fitted to fill them acceptably. He is least apt to be prejudiced by preconceived opinions and biased by narrow conceptions of affairs. The truly educated man is a public benefactor. He creates an intellectual atmosphere about him which imparts intelligence to those all around him. His influence is generally elevating in its tendency and is one desired to be felt.

The public has great confidence in the educated man. Even the "honest farmer" devotee would prefer that that honest farmer should be an educated farmer. An illiterate man or a man of moderate education can but meagerly serve the public. It is true he might have gained much knowledge by experience, but is it wisdom to spend the better part of a life in acquiring what may be secured in a few years of hard study under the direction of competent teachers? Some of our greatest men have been illiterate. Yes, but they had to become educated in their particular line of work before they were of any service to the people. And if perchance in history there might be mentioned some man who was both uneducated and great, what does it prove? Simply this, how

much greater he might have been had he been educated.

Many who read this have posterity and many more may have. You know that the children of illiterate parents are not so bright and intellectual as those of educated ones. Those beings whom you bring into this world have a right to the very best bodies and minds you can possibly give them, and might it not be probable that you will be held accountable for the manner in which you exercise this prerogative?

Again, the gospel teaches us that the future life is one of progress and development. Is it not a fact then that he who holds the highest positions intellectually—other things being equal—in this life will be qualified to occupy the highest positions in the life beyond? The deduction seems to be a logical one.

The question arises, What is the best course to pursue, and the answer echoes, Do the very best possible under the circumstances. By this is meant that every young person should acquire as much of a general education as possible, and then especially prepare for his chosen avocation. Few indeed are they who are capable of choosing between the many pursuits when they know comparatively nothing about any of them. This general education gives them a broad foundation upon which to build for life, and enables them to take a more comprehensive view of the great field before them, so that they may intelligently choose from among the many opportunities presenting themselves. For this purpose are our institutions of learning established, that the young may be educated and armed for the battle of life. This preparation is for eternity. It not only qualifies one to enjoy this life, but is something he can take with him to enhance his happiness in the great life beyond. When the importance of such preparation is considered by comparing the duration of life upon earth with eternity, the question of money does not enter into the case at all, and any man who fails to give every opportunity possible to his child is not filling the measure of his creation.

Dear Saints, how are you acting in this matter? Do you not know that there is not a single place under heaven where your children can be educated beyond the public school without coming in contact with

and being influenced by the world? Can you, Saints, afford to allow such a condition of affairs to remain longer. Even though it cost an apparent sacrifice, will not the result pay you a hundred fold? The signs of the times indicate that great things are soon to transpire, and if you would keep abreast of the work in hand, there must be active measures instituted and that speedily. It is not the amount you may be able to do for the education

of the young of the church, but the promptness with which you do the little you can do that will tell.

Beloved readers, think of these things, pray over them, decide to act and act promptly, then will another mighty force be brought to bear against the enemy which shall hasten his final overthrow, and shall speed on the work of preparing the Bride for the Bridegroom.

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### STRENGTH FOR THE DAYS.

#### BEFORE.

The morning beaks in clouds, the rain is falling,  
 And on my pillow still I sigh for rest;  
 But yet I hear so many voices calling  
 To work by which my burdened soul is pressed.  
     That I can only pray  
     Strength for the day.

• 'Tis less a prayer of faith than weak repining,  
 For with the words there comes no hope, no light;  
 On other lives a morning sun is shining,  
 While mine seems but a change from night to night.  
     So, while I weep I pray  
     Strength for the day.

It seemeth hard to walk in constant shadow,  
 Climbing with weary feet an uphill road;  
 That while my weak heart dreads each coming morrow,  
 And I once more take up the heavy load,  
     Desponding still I pray  
     Strength for the day.

#### AFTER.

Now, looking backward to the hours ended,  
 I wonder why I feared them as they came;  
 Each brought the strength on which its task depended,  
 And so my prayer was answered just the same.  
     Now with new faith I pray  
     Strength for each day;

For in one closed but now I've learned how truly  
 God gives us help according to our need;  
 Sufficient for each hour it cometh newly,  
 If we but follow where its teachings lead,  
     Believing when we pray  
     Strength for the day.

For he who felt the load which we are bearing,  
 Who walked each step along the path we tread,  
 Is ever for his weary children caring,  
 And keeps the promise made us when he said  
     He'd give us all our way  
     Strength for the day.

—Selected.

## STRAY THOUGHTS.

WATCHING the changing shadows 'neath the weeping willow, my fancy drifts with each drooping, swaying branch back and forth. Into the woods at home it flits and at once a thousand memories awake, as the song of birds, the bud of flowers and the hum of insects in the spring time. Out from the drifting shadows spring a flowering hawthorn tree. How perfect are the blooms; the air is full of life and the woodland with flowers, sweet dainty darlings of the home woods? I press the tender herbs beneath my feet, and their breath is borne with the fresh sweet earth upon the winds of spring. I pull down the bended hickory and once more swing myself out on the swaying, bending boughs. Poor tree! It was I that helped make you the bended form you have. When you were but a sapling I, with my merry brothers and sisters, bent down the straight young tree to gather fresh young buds and sway back and forth upon the bended boughs. So we see that not only is the tree inclined to the bending of the twig, but even in later years when the tree is a budding sapling, can the upward course be turned and the tree ever after be bended thus. Ah! well, old tree, not only are my fancies alive to the charms of spring, but the thousand ants that are steadfastly moving to and fro on your trunk are quite as active, so I move on. But where have I drifted with those waving boughs? Come back thoughts to the willow tree. Straying thoughts! So they have wandered after a "bit o' song" adown the halls of memory, those echoing shadowy halls. Some times the dainty fragrance of a flower or the flutter of "my laidies" fan brings with its breath another scene. The song to which we listen again, brings vividly to our mind the first hearing—maybe years ago. I wonder does Lulu Morrison ever think when the old melody of "Sweet bye and bye" is heard, of a visit made her by a little friend years ago. She accompanied her to school and there they sang that music to the words of a lesson in the Reader. Whenever I hear the dear old tune there comes that school room scene and again Lulu's face is beside me. The old river flows on between the two old towns. Dear old river! See ye the homes of our child-

hood, and we have wandered far away? Change is written everywhere. Past the old homes you wander, and I pause to hear, as in childhood, my auntie's voice up yonder in that old house on the brow of the hill. The words of "The soldier's dream of home" float down to me, Come? I drop the old boat chain and go up past the butternut tree and into the old room. I will show you a picture,—it used to hang here,—of that "soldier's dream." This room, that voice, dear aunt Bell's face, are what come before me as I hear those words and song. Memory is busy! As I am going from the door I catch the gleam of a bit of purple, and as the breeze from the river comes to me it bears the breath of the purple flags that grandma called "Flower-de-Luce." They bloom around the graves of the loved dead in the old "burying ground" near. The scenes of her persecutions crowd out all others for a time as I hurry thoughts along.

Did you ever walk in childhood 'neath great, drooping bushes of lilacs, heavy with their own sweetness? If you have, may be you can tell why I forget the brilliant flowers of this warmer clime as I lay my face in their sweet purple depths. When I go to my silent home within the moldy earth that is pressed closely about me, let the lilac blossom there. It has always been a wish of mine. Their memory is sweet as the sound of falling water, which always brings to my mind my first visit to the City of the Deseret, where night and morn I heard it, and I recall the morning I stood looking into the great flume pouring down its precious freight of sparkling mountain water. I shall never forget it. I was a little disappointed in this Great Salt Lake City. Yet there was a charm in it all for me. Could I but blot out the history of its past; and had I, could I, would there be the same interest in it? And as my thoughts are so far from that old house by the river—the woodland home and girlhood scenes—there is a song sung on the mountain tops and in the deepest solitude, as it floats over the valley. I go back to a beautiful park near a great city, where I rested one day with a heart wild with home-sick longing, and I grow calm and again own

the enchantment of the "Song of the Pine." I stand on the edge of the great water, where the waves kiss the shore, and far away the breakers dash up—far up on the rocks with a roar as of battle. From the hills of the city come the sweet chime of bells. Ah; those bells! Out, far out on the water they sound, and I am away from the great bustling city by the bay, and hear again those evening bells in the dear little town of my girlhood. Not rich cathedral chimes—but they are sweet; they call to evening service, and as I go out and feel the warm spring breeze, fragrant with the bloom of the locust trees, I wend my way again up to the little brick church on the hill. Creak! creak! goes the great ship at the wharf near me, and the cool salt breeze brings me back to life and reality. But "those evening bells, sweet evening bells, how many a tale their music tells." And with the memory of their chimes out over the bay comes the echo of tidings now of a sadder strain; and I can hardly put the

tears aback and say "I know it is well." I should miss her so, for her sweet kind face grew dear indeed to me. How dear I never could quite tell. Her memory is interwoven with every thought of my visit there. When I grow older and my hair turns white, as I hope it will when I am old, for I love dear old white haired ladies, I would be loved as was she. The breeze sweeps up from the valley, the shadows change again. I lean my head on my hand and father's voice comes in fancy through the open window—"Tis not for joys like these I bid my native land farewell." Ah! that always makes my heart throb a little faster. But the shadows drift and change. Mother's voice runs through the louder strains of melody and sinks to the sweet lullabys of childhood:

And so it is I live,  
 And so go on from day to day;  
 Each brings forgotten scenes,  
 I live but memory holds her sway,  
 I live—past, present, future, now?

—VIDA.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. V.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

AT LAST we reached our long looked for Zion, not a land of peace and liberty beside the great Pacific sea, as had been so often sung on the ocean, but a place of bondage and groaning, worse than the bondage of the Hebrews in Egypt. Unutterable disappointment filled our hearts, and oh, how gladly would we have retraced our steps, but we could not! We were given to understand that if a company of Saints should undertake to do that, the destroying angels would soon overtake them. After purchasing a lot not far from the temple block, our first work was to try and put up some kind of a house before winter, for as yet we were living in the tent and it was now October. We had taken a good supply of English clothing along with us, and when some of the good brethren (?) found it out they were very friendly indeed, wishing to trade for building material, etc. I must acknowledge they got the best of me every time. I looked in vain for the friendly aid so much needed, and for the warm

welcome such as had been given to them in our own home across the sea. It was every one for themselves with those who had any power, and our loneliness and disappointment words can not express. I visited a few of the leading men, and was introduced to wives No. 1, 2, 3, etc. I was disgusted and staid away from them ever afterward. At first we attended Sunday meetings in the Tabernacle, but the preaching grated harshly upon our ears. It was not the gospel, that was ignored, but, pay tithing; obey counsel; do as we say, asking no questions, and many things which I would not like to repeat. Seeing that I was inclined to mind my own business and do as I pleased, some of the leading men visited me and said, "It is better not to be too independent; in fact now you have come to the valley you must obey counsel and do as the authorities tell you or bide the consequences. You had better be one with us and take another wife." I rebelled then and there, and did not once mingle with them in any

of their meetings, either private or public. I could not believe as they did; yet I knew the gospel these very men had once preached and which I had obeyed was true—was the power of God unto salvation. Was this what it led to? “O, God, help me to stay myself upon Thee,” was my constant prayer! Seeing that I did not mingle with them, and in all possible ways avoided coming in contact with them, they were greatly displeased, and in a week or two I was informed that I with some others were appointed to move south immediately, so that we might get over the mountain before it snowed. Indignation was in my heart and I felt like saying, “I’ll not go,” but I had been told of the fate of others who had positively refused to obey, and we concluded it was better to go, and accordingly commenced to try and dispose of what we had purchased but could not sell it. Some offered us squashes and potatoes in trade, knowing well enough that we could not take them along; but we must go,—so I nearly gave away all we had bought, and started on another frightful journey of about four hundred miles. We left Salt Lake City, our home of but a few weeks, on Wednesday morning, and traveling as far as Little Cottonwood where we stopped for the night. Our baby boy, who had been well and healthy all the way, was here taken sick, but we had to move on. He was much worse when we camped at night close by the Hot Springs. I got some water from the spring; it was as hot when it came out of the ground as though it had been taken off the fire, and I bathed his little feet in it, for they felt cold; however we did not think him dangerous, but at four o’clock next morning (Friday) he looked up into his mother’s face and said “Ma,” and died in her arms. This was a terrible blow, and I thought Mattie would go wild. There was no house near, so we proceeded on our journey, part of which that day was very rough and ugly. One place winding round a mountain to the right, only a few feet from the wagon wheels, was one of the most curious and frightful looking places I had ever seen. It must have been several hundred feet across and very deep, and reminded one of the bottomless pit, if there be such a place. This added gloom to the already overburdened mind and body. Arriving at a small settlement called Dry Creek, Mattie completely broke

down, seeming not to care for anything. I was not well, but still trusting in God I called upon him for strength to aid me in the trying hour. No coffin was to be had; a rough box was all, and in it the kind hand of friends placed our lovely babe ready for burial. He looked more like a sleeping infant than a dead body. There was no grave yard and it was a lonely grave in a desolate spot. His was the joy, for he would never suffer more, ours the sorrow.

Mattie was unable to go farther, so the company left us behind, and after resting a few days I went with one of the brethren to American Fork, three miles distant. This was a larger and much more pleasant place than Dry Creek. I bought a lot on the bank of a small stream, but could not build then, as it was too late in the season. There was no house to rent, but a brother accommodated us with a log room about nine feet square. It was the best that could be done, though it was hardly high enough for us to stand upright in, and had no floor only the ground. They loaned us a small table, and we put our stove in the fireplace, made a few stools for chairs out of what I could pick up around, took the wagon bed off and fixed it at the end of the house, propped it well and put the tent over it. Having plenty of English blankets and good bedding, we arranged as best we could and slept in our wagon all winter; sometimes the snow would drift in and almost cover the pillows. What a time to be remembered!

I had never cut down a tree or even cut fire wood, always being used to coal. However I took the running gears of the wagon and started off with the rest for wood. Snow was on the ground, and we had to climb the hillside where the timber was, and stand there and chop. I thought I would try a small tree first, but had not given many strokes when my foot slipped and down I went to the bottom. The men smiled at my awkwardness and then helped me to get my load; but I soon got used to it and was able to cut and haul our fire wood.

When spring came and the ground was dry enough, I built a log-house twelve by fourteen; no lumber was to be had, but we had taken a box of window glass across the plains. It however was of no use to us for we could get no sash to put it in,

therefore the window, instead of being glass, was only a piece of unbleached muslin and the roof was made of willows and rushes, with earth on top. It was a hard way of living. Many articles we had taken with us helped to make the place comfortable. As summer came on and the weather was pleasant we again visited Salt Lake City, thirty miles from American Fork, making our home at Father and Mother Russel's, the wealthy old brother that sent the sugar machinery to Utah, with the promise that his money would be refunded when he got there, but the authorities did not so choose to understand it. His son took cold on the journey and died soon after, leaving the old couple all alone. They told us of many things carried on in that city that were repulsive and wicked. We all felt glad that Bro. Collinson had taken warning and returned with his large family to England from Council Bluffs. I thought, "O, that I could publish these things to the world and warn others against coming here!" but wisdom dictated otherwise.

We were in the city at the laying of the foundation stone of the temple. It was in its way a grand affair and rather an imposing spectacle. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people were there to witness the ceremony. The day was fine and the sun shone as brightly upon the assembled multitude as though they had gathered together to offer up sacrifices to the living and true God and were keeping his commandments. On that day we met many friends whom we had not seen for years, and many and varied were the hasty remarks made by them, pausing frequently

to look around as if fearful that some one was listening. We met a brother and sister Childs, who came in the ship with us. Their three daughters were married to the same man and themselves adopted into his family. They looked miserable enough. Many and serious were the thoughts which occupied our minds as we returned home, and silently we prayed for the day of deliverance. My time and attention were now turned to other matters, such as putting in a crop, etc. Wheat was raised by irrigation, work that was neither pleasant nor healthful, so much standing in the water being required. Mattie worked at her trade, straw bonnet cleaning, trimming, etc., which enabled us to obtain many things that other poor folks could not get. Poverty in all its wretchedness was keenly felt among that people, while the shepherds were enjoying the good things of earth, thus fulfilling the words of the ancient prophet, "They feed themselves and not the flock." We were kept busy, while time, which goes just as fast in Utah as any where else, kept rolling on. Our garden looked blooming, the crop was good, and things in general began to wear a more favorable aspect. On the ninth of August our little Glaud was born, and shortly after I received a message from headquarters, informing me that another company had been ordered south, and for me to be ready to join them as they passed through. This was sad news to us, for we had made arrangements to have things as comfortable as possible in our present home. I stood bewildered, not knowing what to do or which way to turn.

(To be continued).

#### HOW WOMEN REST.

HOW differently men and women rest! "I guess I'll sit down and mend those stockings and rest awhile," says the wife; but the husband throws himself upon the easy lounge or sits back in his arm chair, with hands at rest and feet placed horizontally upon another chair. The result is that his whole body gains full benefit of the half hour he allows himself from work, and the wife only receives that indirect help which comes from the change of occupation. A physician would tell her that taking even ten minutes' rest in a horizontal

position, as a change from standing or sitting at work, would prove more beneficial to her than any of her makeshifts at resting. Busy women have a habit of keeping on their feet just as long as they can, in spite of backache and warning pains. As they grow older they see the folly of permitting such drafts upon their strength, and learn to take things easier, let what will happen. They say: "I used to think I must do thus and so, but I've grown wiser and learned to slight things."

—Selected.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Oh, to recall the days when, on the road  
 That led me, cheerful or depressed, towards  
 home,  
 My little timid son was wont to come  
 Within my ken, not far from my abode!  
 On seeing me his eager joy he curbed,  
 Uncertain of my mood. He peeled his stick  
 With anxious mien, while casting glances  
 quick  
 To learn my humor; if I seemed disturbed  
 As I drew near, he loitered by my side—  
 A thought behind—and looked intent on  
 work;  
 But if I smiled—then, with a sudden jerk,  
 His stick flew far, and such a whelming tide  
 Of love burst forth, in smiles and misty tears,  
 And pressure of his loving little hand,  
 And eager confidence of hopes and fears!

Oh that we did not fail so oft to find  
 God's angel's in our children! How our eyes  
 Are holden, while we deem that we are wise;  
 Whereas we are but very dull and blind!  
 For what are trifling faults—a noisy tone,  
 A broken platter, or a missing hat?  
 Can we not foster love so passionate,  
 Yet gently chide? Alas! why be so prone  
 To silence lips so loving, or to make  
 The little heart e'en for a moment ache  
 Because our nerves are jarred? How soon we  
 lose  
 Perception of the treasure of its love!  
 Shock our fastidious sense, and we refuse  
 The love that fills the little heart with joy—  
 The solace that could half our griefs remove.  
 —Spectator.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

THE rain having ceased, I being very  
 chilly, accepted an invitation of a  
 young shipmate to walk the streets awhile.  
 He, with those we had just left, had been  
 roaming the streets all night. We had  
 not walked long before day dawned—  
 which made glad our heart, that loved the  
 light better than the darkness, especially  
 at such a time as this. As soon as a  
 chance offered, we partook of breakfast,  
 after which I left him and went on board  
 ship, arriving there about nine o'clock  
 a.m. A few days after we dropped anchor  
 a British man of war sailed for England.  
 She had been from home three years and  
 a half, and the night before she left we  
 could hear the crew singing "Homeward  
 Bound." One man would sing the song,  
 and it seemed as though the whole or a  
 very large portion of the ship's crew  
 would join in the chorus, "For we know  
 we are homeward bound." This made  
 more than one or two express a wish that  
 we could sing the same, but instead of  
 that our time was before us.

While in port the first thing in the  
 morning was the reveille, played by two  
 fifes, a snare and a base drum. Follow-  
 ing this, the boatswain piped, echoed by

his mates, "All hands up, all hammocks."  
 Then washing and scrubbing decks; decks  
 all dried; then breakfast. After which,  
 "All hands up, all clothes bags, and  
 change dress," rang through the ship.

In the night we had to wear blue flannel frocks and trowsers, and in the day time sometimes blue frocks and white trowsers, and again blue trowsers and white frocks, and at other times all white, especially on Sundays. We did not have a great deal to do while in port, after a change of clothing. There were some men on board that were professional tailors; these could always find employment with their needles, and picked up a good many dimes thereby; some would manufacture Panama grass hats, which were worn by many on ship board. Some employed their time playing checkers, or Spanish poles; some in talking over former exploits or spinning yarns, while some, the determined outlaws, gambled in spite of the strict law of the navy against it, and if caught were subjected to severe punishment; but they would pay a man for watching for the officers, and he would generally give the alarm in time for all signs of gambling to be taken away be-

fore the officers arrived. Sometime he would pounce upon them unawares, and secure money, cards, chuck-a-luck board, or canvas ones, take the names of offenders, who were whipped with the cats; but that did not deter them from following the pernicious practice.

The writer was fortunate in forming the acquaintance of a young man who, like himself, was out of his element in the company we had to associate with. He had in his possession an old Adams arithmetic, which he gave me the use of, when not using it himself; and, availing myself of this, to me great privilege, I went through it before I left the ship. It helped to while away many, what otherwise would have been, lonely hours, and served to keep me out of mischief.

To give a sample of the desperadoes we had on board, and to present this life in its true light to any young man who may chance to read these pages, who like myself may have felt drawn to a life upon the briny deep, I will relate a few circumstances connected with such. One day gambling had been carried on without intermission from morning till night, their rendezvous being between two guns on the gun deck. One man, when they closed at night, arose completely broke. In the middle of the night he went to the winner's hammock with his sheath knife and told him that if he did not give up his money he would cut his throat. Another party telling over his exploits said the reason he had to ship was that, being chased by a policeman one day, for something he had done in violation of the law, he was so closely pursued that he ran up an alley-way in New York City and entered a stable, thinking to hide from the officer; but looking round as he entered, saw that he was discovered, and picking up a pitchfork waited till the officer entered, and to use his own words, "pinned him to the door."

This provoked other stories of a similar nature, but I forbear relating them. There is one more I feel like relating, because it shows the depths of brutishness, or fiendishness, that human nature can descend to when once fairly on the downward road to destruction. There was an old weather beaten tar, who hailed by the name of Hunt, (though men are so accustomed to ship under fictitious names that their right names are very

rarely discovered), he was a disagreeable, surly, ill-natured growler, and had very few friends on board the ship. He was very secretive in his nature, and never but once told anything concerning himself. His character was canvassed by the men, and some concluded that he had been a pirate; some that he had murdered some one; or that some heavy crime lay at his door. He was stationed in the same part of the ship as myself, and consequently I was frequently brought in contact with him. The men often tried to draw him out, but all to no avail. However one day, to the astonishment of all, he began to tell of his not always having been in the condition that present appearances indicated; he said he used to command instead of being commanded; and by letting him have his own way without interruption, he gave the following account of himself.

"I used to command a slave ship, indeed I have commanded several in my life, and have made many a successful and lucrative trip with a cargo of slaves. Sometimes I have been chased so closely by the cruisers sent out to look after such as we, that we barely got the slaves ashore and had to run ashore ourselves and leave the ship, taking all the papers so as to leave no tell-tales behind, and barely escaped capture, the ship falling into the hands of the cruiser. One time we had been to Africa and had got a very good lot of negroes, and were about half way home when, in the morning early, the lookout aloft espied a British frigate on our weather quarter, about hull down, which appeared to have sighted us, and was giving chase. I had a good sailer, but it was soon apparent that the cruiser was gaining on us. I knew that if caught with the negroes on board it was to dance on nothing at the yard's end, and I was not long in making up my mind what to do. It was at a time when hemp cables were in vogue instead of the chain which we use now. I put the ship before the wind, so that the chaser could not see what was going on; bent the cable to the anchor so as to run over the bow; had the negroes brought up one at a time, and tied them to the cable. After all was ready we cut the stoppers to the anchor, and let her go, (here he laughed a fiendish laugh, and said), You ought to have seen them niggers go over the bow like a



school of porpoises chasing one another. We then went to work and cleaned the ship, cleared it of everything which would show that we were slavers; and having two sets of papers made out for such an emergency as this, we destroyed the slave papers, and by the time the Britisher overhauled us, we were prepared; and, (said he,) you never saw such a mad set of fellows, they were so disappointed."

Whether the story was true or false, he was low before, but he sank far lower in the estimation of those that heard him, afterwards. Reader, can you wonder that the writer was unhappy among such men? But they were not all so bad as this. There were some, who while they were very wild, yet had not lost all sense of right, and had kind hearts, although their kindness was manifested in a rough manner.

While in port our chief meal consisted of fresh beef and vegetables, yams or potatoes, made into soup. Every day a man whom the sailors called "bumb-boat Joe," came to the ship with fruits and pastry, carrying on quite a trade. He brought oranges, bananas, plantains, figs, cocoa-nuts, fresh from the trees; grapes, Brazilian nuts, etc.

At length we received orders to weigh anchor, just four months exactly from the time we dropped it. I had written home, but received no answer as yet. We started the fore part of December, 1847, from Rio Janeiro to go round Cape Horn to Valparaiso, Chili, South America. Nothing out of the ordinary routine occurred until we were about a week's sail from the Cape, when we descried what we landsmen decided was a ship on fire. It prov-

ed however to be a whale ship, the crew of which were trying out blubber. She had three furnaces on deck, and the fires at a distance, especially in the dark, assumed a larger appearance than was real. We did not go within speaking distance of her.

The weather was getting to be very cold, and we had the port holes and the ordinary half doors made tight outside, and covered with canvas inside, to keep out the piercing wind. In a few days we began to encounter field ice, and it commenced to snow. The cordage of the ship was hard to handle, and the decks became so slippery that life-lines were passed fore and aft for the men to hold to for safety while walking along; the ship rolled in the trough of the sea, so that her upper deck guns would dip their muzzles in the water. We rounded the Horn in what was summer time in these latitudes, but it was so cold there that when we turned into our hammocks with two sets of flannels and heavy pea-jacket on, and rolled up in our blankets, we could not sleep for the cold. While rounding the Horn, for about what should have been three days and two nights it was all daylight. We went to our hammocks at twelve o'clock at night in daylight, the sun having been set about an hour. It was down about an hour and a half or two hours, and re-appeared to describe a very small circle in its flight from and re-appearance to us. The third night the darkness was not of long duration, but each night gradually lengthened, until they assumed their usual length. We dropped anchor in Valparaiso in the second week in January, or about that time.

To be continued.

## BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me

Across to that strange country, the Beyond,  
And yet not strange, for it has grown to be

The home of those of whom I am so fond;  
They make it seem familiar and most dear,  
As journeying friends bring distant countries  
near.

So close it lies that, when my sight is clear,  
I think I see the gleaming strand;  
I know, I feel, that those who've gone from here  
Come near enough to touch my hand;  
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,  
We should find heaven right 'round us lies.

I can not make it seem a day to dread,

When from this dear earth I shall journey out  
To that still dearer country of the dead,

And join the lost ones so long dreamed about;  
I love this world; yet shall I love to go  
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

And so for me there is no sting to death,

And so the grave has lost its victory;  
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,

And white, set face, a little strip of sea.  
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,  
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—Selected.

## TWO GREAT ANNIVERSARY.

THIS is the year of two important centennials, that of the inauguration of the first President of the United States, and the beginning of the French Revolution, and the events leading up to these two occurrences have a certain relation to each other.

That the French Revolution had been long preparing could be shown by numerous extracts from French and English writers. As early as 1708 Addison wrote: "We think here as you do in the country, that France is on her last legs." And yet these "legs" carried her eighty years longer, but the ruling classes were heaping up wrath against the day of wrath, and a fearful day of reckoning came. By 1789 France was like a pile of inflammable rubbish that any spark may set on fire, and America furnished the spark.

The Declaration of Independence was received in France with unbounded enthusiasm, and when Franklin was sent to Paris to represent the Colonies, he was treated with the most extravagant marks of respect. Even after the Revolution was in progress, upon receiving the news of his death, the National Assembly decreed a public mourning of three days. Jefferson, the author of the famous statement that all men are created free and equal, and that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are among the inalienable rights of man, lived in Paris from 1785 to 1789, and was much consulted by the French democrats, and doubtless gave them many political ideas which they afterwards put into practice.

What would be the condition of France to-day if there had been no American Revolution, it would, of course, be impossible to say; but it is certain that our success in winning our independence and in setting up a free government was the immediate cause of the great outburst in 1789. Buckle says American Independence "ignited a flame which never ceased its ravages until it had destroyed all that Frenchmen once held dear, and left for the instruction of mankind an awful lesson of the crimes into which continued oppression may hurry a generous and long-suffering people."

Not only was the French Revolution one of the greatest events of our era, but

it was also one of the most beneficial, more so, in most respects, for continental Europe than the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. While the latter did much for free thought, it is well known that it did little for the advancement of morality and political freedom. France was not greatly affected by the Reformation; the abuses of the clergy, religious intolerance, and, above all, political tyranny, continued there until the Revolution of 1789, when the common people burst the chains wherewith the nobility and clergy had kept them bound for centuries.

The Reign of Terror is generally held up as an awful example of what men will do when they throw off the restraints of religion. That many grievous excesses were then committed it would be useless to deny, but any one who considers the manner in which the common people in France had been treated by their superiors for nearly three centuries will, perhaps, have cause to wonder at the moderation they displayed when they had their persecutors in their power.

That a people who had for centuries been steeped in ignorance and degradation both physical and moral, for which they were in no degree responsible, and being at the same time the victims of chronic misrule, that such a people should have in them little of the "mind of Christ," need astonish no one. Catholicism was the only religion they had any opportunity to observe or permission to practice, and since the clergy were, to a great extent, atheists and libertines, more like wolves in the midst of their flocks, than like shepherds, who will blame the people if they wished to get rid of the priests and all that they represented, and worship the Goddess of Reason? The Reign of Terror should rather be held up as an example of the awful effects of hypocrisy and "spiritual wickedness in high places." In the final outcome religion was greatly the gainer by this great upheaval.

But if the Revolution had done nothing but abolish the absolutism of the king, we should be compelled to hail it as a blessing. Feudal theory which yet prevailed in France, made the king proprietor of the realm and of its inhabitants;

according to the jurists of the time, he was the sole and perpetual representative of the nation, and according to the theologians, he was absolute master of the people by divine right. He regarded the revenues of the State as his private property and whether he spent them for the good of his subjects or lavished them on his mistresses and favorites, was something that no one had any business to in-

quire into. Such theories do no immediate harm with a ruler like Frederick the Great, who regarded himself merely as "the first servant of the State," but when a nation falls into the hands of a good-natured simpleton like Louis XVI., the best way of abolishing the theories is doubtless the one taken by the French in 1793, as it had before been taken by the English in 1649.

—Selected.

## A CENTURY OF SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY HON. J. H. BURROWS, EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

[A synopsis of Oration delivered at Lamoni, Iowa, July 4th, 1889.]

I SHOULD be an ingrate indeed, did I not first extend to this people my grateful acknowledgement for the invitation to address them upon this occasion, remembering that we were your speaker two years ago; and at the risk of impairing the flattering encomiums so lavishly bestowed by your press, we invite your attention to a brief review of

### A CENTURY OF SELF-GOVERNMENT UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The long-expected day came, on the 30th day of April last; for, let it be remembered, that one hundred years ago from that time, George Washington was inaugurated as the first president of the infant Republic. So we have peacefully passed the period that marked the first century under the present constitution. The predictions in which affectionate hope gave inspiration to political prudence are fulfilled. The fears of the faint hearted, together with the hopes of those to whom our national existence is a menace, are alike disappointed.

To-day, one hundred and thirteen years since the Declaration of Independence was signed, after alternate sunshine and storm, after the heavings of the earth which only deepened the root of government, and after the lightning's lurid flash and the thunders of war have tried us; like the storm tested oak of the forest, under a sky now radiant with sunshine and blessings, the century-plant of

American Independence and Constitutional government burst into view, and by its influence and power illuminates our land and the civilized nations of earth as well.

At our birth it was said, "It can not outlast the second generation from those who founded it." "It will never reach its hundredth year;" and scores of other like predictions. But the fathers and founders of this nation felt that their own liberty, welfare and hope, with the brightest political promise of the world, were bound up in the undertaking, unity and life of our nation.

Never was solicitude more intense; never was prayer to Almighty God more fervent and continuous. Not more in the seven years' struggle for independence with the Mother Country and the earlier years of our history; nor yet under the war a second time in 1812 for the maintenance of our rights upon the high seas. No; nor in these fifty years of continuous warfare by the remorseless Indian Savages, nor the two years' war with our neighboring Republic upon the south—Mexico. But the supremest trial in all the eighty five years of our existence came when the country seemed suddenly rent asunder and the forces needful for its preservation and continuance, were clinched and rocking to and fro in a bloody grapple on the question of Union or no Union.

Thank God, loyalty triumphed; the prayers were heard, the sacrifice was ac-

cepted, and to-day we behold its fruitage in every part of our common country. Still one as at the beginning, although now extending from ocean to ocean, and from lakes to gulf, and covering such immense spaces and absorbing such incessant and diverse elements from other lands, and developing within it opinions so conflicting, interests so various and forms of occupation so manifold, and yet so liberal and free that we stand amazed at our own growth and marvelous development.

The dream and fable of the old world, and of by-gone ages has become a fixed fact in the new; and the American Union stands out as a practical and indisputable illustration of popular self-government.

#### A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

Fourteen hundred and ninety-two years before Christ, God called Moses from the care of Jethro's flocks to go down into Egypt, where his people were in bondage and had been for more than four hundred years, with the promise of God's presence and guidance, that he might lead the Israelites unto the "promised land."

Fourteen hundred and ninety-two years after Christ, Columbus, inspired by a faith and courage that marked him as the grandest figure of the age in which he lived, led the way and opened up to the elder families and nations of the earth this new world; and who can doubt that an unseen hand guided his vessels across the trackless waters and brought to man tidings of a second promised land, and one upon which Moses never gazed nor trod.

#### AN ASYLUM FOR ALL.

And hither they have come, from all lands, kindreds and tongues; the citizens of every clime and the child of every creed. Here they live and roam; free and untrammelled as the wild winds that play in the heavens. The Pagan, Mahomedan and Christian are alike protected. Atheist or Infidel receives the sheltering hand of the Constitution.

#### WE SHOULD BE THANKFUL.

The Psalmist David commanded his nation in these words, to recognize God in the manifold blessings about them. He says:

"O give thanks unto the Lord,  
Call upon his name,  
Make known his deeds  
Among the people."

We have far more to be grateful to God for than the Jews. Cast your eyes about you and contrast your advantages and blessings, and your greatest wonder will be, that you had never seen them before. "Make known his deeds among the people." This is the primary object of the Fourth of July. God grant it may never be lost sight of.

Miss Quincy tells us that when Washington was inaugurated as the first President and after taking the oath of office, the Bible which was presented to receive his kiss opened at the 49th chapter of Genesis, and that the tenth verse of that chapter received the impress of his lips. It reads as follows: "The scepter shall not depart from Judah; nor a law-giver from between his feet until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be." All Bible students know that these words were a prophecy, although conveyed in the words of Jacob as a blessing to Joseph, and that they unequivocally point to the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. The only reason we call attention to the incident is found in the closing sentence, "And unto him shall the gathering of the people be." No name in all our history as that of Washington is loved, honored and revered. It sweeps across the continent, is enshrined in all hearts; has no state or section, and wherever that starry flag shall float it will ever live. The great Napoleon, when the news of Washington's death reached him said: "Washington the friend of liberty is dead." And here we will make a slight digression to reply in brief to the statement recently going the rounds of the press over the signature of Dr. Underwood, that Washington was an atheist.

We know him not from formal and perfunctory expressions in public documents, but from his constant and unstudied recognition of Divine Providence, and in his prayers for divine help and guidance. During that hard winter when the American Army was encamped, at Valley Forge, with discontent everywhere, courage failing, Toryism more defiant, and the soldiers illy clad and poorly provisioned, and often stained the snow with blood from ice-gashed feet. With cabals, intrigues and malicious reports that had his unseating from the command for their object, all thickening about him. In fact

it was the darkest period in the seven years' struggle. Isaac Potts with whom Washington boarded and made his headquarters during that long dark winter, makes this statement: "Strolling up the creek that held its course at no great distance from his house, he thought he heard a solemn voice; walking quietly he soon came to Washington's horse tied to a sapling and peering through a thicket he saw Washington himself upon his knees in prayer, his cheeks wet with tears. Mr. Potts retraced his steps and with much agitation entered his wife's room and said, 'Wife, if there is any one on this earth whom the Lord will listen to it is George Washington, and I feel a presentiment that our independence will be established and that God in his providence has willed it so.'" And so it proved.

#### ANOTHER COINCIDENCE.

As we have already mentioned one coincidence, we will mention another. They deserve serious study.

In August, 1620, a Dutch slave-ship landed her freight of living souls in Virginia, completing her voyage soon after that of the Mayflower with the Puritan Pilgrims commenced. Both ships were on the ocean at the same time and destined for our shores, the one bearing the seeds of slavery, the other those of liberty, and both to grow together on this chosen field until the harvest which took place two hundred and forty-one years afterwards. These two principles, so antagonistic, could not permanently endure, as Abraham Lincoln so tersely put it in 1858, "A house divided against itself can not stand," and so it proved after a long struggle for area of territory and political supremacy and when the dread debate escaped all bounds of reason, and the nation in arms solved, by the appeal to war what was too hard for civil wisdom. And to-day, with territory unmutated, our Constitution uncorrupted, a united people, in the last quarter of a century that numbered her first one hundred years of national existence, crowns with new glory the immortal truths of the Declaration of Independence by the emancipation of the colored race.

But at what a fearful cost was this achieved! This sin against humanity was atoned for in the blood of more than half a million brave men and the expenditure

of three billions of money; but let us thank God and take courage in the thought, that that Starry Banner of Washington floats to-day over our one nation and that its shadow falls on neither foe nor slave.

#### THEN AND NOW.

It would have needed inspired vision to predict the advance and marvelous growth of one hundred years under Constitutional Government. In 1789 we had but thirteen states, with less than one-tenth of the area of our present domain, or to resort to figures, 341,756 square miles of territory, and now 3,527,654 square miles, divided into thirty-eight states, (soon to be forty-two), and ten territories and a population of between sixty and sixty-five millions, or more than fifteen times larger than it was one hundred years ago.

We have annihilated space, and linked the nations together, and made all kindred and tongues neighbors. It took Washington one week to reach New York City from Mt. Vernon, to be inaugurated, and John Adams was more than fifty hours in going from Braintree to New York City to be first Vice-President. To-day, although the distance is two hundred and thirty-six miles, he could have breakfasted at home and eaten his dinner in New York City. Washington would have required two hours longer.

#### MARVELOUS IMPROVEMENT.

This is truly an age of advancement and improvement. We have more than 150,000 miles of completed railroad, with 13,000 or 14,000 miles of navigable rivers, not to mention our northern lakes, which might be termed inland Seas. These added to the thousands of miles of gulf and sea coast leave little to be desired in that direction.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The pride and safety of the nation rests more in the free education of its citizens, or I would say inhabitants, intellectually and morally, than in any other of its great institutions; and may we not point with pride to our 200,000 public schools with 10,000,000 pupils attending them; to this let me add nearly 12,000 newspapers and periodicals to aid in the diffusion of intelligence. The harnessed lightning flashes along the wire that spans the sea, lights our cities, while steam takes us to Europe in a week. Inventions of every kind speed labor, increase wealth, and serve

the poorest man to-day as no king could be served one hundred years ago.

#### TO THE LADIES.

Ladies, your presence adds dignity to any assemblage. In fact no general assemblage in our country can be said to be complete without you. This is called the "golden age." If the claim be valid it is because woman has lent, or joined, her influence to that of man in the questions and problems of civilization, and is leading man to the attainments of a higher life and purer morality. To-day we behold woman admitted into scores of professions and callings that were closed against her at the beginning of this century, and in the higher educational institutions of our country she is honorable, competing with her brother and in some things she has passed him.

#### THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

In this connection and at the risk of being censured by some, we will venture to mention briefly a few things in connection with the suffrage question. We make this digression, if it be so, not in the interest of any party but in justice to woman. In the beginning of our history no man could vote that was not a member of the church; and by the way and in the line of economy, the deacons to relieve the church members from the trouble of calling at the ballot boxes, took their hats and went around from house to house and collected the votes. Deacons must have been very trustworthy in those days. I fear they would meet with a cool reception now should they presume to exercise their gifts in such a way to-day. After a time a man was allowed to vote providing he owned so much property; even if he was not a church member. By and by this property qualification was knocked down as it could be easily seen that it was the property, and not the man himself that did the voting.

Then came the foreigner asking to vote, and he was taken in on probation, backed by good intentions. Now in some states he files his good intentions and votes. Thus it is, like some of those old rail fences that with one pretext or another rail after rail was taken, until anything could jump them, and why not woman. To be candid, as we permit the lame, the halt, the blind, the foreign or native born, black and white, what is the matter with

woman? Yes, the mother that taught us, the wife that toils and is worthy to walk by our side, and the sister we loved as ourselves. Is it not a shame, that we put woman on a par with the pauper, lower than the slave and beneath the ignorant foreigner. Dear friends, in my humble judgment these days of injustice to woman are numbered in this country, for where she has been granted the right of suffrage she has not proven a disturbing element, but a power for good. But we are met with this argument: "Woman can't work the roads;" "Woman can't go to war." Usually the persons using the first as argument would be perfectly willing to let the women do all the voting, if they would agree to do all the road work. A third argument is sometimes used, it is this: "Woman never put down the rebellion." A few years ago, some one offered this objection to the step-mother of Gen. Lew Wallace, who promptly replied, "No; women never put down the rebellion, but we furnished the boys that did." No true man nor brave soldier but will freely admit that mothers, wives and sisters, (at home), suffered and sacrificed as no others did, during the late war. We need and must have woman's co-operation in solving the questions and problems of human progress, and the institutions of our country need her assistance.

Take, if you please, "The Drink Question," "The Saloon in politics," "Social purity," "Equal wages for equal work," "Divorce," etc. These and other questions are before the American people, and they have come to stay.

Of one thing we feel assured, and that is, that the "curse of rum" will never be annihilated and driven from our land until we arm woman with the ballot. At the beginning of this century only one-thirtieth of our population lived in cities; to-day fully one-fourth, and this one-fourth virtually rules the other three-fourths. Every political student knows that New York city dominates the State of New York; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. In the recent election in Pennsylvania on the question of constitutional prohibition, Philadelphia gave 93,000 votes against the measure. And so go where you will in whatever state, you will find if that state has a large city or cities, the rural population are domineered over by the saloon in politics.

## THE SCHOOL AGAINST THE SALOON.

As a nation we spend \$111,304,927 for educational purposes, or to be more plain, \$1.97 per inhabitant, while we pay out \$700,000,000 for intoxicants, or \$12.42 per capita. These figures are furnished by F. N. Barret, Commissioner of Statistics. These figures are appalling. The drink question and traffic stands in juxtaposition to that of every other calling, to the home, the church, the school, to good citizenship, to heaven and God. We need woman to help us put down this demon and to save the inebriate and the boys.

## CONSTITUTIONAL PROHIBITION

will be a success whenever you enfranchise woman. No law is strong unless the people are vigorously and vociferously in its support, and any measure looking towards the extinction of drunkenness

will find woman almost solidly behind it.

## A PARTING WORD.

To the young men and women, and children who are here and who have so kindly given me their attention; you will soon be the active men and women of the country. Let me encourage you and especially the boys, to be sober, industrious, keep good company, read good books, study the history of your country, be patriotic.

Fathers and mothers, your children are coming after you; be careful of your examples. Those dear ones will soon take your places.

We can but say in conclusion, in the lines of the poet:

"Forever float that standard sheet  
Where breathes the foe, but falls before us;  
With freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
And freedom's banner floating o'er us."

—Independent Patriot.

## THE DREAM OF PILATE'S WIFE.

It was not sleep that bound my sight  
Upon that well remembered night;  
It was not fancy's fitful power  
Beguiled me in that solemn hour.  
But o'er the vision of my soul  
The mystic future seemed to roll;  
And in the deep prophetic trance,  
Revealed its treasures to my glance.

Before my wondering eyes there stood  
A vast and countless multitude;  
The hoary sire, the prattling child,  
The mother and the maiden mild,  
The gladsome youth, the man of care,  
All tribes, all ages mingled there;  
And all, where'er I turned to see,  
In humble silence bent the knee.

Still o'er the crowded scene I gazed,  
Against the lurid eastern sky  
I saw the shameful cross upraised;  
I saw the sufferer doomed to die.  
'T was he whom late with sorrowing mien,  
In Zion's streets I oft had seen;  
And now, in flood and agony,  
He turned a dying look on me.

Then softly from the gathering throng  
Arose the sound of solemn song,  
And while I caught the swelling lay,  
The myriad voices seemed to say—  
'And we believe in him that died,  
By Pontius Pilate crucified,  
That he shall come when time is fled,  
To judge the living and the dead.'

I woke; thou wast not by my side,  
I heard the loud exulting cry;  
I heard the scornful priests deride,  
The elders murmur, 'Crucify!'  
O Pilate! hadst thou marked my prayer,  
That guiltless blood to shield and spare,  
That deed of horror would not be  
A stain to thine—a curse to thee!

Our scenes of early love are past;  
Our youthful spring is withered all;  
Afar from Rome our lot is cast,  
Beneath the sunny skies of Gaul;\*  
The thoughts that memory treasures yet  
Of other days, begin to flee;  
But never shall my heart forget  
The crucified of Galilee!

—Selected.

\* Pontius Pilate died in exile at Vienna, a small town near Lyons, in France.

## LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY SR. ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

I CONTINUE my leaves of Jerusalem and the holy sepulchre. The stone which so many thousands of pilgrims kiss every year is not the stone which tradition calls the stone of Uction; the true one is buried beneath the present slab, which was placed here in 1810. Lamps and large candelabra hang over and surround the stone, and these belong to Armenians, Latins, Greeks and Copts, although this portion of the church is the property of the Armenians. A few steps to the left is a stone, enclosed with a railing. This is the station of the mother of our Lord, marking the spot where she stood while the body was being anointed, or where she stood watching the tomb.

A few steps further on, to the right, and we enter the rotunda. The dome is sixty-five feet in diameter and is decorated with mosaics. It is open at the top like the pantheon at Rome, and is supported by eighteen piers. The Holy Sepulchre stands in the very center of the rotunda. It lies within a small chapel, twenty-six feet long, by eighteen feet broad, built of the Sante Croce marble. A long low doorway leads to the Sepulchre itself, the western chapel. It is very small, being only six feet by seven feet, or forty-two square feet in area, of which space nineteen square feet are taken up by the marble slab shown as the "Tomb of our Lord." The slab is cracked through the center, and much worn by the lips of adoring pilgrims. The chapel is marble cased throughout, so that no rock is anywhere visible, and is lit by forty-three lamps, always burning. The Sepulchre has two chambers; one, the vestibule, being the angel's chapel, in the center of which is the stone which the angels rolled away from the mouth of the tomb. Then through a low door the sepulchre, itself, is seen; the lamps belong to the different sects, four being the property of the Copts. The reliefs in the wall are, in front, the Greeks; right, the Armenians; left, the Latins. Every day mass is said here.

On the feast of Easter, the Greeks make the holy fire. The poor, ignorant people believe it really is fire from heaven. I did not see that part of the performance,

but went the next night to see the next one. Each sect took a banner and marched around the tomb with the incense in clouds, chanting as they went, the organ playing to accompany them; each went three times around. At last, I became tired and sat down in a chair and slept. As I slept, one came to me and spoke to me. I did not see anyone, but heard the voice. It told me to read the book; there I should find the truth.

I awoke and found my friends all asleep; no mortal was near enough nor awake enough to speak to me. The church is arranged with rooms, open in front, like a theatre. We stood, or sat in one of them. They cost ten francs or two francs a night, just as the people are able to pay; but I went with friends, and did not have to pay, by the good will of God; and the next day it did not cost me much to go over the whole church, and so I will describe it to you as I saw it. Whatsoever may be the belief of any one, he ought to pause at the door to observe awhile, respectfully, the feelings of others; and no one can witness the passionate devotion of the Russian pilgrims, without emotion. As for myself, I wept.

Coming now into the rotunda, it will be well to make a tour of all the notable places, which I did. Just at the back of the sepulchre an open court with slabs of marble, inlaid and radiating from a central stone, where Jesus stood when he said to Mary Magdalene, who stood in the marble ring, a short distance off: "Woman, why weepest thou? and she supposing Him to be the gardner, said unto Him, Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." This spot is the property of the Latins.

Ascending now by three steps to the church of the Latins, we enter the chapel of the apparition, named from a fourteenth century legend, that here our Lord appeared to Mary after his resurrection. On the left, is a painting of the last supper. On the right, an altar, and on it a stick called the rod of Moses. By putting one end of the stick into a hole over the altar, a stone is touched called the



column of the scourging, to which Christ was bound, when scourged by order of Pilate. This Column was formerly exhibited in the reputed house of Caiaphas. We pass several columns, and come to an altar, under which are two holes in the stone; it is called the bonds of Christ. Near it is a small chamber, called the prison of Christ, where, it is said, He was incarcerated prior to crucifixion.

Continuing a few steps eastward, along the aisle, we have, on our left, the chapel of St Longinus, the Centurion, who said: "Truly, this was the Son of God." The stone is pointed out, on which it is said he was beheaded for preaching the gospel. Others say that Longinus was the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with a spear.

Near to this chapel, is the chapel of the Division of the Vestments. Near this chapel is a flight of twenty-nine steps, leading down into the chapel of Helena, one of the most interesting of the many buildings of the church, inasmuch as it is where the basilica of Constantine once stood. The massive substructions date back to the seventh century, and the pointed vaulting from the time of the crusaders. Here is an altar to Dimas, the penitent thief, and another to Helena. Near it, to the right, is a niche in a low wall, overlooking the cave below, and called the chair of Helena, said to be the place where she sat when search was being made for the true cross. Descending thirteen steps more, we reach the chapel of the finding of the cross. The legend will be remembered of how the Empress was divinely directed to this spot; how she watched the digging until, eventually, the three crosses, with nails, crown of thorns, superscription and other relics were found. How it was difficult to ascertain which of the three was the true cross, and at last a noble lady at the point of death was sent for, and as soon as the third cross touched her body she was cured of a cureless malady, and thus the identity of the true cross was established. The commemoration of this event is called in the calendar the invention of the cross. In this chapel, which belongs, left, to the Greeks, and right, to the Latins, will be seen in a slab, a beautiful cross, a bronze statue of Helena, and a Latin inscription on the wall. It will be observed, too, that the steps which we re-ascend are cut

in the rock, and yet sound hollow. It is supposed to be an old cistern.

At the head of the steps, returning to the aisle, we find, a few feet to the left, the chapel of the Crown of Thorns. Here is a greyish column, on which tradition says our Lord sat while the soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe and said, "Hail, King of the Jews; and they smote him with their hands, and spat upon him, and said, Prophecy who smote you."

A few paces west of this altar, is a door on the right through which we enter the Greek church, larger and more gorgeously decorated than the chapels of any of the other sects. Here is the seat of the patriarch, and reserved places for other dignitaries of the church. In the center of the marble pavement is a short column, marking the center of the earth; from this spot the earth was taken from which Adam was made. It was also part of the garden of Joseph of Arimathea. In front of the Greek Church is the Holy Sepulchre.

Returning, therefore, to the aisle by the same door through which we entered, and then to the right, we have before us a flight of eighteen steps, which we ascend and arrive at Calvary. It is fourteen and a half feet above the level of the chapel of the sepulchre. "And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and one on the left." In the eastern end of this chapel is an altar, under which is a hole through a marble slab to the solid rock. This was where the cross of the Savior was planted; two other holes, or sockets, right and left, are pointed out as the place of the crosses of the two thieves. This is not only called Calvary, but the Chapel of Golgotha—and a curious tradition affirms that Adam was buried here. This legend has more poetry in it than many others, for one can not but think that the idea in it is that the blood of the atonement was destined to fall upon the head of the first transgressor. Near the altar, to the right, is a long brass cover over a rent in the rock, said to have been made at the time of the crucifixion. A little further to the right is an altar with a picture of the Virgin set in diamonds. All the adornments of this place are of

the richest and most profuse description. It is a question of taste, whether supposing this to be the actual Calvary, it would not have been a thousand times better to have left it as the bare rock in the temple has been left; strikingly significant in the beauty of its simplicity.

To the south, is a small chapel of St. Mary, said to be the spot where the mother of our Lord, and the beloved disciple, stood at the time of the crucifixion, when one of the most touchingly pathetic incidents in the gospel history occurred, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother and the disciple whom Jesus loved. He said unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour, that disciple took her unto his own house." Opposite this window, on a column in the center of the chapel, is a good painting of the virgin and child.

Descending now the stairs at the southwest end near the great door of the church, we turn to the right and enter a chapel under the chapel of the Crucifixion, where used to be the tombs of Godfrey de Bouillon and Baldwin I. In the eastern end, with an altar standing over it, is the alleged tomb of Melchizedek. The rent in the rock, which we saw in the chapel of Golgotha, could also be seen from here by moving the brass which covers it. Latterly, however, a door has been placed here, which can only be opened by backsheesh; and an additional inspiration for paying it is that a tradition has been recently gotten up that the tombs of Adam and Eve are just behind the closed door.

In order to visit the Church of the Armenians from this chapel, we turn to the west a few paces. Past the Stone of Uncction and behind the station of Mary, is a flight of steps leading up to the small church, divided by pillars into three chapels or compartments. In one of the walls of the Holy Sepulchre, is a hole, and every year, on Easter eve, thousands of Greeks assemble from all parts of the world, especially from Russia, to witness the most monstrous piece of imposition that ever disgraced the Christian name, and to take

part in scenes which have no precedent elsewhere in the Christian church. Formerly, the Latins took part in the festival, but ever since the sixteenth century they have withdrawn from it. It is said that on Easter eve, when the patriarch, who is alone in the sepulchre, enters there, fire descends from heaven and lights the candles on the altar. The patriarch passes out the fire through the hole. A bundle of burning tapers is handed to the priests; and the pilgrims, in wild excitement, rush around with their tapers and candles, to have them kindled from the, as they think, sacred flame. Large sums are paid to have the candles lighted speedily by the priests, and these are passed on from one to another until the whole church is illuminated. But the scenes which occur almost yearly, are such as to be deprecated by all christians or those who bear the sacred name. Never, perhaps, in a religious edifice, did such a scene occur, in a time of peace, as that in 1834. The seething crowd came to a disturbance which is described by an eye witness: "The guard outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers, with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with the blood and brains of men who had been felled like oxen with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, and in the melee all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-stricken and frightened pilgrims appeared at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves." This eye witness says he saw the dead lying in heaps even upon the Stone of Uncction; and he saw full four hundred dead and dying, heaped one upon another, in some places more than five feet high. Such is the effect of holy fire, as the Greeks call it. I think it is that fire which the devil causes to come down in the sight of men in the last days to deceive.

JAFFA, Palestine,  
May 14th, 1889.

## TIDINGS FROM MR. RABINOWICH.

BY REV. ADOLPH SAPHIR, D.D.

IN a letter I received from Mr. Rabinowich a fortnight ago, he writes: "The house of prayer, 'Beth Shem,' is crowded every Saturday with Jews, who are thirsting to hear the word of the living God, and are seeking the straight and narrow way which leadeth unto life."

The testimony of Mr. Rabinowich is growing more clear and full, as will be seen by the following appeal, with which he recently concluded a sermon:

Lift up your eyes, my brethren, unto Mount Golgotha, and behold there the ransom which delivers our souls from the curse of God, pronounced on Mount Ebal, and which bestows upon us the blessing of our Father in Heaven more abundantly than the blessing on Mount Gerizim. Only behold the Cross of the Messiah, and you will see clearly that here is the gate of Jehovah, into which the righteous shall enter; the only access opened unto all men, be they Jews or Gentiles, that in one spirit they may draw near to our Father in Heaven. Open your eyes and behold the Lord of Glory, Jesus the Crucified; how glorious is this High Priest, who himself is the propitiation for our sins. How beautiful, how lovely is the Great Shepherd of the flock, who himself is the Lamb of God, which beareth the sin of the world, and who comes as our Messiah, bringing peace to them that are afar off and to them that are nigh.

My brethren, if you esteem your souls precious, and if you desire to be citizens of the city, and to be numbered among the saints, and in the household of God, then bow this day your knees before the King of Glory, before Jesus, crowned for you with the crown of thorns; smite your breasts and confess your sins and the sins of your fathers, and the iniquity they have committed against the Son of God, Jesus, the Messiah. Say, then, O house of Israel: "Surely, all we like sheep have gone astray, we have turned every one to his own way, but Jehovah laid on him the iniquity of us all; for the iniquity of his people was he stricken. For only with Jesus, the Messiah, is redemption, and He shall deliver Israel from all his sins."

It may indeed be regarded as a wonderful thing in the history of the Jews that

words like these should be uttered from Sabbath to Sabbath, by an Israelite to Israelites, in the Hebrew tongue, and that in these meetings for worship the Scriptures of the New Testament are read as the word of God, and prayer is offered in the name of Jesus. We would earnestly ask the prayers of our friends that the Holy Ghost may bless the words and make them effectual in the conversion of many souls. We should also remember our beloved brother, who has to contend with many difficulties and trials in his peculiar position, that he may be guided by Heavenly wisdom, and upheld and strengthened in his great work.

The following extract is from a letter of congratulation on the nine hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Russia:

My soul rejoices with you this day in the God of Israel. Behold, you, who were once without Christ, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, are now brought nigh by the blood of Christ. It is now nine centuries since you became children of Abraham by faith, and live under the sceptre of Jesus, who is of the seed of David, and whom God hath raised from the dead and exalted at His right hand. Brethren, permit me also, to offer to you my heartfelt wishes and prayers, in the name of God—Father, Son and Holy Spirit. May it please God in his mercy to fulfill the words of the holy Apostle and the petitions of the pious ruler Wladimir, which he offered to God, when your fathers stood before Him in the waters of the Dnieper, that the eyes of your heart be enlightened to know Him, and that you be confirmed in the faith of Christ, that as the children of God you may obtain the victory.

And after my benedictions may I bring before you my petition? Oh, remember, in this time of grace and in this memorial year of salvation, remember in your prayers before the King of Kings the Jews, who dwell under the shadow of the wings of your great Empire. And if you give thanks in these days that God did not permit the Czar Wladimir to follow the advice of the Talmudic Jews, who came to him out of the land of the Cossars,

then offer also intercession and prayer that in the tenth century of your entrance into the covenant of the Messiah, the Jews of Russia may in repentance and with their whole heart and soul turn to Jehovah, their God, who, in these last days, spake unto them in his Son Jesus, that they also may know that there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus. For Jesus the

Christ is Lord of us all, and they who trust in Him shall never be ashamed. These words from a son of Israel, who believes in Jesus the Christ, the Son of the Living God. JOSEPH RABINOWICH.

I hope that these specimens of Mr. Rabinowich's teachings will encourage his friends and deepen their interest in this evangelist, so wonderfully raised up in Israel.

—Hebrew Christian.

## SACRED CATS IN EGYPT.

ANCIENT Egypt was indeed a "cats' paradise." The goddess *Bast*, or *Pasht*, was a cat, and being under her protection and types of her, all cats were sacred. During life they were treated with respect, and their personal safety was guaranteed by rigorous laws; when dead they were buried with solemnity. They wore ear-rings and necklaces; but whether this honor was accorded to all cats, or only to those of high degree and exceptional sanctity, is uncertain, as only some of the statuettes show these ornaments, while some have also a jewel on their foreheads.

But not only individuals were dedicated to *Bast*; we know that she had a town of her own (*Bubastis*) especially devoted to her worship. Cats were sometimes sent to the sacred city to be buried, especially those that had been venerated in the temples of *Bast*. Some authorities give the cat's name as *Mau*, *Mai*, *Maau*, and some Egyptologists have read *Chaou*, but it ought to be read *Maou*, and is one of the examples of onomatopœia, or names formed in imitation of sounds, of which "cuckoo" is the most familiar example in our own tongue.

The father of history, Herodotus, has something to tell us about cats. He says: "When a house caught fire the only thought of the Egyptians was to preserve the lives of their cats. Ranging themselves, therefore, in bodies round the house, they endeavored to rescue the animals from the flames, totally disregarding the destruction of the property itself; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, the cats, leaping over the heads and gliding

between the legs of the by-standers, rushed into the flames as if impelled by divine agency to self-destruction, and when an accident of this kind happened a deep sorrow took possession of the Egyptians.

"When a cat died a natural death the people of the house shaved off their eyebrows, but if a dog died they shaved the head and the whole body." All the provisions in the house, to, were thrown away as having become unlawful food.

As we have said, there were some cats kept especially for veneration in the temples of *Bast*, and Herodotus tells us of these, and of sacred animals generally, that not only were necessary provisions given them, but luxuries also, which they were incapable of appreciating. They were bathed, anointed, perfumed; they had rich carpets and ornamental furniture; they were fed on bread sopped in milk, and on Nile fish cut into strips; and when dead they were embalmed with oil of cedar and spices.

Any one who killed a cat or an ibis was condemned to death, and it was found impossible to save the life even of a Roman citizen who had accidentally committed this offense. The populace, indeed, generally lynched the malefactor without waiting for a form of trial, as that "for fear of such a calamity, if a person found one of these animals dead he stood afar off, and crying with a loud voice, make every show of grief, and protested that he found it lifeless." Even in times of famine, when in their extremity they were driven to eat human flesh, the Egyptians preserved their cats.

—Harper's Young People.

## WILD OATS.

“OH, he’s only sowing his wild oats; he’ll settle down after while, and be as steady as any one.”

How often do we hear such foolish remarks from those who should have more wisdom than to speak in any such a misleading way. Wild oats will grow just as surely as tame ones, and then, “What shall the harvest be?” “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

Many a young man has sowed “the seeds of a lingering pain,” not only in his own physical frame, but in the heart of a loving mother, that time can not remove. Alas, Alas! “Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, ‘It might have been.’”

The opportunities of youth are immeasurable. Just as a little pebble in the purling stream may turn its course for-

ever, so the incidents of childhood and youth, insignificant though some may consider them, little by little are shaping the life of the man, and of the woman, that is to be either for good or for evil.

Youthful indulgences, innocent though they may appear in the eyes of some, are almost sure to leave their mark. Let us be careful then as young and old that we sow only that kind of seed of which we may have pleasure in the reaping, and from which we may gather fruit unto eternal life; and let us remember the counsel of one of old who has said: “Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?” The answer is full of wisdom, and is well worth remembering by all. “By taking heed thereto according to thy Word.”

A. J. D.

## THE DEATH DICE.

AT the Royal Palais in Berlin are two dice preserved, among the many curiosities, which are known under the name of “death-dice,” and are over two hundred years old. Their history is as follows: A murder happened in Berlin in the time of the Great Elector which caused a great horror, as the victim was not only a young and beautiful girl, but the only daughter of the highly respected armorer Walther. Two soldiers, who were paying their attentions to the maiden, were suspected and imprisoned. One of them by name of Ralph had really committed the deed in a fit of jealousy, while the other (Alfred), the more favored of the suitors, was really innocent.

Although they were put upon the rack, neither of them would admit anything, and the judges could get no clue. The witnesses who were examined testified of having been in the company of both soldiers. Alfred did not deny having met Rose that evening, but declared to have parted from her friendly. Ralph, on the contrary, could not give a very satisfactory account of his whereabouts; still he denied being the murderer, of whom no trace could be found.

The Elector in his just anger, commanded that God’s judgment should decide—that they were to throw the dice to see who should die; that he who threw the smallest number should be executed as the murderer. The Elector, surrounded by his court, the judges and clergy,

and also the father of the girl, old Walther, were present.

Ralph, the murderer, took the dice laughingly and threw two sixes, the highest number possible. Those who were present looked at each other in astonishment, because they all considered Alfred innocent, and yet after this throw there seemed to be no hope for him.

Alfred knelt down, looked devoutly up to heaven, and prayed, while everything was still as in a church. Then he rose and called out loudly, “Help, thou Almighty, for thou knowest I am innocent;” and, with joyful hope he threw down the dice, but with so much force, that one of them broke in two. One side of the broken dice showed six points, and the other half one point, while the other dice showed six points, therefore thirteen altogether.

A general consternation followed, which was heightened when Ralph fell suddenly to the ground, as if struck by lightning. After many efforts he revived, and, as soon as he had recovered consciousness, he acknowledged having done the deed.

The Great Elector was greatly affected; God had helped the innocent. In commemoration thereof, and as a proof that God’s grace and help are always nigh when we put our trust in him. He ordered these dice to be preserved, and they are yet shown in the Art Museum of the Royal Palais in Berlin.

—Selected.

## Editor's Corner.

### THE RED CROSS OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

INTO the shell-shattered city of Strasburg on the morning after its capitulation to the Grand Duke of Baden, there walked unguarded, unattended save by a maid, a slight, delicate woman in a dark, plain dress, *with a scarlet cross wrought in her sleeve above the elbow*. Through the battalions of conquering troops which guarded the city she went fearlessly, unchallenged and unmolested, and the sentinels on the ramparts grounded their muskets as she touched the scarlet symbol on her arm, and hurried past them over the heaps of dead and dying, into the heart of the stricken city. She found famine, fire, terror, a shattered city surrendering through hunger, its hospitals filled with wounded women and children, its streets swarming with half-naked, half-starved, frenzied people, a city whose able-bodied men were all in the conscripted ranks of the French army or in the prisons of Germany.

Through the instrumentality of the stranger, in forty days the hungry were fed, the sick healed, and the naked clothed. Boxes of supplies came by hundreds into the city, marked ever with the scarlet symbol she wore, money poured into her treasury faster than she could spend it, and scores of brave nurses and heroic assistants gathered about her. White hands that had never known labor bound the scarlet badge on their arms, and the proudest ladies of Germany, under the sign of the crimson cross, went down to the help and succor of the city which their troops had conquered. Indeed, so abundant were the offerings of clothing that a message was sent to the Empress, "You are making paupers of Strasburg with your generosity; send me material rather than clothing, that I may hire them made up here, and thus create an industry for the people." The material was sent, and twice each week hundreds of women went to her door with baskets on their arms to receive their work, for which they were abundantly paid. Forty thousand neatly fashioned garments of assorted sizes were packed in boxes stamped *with the scarlet cross*.

The Commune had fallen in Paris. The crash of the column Vendome still thrilled in the startled air. The flames of the Hotel de Ville lit the city with the lurid light. The streets were reeking with blood, and the air was heavy with the groans of the dying.

Suddenly there appeared the same vision of mercy that came to the need of Strasburg. Pale,

dust-covered, travel-worn, and well nigh exhausted, for she had walked seven miles into the city (90,000 horses having been eaten by the people, none were left for transportation). The German troops outside the city detained her with no questions *when they caught the gleam of the scarlet cross*. Cordons of French soldiers guarding the streets lowered their bayonets as she touched the glowing symbol, and the sullen frenzied mob made way for her to pass.

The Mayor had been reinstated in his office but a few hours, the dust of months lay thick on books and papers, his assistants were hurrying to and fro and writing frantically. The Mayor himself was anxious, weary, heart sick. Suddenly a soft voice sounded in his ear, an earnest, resolute, tender woman's face was lifted to his own, he caught the gleam of *the scarlet cross*, and heard the low, clear words, "Mayor, I have come to help you. I have 40,000 garments in my boxes outside the city, and plenty of money." The Mayor's house was instantly at her disposal, but she argued, "It is too grand for my work; give me some humble place where the poor will not be afraid to come to me."

"Madam, eight months ago I left my home, as I supposed, to be burned—to-day, through the grace of God, it stands intact. Is it too good for God's poor? Make it your headquarters—they will go to you anywhere."

The history of Strasburg repeats itself, and the hungry were fed, the naked clothed, the poor taught self-helpfulness, and then the woman of the red cross vanished.

When the Mississippi overflowed its banks in 1884, and people were without food, money, or seed for the next season's planting, suddenly out of the turbulent waters a steamer laden to her guards with every variety of provender, sustenance and comfort for man and beast, came to the rescue of the suffering people. Whence she came, how provisioned, by whom supplied, no one knew; only a *woman stood at the helm, with a cross of crimson on her sleeve*, and at the mast a banner floated—a *shield of white crossed with scarlet bars*. When the floods abated and the needs were all supplied, the strange craft vanished and her colors were hauled down in an unknown port.

High up in the Balkan mountains the soldiers of Bulgaria were freezing and dying for want of supplies. Word came to the woman with the scarlet cross, *was forwarded to her colleagues in va-*

rious cities, and before night this telegram was sent from New Albany: "Call on us for \$500 for the Balkan soldiers." The message was cablegrammed to Geneva, Switzerland, the next morning: "The Red Cross of America sends \$500 to the Balkan soldiers." Telegrams were sent from Geneva to Bulgaria, goods were purchased to that amount, and the next day after the woman of the red cross received the call of need, high up in the fastness of the Bulgarian mountains, the soldiers were receiving the warm garments sent by the people of New Albany.

*Who is this mysterious woman that controls the soldiers of opposing armies and commands the Exchange of the world with the gleam of a scarlet cross?*

Heroes of the rebellion know her as the first woman nurse to bring comfort and succor to the wounded. Surgeons remember when her white tented wagons drove upon the fields the things most needed were at hand. The army of the Potomac know her and the heroes of Morris Island have never forgotten the only woman who remained on the island, caring for the wounded while the shot and shell fell like hail. The Andersonville prisoners remember the woman who took them by the hand, and the widows and mothers of the Andersonville dead will ever remember her at whose request the bodies of the 30,000 men who died there were identified and buried in marked graves. The sufferers of the Ohio floods, Michigan fires, Charleston earthquake, Texas drought, and recent Mount Vernon tornado can tell you who she is, and every sovereign in Europe knows well the name and works of *Clara Barton, the President of the "American Red Cross."*

Comes there no thrill to the soul when reading this, and are there none whose pulses throb and hearts swell with a longing desire to be like her, this brave, noble, self-sacrificing benefactor of her kind? Yes, we can well believe there are many, aye, scores who after reading this brief sketch will feel their souls moved with enthusiasm to go and do likewise. Are you a Latter Day Saint? Have you enlisted under the blood-stained banner of King Emanuel? If so, let this thought come home to you with reality and force. What Clara Barton has done, you can do; nay, more you *must do*, if ever you inherit a mansion in your Father's house, or walk the streets of that beautiful city which needs the light of neither the sun nor the moon.

It is a grand thing to stand upon the dazzling height where she stands, a grand thing to spurn comfort, ease and luxury, as she has spurned

them at the call of duty, to be first and foremost in every time of need in responding to the call of suffering humanity; but Clara Barton, unknown to the world and unapplauded by any, watching night after night by the bed-side of her afflicted brother as the lamp of her love fed with the oil of the holiest affection known to earth, burned with a pure and steady light; was as great, as noble, as worthy the reverence of good men and beholding angels, as Clara Barton the president of the American Red Cross, the observed of all observers, the one whom men love to honor and before whom all difficulties vanish as mist before the rays of the sun.

Dear young Saints, it a grand thing to be "Faithful in that which is least," and while from time to time we place before you such noble examples as the life of Clara Barton affords, we pray God that the fact may be impressed upon each one who reads, that you are called with a like calling—called to follow the Master, and you can not (bear it well in mind *you can not*) follow Him unless you are found "going about doing good." Not dreaming it, not painting it before your mind and thinking how lovely such and such things are, yes, even shedding tears when you hear of them, not this—but doing it.

There is another light in which to view this picture, and we would not have you pass it by. Regard it carefully that you may be encouraged and instructed. Before the scarlet cross upon Clara Barton's sleeve, muskets are grounded, soldiers part their ranks and the portals of costly palaces open as by magic and are placed at her disposal. At a flash of request, borne over the wires, kings, queens and nobles respond quickly to her call and fabulous sums are instantly placed at her disposal; and while her soul must bleed at sight of the distress and suffering all around her, yet what joy must swell her heart as she realizes her ability to remove some, to alleviate more. Grand, noble, heroic, God-inspired woman, we would not withhold from you and those associated with you one meed of praise, one honor due; but there are yet braver, nobler things done by woman every day of which the world takes no note and which none applaud; and they are done through love of Him who suffered and died upon that cross of which those brave women wear only a symbol. They are done, and they must be done, by those who claim sisterhood with Him who once, weary, buffeted, weak and fainting, sank beneath its weight, while there was found no eye to pity, no hand to help, but instead mockery, scorn and derision upon every hand. Even to the end, the bitter end, this "man of sorrow and ac-

quainted with grief" bore his sadness—his heart-breaking sorrow alone and while serving man, and only man, received no meed of praise, no human sympathy, and in the last, the supreme hour, the face of his Father was veiled from his view and "he trod the wine-press alone."

Can you follow Him? Can you stand through the long night of trial, temptation, darkness, neglect and ingratitude; stand firmly, boldly, unshrinkingly for God and his truth?

There is inspiration in success; amid the waving of banners and the inspiring notes of martial music many a man not naturally a hero, has walked up to the cannon's mouth. But the banners may not always wave for you nor the inspiring strains of music fall on your ear. The foe may attack you in the darkness of the long silent watches when benumbed with weariness, hunger and cold, or suddenly in a moment, when the sky is bright and clear the death-dealing shot may fall all around you and without shelter or breast-work you shall meet his attack. Can you stand in such an hour? As one who realizes the truth of this, we would beseech you, dear young Saints, to stop and think. You expect to inherit a celestial glory, are you living for it? Day follows night and after the shadows the light of morning will surely come; but not more surely does light succeed to darkness, day to night than this law follows the life of every one,—“And shall come forth, they that have *done good*, in the resurrection of life and they that have done evil in the resurrection of condemnation.” Here again is the touch-stone of *doing*; the following of him who went about doing good. If it reaches this life, reaches the resurrection, will it not also reach the life beyond? We read of the rewards being given to every man “According to the deeds done in the body.” Are you doing these deeds? First of all are you living pure, upright, honest and honorable lives? Is a *vie* person condemned in your sight? Are you free from the sin of taking up a reproach against your neighbor? If you are all this, there yet remains these other conditions of doing,—the hungry to feed, the naked to clothe, the sick, sorrowing and unfortunate ones of earth to be visited.

Many a one will read this who has known hours of sorrow and depression, and to such may memories of what he endured in his earthly mission bring courage to work on—work on though there come no encouragement save the peace of mind which results from doing right. As there is within each heart “An unseen battle-field,” so may you remember that unseen to human eye an innumerable company of wit-

nesses surround you, rejoicing in your triumphs and ready to “bear you up lest at any time you dash your foot against a stone.”

#### A WORD WITH OUR PATRONS AND FRIENDS.

BELIEVING that our Magazine should be in every home, and in the hands of each youth in Zion, as a means of rewarding those who are willing to work in its interest, we have decided upon giving a number of useful and desirable premiums to the getters up of clubs. Our aim is to reward each one in proportion to the work done, from the one who sends us a list of two, to the one who perchance may send us fifty or a hundred names; as by this plan justice will be done to all. Each article will be exactly as described and can not be had at retail for less money. This will afford our traveling elders an excellent opportunity of obtaining one or more tokens of remembrance for the loved ones at home when the Christmas tide comes, and to any of the traveling ministry sending us a list of twenty or more names, we will, in addition to the premium for the club, add a copy of the Magazine free.

Should none of the articles on our list prove attractive to you, write us for our terms in *cash* commission, and be assured we will be just as liberal as our subscription list will justify; but as we obtain all these articles at wholesale, we give you the full benefit of the reduction.

#### TERMS.

The full subscription price, (\$1.50 per annum), of each magazine must accompany your list when sent in, but other names may be added afterward and you receive full credit therefor.

Money must be sent to David Dancer as heretofore, by draft, registered letter, express, check or post office money order, (the latter preferred). When sent in these ways we assume all risks.

All lists (as far as completed) must be in by January 1st, 1890, but additions may be made to the same up to April 1st, at which time all lists will be closed and awards made.

We earnestly trust that not one of our friends, young or old, will fail to secure one or more of the premiums offered. If you do not care to get up a club yourself, give your name to some friend who does, but if every friend of the magazine would try and obtain a list of names, what a power for good this voiceless messenger might be the coming year.

The above terms apply to new subscriptions as well as renewals.

For list of premiums see fourth page of cover. It is not necessary that all subscribers live at one place. Your list may embrace names from any place or section, but up to January 1st they



must come in at *one time* and be accompanied by the money. After January 1st names and money can be forwarded as procured, or as suits convenience.

WE purpose resuming our serial, with the next issue of the Magazine and continuing it without interruption to its close.

WE give additional news from Joseph Rabinowitch in this issue. Still the work among the Jews is moving on and Jewish papers are filled with news of awakened and deepening interest

in the cause. How long will the church rest content with no movement made in that direction?

BELIEVING that many of our readers will be glad to have the speech of Mr. Burrows in a form in which it can be preserved for future reference, we give space to it in our columns, and take this occasion to say that it is only one among the many good things furnished by the untiring efforts of Bro. D. F. Lambert to his patrons and readers. We are proud of our local paper.

❁ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ❁

EDITED BY SALOME.

KNITTED SLIPPERS.

Four oz. blue and 4 oz. white Berlin or Germantown; 4 pins No. 12. Walke's gauge.

Commence at toe with blue wool, cast on 10 stitches, increase by putting the wool over the pin at beginning of each row to make a stitch. When knitting with the white wool take it from two balls, so as to have two lengths.

1st row knit plain.

2d row, make one knit one \*, take the double white wool, turn it twice over the pin to form a loop of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch; with the left hand pin pass the last knitted loop over the four loops of white, knit two, repeat from \* to the end of the row.

3d row, make one at the beginning of the row, slip the loops of white wool, knit the blue; in knitting the blue stitch pass the blue wool with which you are knitting round the double white wool; in knitting the next stitch this will draw up the white wool close to the work, and so carry it to the other side to be ready for working the next row of loops.

4th row, make one, knit the blue stitches plain, knit the four white loops at the back as one stitch.

5th row, make one knit to the end of the row; repeat from second row, increasing at the beginning of each row until the work is wide enough across the instep. Now divide the stitches for the sides, casting off ten in the center; with the third pin continue to work on the side stitches as before without increase or decrease until you have the length from the instep to the back of the heel, then cast off and work the other side in the same way; sew the two sides together at the back with a needle and wool.

Now pick up the stitches round the top of slipper, on three pins, and with a fourth pin and blue wool knit ten rows, cast off, turn this plain piece over, and hem it down to the top of inside of slipper to form a roll around the edge; sew to cork sole lined with wool.

INFANT'S BOOTEE

In single Berlin wool, worked with a fine bone-tricottee needle. Begin at the foot; make 6 ch and work 10 rows of simple afghan sts, increasing 1 at the beginning and 1 at the end of each row; there will then be 24 sts. Take up 9 and work 12 rows, decreasing at the beginning of the last 2 rows by missing the 1st st. This forms one side of the shoe. Take up the last 9 of 24 and work 11 rows, decreasing as before at the end of the last 2 rows by missing 1 st; sew this up to form a shoe, drawing it in a little at the toe.

For the leg, begin at the top by making a ch of 30 sts; work 9 rows, decrease 1 at the beginning and 1 at the end of the 10th row, work 3 rows, decrease 2 in the 14th row as before, work 6 rows, fasten off. Take up 12 sts in the center and work 4 rows, decreasing 1 at each end of last 3 rows. Sew the leg to the shoe, and work over the seam a row of d c with a purl of 3 ch at each 3d ch.

On the outside of the leg work a series of small scallops formed of d c worked through the tricotee. On the top work a narrow edging. 1st row, 1 t. 1 ch in each loop of tricotee; this serves for running ribbon through. 2d row, 1 slip st in treble, 3 ch, repeat. 3d row, 1 slip st, 5 ch, repeat all around. Some small flat buttons are sewed in the scallops on the side. The bootee can be worked longer or shorter. Plain tricotee might be used for the foot and fancy sts for the leg part if desired.

CROCHET DESIGN FOR SHAWL.

This is a very pretty pattern, to be worked in crystal silk, wool, fine Andalusian or Shetland wool.

Make a chain rather larger than you wish the shawl to be.

*First row*—1 double into each of 5 stitches, 7 chain, pass over 7 stitches and repeat, turn.

*Second row*—4 trebles into the stitch first 5 doubles was worked into, work back one double into the first treble, 1 double into each of the 3 center stitches of 5 doubles, 5 trebles worked as before into fifth double, 3 chain, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into center of 7 chain, three chain, repeat from the beginning of the row, turn.

*Third row*—5 chain, 1 half treble into first of 2 trebles, 1 chain, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into next half treble,\* 3 chain, 1 double into web of 3 doubles, 3 chain, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into first treble. 1 chain, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into next half treble, three chain, repeat from \*, end the row with 3 doubles between the clusters of second row.

*Fourth row*—4 trebles worked as before into the double between the clusters of second row; when working back the double into the first treble draw through the center of 3 doubles of third row, 2 chain, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into first half treble, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into stitch between 2 center trebles, 2 half trebles separated by 1 chain into last half treble, two chain, repeat from the beginning of the row, and turn.

*Fifth row*—Seven chain,\* 5 doubles into the center stitches of scallop, 7 chain, repeat, turn, and repeat from the second row.

#### ANIMAL CLUB.

In this game two of the party are elected to fill the office of President Bergh and his Vice President; the others each choose some animal, bird or insect which they will represent. The President then relates an anecdote slowly. At the occurrence of any of the words with the initial letter the same as that of any of the animals, the cry peculiar to it must be imitated by the person who represents it; for instance, if there be a dog, at any word commencing with a *d* the dog must bark. The Vice President must be on the watch for any omission. When one occurs, the delinquent must pay a forfeit.

#### FORFEITS.

*The Statesman.*—Ask the penitent what State he would like to represent in Congress. When selected, he must be made to spell its name backward without a mistake. If he fails, he knows not the requirements of his constituents, and must lose his election.

#### SHAVING PAPERS.

Delicately tinted tissue paper arranged in balls like huge snow ball blooms is a new form for shaving papers. Circles of paper, seven inches in diameter are cut, the edges notched and the circles folded four times, or until they are as narrow as they can be easily made. They are then strung by passing a coarse strong thread through the center point, and enough are put together to make a full ball. One color alone looks well, and various pale tints give a pretty

shaded effect. The balls are hung by a long ribbon loop and the papers are pulled out as needed.

Vases of medium size look well decorated with Vesuvium. Remove all trace of the pictures which have been pasted on them. Apply the Vesuvium with a palette knife, taking no pains to smooth it, as rough effects are desirable. The Vesuvium is soft and sticky when first exposed to the air, but becomes very hard in a day or two, without being brittle.

After it is dry decorate it with bronze colors, such as are used for lustre painting. First paint the whole surface a dark bronze, then touch all the projections with copper color. If your vases are of a pretty shape, you will surely be pleased with the result. Glass bottles can be decorated in the same way.

Chair rolls are both useful and ornamental, and can be made of china silk, plush, or other material. Some are crocheted afghan stitch. A very pretty one was made of cardinal plush, with ribbon bows to match at each end, and fastened to the chair with a ribbon. They are stuffed with cotton batting, and there should be an inner lining of muslin. Sachet powder sprinkled in the cotton is a good idea.

Shoe button bags are a useful as well as novel piece of fancy work. A piece of cardboard forms the back, which is covered with satin or silk. At the top is a small card containing two dozen shoe buttons, under that a needle book of white flannel, buttonhole stitched around, and filled with needles. Below that is a pocket of the material that holds a spool of black linen thread. A fancy piece of wax is fastened by a ribbon on one side, and the whole is hung up by a narrow ribbon. The one described was made of yellow satin, but other colors are equally pretty.

Sash curtains are pretty, made of china silk, mull, or fancy curtain materials, and remnants can be often secured for that purpose at reduced prices. A large bookcase where the upper shelves are used for magazines, periodicals, etc., has short, red plush curtains that cover the upper shelves from view, and present a pretty appearance.

#### BUBBLE CHASE

Is a nice game for a summer afternoon on the lawn. The players choose sides the same as for an old fashioned spelling match. Each side has a pipe and a basin of suds. A player on each side contests with his opposite to see who can keep a bubble longest in the air, the players on either side working to assist his own side. Some one as umpire keeps the score of seconds and minutes that each bubble lasts, the side that has the highest score wins. This is lively game for players of all ages.





AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer  
My little Margaret sits me near,  
And begs me tell of things that were  
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips you touch the spring  
Of sweetest sad remembering,  
And hearth and heart flash all aglow  
With ruddy tints of long ago.

at my father's fireside sit  
Youngest of all who circle it,  
And beg him tell me what did he  
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, SEPTEMBER, 1889.

No. 9.

## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

### CHAPTER XIV.

IT WAS a balmy day, early in the month of April, 1834. The sun shone brightly and warmth was diffused from his beams, penetrating even the dense shade made by the evergreens upon the hillside. The buds had swollen and many shrubs and trees were clothing themselves with coronals of living green, while the soft carpet of nature's wonderful weaving was strewn here and there with flowers more beautiful than any that ever came from the looms of art. The birds sang as they flitted here and there, busy with preparation for building nests and rearing their young. The blue waters of the lake rippled in the sunshine and, stretching away in the distance, lost themselves in blending with the sky; while, ever and anon, there came the voice of seamen from some passing vessel, heard in song or in the tone of command, issued hastily as they sped towards port or spread their sails for a voyage in the opposite direction.

Walking slowly along the beach, she leaning upon his arm, are Daniel and Margery. Some days before, their families had arrived in Kirtland and were settled, for the time being, in a small village near to the lake shore, just beyond the hill which rises abruptly a short distance from where the lovers are walking. They had arrived before Daniel, and this is the first hour of uninterrupted communion which he and Margery have had. There is upon the countenance of each a calm and happy light, but withal in the very step, gesture and expression, of Margery especially, there is a nameless something, indicating that even in this first hour of reunion, while joy at his presence ripples every

wave of her heart's emotion, as the sunshine ripples the blue waves at their feet, there is yet an undertone of sadness, a looking forward to the near future and a realization of the issues which must soon be met.

"The news which has met us since we came here," continued Margery, "is very distressing. In last October, many of the Saints had their houses demolished and were robbed and driven forth without shelter. In some cases, it is said, they resisted this inhuman treatment and, in defending themselves, some two of the mobbers were killed and several wounded. The State militia, under Lieutenant Governor Boggs, were at last called out to preserve the peace; but these state troops were among the most bitter enemies of our brethren, and they saw no hope only by seeking safety in flight. They commenced crossing the river in November. The weather was cold and rainy, and our plundered, half-clad sisters and children were exposed to the bitter elements, without shelter or protection. They are now making homes in Clay county."

"Much of this is news to me," said Daniel, "but I learn that there is a company going up to Missouri very soon, and this is what I wished to talk to you about this morning."

Margery was silent, but her face grew a shade pale and her eyes were downcast, as Daniel continued.

"It had been my fond hope to have taken you with me and have made our home in that distant region; but I can not ask you to go with me now."

"It is father's intention to start in a few weeks," answered Margery, "and

Mary told me that your father had made up his mind to go with him. They will probably go with this same company you spoke of. But Daniel," and her voice trembled with the depth of her feelings, "If you go you must take me with you, for I will never consent to be left behind."

"But, Margery, think of the uncertainty, the danger, to say nothing of the hardships."

"I have thought of all these and have tried not to undervalue them, neither to overestimate my own strength, but the more I have thought the more I see but the one way opening before us. You will need me, Daniel, and my place is by your side. I shall not shrink, though the furnace be seven times heated. This gospel, this faith, is very precious to me, and if God calls us to seal our testimony with our blood, let us not shrink, nor deem it a hard thing. It is what the people of God have done in all ages of the world and, surely, they never had any brighter testimonies to enable them to stand firm than we have had."

"You are right upon that point, Margery, I have never told you how greatly I have been blessed in preaching the word. Many times, when foot-sore and weary, we have asked for entertainment and were refused, the Lord strengthened us that we passed over miles, without heeding them any more than if they had been steps, and often, when defending the faith, passages of Scripture have been brought to my mind, and my understanding has been opened to discover in them a meaning, never seen before; and, when I have needed to refer to any text, my memory has never yet failed me. The Lord has added the confirmation which he promised to those who obeyed, and, altogether, Margery, it is what many have styled it, 'A marvelous work and a wonder.'"

"What you say reminds me of one cause of the hatred felt by the people of Missouri towards the brethren. They can not meet them in argument at all, and this has roused the jealousy of their preachers, who are very active in inciting the people to hostilities. Beside this, they say that our people claim the land as their rightful inheritance, and boast that one day in the near future, it will be given to them by the Lord, and the Missourians will have to give place to them."

"I fear that some of our brethren may have acted with more zeal than wisdom, yet, making all possible allowance for this, they have done nothing to deserve any bad treatment from the people of Missouri. Some have bought and paid for their lands, others have rented farms and paid a stipulated price for the use of them, while yet others have worked as farm hands, mechanics, or clerks for those who needed their services. You know the peculiarity of our people, Margery. To talk of their faith is more to them than meat or drink. It is something new to the people of the West, and when they saw one company after another arriving, especially when they saw the country begin, as if by magic, to become like a garden under the careful culture of the brethren, they became really alarmed and their jealousy fully aroused, and the result has been their forcing the Saints to leave Jackson county. I had heard enough to convince me that this would be the final result."

"I hear that the Attorney General, Hon. Robert A. Wells, is very indignant at the conduct of the people of Missouri, and has written to some of the brethren, offering to help re-establish them in their homes. He advised them to remain in the state and organize themselves into a regular company of militia, and promised, if they did so, that they should have a supply of the public arms."

"I am glad they did not accept the offer."

"Daniel," said Margery, very slowly, but as though weighing each word before speaking, "I wish they had accepted the offer and demanded their rights."

For a moment, Daniel paused in their walk and turned his clear gray eyes full upon Margery with a look of inquiry slightly mingled with astonishment. She raised her eyes to meet his and, although the color mounted to her face, she added, "Don't be astonished at me, Daniel, I think that the brethren should have taken his advice and demanded a restoration of that which was justly theirs and a recognition of their rights."

A puzzled look came for a moment over Daniel's face, but it was followed by a smile and, as they resumed their walk he said:

"It is evident Margery that you were not raised in the belief of the Friends, but

I think their belief is in harmony with the teachings of Christ, upon this point at least."

I may be wrong, Daniel; but, looking into the future, I think I foresee far more evil to result from their yielding to this wrong, than could possibly happen, if they had resisted it. It is not lawful. These men are violating the law and is it not the duty of every good citizen to help enforce the law, if called upon by the proper authorities to do so?"

"Yes, Margery; but you surely have not forgotten that Jesus said, 'Put up thy sword into its sheath, for they that take the sword, shall perish by the sword.'"

"I remember it, Daniel, but those who were sent to arrest Jesus, were sent by parties who, according to the law, had a right to make such arrests, and he was taken before a tribunal which should have been a tribunal of justice, and while it was not such in reality, to have resisted it would have been resisting the powers that be, and this we are commanded not to do. I have thought much upon this subject since your letter, in which you first mentioned these troubles, reached me, and I have tried to solve the question, by reference to the word of God, and while I may be wrong, I confess to you that I am not able to see it in any other light."

"I have never looked at it in this light, for the Savior commanded us, 'Resist not evil, . . . love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you.'" (See note.)

"I have read and remember all these, but surely there must be a qualifying sense in regard to the kind of evil which we are commanded not to resist. If there be not, then how is it possible that any advancement can be made towards that which is good. Is not the evil here meant, that which individuals have suffered and most likely will suffer to the end of time, from the injustice of human governments? Connected with the texts to which you have just referred, is the expression, 'If he sue thee at the law,' and this to my mind is the key to the matter. 'The powers that be are ordained of God,' and if they sin, upon them be the wrong; it is plainly our duty to submit; but can it be a duty to submit to a wrong when the officers of the state call upon us to resist

it and point out the proper way in which to do so?"

"Really, Margery, I can not answer you. I have never viewed it in this light before, and I would like to examine it in all its bearings, before venturing an opinion with reference to it. Why is it that you have thought so much about it?"

"I do not know, but I have not been able to divest myself of a haunting fear, that trouble is to be the result of such a course. As I said, these men are lawless, and having before their eyes neither the fear of God nor man, they will go just as far as they dare go with impunity, and should the time come when our people will tire of being harrassed and driven, they will lose faith in and respect for a government which does not protect its citizens in their rights, and then it will require a double portion of God's Spirit to subdue the feelings which will urge them to render evil for evil. To demand the recognition of their rights in a lawful way is not evil even to those who are the transgressors. Were it otherwise, the very foundation would be swept from under every Christian government upon the face of the earth."

"Yes, Margery, but the Saints will appeal to the government for redress of their wrongs, and I have too much faith in our government, not to believe the appeal will succeed."

"Pray heaven it may be effectual and come not too late," said Margery. "One point, just here, I want to ask you about. If called upon by an officer of the state, who in the discharge of his duty finds your help necessary, is it not your duty to lend him your help?"

"Certainly it is?"

"Then why is not the duty of every man to help to put down mob violence, which is itself resistance to the law, and where is the security for life or property if mob violence is not resisted?"

"You may be right, I will not say you are not, but the Lord will direct in this matter."

"The mistakes of the past can not be undone, and we many times suffer because of mistakes ignorantly made. Had the brethren wished to regain their homes in Jackson county, the law-abiding citizens offered to help them do so, and I fear a grave mistake was made when they failed to accept the offer. These men have

violated the law with impunity, and, having gone thus far, they will be strengthened in their lawless course by the fact that neither the government nor the brethren have resisted the wrong done. They have no sense of honor, justice or shame, and will not scruple to take every advantage possible, in order to follow up what they have begun, and if the government does not right this great wrong, this outrage upon her honor, as well as injustice to her citizens, to an innocent unoffending people, then no one who lives under the protection of the stars and stripes ought ever to boast of the liberty enjoyed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. When the Attorney General offered them help in order to redress this outrage, I think justice to themselves, to their wives and little ones, to our country, our constitution, our common humanity, demanded of them to accept the offer."

"Has it occurred to your mind, Margery, that in this very trouble which the Lord has suffered to come upon the Church, he is working out his own purposes, and will eventually overrule it for good? The countless ages of eternity are his, and it is impossible that we should be able to judge even with reference to this brief span of time that which will be the ultimate result; how then can we judge of the unfolding purposes of God?"

"I see all this clearly, Daniel, and it is well that God does, at all times overrule, for the wisest and best have found in their time how hard a matter it is to steer clear of mistakes. Even men who at times are inspired of God, when not acting under this inspiration, can only do that which their best judgment approves. I have unbounded faith, also, in the ultimate triumph of right over wrong, and, though we should be entering upon a long night of darkness, God is pledged to the redemption of the pure in heart, and with him they will inherit this earth. The Psalmist has said, 'When the wicked are cut off, then thou shalt see it.'"

Before Daniel and Margery returned home they had fully canvassed the future, and a day for their marriage had been appointed. It was a clear, bright Sabbath in the month of April when Elder Browning united them in the bonds of holy wedlock, and a very happy family who wished the young couple a prosperous and useful

life. After the ceremony, they met with the Saints at the house of worship, for the coming week they were to start upon their western journey and were not willing to miss a single occasion of joining with the Saints in prayer and testimony meeting or of hearing the word of God preached. As the time for starting drew near, and just as arrangements were all completed for the journey, Mrs. Boyd was taken sick. The company delayed starting for a few days, but finally moved on, leaving the two families to follow. Mrs. Boyd's sickness proved to be a lingering one, and when she began to improve, it was arranged that Mr. Clark's family should go first and look out a location, and Mr. Boyd would follow as soon as his wife was strong enough to bear the journey, and as Daniel was anxious to resume his missionary labors, Margery advised him to go with his family and she would remain to care for her mother and come when her family came. And thus, unexpectedly to both, they found themselves again called upon to separate, and the separation was the more painful to Margery, because she knew that if detained long, many times weeks would elapse before she could hear from Daniel. She would be able to write oftener, as letters could be sent from that direction by brethren going up, but few would be returning, and, consequently, the chances were much against her. But long before Margery became Daniel's wife she had counted the cost and had formed her resolutions. Before he had ever confessed his love for her, she had known that it was his intention to enter the ministry, and when she had given him her promise to become his wife, there had gone with it another promise, for Daniel had said:

"Can you, Margery, because of the love you bear me, consent to take upon you the burden, the trials, incident to the position which, as my wife, the wife of a traveling elder, will surely fall to your lot? There will be in it the joy of that hope which reaches within the veil, but very little of that which pertains to time. In the world, the Master forewarned us we should have tribulation, but in him, *peace!* Have you counted the cost and do you know that Paul fully understood the matter when he said, 'No affliction for the present seemeth joyous?' The cup is bitter to the taste of those who



drink, and the 'peaceable fruits of righteousness' often seem very far away. 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' I can promise you nothing, Margery, only that until death do us part, yes, and through the countless ages of eternity, I will love and cherish you. In life I will strive to so walk before my God that you may look to me for help in fighting the good fight of faith, yet do I know that in many an hour of weakness I shall turn to you. It is no fairy, joyous picture, but it is a real one, and better we count the cost now than when too late."

"I have counted it most fully," Margery answered. "I believe the Lord knew from the beginning that which was needful for the man, whom he had created; and woman, when she fills the place allotted her by her Creator, becomes indeed and in truth a help-meet to her husband. This I desire at all times to be, to supplement your life just as the need may develop. When, weary and worn with its hard fought battles, you faint by the way, then may God strengthen me to be strength for you, even as a fountain of cooling water in a desert place. When my quicker intuition sees danger where your stronger reasoning faculties discover none, then let me persuade you to move with care until time develops the right way. Let my very weakness be to you a source of strength, my dependence your power, and my God-given equality your glory."

There was a mist in Daniel's eyes as he took Margery's hand between both of his and answered with a voice which, despite his utmost effort, trembled as he spoke, "Margery, if ever the time comes when I forget that in the image of God, male and female were created, and that dominion was not given to male, neither to female, but to *them*, then may the Lord forget to answer when I call on him, to hearken when I make supplication unto him. Be my strength, when weary and weak. Be to me like this clinging vine, covering up the rough and unsightly places, twining around the gnarled limbs and storm-scarred body of this giant forest tree, clinging with a tenacity no storm can wrench away and beautifying, as no youth or strength of the tree ever possessed the power to do; chide me when wrong; bear with me when impatient or hasty, and counsel with me when the time for action comes; and then whatever may come,

whether joy or pain, peace or prosperity, plenty or poverty, the smiles of the world or its bitterest frowns, we will triumph;" and because Margery had answered, "God helping me I will," she now persuaded Daniel that pleasant as it would be to have him remain with her, the path of 'duty was plain. She to care for her mother and he to be about the Master's work.

Let not the reader suppose that there was no conflict in the heart of Margery. The presence of Daniel was to her as sunshine and dew to the flowers. But the words she had spoken to him in the first hour of plighted troth were not idle words, and when the test came she remembered them, remembered also her covenant with God, and, remembering, she forced back the tears, stifled every murmur before it reached her lips, and said to Daniel, "Go, and the Lord will surely go with you."

There was little of romance in the scene as the covered wagons moved out on the road and Daniel, plainly clad for his journey, walked by the side of the last one. Neither would it have been detected by the casual observer in the quiet bearing, but deft and rapid movements of the young girl left in the cottage near the lake shore. But had that observer been gifted with the power to read below the surface he would have discovered beneath that calm and quiet exterior the stuff of which martyrs are made. Could he have seen the source of that strength he would have known, that next to a firm reliance upon God, it was drawn from the fact that she had power to infuse into that strong man a portion of the trust and faith which enabled him to say farewell to the bride of but a few short weeks and hasten to carry the gospel to those who had not yet heard its glad sound. She knew that, much as Daniel wished to go, a single entreaty from her would keep him with her, but she had promised, "I will be your strength when weak," and no entreaty was made, but doing the plain duty next her hand to do, she left the result with God.

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NOTE.—As throwing light upon this point, we append below an extract taken from a recent article in "The Forum," by Archdeacon F. W. Farrar, entitled, *COUNT TOLSTOY'S RELIGIOUS VIEWS*.

"Count Tolstoi," says Archdeacon Farrar, believing that the essence of Christ's teaching is love, humility, self-abnegation, the return-

ing of good for evil, it seems to him that the church has made these virtues only accessory and secondary. . . . Subjecting the sermon on the mount to theological explanations, she has declared it to be the presentation of an impossible ideal, whereas, it is perfectly within the reach of all who will accept it in a child-like spirit. The inmost essence of all Christ's teaching seems to him to lie in the literal obedience to the command, 'Resist not evil,' whereas the church has sanctioned resistance to evil in every form. But he holds that Christ's words admit of no limitations or exceptions. For instance, Christ said, 'Give to him that asketh thee.' Was not his meaning perfectly clear? He meant to inculcate the universal duty of charity, of quick generosity, of ready almsgiving. But to what monstrous absurdities do we reduce this lovely principle when we take it literally! Is no request to be denied? Are we to give to a child or a fool? Are we to give to an oppressor to help him in hurting the innocent? Are we to give a drunkard, who will at once use our gift to reduce himself to the condition of a beast? . . . Again Christ said, 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Was there ever any Christian who failed to see that the divine promise, so infinitely true in the spirit, is in the letter falsified by all experience? It was intended as a principle and was never meant to be understood in the letter. No Christian asks for any earthly blessing, however intensely he may desire it, without the two expressed or mental reservations, 'If it be good for me,' 'If it be thy will.' Paul prayed thrice that the 'stake in the flesh' might be removed from him and it was not removed, though something else and something better was granted him. Our Lord himself prayed that if it were his Father's will the cup might pass from him. It did not pass, but there appeared an angel from heaven, strengthening him. . . . [Count Tolstoi will surely admit that in these matters Christ is his own best interpreter]. Thus in the sermon on the mount, immediately after the words, 'Resist not evil,' which seem to Count Tolstoi to contain the essence of all Christianity, Christ added, 'Whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.' Yet so little did he mean the injunction to be taken literally, when he himself was smitten on the cheek he remonstrated with the offender (John 18:23). What he meant was the duty of suppressing resentment—a divine principle.

"We may now directly test Tolstoi's special conclusions and first his palmary rule, 'Resist not evil.' We maintain that in not regarding this as a precept of universal, literal and exceptionless application, the church has not been inventing glosses whereby to avoid a difficult

duty; but has, on the contrary, been giving to Christ's rule the exact meaning which he intended. For in the present state of the world, resistance to evil in some form is a primary duty. If Tolstoi attaches no importance to the wielding of the sword of Michael from the armory of God, and to the Lamb going forth to war, he need not look beyond the limits of the gospels. Christ's whole ministry was a resistance to evil. He resisted evil with words, when he 'blighted the scribes and pharisees with the flash of a terrible invective;' he resisted it in deeds when he expelled with a scourge of small cords the profaners of the temple; and he resisted it by plain counsel when he said, 'He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one.' It is not in the least the result of cowardice or compromise with the world, (as Count Tolstoi thinks), that the church sanctions the resistance to evil in the form of war and of civil justice. It is on the contrary, the result of her belief, that cleaving to the letter would be a violation of the Spirit of Christ's command. Yearly the the wretched Fellahin of Palestine sow their corn, and yearly the bolder roving Bedawin reap it. If resistance were possible to them their helplessness would be pusillanimity, not virtue. The meaning can not be as St. Augustine taught us fourteen centuries ago, that destroyers are to trample the world under their feet and the righteous are not to stay them. . . .

"The possession of property is perfectly lawful, and the only thing that is unlawful is the wrong use of it. False swearing and blasphemy are forbidden, but the solemn oath of a Christian man before a court of justice is sanctioned by Christ's own example. Anger on just cause and within righteous limits, is perfectly permissible; it is only baseless, cruel, rash, implacable anger which is eternally to be condemned. Resistance to evil is not only pardonable, but it becomes a positive duty when non-resistance would be nothing but a curse to the offender, to society and to the world. . . . Will any one aver that there was no nobleness, no fine moral enthusiasm, no inspiring force of a righteous motive in the hearts of the Northern soldiers who marched to war, singing:

'Christ has died to make men happy,

We will die to make them free?"

So writes Archdeacon Farrar, and while we do not endorse all we have quoted, our readers may see that Margery's views in relation to the justice of resistance to evil, have full support from high authority, and such as would never be suspected of favoring what the world is pleased to term "Mormonism." There is a harmony in the teachings of Christ upon this point, the key of which the Christian alone possesses.

To be continued.

A WOMAN'S influence is worth very little unless the woman is worth something. It nearly drives me wild to hear selfish little minxes, who leave their mothers to bear all the household burdens, and who have not an idea above their own vanities and levities, being exhorted to reflect on "their incalculable influence," instead of being told to study their own duty and leave their influence to take care of itself.—*Sunday Magazine*

"If you will be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you may have one of the happiest homes in the world."

"SCIENTIFIC scrutiny may take things to pieces, but in can't put them together again."

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. VI.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

**T**HERE was no use fretting over what we could not help, better be up and doing. Having disposed of everything as best we could, (mostly in trade, for money was a scarce article), we were again ready for our journey and started about the last of October. Mattie drove a span of horses with light wagon, while I drove the oxen. Baby Glaud was not three months old, and it was the first time his mother had attempted to drive; but getting a friend to drive through the American Fork river, she took the lines and managed the team all the way without any accident. We passed through a number of villages, often camping close by, and in some places met with old friends, whom I had known and brought into the church in England. We were glad to meet each other, though under such different circumstances, and without a word being spoken disappointment and sorrow could be seen in the countenance of each. Some were quite comfortable; others with not enough to eat. Seventy-five miles from where we started we passed the last settlement, and saw nothing after we left this place but Indian wigwams until we arrived at Parowan. We stayed there a day or two and then went twenty miles further, to the place appointed, Cedar City, Iron county, as it was then called. Arriving there, we were glad to rest, having been on the road about five weeks. Here the people lived in a Fort. I soon traded for a place to live in, an adobe house with three rooms, one side of it being the bastion wall with holes in it to see if the Indians approached; no ceiling but straw covered with earth, and no floor; but many of our neighbors lived in dug-outs, some with large families and only one room—they were so very poor. There were four gates to the fort, two on the north and two on the south. John D. Lee was head man in this section, and he and his wives lived ten or twelve miles away from the Fort. They called the place Harmony! Strange mockery! and that which could but excite wonder was that while we had to be penned up for fear the hostile Indians might massacre us, he could live miles from the Fort, un-

molested. Next in authority to him were President Lunt and Bishop Smith. These last named lived close by us. It was a hard way of living. No money could purchase what we really stood in need of, such as candles, oil, soap, sugar, etc., for they were not there to be had. Once when a merchant train passed through, they sold a few things to the Saints. Sugar was forty cents per pound, tea from three to five dollars per pound, and other things in proportion. After wheat was harvested it had to be hauled to Parowan to be ground, and it was not very good flour when obtained.

Wherever we went we were obliged to take our guns, because of the Indians. One day when out for a load of wood, I laid my gun and dinner down by a tree, and, in going from one spot to another, I had wandered quite a distance from it; for, busy chopping, and intent upon getting my load, I had forgotten all about it. At last upon looking up I saw an Indian coming toward me. I did not know how many were behind, but I could talk with him and managed to keep him interested until I had worked my way back to the tree. Then I secured my gun, picked up my dinner and gave him part of it. He walked away and I went home, thinking how very foolish I had been, for that man might have killed me with my own weapon. After that I left it at home. It was a long way to go for wood, especially for pitch pine knots, to burn in the fire-place at night, as this was all the light we had for a long time. We used to spread Buffalo robes on the ground for little Glaud to play on, and Mattie would sew by the light of the fire, while I, in turn with the rest, had to stand guard outside the walls.

I did not attend any private meeting, or have anything to do with them in any way, but attended to home matters, having my mind thoroughly made up to leave there the first opportunity. I was closely watched, but my Father in heaven watched over me also. We generally went to meeting on Sundays, but I took no part in preaching. Once I was invited to preach, and many who were present that day will remember it. Some of the great

ones from Salt Lake City were on the stand, also John D. Lee, Isaac C. Haight and others. One of them seeing me in the congregation, pointed to me and said:

"Brother Rodger, will you speak for us to-day?"

I made answer, "I have nothing to say."

President Lunt said: "Brother Rodger, if you will come on the stand and open your mouth, the Lord will fill it."

This was just what I wanted. I did go, and told them what I thought about Utah and the poor, and the continued whipping the Saints got when they did not deserve it. Told them to look around on every hand and see the amount of labor done, and the tithing that had been paid by that industrious people. I preached to them nearly two hours, and finished by saying: "Brother Lunt said, if I opened my mouth the Lord would fill it; I have done so." They did not say "Amen" at the conclusion. As we came out at the door, old Brother Pugmire, the blacksmith, looked up into my face and said: "They'll never ask thee to preach again, Brother Rodger;" and he was right.

So passed away the winter and summer, during which time there had been a general commotion among the Saints in that Fort. Oppression had made them desperate, and those who could, said they were determined to fight for their freedom, if they could get it in no other way. Preparations were constantly being made for leaving, until a company of twenty-one wagons were ready to start. We met with much opposition, and they declared that we should not take our cows out of the Territory. I had six, having traded a quantity of English clothing for them, to make our load as light as possible. It was easier to drive cows than to haul things in the wagon over such a hard road as we had to travel. It required both courage and firmness to undertake the journey. This we had, and started one bright morning in the month of October. We had traveled about six miles, when a horse came galloping up. His rider proved to be the sheriff to take me back to settle some difficulty between the one whom I had left in my house, for I had not sold it, and a neighbor about some rails which had belonged to me, as each one claimed them. I returned with him and soon made all things right, as there did not seem to be much the matter.

One brother whispered: "It aint them six rails they cared about: they want you;" and advised me to keep a sharp look out."

That night I slept in a dug-out, first calling upon God for help, and that he would deliver me out of their hands.

Early next morning I arose, and in faith made my way to the gate where the sentinel was standing, for all the gates were guarded except those that were locked. There he was, pacing to and fro. I did not halt, but walked past him, and he saw me not, although I was close to him, and it was broad daylight. That part of the country was level as far as the eye could reach; but I walked on unseen by human eye. After going some distance, I turned round and took a last look at the Fort walls, and bid it farewell forever with a full determination that they should never take me back there alive. I stood awhile and thought. The things that flashed across my mind during those few moments could not be written.

It was just two years since we came into these valleys and not once in that time had we heard a gospel sermon; no, very far from it; the books were laid aside, as one of them expressed it: "Like *three* old hats of no more use." I bowed down upon the ground, and with the memory of my miraculous deliverance fresh in my mind, thanked God that I was free from the evils carried on in Utah, and that my faith in him and his cause remained the same as at first. What will those leaders have to answer for! But I am not the judge.

I reached the camp, about twelve miles distant, just in time. The cattle were yoked and some hitched to the wagons. Mattie would not allow ours to be put to the wagon, for she was determined to stay there until I came, if she had to stay alone. They tried to reason the matter, and told her that I would overtake them; but she said: "No; I will not move till he comes; for I know he is safe." Then one family offered to stay with her, but I got there in time to start with the rest.

Again we were on the broad plains, with a thousand miles before us, and far worse off, if possible, than those left behind. None can tell the feelings of mingled hope and fear that possessed each heart at every camping ground, but those who have experienced it. Threats had been made and we knew, but too

well, that they would be carried out, if a higher power did not overrule. The red man was to be feared, but not more so than the white man who would take revenge, if he had the power. We were often disturbed nearly all night by the horrid yells of the wild Indians, who seemed to be coming right down upon us. Sometimes we thought they were not Indians, but others in disguise. If such was the case, they were foiled in their wicked deeds, and we were preserved from a cruel death. To God be all the glory.

Many more streams were crossed than on the former plains, but not quite so dangerous. It was hard climbing the steep and rocky mountains, and crossing the dry and barren desert. No sign of vegetation, no feed for our cattle, no water, only a few alkali pools for seventy miles. Here we had to bake bread for our cattle, to keep them alive, traveled night and day, only stopping long enough to rest. It was almost impossible to manage the cattle, or govern ourselves, when we came to a pure mountain spring. It was a lovely sight! Gold and silver would be as nothing if we had to choose one or the other. How gladly we would

throw the gold away and take a drink from the pure stream!

The remark would often be made: "If we can only get over the dividing ridge, then we shall feel more safe." Days and weeks brought us at length to the spot, and of all the sights in our travels, that which looked the worst was the descent of the mountain. We stood on the very summit, and had to fasten two yoke of cattle to the back of the wagon to hold it back and hold to the yokes ourselves to keep on our feet. Once over, and all safe on the other side, we were glad to find a good camping place, right at the foot. Some were so rejoiced that they sang and shouted, and were so happy; but our journey was not over yet. Having stayed long enough to have a good rest, and feeling somewhat easier in mind, we again started. Nothing out of the usual routine of travel occurred, and no accident happened all the way. On the twenty-fourth of December, 1854, we camped for the last time, fifteen miles from San Bernardino, California. That night it rained in torrents, but only rain, no thunder nor lightning. There were woods all around us, so we drew our wagons under the trees and slept in peace, lulled by the pattering of the rain.

### WHAT ONE LITTLE WOMAN DID.

SOMETHING happened in Bloomington, Indiana, the night of January 31st, which is worthy of admiration. It was the act of a clear-headed and self-possessed woman, in a time requiring the strongest nerve. The lady is a little lady, delicate in form and face, with a natural expression that seems to ask for protection. Yet no strong man could have been braver than she. On the evening in question the Paul E. Slocumb Woman's Relief Corps of Bloomington were holding an entertainment in the Grand Army Hall. A stage had been improvised for the occasion. Decorations, flags and flowers made the interior as pretty as a bower. The programme was well arranged and was being finely executed. The President of the Corps, Mrs. Sarah E. Pittman, the lady member of the Board of Trustees of the Knights-town Soldiers' Orphan's Home, was master of ceremonies. The orchestra was discoursing to the audience which literally filled the seating and standing capacity of the hall, when Mrs. Pittman was called to the private entrance and whisperingly told that the floor to the hall was slowly settling and giving away, and the audience must be gotten out as quickly as possible.

With a thrill of fear, and a thought of loved ones and friends the little lady turned and walked to the front of the stage, standing in the flare of the oil-lighted room, knowing that a word of fear would occasion a panic, a crash and a fire from the illuminating material then burning. There was but one exit for the audience, a small door, a narrow hall and stairway. With a wave of the hand to the leader of the orchestra and a commanding "stop" the music ceased, when Mrs. Pittman said to the audience, "Owing to the sudden indisposition of one of our performers, our programme must end at this point and I would be pleased to have you pass out of the hall as quietly and quickly as possible." The audience did not seem to comprehend, when the lady waved her hand and said firmly "pass quickly, pass out quickly." In five minutes the hall was vacated, the crowd was in the street, and then the word flew from one to another of the threatened danger, and many went to the store-room below and saw what must have been inevitable in a few minutes more, if the sinking floor had not been discovered.

—The Woman's News.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

## BOOK OF HELAMAN.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The Nephites in North America.—Their industry and success in agriculture and in manufacturing.—Gold and silver common among them.—Also horses and cattle.—Nephi returns to South America.—The secret combination and its wicked doings.—Nephite sinfulness and degradation.—Famine and pestilence result.—The Lamanites increase in righteousness.—Samuel the Lamanite prophet warns the Nephites of coming destruction.—He foretells the time of Christ's birth, and also the signs to occur at his crucifixion.

In the sixty-third year both Nephi and Lehi and many of the Lamanites went into the north country; for there was peace between the two nations at this time. And for a season there was much prosperity throughout the land. In peace they raised plenty of grain and other products of the earth, continuing also to manufacture cotton, linen and woolen goods, and having gold and silver and other metals in abundance, as well as horses, cattle and other domestic animals. They mined and smelted the ores and made use of them in many ways, as their history shows and as wise men in our time tell us they did. (Note 33.)

In the sixty-sixth year Cezorum, the chief judge at Zarahemla, was killed by the secret order, and afterwards his son and successor was slain in like manner. For this band of wicked men continued to exist, both among the Lamanites and the Nephites. And they sought gain without labor and to have revenge upon whomsoever they would, the members being bound by secret oaths and pledged to favor and protect each other. Therefore they did many things that were in opposition to the law of God and to the law of the land, and when one of them made known anything that was contrary to their secret covenants he was punished according to their rules, not according to the laws of the land.

The historian of that time says that these secret oaths, covenants, signs and words had their origin in the evil one that tempted Cain to plot against and kill his brother Abel; and that he it was who caused men to conspire to build a tower in carrying out their rebellion against God and his righteous law. He it was

who put it into the heart of Gadianton to invent and carry on the works of darkness and sin; and he causes these secret things to be handed down from generation to generation among the sons of men; and, so far as he can gain control of their hearts he leads them on, step by step, to take part in these evils. Therefore, according as the Nephites continued to depart from the ways of the Lord so this secret order grew among them, and their transgressions became great. At the same time the Lamanites grew towards the good, until thereby they obtained more and more of the favor of God and of his Spirit. They even hunted the Gadianton robbers from among them until none were left in their land. But by the sixty-eighth year the latter had gained so much control among the Nephites that few of the followers of Christ were left; and the poor were crushed and the humble were beaten down.

In the sixty-ninth year Nephi, the son of Helaman, returned from the north land to Zarahemla, and when he saw their degenerate condition he cried out against their deeds and denounced the corrupt judges who convicted the righteous and took away their property and rights, while at the same time they let the oppressors and the guilty go free. He also reproved the people for permitting evil and corrupt men to rule over them, saying that thereby they would be carried on to ruin and woe. And he foretold that unless the nation repented it would be entirely overthrown, that the land should be taken from them, and that the rest of the Nephites should be scattered and destroyed; that even then tribulation was at hand. Some became angry and cried out against him. But he told them that while he was speaking their chief judge was being slain by his own brother, Seantum. And when some ran to the place they found that it was as he had said.

The Lord spake to Nephi and blessed him for his faithful warning of the people, and God commanded him to go and declare that pestilence, famine, and other evils should come upon them unless they repented. And to Nephi was given power

to smite the earth with these things when necessity required. From this time as he warned the people they became angry and tried to destroy him; but he was taken by the Spirit and elsewhere preached and prophesied. Still the Nephites grew in sin and transgression until there was no peace among them; and judgments were about to fall. Then Nephi asked that they might not perish by war; for he said that perhaps famine might cause them to repent.

Consequently in the seventy-fourth and seventy-fifth years there were drouths and famines in the land; and, having laid by no provisions in their evil years, therefore the destruction of the crops caused many to perish. This made some remember the words of Nephi, and such repented. Then Nephi asked the Lord to stay the famine and the pestilence. And the Lord did so; and in the seventy-sixth year the rain fell abundantly, and grain and fruit once more blessed the people, for which they again praised God. But this period of repentance only continued until the eighty-second year, when they again forgot the source of every good and seemed to think that man was sufficient for himself and the master of his own blessings and destiny. Therefore sin gained the ascendancy among the Nephites once more; but the Lamanites continued to grow out of their former darkened state into the light of divine truth and into a better intelligence. (Note 34.)

In the eighty-sixth year came the prophet known as Samuel the Lamanite. He preached repentance to the Nephites and said that their abominable doings, their pride and their forgetfulness of God as their Father and the author of all their blessings, would cause a curse to come upon them and upon their land. He said that in five more years the Savior would be born into the world, and that on the night of his birth there would be no darkness upon this land, but it would be light through two days and the intervening night, as though it were one day; and this should be a sign to them of the event. But at the time of his death, years later, the sign should be that of darkness in the day as well as at night, even for the three days that should intervene between his crucifixion at Jerusalem and his rising from the grave. And he said that during these three days great calamities and des-

olations should come upon them because of their hardness of heart and their continued unbelief. Earthquakes and whirlwinds would visit them, cities would be destroyed, mountains would be thrown down, rocks would be rent and cast abroad in fragments over the land, for nature would be convulsed at the death of the Son of God, and the sun would hide his face while he laid in the tomb.

Further than this, Samuel said to them that because the Lamanites were increasing in faith and in righteousness, they would henceforth obtain more mercy and favor from God than the Nephites would, because they were going more and more into the ways of sin and transgression; and he foresaw that thus it would be with them in generations to come. The Lord declared by him that they should be smitten by sword, by famine and by pestilence, until in four hundred years they would cease to exist as a nation upon the chosen land that God gave to their fathers, unless they would speedily repent and turn unto him with all their hearts. But blessed should they be who turned unto righteousness and kept the commandments of God.

As the words of Samuel were weighty and powerful, some of the Nephites believed him; and these repented and were baptized by Nephi for the remission of their sins. For Nephi had continued to preach and to warn the people, declaring that Christ would soon come, even as Samuel had said. But, while some were converted, the main portion hardened their hearts; and thus iniquity increased among them during the days of the sons of Helaman.

And here ends the Book of Helaman, in the ninetieth year of the Judges, or five hundred and ninety-nine years from the time Lehi and his sons left Jerusalem for the land that God promised to them in the days of Zedekiah, King of Judah.

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NOTE 33.—That the ancients of America were an agricultural people, to the extent and completeness that is spoken of in the Book of Mormon, is fully confirmed by many who have investigated the ruined cities and the mounds and monuments of that great people, and have studied the writings, paintings and traditions of their degraded descendants for nearly four hundred years past. In this connection Baldwin also makes a statement regarding the great timbered regions of the western states. By the European settlers these were called primeval forests, by which is meant that they supposed

that these were the first or original ones. As mentioned in Note 32 this was long ago discovered to be an error, science having satisfied itself that before those forests vast areas were covered with cultivated fields, gardens and vineyards; with hamlets, villages and cities wherein dwelt a busy and an enlightened people. Prof. Baldwin writes as follows:

"The great age of these mounds and inclosures is shown by their relation to the primeval forests in which most of them were discovered. I say *primeval* forests, because they *seemed* to be primeval to the first white men who explored them. Of course there were no unbroken forests (in the Ohio Valley for instance) while the land was occupied by the Mound Builders. They were a settled agricultural people, whose civilized industry is attested by their remains. If they found forests these were cleared away to make room for their towns, inclosures, mounds and cultivated fields; and when, after many ages of such occupation, they finally left, or were driven away, a long period must have elapsed before the trees began to grow freely in and around their abandoned works. . . . When the Ohio Valley was first visited by Europeans it was covered by an unbroken forest, most of the trees being of great age and size. . . . The mounds and inclosures were discovered in this forest, with great trees growing in them. Eight hundred rings of annual growth were counted in the trunk of a tree (mentioned by Sir Charles Lyell and others) which was found growing on a mound at Marietta, Ohio. In the same way successive generations of forest trees had grown over their extensive mining works near Lake Superior, and many of those works are still hidden in what *seem* to be primeval forests. . . . It is certain, in any case, that the period when these old constructions were deserted is so far back in the past that sufficient time has passed for the abandoned towns and fields to remain (perhaps for centuries) as waste places, to pass through the transition from waste lands to such great forest growths as were cleared away to prepare the soil for the settlements, towns, and farms of our people."—Ancient America, pp. 50, 51.

In the notes along with chapters twelve and thirteen the writer of this series gave lengthy quotations from Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*, by which was shown that the Peruvians were wonderfully proficient in the arts of agriculture as well as being skilled in manufacturing many things. Of that people Prof. Baldwin speaks as follows:

"In some respects the Peruvian civilization was developed to such a degree as challenges admiration. The Peruvians were highly skilled in agriculture and in some kinds of manufactures. No people ever had a more efficient system of industry. This created their wealth and made possible their great public works. All accounts of the country at the time of the Conquest agree in the statement that they cultivated the soil in a very admirable way, and with remarkable success, using aqueducts for irrigation, and employing guano as one of their most important fertilizers."—Ancient America, page 247.

"Ignorance and incapacity have taken the place [since the Spaniards plundered and

ruined the country] of that intelligence and enterprise which enabled the old Peruvians to maintain their remarkable system of agriculture, to complete their great works, and that made them so industrious and skillful in their manufactures. Is it possible to imagine the present inhabitants of Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia cultivating the soil with intelligent industry, building aqueducts five hundred miles long, and constructing magnificently paved roads through the rocks and across the ravines of the Andes."

—Ancient America, page 276.

Upon these interesting matters Mr. Bradford writes:

"We are surprised in discovering a continuous, unbroken, chain of these relics; and, reverting to the epoch of their construction, we are presented with the astonishing spectacle of a great race cultivating the earth, possessing many of the arts, and diffused through an immense territory three thousand miles in extent."—Origin of the Red Race.

Another writer, Mr. Brownell, on page 53 of his "Indian Races," mentions the "extraordinary remains of large public granaries" in Mexico, and remarks that all these things go to prove that there, "in unknown ages and for unknown periods, existed wealth, power and civilization," but he says that nevertheless these witnesses give us but little information as to the actual history of their "long vanished constructors." Of the ruins and the portion of history which they do tell, he says:

"They indicate the former existence of populous nations, excelling in many of the arts of civilization, and capable in numbers and power, of executing the most gigantic works. . . . They had a long continued existence, and their government and social institutions were upon a firm and well defined basis, while in many of the arts and sciences they equalled (and in others were superior to) their Christian conquerors. Their public edifices and internal improvements were on as high a scale, and of as scientific a character, as were those of most of the European nations of that day."—Indian Races, pp. 42 and 50.

Mr. Brownell further remarks:

"The surprising number of these ruins and relics, and the great space over which they extend, indicate the existence for many ages of a people who possessed all the power which only regular government, settled institutions, and an established national character can give."—Indian Races, page 58.

From a letter in the Eureka, Nevada, *Sentinel*, written from Payson, Utah, April 3d, 1877, and published at the time. I make the following extracts, concerning agriculture and manufacturing among the ancient inhabitants. The writer tells of excavations in six great mounds near there. They stand upon an area of six acres, the largest of them being over three hundred feet in diameter and eighteen feet high. In each was found one or more houses, with plastered rooms, and in these were human skeletons. The writer mentions that the floor of one (at least) was a hard cement, which by diligent labor they penetrated and found a box containing wheat, "which dissolved when brought in contact with light and air." He says that some of the kernels in the center



looked bright and these were planted the season before he wrote and they produced several pounds of good grain. Of it he writes as follows:

"The wheat is unlike any raised in this country, and it produced a large yield. The heads are very long and they hold very large grains." He adds:—"We judge that these ancient dwellers followed agriculture for a living, and that they had many of the arts that are known to us, for we found crockery, cooking utensils, vases (some of a pattern like those used in the present age), also molds made of clay for casting, stone lasts well shaped, mill stones, etc. On one large stone jug (or vase) can be seen a perfect delineation of the surrounding mountain scenery for twenty miles. We also found pieces of carved cedar, and many trinkets, and between the teeth of one skeleton a stone pipe."

Of the agriculture of the ancient Americans Bancroft says:

"The introduction of agriculture was doubtless of very ancient date. The Olmecs and Xicalancas . . . were farmers back to the limit of traditional history, as were the lineal ancestors of all the nations. . . . Indeed, as the Nahua nations were living when the Spaniards found them, so had they probably been living for at least a thousand years, and not improbably for a much longer period. It was, however, according to tradition, during the Toltec period that husbandry and all the arts as to the production and preparation of food, were brought to the highest degree of perfection. Many traditions attribute to the Toltecs the invention or first introduction of agriculture. . . . Granaries for storing maize were built. . . . Many of these had a capacity of several thousand bushels, and in them corn was preserved for several years. Besides the regular and extensive plantations of staple products gardens were common, tastefully laid out and devoted to the cultivation of fruits, vegetables, medicinal herbs, and flowers."—Native Races, vol. 2, pages 347, 351.

In the traditions of the Mexicans the name of Quetzalcoatl is famous, as being that of a great leader and benefactor among their ancestors. And, without a doubt, that name either represents Christ as known to the Nephites or one of the great worthies mentioned in the Book of Mormon, a prophet and ruler who lived in one of the most prosperous and wealthy periods mentioned in that book. Mr. Bancroft says that tradition relates that "he taught the people agriculture," as well as "the art of government," and he adds:

"His was a veritable golden age. Animals and even men lived in peace, the soil produced the richest harvests, and the grain grew so large that a man found it trouble enough to carry one ear of maize."—Native Races, vol. 3, page 274.

However tradition had exaggerated the facts there was evidently a great amount of truth as a foundation for this story of a better past than they knew, of a superior age to the one they lived in. In his fourth volume, page 619, Mr. Bancroft mentions the traces in New Mexico of ancient agriculture in the way of "irrigating canals and ditches," and on page 696 he speaks of a field above San Buenaventura, California, containing "some five hundred acres," which he says is "divided by parallel ridges of earth,

and having distinct traces of irrigating ditches, supplied by a canal." Of these works he writes:

"It is said that the present inhabitants of this region, both native and Spanish, have no knowledge of the origin of these agricultural works."—Native Races, vol. 4, page 696.

Mr. Bancroft quotes from an article on antiquities in Mexico that was written in 1869 (for the Mexican Geographical Society) by Senor Carlos Sartorius, who speaks of one region as follows:

"History tells us nothing respecting this part of the country, distinguished for its abundant supply of water, its fertility, and its delightful and healthy climate. . . . There exist innumerable traces of a very numerous population before the Conquest. . . . For an extent of fifteen to twenty leagues, from east to west, there was not a span of earth that was not cultivated, as is proved by numberless remains. . . . The whole country is formed into terraces by stone walls. . . . The small ravines served for innumerable water tanks, built of stones and mortar; these dams were also covered with a coating of hard cement. It is evident that a numerous population took advantage of every inch of land for cultivation, using the water gathered in the tanks during the rainy season for irrigation."—Native Races, vol. 4, pp. 429, 430.

Of the Book of Mormon statements about the manufacture of clothing, of the existence of horses on this continent, and of the abundant use of the precious metals I will write hereafter, when space permits.

(NOTE 34.)—The Book of Mormon account of the famine reads thus:

"And there was a great famine upon the land among all the people of Nephi. . . . And the work of destruction became sore by famine. . . . For the earth was smitten that it was dry and did not yield grain. . . . And the people saw that they were about to perish by famine, and they remembered the words of Nephi. . . . And when Nephi saw that the people had repented he cried unto the Lord, saying, . . . O Lord wilt thou turn away thine anger, yea, thy fierce anger, and cause that this famine may cease in the land? O Lord wilt thou hearken unto me . . . and send forth rain upon the face of the earth, that she may bring forth her fruit and her grain. . . . For thou hast said, If this people repent I will spare them."—pp. 406, 407.

How very like the above is the prayer of the Toltecs in such times of drouth and famine, as preserved in tradition and related by Charnéy in his recently published work. He says:

"And what can be more beautiful than the prayer addressed to Tlaloc: 'O Lord, liberal giver of all things . . . alas your vassals, the gods of water, have disappeared and lie concealed in their deep caverns. . . . O Lord, have pity on us that live. Our food goes to destruction; it is lost and dried up for lack of water; it is as if turned to dust. Wilt thou have pity on the people who are wasted with hunger. . . . Their mouths are dry as sedge; all the bones of their bodies show as in a skeleton. . . . O Lord, thou were wont to give us abundantly of those things which are the life and joy of all the world; all these things have departed from us.

Hast thou utterly forsaken us? Shall not thy wrath and indignation be appeased? Wilt thou leave this city and kingdom desolate and uninhabited? Is it so decreed in heaven? Grant, at least, that these innocent children, who can not so much as walk, and those still in the cradle may have something to eat, that they may live and die not in this terrible famine. . . .

Grant, O Lord, that the people receive this favor and mercy at thine hand. Let them see and enjoy the verdure and coolness that are as precious stones. . . . May it please thee that the animals and herbs be made glad, and that the fowls and birds of precious feather fly and sing.'"—Ancient Cities of the New World, pp. 119, 120.

## WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

In early September—if I rightly remember—  
The trees of the forest convened  
To talk up the style; I was there all the while,  
So I briefly report what I gleaned.

"I hardly need mention, to this august convention,"

Said the dignified *Oak* from the chair,

"As the season progresses, we must change our dresses,

And the question is: *What shall we wear?*"

They tell me that brown is the fashion in town,  
And as that is my favorite hue,

With slight touches of gold (which are stylish  
I'm told),

I adopt it without more ado."

"And I," said the *Ash*, with a good deal of dash,  
Would suggest something brighter instead;  
Brown 's a very good shade for a real 'old maid,'  
But I vote for yellow and red."

Then the *Elm* and the *Beech* both made a  
speech,

Proclaiming in favor of yellow;

"It gives a strong hint of the sunbeams warm  
tint,

And an aesthetic touch to a fellow!"

Then an old-fashion *Spruce* asks: "What is the  
use

Of this semi-annual humming?"

In green I am dressed—green suits me the  
best—

And I'll wear what is most becoming."

Then the *Cedar* chimed in: "'Tis a shame and  
a sin

To give so much thought to our dress!

A green frock is pretty for country or city,

And I'll wear it all winter, I guess!"

Quoth the *Hemlock* and *Fir*: "We also demur  
To throwing by garments so dear;

With our neighbor, the *Spruce*, we can see no  
use

In changing one's garb twice a year.

But of all I have heard, this seems most absurd,  
That, during the coldest of weather,  
Some have such a passion for following the  
fashion,

They dispense with their clothes altogether."

Then hastily spoke up a century *Oak*

With a sarcastic withering smile,

And said: "Green may do for old fogies like  
you,

But I choose to follow the style."

"I have lived, it appears, through a hundred  
years,

And am good for a hundred more;

Though I'm wrinkled and old, I never caught  
cold

When never a leaflet I wore.

You can button your coat close up to your throat  
And shut out both sunshine and storm,

But I'll wear what I please, and I never shall  
freeze,

For my pride will still keep me warm.

"I will say no more, but I yield the floor

To one with more pleasing address;

I call on the *Maple*, whose verdict is staple

Regarding the subject of dress."

"Once more we have met," said the saucy co-  
quette,

"This lovely September weather,

To adopt what we please; or, if fashion decrees,  
*To go without clothes altogether!*

(Here the *Hemlock* and *Fir* cast sour glances  
at her),

But I think fair nature intended

That during the Fall, we should wear one and all,  
If the colors are prettily blended.

"But one parting word! I have often heard  
(A hint for the pale or ruddy)

'That one is well dressed in what she looks best,'  
So always make Nature your study."

At the hour to close, the chairman arose  
 With, "I think our assembly agrees  
 That in country or town, if 'tis red, green or  
 brown—  
 We can wear *whatever we please*."

Each voice has been heard—though some have  
 demurred—  
 And I hope the best feelings will cling  
 To each in your turn—while I move we adjourn.  
 To meet here again in the Spring."

—Selected by Sr. Rena Coates.

## THE LESSON OF SPRING.

AS physical nature has its spring-time, so also has the spiritual world. The soul's spring does not indeed recur at such regular and brief intervals as the season of the year. But when it comes it is equally resistless; and those who work for God should have faith enough to believe that it will come. How long were the true sons of Israel expecting, apparently in vain, the advent of Messiah! There, were many who cried "lo here or lo there;" but they were deceived and disappointed. But at last the hour came, and it was ushered in not by the pomp and circumstances of a royal accession, but by relentings of heart and a stream of contagious sympathy amongst poor and simple souls. The words that dropped in the ears of ignorance when the Sermon on the Mount was spoken, the kindly deeds that blessed Galilean homes, the parables, each perfect as a flower, which adorned the first preaching of the gospel, were scarcely tokens to arrest the attention of seekers after signs or after wisdom. But they were the tokens of a spiritual spring, of a wave of life against which the powers of hell could not prevail. The word of the Lord ran very swiftly because the world was prepared for it, and the hour had come. We may have sympathy for those who had lived and died in vain expectation of that hour. But our sympathy should never be such as would imply that they lived or died in vain. There was not a despised prophet or a faithful priest, there was not a mother in Israel or a simple father faithful to his duties, who had not his part in preparing that divine spring. It was a tide of life, and more resistless than a tidal wave of ocean.

The same thing is true of movements like the Reformation, like the establishment of Toleration, like the spread of Wesleyanism, like the establishment of

National Education, like the advance of Temperance. In every instance the same thing had been attempted before and apparently altogether in vain. But in every instance, also, each failure was a preparation for triumph. It would be difficult or impossible fully to explain in every case how or why efforts made in vain for centuries before should have suddenly succeeded. Springtime is always a mystery, whatever philosophers or materialists may say; but the experience of mankind assures us that at such times a fresh impulse comes from heaven, a breath of divine life breathes. The source of spiritual light and heat is unveiled. Straightway old obstacles disappear. The icy barriers are molten; refreshing floods course over the arid plains. Apparently lifeless clods and stems bud and blossom into forms of beauty. The power at work is that of omnipotence, and, therefore it is resistless. Let, then, the down-hearted and despairing take courage. If their work is of God a springtime awaits it, and when that springtime comes no power of evil can repress it. But let none rebelliously say, since our work now is of no avail, we will be idle till the springtime comes. That, truly, would be treason against the government of the world. It is not for us to know the times and the seasons in regard to spiritual revolutions. They are kept in the secret hand of God. But, then, all experience shows that to the slothful, and the faithless, and the self-indulgent, springtime never comes. Work on though all things seem against us. Wait patiently though the promise seems belied. In an hour when we think not, we or our children shall see the horizon brightened with strange light and feel the quiver of a new life that inspires the bosom of the world around us with the presage of a new and a better era.

—Christian World.

## THE HONEST RUM-SELLER (?);

## OR LIGHT IN THE BAR-ROOM.

BY THOMAS J. SMITH.

## CHAPTER III.

The farther we trace  
This polluted stream,  
The more its waters  
With filthiness teem.

THE Mayor, with his crowd, has scarcely passed the door when another individual enters. His step is feeble and tottering, his form is bent and unsteady, his face is bloated and purpled over with great veins, apparently just under the skin, his eyes are red and swollen, his hair and grizzly beard have not had the services of comb or brush for months, while his clothing consists of nothing more than a mere wad of rags carelessly thrown around his person. Everything about him or connected with him, bespeaks him, as plainly as if it had been written across the clouds or thundered from the housetops, to be a drunkard, and one too, who had crossed that line beyond which reformation never ventures. A wistful, hungry, crazy look is upon his face, while a wicked, fiery sparkle shoots from his bloodshot eyes. Staggering up to the bar and heavily leaning over it, he whispers, with a coarse, grating sound, something to the proprietor. A dark scowl passes over the face of the latter as he mutters:

"Got any money?" and that scowl deepens as the answer "No," comes from the sot.

"Here then, drink this and be off," said the gentlemanly proprietor of the Model Saloon as he placed a large beer glass full of some red colored liquor before him.

"Can't you give me something better than that?" pleaded the sot, as a disappointed look overspread his face.

"No, drink and be off," grunted the rum-seller.

"Well, then let me have another," gasped the miserable man as he passed the glass back again.

It was given him. He swallowed it almost at a single gulp and then staggered out at the door, and went his way.

A pleased expression overspreads the faces of the few men who are in the room

at the time. They think the proprietor quite a liberal man to give so bountifully to an old sot without money. But when a little light shines upon the matter things look quite differently. This old wreck of a once happy and prosperous man, had spent his entire fortune in this saloon, while the liquor which had been so generously handed out to him, was nothing more or less than the washings from the glasses after they (the glasses) had been used. Sometimes customers will leave some of their liquor standing in their glasses, when it does not suit their taste, or is more than they want; this is cast into a tub under the counter, where the glasses are washed, and this is what the "honest rum-seller" so liberally hands out to his faithful old customers after he gets all their money and they cease to be profitable. For be it known far and wide, to all classes and colors of people, and especially to all drinking people, that every rum-seller draws the line between welcome and unwelcome, right at the point where the customer ceases to be profitable. Let me tell you, my friends, when that stage is reached in the drunkard's career, he is an object of pity indeed, and well may he cry, "Woe is me!" A flame of fire as hot and angry as that "prepared for the Devil and his angels," is consuming his very soul, is piercing his very vitals, is swallowing him up bodily, and not a drop of water to quench the raging heat or to moisten his parched tongue. Well might it have been written of him, as of another, "Better had it been had he never been born" or "that a mill stone were tied to his neck and he cast into the midst of the sea." But we will leave the poor, old, degraded wretch in his misery, as we will have occasion to investigate him again further along, and pay our attention to those two customers who have just entered the door. We can plainly see that one of them is well on the "downward road," while the other is just entering it. As they approach the counter the clerk passes a bottle of brandy to the person first mentioned, without asking him what he

wanted. He had been there so often there was no need of this. Turning to the other he asks him what he would like. "Brandy," is the reply. Another bottle is taken from the end of the shelf and handed him. They drink, and after chatting a few minutes pass out. What is there strange about this? You certainly did not keep your eyes open. Didn't you observe that two different bottles were given the men, while they both drank brandy? Why could they not both drink from the same bottle? Ah, indeed, why not? I will tell you that right on that point "hangs a tale." The first man does not need any "tolling," he comes without it. The other is just commencing, he must be "baited." So to the first is given "doctored" brandy, as some term it, while to the second is given the genuine article. Those kegs on the shelf in the cellar, which we saw when there, contain liquors as pure as they can be had these times, and are used for "tolling" or "baiting" the fly until it is firmly entangled in the web. Now here comes in a perfect stranger and to prove to you that I am correct in this matter, I will venture to tell which bottle he is handed. They will question him, and if he is but a transient man, he gets the "doctored stuff;" but if he is a resident of the city or likely to be, he will get the other. Now watch closely. The man approaches the bar, where he is welcomed by a bland smile from both Mr. Pennygrabber and his clerk, Johnson.

"Travelling, I presume," said the former.

"Oh, no," replied the stranger, "I have just moved into the city and am going to reside here."

"Ah, I see," said the proprietor, "what will you have?"

"Brandy and water" returns the stranger. And sure enough down comes the "tolling" bottle from the end of the shelf. I told you so. Had this man been a traveler his compliment of "best brandy I have drank in ten years" would have been reserved. We will pass out with this man as he gently nods his head to the proprietor's polite invitation to call again; but before we leave the door-steps, we will tiptoe and peep over the screens which conceal the windows of the bar room, for I am satisfied that we will see another example of the rum-seller's

honesty, or I am mistaken in the indications. Sure enough, there they come in at the back door. One, two, three, four, five of them. Boys, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty years. They appear to be surprised and disappointed at seeing three men yet in the room and begin to beat a hasty retreat, but before they could get out, the proprietor flew into a terrible rage, went and thrust them all through the door and forbid them ever entering the place again. "I am not permitted by law" said he, "to allow boys in my saloon, and I am not going to do it. I am a law-abiding man, so clear out, you young rascals, and stay clear."

One of the men sitting by the stove shuffles his feet and remarks in a low tone to his companions:

"I have often heard it remarked that there never was an honest rum-seller, but I am firmly convinced that the 'Boss' (Mr. Pennygrabber was familiarly called by that name by nearly all of his steady customers) is one. My all, but didn't he fire those boys!"

"It does my heart good," put in the second, "to see such a man. His like is as scarce as snowflakes in July."

"True enough," yawned the third, "boys have no business in here. It is bad enough for men to frequent such places. The Boss is all right, you can depend upon that."

But what are the facts in the case? Just wait till the place is cleared of men and the blindest will see. The three men had scarcely left the door and turned the next corner, when a blue decanter appeared in one of the front windows, and in less than three minutes from the time of its appearance, every boy who had been so roughly ejected from the room, with two or three more, were standing drinking at the bar. "Here is your liquor, boys," said the proprietor pleasantly, "I have fixed it up all nicely for you, given you double amount and won't charge but a penny a drink. And here is something to treat your friends with, (slipping a bottle into one of the boys' pockets,) now drink quick and be off and don't come again when there are men in the room. Look out for the blue decanter."

The matter sums up just this way. The boys, getting impatient, made a mistake in supposing the room clear of men,

the rum proprietor only assumed anger to appear honest to his three customers, the blue decanter was the signal to the boys that the way was clear, while the blindest eyes can see the reason for giving them double amount and the extra bottle, and only charging them a penny apiece. Ah, my friends, is not the honesty of the rum-seller truly great?

Well, this is election day, and as it is unlawful to sell liquors at such times, we will see how the honest and law-abiding Mr. Pennygrabber conducts his affairs. The house is closed and everything in and around the place is as silent as the tomb of Moses. The strictest inspection would not disclose the least disrespect to the law or to any law-abiding citizen. The proprietor and his clerk both mingle with the crowd and talk politics. Their little speeches, however, are all anti-temperance; all in favor of the "wet candidates," as the whisky advocates are called. To hear them talk, one unacquainted with the men would suppose that every virtue had been pumped from the "dry candidates" and forced into the "wet" ones. They did not exactly claim them to be angels, but it would have been hard labor to force a case-knife blade between their description of their pet men and those of angels. But I am digressing.

Notwithstanding the fact that everything indicated that the law was being duly observed at the Model Saloon, the day had not more than one-half passed away, when drunken and half-drunken men could be seen on every hand. Whiskey, and that too in no small quantities, had found its way among, and into many of the voters. But not one person in a thousand who was not "posted" on the tricks and traps of the rum trade would suspicion that the stream of drunkenness flowed from the "Model." But could they have gotten an inside view into the workings of the business and fully understood all those little side-shows connected with it, their views would rapidly undergo a radical change. How am I going to trace the mischief back to the Model Saloon? Oh, easy enough when you understand how. In the first place you have noticed that Johnson, the clerk, has worn a heavy overcoat all day, although the weather is not cold at all. Now there must be some object in his doing this, and that object is to conceal a num-

ber of bottles of whiskey which he is industriously distributing among certain ones of the crowd, more especially the "wet candidates." You will observe that every now and then he takes his way to a little ware-room in the rear of the saloon building and cautiously enters, where he remains only a moment and then quickly returns. He does that to get a new supply of bottles. The evening before the election a large number of these bottles were filled and placed in the ware-room so as to be readily reached during the day without arousing suspicion. These bottles, as we have before observed, are distributed among the candidates and any others whom the rum-seller may deem *reliable*. And thus the business goes on and Mr. Pennygrabber receives renewed praise for his strict observance of law.

Closely connected with this method of selling liquor on election days, is another of selling it on the Sabbath day. By some the same course is pursued, but the most modern and approved system is that adopted at the Model Saloon. A barber shop is closely situated against one side of the saloon building (a drug store, hotel or any other building in which business can be lawfully pursued on the Sabbath day would answer as well.) Between the two buildings in a small room at the rear of the shop is a hole through the wall, say a foot square. This hole is closed by a door sliding upward, and has a small slot through it, similar to those for dropping letters into the post office. The thirsty tippler enters the shop as if for a shave, quickly slips into the back room, takes a dime rolled up in a little piece of paper, with the kind of liquor he desires written upon it, taps gently upon the little door and drops the dime into the slot. In less than ten seconds, (that is, if the "machine" is in good working order), the door raises a few inches and a glass of the liquor desired makes its appearance before him. This he quickly swallows, passes back into the shop and out at the door, muttering to himself as he goes, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Here come two laboring men leisurely sauntering down the street, earnestly engaged in conversation. From that very noticeable peculiarity in their speech, we at once set them down as natives of the Emerald Isle.

"I'll tell ye, Jemmy," said Mike McGinnis, "and I know ye will agray wid meself in the heft of the mather, that Billy Pennygrabber, wat runs the Mothel Saloon, is a very fine mon. Will ye believe me whin I tell ye that he is a-goin' to give fra whisky ivery night for a fortnight."

"Sure Mike, and ye astonish as well as plaze me," returned Jemmy Flinn, "and whin do the fortnight begin and for what object is Billy doin' this gintale act?"

"It bagins nixt Munday avening, Jemmy," said Mike, "and ye will do will to attend rigular. All the rason I know for Billy a-doin' this fine thing is the ginerosity of his sowl and his dazires to sa his customers enjoy thimsilves."

Had Mike been a little more penetrating in his observations and a little less prejudiced in favor of Billy Pennygrabber, the following advertisement in all the daily papers of the city might have led him into the true object of the "fra whisky."

#### "GRAND TEMPERANCE REUNION.

"There will be a series of temperance re-union meetings at the Sixteenth street M. E. Church, beginning on the coming

Monday evening and continuing two weeks. The best speakers in the west will be present, and a grand and glorious time is anticipated. All are invited to attend, especially saloon advocates. By order of committee."

So the "ginerosity of Billy Pennygrabber's sowl" is somewhat curtailed by this advertisement. In fact, we are forced to the conclusion that it was not "ginerosity" at all that prompted him, but his own selfish interests. The "fra whisky" was given to rebut the effects of the temperance movement. Mike, no doubt, would say to this, that Billy had a right to defend his business in any proper manner, and that this did not affect him as an honest and "ginerous hearted mon." Oh no, the law does not bind him in these matters, and if he has a mind to give away his own property whose business is it? Just so. But let a man possess himself of a quantity of strychnine or any other poison and in the "ginerosity of his sowl," give it "fra" to his friends and how soon will the law have him in tow. If consistency is a jewel, the rum advocates are as bare of jewels as a sand hill is of vegetation.

(To be continued).

### GOOD MEN IN NORWAY.

I LIKE the Norwegians. All travelers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty these people are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their store-houses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the keyhole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the public room, where any one can easily carry them off. Farm houses are left open when the whole family goes off to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire, and cook's a meal; goes to the store-room, helps himself to milk and "flat broed," and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post-boy (he is sometimes a man and not infrequently a girl or woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity, and shakes you by the hand when he says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I

should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making charges to foreigners and home people.

They are a sturdy, fine looking people, and are the most thorough democrats on the face of the globe. They have abolished all titles and nobility, and have not learned to worship wealth. One man is quite as good as another, and his bearing shows he thinks so. He takes off his hat when he meets you on the roadside, but does it as freely to the coachman who drives as to the rich man who lolls back in the carriage. They are a good natured people, I am sure. The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farm house. I have walked into these frequently, and generally found the mothers putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I have asked a pretty one if she were the daughter, she says: "Oh! nei; I am a servant." Many of the women in the mountains and upper valleys are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump and healthy specimens of femininity.

—Chicago Mail.

## THE MAN AND THE SCHOOL.

[From an Address by the late Edward Rowland Hill.]

IT IS the man that makes the school. The kind of teacher a school has outweighs all other considerations whatever. The architecture, the apparatus, the methods, the course of study,—all these are of no consequences compared with the question, Who is the man in charge of the school? This is an age of machinery and of faith in machinery. The genius of the American people is devoted to finding out new ways of doing old things. It is a time of wonderful contrivances and appliances. And now so many surprising results have been attained by ingenuity in the method, that we are beginning to have a superstitious reliance on ingenious methods. We have come to think too much of machinery and too little of men. We are apt to forget that it was in the realm of material things that invention worked such miracles. When it comes to affairs involving the work of mind with mind, and character with character, the human element is the all-important one. In all the affairs of life, in government, in education, there are no methods that supersede the necessity for men. Indeed, this is truer than people think, in all matters. No amount of new tools will build the house well. No perfection of modern improvements will fill it with peace. In all matters we are liable to the same mistake. We invent excellent governmental machinery, but it goes all wrong because we forget to see about the men. We build enormous telescopes without any fit astronomer, and meantime some trained observer is making all the discoveries with his imperfect glass.

I say people become superstitious about appliances. They come to think that ingenious mechanism or methods can supersede natural talent, energy, patient training, experience—all those human powers that alone can move the stubborn world. The peddler brings to your door a patent drawing apparatus, promising that with five minutes' practice the clumsiest hand shall make perfect pictures. The boy believes that with his new pen he will at once write a beautiful hand, or he is deluded into thinking that the new system of mnemonics which the lecturer taught is

going to supersede memory altogether. What is the need of paying a physician, when the little box of pills, with its book of instructions, is warranted to make the most ignorant blunderer wise and skilful? Why study the languages for years, when you may master them in six easy lessons for twenty-five cents and stamp enclosed?

The public-school system is the source of most American ideas, weak as well as sound. "Let me make the songs of a people," it was said, "and I care not who makes the laws." We might better say, "Let me make the schools, and I care not who makes the laws." Now the school system is one great embodiment of this excessive faith in machinery. There are patent blackboards, and patent desks, and the patent new name of educator for teacher, and patent new normal methods of making trained teachers in six months, and patent plans for them to teach reading and arithmetic by. But somehow the results do not seem to be so perfectly satisfactory as all this fine machinery would lead us to expect. What is the matter? There is the elegant new school-house, furnished with every ingenious piece of apparatus which the American mind has yet elaborated; and there is the elegant new teacher, trained with the utmost skill and celerity by the most rapid new methods, certified to after the most elaborate system of modern examinations, who dips his patent pen in a patent inkstand, and keeps his record in an improved register, and has all manner of surprising methods of instruction and discipline,—and yet the results are not, perhaps, perfectly satisfactory. Insomuch that some ancient men, remembering the old battered desk and hacked benches of their boyhood, shake their heads and venture to doubt whether boys get a much better education than they did in old times. They are not always justified in their doubt, but they are justified whenever it is their good fortune to remember as presiding at that old battered desk, the vigorous mind and mellow heart of a really good teacher.

Who would not be glad to have sat in ever so bare a room under the plain in-



struction of Arnold, of Rugby? Who would not like to have had a winter's schooling in the Puritan house where Milton taught when he returned, a vigorous young scholar, from his travels on the continent? Perhaps we might not consider it a hard fate to have learned "small Latin and less Greek" at the rusty old school-house a little out of Stratford, where Shakespeare is said to have taught school. I repeat, it is the man that makes the school, not the apparatus nor the methods. You can no more prevent the mind and character of a large-souled man from irradiating and inspiring the little people on whom they shine than you can put out the sun. Nor can all the educational machinery, past, present, and to come, make anything of a dull and dishonest teacher but a stupefying poison to every child within his reach.

The education is what the mind of the teacher can do for the mind of the child; all else is accessory and unimportant. We must come back from our mooning after appliances and methods, and remember this. We have thought too little of the men. There is madness in our methods. It is the mistake of a young country that has accomplished great material results by its ingenuity, and has been patted and praised for it by its neighbors. It is the mistake of a time whose proudest blossom is the industrial exhibition. In Greece the Olympic games were not for the competition of sewing-machines and bonnet decorations, but of men. The truth simply is that material progress has absorbed the attention of the world. We gaze in admiration at the new steam-engine; the man that made it is an old story—he was invented long ago. And when we see, after all, how little can be done for us by mechanisms and devices and ingenious methods, while men are lacking, we get a feeling that our boasted progress has not set the world so much farther ahead than it used to be. What advantage, we say,

has the locomotive over the stage-coach, if the man it carries is a clod or a churl? . . .

I would not be thought to overlook the fact that there are better methods than of old. But we must cease to hope that such methods, however admirable, will be of much avail without the best men and women as teachers. We can do most for the schools by uniting our efforts to secure the best teachers. I mean to say that we must not stop short of an earnest effort to have the schools filled with the best men and women in the community. Certainly, in theory, every community ought to select the choicest and highest of their number to guide the destinies of the children. It is of comparatively small importance who are the physicians and ministers and judges; the question that determines the whole character of society is, Who are the teachers? No doubt, it would be of some use to raise the salaries of teachers. If in any case the present salary seems too high, it is not the fault of the salary. As a distinguished gentleman lately remarked to me, the proper way is not to lower the salaries to the teachers, but to raise the teachers to the salaries. Nor do I refer merely to the money salary. Money is not the only wage for which men work, nor the chief wage. They work for honor, for influence, for esteem in the community. And these higher wages will belong to the teachers whenever they are universally deserved. The profession of teaching ought to be so high and so honorable that it would be sought without regard to money profit. Till then we must expect to see the best talent go where it can earn more money with a modicum of those higher wages besides. It is for us to do our utmost that the schools may not have a man or woman for teacher or for officer, who is not worthy, in every respect, of the highest honor and esteem in the community.

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LEANING CHRISTIANS.—A good colored man once said in a class-meeting: "Bredren, when I was a boy I took a hatchet and went into de woods. When I found a tree dat was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch dat tree; but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I soon had him down. So when de debbil goes after Christians, he don't touch dem dat stand straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

DOES any man wound thee? Not only forgive, but work into thy thought intelligence of the kind of pain, that thou mayst never inflict it on another.

## THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,  
Sails the unshadowed main,—  
The venturous bark that flings  
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings  
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,  
And coral reefs lie bare,  
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their  
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;  
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!  
And every chambered cell,  
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,  
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,  
Before thee lies revealed,—  
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil  
That spread his lustrous coil;  
Still, as the spiral grew,  
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,  
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,  
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the  
old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by  
thee,  
Child of the wandering sea,  
Cast from her lap, forlorn!  
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born  
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!  
While on mine ear it rings,  
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a  
voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll!  
Leave thy low-vaulted past!  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unrest-  
ing sea!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE LIGHT DAWNS.

"When Truth takes her lyre  
And sings from the blue,  
The soul that's a listen  
Grows musical too."

"They also that erred in spirit shall come to understanding, and they that murmured shall learn doctrine."—Isa. 29:24.

IT had ever appeared to Pattie in the years of her blind groping for truth that the Scripture, so far from being "a lamp to her feet, and a light to her path," by its seemingly contradictory doctrines rather confused and obscured her way. It did not occur to her that the obscurity was occasioned by the character of the light by which she had sought to read it, namely, the theories and commentaries of uninspired men. But when Pattie began to read the "Gospel Reflector" she found the light of truth turned upon the commentaries. Almost the first sentence that she read turned the current of her mind into a channel broad and deep, where silent but resistless it should thenceforth take its course.

"Who would have ever thought," so wrote this author, "that the Church of Christ in this age of the world was to be organized differently from what it was in the days of the apostles, had it not been for the system of *spiritualizing* the Scriptures? Who would have dreamed this, if all had believed them as they read." . . . "There are thousands of individuals to this day, who believe they can not understand the Scriptures when they read them, because they do not believe they mean what they say; therefore volumes of commentaries have been written interpreting the Scriptures to suit their different religious tenets instead of arranging their tenets to agree with the Scriptures."

This was what Pattie read, and those two brief sentences were the explanation of all the trouble she had found in harmonizing the inspired record. Its very simplicity amazed her that she had never thought of it before. But is it not said that Christ taught in parables? What could they say to that? She glanced again at the page before her and read:

"We do not pretend to say that parables are anything else than parables; but the explanations that Christ gave of his parables are to be taken literally. Neither do we pretend to say there are not figurative expressions in the Bible as in other books. We often use figurative expressions to illustrate a subject by comparison; but who ever thought of mistifying our literal relation of facts." . . . "Furthermore, admitting the Scriptures are to be spiritualized it follows that uninspired men are incapable of interpreting them; for it most certainly will require the same spirit of inspiration to interpret which dictated the writers to write them."

Pattie paused and laid down the book for reflection; she wanted to look about her and see how things appeared in this new light, as the blind might do in the joy of sight just acquired. The force and truth of what she had just read appeared when she recalled the fact that this spiritualizing system of interpretation was one of the weapons originated and used by the Roman Catholic priesthood to dethrone Christ as the supreme king and savior of his people on earth as in heaven. That they urge against giving the Scriptures to the laity, that being inspired they could not be interpreted except by those occupying the place of the apostles. Martin Luther never having known any other manner of interpretation than that of the mother church continued to use it, at the same time he inconsistently distributed the Scriptures to the people, and thus perpetuated the confusion of ideas that resulted, only equalled by the confusion of tongues at Babel's tower. Truly the blind have been leading the blind, but it has served its purpose to awaken inquiry of why and wherefore, when leader and led have found themselves in the ditch together.

Almost with breathless interest Pattie followed the article through its illustrations of the literal fulfilment of prophecy, as when Noah was commanded to build an ark for the saving of himself and family. Noah being ignorant of the modern spiritualizing system, did not imagine a spiritual flood, but set about building the ark, and through faith in God's word, was saved. So on in every instance where prophets had spoken a "Thus saith the Lord," the prediction was literally fulfilled; even down to the first coming of

Christ, and in every particular of his birth, life and death. In all this there was no new rule or theory of interpretation, nothing but the laying aside of spiritual spectacles and reading the Bible account as she would read any other historical facts and events.

After these plain examples of interpretation, Pattie was prepared to comprehend that the "kingdom of God," preached so persistently by Christ and the apostles, was no myth, but a real, literal organization; not in the hearts of men, but on the earth where he came to establish it. For the first time she felt the hope of finding the kingdom that she was bidden to seek, and for which she had spent years of unavailing searching. But now as she read, the mystery was that it should have remained hidden so long.

"No kingdom, (that can truly be called a kingdom), either in heaven or on earth, can exist without being constituted of four things: first, a king; second, commissioned officers; third, laws; fourth, subjects. Christ is the king of this kingdom, the apostles were commissioned officers, the gospel of Christ the laws, and the members of the church the subjects." (a)

What a clear, consistent definition. Why had the religious teachers denied the literal existence of this kingdom, and taught in its place a vain mythology about a kingdom in the heart? Pattie wondered that she had not herself recognized this mythical kingdom as the doctrine of the old apostate mother church, when in her covetous grasping for power she aimed to subject all kingdoms, even that of God, to herself. It is not surprising that the reformers should have promulgated errors, they had not fully escaped from the snares. Their strongest scriptural support for the dogma was the words of Christ: "For behold the kingdom of God is within you." (b) The surprising thing about it is that after centuries of Bible study it should not have been discovered that Christ did not make this declaration to his disciples, but to the Pharisees, as the context shows. He could not have meant that the kingdom of God was in the hearts of his bitterest foes, who were even then plotting his overthrow, and of

(a) Eph. 4: 8-11; 2: 2-22. 1 Cor. 12: 28. Acts 28: 23-31.

(b) Luke 17: 21.

whom he himself bore witness that Publicans and harlots entered into his kingdom before they. It is true that his kingdom did not come with observation, it was already organized within their nation, and they knew it not. Not because they could not, but they would not see. The Savior warns them that when their nation rejected him the kingdom of God should be taken from them and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof. (c)

The gospel of this kingdom was to be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations. The apostle writing to the Romans declares: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written: the just shall live by faith."

Having found the kingdom of God, Pattie's next care was to discover what is the gospel of the kingdom, that by obedience to its requirements she might have part in the righteousness of God revealed therein?

In reading the commission to his apostles she found this language: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (d)

Christ's testimony of John is that "John came unto you in the way of righteousness." (e) John came baptizing, and preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. (f) Christ at his own baptism said: "Thus it becomes us to fulfill all righteousness." (g)

This, then, was the way in which the righteousness of God is revealed. Pattie did not clearly comprehend it at this time, for it is only made known to those who obey. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." (h) But this much she clearly understood, that the law of initiation into His kingdom was baptism, in order that the subjects might become righteous, for the

people of his kingdom are to be a righteous people. (i) Pattie understood also that although Christ of himself was without sin, yet in his body he bore the imputed sins of his people; for on him was laid the iniquity of us all. Baptism was also the seal of the resurrection, of which Christ was the first fruits, and afterward those that are Christ's at his coming. (j)

All these things were precisely the information for which Pattie had asked in her letter to the Reverend Mr. P——, and which he had sought to satisfy with a novel on the practice of immersion and close communion of the Baptist sect. Nor were these the only doctrines of the gospel that she learned. With the key of interpretation now in her possession the Bible was no longer a sealed book.

We can not here follow her further; suffice it to say that much of that light which God had set in Jerusalem to enlighten all that sit in darkness (k) had beamed upon her spirit and left there a light that should in time guide her to her rest in Him who is the hope of Israel.

She now took up the study of the Book of Mormon, and though she had read in the magazine that it was due to the bringing forth of this book that the gospel light so long obscured and hid from sight was restored; and though she knew that for ages the world had groped in spiritual darkness as she had groped; yet she took up its study with fear and trembling and earnest prayer that she should not be led astray from the way of truth by the cunning craftiness of men. The book claimed to be a history of the ancient inhabitants of this land, (America), who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; of whom the Indians are still a remnant; but the principal nation of them having fallen in battle, in the fourth or fifth century, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, was commanded by the Lord to make an abridgement of their history, their prophecies and their doctrines, which he engraved upon plates; and afterwards being slain, the record fell into the hands of his son Moroni, who being hunted by his enemies was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and brought to light in the

(c) Matt. 21: 43. (d) Matt. 28: 20. (e) Matt. 21: 32.  
(f) Mark 1: 4. (g) Matt. 3: 15. (h) John 7: 17.

(i) Isaiah 60: 21.  
(j) 1 Cor. 15: 23. Romans 6: 4.  
(k) 1 Kings 11: 36. Isaiah 9: 2. John 1: 6-9.

latter days by the means of a gentile nation who should possess the land.

Pattie read the book carefully and with an earnest desire to know the truth; and while she found that its doctrines coincided with her now enlightened understanding of the Bible, also that the Bible contained many coincidences of prophecy, as did ancient history of facts tending to substantiate its claims, it was all circumstantial. (1) The only direct evidence was in the testimony of the three witnesses who testified that Jehovah had himself borne record to them of its truth. But Pattie had seen it stated that these witnesses denied their testimony, and had confessed themselves confederates in an imposture. She had also read about the Spaulding Romance. There were also many things taught in it that she did not know how to reconcile with the Bible and what she knew of the gospel. These were the doctrines of the priesthood, and that Christian baptism was administered on this continent before the birth of Christ in Judea. Whereas she supposed the priesthood to pertain to the old dispensation when Israel was under the law, which law was fulfilled in Christ. And that the coming of John was the beginning of the new dispensation, or Christian ordinances.

All these things perplexed her greatly, and it seemed to her that the mists of uncertainty were no sooner lifted from one book than they were wrapped still more thickly about another. Would mysteries never cease? When should the weary and heavy laden find rest?

These investigations of Pattie's covered a period of four years, during which the civil war had been fought to its closing campaign, which was now in operation. Meanwhile Mrs. Waldville's health, which had been delicate since the death of Allie, grew suddenly worse in the autumn of 1864, when the entire care of the house devolved on Pattie. She cheerfully took up the work, glad to relieve the dear mother of the burden. Without help she performed the labor usual in country homes, also waiting upon the sick one, and often taking her turn of watching at night throughout the winter, and through all she had continued her investigation of

the gospel, and occasionally finding a few moments to talk with her friend of the progress she was making, of her joy in its light and beauty, and her willingness, if she could find a people who believed and practiced its precepts, to unite with them unhindered by any regard of the stigma attaching to the name by which they were called, notwithstanding she had no direct evidence of the authenticity of the book.

Mrs. Thurston proposed that she write for both of them to Martin Harris whom, she learned, was then at Kirtland, Ohio, which proposal Pattie complied with, introducing her friend as a believer and herself as an enquirer. In reply Mr. Harris addressed his letter to Pattie particularly. He related his part in the bringing forth of the book, and reiterated his testimony as found within it, and emphatically denied that he had ever repudiated it, or invalidated any part of it. He had spent all his property in the cause. He was now an old man, poor and alone, and on the confines of eternity; and he solemnly admonished her to believe his testimony and obey the gospel of Christ, as in that book it is revealed in fullness and plainness.

This letter Pattie read to her mother, and Mrs. Waldville, for the first time, seemed to regard the matter as something that called for interference. Though when Pattie had sometimes read to her from the books she had made no remarks. But now, calling her to her, she talked to her of the danger of being led astray from truth; begging her to let all isms severely alone, pointing out the unlikelihood that she could understand the mysteries of the gospel, or get any nearer to the truth than her fathers before her, adding, "I shall not be with you long, Pattie, and I could die happier if I knew you were settled in your mind as we have been."

This last sentence was that which had most weight with Pattie; it appealed to her affections, and for her mother she had ever cherished the most tender love and reverence. She was a woman worthy of all praise, and loved by all.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds  
We're in her very look;  
We read her face as one who reads  
A true and holy book."

Pattie was sorely tried to decide the course of duty and she sought her friend,

(1) The author does not here refer to the internal evidences of the truth of the book; for these are numerous and striking.—Ed.

Mrs. Thurston and told her of her trouble, whose advice was to do nothing in opposition to her parents, "for," said she "we do not know of any organized body of these people; (*m*) we can only pray and wait for God to gather us and them."

So Pattie returned the books, though she retained in her heart that which she had learned of their doctrines; she seldom mentioned them again even to her friend.

In truth, Pattie was not given to confiding her thoughts to any, except it might be on rare occasions she met one who had the knack of drawing them out in conversation. But there were times when she longed inexpressibly for the companionship of her lost sister, some one to share the loves and hopes, as well as the thoughts of her heart. It was this want, this loss, that developed in her the faculty of composition. For nature must have its escape valve for intense, deep feeling. So Pattie confided the thoughts that stirred her brain, and the hopes that welled in her heart, to paper in the form of verses, and essays on various subjects; the most of which were born to blush unseen.

Possessing as she did, a spirit strung to the keenest perception of harmony that could not endure a jarring element, and quick to detect the presence of such in aught of which she came in contact, this same sense of harmony rendered her capable of the highest appreciation of poetical beauty and merit, and taught her that her powers of expression were far below those of appreciation, and the tender little heart

songs in which she indulged her pen had not other claims to notice than that they were the blossoms of the desert.

Friends Pattie had in plenty, but few besides those who had known her all her life were aware of these cultured tastes and qualities of her mind, and hours spent with such were the green spots in her uneventful life. Among these friends were a young married lady and her husband, both of considerable literary acquirements, who interested themselves in Pattie's efforts. At the solicitation of this gentleman she contributed several of her poems to a paper, one of which we give to our readers:

They tell me of the wondrous spell  
Sweet music holds o'er all,  
And sigh to think that on my ear  
No sounds melodious fall;  
Ah, music's tones can penetrate  
Beyond the touch of art,  
The one vibrates upon the ear,  
The other on the heart.

Does love's dear fingers touch the keys,  
Sweet are the notes they raise;  
Pressed by religion's holy hand,  
An anthem swells of praise.  
Yet love, nor hope, nor joy alone  
All symphonies impart;  
For grief is oft a cadence soft  
In music of the heart.

Unheard the organ's soaring notes  
Or sweeter vocal strain,  
And yet my soul responsive trills  
An answering refrain;  
Unconscious of the master's skill,  
The touch of finished art,  
I know their inspiration's spring;  
The music of the heart.

From the publication of this grew the romance of Pattie's life, but its story will require another chapter.

To be continued.

(*m*) Some time after this Mrs Thurston obtained some copies of the "Saints' Herald," by which she learned of the Reorganization.

## FACE YOUR TROUBLES.

"I HAD plowed around a rock in one of my fields for over five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay—all because I supposed it was a large rock, that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock. So I took a crowbar, intending to poke around and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was not more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help.

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued

to enlarge upon the subject all to myself for I do believe that before we pray—or better, while we pray—we should look our troubles square in the face. Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O, Lord, remove that rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone! We shiver, and shake, and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when if we would face the trouble and call it by its right name one-half of its terror would be gone. The trouble that lies down with us at night and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

—Selected.

## "FOUR O' CLOCKS.

BY VIDA.

To tell why I love great roses,  
Or lilies like spotless snow,  
Or drooping bunches of lilacs  
That in your garden grow ;  
It would take me perhaps for hours,  
But this small old fashioned bloom  
That I found mid your other flowers,  
Carries me back to my home.

And why, you will wonder, maybe ;  
Wait while a picture I draw,—  
A cottage shaded by maples,  
Hark! list to the black bird's caw,—  
See, out from the open door way,  
Comes a wee, pale faced pet,  
As she climbs down o'er the step-stones,  
Her words I can not forget.

"Oh! is it time for my hallows?"  
And she deftly, fold by fold,  
Gathers the ends of her apron,  
Her treasures that it may hold.

Four o'clocks, sweet and old fashioned,  
The flowers she loves the best.  
And always in early evening  
You see her start thus in quest

Of the ones she has watched the day thro'  
To see when the time should come  
For shadows to grow still longer,  
When her "hallows" would be in bloom.  
When snow on the ground lay deepest,  
How often she heaved a sigh,  
And looking up, asked the question:  
"Will 'hallows' come bye and bye."

"Hallows," she has always called them,  
And hallowed to us are they,  
By love of our baby sister  
Now hundreds of miles away.  
I've told you now why I love it,  
This old-time four o'clock bloom,  
And why to us it is hallowed  
By love of the dear one at home.

## EXTRACTS FROM KINGSBOROUGH'S MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

SON OF GOD.

"TORQUEMADA writes: 'It was likewise found that in some provinces of New Spain, as in Tolonaca, they expected the coming of the son of the great God, who was the Qieu, into the world; and they said that He was to come to renew all things; although they did not believe in interpreting this in a spiritual, but in a temporal and earthly sense. For example, they thought that on his coming, the grain would be of a pure and more substantial quality; that their fruit would be better flavored, and more excellent in its kind; that the lives of men would be considerably prolonged, and that everything else would become better in a corresponding degree.'—Page 413.

'And in order to hasten the coming of the son of the great God, they sacrificed upon a certain season of the year, eighteen persons, both male and female; encouraging them and exhorting them to consider themselves fortunate in being the messengers of the public, which dispatched them

to the great God, to entreat and to supplicate him that he would vouchsafe to send them his Son to free them from their many miseries and hardships, and from the obligation and afflictions laid upon them of performing human sacrifice, which, as has already been observed, they considered a cruel and terrible burthen; and it was an intolerable torment and grief to them, since they performed them in obedience to the commands of their false gods, on account of the great fear in which they held them.

RESURRECTION.

Page 413: 'It was the cupidity of the Spaniards that first instructed them in another essential doctrine of the Indians,—that of the resurrection of the body. And here we must observe that this doctrine is peculiarly Christian; it is on this point and not on the immortality of the soul, that Christianity differs from the religions of antiquity, and it is very singular that it should have been discovered in

the New World. Gomara, after stating that the Peruvians deposited gold and silver vases in the tombs of the Incas, says:

‘When the Spaniards opened these sepulchres and scattered the bones, the Judeans entreated them not to do so, assuring them that they would be united in the resurrection; for they fully believe in the resurrection of the body, and in the immorality of the soul.’

‘Herrera says: ‘In the provinces of Guazacualco and Uluta they believed that the dead would come to life; and when the bones of such as died amongst them had dried up, they collected them in a basket and hung them to the branch of a tree, that they might be at no loss to find them when the period of the resurrection arrived.’

‘He also says: ‘In the province of Quembaya they well knew that there was an immortal principle in man, although they thought it was not his soul, but a (bodily) transfiguration, believing that the body would be restored to life. They explained further that its future habitation would be some delightful and pleasant place, and they therefore used interment like the other Indians.’—Historia de Los India Occidentales.

#### BAPTISM.

Page 414: ‘Peter Martyr says: ‘They report also another thing worth the noting, which will be very pleasing to your holiness. The priests seem to baptize children both males and females, of a year old, with holy ceremonies in their temples, pouring water crosswise out of a cruet on their heads.’

Page 414: ‘Herrera says: ‘Baptism has been discovered in Yucatan alone of all the provinces of New Spain; and its name, in their language signifies regeneration. They hold it so much a matter of religion, and entertain such reverence for it that nobody omits receiving it; they imagine that they receive a pure disposition in it to become good, and to escape harm from devils, and to obtain the glory which they hope for. It is administered to them from the age of three years to twelve, and no one marries without having received it. They fix upon a day for receiving it which they deem fortunate. The fathers fast on the three preceding days; in the meantime the priests are occupied

in the purification of the mother, exorcising the devil by means of certain ceremonies, which being completed, the children proceed, one by one, and the priest threw some ground maize and incense with his hand upon them. And they sent wine in a vase and censer out of the city, with orders for the Indian not to drink it or to look behind him; and by the performance of this ceremony they imagined that they exorcised the devil. The priest then came forth habited in long and grave vestments, with a branch in his hand, and placed some white cloth in the hands of the children, questioning the older as to whether they had committed any sin, which, on their confessing, he took them aside and in certain words blessed them, holding the branch in a threatening attitude towards them, and with some water which was kept in a bowl, moistened their foreheads, cheeks, fingers and toes, when some presents having been given, the baptismal ceremony was completed, and the festival terminated in banquets. In addition to the three days before mentioned, the father and mother remained apart for nine more.’—India’s Occidentales.

#### LORD’S SUPPER.

‘Proceeding from baptism to the most solemn sacrament of the church, that of the Lord’s Supper, we shall find a mysterious resemblance to the communion of Christians in the idolatrous rites of the Mexicans called *teo qualo*, which literally signifies, to eat God. This ceremony consisted in eating the body and blood of Huitzilopuchtl or Quecalcotle, under the similitude of bread, which they named *Loyoliaytlaquatl*, which signifies ‘the food of our life.’

‘Torquemada, in the thirty-eighth chapter of his sixth book thus describes it: ‘They collected in one of the principal and handsomest halls of the temple, adjoining the altar, and took a quantity of grain and seeds of *bledos* and pulse, which they pounded with great care and devotion, and kneaded and formed into the said stature of the size and height of a man. The fluid with which they worked and moistened the dough was the blood of children whom they had sacrificed for the purpose, the intention of which was to typify, in the simplicity and innocence of the child, that of the god whom the stature represented. After it was made the



priests and satraps took it in their hands, and placed it with great reverence and veneration upon the Cu, or altar which they had prepared and adorned for its reception. . . . As soon as it was morning the ministers and high priests proceeded to consecrate and to bless it, if such an act can be called a consecration and benediction, although the Indians apply that very term to it in their own language.' . . .

'Quecalcoatle (priest) took a spear head, with a flint, and threw it at the breast of the idol, with which he pierced it and the idol fell, which ceremony they performed, saying it was to kill their God, Huitzilopuchtli, in order to eat his body. The priests afterward drew near, and one of them took out the heart and presented it to the king, and the others divided the body into two parts, and gave the one half to the inhabitants of this quarter of the city named Tlatelulco, who distributed it in crumbs to all the people resident in these suburbs, especially to the young soldiers, without giving any of the part of the dough of the idol to the women,' etc.

## CROSSES.

'Botturni says: 'I likewise possess some historical notices concerning the preaching of the gospel in America by the glorious apostle St. Thomas. They are contained on thirty-four sheets of Chinese paper, and I suppose assisted Don Crogora in the composition of his work on the same subject, which he entitled *The Phoenix of the West*. . . . The above mentioned preaching is so clearly indicated in the histories of the Indians, that it is even recorded in the paintings of the Choutales, amongst whom a most miraculous cross was discovered, besides the other crosses which the Spaniards found in the island of Potonchan in the city of Texcalan.'

'The above mentioned histories all declare that a white man preached among them a holy law, and the fast of forty days, which Emperor Tetzahualcoyotl, in the greatest vicissitudes of his reign, frequently practiced; and they add that at his departure from them he left a prophecy, that in the year of their calendar, Coacatl, one Cane, his son, would come from the east to preach again to them, which was the reason why the Indians were so disturbed at the intelligence of the arrival of Spaniards, exactly in the year and character Coacatl.

"And I, following the track of the Indian calendars, have discovered that the prophecy of the Saint was verified to the letter. The Indians, availing themselves of the lofty metaphors of their language, have bestowed the name Quetzalcoatli upon the glorious apostle, which signifies 'the serpent bird,' intimating by the bird the swiftness with which he had passed from a distant country to theirs; and by the serpent, the wise circumspection of the law which he came to preach, the value of which was farther denoted by the feathers of the bird, which they called Qutzalli; and infinitely esteemed."—*Catálogo de Muses Indiano*.

Page 419: "Rosales, in his history of Peru says: 'That in former times, as they had heard their fathers say, a wonderful man had come to their country, wearing a long beard, with shoes, and a mantle, schu as the Indians carry on their shoulders, who performed many miracles, cured the sick with water, caused it to rain, and their crops and grain to grow, kindled fire at a breath and wrought other marvels, healing at once the sick and giving sight to the blind.'

Page 425: "The crosses most celebrated are those of Yucatan, of Mestica, Quaretero, Teheque, and Teanqueztepoc. The crosses of Yucatan were worshipped by the Yucatanese in obedience, as they said, to the instructions of their great prophet Chilam Cambol; who desired that when a certain race of men with beards should arrive in that country from the east, and should be seen to adore that sign they should embrace the doctrine of those strangers."

Page 507. NOTES.—"The Mexicans bestowed the appellation of Topeltzin on Quecalcoatle, the literal signification of which is 'our son,' or 'our child.' . . . The proper name, Topeltzin, does in fact bear a significance corresponding, if not literally yet entirely in substance, with that of 'Immanuel,' since 'God with us,' which is the interpretation of the Hebrew name, means God domiciled amongst us. And the full force of the expression is preserved in the term Topeltzin, which might be interpreted, 'The Son of Man, or 'God on a level with man.'

"For the Mexicans believe that Quecalcoatle took human nature upon him, partaking of all the infirmities of man, and was not exempt from sorrow, pain and

death, and that he suffered voluntarily to atone for the sins of mankind. They also believed that he alone, of all the Gods, had a human body, and was of a corporal essence, a notion which we can only wonder whence it could have been derived; as Las Casas and Torquemada both assert that Quecalcoatl had been in Yucatan; and there can be little doubt, when we reflect upon the mysterious history of Bacab, that the cross discovered by M. Dupaix, in the ancient temple of Palenque, was connected with the tradition of the crucifixion.

Page 508: "Quecalcoatl is emphatically styled Father, in the exhortation which the Mexican priest addresses to the penitent who had come to make confession to him of his sins: 'When thou wast created and sent into this world thou was created and sent into it pure and good, and thy father and thy mother, Quecalcoatl formed thee like a precious stone, like a rich jewel of gold, beautiful to look upon and well polished; and thou by thine own free will and choice, hast polluted thyself, and hast wallowed in the mire of the sins and iniquities which thou hast committed, and now thou hast confessed.' From this passage it is plain that the doctrine of free will, as opposed to absolute predestination, was a fundamental article of the religion of the Mexicans, although in some degree modified by their notions on judicial astrology.

Page 511: "The Deity is said in so many passages of the Old Testament to be jealous of his honor, and to work miracles for his name's sake, that many persons may feel it hard to reconcile that professed jealousy with the desecration of his name so common among the Jews, the profanation of his temple, and the human sacrifices which they offered to him; the corollary of which is, that though Abraham received the covenant from God, and Moses promulgated his law to the Jews, still Judaism was never under such special divine protection as to prevent its degeneration into most abominable rites in the Old World, nor, consequently, in the New.

Therefore let it not be maintained that Jehovah could not have been worshiped under the the name of Tezcatlipoca by the Mexicans, and human sacrifices been offered to him in New Spain, as in Palestine of old. But, even on the assumption that this was the case, let not God

impiously be made accountable for the crimes which men may have committed in his name."

VOX VIII SUPPLEMENTARY.

Page 1. NOTES.—"Parkhurst, quoting in his Hebrew lexicon a passage from Plato, cited by Gratian in a note subjoined to the twelfth chapter of the fourth book of his treatise, *De Veritate Religionis Christianae*, immediately adds: 'Can any one help thinking that Plato had seen, or at least heard of Isaiah's prophecy, chapter 59: 2? Since in the second book of his Republic he says that in order to exhibit the character of a man perfectly just, it is necessary that his virtue should be stripped of all external recommendations, so that by others he should be reckoned a wicked person, should be mocked, scourged, bound, have both eyes put out, and at last, having suffered all evils, be cut in pieces as a sacrifice (as some think the Greek word signifies) be hung up or crucified.'" \* \* \*

"If, however, there are grounds for supposing that the above passage in the Republic of Plato relates to the sufferings and crucifixion of Christ. . . may we not refer to the seventy-third page of the Borgian Manuscripts, which represents Quecalcoatl both crucified and, as it were, cut in pieces; and we could with equal reason demand whether any one can help thinking that the Jews of the New World applied to their Messiah not only all the prophecies contained in the Old Testament relating to Christ, but likewise many of the incidents recorded of him in the gospels.'

"Few, we will venture to say, can doubt, after reading the note subjoined to page 107 of the sixth volume of this work, which contains a list of the names and types under which the Mexicans adored Quecalcoatl, that this was the case. The history of that remarkable personage, which will be found at page 258 of the same volume, especially if considered in connection with what is said of Zotic, at page 179, who like John the Baptist and Elias, went about clothed in a skin, calling on the people to repent, and like the latter who was dreadful in the vengeance which he took upon his enemies, slaying them alive when he overcame them, will serve still more to strengthen the conviction.

Since who, on reading of Quecalcoatl and Heremac being joint kings of Tula, of the cup which Tezcatlepoca presented Quecalcoatl to drink, accosting him at the same time with the salutation of, 'My Son,' of his unwillingness to taste it, and his weeping bitterly after having drank its contents; of his forsaking his temporal kingdom of Tula for the Immortal Kingdom of Tlappal [heavenly Jerusalem.—Ed.], being called away by the God who was the Sun; of his departure on the day to which the sign of four earthquakes was dedicated in the Mexican Calendar; of his promise to return again with great power to avenge himself of his enemies and to redeem his people; and of the belief of the Mexican kings that the scepter should not depart from the Quecalcoatl cause; but must immediately recollect what is said in the New Testament of Christ frequently naming himself the king of the Jews, confessing at the same time that he was only their spiritual king, their temporal sovereign being Herod, which name, due attention being paid to the genius of the Mexican language, which excluded from its alphabet the letters R and D, is a near approximation of Heremac, of his prayer to his heavenly Father to let the cup pass away from him, which is recorded in St. Matthew 26: 26 as follows:

"And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"And this was pronounced more than once as we learn from the forth-second and forty-fourth verses of the same chapter.

'He went away again the second time and prayed, saying, O, my Father, if this cup may pass not away from me except I drink it, thy will be done. And he left them, and went away again and prayed the third time, saying the same words.'

"This is likewise mentioned in Luke 22: 29, to which the painting contained in the seventy-fourth page of the Codex Borgianus may bear allusion:

"And he came out and went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place he said unto them, Pray that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a

stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him. And being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.'

"Of his describing himself in his speech to four of his disciples as a traveler about to take a journey, which is thus related in Mark 13: 34.

"'For the Son of Man is as a man taking a far journey.'

"Of his drinking vinegar from a reed, as recorded in Mark 15: 36; of his declaration that he was going to his heavenly Father; of the great earthquake which occurred at the crucifixion, which is mentioned in Matthew 27: 51; of his sudden disappearance from his disciples, and ascent into heaven, as related in Luke 24: 51, which recalls to our recollection what is said at pages 119 and 82 of volume six of the present work about the mysterious disappearance of Quecalcoatl whilst hastening on his journey to the Kingdom of Tlappelan; of the Mexican tradition of Huitzelopuchtli being seated on the left hand of Tezcatlepoca; of his having previously foretold to them his second advent and the day of judgment, which was to be ushered in with earthquakes and an eclipse, like those which occurred on the day of the crucifixion, verifying the words of the prophet Joel as cited in Acts 2: 19, 20; and of his promise that the Holy Ghost should descend upon the earth after he left it, to which, and to the account in Acts 2: 1-4, of the descent of the fiery tongues upon the apostles, the Mexican fable mentioned above at page 108, of the sixth volume; of Quecalcoatl preparing the way of Tlaloc, and of the latter being the secretary of Providence, who wrote his laws in lightning and published them with thunder, might bear some allusion."

Having instituted a close comparison between to brief history of Christ as contained in the New Testament and that of Quecalcoatl as contained in the mythological traditions of the Mexicans, with the intention of showing that the Jews feigned that the principal prophecies in the Old Testament relating to the former were verified in the person of the latter, we

shall proceed to point out some paintings in the Codex Borgianus, in which are shadowed in a much more clear manner than the types of the Old Testament fore-

shadow the Messiah, the accomplishment of the famous prophecies relating to Christ.

(Concluded.)

## LOOK AFTER YOUR BOYS.

BY C. A. BUTTERWORTH.

As we travel the wide world over,  
Or cross the ocean wide,  
We see young men of valor  
Drifting with the tide.

⑥ FATHERS and mothers, why is it that such noble-looking and intelligent young men are hastening with the masses down the broad road the end of which is sure to be destruction, or banishment from the presence of the Lord?

Why is it that they are so soon carried away by the enticements of the evil one, and have no thought for their future welfare and happiness in that glorious world to come?

Is it not on account of the way in which they have been instructed and cared for in early training?

See the young man as he steps out into the world to act for himself with no tender voice from a loving mother to cheer and encourage him in the hour of temptation and disappointment. Soon he is carried away by the glittering scenes of the adversary, and may be found indulging in evil and degrading habits which tend to lead one farther and farther from the expectations of a thousand years of peace, joy and happiness, in the sweet bye and bye.

Many boys and girls while roaming through the meadows have perhaps noticed the beautiful little net woven by the spider, and have also noticed how easily the innocent little insects that light thereon for rest, are captured and dragged away into a dark cell; so it is with the young man who starts out in life without any knowledge of the guiding hand of a loving Father, or of the cunning plans which Satan uses to lead them astray.

Upon nearly every corner of the streets in the large cities, may be found the saloon, which is one of the most enticing schemes which Satan has for the purpose of leading the young men astray. Its

walls are decked with picturesque scenes, and the electric lights shine forth in their brilliancy, while the sweet music of the violin and harp streams forth in rich melody.

In such places as these, the young men may be found spending their time and money and wearing away their lives very rapidly on account of the loss of sleep; and instead of laying up treasures in heaven for their future happiness, they are preparing to go with all the evil doers to a place of punishment prepared for them. Oh, where is he who loves the human family that can stand with folded hands and see the young men traveling down the broad road, without giving them a word of cheer and advice, instead of saying, "Go on if you don't know any better!"

The light which was once shining bright and clear has now turned into darkness, because they have defiled the temples of God and the Comforter who is to abide with the faithful, has taken His departure.

Satan then takes full charge of them and urges them on and on in their wicked career, until they have not the courage to turn back, but trudge along in chains of bondage until death overtakes them, and their end is misery and woe.

Why is it that the world is getting into such an awful state of affairs? Mostly on account of parents not attending to their familiar duties, and neglecting to teach their little ones the necessity of living pure and upright lives, as did Jesus of Nazareth, who suffered and died to establish the plan by which we are to be governed. Thousands of boys and girls are growing to maturity without ever hearing a word of prayer offered to God in behalf or their protection and guidance through life, and thus they grow up in ignorance with regard to the duty they owe to their Creator.

Then would it be right and just to lay the whole blame on the young shoulders because they were entangled by the evils of the world, and caused to commit those sins which are so degrading? We answer No.

Then all those who are interested in the welfare of the young, should seek to impress upon the young minds the peace, joy, and pleasure there is in serving the Lord, and also the necessity of so doing

VICTORIA, Australia.

in order to gain a crown of life eternal.

Young men, stand up firmly and steadfastly for that which you know to be right, and you will never suffer loss for so doing, though all the world turn against you.

“When you are going down hill on a slippery track

The going is easy, but the task is getting back,

So from drinking and swearing and every sin,  
You're safe and secure if you never begin.”

## HOME CONVERSATIONS.

BY DECINDA AND TUBAL MILKINS.

### CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS a beautiful Sabbath morn when Tubal had announced at breakfast his vision of the night before. One of those Sabbaths whose sunshine bespeaks the joy of nature, and the gladness of human souls who entertain faith in a risen Savior. Often it has seemed to me the sun shone brighter upon the Lord's day, endeavoring to celebrate by his gladdening rays the triumphant act of a Christ in a Jesus! Whatever could otherwise have truly constituted him the Jesus Christ of a renowned Christianity but the stupendous miracle of the resurrection!

It was nine o'clock when Mrs. Riggins sent Ponta over to our home to learn if we would accept an invitation to hear Rev. Eben, a new Congregationalist minister who was to preach that morning, it being his first advent to the town of Belt-house. We consented upon condition that Mr. and Mrs. Riggins call at our home for us. They did so, and we went at the appointed hour. Mr. Eben was a pleasing talker, whose address was of the conversational style, without any attempt at oratorical effect. His theme was upon the God-head of Christ. He did well. Their new form of creed is “rather elastic,” as one of their New England divines called it after its adoption a few years ago; so his remarks on the whole would not brand him as a heretic.

Upon our return home we had luncheon, as we never have a “cooked” dinner upon the Lord's day. Tubal had thought of not relating his vision until evening; but

Mr. Jendors called in the early afternoon, desiring us to go to the M. E. Church in the evening. Of course we did not wish to offend, so we essayed to go. Husband then determined to have a talk about his vision during the afternoon. Upon Mr. Jendors' departing, Tubal remarked:—“Well, Decinda, I reckon I'd best relate my nocturnal scene. I never had any thing like it.” And his eyes brightened as he spoke.

“It is the lesson of my life! It seemed to me I was carried away to a dark place—a lone, sterile valley. There were but few trees, and no other sign of vegetable life. The soil was of sand and rock. The hill-sides were bleak and cold. I saw a number of people in several groups, engaged in amusements—there I heard jolly peals of loud laughter; these were indications of intoxication with some, physical and mental. The games played were suggestive of deceptive plots for the practice of iniquity. Hilarity reigned everywhere. I heard slang, and profanity at times. I saw the giddy whirl of dance; and noted positions assumed; licentious, unwarranted liberties taken among the sexes! I saw lascivious glances in sparkling eyes. I saw smiles that served as mistaken coverings for sly acts of questionable character. I saw extravagance in apparel. I saw the mixing of strong drinks; I heard the clinking of wine glasses. I saw signs of voluptuousness. Late hours were kept. Dark byways were walked in by the sexes upon homeward journey. There was a suppressed giggling of girls and young

women; and the hushed ha, ha, of the young men. I noted that they disregarded God; thought lightly upon religious matters—counting them as of not even secondary consideration. A personage appearing upon the scene, standing by me said: “All these form the pleasures of the world, and all connected therewith savor not of godliness, neither can such promote spiritual life in the soul of man. For all these things shall they give account unto God. They are of the ‘world, worldly;’ of the earth, sensual!” Presently I found myself in another place. I now looked upon a beautiful valley, whose rich verdure spread out every where. The trees were like silent sentries, and the warbling songs of birds, and the softly blowing winds made the atmosphere desirable. Presently I saw a company of people, and they were engaged in some sort of amusement. I heard pleasant songs, and sweet music suggestive of good thought and feeling. I heard reading, of good literary quality. I saw games played of innocent kind, after a true manner, to which no evil seemed to attach in act, look or word. I heard converse that was amusing, pleasant and profitable. I saw refreshments served, but no wines; no intoxicants, nor anything that tended that way. There was no vulgarity of expression, nor any speech savoring of it; no unseemly slang that ever bespeaks a vain conception of smartness; seasonable hours were observed, proper walks homeward. And as I looked, contrasting the two scenes, my guide came to me, and holding a leaflet before me, said: “Read, I pray thee.” And I read as follows: “There are pleasures lawful and unlawful. In the record of my word I speak of sins of many kinds, these ye know of. Ye shall not indulge in those things that would bring reproach upon my church in the estimation of good thinking people. Ye shall not so far indulge in lawful pleasures as to absent yourselves from the house of prayer, nor neglect any spiritual duty ye owe unto your souls. Neither shall ye be forgetful of God, nor his commands to walk therein. From all that is sinful abstain. I have designed that man shall have legitimate pleasure, and all to which no sin attaches, for sin is the transgression of law.”

“And, Decinda, as I read those words, my soul was moved as never before with

a realization that I had now discovered what I had been ignorant of before. That word, ‘discrimination,’ came to mind, and I called to remembrance my short-sightedness, my prejudice, my bigotry, Decinda.”

He was standing whilst uttering these latter words, and his eyes gleamed with joyous satisfaction, and then grew dim with tears; and as he uttered the last words, his hand fell at his side and he dropped into his easy chair, and wept!

Tears may not be manly, but husband was their captive, as was our Master at the grave of Lazarus. Again did I have hope that yet the prayers of my life were answered. If ever a man was “hedged in” by prayer deluged in anxious thought, Tubal is one. The way I have largely reasoned with him has been on this wise:

“Have we trials and temptations,  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
Precious Savior, still our refuge—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.”

If the Lord would not work the change, how could I? That harshness of his life, lasting so long, was a great burden to me. Sometimes he would pray for wisdom, and then act so foolishly thereafter. Some times I’ve almost been led to believe the only answer we receive to prayers of certain kind is by our own conduct. The thought of what we have asked for impressing our minds to act accordingly, and so we are led to believe our prayer answered of God. But husband Tubal surely seemed changed. Upon recovery of his normal feelings, he said:

“Dear ones of home, may my soul now enlightened, my heart now softened, ever remain so. Rigidity of discipline is harshness almost inexcusable. I feel ‘Tis better far to rule by love than fear.’ Why have I not seen these truths before?” he queried.

“I explained to you, husband, my views of the matter a time ago, and I showed I was correct in their entertainment.”

He said nothing.

Unit asked permission to relate his dream, and of course we were desirous of hearing it; so I told him to proceed. He began thus:

“I dreamed I was walking along a narrow path, and all about me was brightness, the light of joy and peace. Nature looked as never before, and the happy spirit that brooded over all is simply indescribable. I met with a company of

young people who were pleasantly enjoying themselves in minor pleasures of pleasing pastime. I heard a voice saying: 'All pleasure that leads not unto the forgetfulness of God nor his word of command, or entices to those things that rob the soul of spiritual enjoyment by violation of divine or civil law, or rule of life, that causes not to turn away from baptismal covenant may be carefully enjoyed. Abstain from all pleasures that have in them the vices of the world, evil associations and tendencies, and thy feet shall not depart from righteousness, nor be led in the paths of sin.' I felt glad. And a holy calm brooded over me, and I rendered thanks unto God."

"Well," observed Tilly Jane, "I have had no dreams or visions on the question; but my own conscience has led me, as I believe, to see what I prayerfully considered the safeguard plan of action in the premises. I am happy, however, that such evidences of our Father's goodness have been made manifest."

"So am I," observed my husband Tubal, "and I hope I shall ever profit by the same; and may this be the lesson of my life. How strange it is that one can live so long, be so bound to an idea that never develops itself into a truth, ever asserting its possession of correctness without investigation! And so long as persons refuse to investigate they become the slaves of an indolent idea, too lazy to bestir itself to know beyond what it alone asserts."

And so saying, my husband heaved a sigh of relief and passed out of doors.

"My dear children," said I, "You now notice how your father talks, what a material change is coming over him, and I truly hope for all future time. I would not depose your father in your estimate of him, but this I say, long years of almost wearied (?) patience have I borne with him as many a woman would never have done. There is but one hope for a Christian's heart, and that is, wherein human nature fails in the accomplishment of its desires for good, there is a divine nature that can do it all and make our souls glad in its power. Prayer binds the human to the divine, and discovers the secret of its failure, and the success of its superior. Prayer is the successful leverage that raises human souls unto God, the key that God has placed in charge of

human souls by which heaven's doors of blessing may be opened for our benefit. No soul wearying of life's wrestling should tire of the prayer of faith. The blessing always comes, though long deferred. Trust ever in Him who has called us to the honor of His name, and to seek the glory of His power, and He shall bring us safely through."

"Mother, I have often wondered why God required so much prayer, when he says he knows the end from the beginning; how can prayer change the purposes of his will?" queried Tilly Jane.

"Prayer changes nothing of his will," I observed; "his foreknowledge does not argue a predestination of every incident of our lives, or the world's history. Had he foreordained everything we said or did, then were we not accountable beings, being but mere machines acted upon independent of our consent; no volition of will pertaining unto us. I might have it in my heart to do you a favor, yet I withhold, waiting to ascertain if you might feel sufficiently interested in your own well being, and thoughtful enough concerning a benefit to ask me for its conferment, not changing my will, nor thwarting any of my purposes. So may it be with God toward us. Surely what is worth having, is worth the asking!"

"That is true," said Unit; "I have so thought of it myself; and my belief in prayer has never faltered. The more I pray, the nearer unto God I find myself. I am pleased that father has changed, and that God has given him light. Surely God is not so narrow as many suppose. Human thought alone must not prescribe his limits, nor fathom the depth of his mind. Humanity educated as it is, is not capable of determining God's character, or his mind upon many things. Well wrote the apostle: 'No man knoweth the things of God but by the Spirit of God.' If that which contains sin is disapproved of him, then that which contains no sin can not be disapproved. It is not safe to condemn all religion because some result in much evil and loss of human lives; nor is it just to condemn all pleasures because some turn to evil ways. We should be reasonable in our judgment of such matters."

"Indeed," said I, "you speak wisely, dear Unit. I have ever reasoned with your father thus, but not until now has

he been led to see, and I hope, to understand his error. Life is a school in which we learn much. Our experiences are varied. The multiplicity of cares, vexations, pain, and sorrow, all interspersed with joys, pleasures, profits, and prosperity, enter into the training of our wills. However unfathomable may be its depths, God attends upon its 'soundings,' I observed.

At this juncture of our conversation, my husband entered, looking pleased. I noted an expression of thoughtfulness impressed upon his countenance, as though he were pondering o'er the things just passed.

"Well," said he, "the afternoon is far spent, and I presume after supper friend Jendors will call for us on his way to church, and we shall be ready."

"Yes, and as I observe it is almost six o'clock, I shall prepare lunch," said I.

And I did so; we partook of our earthly bounty, and Tilly Jane assisted me with after work; while Tubal and Unit were conversing together in the sitting-room. It seemed so good to have matters at home so materially changed as they seemed now to be. The time arrived when Mr. and Mrs. Jendors called, and we prepared to go with them. The Rev. Newgrass preached. He did quite well for a Methodist. I was once an M. E. myself, and I know just what it all means. Not very much to it. He was a fair talker. They talk so much of Jesus, that it often reminds me of Jesus' words: "Not every one that says Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of God." There is so much "saying," and so little of the "doing," that causes it now to appear so vain.

Well, we returned home, and on the way Mr. Jendors asked Tubal an expression of his opinion of Mr. Newgrass' sermon. Oh, I feared for the answer. But husband was careful. He said:

"Oh, quite well, quite well, for Mr. Newgrass."

"He is young yet, Mr. Milkins, and he, of course, requires experience," replied Mr. Jendors.

"Oh, certainly," rejoined Tubal, "it is said, 'practice makes perfect.'"

Mrs. Jendors never said a word to me of the sermon; she knew where I stood on the question. Upon reaching our house, we bade each other "good night," and entered.

"Well," said Tubal, as he seated himself in an easy chair, that was the slimsiest thing I ever heard. Such stuff; such chaff; why can't folk see the true way any how? Now, Mr. Newgrass seems so nice and good; but what of that, when his niceness and goodness are all outside the gospel? What a pity to have a young man like him brought up in such creedism as that. My, Oh my?"

"That's so, Tubal. But then we were once as dark as they. And, Oh! what charity we ought to have. Our church folk used to think just so of us. But now we see. You know Isaiah wrote: 'Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the minds of the people.' This being the condition, what should we expect?"

"Tis true, Decinda, and I hope God may have mercy and open their eyes."

"I wish Mr. Newgrass could hear the gospel preached in its fulness," said Unit; "I have an idea he might receive it."

"Tis doubtful," said his father; "such men are peculiarly trained, and it is hard to turn them from the error of their way."

"I am glad we see differently from former time. And may God help us to live what we profess."

And we prepared to retire for the night. It seemed like a new home to me, and I praised God for his Holy Spirit's influence in our family.

To be continued.

#### DIS-HUMANIZING "AMUSEMENT."

"Not once or twice only; at the sea-side, have I come across a sad and disgraceful sight—a sight which haunts me still—a number of harmless sea-birds lying defaced and dead upon the sand, their white plumage red with blood, as they had been tossed there, dead or half-dead, their torture and massacre having furnished a

day's amusement to heartless and senseless men—Amusement! I say execrable amusement! All killing for mere killing's sake is execrable amusement. Can you imagine the stupid callousness, or utter insensibility to mercy and beauty, of the man who, seeing those bright, beautiful creatures as their white, immaculate



wings flash in the sunshine over the blue waves, can go out in a boat with his boys to teach them to become brutes in character by finding amusement—I say, again dis-humanizing amuse-

ment—by wantonly murdering these fair birds of God, or cruelly wounding them, and letting them fly away to wait and die in lonely places?"—*Archdeacon Farrar*.

## THE HITTITE QUESTION.

ALL questions of vast-reaching importance have to pass through three stages. First, they are received with derision; second, with hostility; and finally they are accepted. Such has been the course of questions political, social, economic, etc., and such has been the course of the Hittite question, which has now reached its final stage of gradation.

Few causes have attained their majority with such surprising rapidity as the Hittite. It is about sixteen years since I convulsed with laughter the scholars of Europe by declaring the Hamath inscriptions to be Hittite remains.

In Tyrwhitt Drake's "Memoir" (p. 19), Sir Richard Burton marks the progress: "The Rev. William Wright first suggested *magno cum risu*, that they (the Hamath inscriptions) were Hittite,—a theory now confirmed by Birch, Sayce, and George Smith."

The hostility was earnest and sincere in the main, but in a few instances it was discreditable. One British scholar got an order to "smash 'The Empire of the Hittites,'" for a leading magazine. He wrote a severe critique. The editor sent it back, to be made more severe. The critic complied: but when the article was in print, and revised for the press, he withdrew it, brought it to me, and confessed the whole matter.

A clergyman, now great in Hittitology (!) came to me one day, and, in the most innocent manner, told me he had been offered £10, by the editor of a church magazine, for an article on my book.

"I do not," he said, "know anything about the subject; but I want you to give me a copy of your book, and to help me to write the article. You know," he added, "it will help the book."

A few plain words on my part brought the interview to an abrupt termination; but I heard, on the following day, that this searcher after knowledge was busy at the British Museum, studying the in-

scriptions wrong side up, and fishing for any adverse criticism he could catch. The review appeared in a church magazine.

I put on record these items in connection with the Hittites, that any of my readers who may have stumbled on a truth may have courage to hold by it. A little breeze of ridicule and hostility will not kill the truth. Truth can afford to wait. She is used to it. After the testing of time and ridicule and hostility, they will have the laugh on them; but they will rather rejoice.

We are now, I believe, on the eve of an important advance in the reading of the Hittite characters. Humann has brought to Berlin, from Sinjirli, a number of cuneiform inscriptions, written in an unknown language, and German scholars expect great results from them.

Equally important is the fact that Professor Sayce copied at Boulaq, among the tablets from Tel-el-Amarna, a letter from Tarkun-dara(s) hûg of Arzapi, in the Hittite region, which is written in an unknown tongue. By means of idiographs and parallel phrases, Professor Sayce has made out some words.

The suffix *mi* is "mine;" *li, tu, iv*, "thine." *Sakhin* is "peace." *Khuman-sakh-in*, "May there be peace." *Bibbi* is "chariot;" *bibbid* is "chariots."

Professor Sayce's transliterations and translations of the Tel-el-Amarna texts will, I hope, soon be published, and I anticipate from them a very important advance.

All who are interested in the unraveling these Old World writings will be grateful to Almighty God for preserving to us the life of Professor Sayce. He was bitten, on the banks of the Nile, by the deadly cerastes asp. He rushed into the boat, and in less than five minutes burned with the fire-irons the bitten part down to the bone. He then sat down quietly and made his will, and awaited

the result; and he is to-day, I believe, the only person known to have survived the bite of the cerastes asp. The natives declared Professor Sayce to be under the special protection of Allah; and the natives were right.

From the present position of attainment and anticipation, it is interesting to take a survey of the road we have traveled, and the results that have been secured. About a quarter of a century ago, I read in Burkhardt's "Travels in Syria and the Holy Land" (p. 147) the following:

"In the corner of a house in the Bazaar in Hamath is a stone with a number of small figures and signs, which appear to be a kind of hieroglyphical writing, though it does not resemble that of Egypt."

I registered a secret resolve to bring the curious writing to light. I searched in vain in all the succeeding books on Syria for any reference to the stone which Burkhardt had seen; but they were all silent on the subject, and even the writer of "Murray's Handbook" declared "there are no antiquities in Hama."

During those years of waiting, my curiosity was increased by the emergence from the hieroglyphics of Egypt and the cuneiforms of Assyria of a great Hittite people—the *Kheta* of the hieroglyphics and the *Khatti* of the cuneiforms.

The Hittites of the Bible had moved on parallel lines with the Hebrews from the days of Abraham down to the siege of Samaria; and in the records of Egypt and Assyria they occupied the same period of time, and manifested the same disposition, as recorded in the sacred records of Israel.

In the Bible, the Hittites appeared as settled in towns. The great Egyptian campaigns were directed against the Hittite towns Kadesh on the Orontes and Carchemish on the Euphrates.

In Abraham's transactions with the Hittites at Hebron we have the earliest process of sale and conveyancing, the earliest mention of current money, and the earliest formal covenant in the Bible.

The treaty made between Ramses II, and Kheta-sira, the Hittite, of which several copies are extant, is the earliest document of the kind in existence; and silver rings in abundance were among the booty with which the Egyptian soldiers returned laden from their many

campaigns waged against the Hittites.

Professor Sayce points out that both silver and iron were used as a medium of exchange by the Hittites. The King of Assyria received from Carchemish two hundred and fifty talents of iron; and the excavations of Dr. Schliemann among the ruins of Troy have afforded evidence that silver was also employed by the Hittites as money, and that its use as money was communicated by the Hittites to the people of Western Asia. Mr. Head, of the British Museum, has proved that the pieces of silver found among the calcined ruins of Troy were of the weight of half-talents (*maneh* or *mina*), according to the standard of Babylon afterwards introduced into Asia Minor. In the Bible we find the Hittites a commercial people, receiving commodities from King Solomon; and the Egyptian inscriptions represent them in the same relation to the kings of Egypt.

In the armies of David, Hittite soldiers appear as brave and magnanimous, and the Egyptian hieroglyphics bear abundant testimony to the same martial qualities.

The Hittites intermarried with the people of Israel, and with the Egyptians. Beeri and Elon gave their daughters in marriage to Esau, and David and Solomon had Hittite wives in their harems, and the wife of Uriah the Hittite was the mother of Solomon and an ancestress of our Lord. In like manner Kheta-Sira gave his beautiful daughter Ur-maa-Nofrura in marriage to Ramses II; and she may have been the Egyptian queen who had pity on the child Moses.

There is also harmony between the Hebrew Scriptures and the monuments with respect to the existence of the Hittites in the South, and their gradual withdrawal north before the Egyptian "hornets," until, in the time of Joshua, they inhabited "from the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites."

The words of the inscription of Tig-lath-Pileser I, are very remarkable when placed side by side with these words from the Book of Joshua: "From . . . the border of the distant mountains to the fords of the Euphrates, the land of the Hittites, and the upper sea of the setting sun." . .

A few years ago, the scattered references to the Hittites were referred to as unhistorical and untrustworthy. A sharp

controversy between my friend Professor Cheyne and myself, in the Academy, led to the admission that all the references to the Hittites in the Bible were historic, except that in Genesis 23, which he wished "to lay open to future research."

That was the position of matters in 1886. Since then the inscriptions of Tel-el-Amarna have brought new light to this part of the subject; and as Professor Sayce, in his excellent little work "The Hittites, (p. 23), writes: "We learn from them that the Hittites were already pressing southward, and were causing serious alarm to the governors and allies of the Egyptian king. One of the tablets is a despatch from Northern Syria, praying the Egyptian monarch to send assistance against them as soon as possible."

It would thus appear that the account of the Hittites at Hebron has proved true after all, and that the gratuitous theory that the beautiful story of the purchase of Machpelah was an interpolation must be abandoned.

The author of Genesis did not invent the Hittite people, and the wives of Esau are no longer interpolated myths.

A new source of evidence regarding the Hittites has also become available. The Vannic inscriptions are yielding up their secrets to Professor Sayce; and like the Egyptians in the south, and the Assyrians in the east, King Menuas in the north inscribed on the cliffs at Palu the record of the campaign against the "land of the Hittites."

We have thus, independent of the Bible, a threefold source of evidence regarding the Hittites, and that evidence is in accord with the Bible.

How very wonderful that these inscriptions on clay and stone should start up, in the very nick of time, to rebuke the insolence of skepticism, and to confirm the historical accuracy of the very passages which were contemptuously treated as casting discredit on the narratives of the Bible!

The light that has revealed a lost empire shines side by side with the light of the Bible. When the defenders of the Bible held their peace before the confident assailants of the Book, "the very stones have cried out."

—Selected.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

AT last writing we had dropped anchor in the harbor of Valparaiso, South America, saluted the Chilian flag, received one in return from the fort; then saluted the English ship of war, "Collingwood," and received one in return. This "line of battle ship" started on her homeward bound trip in a few days after we arrived there, and from the news brought by one of our store-ships that had seen her in Rio Janerio, we learned that she experienced very heavy weather in rounding Cape Horn, and had to heave some of her spar-deck guns overboard, to relieve her of her top-heaviness. Valparaiso is situated upon three hills, which rise gradually from the water's edge, giving us a panoramic view of the city, from our anchorage. The ravines dividing the hills were not very deep, just enough to give distinction to the hills. The seamen

have named those hills—from their resemblance to the three masts of a ship in point of size—fore-top, main-top, and mizzen-top.

When any of the boat's crews, returning from shore, would relate anything that occurred while there, they would state that such a thing was located or transpired in the fore, main or mizzen-top; it sounded too nautical to be connected with the land. All of the ship's crew did not have the privilege of going ashore here; but had to be content with feasting on what they could see of the town from a distance, and upon the good time they might have if permitted to go on shore. The port—from our recollection of it—was simply an indentation in the shore, crescent in shape, and subject to severe storms at times. One occurred in the three or four weeks we were there,

which caused two ships to drag their anchors, and a schooner went on shore—no lives lost. We strained our cable, which caused us to let go another anchor, the two held the ship snug while the wind whistled funeral dirges through the cordage, and the seething, boiling waters foamed around as if angry that they could not engulf us in their deadly embrace; and the sheets of spray—caught from the crest of the waves by the wind—seemed to the writer, like the blinding, drifting snow, occasioned by the blizzards of winter. While here we were reminded of that portion of the history of the United States, relating to the capture of the United States frigate, "Essex," by two British ships, which occurred in this port. We would imagine the position of each ship in the engagement, according to memory, as contained in the history, and fight the fight over again in our mind.

At length the time of our departure arrived, and we weighed anchor for Callao, Peru. We had waited at Valparaiso longer than we intended on account of our bread running short, expecting every day the store-ship to replenish our stock; what we did have was alive, so that we could see it move in the bread-pan. We had no other to eat for a couple of weeks. At first we went very hungry before we could bring our mind to partake of such bread; but as "necessity is the mother of invention," we contrived a plan to extract the intruders from the bread, by steeping it in our tea, and skimming the same—no patent taken out.

Our voyage to Callao occupied some two or three weeks. When we dropped anchor I do not remember of seeing more than one war-ship, and that was a British frigate. We lay there several weeks without having the privilege of going on shore; having to be content to look with wistful eyes at it, and regale ourselves with seeing some portion of the frigate's crew go on shore every day. But soon we were deprived of this privilege, for the frigate sailed from Callao, and then it appeared very lonesome. At length the Commodore concluded to let us go on shore for twenty-four hours.

Our watch being the last to go in Rio, was the first to go ashore here. When about ready to enter the boats, a shipmate came to me and said, "Ed, I want

to go with you; I want to be kept from getting drunk."

I replied, "if you will come with me, I'll try and keep you from so doing." When the boat we were in touched the beach, I said to him, "now come on, let us hurry from these men, and go into the city where we will not see any of them." A few boat-loads of the watch had gone ashore before us, and some of them were stopped at the grogeries on the beach; and in passing them my shipmate came near weakening at the call of some to come and drink; but taking hold of him, and encouraging him to come along, we passed them, subject to their taunts and sneers; but we, happily, soon left them behind.

We went up a narrow street that appeared to have a few blocks of well built two-story brick buildings on it; having, very frequently, platforms jutting out from the upper story windows, and surrounded with iron railings about three feet high; so that the inmates could step on them and have a view of what was going on the whole length of the street.

These, it was said, were the dwellings of the nabobs, or Castilians; but we never saw any of them on the streets, though occasionally we caught a glimpse of a face at a window, that hastily withdrew upon being discovered. It seemed to be a common practice in every civilized city we entered, that the respectable part of the community kept within doors while the sailors were on shore.

We intended going to the city of Lima—about eight or ten miles from Callao—where the reality of "Pizarro, or the death of Rolla," [a Shakespearian play, I believe] was enacted. But after getting to the outskirts of the city, and considering that we had only twenty-four hours to be on shore, we changed our minds, concluding we had not the time.

To keep my companion as far from our carousing shipmates as possible, I proposed a walk on the outskirts of the town farthest from the beach. The city, after ascending a short incline from the water, appeared to be built upon a level prairie, or plateau; and from the suburbs, looking towards Lima, there seemed to be a level prairie country, the limits of which seemed to be a chain of mountains in the distance, some ten or fifteen miles away, but in all probability might be twice that

distance. We passed by several residences of what appeared to be the upper-class, which were surrounded with high brick walls, so that we could not get a glimpse of what was inside, only as we caught it passing by the gates that chanced to be open long enough to let the owners out or in. At one place, we distinctly remember, one leaf of the gate was open and thrown back, so that we stood there admiring, with the limited view we had, the tropical plants and flowers peculiar to the country, which was very refreshing to men who had been cooped up on board ship so long, with nothing to rest the eye as a relief from the dreary waste of waters, and the everlasting sameness of men and things on board.

As before stated, not having jotted down in memory or diary anything from which we could now draw to give a minute description of the things which we saw, we have to plead inability. After being so long on board, and let loose upon shore for only twenty-four hours—to the writer it was only about twelve, for he went on board at night—we were like colts that had been stabled a length of time, and being let loose in the pasture, express their delight by running, leaping, and many capers and antics; so we expressed our delight—it might have been in a little more dignified manner—like the colt, and was happy in the privilege of setting our feet once more on “terra firma,” relieved, although but for a short time, from the shackles that had bound us on board ship. We had kept from seeing any of our shipmates from early morn till about three o'clock in the afternoon. At that time, coming nearer the center of the city, on turning a corner into the main street, we beheld a company of them on the sidewalk before a groggery, who on beholding us, shouted for my companion to go over and take a drink.

I urged him to hurry across the street out of their sight; but no, the temptation was too strong for him.

He said, “I don't want you to leave me. I will only take one drink and then go with you.”

I strenuously urged him not to go near, not to take one drink, for if he did he would not be satisfied, and the best thing he could do was to keep away from the temptation. But no, he would go, and they keeping up their din in calling him there, my arguments proved too weak against the appetite and the sneers of his shipmates. I started to go as he took one or two steps towards them, and leave him, but he pleaded so hard for me not to leave him; he would only take one drink and then leave. I finally consented on those conditions, and stipulated that if he would not come after he had taken one drink I should leave and go by myself.

Arriving there, we found about a dozen of our shipmates, who appeared not to have imbibed much of the vile stuff until they came here; there were a few whose eyes were bloodshot, and their tongues seemed to be getting thick; they were fast hastening to the state, “We won't go home till morning,” but the majority appeared not to be a great deal worse for liquor.

I staid on the sidewalk in front of the saloon, engaged in conversation with one or two of the more sober ones, in a position that I could watch the actions of my companion. One of the men “set em up” for about a half dozen, and after my companion had drank his quota, I went to him and said: “Come now, Jim, let us go, it is time to get out of this place according to your agreement!”

He replied, “It would not look well. I have just been treated, and now I must treat.”

I left him and took the balance of the day by myself, until the time the night boat came and then went on board.

I learned afterwards that losing all control of his appetite he joined the besotted revellers in making beasts of themselves. I fear I have unthinkingly misrepresented the beasts, for they would not touch the fiery, filthy stuff, and therefore would not get in that woeful condition; so that man sinks below the level of the brute when he descends to that drunken, insensible state.

(To be continued).

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HOME-MADE FRENCH MUSTARD.—Flour parched to a light brown, 6 parts; Mustard, 2 parts; Sugar, 1 part. Salt and spice to taste. Add sharp vinegar and stir to a paste.

LIGHT FROM CUNEIFORM INSCRIPTIONS AT  
TEL-EL-AMARNA.

UNLIMITED satisfaction has recently been afforded in England to that growing body of amateur and professional students of Oriental archæology by Professor Sayce's brilliant paper before the Victoria Institute relating to the historical side-light from the Tel-el-Amarna tablets.

During last winter, this learned scholar made a journey to Egypt expressly in order to present a lucid narrative on the subject before the world. While on this errand, the Professor was bitten on the leg by a poisonous asp. With courageous promptitude, he burned the surrounding flesh to the bone, and then resignedly made his will and prepared for death. Providentially, the application of the hot irons within five minutes of the bite allayed dangerous symptoms, and the indefatigable traveler returned safely to his Oxford professorial chair.

The contents of the Professor's splendid dissertation were described by the Lord Chancellor as a perfect mine of wealth. Upon current phases of biblical criticism the investigation has a profound significance. Touching the theory of those who doubt the historical verity of the Pentateuch, the Professor remarked: "The Tel-el-Amarna tablets have overthrown the primary foundation on which much of this criticism has been built." Many names and incidents exclusively confined to the Bible hitherto are verified by the tablets. Instructive allusions are frequently made to the Hittites. There is united testimony to the value of the "find" in the extensive mounds of the ancient city now known as Tel-el-Amarna, situated midway between Minieh and Assiout, on the eastern bank of the Nile in Upper Egypt.

The Professor observed: "Egypt has always been the land of archæological surprises; but its last surprise is perhaps the greatest that it has ever afforded us. Indeed, during the winter of 1887-88, one of the most extraordinary and unexpected archæological discoveries of modern times was made." Why the Semites of Mesopotamia should have migrated to and settled in Egypt is conclusively explained by the resurrection of the clay

tablets from the ruins of a capital city and palace which once adorned the banks of the Nile. With these a number of seals and papyri of artistic design and historic worth were also exhumed. The bulk of the tablets were deposited in the Boulak Museum, many were sent to Berlin, others fell into the hands of private persons, and eighty-one were despatched to the British Museum. A perusal of the salient points in the story from the tablets will give an additional impulse to the study of the old-time world, and assist in the confutation of assumptions made by superficial Bible readers.

Much consideration was devoted by Professor Sayce to the remarkable series of diplomatic documents found among the remains of the "heretic city" of the "heretic king" Amenophis. These will largely modify the reconstruction of the history of Western Asia at a period a century anterior to the triumphant exodus of the Israelites from the land of their Egyptian taskmasters. Amenophis, or Khu-en-Aten, as he is familiarly termed in the histories of monumental Egypt, was the solitary representative of the Pharaohs, who forsook the religion of his forefathers, and attempted to impose a new faith upon his subjects. Abandoning the worship of Amen of Thebes, Ra of Heliopolis, and Ptah of Memphis, he became the reverent worshiper of the radiant solar disc, in which he saw the image and symbol of the supreme Deity. This practice points to Syria, where under a variety of representations the sun-god is the central object of adoration.

Previously unknown in Egypt, this phase of religious homage was undoubtedly imported from Semitic Asia. The mother of Amenophis was of Asiatic birth, but from the regard which the son had for his father's memory he conformed externally to the state religion of Egypt. Unable to offer continued respect, he departed from Thebes with his followers, and erected a capital on the edge of the desert to the north. His name Khu-en-Aten, "The glory of the solar disc," was here resumed. The architects and sculptors accompanying him were commissioned to elaborate a new and peculiar style of

art in harmony with the chosen religion, and even the potters decorated the vases they molded with original colors and patterns. To the palatial structure of the king the archives of the empire were transferred from Thebes. This elegant erection stood in the garden at the northern extremity of the city.

Khu-en-Aten's capital was of short-lived duration. On the decease of the monarch, the husbands of his daughters assumed sovereign rights for a brief period. Subsequently, both rulers and subjects re-adopted the traditional faith. The "sundog" was no longer recognized, and the Asiatics whom the king and his father promoted in Egypt were banished. The fugitive capital was left, never again to be re-occupied. The massive temple of the solar disc and the royal palace fell into decay, beneath which lay the annals of family life, hunting scenes, pageants, battles, and national events in the safe-concealing sandy sepulcher. To a poor *fallow* searching for nitrous earth with which to manure his field-patch is due the initial stage in the discovery of these fascinating memorials.

Of the inscribed tablets the Professor said: "The tale which these tablets have to unfold is a wonderful one. From them we learn that, in the fifteenth century before our era,—a century before the exodus—active literary intercourse was going on throughout the civilized world of Western Asia, between Babylonia and Egypt and the smaller states of Palestine, of Syria, of Mesopotamia, and even of Eastern Cappadocia. And this intercourse was carried on by means of the Babylonian language and the complicated Babylonian script. It implies that, all over the civilized East, there were libraries and schools where the Babylonian language and literature were taught and learned. Babylonian, in fact, was as much the language of diplomacy and cultivated society as French has been in modern times, with the difference that, whereas it does not take long to learn to read French, the cuneiform syllabary required years of hard labor and attention before it could be acquired." For many centuries the Babylonian syllabary of nearly six hundred characters preceded the less cumbersome Phœnician alphabet.

Notice was particularly directed to the tablets at Boulak which are associated

with the history of Palestine. The value of these is unquestionable. They confirm the evidence on the Egyptian monuments, that the cities of Palestine acknowledged the suzerainty of the Egyptian sovereign. Phœnicia was governed by an Egyptian chief ambassador bearing the name of Rib-Dadu or Hadad, assisted by Yapa-Dadu or Aziru. In the excellent despatches of the former to his master he speaks of the political movements in Phœnicia-Philistia, among the Hittites, and the kings of Aram-Naharaim. One of notable interest touches upon the invasion of Philistia by the king of the sea-coast, in which the Bible cities of Gath, Keilah, and Gaza are named. Several state messages refer to the city of Tsamura or Simyra, the Zemar of Genesis 10:18, described as "very strongly situated, like a bird whose nest is built on a precipice."

The tablets illustrate the derivation of the old name of Hebron, Kirjath-Arba, "The city of the four;" the word *khabiru* is constantly used for "confederates." Hebron will consequently be identified as the city of the four confederate states of Southern Palestine.

Aziru sends a communication to his father Dudu, or David, who appears to have had a front position in the Egyptian court, where he was the guardian of the king's daughter. "He may have been a Hebrew," says professor Sayce; "at all events, the name has never yet been found in a Phœnician inscription, while we know it was borne by Israelites." Letters from the King of Alashiya to Amenophis are also translated. Internationally the two kings were on amicable terms. The territory of the first mentioned was in the south of the Orontes Valley, near the Modern Hums and Hanrah, which are unknown from biblical sources. Phœnicia seems to have been the farthest point to the north in which the direct government of Egypt extended. Letters from Syria and Mesopotamia to the Egyptian king were sent by princes who called themselves his "brothers," and not by officials who were "servants" of the king. With effusive compliments, Tushratta, king of Mesopotamia, desires that "peace may be greatly multiplied" to Amenophis III.

Some of the princes were possibly semi-independent, as sections of the Yao tribes in East Central Africa are tribu-

tary to the Gwangwara, who would be compelled to supply arms and warriors in emergencies. Another of the documents merits note. It consists of a well-preserved letter written on a tablet of black clay. The heading and one or two technical words are written in Assyrian, the remainder in a tongue unknown. This was composed by Tarkundaras, king of Azarpi, to Amenophis III, Pharaoh of Egypt. His name is of Hittite origin, similar to Tarkunazi-Tarkulara, found in the inscriptions, and the Tarkondemos of the renowned silver boss. Professor Sayce sees in the language of the letter one of the Hittite dialects which are concealed under the Hittite hieroglyphics. The tablets show that the court of Egypt became Semitized. The Semitic was the medium of literary intercourse between Pharaoh of Egypt and his officers abroad. Semites likewise held influential posts in the king's chamber. Influenced by his mother and wife, the king was essentially Asiatic. If Joseph had favor in the eyes of the Hyksos princes of an earlier day it was not improbable that his descendants might win commendation at the hands of a "heretic king."

The tablets inform us what were the causes of the oppression of the Hebrews and kindred races. Willing to forgive the king's heresies, the old aristocracy were unprepared to condone his supplanting them with favorites from other countries. Bearing upon the date of the exodus, the newly found tablets establish the opinions already arrived at by Egyptologists, which have been so wonderfully endorsed by M. Naville's discovery of the site of Pithom. Upon this vexed question Professor Sayce declares: "Ever since the progress of Egyptology had made it clear that Rameses II, was the Pharaoh of the oppression, it was difficult to understand how so long an interval of time as the whole period of the eighteenth dynasty could lie between him and the 'new king,' whose rise seems to have been followed almost immediately by the servitude and oppression of the Hebrews. The tablets of Tel-el-Amarna now show that the difficulty does not exist. Up to the death of Khu-en-Aten, the Semite had greater influence than the native in the land of Mizraim."

Babylonian literary influence prior to the Israelitish conquest of Palestine is de-

monstrated in local nomenclature. Kirjath-Sepher, or "Book-town," must have been the seat of a famous library consisting mainly, or altogether, as the Tel-el-Amarna remains prove, of clay tablets inscribed with cuneiform characters. As the city also bore the name of Debir, or "Sanctuary," it may be supposed that the tablets were stored in its chief temple, like the libraries of Assyria and Babylonia. This fact is exhibited in the names of Babylonian deities among the inhabitants of the West.

Moses died on Nebo's summit,—a peak sacred to the Babylonian prophet-god of learning and letters, to whom the great temple of Borsippa was dedicated. Sinai itself, the mountain "of Sin," testifies to a worship of the Babylonian moon-god, Sin, the lord of the flowerless solitudes of the desert. "Moloch, or Malik, was a Babylonian divinity like Rimmon, the air-god, after whom more than one locality in Palestine was named, and Anat, the wife of Anu, the sky-god, gave her name to the Palestinian Anah, as well as to Anathoth, the city of "the Anat-goddesses." Manifestly, it was no barbarian race which occupied the fertile plain stretching from the "river of Egypt" to the slopes of Lebanon. To the north lay the powerful confederation of less cultured tribes, the Hittites, whose advance southward, followed by the invasion of the Semitic Hebrews, did much to obliterate this primitive civilization in Canaan.

The luminous contribution of Professor Sayce was concluded by a peroration of noble eloquence in which he pleaded for the disinterment of the priceless libraries lying below the sands of Syria and Palestine. Tel-el-Amarna has a lesson for us of momentous interest. The collection can not be the only one of its kind. Elsewhere in Palestine and Syria, as well as in Egypt, similar connections must still be lying under the soil. Burned clay is not injured by rain and moisture, and the climate of Palestine will have preserved uninjured its libraries of clay. Such libraries must still be awaiting the spade of the excavator on the sites of places like Gaza or Kirjath-Sepher, or others whose remains are buried under the lofty mounds of Southern Judea. Why should Palestine, the sacred land of our faith, remain unexcavated, while all over the rest of the ancient Oriental world the disinterers of



the past have been vying with one another in feverish anxiety? Why should workmen and funds be found for exhuming the buried history of early Greece, while the religious public is content with surveying the surface of the soil of Palestine, in spite of the drawback that there is not much to be discovered on that surface which has survived the wreck of centuries? It is only by excavation that we shall find hidden and preserved the precious records of the past. Let this work be begun, and our children, if not ourselves, will yet know how the people of Canaan lived in the days of the patriarchs, and how their Hebrew conquerors estab-

lished themselves among them in the days when as yet "there was no king in Israel."

The unexpected death of the gifted young French Orientalist, M. Amiaud, is a lamented loss in learned archæological circles. His Assyriological works ranked him among the foremost pupils of Professor Oppert. M. Amiaud's decipherment of the text of early Accado-Sumerian monuments of Telloh was a brilliant achievement. As with his illustrious countryman, Francois Lenormant, the enthusiasm of devotion impelled the youthful scholar to attempt to compress too much into the opening years of a career rich in fruitful promise.

—Selected.

### WHAT IS IN YOUR HOUSE.

WHAT is in your house?—When the long buried city of Pompeii began to be uncovered, men were introduced into the very scenes of its home and business life in the days of its glory. The houses were opened to view, and the pictures and utensils and statuary and architecture, and hundreds of things, disclosed the character and habits of the life of the people. And the stranger now visiting the unburied city and walking the streets and going into the houses and shops and forums and temples and theatres that were crowded with a busy, active pleasure seeking population, can see for himself just how they lived and what was the nature of their pursuits. And it is a deeply impressive lesson to meditate upon: how after lying for eighteen centuries in the grave, these things have been disclosed to us, and especially how, among the freshest of the things preserved, are numerous evidences of the sensual and vicious pleasures in which the people indulged. The very works of art which ministered to their vices now rise from their graves to testify against them. What was done in their

houses is now brought to the light of day.

Suppose now that our home life could be put into some permanent form, and then our houses should be buried by a similar catastrophe, and at the end of eighteen centuries be brought to light. What would they disclose to the curious investigators of that day? If, at the great judgment, when the world has risen from the grave, there shall be a revelation of all secrets and an exact picture of our homes as they are at present, what shall they see as they gaze upon it? What does God see there now?

Let it be remembered that every member of a family has an influence on the home life, and therefore a responsibility for the character of the family. Our houses are what you and I make them. Parents and children, master and servant, mistress and maid—each and all make up the family life. Each bears part in the daily influences which go to make the home. Let it be repeated: Our homes are what we make them. And we are what our hearts are. And so it comes to this: What does God see in our hearts? Is the spirit of Jesus there?

### Editor's Corner.

WE present our readers in this issue with two articles lately contributed to the "Sunday School Times," which will be of interest to all who rejoice in every added ray of light tending to confirm and establish the truth of Bible history. "For centuries," says the editor, "the Hittites, as a people were one of the great world powers, but their very existence has been lost sight of to history, save as its mention was found in the Bible text. Professor Sayce, of Oxford, has

made a contribution to the history of the period when the Israelites were in Egypt through his decipherment of Assyrian tablets found in Egypt, that bids fair to prove of exceptional importance. The full value, however, of the discovery in all its bearings, is yet to be ascertained, but there can be no question that it is worthy of attention and study."

WE also wish to call the attention of our young

readers to the remarkable instances of divine interposition, as found recorded in the autobiography of Elder Glaud Rodger, that humble, faithful servant of God, who though tried as in a furnace of fire seven times heated, yet never once lost faith in God nor in the divinity and truth of the latter day work. He rests from his labors and truly his works do follow him. We never remember reading Luke's account of this healing of the lame man, who sat daily at the gate Beautiful, to ask alms of those going into the temple, without our heart swelling with emotion and tears springing to our eyes. You have all read it as found in the third of Acts, and we know many of your hearts have pulsed even as ours has in the reading.

"Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Ah what think you was silver and gold in comparison to this? Can you for one moment suppose that that poor cripple would have accepted in exchange for the strength which came to his ankle bones as he leaped upon them and entered into the temple, leaping, shouting and praising God, all the burnished gold and magnificent gems which adorned the Beautiful gate?

But come we now to another scene. It is more than eighteen hundred years since Peter said unto this man, Rise up and walk, and we stand not now by the magnificent gate of the temple at Jerusalem, for the glory of that temple has departed and Jerusalem is trodden under foot of the Gentiles; but the scene is a cottage in a quiet inland town, wherein dwells one who has been lame for many years—so lame that though medical skill had been applied and all which could be done had been done, yet many times he was not able to walk a step. It is not Peter and John who enter beneath his roof, but thanks to God it is a faithful servant of the same Master, commissioned by him, even as those others were commissioned and like them going from place to place declaring the glad tidings—not of a resurrected Savior, for that the world has never lost sight of—but of a resurrected, a restored gospel, lost sight of lo, these many years! According to the appointed ordinance of the Lord's house, this young man administers to the crippled, afflicted one and he who aforetime was bound of disease, is now loosed from all his infirmities and himself goes forth to declare the good news of a restored gospel to mankind. And how few, simple and touching are the words with which the record closes: "This happened under my hands for which I give God the glory."

Again the scene is changed and we are in the desert-fastnesses of the far west. O God, how soon has thy church corrupted herself and to what depths of infamy have sunk those men who once *knew* thee, once walked uprightly and humbly before thee! Banished from civilization—under the ban of suspicion and corralled like cattle we find Glaud Rodger and for what? Because he would not sell his birthright of honor and become as vile as those who led Thy church into such horrible pits of iniquity. Because he loved, honored and feared Thy holy name, and knew that despite all this wreck and ruin, this terrible apostasy of the latter day, God was the author of the work and these apostates were once his people. Goaded, at last to desperation by the condition in which he finds himself, he with others resolves upon "Freedom or death," and a desperate leap is made. Are they free? Why is it that out of all that number but one should be chosen to return and that one Glaud Rodger? The question will never be answered this side of eternity; but it was he, and tearing himself from the clinging embrace of his wife he went back to his fate. Need any one who has ever been in Utah be told what, but for the interposition of God, that fate would have been? Alone, in a wretched hovel—a dugout—he passes the night, and who can tell what bitterness of anguish weighs upon his soul? Is this the end of all his hopes and dreams—this the reward of all his sacrifice? There passes before him in rapid review the many blessed hours of sweet communion—heavenly places in Christ Jesus—where he has enjoyed communion with his Maker in company with some of these very men who now seek his life. Is God a myth—religion a fable? Nay, but "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning." In that supreme hour of his life Glaud Rodger commends himself into the hands of his God and lays him down and sleeps until the first rays of light streak the eastern horizon. Why should he then arise and go forth, for every gate but one is barred, and by that one, pacing back and forth, is an armed sentry? They have not brought him back for the pleasure of seeing his face once more. He is alone and resistance is madness.

Going back to the record of Luke we find that upon one occasion the high priest, filled with indignation, rose up and thrust the apostles into the common prison. But "the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth." Again there is a call for divine interposition, for the voice of this man is yet to be lifted up, not only in the land

of his adoption but in lands beyond the sea, calling upon sinners to repent, and upon those who have strayed from the paths of right and truth, to return unto God. Calmly, serenely he arises from his bed upon the hard ground and walks towards the gate. Again, in what unpretentious words the circumstances are recorded.

"Early next morning I arose, *and in faith* made my way to the gate where the Sentiael was standing. There he was pacing to and fro. I did not halt, but walked past him and *he saw me not*, although I was close to him and it was broad day light."

Is it not written, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee?"

And thus they multiply, these testimonies of God's work in the latter day, until, if all were written, there would be no room left for any one to say that more or greater miracles were wrought in the days of the apostles than in our own day. These are among the testimonies of which God said, "After your testimony cometh wrath and indignation upon the people." \* \* \* Are we as Saints prepared to abide this wrath?

AND NOW a few words with our friends about our magazine. The testimonies of its reception by those outside the church, and the eagerness with which it is read by them, are still coming in to us, and though unsolicited, they both cheer and encourage us in our work. In the past many of our friends have aided us by sending the magazine to others. It is our intention

now to help those wishing to do so, by reducing the cost when used for that purpose. To any one who is a subscriber to the magazine at the regular rate of \$1.50 per annum, we will furnish it to send to friends at \$1.00 each. We make this offer only to those who are already subscribers and *themselves* pay for the extra copies.

Have you examined our premium list and have you found among the articles enumerated any which you would like to have? If so; we ask that you will not delay in making an effort to secure it. We are your debtors for past favors and for them we are grateful, but being mutually dependent, we ask you to continue them, and we promise to strive in the future, as we have in the past, to render the magazine worthy of your patronage and support. We have reason to believe that in its short life, it has been the medium of good to the world, and while we sustain the character of its contents, we beg our friends will not forget to help in increasing its circulation that we may reap together.

Our next number will contain an illustration of Nauvoo, after which we shall resume the likenesses of elders in the church, together with some who contribute to its pages.

As the year begins to near its close, we would be glad to have as many as conveniently can, who are still owing us on subscription, send in the money. We do not wish to inconvenience or distress any one, but from those who can conveniently do so, we will be glad to receive payment.

## ❖ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ❖

EDITED BY SALOME.

### SCREEN.

Get a pair of folding clothes-bars. Either gild them or have them painted white. Measure the space between the uprights, and take one and a half measures in width and double the length from cross-bar to cross-bar of some pretty colored cheese cloth. Gather the top, leaving a little ruffle to stand up. Put one thickness of cloth on each side of the top bar, letting it hang below the bottom bar; seam it together and gather again, leaving a ruffle the same as at the top. Tack the cloth at intervals to the wood. The uses of screens are manifold and manifest, and no two people occupying one room will ever be willing to give up the use of

a screen if once enjoyed. Besides, though they are exceedingly decorative, they are yet difficult to make at home, and may represent every degree of expensiveness.

### LAUNDRY BAG FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS AND CUFFS.

Take a white damask towel, fold it lengthwise, sew it up one-third of the side from each end, leaving one-third of the side open in the center; turn it on the right side, feather stitch across the ends with red silk, just above the fringe. On one pocket have a handkerchief corner stamped, and on the other the words "Collars

and Cuffs," outlined with red silk. Tie a bow in the center with loop to hang it up by.

Ball pen-wipers are made of circles of colored cloth, each circle three inches in diameter and twelve are required for the ball. Four colors should be used, one for each quarter. Gold, blue, pink and olive form a pretty combination. Three circles of each color should be cut, and gold tinsel laid around the edges and overhanded to the cloth with fine gold-colored silk. Each circle is then folded in quarters and the points sewed strongly, thus bringing the tinsel-trimmed edges together, making four folds or loops of cloth, between which the pen is to be wiped. All the circles are treated in the same manner. A loop of twisted silk or narrow ribbon may be sewed on to hang it up.

#### THE WAFFLE MAN.

The chairs, being drawn into a circle, facing inward, the leader, warning the company that every smile will cost a forfeit, turns to his left-hand neighbor, and, singing the words to any familiar monotonous tone, asks him soberly:

Oh, don't you know the Waffle man?  
Oh, don't you know the Waffle man?  
Oh, don't you know the Waffle man  
Who lives in Baker's Lane?

The next player must reply, with perfect gravity, looking his questioner full in the face, and singing the same air:

Oh, yes; I know the Waffle man, etc.

Then suddenly he turns to his left-hand neighbor, and asks:

Oh, don't *you* know the Waffle man? etc., as before.

The third player replies, staring his questioner in the face without smiling,

Oh, yes; I know, etc.,

and in turn asks his left-hand neighbor. When the entire circle has been thus questioned, they all sing, in solemn chorus,

We all well know the Waffle man, etc.

If any circle of players can finish this absurd performance without producing an enormous pile of forfeits, they will have proved conclusively that there is not a laugh in their whole composition.

Now, as the weather grows cooler is a good time for the play of Hare and Hounds. To those who have read "Tom Brown's School Days," it will be as coals to Newcastle, but there may be some among our young readers who do not understand this healthful recreation. It is an old English game and is played like this:

#### HARE AND HOUNDS.

Choose among your party one who is swift of foot and ready in resource, to take the part of the hare; and then, when you are all assembled, the game proceeds in the following manner: The hare, who provides himself with a pocketful of paper cuttings, has ten minutes' law given him, and away he starts. As soon as he is some distance from the hounds, he drops the paper cuttings here and there in his course to guide the hounds. The paper cuttings are

technically called "the scent." At the expiration of the term allowed for law, the hounds follow, at the top of their speed, in the direction indicated by the scent; and the game is over when the hare is finally caught,—which, if he be active and ingenious, may take an hour or more. It is usual to elect a huntsman and whipper-in from among the fastest runners. These direct the hunt, call together the hounds, and generally superintend the arrangements. Sometimes the hare is provided with a horn, which he blows when he considers he is far enough from his pursuers. The huntsman, too, generally carries a white flag, and the whipper-in a red one; and, when the scent is struck, off they all go, till they either find the hare, or proclaim him lost. It is, in this case, the huntsman's part to seek the trail of the hare, while the whipper-in keeps his hounds well together till the track is refound. Then Tally ho! and follow the white flag, wherever it goes, till the hare is fairly run to earth. If a long course be taken by the hare, it is as well that he should provide himself with a pocket compass, or some other means of finding his way back to the starting place.

#### CHILD'S LEGGINGS AND DRAWERS.

For out-door wear this combination pattern for children will be appreciated as comfortable and necessary for health so long as it is customary for short dresses to be worn in cold weather:

Take four-fold Germantown yarn and six bone needles. Cast on sixty stitches.

Knit first and second rows plain.

3d row: S 1, k 1, \* o, n; repeat from \* to end of row.

Knit fifty-two rows plain. Narrow at the beginning and end of each row for ten rows. Narrow at the beginning only of ten rows. There are now thirty-six stitches. Knit two rows plain. On the next row \* k 2, p 2; repeat from \* to end of row.

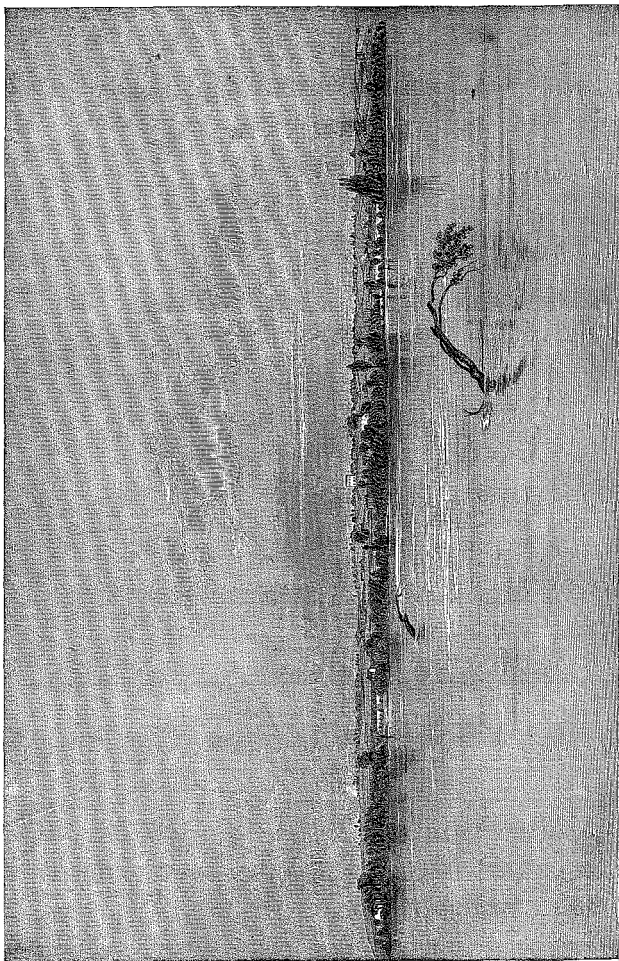
Knit in this manner twelve rows; in the next seventeen rows decrease ten stitches thus: Narrow at the beginning and end of the 1st, 4th, 7th, 11th, 14th; knit the alternate rows plain.

There are now twenty-six stitches. Knit three rows plain, then form the instep. With the right side of the work toward you, knit off eighteen stitches, leaving eight on the left-hand needle unknit; turn the work and knit ten stitches; this leaves eight unknit on the right-hand needle. Take another needle, knit these ten stitches that form the instep until there are sixteen rows. Narrow at the beginning and end of next row.

Now pick up eight stitches (one for every two rows) down the left-hand side or edge of the instep and knit them, then knit the eight stitches on the left-hand side of the ankle.

Turn the work, knit the eight stitches again, and those also at the left of the instep and the stitches across the toe or bottom of the instep. Now pick up and knit eight stitches on the right-hand side and the eight at the right side of off the ankle. Knit three rows plain and bind off loosely on the wrong side. Sew on a strap to pass under the foot, and finish at the top with elastic ribbon or cord and tassels.





NAUVOO.

(See page 413).

# AUTUMN LEAVES

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No. 10.

## THOUGHT.

BY ELDER HEMAN C. SMITH.

“WHATSOEVER things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.”—Paul.

If we are to be judged by what we do, by our works, why should we think? Is there a reward to be given for thought? Can you find any where in God’s word a reward offered to him who thinks?

I heard a minister say to one who was seeking peace at the altar, “Do not stop to think; the moment you stop to think you begin to doubt.” When I questioned the correctness of this advice, the above questions were propounded to me. I answered, “Whether any thing is to be gained by thought or not, Paul advises us to think, and he who advises not to think, is not in harmony with the apostle; besides, one who has been endowed with sufficient sense to think, can not avoid thinking of the things he reads when perusing God’s word.”

All the peace, all the happiness, all the joy, all the praise, all the glory, derived from God’s word to sweeten life and inform the judgment comes through thought.

Paul instructs us to think on truth, because by so doing the beauty of truth is idelibly stamped upon our minds; and we become more true, more honest by thinking on honesty; more just by thinking on justice; more pure by thinking on purity; more loving by thinking on things which are lovely; more exemplary by thinking on things which are of good report; more virtuous by thinking on virtue; more worshipful by thinking on praise; and

who, from sad experience, does not know that we are more inclined to lustful acts when thinking on lustful things; and that when we think of evil things, the temptation to *do* evil is greater? The thought is the seed, the act the *fruit* produced by the seed, and “by their fruits ye shall know them.”

The husbandman who sows, is not directly paid for the seed or the work of sowing it, but he receives remuneration by the fruit produced, so he wisely concludes that the sowing pays.

If no direct reward for thought is promised, we are promised a reward for the fruits of thought, and he who is wise will conclude that it pays to think. Reader, should you ever be advised to do without thought that which concerns your temporal or spiritual good, reject that advice.

God gave you your thinking faculties and will never ask you to yield them, nor will he hold you guiltless, if you surrender these precious gifts. He will help you to think by informing your judgment, quickening your conceptions, and enlarging your understanding, but he will never lead you without your agency, nor will he justify you in putting yourself under spirit control to the forsaking of your own volition.

What you are to-day you have been made by thought. You are not now what you have been, your desires, your anticipations, and your sense of right have been changed. This change has come to you as the result of the thoughts you have entertained. You will not remain what you now are, you must still change. Choose well then your thoughts, for upon them depend your future character, whether the

change shall leave you better or worse than you now are. Bid farewell to your present condition, *this day, this hour*, you must leave it; *this moment* the busy brain is at work, impressions being made which gradually change you. Are you ascending to occupy higher ground, or descending to revel in lust and sin? Weigh well this question, for not only your own future happiness and usefulness depend in a measure upon what you are now thinking, but the influence you are to exercise upon others is effected thereby.

Oh heed the admonition of the apostle, "*Think on these things,*" and *think now!*

True, the moulding of our characters depends much upon our surroundings. But why? Because those surroundings suggest thought, and thought bears fruit in action, for which we are to be judged. But, kind reader, we are not obliged to entertain every thought suggested, else would the judgment based upon our acts be unjust. This principle often cheers me in my ministry; for I know, whether we see men turning to Christ or not, that if we are successful in engaging their minds, but for a few moments, upon principles of truth that they are benefitted thereby. The channel of evil thought has been interrupted, and as a pebble dropped in the water causes the wave to circle round until it lashes the farther shore, so will this truth, launched upon the ocean of thought, send out its effects until they lash the shores of eternity. They may forget our words, they may even forget us, but the thought we suggested, if honestly considered, has done its work.

It is well to read, it is well to hear the expression of others' thought, but these benefit us only as they suggest thought to our own minds. It is not the amount we read or hear, but the character of the things suggested, which is useful to us.

The suggesting of higher, purer, nobler thoughts than can be derived from man or earthly surroundings is the only purpose served by God revealing his will, and if such thoughts do not come to us we have received no profit from the word.

Young friend, if your ambition is to learn the words of great men simply that you may repeat them, the world does not need you. Science has removed the necessity of your existence by inventing a machine to do your work which will be less in the way than you are. But if, af-

ter reading, you will calmly weigh the matter, reason upon it, enlarge upon the ideas expressed, and give the world the benefit of your earnest, honest thought, men will cheerfully give you room in the great arena of life, and the influence of your thought will flow in ten thousand channels, continually blessing the world even after your body has mouldered in the dust, and your name has been forgotten by men. Upon this principle it was said of Abel, "He being dead, yet speaketh."

Better, however, that you should never think than that your thought should be of that nature that the influence diffused would curse the world, for it will yet be said of you, as of another, "Better never have been born." Then think well, think carefully, think wisely, and entertain, no not for a moment, an evil thought, cherish not an unclean thing, banish from your mind every lustful, unchaste desire as you would shake a viper from your bosom; for the effects are more vital, more dangerous, more deadly to your interests. Read what Jesus says of him who looketh to lust.

Thought has given us all the labor saving inventions of the age, it has unlocked the mysteries of science, and triumphantly utilized the forces of nature for the benefit of man. Forces, too, never mentioned in God's revelations to men, but wisely left by him for man to find out and apply by the use of intelligence given. Man can not create, but he can discover principles ordained by the Infinite One and use them, thus becoming a co-worker with God.

When he unchained the lightning from the clouds and so utilized it as to transmit his thoughts to earth's remotest bounds in an instant of time, or turned darkness into light, he created nothing, but simply learned how to labor in harmony with God. When he discovered how to utilize the power of steam, until the commerce of the world is borne over land and sea by its use, he only learned a principle which had existed since creation's morn. He became a laborer together with God by working in harmony with His law. Had man always been contented to copy what his fathers had done, these and a thousand other useful things had never been invented. We would have been happy only upon the principle that "ignorance is bliss."



In spiritual things the principle is the same. Paul says, "We are laborers together with God." A later revelation says, "Let him that laboreth in the ministry and him that toileth in the affairs of the men of business and of work, labor together with God." The only difference being, help is given by revelation, and by the influence of God's Spirit to lift our thoughts into a higher realm, leading us to consider things which the natural mind

can not fathom, and enabling us to understand the operation of higher laws than we could otherwise comprehend.

Then let me urge you again in the language of the apostle, "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS.

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### THE SONG AT NIGHT.

The day was dark with threatened rain,  
The clouds hung low and dreary,  
I heard the mournful winds complain  
With voices sad and eerie;  
They whispered tales of other days,  
When love and I together  
Went drifting o'er youth's happy ways,  
In springtime's perfect weather.

I set my heart in tune forlorn  
With all their mournful sighing;  
I let my eyes seek out each thorn  
Along my pathway lying.  
My star of hope was in eclipse  
Neath clouds that knew no rifting;  
And love and faith, dismantled ships,  
O'er woe's dark waves were drifting.

The household slept; but I, alone,  
Unsoothed by stars' soft splendor,  
To unresponsive night made moan  
Through twilight still and tender;  
As dark my mood as was the night,  
Her somber garments wearing,  
Till through my darkness fell a light  
Some traveler homeward faring.

From out the valley, just below,  
Where whip-poor-wills were calling,  
Across the bridge I heard him go,  
Where fragrant dews were falling;  
Along the darksome road he sang—  
No sadness did he borrow—  
Clear, sweet, and strong his rich voice rang,  
"We're going home to-morrow!"

Still farther up the valley sweet  
He sang the promise olden,  
"For weary feet awaits a street  
Of wondrous pave, and golden."  
The night birds ceased their songs to hear,  
An echo strove to borrow  
The singers words, now faint but clear,  
"We're going home to-morrow."

We're going home—blest be the song!  
Why should we walk in sorrow?  
The way, though rough, will not be long;  
"We're going home to-morrow."  
O wounds that bleed, O hearts that roam!  
From this, new courage borrow;  
Let in the light that shines from Home,  
"We're going home to-morrow."

—Selected.

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### PROPER ENTERTAINMENT FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN can easily be won to a loving interest in those means and agencies which tend to their good; and if parents have refined tastes, and have learned to find enjoyment in elevating occupations, they need have little difficulty in bringing their children to be sharers with them in the line of their best impulses and endeavors. But in many an instance the parent takes it for granted that because he would rather get than give, his child must feel the same way; and that because he enjoys a silly show or a noisy demonstration rather than a

quiet hour or an instructive lesson, his child must have the same perverted taste. Thus it happens that parents often lower their children's standard of enjoyment by their very endeavor to conform to their children's standard so far. And there are instances of children bringing their parents to their own higher standard by a timely word or a winsome example.

The Hartford Evening Post gives a pleasant illustration in this line from real life in the Connecticut capital. "The father of a very

interesting boy of five years old," it says, "has been taking him of late to the polo and opera-house [the theatre] attractions. At the polo games the little fellow was considerably disturbed on account of the harshness of the sport, and decided not to go again. His success at the opera-house was not less disappointing. A play with a few touches of tragedy was on the boards, and the child was glad enough to get home. Finally, the father, who was an intelligent mechanic, said to the boy: 'Where shall I take you? You don't like the polo game, and you don't want to go to the theater again.' 'I'll tell you, papa, said the little fellow, 'take me to church and Sunday-school.' The child's mother is accustomed to take him to both of these

places, but the father has not been with him."

The Hartford paper adds: "There is a strong probability that the father will go hereafter with the little one."

The lesson of that incident might well be learned by many a parent who thinks that the "entertainments" which suit his taste are not suited to the purer tastes of his children, and by many a superintendent also, who thinks that Christmas theatricals will be more pleasing to his scholars generally than would be a service of praise and of Christian giving. The child in the midst of the disciples is as truly a pattern for the disciples of to-day as it was for the disciples in the days of our Lord.—*Sel.*

### THE DUTY OF BELIEVING SOMETHING.

A POSITIVE belief of some kind is essential to a man's manhood. He who has no belief, is without the chief impelling power in human nature; and, whatever are his other qualities and possessions, he can never be a fully furnished man in his sphere of influence and action. The better a man's belief, the better it is for the man; but even apart from the question of the quality of his belief, the fact of his having a belief of any sort is to his advantage. The worst belief in the world is better than no belief; and from that starting-point all the way up the scale, it is the man's measure of belief that decides the measure of the man himself.

It is a common thought to connect the idea of creed or belief with narrowness of mind and bigotry of spirit, and to consider laxity of belief as practically synonymous with liberality of mind and soul. But as a matter of fact there is not necessarily any bigotry in even the strictest belief; and there is in a sense no possibility of true liberality except as a result of a positive belief. Love is the very essence of belief; while bigotry is an exhibit of a lack of love. The word "belief" is but another form of the term "by love." Its primitive meaning is, a conviction that comes by love for a truth that is deemed worthy of love. "Liberality" is a word from the same root as love, or belief. It indicates a loving spirit toward others; and in the nature of things a spirit of love will show itself alike in all directions,—toward the truth

and toward those who need the light of truth. Bigotry, on the other hand, is in its essence unloving. It does not grow out of a love of truth, but out of a hatred of those who are supposed to oppose the truth; and it is quite as likely to show itself in those who dislike narrow-minded believers as in those who are narrow-minded in their belief. A traditional origin of the word "bigot" is in the exclamation of a duke of Normandy, who, on being ordered to kiss the foot of King Charles, replied vehemently, "*Ne se, bi Gott!*"—"Not so, by God!" Or, in other words, the first "bigot" is supposed to have been a man who was intense in his opposition to the narrow bounds of the customs of his day. And as a matter of fact the spirit of bigotry, or of unloving intolerance, is, and always has been, found in some of its worst phases in the minds and hearts of those who abhor creeds and creed-lovers. A positive belief is consistent with the largest liberality, and the lack of a positive belief is often the accompaniment, if not the cause, of a narrow-minded illiberality—in the spirit of the intensest bigotry.

A religious belief is, and always has been, a characteristic of man in his purest and noblest outreachings toward the unseen and the infinite. The highest attainments and the highest aspirations of the human soul have ever been in the direction of man's religious beliefs. And the strongest incentives to personal well-doing, to acts of self-denying and self-forgetful devotion to the good of others, and

to the surrender of one's person, one's possessions, and one's very life, in proof of fidelity to principle and to truth, have always had their center in those beliefs. There has been much of bigotry on the part of those who have had positive beliefs in the realm of religious truth, and again, there has been much of liberality on the part of such believers. The bigotry has been an evidence of the bad spirit of those who held the beliefs, and who were bitter against those who did not hold them. The liberality has been the outgrowth of that spirit of love which is the essence of every true belief, and which ought to show itself in every direction and toward all.

A religious belief of some kind is a duty; for a religious belief is an essential part of a man's truest manhood. *What* men believe, is really of less importance than that men believe something. There is a measure of excuse for persons who have a wrong belief in matters of religion, but there is no excuse for those who have no belief in such matters. In the one case the person may have been wrongly taught or unwisely influenced; but in the other case there is a lack of personal character, or of the assertion of character; and for that lack the individual is immediately responsible. He who is without a positive belief in matters of religion is without the chiefest distinguishing trait of an intelligent and fully developed human being; and if he does not know enough to be ashamed of his lack, it is to his discredit in every way. Error of religious opinion is bad enough; but it is not so bad as emptiness of religious opinion.

Mr. James Russell Lowell, who would not be called a religious bigot, said, on this point, in an address in London, while he was the American Minister there: "The worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and those men who live in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in 'the amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful that they live in a land where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their bodies like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution." And here, incidentally, Mr. Lowell, emphasized the

truth, that the bitterest spirit of bigotry and intolerance that has been known within the bounds of the civilized world in modern times, was among "the monsters of the French Revolution," who were monsters because of their lack of any positive religious belief.

There is no commoner error, nor is there a greater one, in the realm of religious thought,—or in the realm of thought about religion,—than in supposing that liberality of opinion consists largely in refusing to believe what others believe—in this realm. Whereas, true liberality consists in having a belief which will take in the measure of truth that is in every creed, and which includes more than is specifically defined in any or all of them. "I am very liberal," says one. "I am too liberal to believe all that is in your creed." "Well, do you believe all that is in the Bible?" "No, I don't believe all the Old Testament stories." "Do you believe what is taught in the New Testament?" "I don't believe in Paul's theology." "Do you believe the words of Jesus?" "I don't believe that he was divine." "You are telling me what you *don't* believe. Will you tell me what you *do* believe?" "Well, I don't think it makes much difference what a man *believes*, if only he *does* right." "And now will you just tell me how a man can know what *is* right, and what it is that he ought to *do* in order to fare as well as the best of men, unless he has some well-defined belief concerning duty here and destiny hereafter?"

In a small gathering of clergymen,—all of whom loved to be known as "liberal Christians," and some of whom were liberal, while others were not,—a young pastor read an essay on freedom of religious thought, in which he expressed himself strongly against all creeds and positive beliefs concerning the here or the hereafter, as only hindrances to a man's individual progress in thinking and doing. Among those who listened with thoughtful interest to that paper was the large-brained and large-hearted James Freeman Clarke, and when it came his turn to comment upon it, he said, with gentle and considerate firmness: "I appreciate most heartily the spirit of our young brother in his well-written paper; but I think he has made one mistake in outlining the necessities of a successful life voyage.

Every navigator may choose for himself his ultimate destination; but he must intend to go *somewhere*, or his voyage is a dead failure from the start. I find a shipmaster with a fine vessel well supplied with stores for a voyage, and I ask him where he is going. 'Oh, I hav'nt any particular destination!' he answers. 'I'm going to weigh anchor, and spread my sails, and leave it to the winds and tides to take me where they will. I've no confidence in charts; so I'll not follow them. I've no need of a compass; for that is of service only when a navigator decides his own course. I'll not follow any old tracks. I'll simply go on a voyage.' Now, however conscientious and well-meaning that captain is, I think he makes a fatal mistake. If I am in command of a ship, I want to sail for somewhere. Whether it's Greenland, or the Indian Ocean, or Cape Horn, or Madagascar, I'll have some port in view, and I'll go for it. And I think any man makes a great mistake who has not enough of a creed to sail by—for somewhere."

No man, young or old, ought to be satisfied with knowing what he does *not* believe. It is his duty to know what he *does*

believe, and to make that belief the purpose of his life-course, until another belief, a larger belief, or a better belief, has control of him; for no life is worth living that is not controlled or directed by a positive belief for the here and for the hereafter. And the fuller and truer belief will be surer to come to one who is already moving along in the line of his imperfect and it may be his erroneous belief, than to one who is not moving in the line of any belief. At Mr. Moody's students' school at Northfield, last summer, young Mr. Wilder, an evangelist of the foreign missionary work, said pithily: "I do not know where I shall work, but, God helping me, I am going where there are thousands and millions who have never heard the name of Jesus. I mean to open the throttle-valve and steam out on the main track of the greatest need. If the Lord wishes me on a side track, he can switch me off. But even God can not switch a motionless engine." And as it is in action, so it is in belief. The only hope of finally making progress in the *right* direction, is in the soul-absorbing purpose of making progress in *some* direction.

—Editorial in Sunday School Times.

## OUR SHEAVES.

BY RUTH.

SWEETLY sounded the refrain, as it floated out through the open windows of the church, "We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves." But the listener sighed as she thought, "Where are my sheaves? What shall I bring?" My lot is to toil in weariness and loneliness, day after day, for that which sustains not only my life, but the life of others, and when the home is sought, it is not to find rest and soothing influences, but a place where, while its occupants are sheltered from the storms of nature's elements, the fiercer storms of human passion break forth with fury, and the "dinner of herbs" that might have been endured, if seasoned with love, becomes doubly hard to bear when, added to poverty is sadness of spirit.

Again upon the air float out the words,

"When our weeping's over,  
He will bid us welcome;  
We shall come rejoicing,  
Bringing in the sheaves."

Words of comfort to a weary one, ready almost to cry out to heaven, "Why was I placed here?" The weeping will some time be over and we shall come with our sheaves, such as we may gather as we make the journey of life. It may be, and hope whispers it shall be, that the future pathway shall lead through plenteous fields, where the waving grain invites the reaper, but here and from this barren field what can I gather?

"O weary hearts, storm beat and driven,  
And robbed by wintry blasts,  
Who hold, through all God's chastening,  
His promises so fast."

Though from the unfruitful field you gather not such sheaves as others from more inviting ones, though not one soul may recognize in your words the Master's voice; yet "if you faint not," you shall surely bear home precious sheaves, the sheaves of patience, of long-suffering, of efforts nobly made, that have served to

ennoble and strengthen your own character, if not the characters of others.

Motive is the soul of action, and He who looks not upon the outward appearance of man but on his heart, will not so minutely scan your actions as your motives, nor judge so much from the results of your labor as from the earnestness of the endeavor.

## EVIDENCES OF GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

HIS FAITHFULNESS TO HIS PROMISES IN THESE LAST DAYS AS IN FORMER DAYS.

BY ELON.

### CHAPTER I.

[T was in the spring of 1848 that a young man just past twenty-one years of age, in obedience to a call from God through the authority of the church, and in answer to the whisperings and impressions of the Spirit of God, bade farewell to all that was dear to him on earth, and started out without purse or scrip, to preach the gospel of the kingdom of God to an unbelieving world. He had given the last of his earnings except one half penny, to spread the cause of truth, and with a strong faith in Him who had said to his disciples of ancient times, "Take no thought for the morrow," and again, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?"

He bowed his neck to the yoke, that he might be one of the instruments in God's hands in bursting the fetters of sin and unbelief from the necks of his fellow men, and proclaiming a free and a full salvation to all.

His learning was very limited, his talents undeveloped, and his experience had been full of bitterness to his soul, and not such as to qualify him for the solemn duties and responsibilities of a minister of Christ. All this he fully realized; but he also realized that God had called him to the work, and he believed he would qualify him to perform it. He had not taken up this duty because he thought himself qualified, for he knew he was not. Nor because he loved to be an object for the public gaze. It was his very nature to shrink from this. It was not because

his own voice was music to his ears; for he would far rather listen to the wisdom of God through other lips, realizing that he needed to be taught instead of attempting the role of teacher. No; he felt the divine impulse pressing him forward to the work, and to withstand God would have been base ingratitude, and he would have failed in his duty to his fellow men. But even this inborn feeling was not enough; he waited the dictation of the Almighty through his authorized channel; and when that came he conferred not with flesh and blood, but humbly seeking divine aid, he entered with trembling limbs and a faltering heart upon his arduous life work.

I have stated that he went "without purse or scrip," and some may wonder what this means. I will tell you what it meant to him. It meant to leave all that was dear of earthly friends and things of the world behind him, and go out into an unbelieving world, without hope of any earthly reward, not even expecting to receive honors or fame from the world, but on the other hand, its jeers, its scorns and hatred; yea, its persecution; for his divine Master has said: "If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you also." And one of the inspired apostles has testified: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." It further meant to him, that he must go, depending upon God alone to provide for his wants, and that his labors were not to be like other men's; a means of accumulating and laying up earthly treasures as the reward of his toil; but he must labor and wait until his work on earth

was done, and approved of the divine Master. Then, and not till then, he expected to hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And this he understood, must be his life work, let that life be long or short.

He was sent out like all the rest of God's servants, to prove the world; yea, and to prove himself too, and by this means he would be enabled to prove God.

It is not intended to write a biography, or a sketch of travels, but simply to give a few incidents, showing the faithfulness of God to his promises.

I realize that real helps to faith, a true and abiding faith, in the hearts and minds of the young, must be based upon solid facts; indeed the narratives must be narratives of fact. A faith based upon fiction is groundless and will fail the holder in the hour of greatest need. Fiction may be poetical, but it is only fiction. It may breathe the good sentiments, and may have a worthy purpose, but it lacks the essential element of truth. The only true foundation for a true and intelligent faith, is truth. The soldier of the cross, armed with this, will be enabled to conquer the world. He will be nerved with a quiet, unassuming, dauntless courage that will brave the greatest dangers, overcome the mightiest obstacles and fearlessly face the deadliest foe. Let a man truly believe that God is on his side, and he fears no evil.

The purpose of the writer is to encourage the young soldier in the army of the Lord, and to strengthen, if possible, his faith in the cause for which he is doing battle. Hence nothing but truth and facts will be recorded on these pages; facts known to the writer, and not gathered from hearsay, or from histories.

The writer well remembers the first meal he ate after he started on his mission of love. Wearied and hungry, he called at a little old cottage on the roadside, occupied by an aged couple, father and mother Hodson, poor in this world's goods, but rich in the faith of the everlasting gospel; and after breaking the bread of life to them, in private conversation, they insisted upon his partaking with them of their frugal meal, which consisted of bread and a little bacon fat spread thereon, and a cup of coffee, made from burnt crusts of bread. It was not

an inviting meal, even to an hungry man, and an epicure would have turned away from it in disgust; but it was the best they had, and it was given with as good a heart, and as free a hand, as ever gave food to the hungry. It was eaten in the true spirit of gratitude, both to God and this aged couple; and I doubt not but the blessing of heaven was left upon their heads and hearts, as the traveler wended his way to the place of his labor.

He preached his maiden sermon in the city of Litchfield, Staffordshire, England, and was blest with good liberty, and was greatly praised by the few Saints for the talent manifested. It is possible he was elated and forgot to give the praise where it belonged.

But his self-glorification did not last long. His second sermon was delivered in West Bromwich. He took as his text Acts 2:38, and he did not depart from it; in fact he could say nothing else. His mind was confused, and he could think of nothing more. He soon took his seat in confusion, and bitterly said to himself, "Charley, if that is the best you can do, you had better go home and stay there." But He who had called him, had taken this means to teach him a lesson—a lesson of entire dependence upon God for spiritual power as well as for "daily bread." This lesson he received, and kissed the rod that smote him; nor did he ever forget it. He had learned that without the aid of the Holy Spirit, no man can preach the gospel of Jesus Christ; and, thank God, he learned at this early period never to attempt to preach that gospel without seeking the divine aid. Since then he has heard able and very eloquent men attempt the work, as it appeared to him, in their own strength; but while they uttered eloquent words of ponderous sound, and even kept to the letter of the word, the Spirit and power were lacking; and, these lacking, it failed to be the gospel of Christ; for "*It is the power of God unto salvation.*"

Another lesson his Heavenly Father taught him in a dream. In this dream he seemed to be on the top of a lofty building, from which he appeared to fall, and as he fell through the air, it seemed as though all his vital powers gathered around his heart, and he felt all the sensations a person would feel in falling from a great height; but ere he could

reach the ground he awoke. And this thought flashed instantly into his mind, "Never try to climb or aspire to power and position other than that to which God shall call you." This lesson has ever been with him, and he has always shunned, rather than sought for elevated positions in the church of God. And whenever he sees a person seeking for place and power, or in other words responsible positions in the church, he is satisfied they neither understand themselves nor the great responsibilities they covet.

After he had been traveling three months, he was appointed to preach in the very ancient town of Bridgenorth, in the county of Shropshire; and on his way he visited his mother and preached the gospel to her, and on leaving her she put a silver sixpence in his hand and bade him God speed. Passing through a village, where was a small branch of the church, called the Wordsley branch, he broke to them the bread of life. The Saints had noticed that his shoes were poor, and though they were poor and few in number, they, unsolicited, put their means together and bought a new pair of boots and presented them to him. The shoes he had on he had worn in the latter part of his apprenticeship, and since his majority; they had been mended by a woman shoe-maker; and in parting with them he felt as though he was parting with an old friend, and penned the following lines as a last token of friendship:

Farewell, old shoes, we're going to part,  
 You have faithful been both sole and heart;  
 In bonds of servitude you've stood,  
 While not a murmur has been heard.  
 Some sixteen months you've borne the test  
 Of summer's heat and winter's blast;  
 Some six months back you were new tapt,  
 Both fore and heel, while some folks laugh'd  
 To think that you were done by woman,  
 But still I find you've worn a good one.

With very little alteration,  
 In you I've been to take salvation  
 To thousands of my fellow men;  
 With whom I soon must meet again.  
 We've traveled near twelve hundred miles,  
 But now your rival on me smiles.  
 Come, fare you well, shake hands, good bye!  
 If hands you have, though none I spy.  
 You, I must leave to some poor "creetur,"  
 Good bye, old shoes, I have some better.

With his feet now comfortably encased in a pair of new boots, he bowed in acknowledgment to the Divine One, who had promised to provide, and had given this signal instance of his care; and full

of gratitude to the kind-hearted Saints, he wended his way toward the city of his destination. On that journey he received another evidence of God's fatherly care. He had yet twenty miles to walk, and while thinking of his mission, the thousands of strange faces he must meet there, while he was an entire stranger to all, and thinking of his lonesome condition in that crowded city, the thought, "How shall I live," rushed to his mind; and then came the assurance that his heavenly Father had taken that matter in charge. But it was his privilege and duty to ask Him for his daily bread. While thus pondering, he came to a large but lone tree in a lonely part of the road. He knelt under its wide spreading branches, and poured out his soul before the Lord, reminding him that he had called him, that he had not run without being sent; and then in his simplicity, he held the silver sixpence in his hand and told the Lord that was his all of earthly wealth, and prayed him to open his way before him. Confident that his prayer would be answered, he renewed his journey; but being a stranger, he lost his way. He came to a sequestered spot, concluded to rest, and sat down upon a knoll for that purpose. He took out his pencil and paper to put his thoughts into a rhyme, in his poor way, for he was neither a good penman nor grammarian. But he had no sooner prepared to write, than suddenly a strange breeze sprang up around him and filled him with a feeling of unrest, and with it came the vivid impression that he must move on. He obeyed and soon found himself in a forest, Enfield Forest it proved to be. The rain began to fall. In the distance he saw a temporary cabin, built of poles, and thinking it might give him some shelter, it being empty, he entered, and here the former thought of writing some rhymes came to his mind and he wrote:

Within this cabin lone I sit,  
 While thoughts fly swift and true;  
 Let me compose my mind to write  
 Of scenes they bring to view.  
 I've left my friends at His command,  
 And all that's dear to me;  
 To gain a seat at the right hand  
 Of Him who first loved me.

His words come to me as I sit,  
 Words uttered here below,  
 Foxes have holes, likewise the birds  
 Have nests where they may go;

But he, the Son of Man, had none,  
There was no place of rest  
For him, of all the heavenly host  
The brightest and the best.

And, as the thought my mind takes in,  
O, Father, what am I  
Compared with him, Thine only Son,  
Thou gavest once to die!  
And though my lot should be the same,  
I can rejoice in Thee,  
And every need for his dear sake,  
Thou wilt supply to me.

A young gentleman, about his own age, darkened the doorway of the cabin. The writer of the verses looked up, when the visitor accosted him with, "What are you doing here, my man? Has the keeper seen you?"

The answer was, "I am sheltering from the rain; the keeper has not seen me."

The gentleman replied, "It is well. Had the keeper seen you, he would have taken you up; you are on trespass." Then, seeing the writing of the traveler, he asked: "What are you doing there,—poetizing?"

A blush suffused our traveler's face, for he hardly dare call his scribble, poetry; but he answered in the affirmative.

"Shall I read it?" came the quick rejoinder.

"With pleasure," was the prompt reply. But the writing was so poor the gentleman soon gave up the task, and re-

quested the writer of the above lines to read them. He did so, and at the close of the reading, the gentleman, who had drank in every word, and had his curiosity more thoroughly aroused, now enquired, "*What are you, my man?*"

"An Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ, sent out without purse or scrip to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ to the world. Shall I preach it to you, Sir?"

"Yes, my man," he replied.

The Elder then unfurled the gospel banner, declaring the rich treasures of the same, and its power to bless and save as anciently. He occupied about twenty minutes, while his auditor paid the strictest attention, and at the close of the discourse remarked:

"It all looks very reasonable, indeed."

With this saying, he put his hand into his pocket, and handed the elder a silver crown piece, or five shillings in English money. The young Elder thanked him with a grateful heart, for his unsolicited kindness; and then made bold to enquire the stranger's name.

"Lord Stanford," was the unassuming reply.

Then with unbounded gratitude he thanked the *Lord of heaven and earth* for sending Lord Stanford to him with money, in answer to his child-like prayer offered under that lonely tree.

(To be continued):

## THE USES OF AN ENEMY.

**R**EMARK the use of an enemy; 1. The having one is a proof that you are somebody. Wishy washy, empty, worthless people never have enemies. Men who never move, never run against anything; and when a man is thoroughly dead and utterly buried, nothing ever runs against him. To be run against is a proof of existence and position; to run against something is a proof of motion.

2. An enemy is, to say the least, not partial to you. He will not flatter. He will not exaggerate your virtues. It is very probable that he will slightly magnify your faults. The benefit of that is two-fold; it permits you to know that you have faults, and it makes them of such size as to be visible and manageable. Of course, if you have a fault you desire to

know it, when you become aware that you have a fault you desire to correct it. Your enemy does for you this valuable work which your friend can not perform.

3. In addition your enemy keeps you wide awake. He does not let you sleep at your post. There are two that always keep watch, namely, the lover and the hater. Your lover watches that you may sleep. He takes off noises, adjusts surroundings that nothing may disturb you. Your hater watches that you may not sleep. He stirs you up when you are napping. He keeps your faculties on the alert. Even when he does nothing he will have put you in such a state of mind that you can not tell what he will do next, and the mental *qui vive* must be worth something.



He is a detective among your friends. You need to know who your friends are, and who are not, and who are your enemies. The last of these three will discriminate the other two. When your enemy goes to one who is neither friend nor enemy and assails you, the indifferent one will have nothing to say or chime in, not because he is your enemy, but because it is so much easier to assent than to oppose, and especially than to refute. But your friend will take up a cudgel for you on the instant. He will deny everything and

insist on proof, and proving is very hard work. There is scarcely a truthful man in the world that could afford to undertake to prove one-tenth of his truthful assertions. Your friend will call your enemy to the proof, and if the indifferent person, through carelessness, repeats the assertions of your enemy, he is soon made to feel the inconvenience thereof by the zeal your friend manifests. Follow your enemy round and you will find your friends, for he will have developed them so that they can not be mistaken.

—Selected.

### BESSIE'S PRAYER.

BY W. C. C.

THE papa of little five year old Bessie Balfour was very sick. Bessie was one of the most faithful and interested scholars of the Woodbine Sunday School. She loved her papa dearly, and she was so attentive at school that she had got that living faith that all good little Sunday School scholars should have, that God would not only hear but answer prayer; so, when her papa was being torn and racked with pain, at one time when he was at the worst, we found Bessie off in a dark bedroom, by herself, on her knees by her couch, praying to God to heal him. The following imperfect lines were suggested by the incident:

O, God above, my mamma says  
That you our Heavenly Father are;  
That in your hands are all our ways;  
So of course you'll hear my prayer.

For when I ask my father here  
For what I want so bad,  
He smiles and calls me "little dear,"  
And tries to make me glad.

Our Father in heaven above, I know  
Can do all things that's good,

WOODBINE, Iowa, July 18th.

If we ask in love and faith; for so  
The Bible says he would.

And once when ma was very ill,  
She sent for Bro. D—;  
He prayed for God to make her well;  
That prayer was heard you see.

So, God in heaven, I know you hear,  
And answer us as well;  
So now to little Bess draw near,  
That she your love may tell.

O, Lord, now hear; my papa bless;  
Let pain and sickness flee;  
Fill all our hearts with thankfulness,  
And love, and joy in thee.

So prayed our darling little Bess,  
Though only five years old.  
Can God do else but answer yes;  
Such faith and love behold?

To those who saw the bursting heart;  
Beheld the blinding tears,  
Her simple faith in God impart,  
'Mid struggling hopes and fears.

No doubt could come but God would hear;  
Such wondrous faith would bless;  
And thanks and praise to God above,  
He heard our little Bess!

### THE BANES OF DOMESTIC LIFE AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

THE banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibitions and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manner, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands of dictation, and generous allowances of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the virtues; and where they thus dwell together, they make a heavenly home.—*Sel.*

## WHO SINNED?

BY JOAN.

## CHAPTER I.

"No sound was in the woodlands,  
Save the squirrel's dropping shell,  
And the golden leaves among the boughs,  
Low rustling as they fell."

PICTURE the tented camp of our Fall Re-union, or as it was termed at the beginning of our story, the Fall Conference, you who have never been and you who have, go back in memory and live over again the two weeks of that memorable time, and follow the lives of a few whom you may have met there. A slight figure in dark grey we will follow to the door of this tent, where she pauses a moment. She is not even pretty, but is a favorite with all, for her sweet, kind face, and thoughtful, considerate ways.

"Peeping again! Come in, Dor." And the speaker half rose and re-folded the letter she was reading.

Doris Smith entered and looked around the tent at the half dozen girls lounging near Lola Stewart. Around the tent were open satchels, band-boxes, umbrellas, rubbers, cloaks, combs, brushes and glasses; all seemingly forgotten and neglected.

"Why on earth don't you come outside?" said Doris. "It is lovely! You can see such glorious patches of color in that little strip of wood on the bluff. Come, take a walk."

"Walk! We are tired to death," said lazy Mamie Foster, as the girls called her.

"A walk will rest you;" then spying Lola's letter, "Is your letter from home?"

"Yes; and just listen, Dor."

"Do, do," chorused the rest.

"It is a real love letter and proposal, and I am so interested," said sixteen year old Effie.

"So you are being initiated, little girl, and Dor passed her arm lovingly around the slight form near her.

"Well, Lola, who is the victim this time?"

"Listen, and see if you recognize him in this," and Lola began the reading of a rather flowery offer of marriage—with protestations of love and fidelity. Dora's cheeks grew scarlet as the reading went on. Finally she could bear it no longer. Her sense of right and conscience spoke too plainly within her.

"Stop, Lola; I do not want to hear any more. That was not intended for other than your ears. Shame Lola, shame!" and Dor hurried from the tent, followed by Effie.

Doris was much older than Lola, yet they were warm friends. Lola was the pet and pride of her parents, while Doris had ever borne a load of care. Lola was often keenly rebuked by Doris' strict sense of justice and plain dealing. Often her little flirtations received a mild rebuke from Doris herself. But Lola loved to be "adored" and counted her "beaux" on her fingers. After a while Dor turned back toward the tent, saying, "I must go and tell Lola I was too hasty, but it vexes me to see her play with a man's love as with a kitten."

"I believe that is Hyrum Case. Look Dor!"

"And who is Hyrum Case," asked Doris.

"O, one of the young elders that was ordained yesterday," said Effie. "He is from the west; from California, I think. Lola met him on her trip west and she says he is just lovely. See, Dor, what a lovely moustache, and he must be over six feet tall! His eyes are blue. I saw him with Lola last night," and Effie chattered away as the young man passed into a tent near them.

Dor marked his fine frank face, and wondered why Lola had not spoken of him in her letters. Nearing their own tent, Effie hurried past to her mother's, while Dor paused to scrape some mud from her neat grey dress. Lola's clear voice came to her as she stood thus.

"Dor's a dear old duck, but I did want her to hear what a simpleton Jess Day is. I wouldn't offend her for the world."

Dor listened unconsciously for the rest.

"Now, don't tell I gave away her bit of romance." (O, how she wanted to fly away). "You see I knew he was sweet on Dor, and wanted to pay him back for treating her so shabbily long ago."

Dor groaned. Had Lola been mean enough to expose her and betray the confidence so trustingly reposed in her? Dor scraped away at the mud, or the place where it had been, and cried softly to herself:

"O, if I was only home! To think I must meet all those giggling girls," and Dor cried afresh.

While she stood thus, Effie rushed past into the tent exclaiming:

"Behold! the conquering hero comes!"

She had seen Hyrum Case approaching.

"Say, Lola, I think your new convert is a perfect Apollo," drawled Mamie Foster as she struggled with a stubborn shoe button.

"I don't," said little dimpled Nora Merrill, "He's too much of a good thing, and his eyes look at you too sharp," and Nora pushed her curly bangs back and tried to make them "stick," as she called it.

"Nora likes some one like Dave Whitcomb, little dude. I could put him in my pocket if it wasn't for his long neck and big ears," and Mamie stood up and looked down at little Nora's uncomfortably flushed face with an amusing twinkle in her eye.

"He's good any way, Nora," said Effie, "I saw him lift his mother bodily over that mud hole and got his immaculate boots muddy."

"Methinks I hear him groan," was Mamie's parting salute. "Ho, for the lunch counter or some other place good to the sight of the hungry!"

Lola met the young man at the door of the tent quietly, and in a demure manner, walked off with him. The poor little figure in grey hurried off to hide her tear-stained face.

The thrilling sermon of the evening was listened to with rapt attention. All were interested but poor Doris. She heard not a word. She had thought to go to the tent and "cry it out," but upon entering she caught sight of the unfortunate letter lying where Lola had fitted it onto the toe of her little boot, and spitefully kicked it off again. The sight of it provoked her and she hurried away to the chapel-tent to seek diversion in the sermon. But only two things she heard—the voice of the past and the voice of her friend betraying her.

"Oh to be at home, to be away from every one a little while!" Why had she allowed the bitter past to be resurrected; and why, oh why, had she ever told Lola, to be thus made a laughing stock as the poor sensitive little soul believed. Falling in with an acquaintance, she sought the tent and tried to sleep, but

cried more; while Lola had quite forgotten the incident of the afternoon and sauntered gaily along in the moonlight, leaning on the arm of the young Californian.

The next morning Lola and Hyrum took a stroll off to the bit of sheltered woodland that Doris had mentioned the day before, bright with the varied colors of autumn. Here they paused to rest. Lovers of nature, both breathed in the fresh sweet air and in silence looked on the beauty around them.

"Lola," said Hyrum Case, "I have a something to tell you, a something sweet and—and a something *bitter*."

The last word almost hissed as he let it fall from his lips. He stood still then and Lola glanced up into his face—white and hard.

"Don't, don't look like that, you frighten me!" and the two tiny hands were put up in her childish way to hide her eyes.

"Ah, Lola, you do not know what I have suffered since I first met you!" The man was talking rapidly. "God knows my life was hard enough before. I would secure your pity, your love I can not expect until you know"—here he paused and looked at the pretty figure in its soft garnet drapery, with the flush of health on the peachy cheek, the little hands clasped before her and the brown eyes raised to his face full of wonder and half fright at the change in his usual calm face. Every bit of coquetry was gone. The rich leaves drifted down over them as he stood with arms folded while the picture stamped itself forever on his memory.

"O, Lola, if I had written it! I can not say it! I am sure you will scorn me. I love you, I love you—God forgive me if it be wrong! Do you love me?" and he grasped the white hands with such a firm clasp that they grew almost purple. Her answer was sweet to him, yet he almost wished it were other, for her sake.

He bent to kiss the red lips, so temptingly near his own, but with a start dropped the hands he held and said:

"No, not once until you know all."

They turned and walked in silence back to the camp.

Lola thought little in her new happiness of the "mystery" as she termed it—indeed she rather enjoyed it. She was much astonished to find Doris gone home. But when Effie told her that "Dor was nearly

sick and worried about her mother," (the child did not tell how poor Doris had cried the night before, for she felt that Doris did not wish it told). Lola felt satisfied that it was the old lady that had called her friend away so soon.

The next day she received the note of explanations Heber had promised, and running it over quickly, thrust it into her pocket.

She told him in her girlish, gushing way how foolish he was to let a thing he could not help make him so miserable. She called him dear foolish names, and he began to think maybe he had thought over it so much that it was magnified to him. But it had always seemed such a barrier to his happiness. Their last day together was a happy one. The time following was so full of home duties and

happy thoughts of the past that she thought little if ever of the crumpled note in the pocket of the garnet cashmere. Little dreaming then that its contents would some day dash from her lips the cup brimming with happiness to be shattered on the ground, just so surely as that same cruel fate had dropped a bitter dreg in every cup of joy he ever tasted.

Sometimes she wondered what his western home was like. She had never been farther west than Colorado, where she had gone with an aunt of her father's the summer before. She was going to be a good wife and until she was she meant to be true.

"Stay home heart," she would say, "two years we must wait. I will have it so, to test my love."

To be continued.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### BOOK OF NEPHI, THE SON OF NEPHI.

Records transferred to Nephi.—The Church declining.—Her enemies are strong.—The sign of Christ's birth occurs.—The Secret Combination and Robber Bands.—They are exterminated.—A season of Peace.—Nephite wickedness and division into Tribes, or Nations.—A few are righteous.—The sign of Christ's Crucifixion.—Nature in commotion.—Three days of complete darkness.—Christ speaks from the heavens to the survivors.—His purposes declared.

In the ninety-first year of the Judges, it being also the six hundredth year from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem, Lachoneus was chief judge over the Nephites. In the same year Nephi, the son of Helaman, gave into the hands of his son Nephi the records of the prophets, and the plates upon which was written the history kept by their ancestors and predecessors. When Nephi had done this he departed from Zarahemla and was seen no more among the Nephites.

In those days the Church was decreasing in membership among that people, for some had fallen into sin and transgression. And many had become careless and indifferent. Also the opposers of the Church were bitter in their persecutions, reviling the saints and causing the weak to err in

the way towards righteousness. Up to this time the words of Samuel the Lamanite had not been fulfilled; therefore their enemies took advantage of it and called his prophecies a fraud and said that to believe in them was a delusion.

They became so wicked as to set a certain day upon which they declared that they would destroy those who should still hold faith in his words at that time, if they were not fulfilled by that day. Then Nephi, in the anguish of his heart, cried unto the Lord in behalf of his brethren; and the Lord gave him assurance by his Spirit that all that he had caused his prophets to speak or to write should be fulfilled. And Nephi was told to be of good cheer for the time was at hand for the signs and wonders to take place that Samuel had spoken concerning the time of the Messiah's coming into the world.

And so it was, for that very night there was no darkness upon this land, the light remaining as if it were day until the sun arose again the next morning, as Samuel had said it would be. Therefore many Nephites, when they saw this and other signs fulfilled, were convinced that God had indeed spoken, and a great number

were bap ized, thereby entering into covenant to live righteously.

After these things the years passed without any special events, only wickedness increased, and the secret combinations to do evil gained in power; also bands of robbers were numerous, and their deeds filled the law-abiding people with terror. Hence, in the thirteenth year after the sign of Christ's birth, the righteous, both Nephites and Lamanites, were forced to rise up against the oppressors and evil-doers. And this united effort to overthrow the combinations of iniquity resulted in a great war that lasted for years. Up to the fifteenth year after Christ the righteous had the most success, but after that, through the evil doings of so many Nephites, the robbers gained the advantage; so much so that in the sixteenth year the chief of the band (who dwelt in the mountains) wrote to Lachoneus, the governor and chief judge, asking him to give up the whole land to the order, and that he and his people join them in their wickedness; otherwise they would come down and overthrow them with great violence and bloodshed, sparing none who resisted them.

But the governor was both brave and determined, therefore he labored diligently to prepare himself and his people to defend themselves and their homes and country against the aggressors. And they gathered themselves into those parts of their land that were named Zarahemla and Bountiful, bringing all the wealth and substance that they could, and driving their horses, cattle and sheep into those regions. There they erected forts and made ready with all weapons of war, at the same time calling upon God for help against their cruel and unrighteous foes. And the enemy came down out of the hills and mountain valleys and possessed the lands vacated by the Nephites, or law-keepers. And when the robbers came against the fortified people they were defeated with great slaughter, and the Nephites continued to prevail until they destroyed the secret order of wickedness and the band of robbers entirely, until they had no power or place to do evil in the land.

After that there was peace for some years, and the Nephites repaired or rebuilt their old cities and the highways that led from city to city throughout their pro-

vinces. But again came a time when the adversary of man once more obtained much power over the hearts of that people, so that many were exalted because of their riches, and there were divisions according to wealth and social standing. Some, both rich and poor, were humble, and such endured afflictions with patience, whilst others were haughty, hard-hearted and without brotherly-love. Therefore in the thirtieth to the thirty-second years Nephi and other prophets of the Lord were moved upon to warn them again of the coming of Christ and of the calamities that would befall the wicked. Yet very few paid any heed, and the rebellious killed the brother of Nephi. Succeeding this the Nephite people divided into bands under different leaders, each body having its own portion of territory, by agreement, one not interfering with another. But the secret order flourished among them all.

In the thirty-third year Nephi continued his warnings, with the result that numbers were converted and baptized for the remission of their sins; some also being ordained by the call of God to declare repentance. And all who believed in the Lord and his prophets began to look for the signs that had been foretold by Samuel the Lamanite.

On the fourth day of the first month of the thirty-fourth year from the birth of Christ a storm arose which continued to increase in violence until it became a great tempest, causing death and destruction throughout all the land. At times and in various places there were whirlwinds accompanied by terrible thundering and fierce lightning, and earthquakes shook the ground, destroying cities, plantations and highways. Zarahemla, the capital, was burned by lightning, and Moroni was swallowed by an earthquake, while many other cities were burned, thrown down, wrecked by whirlwinds, or the waves of the sea came in and engulfed them in its depth.

Thus, by reason of the tempests and earthquakes, the whole face of the earth became much changed in its appearance. In some cases the mountains of rock were rent, and portions thereof were scattered over the surrounding country, or were found far away in greater or lesser fragments upon the face of the land. After these commotions had wrought great destruction and ceased their work, there was

complete and impenetrable darkness during three days, as Samuel the Lamanite had said would be the case. And the people who lived through the awful catastrophes of those fatal hours were not able to make any light by any means, either in the land north or in the land south, and in the terrible darkness they wept over their losses and their sufferings, and they lamented because of their past hardness of heart and wickedness, as well as mourned for the tens of thousands of kindred and friends who had been killed by tempests and fire and flood, many of them swept into the sea or covered by rocks and earth upon the land. (Note 35).

While they were thus bewailing their condition there was heard a voice that penetrated throughout all the land, and he who spake declared that he was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and that the terrible evils that had come to pass had been because of their wickedness, among which sins was the killing of the prophets whom God had sent, and the persecution of the humble followers after righteousness. He said that he had come to show them mercy and that they were to offer no more burnt offerings as sacrifices, but were to bring a contrite spirit; and whosoever did so should be baptized with the Holy Ghost; for he had come to bring full redemption unto man, to redeem the world from sin; and those who would repent and come as a child would be received into the kingdom of God.

When the people heard these sayings they were so amazed that they remained silent in their astonishment, because of a voice speaking from the heavens and so clearly that it could be heard everywhere. Then came the words of the Savior again, declaring that they were of the house of Israel, and that he desired to gather them unto himself in righteousness. And he commanded them to repent and to return unto God and to their Messiah, that their lands and their dwelling places might be blessed.

When the three days had fully passed by, the darkness was taken from the earth, and when the people saw each other's faces once more they rejoiced. Then it was found that the most righteous of the nation had been preserved from destruction; those who had been good to their fellow-men, who had cared for the poor, and had not killed the prophets, nor dealt

unjustly with any. And these were both Nephites and Lamanites whom the Lord had preserved that he might teach them the fulness of righteousness and establish his kingdom in their midst. (Note 36).

(Note 35). In relation to the great calamities thus recorded in the Book of Mormon it comes in place to present the corroborative evidences furnished by scholars that at a remote time in the past, and while a people lived upon the land, just such an overwhelming catastrophe did take place upon this continent, especially in the region of Central America. Colonel Foster speaks in his "Prehistoric Races" of the "Atlantis theory," by which he means the idea of Brasseur de Bourbourg, Donnelly, and others, that in ancient times a part of America, called Atlantis, was overwhelmed by earthquakes and by the waves of the sea. Prof. Foster quotes Plato, Plutarch, and Diodorus Siculus in their writings of such a continent existing west of Africa in their time, or of their theory that it existed. Prof. Foster quotes these things for the purpose of showing that the Toltecs, Aztecs, and other nations and tribes found in America had among them traditions that such great commotions and destructions did take place among their ancestors in ancient times. He says:

"These passages from the ancient classics as to the existence of a Western Continent, coupled with certain traditions found in the ancient Mexican records of a great catastrophe, the combined result of earthquakes and inundations, by which a large area in Central America became submerged, and a greater portion of the population destroyed, have re-opened the discussion whether Plato's "Story of Atlantis" does not belong to the sobrieties of truth. . . . De Bourbourg brought out these traditions in his translation of the Toltec history of the cataclysm [deluge of water] over the Antilles (West India Islands); and the late George Catlin published a little work in which this theory is vigorously maintained.

"Among the Indian tribes of North America Catlin found the tradition of such a cataclysm. The tribes further south relate that the waters were seen coming in waves like mountains from the east, and of the tens of thousands who ran for the high grounds to the west only a few succeeded in reaching places of safety. . . . The tribes in Central America and Mexico, in Venezuela, and in British and Dutch Guinea, distinctly describe these catastrophes, one by water, one by fire, and the third by winds. . . . From amidst the thunder and flames that came out of the sea, whilst mountains were sinking and rising, the terror-stricken inhabitants sought every expedient of safety. Some fled to the mountains, and some launched their boats upon the turbulent waters, trusting that a favorable current would land them upon a hospitable shore; and thus in the elemental strife this ancient civilized people became widely dispersed.

"The festival of 'Izcalli' was instituted to commemorate this terrible calamity, in which 'princess and people humble themselves before the Divinity and besought him not to renew the frightful convulsions.' It is claimed that by this

catastrophe an area larger than that of France became engulfed, and that with the peninsulas of Yucatan and Guatemala, went down the splendid cities of Palenque and Uxmal and others whose sites are now in the ocean bed, with the most of their living inhabitants; and that the continent has since risen sufficiently to restore many of these ancient sites. De Bourbourg boldly asserts that he has found proofs that the first civilization of the earth was on the ground which sank in the cataclysm; and that the first ceremonial religion commenced there."—Prof. J. W. Foster's *Pre-historic races*, pp. 396, 397.

One thing is to be noticed in the above extracts concerning the traditional history of Central and South America namely that it agrees remarkably as to the three agents of destruction that are named in the Book of Mormon, although placed in reverse order. That book says that the winds came as the first destroying agency, and after that the fire, then the earthquake and the deluge of water. But this difference is not at all material; for traditional history and the book are in complete harmony as to the widespread and terrible destruction wrought by all these elements being in action at the same period, in successive order or jointly as the case might be. And some mountains sank and others were raised up, just as the book clearly states was the fact in that awful and momentous time. Also the people mourned, lamented, and humbled themselves before God, as both the book and the tradition testify.

Prof. Baldwin mentions the tradition that part of the American continent was destroyed by "a succession of frightful convulsions," and he adds:

"Three of these are constantly mentioned, and sometimes there is mention of one or two others. The land was shaken by frightful earthquakes, and the waves of the sea combined with volcanic fires to overwhelm and engulf it. . . . Most of the inhabitants, overtaken amid their regular employments, were destroyed, but some escaped in ships, or fled. . . . to portions of the land that escaped immediate destruction. Quotations are made from the old books in which this tradition is recorded to verify De Bourbourg's report of what is found in them."—*Ancient America*, p. 176.

Upon this subject, and also showing the tradition of a period of miraculous darkness accompanying the catastrophe, Bancroft writes as follows in regard to the people of Peru:

"The Peruvians had several flood-myths. One of them relates that the whole face of the earth was changed by a great deluge, attended by an extraordinary eclipse of the sun which lasted five days."—*Native Races*, vol. 5, p. 14.

After relating the Toltec traditions of the Creation, of the universal deluge in their fatherland, (by which the first age was brought to a close), following which seven families, all speaking the same language, are said to have come across the sea to this continent. [See notes with chapter 15.] Bancroft gives the traditional account of some things that happened to them in this land. He says:

"The second age terminated with a great hurricane, which swept away trees, rocks, houses, and people, although many men and women

escaped chiefly such as took refuge in caves which the hurricane could not reach. After several days the survivors came out . . . and all this time they were in darkness, seeing neither the sun nor the moon. . . . Next occurred an earthquake which swallowed up all the Quinames, . . . together with many of the Toltecs, and of their neighbors the Chichimecs."—*Native Races*, vol. 5, pages 209, 210.

Therefore we see that both the Peruvians and the Central Americans retained memory of the great darkness, one tradition exaggerating the number of days, but both agreeing with the Book of Mormon account that such a time of physical darkness did take place. And the latter part of the Toltec history, as given by M. Charney, is identical with the Book of Mormon history of the decline and overthrow of the Nephite Nation. From being a mighty people, with wealth, refinement and possessing many luxuries, having great cities, palaces and temples, Charney relates how they fell as a nation and became lost as a people. He says:

"After years of warfare, followed by calamitous inundations, tempests, drouths, famine and pestilence, the Toltecs, greatly reduced in numbers, dispersed; some directing their course south, others going north . . . Clavigero writes that the miserable remains of the nation found a remedy in flight, some settling in Yucatan and Guatemala."—*Ancient Cities of the New World*, page 125.

It seems that enough has been written and quoted herein to prove that the Book of Mormon is a veritable history of the people who lived upon the American Continent in by-gone ages, every remarkable or startling epoch that is spoken of in that book being substantiated by the findings of wise men and explorers. So far as the account of the rending of the rocks and their being cast about upon the face of the land, that really needs no mention. For geologists and travelers have wondered at the mighty convulsions by which, since the formation of the earth, even great mountains of rock have been split asunder, and passing through the chasms one can see that if they were brought together again every part would fit into its opposite as closely as the dove-tail work of a cabinet maker. And fragments great and small, of rock are found scattered over the land, upon the prairies and in the wood land, far from mountains or vast heights of rock where they might have originated. The writer of these articles remembers in Southern Wisconsin those rocks that from the beginning were a wonder to the white settlers, such as "The Devil's Chimney," and other masses that stood or lay upon the earth, alone, and no mountain or rocky eminence any where near the place from whence they came, the power by which they were brought, a profound mystery to the curiosity hunter; and so they remain to this day. But their sides betoken that they were riven from a greater mass, and that by some mighty power they were brought through the air, not rolled along like boulders which show by abrasions and their oval form that they have had contact with their kindred in their passage, by glacier or flood, up and down the earth. The Book of Mormon gives the account that tells the story of how they came to be thus, as it says, "In broken

fragments, in seams, and in cracks upon all the face of the land."—Nephi 4: 2.

"In his 'Sacred Mysteries of the Mayas' Le Plongeon mentions the traditions of a catastrophe by an overflow of water in the Central American regions in ancient times."

NOTE 36. As said at the close of Note thirty-three some further testimonies will be given regarding the manufacture of cloth and the use of gold and silver among the ancient Americans. In Note twenty-seven there were presented valuable extracts from Prescott's Conquest of Peru about the variety and beauty of the clothing manufactured by the Peruvians in former times, and also his testimonies about the lavish use of gold and silver among that people, especially in their temples and palaces. To these are added the following from Charney in his sketch of the Toltecs:

"Cotton was spun by the women, and given a brilliant coloring. . . . It was manufactured of every degree of fineness, so that some looked like muslin, some like cloth, and some like velvet. They had also the art of interweaving with these the delicate hair of animals and birds' feathers, which made a cloth of great beauty."—Ancient Cities, page 88.

"The Toltec soldiers wore a quilted cotton tunic that fitted closely to the body, and protected also the shoulders and the thighs."—Ancient Cities, page 125.

Of course these things by Prescott, Charnéy, and other writers, relate to the civilized and enlightened people who anciently dwelt in the land, not to their degraded, filthy, and naked descendants. Even in later times Brownell says of the Auracians of South America:

"They wore woollen clothing, woven from the fleece of the native sheep, and consisting of close fitting undergarments, and an easily constructed cloak. The women wore long dresses with a short cloak."—Indian Races, page 652.

On page 41 of Ancient America, Prof. Baldwin says that the evidences are that the Mound-Builders "had the art of spinning and weaving," and at a scientific meeting held in Norwich, England, in 1868, a specimen of cloth was exhibited that was taken from a mound in Butler county, Ohio, and thence placed in Blackmore Museum, at Salisbury, England, as spoken of by Prof. Baldwin on the same page. On page 247 he says that the Peruvians "had great proficiency in the arts of spinning, weaving, and dyeing."

Further about their knowledge of gold and silver, and of the skill with which they worked those metals, we read in Charnéy:

"The Toltecs were cunning artists in working

gold, precious stones, etc. . . . They had sculptors, mosaists, painters, and smelters of gold and silver, and by means of moulds knew how to give metals every variety of shape. Their jewelers could imitate all manner of animals, plants, flowers, birds, etc."—Ancient Cities, pp. 83, 88.

Prof. Baldwin writes as follows of the Peruvians:

"They had great skill in the art of working metals, especially gold and silver. . . . The gold and silverwork of these artists was extremely abundant in the country at the time of the Conquest; but Spanish greed had it all melted for coinage. It was with articles of this gold work that the Inca Atahualpa filled a room in his vain endeavor to purchase release from captivity. One of the old chroniclers mentions 'statuary, jars, vases, and every species of vessels, all of fine gold.' . . . In a description of one lot of golden articles sent to Spain in 1534 by Pizarro, there is mention of 'four gold llamas (native sheep), ten gold and silver statues of women of full size, and a cistern of gold so curious that it incited the wonder of all.' Nothing is more constantly mentioned by the old Spanish Chroniclers than the vast abundance of gold found in Peru. . . . It was very beautifully wrought into ornaments, temple furniture, articles for household use, etc. In the course of twenty-five years the Spaniards sent to Spain more than eight hundred million dollars worth of gold, nearly all of it taken from the subjugated Peruvians as 'booty.'"—Ancient America, pp. 248-250.

Prescott mentions the four golden llamas and ten statues of women, also the finding of ten planks of silver that were a foot in width and two or three inches thick. Brownell says:

"Temples, royal palaces, public edifices, and tombs were ransacked in search of gold by the rapacious plunderers. . . . No conquest was ever rewarded by such acquisitions of the precious metals."—Indian Races, p. 637.

Understanding that Peru was the seat of the ancient civilization, the land of the Nephites in their best days, when wealth and every kind of prosperity was theirs to enjoy, we can comprehend how that land was still the greatest in these accumulations in later centuries. But their glory departed and their land was spoiled, as the Lord said to their ancestors would be the case when they turned from him unto darkness and sin. He said that another people should take their country, and so it came to pass. Of their using the baser metals, and having horses I will speak hereafter.

To be continued.

It may be of interest to many to know that should milk (as sometimes happens) have the taste of onion, the eating of a small bit of onion before drinking the milk will render the taste entirely imperceptible.

To scour knives easily, mix a small quantity of baking soda with your brick dust, and see if your knives do not polish better.

When the knives and forks are stained with egg scour them with common table salt. Medi-

cine stains can be removed from spoons in the same manner.

When the carpets have been thoroughly swept go over them with a damp flannel mop; this will remove all dust and brightens the colors.

Much of the ordinary bother of washing lamp chimnies on the inside can be saved by using a stick with a sponge tied to the end.

To clean wall paper, rub with stale bread.



## THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.—No. II.

BY ELDER M. H. BOND.

WE are living in an age of doubt and skepticism. Eloquent disquisitions and lofty panegyrics, concerning those who were said ages ago to have enjoyed favor, communion with, and revelation from God, and that which they are reported to have said, no longer hold the masses, and the irrational and bloody quarrel of the centuries, as to the interpretation or even the authenticity of these writings, have added to the trouble, and increased the difficulty of acceptance by rational minds, of the idea of revelation and of God as their author.

The gospel of Jesus Christ has been universally declared to be "glad tidings," and, in order to reveal the righteousness of God it must show impartiality; hence, it was, is, and must be *to all people*.

This and the creeds can not both be true, and a better interpretation of the Bible than Calvin or his successors in reform have given us, must be furnished, or the world will throw the Bible, as an authoritative document overboard.

Intellectually, the gospel of Jesus Christ is presented to us in the form of a doctrine or doctrines. "My doctrine," are his own words, and imply authorship, originator or patent, and "whosoever transgresseth, or abideth [continueth, remaineth] not in the doctrine of Christ, *hath not God.*" "He that abideth in the doctrine of Christ, he hath *both* the Father and the Son."—2 John 9. "If any man will do his [God's] will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it is of God or whether I speak of myself."—John 7: 17.

It is a fact that confronts us to-day that in spite of this plain declaration, "doctrine," in religion, has become unpopular, and speculative theology and total absence of a knowledge of the truth of any doctrine, have taken its place; the boldness to announce a specific doctrinal gospel, courage to defend and to promise a knowledge of its truth by revelation from heaven to those who obey, does not exist in any of the so-called Christian churches of the day, either Catholic or Protestant. Both Jesus Christ and his legally appointed ministers did so promise.

The restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ by especial messengers, sent from God in fulfillment of the prophecies of the ancients, of Jesus himself and his servant John, (Rev. 14: 6; Matt 24: 14), guarantees the authority to again proclaim this promise to the world, "to every kindred and tongue," to "all people."

The Church of Jesus Christ, restored to earth again, alone preaches the doctrine of Christ, and promises knowledge of its truth by obedience, and challenges proof of failure. Evidence to sustain this will be the object of this series of papers. Facts, not theories, knowledge, not speculation, is the cry of the infidel world, and the world of infidels to-day.

The doctrinal statement of the principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ, as enumerated by Paul in Hebrews 6: 1, 2, are as follows, and stated in their order:

First, "Repentance from dead works." Some reasons for thus placing repentance here first may be briefly assigned. In the days of Paul and of Jesus, as now, a superstructure on which to predicate faith in God that may, through worship, and a religion of "dead works" in the past, have been lost, was, and has to-day become, an actual necessity.

"Repent and believe the gospel," said Jesus. Why? Because a skeptic can not believe or disbelieve at will, but upon evidence; and the evidence comes by repentance that is manifested, not by faith alone, but works of a practical and commendatory nature. To state it again, a man can not believe without evidence, and evidence comes alone by the association of practical and reformatory work. He can not entertain large faith or receive knowledge without repentance—"If any man will *do*, he shall know."

"For John came unto you in the way of righteousness, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and harlots believed him; and ye when ye had seen it, repented not afterward that ye might believe."

Jesus reasonably allowed himself to be "a stumbling stone and a rock of offense" to the natural man.

To believe in our day that a man was born without a natural father would excite ridicule and suggest both fanaticism

and wickedness. There was only one way and one solution of the difficulties that beset the minds of the Pharisees. On one hand, Jesus was plainly the son of Joseph, the High Priest, or some other man; his associations did not please the moral sense, but constantly shocked the proprieties; he was unlearned but dictatorial, declaring that not one but all were wrong. There was no affiliation with either Scribe or Pharisee—all must repent.

On the other hand, though unlearned and rejected by the rich, it was impossible to refute his argument, to prove that his miracles were other than a blessing, or that Beelzebub could rationally be their author. And more, he constantly referred to their own accepted standards of religious evidence to prove his claim of authority and of divinity.

Jesus, recognizing the difficulty that must beset the mind of the honest, proposed to solve this perplexity by the offer and the test, devised by the Infinite mind. "My doctrine is not mine, but his that sent me," and, "If any man will do the will of God, he *shall know of the doctrine.*"

The Pharisees believed in the coming of the forerunner of their Messiah. "The voice of one crying in the wilderness," was not only familiar, but often and longingly quoted; hence, the advent of John found multitudes flocking to Jordan. John bore a clear and explicit record of Jesus, as the one that was to come; nor need they look for any other. But when brought face to face with "the Son of the Carpenter" and his associates and surroundings, lost was the testimony of John; overboard went their Scriptures; sunk beneath their fleshly pride and haughty caste were the multiplied evidences offered by the "Man of sorrow." Despised and rejected of men, he wept over their beloved city and exclaimed, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this, thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!" How could they know? There was no way of solution but by his proposition, to "do the will of God;" to accept their Scriptures as they read; to repent of their sins of hypocrisy, fleshly pride and unbelief; to be "baptized with John's baptism." Ah, no! Divinity, veiled in humanity, how undiscerned by the natural man!

"For John came unto you in the way of

righteousness, and bore record of me, and ye believed him not; but the publicans and the harlots believed him; and ye, afterward, when ye had seen me, repented not, that ye might believe him."

"For he that believed not John concerning me, can not believe me, except *he first repent.*"—John 21: 32, 33, I. T.

"Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you."

Thank God, the quality of his mercy and provision is not strained! It is a fine thing to inherit respectability, but to have so much as to keep people from entering into the kingdom of God, is to have too much. Reason is a quality of the mind, whose appeal may not be resisted without peril to the soul, and it is as moral and respectable to be reasonable, as it is reasonable to be respectable. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a reasonable message, and no charge of unrighteousness, injustice, or unreasonableness can be permanently lodged against it.

To Hyrum Smith, in 1829, the Lord said, "Say nothing but repentance unto this generation."—D. C. 10: 4.

Do men lack faith in God? Repent, and cure from the infidelity that engenders irresponsibility toward God and consequent ignorance of his law and judgments to follow, will as certainly come to this sin-cursed race as it is true that the day follows the night, or that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the dictator to the race of his will.

Repentance "from dead works." The Pharisees, according to Mosheim and other historians, were exercising themselves toward God, as they may have thought, by the performance of a multitude of religious rights and ceremonies, "for which no trace of authority could be found in the Scriptures."

Tradition and man-made ceremonies were the "dead" unprofitable works referred to by Paul, and condemned by Jesus when he said, "Howbeit, in vain do they worship, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men."

"These signs shall follow them that believe," (the gospel of Jesus Christ), said the Savior. "The age of miracles is undeniably past," says Wilford Hall, in his learned work, "Problem of Life. "God," he affirms, "no longer works with his church as in ages that are past, but the incoming tide of infidelity is to be met

with superior skill and wisdom in argument at the hands of Christ's ministry," and he admits, if these fail, that the decadence and overthrow of the church is but a question of time.

"Are there any believers? Look at the stupendous church machinery for proselyting! Do these signs follow?" "No; yes; that is to say, we don't know but they do—at least signs, either real or counterfeit, seem to be a fact." "Following?" "Well, hardly, in our day; they go before the unbeliever to convert" the dupe into what? Into a belief in signs, and his money into the pocket of the sign-producer.

"Verily, verily I say unto you, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he can not enter into the kingdom of God."

How many learned discourses have been preached to show that this is not true."

"Say nothing but repentance to this generation."

The gospel is to all; all need to repent ere the stumbling-block of the nineteenth century will be removed. The doubts engendered by the "lies and vanity and things wherein there is no profit," that have come down to us, and enforced, in the not very remote past, by the temporal arm of ecclesiastical power as gospel. The stumbling-blocks of living prophets and fallible men, can only be removed by the methods of God. The immoral man must repent; the adulterer and the fornicator, the liar and the thief, must repent. Is that all?

Ah, this might give you a standing in respectable society or even in a fashionable church, but it will not admit you to the kingdom of God; for "except a man be born of water," etc. "But water will not save!" Not alone; but obedience to Christ's spiritual law will save. "Go teach all nations, baptizing them," etc. "Repent and be baptized, every one of you." "Go, preach the gospel. He that believeth [it] and is baptized, shall be saved." What will he be saved from? From ignorance; for, "If any man will *do*, he shall *know*." All must repent, that they may believe; and obey, that they may know. All; the immoral man, of his wickedness, and the religious man of his religion, if this religion leads to, enjoins, or even permits a denial of the commandments and promises of Jesus Christ.

"Not laying again the foundation of repentance from dead works, and of faith toward God."

"Of the doctrine of baptisms [plural] and of laying on of hands."—Heb 6: 1, 2.

The doctrines of Jesus Christ must be taken as a whole and in their entirety, as the law of God, else their force can never be appreciated or known.

To fulfill the law, "according to the scriptures," as stated by the apostle James, it was necessary to avoid the offense or breaking it, even on one point, as that would destroy his claim of obedience, or entitle him to the benefits of its provision.

Will a man be counted worthy of less punishment who tramples the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus under his feet, makes it a subject of jest or ridicule, or even as a professed minister of Christ, ignores or repudiates it; who counts the blood of that covenant, sealed by his blood upon the cross, an unworthy thing; who teaches that any man may be saved in God's kingdom, with a gospel salvation, in any other way than that indicated by the Master and followed by his immediate disciples?

Is the doctrine of the laying on of hands a practical necessity in our day? Yes, in the Church of Jesus Christ, always a necessity, for it is a part of the doctrine of Christ, in which we must abide and not transgress. One round in the ladder which Jacob saw, displaced or removed, might have prevented the angels. An inch cut from the cable, lying in the bed of the ocean, would sever communication between two worlds. The links in the chain of God's method of communication and revelation to man must not, can not be tampered with or removed without disaster. "Whosoever abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God."

"Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe *all things*, whatsoever I have commanded you." The record of Christ's doings and sayings, according to John is very meagre, as reported in the New Testament. Enough, however, can be gleaned to sustain this, the laying on of hands, practiced as a doctrine by the apostles for the reception of the Holy Ghost. (See Acts 19: 6; 18: 25, 26; 8: 15-22; 1 Tim. 4: 14.

Why did Paul lay hands upon the Ephesian disciples? Because it was one of the principles of the doctrine of Christ, and its effect was, in their case, to immediately confirm the promise of the Savior; for "they spake with tongues and prophesied;" the result of obedience to "that form of doctrine" delivered to the Roman Saints, by which they also became "free from sin" and became servants to God, and not of men, by obedience to the commandments of his son and those whom he called and chose to express his will.

Why did Peter and John come down from Jerusalem to Samaria, and why did not their prayers alone bring the Holy Ghost to these already believing, baptized disciples? Because it was a part of the "all things" which they were commanded by their Master to teach the people to observe. "If any man will *do*, he shall *know*."

"All things are delivered unto me of my Father. And no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."—Matt. 11: 27.

"He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me [and expresses his love, not in words or profession, but only in the keeping of my words] shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to him."—John 14: 21.

In the absence of the person of Jesus Christ, the Spirit which he promised is his chosen representative in all ages. If the Holy Ghost of apostolic times has changed the form of its manifestations, a revelation from God must be the only warrant that would justify any reasonable man in setting up such a claim. No such revelation has been asserted. The "Spirit of truth" does not lead to division or error. The spirit of men and of devils, and the wisdom of men, does lead into error and division, to establish, not according to, but contrary to the Scriptures which were written through the inspiration of the Spirit of truth.

Suppose a case in which the scene is presented of five or six or more different ministers, representative of as many different churches and in some degree of different beliefs or creeds, are congregated. A candidate for gospel salvation presents himself for direction and for all

that any professed minister of Christ may have to promise. Five of these ministers promise encouragement in a good life, on the authority of a word written two thousand years ago, the promise of the Holy Spirit. If the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of truth, with its divine gifts, such as visions, healing, tongues, prophecy, etc. are demanded as a proof of God's unchangeability, and that he is no respecter of persons, that Jesus Christ is "the same, yesterday, to-day and forever," that the signs will follow the obedient believer, if it surely be the gospel of Jesus Christ, how many of these ministers will risk their reputation and standing by making such a test of God's endorsement of their calling? Let the honest and critical reader render his own judgment.

We present the sixth man. He does not even look like a minister, does not challenge our awe, and has no outward sign or approval of either God or men. But listen! He speaks: "To the law and to the testimony." "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God;" but "how can they hear without a preacher, and how can he preach except he be sent?" "I have been called, as was Aaron, by the authority and imposition of the hands one of God's accredited servants in our day. I here officiate as a minister of Jesus Christ in this primitive gospel doctrine and ordinance, by placing my hands upon the head of this candidate, who has believed our message, and now waits the endorsement of God, of his action and of our ministry."

Thousands to-day whose testimony none attempt to impeach, have submitted to this ordinance of God's house, the Church of Jesus Christ, and their testimony of God's goodness and unchangeability stands against the combined opposition of the world.

One of the above mentioned ministers is "called" to preach justification by faith alone; another, that works must accompany, and that baptism is the sum of works necessary. The Baptist representative preaches that they are baptized because their sins are remitted already by the act of faith, and the presence of a "feeling," with the assurance of the minister, confirms them in this view of the

case; while the Christians, or Campbellites, as they are sometimes called, believe and preach that baptism was, and is "for the remission of sins;" but, strange enough, they fellowship, as Christians, those whom the word, according to their construction, indicate as being yet sinners and disobedient to the gospel provisions, at the same time also warring against those whose crime is in believing all they do and more. Thus we find them denying the Holy Ghost, not accepting the presence of God's Spirit; while our Christadelphian friends avow, "that the witness of the Spirit is not a *fact* in our day," reasonably claiming, as we have, that apostolic authority is necessary to confer the same.

The Methodist representative says in turn, we want a practical religion—a religion of feeling, not a faith that engages itself in the discussion of a cold letter that kills, but of the Spirit that maketh alive. Look at these other fellows that quote and prove by the letter alone, "Except a man be born of water." There must be need of a spiritual interpretation of these passages; for just look at these churches run by water. How cold and unenthusiastic; how top-heavy with brain religion! They

PROVIDENCE, R. I., June 1st, 1889.

To be continued.

## WHEN THE CHICKENS COME HOME TO ROOST.

You may take the world as it comes and goes,

And you will be sure to find

That fate will square the accounts she owes,

Whoever comes out behind:

And all things bad that a man has done,

By whatsoever induced,

Return at last to him, one by one,

As the chickens come home to roost.

You may scrape and toil and pinch and save,

While your hoarded wealth expands,

Till the cold, dark shadow of the grave

Is nearing your life's last sands;

You will have your balance struck some night,

And you'll find your hord reduced,,

You'll view your life in another light,

When the chickens come home to roost.

You can stint your soul and starve your heart

With the husks of a barren creed,

But Christ will know if you play a part,

Will know in your hour of need;

certainly don't have more of the Spirit or enjoy their religion better than we do."

What is the matter with all these well-meaning people? The answer is, they none have kept the covenant of Christ; they all have transgressed, in one or more points, "the perfect law of liberty;" they have transgressed and do not abide in the doctrine of Christ.

The Church of God and the gospel restored, presents, for the consideration of mankind, a faith that appeals to both of those strongest forces of the soul, the head and the heart.

"I will put my law in their mind, and write it in their heart, and they shall not need to say every man unto his neighbor, know ye the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least unto the greatest."

The wisdom of obedience will vindicate God's law, not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, but "if any man," learned or unlearned, "will *do*, he shall *know* of the doctrine."

Thus, also, the doctrine of "the laying on of hands," in the Church of Jesus Christ, becomes the means, devised of God, by which his chosen ministry and their authority may be rationally recognized.

And then as you wait for death to come

What hope can there be deduced

From a creed alone? you will lie there dumb

While your chickens come home to roost.

Sow as you will, there's time to reap,

For the good and the bad as well,

And conscience, whether we wake or sleep,

Is either a heaven or hell.

And every wrong will find its place,

And every passion loosed,

Drifts back and meets you face to face—

When the chickens come home to roost.

Whether you're over or under the sod

The result will be the same;

You can not escape the hand of God,

You must bear your sin and shame.

No matter what's carved on a marble slab,

When the items are all produced

You'll find that St. Peter was keeping "tab,"

And that chickens come home to roost.

—Selected.

## HOME.

BY E. E. WHEELER.

"Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea,  
And counted the sands that under it be?  
Hast thou measured the height of heaven  
above?  
Then may'st thou measure a mother's love."

**A**LTHOUGH my theme is an old one, yet like the story told by our Father Adam to Mother Eve, it seems ever new. There is but one affection that should have pre-eminence over love of home and loved ones, and that is affection for our Creator and his just and holy cause. What tender remembrances of home and dear ones fit through the brain of the weary soldier as he lies down to rest on the blood-stained field! Although hardenend by scenes of carnage and death, yet the divine nature in the human form is not entirely removed and he whispers an evening prayer, invoking God's blessings and protection over the dear ones in the far away home. Can there be a holier emotion than that which fills the heart of the humble minister for Christ, as he takes the parting hand of those he loves; yea, his wife and little babes, kisses their tear-stained faces, and, turning from them, goes boldly forth to battle for the truth? How he thanks the Author of his being that he is blessed with such tender associations and ennobling influences that go so far and do so much to develop all that is good and pure and manly in his nature.

I can not agree with the apostle of the Gentiles when he says it would be better if all were like himself. It would not only depopulate the world, but in my estimation, debase man morally and spiritually. By virtue of our creation neither man nor woman can be perfect without each other, nor answer the end of their creation. The attributes of love, patience and forbearance can not be fully developed, and all the gems in our nature, polished and refined, without the associations found in married life and in the home. I can not find words to express my detestation of the common idea that woman is the inferior of man. Had I looked upon my wife as my inferior, I never would have married her nor any other woman of whom I had that opinion. Woman is the inferior of man in brute strength, and if that be taken as evidence that she is inferior in

all respects, then the lion would be man's superior; for he is stronger than man. Morally and intellectually she has proven to proud man that she is his equal and in those finer relations of life, has far surpassed the height attained by man. What a mystery it is to me to see men so congenial and kind to all with whom they associate, with the one exception—their own families. One of the grandest types of manhood is he who is true to his own family; who loves his wife too well to be willing to say one word or commit one act that will cause her a moment of sorrow or pain. How the sunshine of God's love dwells in such a home! How the companion of such a man willingly labors and sacrifices, in order to promote his happiness as well as her own. There can be to me no higher recommendation to offices in the church than that a brother is good in his family, that he is kind and patient and true to the best interests of those whom God has placed in his charge. The church need not fear to let such a man represent them, if he is properly called.

Many thousands of women have had their lives made miserable and have been laid in premature graves by the treatment of careless, thoughtless, unsympathetic and cruel husbands. Let all professing the name of Latter Day Saint be far above this; as far above as the heavens are above the earth. In conclusion, let the women learn to govern and control the family as well as the man. I think more depends on the mother in the duty of training and raising the children in the right way, than upon the father. This is more especially the case with the missionary's family. What encouragement would it be to me, if, while I am away trying to save others, I am at the same time conscious that my own family are taking the downward road that leads to eternal ruin. How necessary it is that the elder's wife should have good government, be possessed of patience, decision and firmness, and raise her family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Is it not a beautiful sight to see the family of the missionary in his absence called together night and morning and hear the simple heartfelt prayer from wife and

children, that God will protect the loved one who is absent, and bless and favor him in his work? Surely our heavenly

Father will bless and protect such a family, and his ministering angels watch over them.

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### WHEN BESSIE DIED.

When Bessie died—  
We braided the brown hair, and tied  
It just as her own little hands  
Had fastened back the silken strands  
A thousand times—the crimson bit  
Of ribbon woven into it  
That she had worn with childish pride—  
Smoothed down the dainty bow; and cried,  
When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—  
We drew the nursery blinds aside,  
And, as the morning in the room  
Burst like a primrose into bloom,  
Her pet canary's cage we hung

Where she might hear him when he sung—  
And yet not any note he tried,  
Though she lay listening folded-eyed!

When Bessie died—  
We writhed in prayer unsatisfied;  
We begged of God, and he did smile  
In silence on us all the while;  
And we did see Him, through our tears,  
Enfolding that fair form of hers,  
She laughing back against His love  
The kisses we had nothing of,  
And death to us he still denied—  
When Bessie died—

When Bessie died.

—Selected.

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## THE HONEST RUM-SELLER (?);

### OR LIGHT IN THE BAR-ROOM.

BY THOMAS J. SMITH.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Cease now the story,  
Nor tell it again,  
For its sinful scenes  
Swell the soul with pain.

WE WILL now leave Mike McGinnis with his arguments and give our attention to this loudly talking and wildly gesticulating person coming down the street. Why, bless you, if it is not a woman. Who can she be? She is tall and muscular, her face is coarse and badly sun-browned, her eyes are black, her arms and fingers are long and brawny, her hair—well, I will not tell what color it is—but will simply say, that when superstitious people look upon a person having hair like hers, they invariably hunt up a white horse; her clothing is scant; her steps are long and sweeping, while her entire appearance indicates an ill-tempered, angry woman. Why, if it is not old Betsy Barns. What is she talking and brawling about? Listen.

“I'll show that hypocritical sneak thief

of a rum-seller what kind of material Betsy Barns is made of. I have told the old “penny-grabber” now the sixth time not to sell my husband liquor, and as sure as I do it, that sure does he come home drunker than ever. At this very minute he is lying in the back yard so befuddled with rum that he can not tell the noon-day sun from a fire-fly. Ah! but it is aggravating. I am going to pop the law onto the lying deceiver this very day. He knows very well that I could get damages from him by law for selling Barns whisky, when I have forbidden him doing so. Here is his den and I am going to beard him in it too, and there he stands behind his bar. “Look this way you miserable rum fiend and tell me why you have sold my husband whisky again, when I have for half a dozen times forbidden it. Now don't repeat that old thread-bare lie again and say you didn't, for I know better; only this very day he came home drunker than ever, and when I asked him who sold him liquor, all I could get out of him was

Mod'l, Mod'l. There, now, don't that give you completely away, you imp of Egyptian darkness?"

"Upon my word, Mrs. Barns," commenced Mr. Pennygrabber, "you are widely mistaken, your——"

"Hold, hold," interrupted Betsy, "I told you not to bring up that old lie again, for I will not believe it any more, it is too thin. I am going to try the law on you and see if it won't stop your sneaking mischief."

"Will you just listen to me one moment, Mrs. Barns," again commenced the rum-seller?"

"No, I will not; I have listened to your oily tongue many times too often already. I am going to sue you at the court this very day."

After this little speech Betsy turned to go. Mr. Pennygrabber seeing that she meant business ventured again:

"Hold on, Mrs. Barnes, if you will not listen to me, I ask you to pay attention to just one word from my clerk here. Johnson, has John Barns bought or drank liquor of any kind in *this saloon* for the last three months past?"

"Upon my word and honor, Mrs. Barns," replied Johnson, your husband has neither bought nor drank any liquor in *this saloon* for at least three months gone by."

This testimony so straightforward and so firmly given, completely confounds the poor woman, and extracts the greater half of the combativeness with which she was possessed but a moment before.

"Then," she meekly said, "if you did not sell him the liquor, Mr. Pennygrabber, who did?"

"How should I know?" he replied, "there are many saloons in this city besides mine."

Mrs. Barns leaves the place completely baffled but not satisfied. Could this poor and much abused woman have had but one ray of light shed into her mystified soul at this time, all would have been clear as the noonday sun. Could any one but have told her to take a position where she could have a fair view of the little ware room at the rear of the saloon building and there watch until her husband passes by going to his daily work, she would see him stop, raise the window sash and drop a piece of money in a small box nailed to the wall. Some time before

noon she would see the clerk enter the little building, take out the money, enter the saloon and shortly return with its worth in liquor, which he places in the box from which he took the money. At fifteen minutes past twelve she would see her husband stop again at the window, raise the sash, seize the bottle and rush away with it. And finally when she goes home two hours later she would see "the old man drunk again." Of course the rum-seller did not lie in the matter and his conscience is perfectly clear, for old man Barns *had* neither bought or drank any liquor in his saloon for three months. The buying was done in the little ware room, and the drinking was done wherever the purchaser chose to do it. So the rum-seller comes out again as straight as a shingle, and as honest as *ever*, and poor Betsy Barns still looks for the man who sells her husband liquor.

The election has been over for two days, the excitement is dying down, the result is definitely known, and the "wet candidates," as usual, were nearly all elected. So we will just step into the bar-room of the Model Saloon again to see how things are moving along. As might be expected, new vigor has been infused into the business. The proprietor and clerk are more polite and smiling than ever, and to celebrate the *great victory* they had achieved in the election, whisky is free for the evening. Drunken men were on every hand, while riot and confusion seemed to be the order of the occasion. Nearly everybody wanted to talk while no one could listen. Prominent among these babblers is a tall, handsome man, well dressed, and as refined and polite as his drunken condition will permit. Who is he? Well, that is just what the proprietor is asking his clerk in a low whisper, as a lull in the demand for whisky comes on. "Who is he, Johnson."

"His name is Williams," answered Johnson," and he lives in the southern part of the city. They say he has a mint of money."

"I do not doubt it," continued the proprietor, "his appearance indicates it, besides I have seen him handling a roll of bank notes to-night as large as a beer bottle. I never saw him here before."

"No," replied Johnson, he patronizes the Red Front."



"He patronizes the Red Front," repeated the proprietor, while a wicked sparkle shone in his eyes, "and he is here tonight just because the evening is free, the stingy pup, we will 'fix' him, Johnson. Next treat give him from the black decanter."

This gives us a clew as to how the man is to be "fixed," so we will watch matters with eyes wide open. Five minutes has not elapsed before "treat" is again called. (It is a custom among saloon men to treat every time the crowd demands it when they give what they term "free whisky.") All those who were not too drunk marched or rather staggered up to the bar. Now watch for the black decanter. Ah, sure enough the clerk is filling a glass from it. See how carelessly he moves around and how unconcerned he is. He fills four or five glasses more from other bottles and listlessly moves all around over the counter, but as we anticipate, the one filled from the black decanter lands in front of Mr. Williams, who innocently swallows its contents as the others do theirs. In one-half hour he is in a state of unconsciousness, from which he can not be aroused for at least five hours. A little news item in the *Daily Bee* tells the sequel to the above proceedings.

"**ROBBED WHILE DRUNK.**—As Mr. Henry Williams was returning home late last night from the 'free whisky,' at the Model Saloon, he was robbed of \$756. He was found early this morning by the police, lying three blocks away from the saloon, 'dead drunk,' but minus the money. No clue as yet to the thieves."

There was not a single person among all those who heard of the robbery, who ever dreamed, let alone suspicioned, that this man had been drugged, robbed and carried three blocks away by Mr. Pennygrabber and his clerk, Johnson. So the little matter of "fixing" Mr. Williams was soon forgotten and the honest rum-seller still flourishes.

Among all our illustrations of the wicked and diabolical work of the rum-seller, the saddest and most melancholy is that of getting rid of the old sots. Every one knows, who is in the least, conversant with the rum trade, that after the poor, old drunken sot has spent all of his money for drink and there is no hope of him getting any more, he is a perfect eyesore to the rumseller. He is a thorn

in his side. Unlike his Creator, the rum-vender can not look upon the works of his hands and pronounce them "good," but fain would look some other way or have them removed from his sight, hence his desire to be rid of them. But the door of the model opens again and the same old sot who was so generously treated to the dishwater some time since, totters in. He is shivering from head to foot, for as we before observed, he was miserably dressed and the night is extremely cold. He seems to pause as to whether he will go to the stove and warm himself or call for liquor to quench his fiery thirst. The latter idea prevails, so he pleads for a glass of brandy.

"No," said the proprietor, "You can have what I give to all old sots who have no money."

"I had plenty of money once," replied the sot, "you got it all, now give me brandy."

"Not a drop," said the hard hearted rum seller, "You can have the other."

"I won't have it," groaned the old man. "You have robbed me of my money and ruined my life; now I must and will have brandy." And he makes an effort to reach a bottle on the shelf.

The proprietor pushes him back. Another effort is made, but results as did the first. A third ends as did the second. The rum seller becomes greatly exasperated.

"Hold on!" he says, "will you go away at once, and not come again if I give you one drink of brandy?"

The wretched old man, crazy for the liquor, was willing to promise anything to get it.

"Yes, I will," he replied, "give it to me, quick."

Mr. Pennygrabber stood for a moment as if in deep thought, looked cautiously around, then walked quickly to the other end of the counter and reaching under it took out a black decanter filling a beer-glass from it he pushed it towards the old man, remarking:

"Now drink and go."

And he did go sure enough. The next day the county ambulance bears the remains of an old frozen drunkard to the Potter's Field. No one loved him, and no one cared. Not a tear fell as the clods rattled upon the rough pine box which held his rum-besotted clay. Only one

sigh escaped the lips of all the hundreds who read of the sad end of this old sot, and that was a sigh of relief from the honest rumseller. The event is soon forgotten, things move along in the old rut and the Model Saloon still waves.

We now come to the last act which we will present in the drama of the "honest rumseller."

Although scores of others could be introduced with equal force and fitness, this one, with those already given, will suffice for our present purpose. They are sufficient to convince the most radical believer in his honesty, to an opposite faith, and place him in his true position, as a man who is willing to do anything, honest or dishonest, to make money.

For the week just passed, things have been moving at a break-neck speed at the Model Saloon. Drinking men from all parts of the city have been flocking there. An enormous amount of wine has been consumed. Money has flowed into Mr. Pennygrabber's coffers by the handful, and of course he is a happy man. At this time a large crowd of men is surging around his bar, babbling, brawling and drinking wine and smacking their crimsoned lips over the delicious beverage. But what is it all about you ask? This little advertisement in the city papers will explain it:

"Mr. Pennygrabber, proprietor of the Model Saloon, has just returned from New York, where he purchased a large number of barrels of choice foreign wines at auction. Having gotten these wines at a very low figure, and wishing to do the fair thing by his customers, he will dispose of them at half price."

And now while men are rushing in and out of his saloon and making a great to do over this "soft snap" as they term it, we will trace the history of the whole affair. One morning, just about four weeks ago Mr. Pennygrabber sat in his bar room reading the morning papers. Nothing of any import seemed to meet his eye until he was almost through, when all at once his face brightened up, his eyes sparkled brightly, while his whole appearance indicated that he had read something which highly pleased him. What is it? We will just peep over his shoulder and see. It is but a small news item, and reads as follows:

"The faculty of the Medical and Surgi-

cal Institute at Buffalo, New York, has adopted the French method of bathing their scrofulous and ulcerous patients in the best of wine. It is then disposed of for a small amount to western farmers and ranchmen, who claim it to be an infallible remedy for what is known as 'scab' among sheep."

That is all there is of it. But it is sufficient to arouse the cupidity of the honest Pennygrabber.

"Johnson," said he next morning to his clerk, "I am going to make a little run down to Buffalo, New York, on business, and want you to see to things while I am gone. My stay will probably be a week or ten days. Don't let the Red Front get the 'bulge' on us while I am gone."

"Trust me," replied Johnson, "things will go right along the same as if you were here."

Three days after this a man dressed in the plain garb of a western farmer or ranchman made his appearance in the office of the Institute just mentioned and asked for the superintendent of the concern. An interview was soon granted him.

"I understand" commenced the farmer, "that certain patients who come here for treatment are washed in the best wine, and this wine is then sold to western sheep-raisers as a remedy for certain diseases among their animals. Have I been correctly informed?"

"Yes, you have," replied the superintendent, "we find it very beneficial in all scrofulous diseases and farmers tell us that, mixed with a little tobacco, it is a certain cure for diseases peculiar to sheep."

"Have you any of this wine on hand now?" asked the farmer.

"Yes, we have a large number of barrels now, as we have not made any sales for the last three months, this being a time of year when there is but little call for it."

"Well, I own a large sheep ranch in Colorado. Many of my animals are badly diseased, so if we can agree as to the price of the wine, I will take what you have on hand," said the farmer."

"There will be no trouble as to that," replied the other, "all we want is just enough to pay for re-barreling, draying, etc."

So the bargain was closed and the next day found Mr. Pennygrabber (for the

farmer was no other than he) homeward bound on the lightning express, with twenty-five barrels of choice Maderia wine following him on the way freight. Not, however to his sheep ranch in Colorado, for he never owned one, but to the Model Saloon. *to be drunk by his customers.* And this was the wine he was selling at half price, and the same over which the men were smacking their lips, and pronouncing it delicious. There can be no doubt but what it must have been truly delightful! Our mouths water at the very thought of it even now, and the act of getting such a charming treat for his customers should forever redound to the praise of the good and true, honest, law-abiding rum seller!

And now, in conclusion, my friends, shall we sign this petition? Shall we give our consent to the establishment of a saloon in this place? Shall we make another Pennygrabber of John Myers? Shall we commission him to spread ruin

GOODLAND, Kansas.

(Concluded.)

## MAN GREATER THAN NATURE.

A SUNBEAM, no doubt, is a wonderful phenomenon, but surely the mind that perceives it, traces it to its sources, analyzes its laws, and explains its nature, is, without limit, greater than the sunbeam. Yet our material philosophies to-day are far too much inclined to leave unaccounted for the explaining soul in their endeavors to explain the universe, and, therefore, beyond the arch of heaven they are willing to tell us there is no author, and in the noble movements and supreme abnegations of a saintly life they would have us believe that we see only the reactions of a living chemistry. But within ourselves we know it may not be. The soul abides upon itself forever. This consciousness unshared by all the universe beside, this *I*, whence does it come? This burden on the soul that right alone is noble, and that wrong is eternally base—how came it there? There is no answer in Nature. She is dumb. Philosophy has been endeavoring the stammering reply for centuries on centuries, and she has failed; and science at this hour, enthroned upon an Alp of van-

among our families, deal death to our fathers and sons and finally cover them with a drunkard's shame and grave.

Henry Walters took his seat while a thundering shower of Noes, almost lifted the roof from the building. The petition was never again presented for signers and the little town of T—— was free from the threatened danger. But "how things do meander away," how unlooked for things do appear. New settlers flocked in, holding anti-temperance opinions, many of the old ones changed their's and to-day, just one little short year afterward, John Myers' Saloon is the most prominent building in the town. The same old process of drunkard-making is going on. The same tricks are played, the same traps are set, and as might be expected, the same results are following. What shall we do? What can we do? "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth."

tage that she never occupied before, will tell you in her frankness that from the physics of the brain to deduce the *ego*, the *I*, the conscious self, is simply impossible. There is but one answer; it is that we are more than matter; it is the outcome of the Divine within us that gives us this conscious self of responsibility. It is no answer to that to say that we are parts of the physical world. I know we are. We are the slaves of a physical destiny like the cedar and the ox, but we are more, infinitely more. It is true that we are placed without our choice upon a world to whose physical laws we must submit, and over whose movements we have no control. We are compelled by gravity and carried hopelessly through space by the rolling world. We do not determine our tendencies, we do not elect our talents; and yet our tendencies are stupendous factors for good or ill, and our talents may determine whether we shall rule a nation or go through life a drudge. Then can we be free under circumstances like these? Yes. If it be the mind that makes the man, we are yet free. In the

words of John Stuart Mill, "Mind has power to co-operate in the formation of its own character." It is true, I can not defy the swirling movement of my passions that would carry me to the hell of a degraded life; I can not defy the pull upon my body of physical gravity; but I can scorn and conquer the moral gravity

of my lusts which would dethrone my manhood. In short, I am bound physically, but morally I am free, and the tendencies with which I am born and the talents that are woven with my life are the very elements out of which, with Christ as my pattern, I must construct my moral character.

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### THE SONG AT NIGHT.

Awaking from sleep one night,  
 Methought I faintly heard,  
 Amidst the fir trees arching high,  
 The pipings of a bird.  
 And as I listened, the sweet strain  
 Rose loud and clear, until  
 It reached full compass; then it stopped,  
 And all grew strangely still.

Oh! little bird with head tucked low  
 Beneath your downy wing,  
 I wonder why you tuned your voice  
 In the dark night to sing?  
 Had you a vision clear and bright  
 Which called for honest praise,  
 And sent from out your throbbing throat  
 Soft, tender, heartfelt lays?

Or were you frightened at the dark  
 Which brooded o'er the nest,  
 Left lonely by the mother bird  
 Which lulled you to your rest,

Till well-known objects took the shape  
 Of queer and spectral things,  
 And made you long to hide yourself  
 Beneath the parent wings?

I can not tell you how my heart  
 Went out to meet that song,  
 Borne by the wing of dark-robed night  
 Upon the breeze along.  
 Or how the quick fear started forth,  
 As the last feeble lay  
 From out your little quiv'ring throat  
 Died on the air away.

Since then I've very often caught  
 Your timid midnight song,  
 And pondered o'er the lesson taught  
 Within night's hours long,  
 Knowing the ear which never shuts  
 Heeds every feeble call;  
 For heaven, not earth, endures for aye,  
 And God is over all.

—Selected.

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### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

WE lay in Callao four months, and to break the daily monotony the sailors used sometimes to indulge in catching sharks. A man would take an iron hook, bated with four or five pounds of pork, out to the end of the boom and let the pork down to the water. This hook was fastened to the end of a coil of rope which lay near the foremast, and when bated the rope was fastened to the lift of the boom. This served the purpose of keeping the slack of the rope out of the water and resisting the bite of the shark enough to insert the hook in his jaw. If there were no sharks

around when first the bait was dropped, there soon would be, for it is astonishing the power of scent the shark possesses. Very often one shark would come first—the forerunner of a number—and in his hurry to get the meat, never stopping to consider the consequence, he would grab the bait, when feeling the prick of the hook he would start back at an astonishing rate of velocity through the water, taking the slack of the rope with him until it was all run out; then being brought up with a sudden jerk, he would sometimes turn over two or three times before

stopping. After several ineffectual attempts to get loose, he would calm down. Several men in the chains would then haul him to the side of the ship and hoist him till his whole length is out of the water, when they would slip a noose of another rope, which ran through a single block or whip rigged for the purpose, over his head, and let it down to his tail. This when drawn tight, would let him down to the water. They would then hoist him on the whip till his head just cleared the water, and after shaking the hook out of his mouth, they would haul him on board and hoist him by the tail till his head was level with the chains. Two men, each having a sharp sheath knife, and standing one on each side of the shark a sufficient distance away for safety, would then alternately stab him with the knife. The one first stabbing would jump back quickly to avoid being seized by the shark, which when struck, would turn on the one that struck him, and while so doing the one on the other side would stab him from that direction, thus they continued to wound him by turns until he was killed, when they would cut him up in chunks, letting them drop in the water, which in a very short time would be full of sharks that had scented the blood. Then would be seen enacted literally, "shark eat shark."

To palliate this cruel sport, the sailors claimed that sharks are their deadly enemies and that it is legitimate to kill them at any or all times. No quarter is shown by the shark, therefore none is given to him. Upon one occasion when the market boat was coming from shore laden with fresh provisions, poultry, beef, etc., a monster shark was following in its wake when a chicken that struggled till its legs were at liberty, flew up and the boat sailed from under it, causing it to fall ahead of the shark, which quickly swallowed it.

On the afternoon of the same day, a shark was caught and after being cut open a chicken dropped out.

One peculiar feature of the latitude of Callao was the absence of rain, but it is reported as one of the finest wheat-raising countries in the world.

There were piles of wheat lying on shore for shipment all the four months that we were there, and no covering but a tarpaulin. These piles were shipped and

replenished from time to time. You say the wheat was raised by irrigation? No; the descendants of the Spaniards with a mixture of Indian and Negro blood, were a little too indolent for that. Every evening at sun-down a very heavy fog settled over the country. So dense was this fog that we took down the outer edge of the awning, or tarpaulin which was stretched over the decks horizontally in the day time, to keep the sun from melting the pitch in the seams of the deck, and lowered it to within a foot of the deck, thus forming the shape of the roof of a house. In a few hours water would be dropping from the lower edges like rain; and when going from under the awning we could feel a dampness, but not anything like rain,—strike our face or hands. In the morning by sun-rise it was all gone. This process was an every day occurrence, as witnessed by the writer for four months; and old sailors who have been there at all times of the year say it is always the same. One night during our stay here, the whole ship's crew was awakened by a tremendous shaking of the ship. The chain cable which always has a strain on it, shook like a leaf, and the links jingled together, making quite a din. The men exclaimed simultaneously, "What is that?" It proved to be a slight shock of an earthquake, as testified to by a boat's crew which was on shore at the time, waiting for some officers to come on board. They said that it was felt so sensibly on shore that the people flocked to their churches in dreadful fear. The country had been subject to earthquakes, as Old Callao was sunken by one. We could see the spires of two churches, I believe, and just the tops of some of the houses from our anchorage.

Some of our boats have pulled among the houses; but the boat to which the writer belonged did not have that privilege. About a mile from where we were anchored and about three miles from the old city, a mountain rises up from the bay. Tradition says that as the old city went down; this mountain rose up and a solitary fisherman who was plying his avocation at the time, being above the spot where the land rose, rose with it high in the air, and was the only one left of all the inhabitants of the doomed city.

This island mountain, retained the name of the fisherman, San Lorenzo.

Speaking of this mountain, reminds me of the visit paid our ship by the president of the Peruvian Government, who came with his attendants, in all their gold tinsel habilaments, and were received at the companion way by the officers of the ship, clad in like garments, together with a national salute of twenty-one guns.

I, with my gun-mates, were on the starboard side, and when the Commodore and the Peruvian President, locked arm in arm, were passing our gun, they were discussing the force of the guns to carry shells, and the nicety in the calculation of the time taken for them to burst; affording the gunner the opportunity in aiming the gun, so that at three trials the shell would burst at the point aimed at.

The President expressed a desire to see a display of the skill spoken of. The Commodore, looking out of the port-hole toward the mountain, descried a black spot and pointing to it said to the President, "I will guarantee in three trials to cause a shell to burst at that spot."

He gave orders to the gunner to have three shells brought, naming them in their order. The gun was loaded and fired. The shell exploded apparently about two yards below the mark, the second exploded beyond the mark, while the third burst right at the mark.

Our next place of destination was to take from the enemy the port of Acapulco, on the western coast of Mexico; but before arriving there a United States vessel which was expecting us, having been sent with despatches for our Commodore overhauled us, and our destination was changed to Mazatlan. A few miles from this place the whole body of the Mexican army, on that side of the land, was stationed. Our forces had taken Mazatlan from the Mexicans, and were expecting an attack from them to retake the city, they having received large reinforcements. Soon after receiving the despatches, the Commodore had the ship's crew practicing at target shooting, and the names of the best shots were placed on a list to go

on shore to defend the place against the meditated attack of the enemy. Five hundred were picked out, and the writer happened to be among them.

We went on shore with only a change of clothing, marched to the barracks on the opposite side of the town from the beach, in double file, the drums and fifes playing "The girl I left behind me." This caused my thoughts to revert homeward, and to be tinged with sorrow and contrition, for the act of leaving her who had trusted her young heart's first love in my keeping, and I following a "Will of the wisp."

The barracks, built of *adobe*, were about eighty feet long and twenty feet wide, one story high, divided into three rooms. Two of these were occupied by the men, and the third by the officers in charge. Part of our number was taken to garrison a fort situated near the main traveled road and about two miles from the barracks.

At one side of the barracks was a yard, about fourteen feet wide running the whole length of the building and surrounded by a wall ten feet high. At one end of the yard next to the street was a gate the width of the yard, through which ingress or egress was had.

Our quarters were close, our beds the soft side of a plank, and altogether we soon came to the conclusion that our own rejoicing at the prospect of change, as well as the sympathy bestowed by us upon our less fortunate mates who had been left behind, were both premature. They at least had the free, pure air of heaven to breathe, and unlimited view of the life moving upon land and water, while our view was obstructed by high walls, and the air we breathed was contaminated by our surroundings and by being frequently inhaled. As a great privilege we were sometimes allowed (half a dozen of us at a time) to sit at the gate-way, which gave us a view of a few rods up and down the street.

(To be continued).

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JESUS ABOVE ALL.—The traveler ascending the Alps to reach the summit of Mount Blanc: at first he observes that lord of the hills as one horn among many, and often, in the winding of his upwards path, he sees other peaks which appear more elevated than that monarch of the mountains. But when he is near the summit, he sees all the rest of the hills beneath his feet, and like a mighty wedge of alabaster, Mount Blanc pierces the very clouds. So, as we grow in grace, other things sink, and Jesus rises until he alone fills the full horizon of the soul.—*Spurgeon*.

## NAUVOO.

IN this issue we present our readers with an illustration of Nauvoo. "This name is of Hebrew origin and signifies a beautiful situation or place, carrying with it also the idea of rest." . . . "It was situated in Hancock county, Illinois, near the head of the Lower Rapids, and one hundred and ninety-two miles above St. Louis, one of the most beautiful sites on the Mississippi river; the ground rising gradually from the river, presenting a smooth and regular surface, with a plain at the summit."

Few of our readers need to be told that after the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri, they were received in a hospitable manner by the inhabitants of Illinois and began a settlement in that state at a place called Commerce, in the year 1839. This name was afterwards changed to Nauvoo.

We here insert a portion of a lecture delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania on the 26th of March, 1850, by Thomas L. Kane, Esq., a gentleman of undoubted veracity and respectability, a resident of the city of Philadelphia and a clerk of one of the highest judicial tribunals of the nation. This gentleman, whether led by curiosity or directed by the hand of Providence, fell in with the Saints just after their expulsion from Nauvoo and traveled with them from Nauvoo to their winter quarters at Council Bluffs. It is not our present object to follow his lecture to its conclusion, though we may have occasion to refer to it again, but merely to give to our readers what we believe to be a true and graphic picture of the scene Nauvoo presented at this time.

"A few years ago, ascending the Upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the Rapids. My road lay through the Half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only

scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred without being improved, by their careless hands.

"I was descending the last hill-side upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun, its bright new dwellings, set in cool green gardens ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it in the back ground, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

"It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it. For plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways. Rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

"Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks, and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his workbench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped light-wood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, clinking the

wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marygolds, heart's-ease, and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water-sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples,—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when at last I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church to avoid rousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

“On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard. But there was no record of plague there, nor did it in anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly-dried lettering ink. Beyond the graveyard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too in the hazy air of autumn.

“Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered wood-work and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid Temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself, and why I had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

“Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spir-

its; after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told me the story of the Dead City; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this Battle, as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which as I remember, was that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have borne a character without reproach.

“They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had as matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed they believed with a dreadful design. Beside these they led me to see a large and deep-chiseled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were immigrants from a great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents ‘went into the water’ for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the Great Vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore the object, of all others in the building, to which they



attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

"They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, East and South, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of pure day, close to the scar of the Divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruses of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a bass drum and a steam-boat signal bell of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

"It was after nightfall when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset; and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

"Here among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground.

"Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a tallow candle in a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and peanuts, and which flaring and guttering away, in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair-sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly-measured sips of the tepid river water from a burned and battered bitter-smelling tin coffee pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed—a toothless old bald head, whose manner had the repulsive dulness of one familiar with death scenes. He, so

long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls, who were sitting upon a piece of drift wood outside.

"Dreadful indeed was the suffering of these forsaken beings. Cowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were almost all of them the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

"These were Mormons famishing in Lee county, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord, 1846. The city,—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country round. And those who had stopped their ploughs, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread; these—were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple—whose drunken riot insulted the ears of their dying.

"I think it was as I turned from the wretched night-watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many, occasionally rose distinct the loud oath-tainted exclamation, and the falsely intonated scrap of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then when their boisterous orgies strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the Temple steeple, and there with the wicked childishness of inebriety, they whooped, and shrieked and beat the drum that I had seen, and rang in charivariic unison their loud-tongued steam-boat bell.

“They were, all told, not more than six hundred and forty persons who were thus lying on the river flats. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered the year before at over 20,000. Where were they? They had last been seen carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them; and people asked with curiosity, What had been their fate—what their fortunes?”

We now wish to call the attention of our readers to one or two phases of this picture which Mr. Kane was entirely ignorant of, but which, if we will ponder upon it, will teach us wisdom, strengthen us in the faith, and lead us to fear the judgment of a justly offended God.

God has no favorites, and notwithstanding he overthrew Pharaoh, and his pursuing host, and saved his people out of their hands, yet when that people departed from his law and committed sin, he sold them time and again into the hands of their enemies; and when they persisted in sinning and filled up the cup of their iniquity, he destroyed Jerusalem with its magnificent temple and scattered its wicked inhabitants upon the whole face of the earth. Were they sinners above others? Nay, it was because they had become like those others; for having greater light they were under obligation to walk therein.

After the holding of the first conference at Nauvoo, the heart of one of God’s faithful servants being moved within him, he went out beneath the silence of the midnight sky and prayed earnestly to God that his people might never be driven

again, when the voice of the Spirit said to him, “If my people will obey my commandments they never shall be driven again.”

Were those poor, homeless, shivering men, women and children sinners above all others, that they suffered those trials? Were they sinners above those vile wretches camping in and around the once beautiful Temple of Nauvoo? Nay, but they had turned from the commandments of God—had made flesh their arm and sinned against greater light. It was not that drunken, howling mob who had first desecrated the Temple, but the wicked leaders this people were then following to those mountain fastnesses. These had desecrated it with sins which called for the fire and thunderbolts of heaven to obliterate; and they came.

This picture presents but one side of the matter. It tells you of those who followed apostate leaders, but does not bring to your view the thousands, aye, tens of thousands, scattered ones who seeing the wickedness and corruptions by which these were being led captive went every man his way to weep apart over the blighting of his fondest hopes. But mark in this the providence of God, that just as devious as were their ways, so was the sowing of the gospel seed. God made of each true Saint an instrument dealing death-blows to sectarianism and its creeds. Do you hear the crash to-day? Aye, the wedge has entered, and when the work is done then will the honest in heart return to Zion with songs of everlasting joy; but the false shepherds and those who loved their rule will “inhabit the parched places in the wilderness.”

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## DEVOTION.

TUNE—MARTYRDOM.

BY JOSETH DEWSNUP, SR.

C. M.

’Tis here I seek thee, God of grace,  
To tell my wants to thee;  
Thy love to feel, thy power confess,  
And what thou dost for me.

Within the portals of this house  
My tongue shall sing thy praise;  
My throbbing heart, with gratitude  
Acknowledge all thy ways.

Inspire my prayer, accept my praise,  
While in thy house I bend;  
Thy righteousness in me fulfill,  
Thy graces in me blend.

Then, Lord, I will thy praise declare,  
Thy love my theme shall be;  
The incense of a grateful heart  
Shall thus ascend to thee.

MANCHESTER, England,  
August 8th, 1889.

## SELFHOOD AND SELF.

BY M. OSTRACIS.

Would'st thou know thyself?  
 In other's, self discern:  
 Would'st thou know others?  
 Examine self, and learn—  
 Look closely upon men, and there perceive  
 What human nature doth in man conceive.

Thinkest thou thou'rt small,  
 And others greater far?—  
 Each man is part of all  
 The multitude that are  
 Earth's family. He whom thou honor'st now  
 Erstwhile was small, and weak, and poor as  
 thou.

Dost think that thou art weak?  
 Thyself a cipher deem?  
 The cipher hath a place,  
 However small it seem.  
 If unit it succeed, it addeth nine—  
 Nine fold the power of unit's power is thine.

Still sayest thou, "Alone  
 I am as nothing still;"  
 There's no one stands alone—  
 The drops the ocean fill.  
 Each whole is formed of parts, thy parts thine  
 own;  
 Fill well thy place—in honor thou'lt be known.

Would'st thou measure force?  
 Then others' force observe.  
 Would'st know thy nature's power?  
 Let fancies never swerve  
 Thy reason from its throne; but strive to glean  
 The truth from what is now, from what hath  
 been.

Were there no atoms found,  
 No molecules would be;  
 Were there no molecules,  
 No earth; no drops, no sea.  
 However small thy part, by God designed  
 Is every part of matter, and of mind.

## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

IN our last we left Margery busy with the household cares, which, because of her mother's sickness, devolved upon her. The days, as they lengthened in reality, seemed long indeed to her as she waited for news from Daniel; but as a low, lingering fever still confined her mother to her bed, she was thankful for the wisdom of the choice she had made in remaining with her, for in time she saw her patient care rewarded, as the invalid slowly gained strength and was able once more to join her family at the social meal as well as at their hours of devotion.

Letters came from Daniel, descriptive of the country through which they were traveling, and filled with such incidents as might serve to interest her or tend in any way to cheer her spirits. The hope of soon being re-united was her daily and hourly thought, though few who saw her cheerful, loving attendance upon her mother would have dreamed how much she longed for his companionship and

counted again and again the hours of separation. The soft breezes of spring had given place to the warmer ones of early summer, when a letter reached her from Mary, which as it forms a connecting link in our narrative, we will here in part transcribe. It was dated, "Early June in the wild-wood," and ran thus:—

"Margery, Sweet Sister: Should I undertake to describe the scene by which I am surrounded, I feel sure that I never could do justice to it. To-night we are encamped in a grove of timber skirting the borders of a limpid stream, which in its gentle, rippling flow reminds me of the one in which we were 'buried with Christ in baptism' that happy day, which now seems so far in the past. If time is measured by events, then indeed it is long since we two entered into covenant, taking upon us the name of the Son and witnessing to God that we would always keep his commandments. Ah! Margery; that is a solemn covenant to make, especially when we remember with whom it is made!

I look back at the past, as memory brings it before me, and forward to the future—that realm of imagination—and the question comes to me, will I always be able to do this? ‘Not in our own strength,’ I hear you repeating, as you have many times said to me, ‘but if we *daily* ask our portion of strength, he will give it daily.’ This is what I am trying to do—trying to gather the manna each day as it falls, and use it while fresh and sweet; and, Margery, I have thus far never known it to fail. Is it not, after all, the using of it which is the important part? Those who in their eagerness gathered more than was used, found it filled with worms. I have often thought that if from the heart we asked daily, and daily *used* the portion given, we would grow in grace and in the knowledge of God; but of what value to our bodies is the food we never taste? In like manner the spirit can not grow and receive strength by the bread we ask for, if unused. If I pray for the grace of patience and never exercise it; for faith and then harbor doubts and unbelief; for charity, and almost as soon as the breath of prayer has left my lips take up a reproach against my neighbor; for the poor and the needy and send them away from my door empty; for the success of the gospel and never give towards the sustaining of the ministry, no not so much as to pay my honest debt of tithing; for the speedy coming of Christ with his Saints, when by the neglect of all those duties I am doing all in my power to do to prevent that coming, of what avail are my prayers? God may hear and place within my reach the power to answer them, but I do not use that power, and will it not be a swift witness against me in the day of judgment? I sometimes think it were better never to pray, never to ask God for grace to overcome, than to ask, and after receiving, never use. But let me return.

“There is an opening in the woods where we are now encamped, and, as the banks of the stream are high, through it the view opens out over a wide expanse of prairie, covered with the most luxuriant growth of grass, among which bloom the loveliest wild flowers of every shade and hue. As the evening breeze freshens, the grass sways in it like the ripples on the lake; but the waters of the lake never

throw back such bright and lovely colors as the flowers give to this prairie sea. Away in the distance where the sky bends down and seems to lift the land to its embrace, the hues mingle and blend till one knows not where the prairie fades from view and the horizon begins. Truly this is a lovely land and goodly. One can almost fancy that the spies would not have far to go for the grapes of Eschol, as he looks at the trees covered with the half formed bunches of wild grapes, hanging thickly from vines which have crept to the tops of the tallest ones and there festooned themselves into garlands of verdure, reaching from branch to branch.

“You heard that our people would not be induced to take up arms in order to defend themselves from being driven, neither to reinstate themselves in their rights. After they left Jackson and settled in Clay county, these mobbers did not feel just as secure as they wanted to feel in regard to their titles to these lands. The guilty conscience, which is ever looking forward to the evil day, whispered them that sometime they might be called upon to prove their titles, which would be a hard thing for them to do. Accordingly they sent a proposition to the brethren, offering them the government price for their land, but refusing to pay anything for the improvements. Of course our brethren could not accept this, and it was finally agreed to refer the matter to some of the citizens of Clay county. These men had no connection with our church, but were men of good standing and much influence in the county. They met at a town called Liberty, with thirteen men sent out from Jackson county, and strove to adjust the difficulty. Our brethren were also represented; but after some time the men from Jackson county seeing that they were not likely to get what they wanted without paying for it, withdrew from the council, and being very angry they accused the men of Clay county of sympathizing with our people, and it was only by persistent effort that they were restrained from using knives and guns, which seems to be the best logic they have at command.

Prominent among this delegation from Jackson county was a man by the name of James Campbell. In the terrible heat of his anger this man swore that the war against the Mormons should be renewed,

and that he himself intended to kill Joe Smith and 'give his carcass to the buzzards.' That night the heavens suddenly gathered blackness, and peal upon peal of thunder shook the earth, while the vivid lightning flashes blinded the beholder—for a moment lighting up the earth and then leaving it in blacker darkness than before. How well I remember it, and how it required all our united strength to keep our tent from being blown away. The rain fell in torrents, and but for the precaution father always takes of digging a trench around the tent, it would have been flooded with water. In a few hours the storm abated, and next morning the sun shone bright and clear, and the birds sang as joyously and sweetly as though there had been no war of the elements, no crash of thunder nor of trees uprooted by the wind or shivered by the lightning's flash; but in that storm, Margery, there perished seven of these lawless men.

"They had embarked in the ferry-boat to re-cross the Missouri river, and when about half way over the storm burst upon them in all its fury and the boat upset. Part succeeded in clinging to her until she righted, and then in climbing in, and so were saved, but seven were drowned, and their bodies floated down the angry waters of the swollen stream, and some days afterwards the body of James Campbell was found lodged on a sand bar; but so terribly was it mutilated and torn by the sharp claws and beaks of buzzards that it was almost impossible for his friends to recognize it.

"Our enemies claim that Joe Smith announced to his followers, 'that he had brought his fate upon himself by his threats against the prophet of the Lord;' but if people were wise they would receive such tales as these with many degrees of allowance, for while there is a temptation to ask, was it indeed retributive justice upon this man? the Christian knows that it is not in ways like this the judgments of God are meted out. Sin brings its own punishment with it.

"When in the darkness of night, thrown amid the black, angry and storm-tossed waters, did this man who had profaned the name of his Maker by linking it with terrible threats of evil which he purposed in his heart to bring upon an innocent fellow-being recall the past? and as the light of eternity drew near, and the stern

reality of death came home to him, did he regret it? Would he have changed the past? Would he have reinstated those helpless women and children in the homes from which he had helped to drive them? Had life been spared, would he have changed his course, have been a better man? Alas, who can answer?

"Was it retributive justice? 'Suppose ye that these Galileans were sinners above all the Galileans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay; but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.'

"Let us trust, Margery, that our enemies will be the only ones to do this kind of talking, for in this life justice is not always meted out. The wheat and the tares grow together, and John saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God and the testimony that they held: 'And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not *judge* and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' White robes were given unto them, and *rest*, sweet, sweet rest; but even they must wait until *judgment* precede punishment, for, 'He hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world *in righteousness* by him whom he hath ordained; and he hath given assurance of this unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.'

"Death is not an unlimited evil, neither is it in any sense the punishment God has in store for the wicked. Many times it comes to the righteous in a sudden, terrible manner, as much so as to the wicked, but come to them as it may, or when it may, it comes as a friend, freeing the spirit from its tenement of clay, and giving in exchange for the toil, care and perplexity of life, *rest*. 'It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the judgment.'

"But how I have wandered from that which I intended to write you.

"Our trip has thus far been a very pleasant one, and we are now near our journey's end. The stream by which we are now encamped empties into the Missouri a few miles below the point at which we expect to cross it, and if no Providence prevents we will reach our crossing place in two more days' travel. Yesterday we met with some families, already discouraged, who were returning to the east. They

were driven from Jackson county, and, as they expressed it, 'Have had enough of Mormonism.' Already I have opportunity to see that the 'net gathers of all kinds.' The Savior spoke of a class who became offended in times of persecution, and, Margery, there are many such among our people. I know there will none stand, save those in whom the word has taken deep root, and the root itself is being nourished by the ground into which it has fallen. These will bear fruit, and only the fruitful will endure.

"You would be surprised to know what objects of curiosity we have been to many on the way. It is a mystery to me how the most vivid imagination could possibly invent all the stories in circulation about the 'Mormons.' One would think them a newly discovered race of beings—imported curiosities—or creatures caught with a lasso from some Indian jungle. And what a comment, what a living witness of the changes which have occurred since the days when Christ and his apostles were upon the earth, and went about from place to place, preaching this same gospel of the kingdom! This would not be so apparent, would not stand out in such bold relief did the churches not—one and all—profess to be followers of Christ and found their faith upon the same word which is the foundation of ours. Did they or we profess another religion—holding the religion of Christ as a mistake or an imposition, there would be no room left for astonishment, but as it is, the marvel is that they can not see how far they have departed from the faith taught by Christ. 'To a drunken man the world goes round.' Not being able to see their own departure, they see in us a new and strange sect which by no possible stretch of courtesy can be denominated Christian.

"We are anxiously waiting further news from you and expect that you will join us before fall. Daniel and father have gone on ahead and will meet us at the river, provided they have been successful in finding a desirable location. If we do not meet them there we shall camp and await their return."

We will not follow the letter to its conclusion, but will here briefly (for the benefit of our young readers) throw in a few connecting links between this period and

the events which will form our concluding chapters. Mr. Clark met his family at the crossing of the river, and communicated to them the good news of having found and purchased a place with some improvements already on it. The location he had selected was in Clay county, where the family were shortly settled. Daniel obtained a home near to his father's and in the early fall they were joined by the family of Mr. Boyd, and for the first time Daniel and Margery sat together beneath their own roof-tree, and knew in its broadest meaning the truth of the words, "Be it ever so humble there is no place like home." Before long they were destined to know also, that no spot upon this earth is so sacred as to be exempt from pain and trial. Daniel was attacked by sickness, and despite every effort upon the part of friends to alleviate or heal, gradually grew worse, until it became evident to all that unless help came soon, it would come too late.

Through the long watches of the night Margery sat by his bedside, her heart filled with the wildest apprehensions. Could it be possible that he was to be taken from her, that his life mission was accomplished and the summons home had come? Silently she ministered to his every want, for the sharp pain tugging at her heart rendered speech almost impossible, but every breath was a breath of prayer, that if possible God would not yet press this bitter cup to her lips. From time to time the ordinances of God's house had been administered, but with no apparent effect. Medical aid had been sought, but all in vain, and although Margery kept her watch alone, the family of Daniel were all there, for their anxiety was too great to suffer them to remain away. As the first dawn of day stole into the room, he said to Margery, "Call father."

"Mr. Clark was soon at his bedside, followed by his mother and Mary, not knowing but they had been summoned to bid him good bye.

"Will you administer to me once more, father?"

"Certainly, my son," he answered, and kneeling by his bedside, the stricken family once more importuned at a throne of grace for the life of the sufferer, after which Mr. Clark anointed his head with oil, and laying his hands upon it, asked

God to remove the disease and restore his son to health.

God was pleased to hear and answer, and that morning Daniel took breakfast with his rejoicing family, thanking God for his abounding mercy and blessings.

Three years of peaceful, domestic life followed this event. Much of Daniel's time was given to the ministry, but Margery was happy in the thought that though at home, she was yet a co-worker with him; for he never failed to receive from her words of cheerful encouragement, which not only buoyed up his spirit but incited him to new endeavors in the Master's cause. Hours of discouragement and despondency came to her, as they do to all, but she did not give them a hearty welcome and thus encourage them to come again, but struggled to bar the door of her heart against the intruders, and when in need of encouragement, counsel or help, she went to her closet and laid the matter before God.

During these years hundreds and thousands of the Saints had sought and made themselves homes in Clay and adjoining

counties. Towns had sprung up as by magic, and the fertile acres of prairie land had been turned into fruitful fields, yielding in abundance all kinds of grain, vegetables and fruit, while the wild honey found in the woods garnished almost every table. Broad lines of distinction were soon drawn between the thrift of eastern settlers and those settlers who had been there before them. The result was that envy was excited in the minds of the early settlers, and they began to cast about for means by which they might get rid of these neighbors, whose industry and thrift was a constant reproach to them.

In addition to this not one of the Saints was the owner of a slave, for they understood the spirit of the gospel of Christ too well to believe that God ever made one of his creatures to be the bondman of another. It is probable that just here the most serious cause of offense was given. Be that as it may, they were offended, and resolved to once more make an effort to expel them from their homes.

(To be continued).

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. VII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

**A**T THE dawn of morning we heard a shout. Not the yells of the wild Indian, nor the sound of the white man's voice in disguise mingling with those of the savage, but a joyful and merry peal which rang out loud and clear, "Merry Christmas to all." Every heart that was capable of understanding responded, and it was indeed a merry Christmas to us, for our God had delivered us out of the hands of those who, as we heard them say on the stand, "had made the yoke and knew how to use it." We were safe and our cattle too, although many threats had been made that the cows should never be driven out of the territory. No harm had befallen them, and if mortals ever rejoiced on this earth, we did, in spite of mud and rainy weather.

Towards evening we were wending our way down the mountain into the pretty valley of San Bernardino, California. Here were the first houses we had looked

upon since leaving the fort nearly three months before. The next day was warm and pleasant; not like December. The sun was shining, leaves on all the trees and flowers blooming in many places. There was here some very rich land and some very poor and full of alkali. Acres of wild sunflowers, some of them so large and tall they looked like a forest of very small trees. Here we met many old friends, some of them still in the faith, others turned to Spiritualism or infidelity. Sorrow filled my heart at sight of this, and I often wept in secret over those who had fallen and turned away from the truth, almost denying the existence of a God; for, notwithstanding our own disappointments, we had not once murmured against the Lord or turned against the latter day work. It was *man* who had led us astray, and if we had been so deceived as to follow him into the wilderness, we had suffered the consequences;

but notwithstanding all this it did not follow that the gospel revealed in these last days was not true, or that God had changed. What course should I take now spiritually? No church, no shepherd and a scattered flock! I could not defend the so-called leaders of the Church, and could not preach the truth, for there were none to listen. I concluded to lay aside all outward form of religion and give my time and attention to temporal matters, and patiently wait till the dark clouds should pass away, for I knew they would by and bye. With these thoughts my mind was settled and the next move was to try and make a home for my family. San Bernardino was a different climate altogether from any we had ever been in. No frost or snow; no cold winter. This was greatly in our favor, and having rented, as a privilege, part of a house belonging to a widower, (Mattie engaging to cook and wash for him, in payment of the rent), I set to with a will to labor for our future interest and support. I bought thirty-five acres of land not far from town, but lumber was very scarce and could hardly be got at any price; therefore I went to the woods, got logs, and again built a small house that would do for a few months until we could get a better one; also built a stable, corral, hog pens, etc. This time I had clapboards for the roof, but no ceiling, and a big chimney on the outside, made with mud and sticks. It was ready by April and we were glad to once more find ourselves in a home of our own, though ever so small. The valley is surrounded by mountains, but the breeze which came from the ocean swept over a desert some sixty miles long, making the days very hot in summer. Even the wind was so warm it was almost suffocating. This was not favorable for dairy work, but the nights were cool and butter had to be cared for after the sun went down. Then it would harden through the cold night and would be ready for market in the morning; so by careful and good management we were enabled to get along comfortably. During this time I had been hauling lumber to build a more comfortable dwelling house. It was slow work with oxen, as I had to climb one very long steep mountain, where, at a short distance from the top, was the saw-mill owned by Justice Morse and other old time Saints. As soon as I got there I

would unyoke my cattle, eat lunch, and then get my load ready. It had to be securely bound on the wagon to go down that mountain with deep, dark canyons on either side, and in some places so narrow that one could hardly walk by the side of the oxen to drive them. A dangerous road to haul lumber on, but there was no other way of getting it. On the morning of the fifteenth of July, 1855, Janie came to us, a sweet little blue eyed babe, "mamma's own darling," as her mother called her, and so she proved to be. May heaven's choicest blessings be hers, both in time and in eternity. In November following we moved into our new house and enjoyed living in it for about six months, when I began to realize that I must either sell my stock or move to where there was more room to keep them. I concluded that it would be more profitable to raise stock, if I could find a place suitable, than it would be to farm thirty-five acres of land and no market for the produce. I had a chance of selling out and we thought it best to do so.

In May, 1856, Mattie and I, together with a brother McLellan, started with a span of horses and light wagon to visit and look at a place called Santa Barbara. We arrived there in three weeks and found an old man, Lewis by name, whom I had formerly been acquainted with. He took us to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt, where, by invitation, we made ourselves at home for a few weeks. I found the land to be as good as had been represented for feed and range, and one of the most desirable and even climates on the face of the earth. It was right on the edge of the Pacific Ocean, a Spanish settlement, and the old adobe Mission church, the only place of worship in the country. No school of any kind except the Spanish one at the Mission, and very few white settlers anywhere near. But the Spaniards seemed to be friendly and sociable and we decided to stay there, and bought a ranch three miles from the town. I left my family at Mr. Hewitt's and went back with two others to get my cattle, wagon and other things. All went well and at the end of two months we returned with them.

It was now October. Our new home, like almost every other ranch in the country, was hills and hollows. One part had a brush fence on it, and the oth-



er no fence at all. The Spanish houses were made of adobe, with walls two feet thick and tile roofs, with ground for the floor, which was almost as hard and smooth as boards. There was no house on our place, lumber was seventy-five dollars a thousand, and none there but what was brought from San Francisco on a small vessel once in about three months. I made some adobes, bought some lumber, and then with the help of a few friends soon built a house and moved into it. The ranch joining ours was owned by Ozey Demingus, a Spaniard. They were good neighbors, but for a while we could understand each other only by signs. I soon learned their language enough to talk trade with them. On their place grew the celebrated Grape Vine of California. Many times we have seen the old lady Demingus sitting under that vine. She was nearly a hundred years old, and had planted it when she was young. It was close to the house, the trunk was about eight or nine feet high, very large and straight, and the vine, trained all in one direction, covered

fully a quarter of an acre, with large bunches of beautiful grapes hanging down through the lattice work over head. We would often visit them on Sunday and spend a few hours under the vine, eating grapes and listening to the music of the guitar, for the Spaniards are skillful players on that instrument.

One morning when we had just finished breakfast we felt the house tremble, and, on rushing out, saw the great mountain, whose tops seemed almost to touch the sky, reeling backward and forward like a drunkard, with the large old oak trees swaying to and fro until their topmost branches seemed to touch the ground, and the earth was rolling like the waves of the sea. We held on to each other, for we could not stand alone, and Mattie said, "We will all go together," expecting every moment the earth would open under our feet and let us down. It was a severe earthquake, destroying many places and doing much damage for miles around. It was an awful feeling. Many shocks were felt afterward, but not so heavy.

(To be continued).

## THOUGHTS AFTER A FISHING PARTY.

BY BESSIE BRIGHT.

DEAR YOUNG PEOPLE:—Let me open the storehouse of memory and from the varied experiences garnered there, bring forth one half day of my life and its events; for there came to me that day a thought that has remained with me since then. The story I have to tell is this:—

Uncle James and Aunt Mary and their three children had come from their distant country home to visit us, and one afternoon, thinking to please the child, I took little Maggie down to the lake shore. We wandered along the beach, gathering pebbles and shells to take home, and flat stones to "skip" the smooth waters of the lake.

Strolling on, we came upon a small party, the minister's family, and on exchanging greetings found they were going fishing. They gave me a pressing invitation to join them for a few hours' sport, and still thinking to entertain little Maggie, who had never been in a boat in her life, I went. A merry little party

we were that bright June day. The lake was lovely; Mr. Dean, the young school-master, was a good oarsman; it was my first fishing frolic; and as the boat skimmed the clear waters, I felt happy; now don't be thinking anything happened to any of us, for no accident befell us.

Trailing our lines in the water, we rowed down the lake to a little quiet inlet that was said to be a good fishing resort. I had the pleasure of catching the first fish, and I confess a feeling of exultation thrilled me when I saw the fine specimen I drew out.

Mr. Dean took the fish from the hook, and baited it afresh with a living, wriggling worm, and then I threw in my line again. Without going into the details, I shall say we spent a pleasant time, and as the sun began to descend upon the hill-tops, we turned our boat's prow homeward. I ought to have been happy then. I had been most successful, having caught the most fish; I had pleasant companions; if the lake was lovely when we went

down, it was lovelier as we rowed back; for the sinking sun cast his beams across the waves, turning them to gold and crimson and purple.

Nature was perfection; the birds that skimmed the water and the fish that darted by, all seemed peaceful; but for me, I thought how many suffering little creatures had been sacrificed that afternoon, that we might have "a good time." I thought of the worms that had been torn into bits and impaled upon the cruel hooks; of the fish that had been decoyed by them and taken from their native element. They lay now in the bottom of the boat, and as I looked at them and remembered that not a sparrow falls without the Heavenly Father's notice, I thought surely then not one poor little suffering fish shall gasp its life out, unnoticed and unpitied by Him.

And, worst of all, we did not want them now. I had no need of them; I tried to give them away, but no one else wanted them. Some one finally took them; but as we walked slowly home, and I looked no more upon the suffering victims of my cruel sport, the words came to me, "But woe unto him that sheddeth blood and *hath no need,*"

I fish no more; gay parties come with poles and lines and baskets; I see them and hear their happy laughter, but I have no wish to join them in this or any pastime that will bring suffering to any one of God's creatures.

Young friends, if we want recreation, can we not find it and still do no harm, bring no suffering to anything? Let our pleasures be harmless, innocent; let us

help to usher in the time "when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

I am writing now of fishing for amusement. The beasts of the fields and the fowls of the air are given to us for our "*benefit and use,*" therefore, in taking the life of any, we are justified only by our need. That gull that I found with a broken wing, was not wounded of necessity, but that a thoughtless boy might try his skill. Better were it for us and for the little creatures about us could we all find in our hearts the tenderness that welled up in the heart of the humble Scotch poet, when he started up the little field-mouse among his shocks of grain. His pity found vent in these words:

"Wee sleeokit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,  
Oh what a panic's in thy breastie.  
Thou need na start awa' sae hasty,  
Wi' bickering brattle!  
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,  
Wi murd'ring pattle.

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken nature's social union,  
And justifies that ill opinion  
Which makes thee startle  
At me, thy earth-born companion  
And fellow mortal!"

Could we remember that they have the same God-given right to life that we have, we, too, would be loth to take from them that which once taken we can not restore to them. We would heed the words of another tender-hearted, merciful man who has left us this:

"An inadvertent step may crush the worm  
That crawls along thy path at eve;  
But he that hath humanity, being forewarned,  
Will step aside and let the reptile live."

## THE SAILOR-FISH.

IN the warm waters of the Indian Ocean a strange mariner is found that has given rise to many curious tales among the natives of the coast thereabout. They tell of a wonderful sail often seen in the calm seasons preceding the terrible hurricanes that course over those waters. Not a breath then disturbs the water, the sea rises and falls like a vast sheet of glass; suddenly the sail appears, glistening with rich purple and golden hues, and seemingly driven along by a mighty wind. On it comes, quivering and sparkling, as if bedecked with gems, but only to disappear as if by magic. Many travelers had heard with unbelief this strange tale; but one day the phantom craft actually appeared to the crew of an Indian steamer, and as it passed by under the stern of the vessel, the queer

"sail" was seen to belong to a gigantic sword-fish, now known as the sailor-fish. The sail was really an enormously developed dorsal fin that was over ten feet high, and was richly colored with blue and iridescent tints; and as the fish swam along on or near the surface of the water, this great fin naturally waved to and fro, so that, from a distance, it could easily be mistaken for a curious sail.

Some of these fishes attain a length of over twenty feet, and have large, crescent-shaped tails and long sword-like snouts, capable of doing great damage.

In the Mediterranean Sea, a sword-fish is found that also has a high fin, but it does not equal the great sword-fish of the Indian Ocean.

—Selected.

## BURDETTE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

SO you have got yourself into trouble, my son? Gone a little wrong, have you? Yes; well, that means you know, that you have gone clear wrong, because there is only one kind of wrong; there is no mugwumpery in morals, my boy. And you've had such a hard time getting back that it made you a little bitter and cynical, and you think all the world is rather hard and selfish and pitiless, and especially severe on you? Well, I wouldn't feel that way at all, if I were you. I don't think I ever did feel that way, and I know more about it than you do. I've been further down the Jericho road than you. Went down there to let my beard grow. Great town for toots, from away back. It's a bad country. Never heard of but one good woman in Jericho, and she didn't move in good society.

"But, my son, it isn't society's fault that you got into trouble. You knew what the Jericho road was before you went down that way. You knew there was a curse on the town. You were safe enough in Jerusalem; why didn't you stay there? Don't feel bitter toward all the world because you fell among thieves and got cleaned out. It is a kind, good-natured, forgiving old, old world, if you give it a chance to be forgiving. True, it does not always look that way to a fellow in trou-

ble, because then the fellow is apt to look at the wrong people.

You found on the Jericho road, say, six or eight thieves—that is half a dozen professionals and two amateurs who passed by on the other side—and only one Good Samaritan, and naturally it seems to you that the leaven of good is utterly lost in that great mass of rascality and hypocrisy; but, bless you, my son, in the great, honest living world, in the world that is trying to lead men to better things than Jericho excursions, in the only world that really lives and cares for just such fellows as you, in the real world of men and women who deal with the young man all the more gently when his smarting wounds are deepest, the one Good Samaritan outweighs a regiment of these villains who beat you, and robbed you, and passed you by on the road to Jericho. Never mind the priest and the Levite, my son. They are going down to Jericho, too, you remember; that's the kind of priests they were.

And one closing word, my son. Unless you are smarter and stronger than the thieves down Jericho way—and I guess maybe you are not, very few men are—why, you keep off that road. You stay in Jerusalem and you'll have more money and less headache.

—Selected.

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## SPEAK GENTLY.

WHY not? Why should not husbands and wives, bound together as they are in the most intimate of all earthly relations, and necessarily in constant intercourse with each other, consecrate and hallow the sacred relation, and bless themselves, by always using kind words when they speak to each other? Where is the place for hard words, angry words and words of reproach and bitterness? Such words always leave a sharp sting behind them. They are not the words of affection, and become neither husband nor wife. They contribute nothing to the happiness of either, and are the prolific source of a large amount of misery. The husband who abuses his wife by his words, and the wife who snaps and snarles

at her husband, are alike untrue to their marital pledge, and really in a very bad way. Such husbands and wives ought at once to repent of their sins against each other, and acquire better affections and better manners.

Speak kindly. Why should not parents always speak in this way to their children, and why should not children always so speak to their parents? If parents thus speak children will naturally learn to do the same thing. The example of the parents will reproduce itself in the practice and habits of the children; and the latter will grow up into manhood and womanhood with a gentleness and softness of manners, and a carefulness in the use of words, that is characteristic of refined and

cultivated beings. Authority, when exercised through kind words, is scarcely felt simply as authority. The element of severity is withdrawn from it; and obedience to it is secured by love. Parents who allow themselves to get into fits of passion with their children, and then thunder and storm at them in the language of vehemence and anger, are making a grave mistake in the matter of family government. Such parents need first of all to govern themselves and put their own passions under a healing restraint.

Speak kindly. Why not? Why should not brothers and sisters living in the same house, eating at the same table, and fed and clothed by the same bounty, always speak to each other in this way? By so doing they will minister to each other's happiness, avoid petty quarrels, make home pleasant, cultivate good affections, gratify their affections and please God. As they become men and women they will be scattered hither and thither; and when thus scattered, it will be pleasant for them to look back to their childhood days, and remember that their intercourse

with one another was kindly and affectionate. The friendship then formed will follow them through life.

Yes, speak kindly. Why not? Why should not men who are associated together in business study and practice the law of kind words toward each other? Why should not the master speak kindly to his servants? Why should not one speak kindly to a stranger who may ask him a question? Why should not those who differ in opinion address each other in the use of respectful and kindly words? Why should not those who oppose moral evil temper their language with the law of kindness in the form of utterance? Why should not the minister of the gospel, the doctor and the nurse in the sick-room, the buyer and seller, the banker and the merchant, the governor and the governed, the judge on his bench, the warden of a prison, and indeed every man and every woman, on all occasions, in all circumstances, and under all provocations, both study and practice the law of kind words in the total intercourse of life from the cradle to the grave?

—Selected.

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#### AUTUMN.

Here in this scented spot doth Autumn stand,  
Her laden arms close clasped to her breast.  
Her brow upraised, turned toward the distant  
west,  
To view what holds the stretching, trusty land,  
Half-hidden by September's gloomy band  
Of lurking shadows, where anon shall rest  
The weary earth, who now hath done her best

To yield her tribute to that queenly band.  
About the eaves the pilgrim swallow sails;  
Late butterflies flit through the purple air,  
And poise 'mid fuchsias on the emerald grass;  
Here faints fair mignonette; the late rose pales;  
Her last sweet breath, like some half-uttered  
prayer,  
Sighed out at eve, as Autumn 'gins to pass.

—London World.

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## Editor's Corner.

As two issues more will close the present volume, we wish to call the attention of our readers to the shortness of the time for two special reasons. Finding ourselves in arrears with the office we will esteem it a favor for those who are owing us to settle with the office as soon as they possibly can. We have to pay the *Herald* Office for every magazine published, whether we receive payment or not, therefore it comes harder upon us than it would under other circum-

stances, when subscribers fail to pay. Please don't forget this. If it has been any accommodation to you that we have waited on you thus long, we assure you it will be a favor to us if you can pay us now.

To our patrons and friends we wish to say that it becomes necessary for us in the future to adopt and strictly adhere to the following rule, namely: Always to discontinue the magazine at

the expiration of your subscription, unless you renew your subscription or *write us that you wish it continued.* We are willing to wait when you can not conveniently send the money at the time, but we can not afford to send it, at our own expense, to those who do not want it enough to write for it. Please don't forget this.

Our second object is to notify those who wish to work for us, how short the time is in which it can be done. We recognize the fact that however good may be the work the magazine is doing, it is dependent on the patronage of the Saints for its existence, and we say frankly to all who care to see it continued: *don't lose your interest in helping to obtain subscribers,* for while we are willing to publish it on a small margin of profit, we are not able to assume too heavy risks. (To the traveling ministry who wish it for their families, we only ask that they notify the office and it will be sent in return for aid they may render in securing subscribers; but if they prefer working for premiums or cash commission, it will be just as acceptable.) We hope to be encouraged by prompt renewals from our old subscribers, and by the names of many new ones for the coming volume.

Our friends who are soliciting subscribers will please keep a list of the names they send in. Don't forget this.

ONE item we would wish to keep constantly before you and that is "Our College enterprise." We have written to a number of teachers and others earning salaries, striving to get them sufficiently interested to take if only one share. Some have responded, and others we have not yet heard from. We will shortly begin the publication of a list of names of those who have responded, hoping thereby to encourage others to do the same.

In the meantime, while we have no school of our own, we would say to all Saints contemplating the sending of their children to school away from home, Consider the claims of The Western Normal College, located at Shenandoah, Iowa. Our own daughter is now entering upon her second year there, and from all that we know or can learn of this school, it is among the very best schools of our country. Efficient in its equipment, thorough and comprehensive in its course of instruction, reasonable in its charges, and above all entirely free both in its faculty and pupils from any spirit of narrow-minded bigotry.

There is a live branch of the church at Shenandoah, every member of which makes it a point to extend the most kindly welcome and generous hospitality to children of the Saints in attendance at the college. If further information is desired, write to Superintendent William M. Croan, Shenandoah, Iowa.

❁ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ❁

EDITED BY SALOME.

The month of carnival of all the year

When nature lets the wild earth go its way,  
And spends whole seasons on a single day.

The springtime holds her white and purple  
dear:

October, lavish, flaunts them far and near.

The summer charily her reds doth lay  
Like jewels on her costliest array;

October, scornful, burns them on a bier.

The winter hoards his pearls of frost, in sign

Of kingdom: whiter pearls than winter knew,  
Or empress wore, in Egypt's ancient line.

October, feasting 'neath her dome of blue,  
Drinks at a single draught, slow filtered through,  
Sunshiny air, as in a tingling wine!

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

It is now the full glory of autumn, and while here, the 'glory' is not so visible, yet Nature asserts herself in the prodigality with which she

bestows what we do have. The fields are laden with asters of all colors, and golden rod—while in every slough the tall sunflower, the Spanish needle, and all their diminutive attendants are found. The little foot-bridge over which we daily cross spans just such a place as this, while among the golden flowers which riot there, the smart-weed has crept up and bloomed in all shades of pink and the grasses with their brown heads are swaying with the rest, altogether making such a blossomy tangle that it has become a thing of beauty and one is led involuntarily to praise the Lord for all his goodness and that he makes common things so lovely. We remember long reaches of woods where the maple flamed in vivid colors and the sober oaks showed all shades of brown. That was a charming place to linger on autumn days and while we do not have the painted woods, yet the prairie has a glory all her own. The sky is just as blue—the

vines hang heavy with dusky grapes, the apples gleam on the branches and the far hills lean up against each other, cradling the trees in the hollows between and softened by a haze that only Dame Nature knows how to put on. But over and above all is the peace, the quiet, the feeling that "the Lord is in his holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before him."

The first merry-making of the cooler days comes with the "eve of all Hallows." Instead of unhinging gates and doing things of like ilk why not cultivate the more genial spirit of the season and have an October "meet" where songs are sung, chestnuts burned, lead melted, apples roasted, old fashioned candy made and nuts picked out to put in it, etc. Be comrades together, and not as we saw once, the girls all in the parlor while the boys were in the dining-room, or vice versa. Dining-room and kitchen are the best rooms for such meets. All can help watch the candy and help each other have an enjoyable time—always remembering "gentil courtesie." It is a pleasant thing too to hallow the time to some weary one by a kindly deed and so hallow it to yourselves.

While gathering the beautiful decorations which nature furnishes free to all who care to possess them, do not forget the brown milk-weed pods, where are hidden the downy silvery seeds which make such pretty balls. We have a palm leaf fan given us three years ago ornamented with these and grasses, and it is just as pretty now as it was then. Gild your fan with the paint that comes with diamond dyes, arrange a cluster of milk-weed balls and grasses; crystallize some of the grasses and tie with a large bow of ribbon of two or three colors just where the handle joins the fan.

#### DRAPE OR CHAIR TIDY.

Orange or mahogany surah  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards, and 3 balls Hemingway crochet silk same color. One end is turned up about an inch and a hem-stitched hem made. The other end is done the same, but in addition it is trimmed with a crocheted wheel lace. To make the wheels, wind the silk around a lead pencil 25 times, slip it off, draw the thread through with the needle and make one short crochet stitch.

First round—36 treble crochet. (To do treble put silk over needle once, insert needle, draw silk through, then through two stitches twice.)

Second round—\* 6 chain, fasten with short crochet in third treble of last round, repeat from \* till you have gone around ring and have twelve loops. Fasten, cut off silk. This completes one wheel. They must be joined with needle and thread to form a half diamond, four, then three, then two, lastly one. Make as many points as your tidy is wide, allowing room for a hem on either side, and crochet a narrow edge to sew trimming to tidy by if preferred. For fringe take a piece of pasteboard four inches wide and as long as you choose, wind the silk around it not allowing the threads to overlap

each other. Clip at one edge. Take three strands, double, insert needle in work, draw silk through, then draw ends through loop on needle and make taut by a gentle pull. If a more elaborate piece is desired, make a border of wheels with fringe on the plain end.

#### BUREAU MATS.

An always welcome gift to a friend is a set of mats for her bureau drawers. The prettiest are made of satin, lined with muslin, with an interlining of sheet wadding, upon which is sprinkled some violet powder. Outside and lining are run together and edged with chenille the color of the satin. Cross stitches in embroidery silk are taken at intervals to tack the mat in squares like a small quilt. A single mat of the kind for the top drawer is sometimes used, but one for each drawer of the bureau is of course a more complete gift.

For the top of a bureau or dressing table, a charming cover, which will make a most acceptable Christmas gift, is made in a similar way of very rich satin or velvet, edged with a broad ruching of watered ribbon, box plaited in the center. Tack the mat in small squares, covering each stitch with a pearl bead.

#### SMOKE-RINGS.

Take a pasteboard box four inches long and two inches high and wide, with a circular hole a half-inch in diameter in the cover. Remove the cover and place three or four smoking tapers inside, and replace the cover. Hold the box and by a well-timed pressure of the finger force the smoke out suddenly, and it will go as a ring. It can be sent in any direction, up, sidewise, or diagonally, and the rings will float in perfect form for a long distance. This is a simple, entertaining experiment.

#### SCRAP BAG.

A pretty bag is made of pongee silk. Take a piece one and one-half yards long, double, and overcast the edges. About twelve inches from the top place a round hoop, turn the top of the bag over it and fasten. Have the loop a trifle smaller than the bag, so that it will give a shirred effect when finished. The bottom of the bag is finished with fancy tassels and the top with two broad ribbons to hang it up by, ending in a fancy bow.

#### SHOPPING BAG.

Cover small brass curtain rings with embroidery silk in buttonhole stitch, using any color or shade desired. When a sufficient number have been made, fasten them together to form two strips twelve inches long and two inches wide. Place them together and secure, forming one long piece. To the entire length fasten a strip of satin ribbon four inches wide and sixteen inches long; double and overcast the sides. Turn down the top of the satin and run a shirr ribbon, running it in and out of the rings.





**ELDER HERVEY GREEN.**

(See page 521).



# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, NOVEMBER, 1889.

No. 11.

## LIBERTY AND HER HANDMAIDENS.

BY RUTH.

I SAT at sunset and watched with interest a flock of birds that had their nests somewhere about the steeple of the great brick church opposite my dwelling. They wheeled and circled round and round, now soaring swiftly upward, and now as swiftly descending, executing all the various movements that bird instinct taught them. And I thought how beautiful is freedom, and how greatly to be desired.

Love of liberty God has implanted in the nature of every living thing. How the wild bird, caged, will beat its bars with all its puny strength; how the mouse, "wee, sleekit, cowerin' tim'rous beastie," will make vigorous use of his little sharp teeth and claws; how man will exclaim, "Give me liberty or give me death!" Ah, man was not made to be in bondage, nor beast, nor bird to be anything but free!

But as man has a higher nature than his animal nature, so is there also another bondage to which he may be subject, and, while retaining free use of his limbs, and holding the right to act independently for himself, he may yet be a slave to unrestrained passions and to ignorance.

It may be safe to say that all the ills of life arise from these two causes, but for each there is a remedy.

The man who reeled by just now to spend in yonder saloon the price of his children's comfort did so at the behests of a long gratified appetite that has become a tyrant over his better impulses; and the young man in that den of infamy who murderously attempted the life of a fellow creature did it at the dictates of an unchecked temper. The man who presides at that bar is there mainly because he can make a living there and at the same time

foster his own indolent disposition, which revolts at the thought of such violent exertion as an honest avocation would call for.

We turn from this atmosphere of wickedness, but to encounter bondage in another guise. Behold that elegantly dressed woman. Her nodding plumes and soft raiment; her jewels are more pleasing to the eye than the filthy rags of the drunkard, but her heart is not better in the sight of God than his. Other, but as fierce and unhallowed, have been the intents of her heart, and the fires that have burned there have charred and blackened the fair temple.

Ah, these hearts of ours, these passionate human hearts, endowed with feelings and powers, which if rightly controlled, fit us to live with God and his angels in light, how they become the instruments of our own destruction, carrying us downward, downward, when we leave the path of duty and listen to the voice of that one who, in the garden, first whispered of self-gratification.

Many are the wrecks that drift by us on the great sea of life, and often there remains sufficient to indicate how fair was the bark in life's morning. They have danced on the waves of selfish enjoyment and called it pleasure. The question they have asked themselves is not: "What should I do?" but, "What do I want to do?" With careless abandon they have said, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow you die." They may yet say in the words of another,

"Each wave that we dance on at morning  
ebbs from us,  
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore  
alone."

They shall rudely awaken to find themselves bound by the fetters of sin, whom none is able to free save Him who "has led captivity captive." He is the Sun of Righteousness, and the healing that is in his wings we shall find by applying to our hearts the laws by which he has designed we shall hold in check those feelings through which the adversary so often seeks to lure us to ruin.

We have been thinking of the vices that bar human souls from perfect liberty; but vice has a twin sister whose name is ignorance. We can not say that either is the cause of the other, so we may call them associates, twin agents, employed to work the destruction of man.

When we say ignorance, we do not mean to lay so much stress upon a knowledge of common facts, as upon power to reason, to draw correct conclusions. He is not an ignorant man who does not know a thing because he has never heard it; but that man who, when he has heard, has not mental power to weigh the case, is ignorant.

The man of polished address may be farther from the straight undeviating line of truth than the man of uncultured speech; and musical words, if not freighted with the treasures of thought, are as tinkling cymbals. "'Tis the mind that makes the body rich," and 'tis the thoughts of the cultivated mind that make eloquent any language.

In this day of excitement and bustle and money-making, this day of fast trains and electric inventions, we pause sometimes to think what the result might be, should those minds that have wrested from earth, air and ocean their secrets, turn their reasoning powers to an investigation of the gospel. We know that power is there, but selfish human wants turn it in the pursuit of worldly gain, and strong passions and worldly desires draw the veil between man and his Maker.

"If wrong our hearts, our heads were right  
in vain."

But there are in this world with its teeming millions, those upon whom ignorance sits like a fatal incubus. Faculties of mind, seldom called into use, lie dormant, and the mighty engine of mental power is motionless, because its fires have burned low or have never been kindled. Build up the fires, teach those minds to think and to recognize truth in all things,

and they shall take the up grade to that eminence where souls "know as they are known."

Education is to the mind what cultivation is to the soil. It is a means for the acquisition of knowledge, and the saying is not too old to repeat and to meditate upon that, "Knowledge is power." It is a truth upon which we are constantly stumbling.

The handmaidens of Liberty! They are Religion and Education. As vice and ignorance lead man downward, so do these two lift him up, elevate him, make him better, more like the God in whom he has faith. Because it is written that the "wisdom of the wise shall perish and the understanding of their prudent ones shall be hid," that the weak things of the world shall confound the things that are mighty, "because the unlearned man" was the one chosen of God to bring forth and establish among us the "marvelous work" it is sometimes thought that we Latter Day Saints do not need much learning, that much education is a thing almost to be feared.

It has been tritely said, "It is the *little* learning that is the dangerous thing," and not the large amount. "According to thy *faith* be it unto thee," is the promise, regardless of man's own capabilities. The danger lies in a man's being "wise in his own conceit," "lifted up in the pride of his heart," not in the wisdom he really does possess, but in his faith and reliance upon his own wisdom instead of the word of God.

The world by its own wisdom can never find out God; but through obedience to the Gospel we have opened up to us a means of communication with our Father, and the Spirit of Truth is sent to guide us. This is the light that comes down from God out of heaven, and God be praised for the light of revelation.

But he who has formed man in own image, has given him powers of mind which it is his right, his duty to use; and while by the free gift of God we may have wisdom from on high, it is well for us also to make use of our own "might, mind and strength."

"Earth borrows light from the sun

That she may be bright;

Earth borrows light from the moon

To illumine her night;

"Earth's child, a light-borrower be,  
If thou would'st see."

May we not take to ourselves the counsel of the Lord to "study and learn, and become acquainted with all good books and with languages, tongues and people?" We are charged also to care for the body that "the mind may be invigorated."

Vigor of mind, power to think and reason correctly is what we want and need, and since "the mind develops only by its *own action*" we can see that effort is the price we must pay for a free, strong mind."

"The truth shall make you free," but it requires mental effort on our part to receive the truth.

The light of the Gospel is as the light of the sun. "Whatsoever leadeth and enticeth to do good cometh from above." In the teachings of the educated men and women of our land we find the reflected light of heaven. We have heard teachers present the necessity of the proper guidance and training of young minds as earnestly as ever we have heard ministers preach for the salvation of souls.

Education, the effort on the part of man to gain wisdom, to get understanding, the search of the mind for truth, for knowledge, both of facts and principles, must be, is, good. It is as the lesser light, that of the moon, but it is good.

Let us be co-workers with God. Let us be a thoughtful people, a studious people, a humble people.

Let us have our institutions of learning among ourselves; for while it is of importance that our sons and daughters have all the advantages of a broad, liberal education, the thing of prime importance is that they "are firm in the faith;" for "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

Giving heed to the one who said, "Take fast hold of instruction, let her not go," let us rejoice and be glad in the word of the Lord as it is revealed to us in these days, and let us strive to be mentally and morally strong, and to make in this life such advancement as we may toward perfection.

"All truth is one, and he who searches among the fossils of the rocks, among the ruins of ancient civilization, or leaving

earth, traces through space the wheeling orbs, numerous as glittering gems of morning dew," finds only that which adds its testimony to the revealed word and assures us that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." In the history of nations we read between the lines, "By me, kings reign and princes decree justice." The naturalist finds "no space without a kingdom, and no kingdom without a space," from the inhabitants of a water-drop to the inhabitants of a world.

The anatomist and the chemist find that the human body is "dust," and when the life has fled, "returns to dust." The botanist sees in the vegetable kingdom the beautiful means by which animal life is derived from mineral matter, organic forms sustained by the inorganic. He also observes harmony and order throughout, and the mathematician in his line of investigation finds that order and exactness are necessary in order to obtain true results.

Turn to literature and read:

"I count this thing to be grandly true  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,"

Or,

"The man who consecrates his hours  
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life and death;  
He walks with nature, and her paths are  
peace."

We have taken a hasty glance at the information and pleasure to be derived from study. Are they not good for your children? Will you not give the opportunities by which they shall become men and women of broad views, refined, generous, pure; for none can listen to "nature's teachings" without being made better.

At the same time that you do this, you fit them the better to take their places in the world, you make them more competent "toilers in the affairs of men."

Living in a free country, blessed with the light of the everlasting gospel, and living in obedience to it, with well-informed, cultivated minds, your sons and daughters, rich or poor, would be the peers of any—free.

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OH, the silent heroism of these commonplace women who are slow of speech and heavy of visage, save when perhaps once in a life-time they look into our eyes with a dumb piteousness that rives our souls and startles us as if the earth had caved under our feet in what we thought was a sure place—as if the stone had cried out to us out of the wall!—*Marion Harland.*

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Dear Lord, true Lord, there is no day  
 That should not a "Thanksgiving" hold,  
 For mercies, more than I can say,  
 Increasing as the years grow old.  
 There's not a moment of each day  
 That is not laden with thy love,  
 Nor e'en a second which is shorn  
 Of bounty from the Hand above.

Do we forget, Dear patient King,  
 Whose subjects err from Thy commands?  
 Have patience yet a longer while,  
 And stoop to reach the eager hands  
 Held up to clasp Thine own, when men—  
 Grown timid—seek at last a guide,  
 As they go stumbling on their way,  
 From the right path, so oft aside.

Seed-time and harvest come again,  
 And yet again upon the earth.  
 Oh, Lord, who died that we might live,  
 Let heart of man give glorious birth  
 To thoughts of prayer, and praise, and love,  
 For Thee, who, come storm or shine,  
 Dost ne'er forget the wants of those  
 Whom Thy dear blood made ever Thine.

Gather the harvest of our prayers—  
 The harvest of our gratitude—  
 For life, and all that makes it sweet,  
 For health and strength, for air and food.  
 And let the incense of this day—  
 Set thus apart for joy and praise—  
 Burn in our loving hearts thro' all  
 The year's gift-crowned days.

—Selected.

## WOMEN AS PHYSICIANS.

A FIELD IN WHICH LADIES ARE MAKING GREAT PROGRESS AND ACQUIRING  
 BOTH FAME AND WEALTH.

FEMALE physicians are becoming a wonderfully numerous class. It is estimated that they number nearly 3,000 in the United States, or about one to every thirty-three doctors of the other sex. There are in Philadelphia nearly 100 women physicians, of whom sixty-one are allopaths and eighteen homeopaths, with about a dozen or more specialists. About one quarter of these are married, several of them to physicians, with whom they have become co-laborers.

Few women adopt a physician's career with the idea of gain primarily, yet their fees are by no means inconsiderable. Many of them become self-supporting as soon as they quit college walls, and the number of those who are not earning their own bread and butter at the end of their second post-graduation year is very small. There are several women doctors in Boston, and several more in New York, the yearly income of each of whom averages from \$20,000 to \$25,000. The highest figure reached in this city is something less than \$15,000; but many other women earn handsome remuneration.

Their fees per visit are usually below those of their brethren—"women are not so grasping as the men," as one female practitioner phrased it—yet they are not insignificant.

Certain leading women practitioners often charge \$10 or even \$15 per visit. An average of the annual income from fees of seventy-six graduates of the Pennsylvania Women's Medical College, taken eight years ago was \$2907,30. As women's practice has largely increased since that time the average now would be considerably higher. Fifty-four reported their annual receipts to be between \$1,000 and \$4,000, and seven received over \$5,000, four of them reached a figure above \$15,000. Only ten of the seventy-six admitted that their earnings fell short of \$1,000.

The average age at which a woman bids good-bye to her proctor and dean and steps forth a full-fledged M. D. is about 28½ years, but the classes range from the blushing twenty-one-year-old maid to the weeded widow of forty. It is not unusual to find married women in the student ranks.

The question as to how far the practice of medicine interferes with the performance of a married woman's domestic duties brings from female doctors few unfavorable responses. Women physicians, like women philanthropists, indignantly reject the sobriquet of Mrs. Jellyby and the imputation that their thoughts are on Borioboola Gha or corrosive sublimate when they should be upon their children and the family marketing. Very few of them will be found ready to admit that medicine has lessened matrimonial felicity.

"I keep house and care for a husband and three children just as I would if I were not in practice," is the statement of one, to which is affixed the candid admission, "though perhaps not quite so well." "As a mother I have been incalculably benefited by medical study," says another. Still another, who has found some difficulty in harmonizing domesticity and professionalism, says: "Though the study of medicine is of great benefit, its practice often interferes with my duty to my family."

Women enjoy no immunity from the trials that harrass their brethren. They are liable to be summoned to a sick bedside at any moment of the day or night, and neither a melting August sun nor a howling March blizzard will deter them from their duty. The transition from a downy couch to the street is momentary. Frills and furbelows are left to take care of themselves, and the toilet is completed in a mere fraction of time. Some of the prominent practitioners scarcely enjoy one night of unbroken rest in weeks. A lady in far-off Nebraska, who had the monopoly of the practice in a country community, used to spend the greater portion of her nights in traveling to and from her patients' sick chambers. During the winter she invariably carried a snow shovel in her sleigh and frequently had to shovel her own way through the drifts.

Eight-tenths of the women physicians of the country will assert that their general healthfulness has been improved by several years of practice. A very small percentage retire from practice because of poor health, and the rate of mortality is

slight. Out of the two hundred and seventy-six women graduates of a prominent medical college during a period of thirty years only thirty-two died. It is not infrequent for doctors to retire from practice upon entering matrimony, though as a rule they shun the married state and are wedded to their profession alone. It is estimated that three per cent. and no more prefer a husband to a profession. Of those that bind their fortunes and their hearts to another about one-third marry physicians.

In New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts the greatest number of feminine M.D.'s are to be found, and the West is becoming thickly populated with them. In the Southern States the prejudice against them still clings tenaciously, and until within half a dozen years, save in Maryland and the Virginias, there was not a woman doctor in all Dixie land.

Gynecology and obstetrics and diseases of women and children are the specialties of the great majority of women physicians. A dozen or more have become famous in their treatment of mental diseases, and a lesser number are reputed to be superexcellent ophthalmologists and otologists. Few women have taken to general surgery on account of the narrow field that it offers. The greatest number of surgical operations are performed upon men, and they could not hope to secure a sufficient proportion of these to make their practice remunerative.

"Do you hope that the number of female practitioners will ever equal the number of men?" a leading Philadelphia female doctor who had practiced for thirty years was asked recently.

"Oh, by no means," was her reply. "Woman's first duty is at home, and it is only in especial cases that she is justified in entering the medical profession. If it is a means of livelihood to herself or others, or a channel for her philanthropy, well and good; but our ranks will not bear overcrowding. I hope, too, that the standard of women doctors will ever remain as high as it now is. There are far too many ignorant male doctors in the world. What we hope and strive for is a fine quality rather than a great quantity."

—Selected.

## OTHERS, WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY EMMA L. ANDERSON.

HAVING read with interest the serial entitled, "With the Church in an Early Day," I thought perhaps you would like to hear a little about some others who were with the church in those days. What I shall write will be in accordance with dates at hand, and in as nearly as possible the same words it was told to me by the one who herself was healed. It was so impressed upon my mind that I could never forget it, and if the Autumn Leaves had been printed in her lifetime, I believe she would have written an account of her conversion and the way in which she was healed.

Father Cutler was born February 29th, 1788, at Plainfield, Cheshire county, New Hampshire; and about the year 1832 found him with his family located in Chautauqua county, New York. Some years previous to this he had been very sick, and the attending physician being unable to help him, he, to all appearances, died. The doctor pronounced him dead, and while preparations were being made for laying out the dead, the grief-stricken wife and mother went out into the doorway, where she was giving vent to her sorrow, when one of the children came running up to her and said, "Mother, father has revived."

In great surprise she hurried into the house to find her husband sitting on the side of the bed, telling the doctor what he had seen. He declared that his spirit left his body and he went to Paradise, but was told that he must return to earth again, as the Lord had a work for him to do, in helping to build up his kingdom, which was soon to be set up on earth again. He was also told that when the true gospel of the kingdom should be presented to him, the Lord would grant him a testimony of it, if he was faithful, and, that when the Spirit testified to him of the truth, he should see a heavenly light.

Father Cutler began from that time to recover, and firmly believing in the truth of what had been told him, he was continually looking forward for its fulfillment.

Sometime in 1832 his daughter Lois, who was about twenty years of age, and who had been in poor health for some

years, began to decline in health, and the doctors, who pronounced it consumption, said she was in the last stage of that dread disease. In the latter part of that summer she was confined to her bed, unable longer to walk about, and continued to grow weaker as the doctor could do nothing for her recovery. But in the fall a friend of Lois', who had been away from the settlement for some time, returned with glad tidings for her, (as it afterwards proved.) This friend, during her absence, had met with "a marvelous work and a wonder,"—a new religion, as it was called, which though new and strange, was yet the same old gospel taught by Christ and his apostles, and accompanied by the same gifts and blessings promised the believer. This friend had embraced the gospel, and from the fullness of her heart she sought to tell Lois of the latter day work. Hope began to revive in the heart of the afflicted girl, and as she read in the New Testament of the blessings that followed the believers in those days, she began to wonder if it was possible that God would or could bless believers in this day and age of the world, the same as then.

About the middle of January, 1833, two ministers of this new sect arrived, and, desiring a house to preach in, Father Cutler gave them permission to hold meetings at his house. As the country was new, services were often held at private houses. Perhaps some of our readers will remember those two elders. They were David Patten and Reynolds Cahoon. Meeting was held in the room where Lois was confined to bed, as that was the largest room in the house. The minister spoke of the restoration of the gospel and of the book that was to come forth; and as he told them of the stick of Judah and of Joseph, and held aloft the Bible in one hand and the Book of Mormon in the other, he clapped the two books together, saying, "And they shall be one in the Lord's hands."

Then to the surprise of all present, especially to her own surprise, Lois said, "And I believe it." She was bolstered up in bed with pillows, and had been listen-

ing so attentively, unmindful of aught else but the sermon, and had no thought of speaking aloud until she had done so. At the close of the meeting the most of the congregation went home, but some of the young people gathered in the old-fashioned kitchen with Lois' brothers and sisters, leaving her parents and the elders with Lois. At her request the elders proceeded to anoint her head with oil, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and then, laying their hands upon her head, they prayed God the Father, in the name of the Son, to heal her of her afflictions.

Shortly after their prayer was ended, Lois told her mother that she wished to get out of bed, but her mother said, "Lois, you are too sick and your feet are not dressed.

One of the elders said, "Dress her feet and let her get up."

This was done, and she arose and walked across the room as easily as if she had not been sick. In a few moments she expressed a desire to go into the kitchen, where her brothers and sisters and young companions were; but her mother, who could scarcely believe that she was healed, began to object, telling her it was so cold in the hall through which she must go, and she had not been out of the warm room for so long; but again the elders said, "Let her go, it won't hurt her."

Throwing a shawl around her, she went through the hall, and as she entered the kitchen door, the young people began to look at her in fright, as though they had seen a ghost; but Lois said to them, "You need not be frightened, it is I. I have been healed by the power of God."

But they were almost speechless with surprise and could scarcely believe their own eyes.

Of course the news flew like wild-fire through the settlement, and one of Lois' friends, a Mrs. Fisk, who had been sick for some time, sent word to Lois, "If you are really healed come and see me."

In a day or two Lois was taken in a sleigh to see Mrs. Fisk, and as the sick woman heard Lois tell of her wonderful recovery, she too began to believe, and the elders were invited to hold services at her house that night. They did so, and after the first hymn was sung, and the opening prayer offered, the elder said that before proceeding farther they would attend to one of the ordinances of the Lord's

house. They then proceeded to anoint and pray for Mrs. Fisk, who was immediately healed, and she arose from her bed and, walking across the room, joined in the singing of the second hymn.

Lois and Mrs. Fisk both gave their names for baptism, which was to be attended to the following Sabbath. Lois was very anxious for her parents to join the church also, but when she spoke to her father about it, he replied, "I have received no evidence of the divinity of this work, and shall do nothing until I do."

This hurt Lois' feelings some, as it seemed to her that the fact of her being healed ought to be evidence enough to convince her parents.

On Sunday morning as they were making ready to go to the river, her father came in and speaking to his wife, said, "Can you find me some clean clothes? I think I shall go into the water."

Then his aged mother, who sat listening, burst into tears and said, "My dear son, if you are going, I am going too."

This information comforted Lois very much, and as they were going, well wrapped up, in their sleighs to the river where the ice had been cut for the baptisms, Lois thought to herself, "Now, here are father and grandmother and Mrs. Fisk, all older than I am, and they will surely be baptized first; so I need not feel at all timid about going into the water."

But as they gathered at the water's edge and offered prayer, the elder who was to officiate said, "The Spirit tells me that Lois is the first to be baptized; and if any of you wish to know the reason, it is because she was the first to believe."

After those four were baptized, then Mrs. Fisk's husband and her hired girl and another person came forward and were baptized also, making seven in all.

This was on the 20th of January, 1833. That evening, after they were confirmed by the laying on of hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, Father Cutler told the congregation that the night previous, as he was praying to God, the Spirit had witnessed to him of the truth of this work, and that a heavenly light had shone round him in the dark room, until, as he expressed himself, he could have seen to pick up a pin.

Afterwards the rest of the family united with the church and received many bless-

ings. Lois herself received the gift of unknown tongues, a gift which she enjoyed at times until the close of her life.

Father Cutler and family removed to Kirtland, Ohio, in the spring of 1834, and afterwards to Ray county, Missouri. After there enduring the trials and persecutions in common with the rest of the Saints, they were compelled to leave Missouri in 1839, by the exterminating order of Governor Boggs. They then went to Illinois, and some time after the death of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, moved to Iowa, where he died a firm believer in the work established by Joseph Smith.

Lois and her mother united with the Reorganization in 1875, and she lived a faithful member of the church until her death. Some of her children and brothers, also one of her sisters still live, *and know the truth of the things I have written.*

EMMA L. ANDERSON.

SR. EMMA, we are thankful for this contribution, and we only wish that others of the Saints would follow your example and send to us the testimonies of which they are living witnesses, or the well attested ones of their friends. One by one they are accumulating, but very slowly, when we remember how many there are who have received. Some hesitate because not being accustomed to the use of the pen they fear to undertake the writing. In a case like this, why not call in the aid of some young Saint, and let them write while you dictate? If but one-half the sober, unvarnished truth of the power of God displayed in these last days, was recorded, the volume would astonish the world. Why should you not send in the "Leaves"—AUTUMN LEAVES drifting from this last dispensation, when God has established his work upon the earth—His kingdom which shall never be destroyed and shall not be left to another people? Let your testimonies be given to the men and women of this generation that they may be left without excuse and the Saints built up in their most holy faith.

Who that reads the above brief history can not see how it would be possible for Lois and her father to suffer martyrdom rather than deny the truth of this work—the restored gospel! Who that has the soul of a Christian within them, when they read such plain, straightforward accounts as this, but can realize what such men and women must have suffered when

they saw iniquity creeping into the church! What could they do? Where should they flee? They knew God was its Author, for it had come to them in much assurance and in power—the power of the Holy Ghost with signs following the believer. Where should they turn? Blinded, bewildered, not fully understanding the purposes of God, not realizing that the prophets had foretold a second, great apostasy from the faith, the marvel is that all did not follow the lead of blind guides. Had not these men—these guides—received the seal of divine approval to their work? Had their words not been confirmed "by signs following?" Unto whom then should they go?"

Thank God it was not thus! Many followed the lead of wicked men to the mountain fastnesses of Utah, but more (yes, let the world remember this), *far more* went every man to his way, and mourned, every man apart from his neighbor. Then began a searching of the word of God such as had not been before. Men and women stood in the ways asking for the old paths—not understanding the dealings of God with them, but never, no not for one moment, doubting the divinity of the work—never doubting that God had raised up Joseph Smith as an instrument in his hands for restoring the gospel to the earth, translating the Book of Mormon, and helping to establish that kingdom which was never to be destroyed nor left to another people.

"Unto whom should they go?" If this work was not to be left to another people, who should bear it off but this people?

Could it be done by the professed leaders of Utah—those false shepherds who were oppressing the flock—stripping, wounding, beating them and leaving them worse than dead? Never! The handwriting was upon the wall, and they with their followers were under the curse of a justly offended God, for "cursed is he that trusteth in man or maketh flesh his arm." And yet *it shall not be left to another people.*

From time to time it is our purpose to record these testimonies as they shall be sent in to us, and early in the spring (probably in April) to begin the publication of the autobiography of Elder E. C. Briggs. Let it be remembered that this



autobiography will be virtually the history of the Reorganization, as Bro. Briggs was perhaps more intimately connected with this period of church history than any man now living, and in addition to this was one of the two who were the first missionaries of the Reorganization to Utah and California; and in this narrative will be found the answer of that question which echoed and re-echoed through the hearts of tens of thousands, scattered, homeless, and weary Saints in the dark and cloudy day, "Unto whom shall we go?"

The prophet said: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." The standard was lifted up, and at the behest of the Lord a proclamation was sent forth calling upon the scattered Saints to organize and build up the

waste places of Zion. From that day to this, the work of rebuilding has been steadily going on. That it has been slow when compared with the spread of the work at the beginning, should not in the least surprise any reflecting individual, for everywhere our ministry have gone, they have had to wage a hand to hand contest against the prejudice which has preceded them. They have had imputed to them the bad deeds of those from whose company they years ago separated themselves, while they were yet respectable, compared with what they afterwards became, and all the wreck and rubbish has had to be cleared away before it was possible to preach the gospel. This will not always be the case, for the time is near when the Lord will cut his work short in righteousness.—ED.

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### ENTREATY.

BY JOSEPH DEWSNUP, SR.

S. M.

O Lord, with power divine,  
My soul's desire fulfil;  
Thy truth establish in my heart,  
Responsive to thy will.

Bestow on me thy grace;  
Thy servant purify;  
My will subdue, my heart make clean,  
My mind with thoughts supply.

In me thyself reveal,  
My heart with zeal inspire;  
Imbue my soul with love divine,  
My tongue with heavenly fire.

My footsteps guide, O Lord,  
In paths once trod by thee.  
From cross to crown, my steps direct,—  
From earth, to heaven and thee.

MANCHESTER, England,  
9th Sept., 1889

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### DO NOBLE THINGS, NOT DREAM THEM ALL DAY LONG.

BY MAY FISHER.

NATURE has given us many grand opportunities, here on earth, that we may choose and mould our lives as we will. Shall we then dreamingly sit and let them pass our doors unheeded, or will we earnestly seek to improve each in turn as it comes? No one is responsible for our lives save ourselves, and we are to reap the reward in the future. The way in which we form our characters decides what kind of lives we will lead, and great care should be taken as to how this is done, as they are formed for eter-

nity. Young friends, let us seek to gain a noble character, one which we will not be ashamed of, one that will both be honored by man and acknowledged by God. What are we without this character? What can we do without it? Ah! we are as naught in this world. We can do nothing worthily. We are all placed on earth for something, we all have a work to do; then let us start in early life and build a noble character which, as we are told, "is precious above rubies, gold, crowns, or kingdoms, and the making of

it is the noblest labor on earth." To form a noble character requires truthfulness. There is nothing that requires an untruth, but everything requires the truth. An author says: "A truthful person is the grandest work of God." During life he will ever be admired, praised, and loved; he will ever be a glory to the world, and he will walk in the path of the angels. While on the other hand, the untruthful person will be looked at with scorn, hatred and disgrace. His very appearance will tell on him; as to his life, he is a failure in all things; he can not even succeed in committing a crime. He may gain great wealth by dishonesty, but any day the vengeance of God may sweep it from him and he will be left in poverty. He lives an unhappy life, dies and is remembered only as the person who lived an aimless life.

Our characters are either elevated or lowered by the society we keep. One has a tendency to continue in that kind of society which he enters in youth, and by this he may be known and judged. It should be the earnest effort of all, upon entering society, to enter one which elevates rather than degrades, one that is superior rather than inferior, one that has in it noble, pure, and earnest workers rather than one whose workers are each day sinking deeper and deeper into the vulgarities and crimes of the world. In this society all should ever be willing and ready to do anything for its improvement and enjoyment. One unwilling, dreamy worker in a society will make all disagreeable. All should work earnestly, diligently and in harmony if they would succeed.

True success during life depends mainly upon the earnestness of the worker. One can not sit down and fold his arms expecting success to come to him, for it never will; but he must expect to work, and not only this, but he must work well. Longfellow says: "The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well." This should be the aim of all. All are placed within the reach of success, and he who will not work for it must fail.

Who is there that can afford to say, at the end of life, "I have made a failure." Ah! there are none, for life is too precious to all to have one wasted in a failure. To succeed requires patience and labor. Success can not be gained in a day, but it re-

quires our best works during a whole lifetime. The forest was not formed in a day, but by the continuous growth of year after year. The famous poem of Milton, "Paradise Lost," was not written in a day, but it was the earnest work of years. The Christian world was not made what it is by simply the work of a day nor a year, but it was that of centuries. Some one has said:

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round."

It is labor and time that conquer all things. It builds the beautiful city with its magnificent palaces and towering spires; it makes the humble cottage beautiful, pleasant and happy; it changes the mighty forest into waving fields of grain; it unites the north, the south, the east and the west by the telegraph and railroad; it has made our country free, and were it not for labor we would not be, the earth would not be. All labor is noble and good, and all must labor to do good. Friend, if we would be anything or would do anything in this life, we must be willing to work as our ancestors did. Although we can not expect to do what Washington, Lincoln, Milton or Shakespeare did, yet, need we think there is nothing for us? No. There are many other things yet to be accomplished. Any noble deed, be it ever so small, will elevate us in life.

Some one has said:

"I count this thing to be grandly true,  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view."

Be not ashamed to work, but rather be ashamed to be idle, and be ashamed of the idler. It is the idler and the dreamer that makes the grumbler, the fault finder, the swindler. He is a drag to the world, and it would be better without him. If we study our eminent men we not only find that they were willing to toil, but during their early lives were willing to labor in the most humble positions; then as they could they stepped up slowly, patiently and diligently, until they reached the top-most round of the "ladder of fame."

Young man, be not ashamed of work, be not ashamed to go to the farm and take your father's place at the plow, or go to the mill and take his place there, or do other work that you find to aid him. He

needs your aid, for he is getting weary with his unceasing toil. His locks are turning grey from age and trouble; his eyes are growing dim; his shoulders are bowing to his years, and he may soon pass from you; then you will be left to work in the world alone.

Young ladies, you should not be afraid to take your mother's place in the kitchen, but you should rather aspire to the position, nor consider yourself prepared for life's great work until you have become proficient in the art of keeping house. You can not dream yourself into a knowledge of house-work. I am sorry to confess, the attainments in domestic art are more like a dream than a reality—in fact I have seen house-keeping which reminded me more of some horrible nightmare than anything real and tangible. This is a school which will never grant you a diploma because the course is without completion in this life, and without credit to our sex it must be said that the imaginary, homely task of providing for the comforts and needs of those we love, are but imaginary and the fruit of a foolish pride which early seizes the minds of our young ladies of this day; and never has there been such a dearth of good house-keeping and well regulated homes. And now may I hope the desire in every young lady's heart to do noble deeds will lead her to decide that the best place she can

SHENANDOAH, Iowa.  
W. N. C.

spend her coming vacation is at home—not to sleep and rest and be waited upon, but giving relief to that mother who has toiled and sacrificed that you might obtain that culture and development of character which she was not able to give you at home. If you feel tired, remember that change is rest, and the daily round which has grown monotonous to her will be but a change to you, while your contemplated excursion to the lake or elsewhere will be real rest for her, will give to her prostrated nerves renewed health and strength and will be a priceless boon to the parent.

Young friends, neglect not these little things, these little deeds of your life. By these you may accomplish some great good in time. It is the small acorns that make the great forest, the small drops of water the mighty ocean, the little grains of sand the vast beach, the small deeds of life the noble character, the many characters the great book of eternal life. Can you not, are you not willing to speak a cheering word to the down-hearted, gently whisper a word of caution to the erring and tell them of the hope of eternal life, give to the poor your aid, give to the sick your attention, your time, your prayers? Kingsley says:

“Be good, dear friends, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever  
One grand, sweet song.”

## IN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. WIGHT.

**L**EAVING the vessel about nine a. m., we started for the railway station, and purchasing tickets, stepped out to see the train just moving away for Hamilton some two miles distant, our point of destination. There is no checking baggage here as we do in the States, but one must be ready to claim their “luggage” as it is dumped out, and for this reason we found our trunk locked up on our arrival that afternoon, we having gone to Bro. C. A. Davis' for dinner. We had little difficulty in getting it, as we were able to give an accurate description, and also give a reason for not arriving on the same train.

Newcastle, Hamilton, Islington, Lambton, Wallsend and various other places in this locality are mining towns, and together comprise a population of sixty thousand inhabitants in a radius of ten to fifteen miles, forming a coal mart for the various nations of the globe. It may be surprising to many to learn that San Francisco has a regular coaling trade here, while in return both Oregon and Washington are shipping lumber to these colonies, and actually competing to the extent that the native lumber (“timber”) is reduced in value, and just at present is turning the minds of many in favor of

protection, this colony (New South Wales) being free trade.

It was during our stay in this place that one of the most serious strikes ever known in the colonies occurred; the strikers, after months of weary waiting, going back to their work under rules and restrictions even more unfavorable than before. The day that they went to get their tools both Neely and I accompanied Bro. Dixon, and for the first time in life went down into the bowels of the earth to be made witnesses of the scenes being daily enacted by those who, with pick and shovel, and the more dangerous means of blasting powder, are bringing forth the wealth existing there.

As no work was being done, it gave us a better chance to visit, and the first place visited was the stables, where we saw the horses, some of which had never been permitted to see the daylight, as they had been born and reared in that place. From here we traversed different passages, in all of which were laid the little tramways, and the "trollies" or "skips" used on them to convey the coal to the bottom of the shaft. Having gone to the terminus of one of these passages, we were permitted to see how the work is done, and the kind of toil to be endured by those engaged in this gloomy occupation. And to say that a sigh of relief came upon our return to the shaft, (where some six of us crouched into the box and were soon carried up once more into the light of day), is hardly expressive of one's feelings as they emerge into the bright rays and life-giving light of "old sol" and realize that they are free from the danger incident to two hundred feet down, and some three thousand feet back into the earth.

And the practical part of those dangers has been made manifest by the recent falling in of this selfsame mine, by which eleven men were entombed, only one as yet having been found; he being badly decomposed. At the expiration of twelve days a horse was found in which life had not yet become extinct, but resuscitation proved impossible, and at the end of two days death released him from his sufferings.

The searching for the remaining men, who were so suddenly cut off from the realities of home and friends, is being continued both day and night. Who but they alone can tell of the agonized feel-

ings endured in the realization of thus being enclosed in a living tomb? of the anxious moments, and the awful suspense, as in weary expectation they listen for the sounds of hoped for relief which never came! But what of the mothers and children who thus at one fell sweep were made widows and orphans? How little they thought on that morning that the husbands and fathers were going from them never to return in life! Their torn and bleeding hearts alone can tell of the suffering endured by the loss sustained, and more especially after the time when hope perched upon the wings of uncertainty, held out to them the possibility of finding their loved ones ere life had been swallowed up in death. But here be it said to the credit of not only this, but to many of the surrounding communities that, headed by the governor of this colony, subscriptions are being raised for the suffering ones.

After a two weeks' stay in this place, we started for Victoria. About eleven p. m., we boarded the "Newcastle," nearly as large as the Alameda, and going to bed immediately, are sound asleep when she leaves her moorings, never waking till the noise of unloading cargo at the Sydney wharf brings us to a knowledge of the fact that the sixty miles intervening have been traversed without the least sensation of the dreaded sea-sickness or any realization of the events of the journey. Transferring our luggage to the wharf whence leaves the "Elingamite," we go to the home of Bro. Ellis and are entertained till the next day, when at four p. m. we leave this beautiful harbor—second finest in the world—and the place where once dwelt the famous "Botany Bay convicts." And just as the sun is kissing the dancing waves his goodnight farewell, we pass out upon the bosom of the majestic and gently undulating Pacific, to once more brave the dangerous incident to a life on the mighty deep. As we passed through the strait which connects the bay with the ocean, we remember noticing round holes in the perpendicular cliffs to our right, and were told that each was covered by a cannon, ready to send forth the iron messenger of death upon the approach of an enemy in times of war. And right well do we remember feeling that it would be a fearful gauntlet for the belligerent mariners who dared to risk the passage amidst the

deadly storm that could be belched forth from this commanding position.

Once out upon the waters we head southward, and passing Botany Bay we can see the twinkling of many of the lights of a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and were her streets of proper width and laid out at right angles instead of the narrow and winding lanes, a beautiful place indeed would Sydney be. Situated in latitude 34 South, and interspersed with shrubbery that is ever green—simply because the biting frosts are not known and where snows never come—with the almost constant north-east breeze in the summer, coming directly from the ocean and cooling the heated air, it is certainly the place where a man who lives on his income and desires to settle in one of the chief marts of a nation can find all his heart desires.

As the evening shades begin to fall like a mantle over the bosom of the deep, to cover as it were the dangers which exist, we glance back toward Sydney Heads and see the glare of the great electric light in the light-house at that place, which, constantly revolving, gives out a red and white light alternately. And during all the night its bright rays pierce the darkness, shooting athwart the heavens and alternately sending out the bright red glare penetrating the darkness which like a pall settles down over the face of the waters, thus becoming a beacon of hope and joy to many a poor mariner, who might otherwise be lured to a horrible fate, and whose tongue, locked in the cold embrace of death, should be forever silent as to the cause bringing about the awful calamity.

The gong sounding forth now bids us repair to the tea table and all seem able to do ample justice to the sumptuous feast prepared, seeming to feel as safe as though we were on *terra firma* instead of having but a few inches of plank between us and many fathoms of water. Spending the evening on deck we early betake ourselves to bunk, soon to become oblivious to the events being enacted and the dangers incident to this mode of travel, by the soothing of time honored Morpheus.

Next day being Sunday, we pass the time in reading and in writing to those with whom but a few months before we had clasped the parting hand, or occasionally standing on deck and watching the shore which seems much of a sameness,

and like all the coastline of New South Wales, is covered with timber. Going into our room about eight p. m., we find Neely in animated conversation with one whom he is trying to convert, and true to his calling is giving him the gospel unadulterated. Realizing that he will feel a greater freedom in the presentation, if left alone with his auditor, we go again on deck and at our return an hour after find them still in earnest conversation, the one making the effort to convert seemingly aroused to the requirements of the occasion and the demands of his calling. Whether the impression then made and the seed thus sown will ever bear fruit remains for futurity to solve; and we sometimes wonder how many such problems are day by day being thrown into the scales of passing events to be made known only by the unlocking of the door of time to come.

On arising next morning it is ascertained that we have passed the bays of Botany, Shoalhaven, Jervis and Bateman, and during the day we round Cape Howe and pass between Gabo Island and the mainland. About four p. m. we sight Wilson's Promontory, one of the most southern points of Australia, and as nearly as we can determine, are now in the Antarctic Ocean for the first time in life. And just here our mind goes back to the time in 1887, when the Spirit gave us the knowledge that at the coming April conference we should be sent "South." Yet how little did we think when telling the Saints in at least two different localities of this fact, that it was to be beyond the equator.

About nine p. m. we enter Port Philips, and at midnight stop beside the wharf at Port Melbourne. Next morning we are taken on board a small steamer and conveyed up the Yarra river to Melbourne. After landing we obtain breakfast for sixpence each, and purchasing a ticket to Geelong and return, at ten a. m. are on our way to that port some fifty miles across the bay. A call is made at Port Arlington, and from there on to our destination. To our left as we go up the bay is stretched out as beautiful a landscape as one could wish to see. And the many acres of onions, (this being the great onion district of the colony), spread over the gentle incline, serve to beautify the picture till the soul is fairly enraptured, and whoever saw art with her deft-like

fingers and delicate touch truthfully portray such scenes as these?

At four p.m. the steamer runs alongside the wharf and we are made glad to see the brethren, Trembath and Craigs, in waiting, known by a sign that had been previously agreed upon.

In this city of several thousand inhabitants some manufacturing is carried on, and during our stay we were permitted to behold some of the finest country we have yet seen in the colonies,—slightly rolling, with benches of level and well tilled land, and surrounded with hedges of thorn, which, when well trimmed, are in fine contrast to the post and rail fences seen so almost universally. Wheat and oats are the principal grains raised here, and called by the inhabitants “corn;” these they cut green and sell for hay, it being more profitable than selling the grain.

During our services here but two were baptized—Neely officiating for the first time in life—yet they seemed to have a very warm feeling for us, and manifested it on one occasion by scattering cayenne pepper on the floor.

While here we were visited by Brn. McGurk and McIntosh, who, with Bro. Jones, had been in waiting to welcome us on our arrival at Melbourne, but failed to meet us. With the former we returned to the city where he kindly took us into the Exhibition. Here we saw many things beautiful to behold, and the displays of Victoria and New South Wales were a credit, while with that of the United States we were disgusted.

Our travel by rail that night; the waiting at the depot for Bro. J. Grayden; our walk through the mud and the long ride in the dreary night, self stopping with Br. McGurk and Neely going on to Hastings, are but incidents of so common recurrence in the life of an elder, that we will not burden this narrative with the full details.

Hastings is a small village situated on the western shore of Westernport Bay, and contains four churches, the Latter Day Saints, Wesleyan, Church of England and Catholic, four stores, two boat makers, a bakery, and, what in this country is so plentiful as to be often found at the side of the public highway, two saloons or “pubs.” And while the Yankees are noted for swearing and chewing, the colonials can most surely outstrip them in smoking

and drinking, and many of them, the native born especially, have glib tongues for swearing, understanding it much better than they do their alphabet in religion. Most of the population of this place is engaged in fishing; trout, guard, pike, whiting, flounders, strangers and snappers being the principal kinds caught.

Some two weeks at this place and then to Queensferry to attend the conference. And it was on this trip that we experienced a never-to-be-forgotten voyage in Bro. Jones’ little sloop, the “Victory.” There were ten of us all told, and as we passed around the “Heads,” or southern point of French Island, the waves were raging from the effect of a strong wind and cross tides. Time after time we were down in the trough of the raging waters, with nothing in sight but a wall of foam-crested waves, or again to be riding high on the top of the mighty billows, to glide down from danger by the skillful management of Br. Jones, said to be the best helmsman on the bay. The most dangerous part was some two miles, and during its passage the “Victory” “shipped water” but twice, but many times the crew and passengers were drenched by the maddened waves which ever and anon would strike the boat’s side with such hereulean force as to send the spray many feet high, and which surely would have swamped us, had not the skillful turn of the tiller turned the boat from the force of the wave, or Divine Providence intervened to save from a watery grave the ones who were going to do duty for the work of the latter days.

And here the mind diverts to the past, and digresses to the thought that not yet seventy years have come and gone since the time when the “boy,” in the confidence of revealed truth, sought alone his Maker in the seclusion of the grove,—“God’s first temple,” there to learn from God whether he was the author of this work,—this which in after times was to find its adherents by the hundreds of thousands, and would cause humanity to endure all the trials incident to the most bitter persecutions born of the conceptions of minds depraved—who could turn a deaf ear to the cause of injured innocence, or evince but stony hearts to the appeals of wives deprived of husbands, mothers of children, and children of fathers; to the cold, the naked, the destitute, or those who, (though not yet proven guilty), were plunged into

felon's cells to have heaped upon them that which sickens the soul in its contemplation. And how thankful we feel that after the test of all these years, this work has still the power within itself to inspire such confidence, that even in scenes like those just described, no fear is felt by the participants: and all because they know that the Author of the work, He who now calls them to duty, is God himself.

But returning to our narrative, it may be of interest to state that but one of that number was sick. After turning the Heads our good skipper guided the little boat into shallower water, and we were once more gliding swiftly on our course, fairer wind and calmer bay. Not long after a relief skipper took the tiller, and as an individual I shall ever remember his steering. I was sitting on the weather side, and all were chatting merrily, when a large wave came surging on, and as it poured over the side I received the full benefit. Of course the laugh was at my expense.

Arriving at the Ferry near night, we found that the tide had ebbed so far that we could not get to the jetty, grounding when about twenty-five yards off, we were all taken ashore in a small dingy.

After the conference we stayed some four weeks at this place, and at one place where we were holding meetings a man arose and asked if it were a celluloid collar I was wearing? It was amusing for us, who had become accustomed to jeers, to see some of the sisters turn white. Not being used to a disturbance in religious service, they no doubt pictured awful things to themselves. At our next service in that place he again began his tactics, till it finally became necessary to turn on the screw of silence by a threat to send for the police, some of whom were stationed in the place. These are stationed in every township or village in this country.

A picnic for our benefit at Kilcunda Beach, on the Southern ocean, was much enjoyed, and we left the place realizing that the Queensferry Saints know how to have fun in the surf, our old clothes being taken for that purpose.

On our return to Hastings we made arrangements to separate, each to be accompanied by one of the local eldership; and for the most part the narrative that follows must deal principally with the doings of self, yet for a brief space we will fol-

low the experiences of Neely, that it may be realized that "whom God calls he qualifies." He and his companion having gone to a new field to open up the work, and it being seen that no apparent success was resulting, he started off on foot to another new place. Here the success of his effort was such that a man who had been searching for the truth for years, came at the close of service and offered himself for baptism. Neely having been joined by his companion, they baptized the candidate at the close of the next night's service; going out in a small boat till the water was deep enough, when the ordinance was attended to. His co-laborer becoming sick, returned home, leaving him alone. But he proved equal to the occasion and opened up another new place, to which he has since gone and held eight services; and while there was given hall rent and board free; sold three copies of the Book of Mormon and four of the Voice of Warning. We are glad that the experiences through which he then, and has since, passed, have proved the wisdom of the separation.

Associate and self went about one hundred miles north of Melbourne, and in opening up the work had some peculiar experiences, one of which is worth relating. Getting into conversation with two young ladies belonging to the Christadelphians, we were obliged to bring into action all the mental forces at our command, and for some two hours were made aware of the fact that we had never before met their equals outside the church.

A few days waiting on our return to Hastings, brought Bro. and Sr. Smith from New South Wales, and Neely from his new experiences, when we all went to Queensferry to spend the holidays. A beautiful tree and an enjoyable time was had at Christmas, but self, having been chosen to act the part of Santa Claus, will never forget the heat, though coat rejected, he wore but a linen duster. It must be borne in mind that Christmas comes here during the hottest season. The conference having been appointed at Hastings, a number of the Queensferry branch went over with us; the day proving a stormy one, and at times the squalls would prove quite severe gales. We arrived in safety, but cold and wet, one of the number having succumbed to the tortures of seasickness. The conference proved a suc-

cess; the church was dedicated, and once again Neely and self were on the tramp. Visiting one who had been challenging the Utah elders for discussion, we soon learned that he wanted nothing to do with us, but was very anxious for us to meet the Utah men. We called on the latter which led to a two nights' discussion on the subject of polygamy.

We experienced, by walking two days and carrying our satchels while the heat registered at 110° in the shade, that which

after our return to Hastings caused self to be laid up for a week. The result of getting over-heated while going through a new cutting, which had it been a hundred yards longer, would have brought sunstroke.

We are drawing so near in our narrative now to the time when we became a benedict, that we await the future for the recital, that perchance the nerves may be better conditioned for the task.

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### DEATH OF MRS. WALDVILLE—PATTIE A BRIDE.

"Life has joys as well as sorrows,  
Life has hopes as well as fears;  
Sad to-day's and glad to-morrow's  
Mingle in the track of years."

"Never night but brings its morning,  
Sunshine comes and shadows flee;  
Death but waits upon the dawning  
Of the life that is to be."

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—Ps. 30: 5.

MRS. WALDVILLE continued to decline, and the physicians, summoned for consultation with the family doctor, decided that there was no hope of recovery.

Pattie was overwhelmed at this announcement. Life would be especially lonely and sad to her. Her father was engrossed in business, and moreover she still regarded him as the cold, stern, unsympathizing man that he had ever appeared to her. She was young, life was long, why must it be so bereft and desolate? A wild feeling took possession of her heart that she was hardly dealt with. What had she done more than others that she must endure so much of pain and sorrow from which others around her were exempt?

She was in the kitchen finishing the work for the night. When all was completed she carefully bathed her face, arranged her hair, and then sought the sick room, taking her place among the watchers by the bed-side, despite she was wearied

out by a day of severe toil; for she felt that the hours would be few and precious that she could have the dear one with her. Mrs. Waldville noted her presence and protested against it.

"You have worked so hard you must go to rest now," she said, with loving solicitude.

"O mother, let me stay," pleaded Pattie! The pain in her voice was almost a cry and the mother-heart comprehended its meaning. Reaching out her hand she laid it gently on the girl's head and drew it down to the pillow beside her.

"Poor child," she said, "but I can not bear to have you up, please go to bed for my sake."

Pattie at once arose and went to her room, but not to rest. All night she wrestled with the grief that seemed to her would crush her, pleading for the dear one's life. The burden of her prayer was, "Leave me not alone, alone."

The cold gray dawn of morning looked in upon her ere she lay down upon her bed; and even then her trouble followed her in the slumber that exhausted nature sought.

She dreamed that she was walking alone at night along a lonely road; thorns and sharp rocks tore her aching feet; dust choked her, and pain racked her frame; but still she kept on her way, though with many tears. All around her was darkness impenetrable, and she wondered how she had found her way. But presently looking down at her feet she beheld them encircled by a light that re-



vealed to her each step as she proceeded. Then she became aware that an arm supported her on which she was leaning, and she saw that the light which encircled her in its halo emanated from the shining garments of some heavenly personage who walked by her side. Turning her head to look at her companion, Allie's face smiled upon her, glorious beyond the power of description, but Allie still.

"O," exclaimed Pattie in glad surprise, "have you been walking by me all this time, and I knew it not!"

She was answered in the affirmative, and together they continued the journey.

Listening to Allie's talk about the blessedness and peace and joy and rest in the kingdom of God, Pattie felt no more pain, nor weariness, nor minded the dust, thorns, nor darkness of the way. Long they walked, but at length the angel prepared to depart. But Pattie falling on her knees, clasped the shining garments, crying, "Leave me not alone, O, take me with you!"

The angel stooped and kissed the tear-marked face as she unclasped Pattie's fingers and answered, "Not now, it must not be; but when you have finished your work on earth I will come for you."

"At least, dear Allie," entreated Pattie, "show yourself to mother, it would please her so, she grieves for you."

"Not now, only to you am I sent, and this is the message I bring you. Be faithful and do all that shall be given you to do; and know that you are not alone, ministering angels are around your path; let not the tribulations of the way affright you, for there shall be a light to guide you; fear not, farewell."

It seemed to Pattie that she distinctly heard and felt the cleaving of the air by the ascending form; she raised her eyes to watch the shining track through the clouds and was greeted by the blaze of the morning sun which was streaming through her bedroom window.

So vivid had been the vision that she could not believe she had been dreaming. She recalled the agony of the night and then a sweet peace stole into her heart as the thought occurred that God had indeed sent his ministering angel to comfort her, and remembering the promise left with her that so it should ever be, she felt wonderfully strengthened and comforted.

While performing her toilet she hummed softly the words:

"Nearer my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me."

Kneeling, she thanked the Heavenly Father for such a manifestation of his loving care, and then she sought her mother's room. She was greeted by a bright smile from the invalid.

"I am almost well," she said in answer to Pattie's inquiries.

Pattie turned in surprise to her father for explanation of the unlooked for change.

"Mother is much better this morning," he answered cheerfully.

Pattie went to her morning's work in the kitchen with feelings of wondering awe. Surely God does hear and answer prayer, she thought; but with the thought came also a feeling of shame that now for the first time since the days of childhood's innocent faith she realized this truth. And yet she had all her life worshiped him as an omnipotent Omnipresence. Why then should it be such a surprise to her that He had heard and answered her cry of distress?

She was dimly conscious that while her religion had taught her to pray, it had not taught her to expect direct or visible answers to her prayers. Intuitively she felt that were she to publicly lay claim to receiving divine communications it would be derided and scoffed at by her co-religionists. Nay, she had herself doubted the claims of Joseph Smith to such communications. How could she consistently deny to others such favors as she claimed for herself?

Thus, "line upon line, precept upon precept," God was demonstrating to Pattie the great truths of his law, that he is the same and unchangeable in all generations. Flesh and blood never could have taught her this in so effective a way. And thus He will continue to teach her, until standing in the full light of revealed truth, she can say as confidently as one of old: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth."

As the days passed and her mother continued to improve, Pattie's faith grew stronger in the One mighty to save, whose ear had been open to her cry.

The farewell words of the angel of her dream lingered in memory as a benediction. Even had she known how more than fulfilled that dream was to be, I think she could have smiled in the face of destiny, so exalted was her trust.

In accordance with her habit of committing her thoughts to writing she commemorated her dream in verse, which now lies before me; the closing stanzas reflecting this state of her mind, I transcribe:

“How dark and desolate the way,  
Each step to thee is known;  
But this alone my Lord, I pray,  
All for thy glory own.

Led by thine hand, I fearless tread  
The path I can not see;  
For trials sore can hold no dread  
That brings thee near to me.”

The solemn events just recorded took place in the Spring of 1866.

A few weeks later when Mrs. Waldville had become able to sit up, Pattie was engaged one morning in dusting the sitting-room and gathering up the books, periodicals and papers that were scattered about. In one, as she was folding it, her eye caught the query: “Who is she?” It proved to be the heading of some poetry, questioning the birds and the breeze of the place of her home, and the name of the singer whose song was music of the heart.

Pattie read it with amused enjoyment. There was nothing to tell her who the unknown poet was; and laughing mischievously she carried the paper to her mother, saying:

“There, Ma, that is as sweet a bit of romance as I have ever read.”

Mrs. Waldville read the poem, and looking up gravely over the top of the paper, she said:

“I had hoped that I had one girl whom the boys would not be coming after.”

“Never fear, you darling little mother,” laughed Pattie, and more seriously she added, “I have vowed never to part from you while life shall last.”

This was true, though she had never spoken of that terrible night of trial.

During the summer Mrs. Waldville so far regained strength as to be able to walk to the neighboring houses.

Pattie believed that her mother’s life had been prolonged in answer to her prayer, and whether for months or years she determined that her own life should

be devoted to her care and happiness. She banished her books except such as her mother loved to hear, and these she read to her in the moments of rest that she was compelled to take from the household duties—for she still suffered from her diseased spine, often severely, but hired help could not be afforded except in the more busy seasons. So lying on the lounge by the side of her mother’s easy chair, she read or talked to her, while the mother’s fingers were busy with the knitting-needles.

Thus passed many of those sweet summer hours—precious hours to both mother and daughter, and they grew to know each other better than ever before.

Contributions continued to appear in the papers occasionally, from Pattie’s unknown poet-friend, treating on various subjects, in the easy, graceful style which she admired, and which betokened one familiar with the pen. Naturally she wondered about the writer’s identity, but no one knew.

One day in early autumn a letter came addressed to Pattie. The handwriting and post-mark were unfamiliar, and Mr. Waldville, who had picked it up from among the mail, scrutinized it for a moment and then handed it to her.

With a sudden premonition of whence it came, Pattie slipped the missive into her pocket, and quietly escaping from the house sought solitude in the orchard before she ventured to open it.

As she had surmised, the letter was from her literary acquaintance, bearing an introduction from the editor of the journal, who, it appeared, was a mutual acquaintance.

The stranger’s name was Clarence Hervey. He too had been deprived of hearing, and had found compensation in books and the pen. With so much in sympathy he ventured to solicit her correspondence, believing it would be for their mutual pleasure and advantage.

Pattie pocketed the letter and thoughtfully retraced her steps to the house, trying to determine whether to regard it as something incompatible with the determination that she had formed to devote herself to the care of her mother, or was it the work of Providence in providing this friend for her against the time that her mother should be removed? She decided to leave it to her mother’s decision,

entering her room she laid the letter before her.

"Read it," said Mrs. Waldville. And Pattie, sitting down at her mother's feet, obeyed.

"Will you write?" asked Mrs. Waldville, looking down tenderly at her, and caressing the soft brown hair on the girl's head.

"I want your advice, mother."

"Do so, if you feel so inclined. I have no doubt it would be a pleasure to you; only be circumspect, my daughter."

So the correspondence was begun. The gentleman was fourteen year's Pattie's senior, and she found him possessed of extensive information gained both from books and travel. A vigorous thinker and a ready writer, his letters held for Pattie a charm all their own. She shared all their contents with her mother, who appreciated both the letters and her child's confidence.

But to Pattie it seemed as though pain was destined ever to be mingled with her pleasure, giving an undertone of sorrow to her sweetest joy.

As cold weather approached, Mrs. Waldville's health again declined; and soon it was evident to all that her days on earth were numbered. Tears nor prayers now were of any avail. The beautiful saintly spirit was yielded back to its Maker, and amid the snows of December the beautiful body was laid to rest.

Pattie once more shouldered her cross, heavier now with this additional affliction; but firm still in the faith that God knew best, and that his love would send her nothing that was not needful for her discipline.

She strove with all her powers to make home still attractive for her father and brothers. All that she knew her mother would have done for their welfare, Pattie faithfully did or tried to do; finding her own enjoyment once more in the society of her beloved books and pen, at such odd moments as she could redeem from household duties. But those moments were few now; all the more appreciated, perhaps on that account.

Some months after the death of Mrs. Waldville, Mr. Hervey asked and obtained permission to visit Pattie at her home. The day appointed brought him. Shall I describe him? I fear I shall do violence

to the popularly received description of a poet.

It was no pale browed, attenuated student who stood before her. Intellectual indeed, but with a frame of splendid development; there was no appearance of having ever lost sleep over the midnight lamp, or starved in a garret because of rejected manuscript. The "golden locks" of the traditional poet were also absent, and their place supplied by close trimmed jet black hair.

Dark whiskers—in which were here and there a "silver thread," covered the lower part of his face, but did not conceal the sensitive lips. And Pattie's timid glances met the fathomless depths of a pair of brown eyes, as she extended her hand in friendly greeting.

To this we append a pen picture of Pattie as drawn by Mr. Hervey in a letter to a friend shortly after his visit, and which the writer has had the privilege of reading.

"A form of medium height, of delicate structure, blue eyes, and an abundance of gold brown hair. She wore a mourning costume, that added, perhaps to the extreme paleness of her complexion. She is not pretty. My first impression was that she is plain; yet as I watched her I knew I could turn contentedly from prettier faces to study hers. You 'forsee the end,' you say. So do I, God willing."

And so, perhaps, do our readers; so why make a long story of it?

Some writer asks, "Has love not played a part in all lives that were worthy to be written?"

I have paused to ask: If love had not come to play its part in Pattie's life, would it have been less worthy to be written? And after fullest reflection, I answer yes, less worthy. It was just this that was needed to bring into play those sympathies of heart and qualities of mind that should fit her for the work that Providence was preparing for her. For think you that Pattie was thus being moulded and educated for naught? Think you that her varied yet unique experiences were without reason, end, or aim? Nay.

And so I say her life was more worthy because of this love that came to her. More worthy because she thereby entered more completely into sympathy with human life through comprehension of its passion and its pain.

It was such a love as comes to men and women but once in a lifetime. And Pattie accepted it with all the earnestness and trust with which she had accepted everything else in her life. And he who had awakened and won her devotion was in all respects worthy of it. One who understood and appreciated the wealth that was his in woman's love, and cherished the holy gift with tenderest care through life. Their's was such a union as I think God designed all true marriages to be. A union of mind, tastes, and pursuits, as well as of hearts and hands. And yet they were as opposite in character as in personal appearance. He was bold, ardent, daring. She was timid, retiring, diffident. But withal each was the perfect complement of the other.

Not until her father had taken to himself another companion—about a year and a half after the loss of her mother—did Pattie feel that she had sufficiently discharged her filial obligations, and was free to depart.

The wedding took place at her father's house, the pastor of the Baptist Church officiating, the questions being propounded in writing, with verbal responses.

The wedding banquet was partaken of and then Pattie bade good bye to the dear parent who had watched over her so long, to the assembled company of brothers, sisters and friends; and went out into the world to share the fortunes and misfortunes of one dearer than all others.

(To be continued).

## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

IT is not and has not been our intention from the first, to enter into particulars with reference to the troubles the Saints encountered in Missouri, but simply to recount a few events in which the family of Mr. Clark participated. In order to do this it will be necessary for us to mention in a cursory way, many other things which we shall not undertake to describe. There appeared not long since in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* a series of articles from a correspondent signing himself "Burr Joyce," which gives much information upon the history of the transactions in Missouri, from the time the Saints first went there, in 1833, up to the time when they were finally driven out in 1839.

The morning of July 4th, 1838, broke like a dream of splendor over the waving prairies and wooded dells of Caldwell county. Very early the citizens of Far West (a town then numbering some three thousand inhabitants) were astir, and soon from the surrounding country, singly, in groups, on horseback, on foot, in vehicles of every description, the people came flocking in; while at intervals the discharge of fire-arms, mingled with the shouts of boys and men, fully indi-

cated (to an American, at least,) the character of the occasion. From a magnificent pole some sixty feet in height, serenely floated the stars and stripes, emblem of liberty and equal rights.

The day had been chosen by the Saints for the laying of the foundation-stone of a temple to be erected to the worship of God. At ten o'clock an imposing procession formed—Reynolds Cahoon (a) being marshal of the day—which, after marching through the town, encircled the temple lot, where an excavation five feet in depth, one hundred and twenty feet long and eighty feet wide had been made. Here with appropriate ceremonies the corner-stones were laid. Music, prayer and the reading of the Declaration of Independence followed; after which a stirring oration was delivered to the people. The benediction having been pronounced, the audience separated into various groups; refreshments were spread and partaken of amid laughter, smiles

(a) That our readers may the better be enabled to realize the fact that they are not following a fictitious narrative we have mentioned the name of Reynolds Cahoon and ask them to note the mention made of him by our correspondent on another page of the Magazine. Further on we shall have occasion to mention the name of David Patten also; the other one of the two elders who administered to Lois Cutler.

and tears of joy. Had a stranger happened there and been a witness of this innocent mirth, of the whole-souled, warm-hearted hospitality extended, even pressed upon all present not provided for, he would scarcely have been able to realize that he was in the midst of a hated, persecuted people—a people driven and plundered of their earthly possessions and who even now felt that at any time this persecution might burst out afresh. Was it ominous of the times of trial so near, that from a clear sky in the afternoon a vivid flash of lightning struck the erected Liberty pole, shivering it into a thousand fragments? Was it this, or might it not have been the heaven-dealt refutation of its mockery?

Liberty, what does it mean? If to have one's home invaded in the silent night watches, to be torn from the clinging embrace of arms enfeebled by sickness, driven out half-clad into the darkness of raging storms and tempest, while the moaning sobs of wife and mother, mingled with the helpless cries of your new born babe follow you, ring in your ears above the wailing of the storm; if this be liberty, if thus she shelters, thus protects the children whose fathers died for her: then had these people liberty. If to be driven forth from the clinging arms of helpless little ones, bound as a felon, and compelled to stand while men disguised as savages set fire to your house and drag you away, leaving your helpless family to their fate: then had these people liberty.

"It was a mob" you say, "and no government can be held responsible for the acts of a mob."

We grant you this; but when that government is appealed to for redress of such wrongs and they *join with the oppressor*, what then? These are words of soberness, and to ascertain whether or not they are words of truth we refer you to the state archives of Missouri herself—but to resume.

As the weeks passed by, from time to time rumors reached the brethren of continued outrages perpetrated by the citizens of Missouri upon the scattered Saints, and there was no feeling of security, especially among those in the settlements farthest from the main body of the church. It was pretty well understood to be the intention of the people of

Daviess county to compel the Saints to abandon the homes they had made there with the full consent of the citizens.

If the enemies of the church were united upon no other point they were a unit in their hatred of the brethren, and no falsehood too wild, too base or vile could be manufactured for their capacity or belief. Foremost in circulating many of these falsehoods were the various professed ministers of the gospel of peace. Not satisfied with working upon the feelings of the people, they constantly transmitted false reports to the Governor and other state officers; seeking by every means in their power to incite the minds of the people and the government against the brethren, and if possible accomplish that which they had resolved upon, namely, to drive them from their homes and beyond the limits of the state.

It may occur to some to ask, "Was there no foundation in truth, for any of these reports?" Let us answer by an examination of the occurrence at Gallatin.

Gallatin was the shire town of Daviess county, and the election was on the 6th day of August. Col. Wm. P. Penniston, one of the leaders of the mob which had troubled the Saints in Clay county, was a candidate for representative.

"He was sure that the brethren would not vote for him, and, if they did vote, his case was hopeless. In this emergency what was to be done? A man who had once engaged in mob violence had no conscientious scruples to stand in the way of doing the same thing upon this occasion.

"About eleven o'clock a. m. he harangued the people for the purpose of exciting them against the Saints. After exhausting every vile charge in his power to bring against them, and telling the people that they ought not to be allowed to vote, he closed his harangue with what he intended to be an argument beyond the power of any to refute—the very acme of all the charges he had brought against them: '*You know they profess to heal the sick, cast out devils, etc., and you know this is a — lie.*'

"As the legitimate and anticipated result of this, when the brethren stepped up to vote they were met with,

"'No Mormon ought to be allowed to vote any more than a Negro.'"

"To which one of the brethren replied,

“No man ought to be allowed to vote who can neither read nor write.”

“The answer to this came in the shape of a blow from the butt end of a heavy wagon whip, knocking the brother down. Another brother seized the arm of Richard Welding (who was the assailant) to prevent his repeating the blow, when he was attacked by five or six of the mobbers, crying, ‘Kill him, kill him,’ interspersing their words with blows and horrible profanity.”

The brethren had been advised to arm themselves before going to the polls, but they had not done so. They were largely outnumbered by the mob, but defended themselves as best they could, and compelled their assailants to withdraw. In this encounter several upon both sides were severely wounded and two of the assailants were killed. It was claimed by the Missourians that the brethren were the aggressors, but can this claim in honesty be substantiated?

The brethren were determined to vote, let it cost what it might, but the civil authorities counseled them to return to their homes, as they knew the mob would soon return with largely increased force. After holding a consultation they resolved to go to their homes for the protection of their families. Upon every hand and from every direction they could see squads of men gathering, and they resolved to take their families to a designated spot, where they could stand guard through the night, not knowing what moment they might be attacked. As soon as possible the women and children were collected and concealed in a thicket of hazel-brush, where all night long they lay upon the bare ground drenched by the rain which fell in torrents.

And this, kind reader, is a fair sample of all the difficulties arising between the citizens of Missouri and the brethren in those early days. We do not by any means claim that the brethren were always right, always wise or free from boasting. A Baptist minister once remarked to the writer:

“The very tendency of your faith is to make you feel that you are right and all others are wrong, and consequently there is great danger of your becoming lifted up in your own conceit.”

We saw there was truth in this remark

and felt the force of it, but quietly answered:

“For our faith we are not responsible. Christ is the author of that. ‘One Lord, one faith, one baptism.’ . . . ‘He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad,’ but, if we forget that this oneness—this one way—imposes upon us the words of the apostle, ‘What manner of persons ought ye to be *in all holy conversation and godliness,*’ we will have to learn by bitter experience, even as Israel of old has been learning for the last eighteen hundred and more years, that, ‘It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.’ God has no favorites except as men through their obedience to his commands recommend themselves to his favor. They who know his will and do it not shall be beaten with many stripes while those who do not know it, though they have done things worthy of *many* shall be beaten with *few.*”

The brethren were but human beings and as such were not only liable to err, but, “Prone to err as the sparks are to fly upward.” It is an easy matter to defend the truth when you are in harmony with it, and this may have caused some to be lifted up in the pride of their hearts—in vain conceit—and to have looked upon those whom they could so easily get the better of in an argument, as being in some way less in favor with God than they were.

We say this may have been so, and we believe in a measure it was so, but we are not prepared to say that we know it was. “History repeats itself,” and going back to the days of Moses we read the promises of God through him set before the people upon one hand if they obeyed the law and the cursings upon the other hand, if they did not obey, and we question if this mixed multitude who went up to Missouri were in reality better than their forefathers in the days of Moses.

“It thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe and to do all his commandments . . . the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth.”

Dear young friends, you who are just starting out in the Christian warfare, let us analyze the meaning of this promise. How or why is it that the people who keep the commandments of God will be set on high above all other people?

In the beginning the infinite wisdom of

the Almighty God devised the gospel of Christ. Perfection was the object to be attained, and this could only be reached through obedience to the laws made known in the gospel, hence it would follow as a necessity that he who obeyed those laws would most surely arrive at the goal, or in other words, would be set on high, above all other people. There is here no shadow of favoritism, for, having our agency, God himself could not place us there, unless we followed out the means ordained in their very nature to accomplish the result. Of the gospel Paul says, "For therein is the *righteousness of God* revealed." Humility, long suffering—preferring one another in love—patience, meekness; everything, in fact, which will serve to make us like the divine pattern—the only pattern—Jesus Christ, the Savior of all men, but especially of those who believe, are the rounds by which we must climb to this height.

The promise of God through Moses was, that if they would observe to do all his commandments "The Lord thy God will cause thine enemies that rise up against thee to be smitten before thy face; they shall come out against thee one way and flee before thee seven ways."

There is another phase of this matter which should receive its due share of attention. "The net cast into the sea gathers of all kinds," and with the guilty the innocent have always had to suffer. It would be no difficult matter to understand that one wrong act seen through a medium so distorted as the flying rumors set afloat by prejudice, hate and a determination to drive the Saint out of the state, could easily be multiplied into many. To this must be added the most malicious falsehoods which it would seem possible for men of corrupt minds to fabricate, or others like minded to believe.

That further on, there came a time when the spirit of retaliation, or rendering evil for evil crept into the church, we do know, and where this spirit exists there is no room for the Spirit of Him who said, "But I say unto you render not evil for evil." But to return to our narrative.

We have seen in the affair at Gallatin that the trouble arose from the fact that the brethren wished to exercise the rights of freemen, and when attacked by a mob, resisted that attack. Had they rejected the counsel of the civil authorities and refused

to return to their homes peaceably, there would have been some show of excuse for calling them aggressors, but because they did not stand by and see a mob abuse and even kill their brethren, can any conscientious Christian man charge them with wrong? They had been base cowards to have done this, and we don't believe that cowardice and Christianity are compatible. It would, however, have been wisdom if no reply had been made when the ruffian denied the right of the brethren to vote; but whether a collision could have been avoided by that means is doubtful.

What a lesson may be drawn from the fact of the truth unwittingly uttered by each party and through what seas of blood the nation waded to the demonstration of the first, "No more right to vote than the negro." If indeed it be true that certain inalienable rights belong to each individual, they can not be denied because of color, but it may yet be necessary to demonstrate the fact that a certain amount of education to enable the individual to exercise those rights intelligently is necessary for the perpetuation of a free government. For ourself, we believe it is.

Two days after the affair at Gallatin a wagon stopped at the gate of Daniel's home, and a man rapped at the door. When Daniel opened it he found a cousin of Margery's there and learned that he had barely escaped with his life, after his wife had been dragged from their burning house with an infant two days old in her arms. They had carried her out on the bed and then set fire to the house. As soon as they saw their fiendish work completed they had hurried on to the next dwelling. In their haste they had forgotten to set fire to the stable, so creeping out of the bushes where he had been concealed, he harnessed his horses and lifting his wife into the wagon, had covered her as best he could and brought her with him.

Margery's cheeks grew pale as she listened, but silently she prepared a bed, while Daniel went with Clayton, her cousin, to bring his wife into the house.

Tenderly and with all the skill in her power Margery cared for the poor mother and her babe. Many were the thoughts surging through her mind as she strove to cheer and infuse new courage into the heart of the despondent one.

Not a day passed without bringing tid-

ings of some fresh outrage, and one afternoon two of the brethren stopped at the door who had escaped from the hands of the mob after having been tied up and

whipped until their backs were raw and their clothing dripping in blood. They had been torn away from their families and dared not return to learn their fate.

To be continued.

## THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST.—No. II.

BY ELDER M. H. BOND.

“IF by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead—not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Phil. 3: 11–14.

In Christ Jesus “are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” (Col. 2: 3). Christ, “the power of God and the wisdom of God,” (1 Cor. 1: 24).

The doctrine of the resurrection from the dead is to my mind one of the most beautiful, reasonable, cheering and soul-inspiring, that has ever made its appeal to the intellectual or heart-forces of man, when presented under the direction of the Spirit of its Author. It belongs to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and is one of the principles of His doctrine, and, without it, the righteousness of God can not be revealed.

A system of faith that will, to use the words of Dr. McGlynn, “justify the ways of God to man,” has become an actual necessity to the preservation of the world from skepticism.

The thought of our times will permit naught but the survival of the fittest in religion.

The gospel that survives will be the most reasonable gospel, and best adapted to the practical wants of man.

That gospel has been revealed to man on this earth, in our day, by the advent of a higher intelligence than is naturally inherent in man. It can be demonstrated to be the highest intellectual, moral and

spiritual thesis that this world has seen or known, upon the subject of religion.

It has come forth in fulfillment of a direct, clear and explicit prophecy of Jesus Christ himself, “And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”—Matt. 24: 14.

In order to justify the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ in flaming fire to take vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ (2 Thess. 1: 8, 9), it will have to be witnessed to by an intelligent and just theory that will reveal God’s righteousness, his reason, and his right to not only create man, but to make suitable provision for all his wants, a gospel that reveals nothing of hate, or mistake, or lack of wisdom in plan or forethought; but of loving care, eternal solicitude and wondrous provision for the creatures of his creation.

“But I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which I also am apprehended of Christ Jesus.”

To know “the mind of Christ” as Paul sought to know, is to apprehend the counsels and will of the Author of our existence. Greater knowledge can no man possess, and the thought to my feeble intellectual powers has often been a staggering one. Nevertheless the promise is that “If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine.”

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past unto the fathers *by the prophets*.”—Heb. 1: 1.

Jesus’ endorsement of the testimony of the prophets makes him to stand or fall as a prophet and Savior with the fulfillment or failure of their predictions.

Moses was a man of faith, a faith which must have been a reasonable one in



order to have persuaded him to abandon the riches and honor that he possessed among the Egyptians prior to his espousal of the cause of the afflicted Israelites. To have abandoned his prospective heirship to the throne of Egypt, was to declare his faith in better things than Egypt had to offer. It is very reasonable to suppose that this faith was larger, predicated upon a better intellectual and moral basis of justice and of hope than the creed of any modern theologian.

It was a faith, according to Paul, which "is an assurance of things hoped for and the evidence of things not seen."

Moses could see with natural vision, what it would be to possess the "treasures of Egypt," but he forsook them, defied the hosts of Pharaoh, started with a vast army and multitude, a rebellious, undisciplined host, without a commissary, leaning upon a higher revelation, trusting in higher powers than this earth possessed to "set a table in the wilderness" for them, to educate them so that they might possess a goodly land and inheritance, and show what God would do for a man or a nation.

He "died in faith," not having received the fulfillment of the "promise."

Was this heroic life to be a failure, and is there to be no success of Moses' ideal? Was the lonely grave on Nebo's Mount the end of his ambition and career? Are the shroud, the coffin, and the tomb, the end of virtue's struggle, the reward of faith, the destiny of the race?

"For the Son of God, Jesus Christ, who was preached among you by us, even by me and Sylvanus and Timotheus, was not yea and nay, but in him was yea. For *all* the promises of God in him are yea, and in him amen *unto the glory of God* by us."—2 Cor. 1: 19, 20.

"O, righteous Father, the world hath not known thee, but I have known thee, and these have known that thou didst send me. And I have declared unto them thy name, and will declare it, that the love wherewith thou hast loved me, may be in them and I in them."—John 17: 25, 26.

The love of God permitted divinity to be veiled in humanity, that humanity might be forever exalted; permitted the temptations in the wilderness, a life of trial, Gethsemane, and the cross, but it

never let go of the perfected example, nor suffered his love or care to fail.

The world's hope lay bruised and pierced in Joseph's tomb; the spirit fled on its mission to fulfill that which was written by the prophets of God; the disciples were overwhelmed with disappointment and confusion; their enemies, with minds untrammelled by faith, remembered the "words of the deceiver" and secured the fiat of the powers of this world to prevent the accomplishment of the word that had been written and the demonstration of the power of God and of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But the time was fulfilled; eternal life, continual existence was to be practically demonstrated as a possible thing; angels that excel in strength and power, that do God's bidding, were at hand; the stone was rolled away; the signet of eternal sleep, sealed by the kingdoms of this world, broken, the sentence of death, annulled; and the words that rung in the ears of the astonished disciples, "He is not here, but is risen," have startled the world into its glad surprise and hope that death is only an appearance, a name and not a fact.

Centuries have rolled away; the promises of God seem to have receded; the resurrection story is, to the masses, apocryphal or allegorical, and faith, living faith, the faith of the gospel has gone with the evidences that produced it as a logical consequence.

The restoration of the gospel is necessarily a restoration of supernatural evidence and power. "For, as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself."

God is the author of life in all its forms and manifestations, and he has sent his Son, clothed in humanity to show the possibilities wrapped up in the race.

"And I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

"I am the resurrection and the life." Can it be reasonably demonstrated? Yes. How? Through the gospel. The beginning of the gospel is the beginning of life.

"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon and our hands have handled, of *the word of life*. For the life was *manifested* and we have *seen it and bear witness* and

shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father and was manifested unto us."—1 John 1:1, 2.

How were they enabled to so positively announce the process of life as it inheres in the Author of life? How manifested?

Commissioned like John and Paul to announce the terms of life, we commence again and say, "Repent" from dead works, useless and unprofitable man-made theories, from moral transgression, cleansing the heart and thought of unrighteous and unholy desires, exercising faith no longer in the power of men alone to save from ignorance and sin, but in God, being baptized for the remission of the sins which are already becoming hateful to remember, receiving, by obedience, the gift of God, the promise of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost of apostolic times, the Spirit of truth which is now through continued faith and through obedience to be your guide, through the laying on of the hands of God's chosen ministers appointed unto this power." "Born again," "of water and of the Spirit." The new birth and growth with increasing consciousness of new powers, of an added sense, ability to perceive spiritual entities, you will know as I know and be able to testify as I can testify and as the beloved disciple has borne record, that we have seen and heard, that our hands have handled of *the word of life*, and more, that this life and its own peculiar manifestations, is in Jesus Christ and in *him alone*, that it is positively true that this life never has been, never can or will be manifest in any other way, through any other means, or by any other name.

The restoration of the gospel by angel advent, its preaching by an illiterate ministry, pushing its way against the united opposition of the wisdom of the world, the love of greed and gain, the opposition of priestcraft, and all the accumulated cunning which the ages have gathered to hurl against this gospel of the kingdom, the multitudes of human witnesses rising up out of fashionable apostate Babylon, fleeing for refuge from ignorance, from faithless creeds to the living fountain of God's eternal truth, loving and obeying and testifying, though scorned and shunned, to the unchangeability of God and the restoration of the gospel of his dear Son; thus is this gospel being testified to for a witness unto all nations. Thus by

a bold promise of the Holy Ghost to follow the obedient believer to-day as in ancient times can the possibility of testing *all* the promises of God that have been made in Christ Jesus, become a moral certainty.

"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls."

Everything has a beginning, something between the beginning and the end, and, finally, the end.

"The *beginning* of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. John did baptize in the wilderness and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins."—Mark 1:1-4.

It was a heavenly and authorized baptism, and bore heavenly fruit, when proclaimed by a man sent from God.

"For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith."

If any man *will do* "he shall know."

Its fruit was and is that repentance from sin, faith toward God, visibly expressed before him and the world in baptism and the laying on of hands, brings the soul into a knowledge of conscious possession of the God-given gift of the Holy Ghost, which illuminating the mind, reforming the life, healing the body, foretelling events of the future, testifying of Jesus Christ, causing you to speak in a tongue unknown, being led by the Spirit of truth, the argument grows stronger with every day, every year's experience, assaults against it only making it the stronger, that all the promises of God, so far as you have thus tested and time will permit, "are yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

It is as impossible for man to bestow the Holy Ghost upon his fellow man as it would be to raise him from the dead.

Either or both are only possible through the revelation of a higher power.

That power is God, and it is manifested through the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, the gospel. The certain possession of the one is a rational guarantee of the other. The redemption of our promise, under the circumstances, is to me a reasonable surety of the fulfillment of the other, under the promised conditions.

If God can give us a foretaste of his power and control over the forces of nature, as they appear to us in sickness by immediate and instant relief, if the deaf

ear can be unstopped, if, what is better, the judgment can be educated and the mind of man be placed in possession of the wisdom of God and power which all the opposition of the world can not gainsay nor resist, possibilities which I do most positively know exist to-day, I believe He can and, if reasonable, will raise my dead body, or one whose identity will be preserved as faithfully as is the order of life in the vegetable kingdom.

I trust I shall be able by the aid of God's Spirit to show that as a theory it is beautiful, consistent and harmonious with the highest reason, that it reveals God's righteousness and gracious provision for all the races of men.

I have assumed that practical gospel experience will demonstrate the existence of other powers than the natural or metaphysical, as applied to, or ordinarily developed in man, a spiritual entity, another or sixth sense, if you please.

This power operates upon, not only the intellectual, the moral, but the physical forces of man in a most wholesome, practical and healthful manner.

The resurrection of the body from the dust again is the acme of its demonstrated power over the physical forces.

Nature reveals the possibility of the doctrine of the resurrection as demonstrated in plant life.

"But," some man will say, "how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"

I do not insist upon the necessity of the interpretation that the identical particles that now compose our bodily structure will appear in the resurrection from the dead, but I do expect to show the moral necessity and reasonableness of the idea that our particular identity, and individuality will be preserved.

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body which shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain. But God giveth it a body as it pleaseth him, and to every seed *his own body*."—1 Cor. 14: 37, 38.

The preservation of the physical identity is as necessary as the intellectual or moral peculiarity or characteristics.

Man asks the question, "How are the dead raised up?" And because he has never seen it done, knows no creditable story told by eye witnesses that it ever has been done, and for other reasons,

denies its probability or possibility in the past, now or hereafter.

Experiments in chemistry demonstrate wonders, seeming impossibilities, and even contradictory to the mind of the novice.

We are hardly novices, as yet, in regard to the possibilities wrapped up in the word *life*.

"According as his [God's] divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life."—2 Peter 1: 3.

The beginning of the gospel is the beginning of an absolutely infallible series of tests by which, under eternal law, the practicability of life may be demonstrated as set forth in the doctrine of Jesus Christ the Son of God.

Nobody believed Fulton, Stephenson, Morse, or even Edison, until the practical demonstration of their theories had been furnished.

We reasonably offer, as the sent of God, a knowledge as the result of practical, scientific, legal experiment with law that does, and must throughout the eternal ages, govern the spirit that is in man.

In section eighty-five of Doctrine and Covenants we are informed that this earth is a celestial body.

Some of the possibilities of a handful of this earth are already demonstrated in the vegetable and animal world, in grain and fruit, in bud and opening flower.

Can the analyst see in this handful of earth, or behold in water or air the form of the grain and fruit in all of its forms and colors? Does his sense and power of taste, touch, or vision discern in earth or air or moisture, separate or combined, the luscious peach, the fragrance and odor that greets his organ and sense of smell in the tea rose, the lily or geranium, or the thousand other delights and entertainments that superior wisdom and love have furnished to ungrateful man? And yet God, for it must be he, gathers with unseen fingers from earth, from air, materializes, and hands them over every spring for the life and the delight of man, the perfected fruitage of that seed which was sown in dishonor, in the grave, and planted in the dust.

How are the dead raised up? I can not tell you how, neither am I reasonably bound unless you can answer a far more simple question.

"It is sown a natural body," it is not raised a natural body, else would it be subject to the same process of decay, and, if as ignorant as we are now, would leave us to the same sorrow and doubt; but "it is raised a spiritual body."

It is sown in dishonor, and we who are living, turn away from the article and presence of death, decay, and dissolution.

We shall endeavor to show that it is raised in "honor" and "glory."

It is sown in weakness, it will be raised in "power."

The "honor" and "power" which is to be attached to this body is the subject of Scripture testimony and the criticism of our reasoning forces.

First.—We belong to this earth, by reason and virtue of our experiences. Man's life is made up of his past and present. To begin his life on a new planet would be to cut off his experiences largely and relegate him to a new beginning. Our life should properly and

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reasonably be continued to a higher opportunity and conclusion than we have yet known, on the very grounds and place of its failure.

Our body is the highest perfected form of art the world has known.

It was pronounced "good," properly so, because created and fashioned like the Author of perfection. No higher ideal of beauty or utility can there be than in perfect manhood and womanhood, the perfected agency by which and through which some unknown force or power called spirit manifests itself. The possibilities of this wonderful combination have never been demonstrated in the history of man. Its demonstration and further development toward an ideal must naturally, logically and rationally take place upon this earth; hence the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, the return of the spirit to inhabit it, is not illogical, nor are the Scriptures at variance upon this point with the highest analogies.

## WHO SINNED?

BY JOAN.

### CHAPTER II.

"It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate."

**D**URING the winter and spring Hyrum Case labored as a missionary in the western part of Dakota.

One Monday morning, in early summer or late spring, he boarded the west bound train at Omaha, and was soon whirling away from that part of the world in which he had tasted the greatest joy of his life. He leaned his head against the window and tried to sum up his happiness. Young, strong and full of hope, he looked forward to the future with a light heart. Ever since making Lola Stewart's acquaintance in the beautiful garden spots of Colorado, he had been unlike himself. Hoping, yet full of fear, he suffered himself to go on in his friendliness, until when he sought to fathom his liking, he was startled and wondered why his life's insult stung worse than before. As he neared the beautiful Colorado Springs he fell to recalling the time spent here and at Manitou, and as the train hurried on through the rocky

cliffs and past the pretty little Palmer Lake, he again sat in the tiny row boat with Lola before him, and the eager search by the passengers for Pike's Peak brought back to his memory her sweet face as it was lifted to see the cloud-wrapped peak. Thus the way was sweet to him, and above the rush of the iron horse, the buzz of voices and thunder of the long train, rose a sweet, clear voice as he heard it once in the "garden of the gods" singing the words of her favorite, "His wisdom's vast and knows no bound,—a deep where all our thoughts are drowned." Over the sand plains of Utah, where great piles of sand drift themselves into queer shapes that fancy construes into ruined old towers and reality grows so weary of, that the idea of Mark Twain is easily understood, "That truly they are good for nothing, those great piles of sand, but just to sit around for ages and ages and ages and hold the world together."

With a sigh of relief he sights the picturesque Wahsatch and the glory of Castle Gate is lost in the delight of the cool,

shadowy canon with the mountain stream dashing along, bordered with gay flowers and half hidden by grass and willow. Does the history of this valley afford no interest to our traveler? Yon city with its shaded streets, where cool water trickles along all day, the rising temple, the dome-like tabernacle, the patches of alfalfa we hurry past; even the glistening lake does not arouse him from his reverie, which does not seem so pleasant as before. Ah, well, his thoughts were bitter ones and the past crowded out the present for a season to him.

Across the deserts of Nevada and with shades of night they plunge into the shadow of the Sierras. The next day as the city of many windmills comes in view, he realizes that he is nearly home. A change to the one car that stands waiting, and soon he is off again. The plain stretches like a sea of gold with its ripened fields to the very rim of the hills, where a circle of emerald girts it all. A dazzling sunny scene. See this little home on the rise above the river! Through a great field of wheat we came up under spreading live oaks, whose branches are wearing the fated mistletoe on every rugged knot. Kindly it covers the ugly scars and the tree looks more beautiful. A low fence encloses the adobe house, snug and cool-looking; a veranda runs around, and passion vine, wistaria, honeysuckle and roses clamber for place on the pillars and shower down petals as you pass beneath to the hammock on the north side. A weeping willow overhangs the gate and a fig tree with bright purple fruit, gleaming mid its green leaves, stands near the kitchen. An arbor leads from the kitchen to the barn yard or corral as the Californians call it. To the left is the milk-house; just over it the tank, dripping with water and covered with ivy, while above the windmill turns lazily and the day drops low into the twilight. Through the dining room, into the parlor where the shaded lamp throws a mellow light over the room, we follow Hyrum Case.

"Come, Helen, one good old song," and he arranges the notes on the old fashioned piano in the corner where the lady is soon seated and the music fills the room.

We can see by the way she moves that she is a cripple, but the sweet voice is none the less sweet. And as she sings

the old favorites, the evening passes swiftly. The steady young half-brother lays aside the newspaper and listens, but when Helen has finished the ballad before her, the slender fingers move softly over the keys as if they would seek the lost chord. Then her brother smiles as she sings the favorite hymn and again it is Lola's voice he hears:

"Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise."

The music ceases and he is plied with questions, of course, with all a woman's curiosity concerning another. Helen is anxious to know of this young wife who is to come to their quiet home some day.

And he tells them of her. The subject is a pleasant one to him, and when he seeks his rest it is with happy thoughts. He trusts her and would sooner lose an eye than break his vows, had he the least desire to do so. Why follow him in the daily routine of a western ranch, save to mark the eagerness with which he hails the tiny white missives with the sweet fragrance of wild rose about them.

Early in July I visited Lola. It was night when I drove up to her father's pleasant farm house, having had a long, hot, dusty ride. The stately poplars that led to the door, shone like silver in the moonlight. I drove into the open gate, and entered the house. Her mother greeted me, but Lola was not at home. After a little supper I retired to Lola's room with sunburned face and aching head. Knowing I should occupy the bed with Lola, I undressed, bathed, and slipping on a light wrapper, sat down by the window, watching the shadow of the poplars. Soon I heard Lola coming. Anticipating her surprise, I eagerly watched her approach. As I waited a bit of conversation floated up to me.

"Jess Day is very low—he will die—won't you go and see him, Lola?"

"I can do him no good," came in answer.

"No; but you did him enough harm."

"But Roy, I can not, could not help it. I can't marry all of you boys."

"No; but are you going to marry any of them? Us, I will not say. If I was other than your cousin, I would not be such a slave to you." After a pause, "Go and see Day, any way."

I purposely moved from the window, and Roy, springing into the buggy, drove quickly away.

Lola was ecstatic over my visit and we chatted until a late hour.

A little past midnight Lola said, "O, my letter!" and re-lighting the lamp, proceeded to run through a document of some six or seven sheets, giving me an occasional extract.

"Who is it from?" I asked.

"Why of course, you dear little goose, I forgot to tell you about this." And she held up the dainty finger for me to admire the little gold band that she wore upon it.

"Who put it there?" was my next question.

"Why, I did," with a mischievous twinkle.

"Ah?"

"Yes, but Hyrum sent it to me. I'll let you read his letters."

"Lola's old trick," I thought.

"O! he is just a king among men."

I made some saucy rejoinder, for which she boxed my ears — poor sun-burned things. I soon fell asleep with the touch of soft fingers moist with sweet cream on my face and "dear Hyrum's" praises in my ears.

My visit was pleasant; I was entertained with Hyrum's letters, and we sang, and played croquet, walked and rode. One day she looked up suddenly as I asked her the question:

"When are you to be married?"

"Why, I don't exactly know. Papa knows nothing of it yet."

"Why Lola!"

"I hate to have him know."

"For what reason?"

She was silent a moment and then ran to a box and drawing out a crumpled note tossed it into my lap. I read it, but said nothing. I truly wished she had not this trick of letting these things come before all eyes but her father's; but could easily see why she shrank from having him know all.

Lola was crying. "I heard papa," she said, "speaking of poor Jim Steves' unfortunate wife and—but you don't know that he was in polygamy, and when he found out the true teaching of the church proper, he put away his second wife and provided for her, but lived only with his first. His legal wife is dead and he has gone to marry the second one. Papa was so bitter in his denunciations of Jim's second wife and so cruel, I begged again of Hy-

rum to keep silence on this subject of our marriage. He wanted to tell papa, and actually sent a letter to him through me that I was to hand to him whenever I felt so inclined."

Seeing her father approaching, I tossed the note to her and asked, "How is Jess Day?"

"O, he is just wild! I know I did awfully wrong to go with him at all, but Doris had told me of his winning her love, then throwing it aside, and I loved Dor and wanted to make him suffer for wronging her. And now he says he will shoot himself if I marry any one else. I am sure I am very miserable. At first I wanted to get him and Dor together. Then he treated her so like a nun or old woman that I got vexed and let him go on making love to me. I did not try to win it, nor did I repulse it. He has brain fever." A moment's sorrowful silence, "Roy acts perfectly simple too; wants me to marry *him*. My cousin!"

"Why don't you let your engagement be known and so avoid all this trouble, or some of it?"

"Then I could not go out and have a jolly time."

"You are weaving a net of strong meshes around you, Lola."

There was another fit of weeping. The next day I left. Soon after I received a letter from Lola. She told me of "more trouble. Papa found that note and he just raved. I am so unhappy. I have written to Hyrum and in the meantime bear all sorts of taunts about my 'husband that is to be.' About his birth, his father and mother. O, if I had never grown up, or better still, never been born! Roy is sullen and taking too much wine so often now. I feel that I am to blame for everything he does wrong. Jess is well enough to almost curse me and life, while papa storms and wants me to marry Hugh Morton. What am I to do? How will it end?"

Poor Lola! better have told your parents in the first place, and as for retribution of other's wrongs—leave that in higher hands.

Nearly a year rolled away. One June evening Lola yielded to the voice of her father and bundled up the letters and ring and with many a bright tear staining them, kissed them good bye, saying to her

father, "Send them back to him and with them all the old Lola."

Mr Stewart loved his daughter and the sight of the poor little tear-stained face

almost melted him. Kissing the quivering lips he rode away muttering, "A new cart and piano will solace her."

(To be continued).

## EVIDENCES OF GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN.

HIS FAITHFULNESS TO HIS PROMISES IN THESE LAST DAYS AS IN FORMER DAYS.

BY ELON.

WHEN the young elder found himself in Bridgenorth, he took his stand in the market place and opening his Bible he read therefrom the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew. This called the attention of the people, and they gathered in great numbers around him, probably wondering if the young man was crazy. After reading, he offered a brief but earnest prayer, for he truly felt his weakness as he stood alone, so far as any one of his faith was concerned, but his Divine Master was with him, and gave him such aid as he needed. His theme was the second coming of Christ. Ministers of other denominations were among his audience. these were easily detected by their clerical garb.

He found lodgings at a tavern, but having no taste for such society as gathered there, he sought and found a temporary home with a widow lady, a Baptist, who boarded young men of good reputation and religious inclinations. She was very kind and more reasonable in her charges than the tavern-keeper was. His preaching excited the curiosity of his companions in the boarding house, and many questions were put to him as to his means of support as well as pertaining to his doctrine, which he promptly answered, giving scriptural authority for his faith and hope; but when he told them that he did not preach for hire but trusted in God to provide for his daily wants, and then recounted his experience in journeying thither, they requested him to read his poetry, written on the way, as referred to in my first paper on this subject. Then they offered him small sums of money if he would give them copies of the verses. To these requests he gladly responded, and the small sums swelled his little store, and helped him to continue

his labors longer than he otherwise could have done; and in this he saw his heavenly Father's hand.

After preaching there a few evenings, another young elder of about his own age arrived in town, having been sent there from the Worcestershire conference or district, while the one whose story I am telling was sent by the Birmingham conference. The mission of each was unknown to the other, and perhaps there never was a more agreeable surprise, or more joyous hearts than when these two young pilgrim soldiers of the cross met for the first time in life, each bearing the gospel banner and waving it to all the world. Truly, "As iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Then commenced an acquaintance which neither have had cause to regret, though the bloom of the almond tree adorns each head, and I trust that acquaintance will ripen and continue through the eternal ages. This new-found friend and brother was Elder William Hawkins, then of Kidderminster, England, now of St. Joseph, Missouri. With heart and hand they labored together for about three weeks, the result being a small branch of the church, composed of earnest seekers after truth. On leaving this place they started for brother Hawkins' home in Kidderminster, and on their way received renewed evidence of their heavenly Father's care for his ministry. Their money was almost exhausted, having only eight cents between them. After taking an inventory of stock, and finding that four pennies in English coin comprised their earthly all, they concluded to draw on the treasury of heaven, feeling that their Father would not fail to honor his promised word. The shades of evening had gathered around them,

and there was no prospect of obtaining a shelter, and to sleep out on the cold, wet ground in that country, was likely to prove disastrous to their health; so coming to a lonely part of the road, where there was a gate, leading into a field, they went to the gate. They did not kneel lest they should by that posture attract the gaze of some passer by; they dared not enter the field lest, being discovered, they should be arrested as trespassers, but they stood and leaned against the gate as though in conversation, and there offered up their silent prayers to him who had promised to provide all things necessary for those who had sought "first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." It was then agreed, at the request of William that the other should go to the next house and ask the privilege of staying there for the night. After traveling some distance they came to a tavern, when the one chosen rapped at the door. A lady came to the door with a candle, when the young man asked permission to stay there for the night, adding, there were two of them and they had but four pence between them, and if they could not both lodge there for that, both would share the same fate outside, at the same time telling of their occupation and the church to which they belonged; but the woman cut this statement short by saying, "Come in, I heard you preach in Bridgenorth." The summons was gladly obeyed. Quickly and without further solicitation (for they had not thought of eating) she prepared their supper, and after a pleasant conversation with her on the gospel of the kingdom, she kindly showed them to a good bed.

The landlady was a widow. The next morning our travelers arose to pursue their journey, having given the widow all the money they had, but she insisted that they must eat breakfast before they started. Nor were they at all loth, for they had some twenty-five miles to travel ere they could expect to break their fast. Breakfast over, the lady desired to hear more of the marvelous work which these young men were sent out to preach to the world. The Scriptures were opened to her understanding and she gladly received the word, and after about three hours more of conversation she placed a lunch before them, insisting that they would need it; and after enjoying her hospitality, they

prayed God to let his blessings fall upon her and her household, and with grateful hearts and refreshed bodies and spirits they traveled on to carry the glad tidings of a restored gospel to other hearts and ears. The preacher she had heard in Bridgenorth, was never favored to see her again, but she is not forgotten, and when the Great Shepherd shall return to gather his lambs to his bosom, that preacher hopes to be there, to testify that she fed and sheltered two of his little ones when there could be no earthly hope of gain or reward; and to hear the pleasing fiat given to her, "Come ye blessed of my Father, . . . *Ye have done it unto me.*"

Refreshed and encouraged, they left the blessing of peace upon that house, praying that she might be found in the celestial kingdom of God. Their next meal was eaten in a field of wheat, but there were no proud Pharisees present to chide them for rubbing out and eating the ripened grain.

Upon one occasion while traveling, our our young friend, having no means, and being thirsty and needing food, called at a little old cabin by the wayside to ask for a drink of water. The cabin was inhabited by an aged couple. The traveler did not like to play the role of a common beggar, but realizing that he had a right to ask the Lord to provide, he offered a silent petition to heaven that they might ask him to eat with them. It was not the meal hour, but as soon as the man gave him a drink, he also requested him to eat with him such humble fare as he had to give, and while our traveler ate the bread and drank the water and rested his limbs, he broke to them the bread of life, and told them of the water of everlasting life, which flows for all. Suffice it to say, it was a feast of fat things for this aged couple as well as for the pilgrim. To those raised in this land of plenty it may seem nothing unusual to ask a man to eat; but customs differ there. It is not usual to ask an entire stranger in, to say nothing of offering to share their hospitality, and when we consider this in connection with the poverty of the laboring classes, where the scanty meal has to be doled out by the head of the family so as to make it go around, and in addition, the very probable fact that these old people had to depend upon



the guardians of the poor for their living, and the amount allowed but a scanty pittance, then we can understand better the nature of the act, and that he who feeds the ravens had something to do with providing the frugal meal. Our young pilgrim may be censured by some for not applying to the rich, but he was too well acquainted with the world, and knew that it was the poor who helped the poor, as in the case of Elijah, and the widow woman of Zarephath, Elisha and the Shumanite widow, Jesus and Mary with her box of ointment. Undoubtedly God can use the rich as ministers to his servants, as in the case of Lord Stanford, as narrated in a former chapter, but he does not intend to rob the poor of the honor and privilege of ministering to him through his servants. Besides, the rich as a class are too proud, pampered and blinded by vain traditions of popular theories to accept the humble claims and listen to the simple story of a restored gospel ministry. These rich men with the priests and law-

yers at their head were the ones who rejected Jesus, and he had to seek society among the publicans and sinners, or those who were denounced as such by the hypocritical Pharisees, and history proves that men are the same in all ages. The history of any one age, as far as the character and doings of the world are concerned, is but a repetition of former ages, and so of people as far as character and aspirations are visible. There are differences of surroundings, but these do not materially change human character, under like conditions. The history of God's people in one age is in a great measure a repetition of the history of his people in all ages, so far as character, life and blessings are concerned, and their relation to the world is the same, because God is the same, his gospel is the same, and it demands like sacrifices, and offers like blessings, and therefore God will care for his children and ministry now as in the ages past. More anon.

## AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF ELDER HERVEY GREEN.

BY ELDER D. S. MILLS.

WHEREAS our worthy and well beloved brother, Hervey Green, has closed his faithful testimony to the living men of this generation—and you now lose his ever welcome communications, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to your many readers to narrate an incident of his past life, one which I have many times heard him relate, with tear bedimmed eyes, and quivering chin, as he told of his early history of this church; interspersed with great and marvelous blessings, mobbings, whippings, and tribulations which he was called to pass through for the gospel's sake, in those bloody days when it required men of nerve, to come out and boldly withstand the great tidal wave of intolerance and religious persecution which was everywhere hurled upon their devoted heads; and while many became martyrs for truth, others were oftentimes most marvelously delivered from the jaws of death, and from the hands of their enemies, in all of which, our deceased brother came in for a

full share, as the open books will show in the judgment day when all the witnesses are brought in and the Saints sit with Christ in judgment on this generation; doubly damned by the men of Nineveh, Tyre, Sidon, and even Jerusalem. For while the heavens weep blood upon their heads, and the defiled earth groans and writhes beneath their feet, all following in quick succession, the testimony of God's servants, they loudly sing, "Peace and safety, all is well." Broad is the road that leads to heaven, as once it was to hell.

The incident I will endeavor to give in his own words, as follows:

"In the fall of 1850, I left the gold mines of Upper California in company with one Levi Ruyter, and started for Salt Lake City, where my family then was—I had six thousand dollars in gold dust, which I carried in a Spanish powder flask (made of raw hide) upon my person, and a trusty rifle; I had also bought in Sacramento five hundred dollars worth of

goods, consisting of domestic calico, needles, thread, pins, articles of clothing, boots and shoes for my family, some tea, coffee and tobacco, as I was then an inveterate smoker, but now, I detest it.. We rode on horseback, packing our articles on mules. In Carson we joined a train of wagons and traveled slowly together for mutual protection against the hostile Indians; and every night we drove our wagons together in a circle forming a corral for our stock during the night; and when not on guard I slept on the ground between the wagons. During a night of the first week the animals took a stampede, and an ox jumped on me and broke three of my ribs; this hurt me so that I kept in the wagon most of the time. We saw few Indians, but knew them to be on all sides of us, and often saw where they had killed some of the unfortunate emigrants, in weak or careless companies, whom they usually attacked by first stampeding their stock. During our silent night watches we often saw their campfires in the mountains. . . . Nothing serious occurred with us till we struck the Goose Creek Mountains, when thinking the danger past, with Ruyter I left the wagon train to push on home. We drove our pack animals before us all day. It still hurt my side to ride in the saddle, and at night I was glad enough to let Ruyter cook supper, which we ate about dark; thinking to rest an hour, and then leave our fire burning, move on and strike off the road a mile and camp without fire; and thus dodge the 'red skins,' if they came; but it set in raining so hard, we covered our packs and lay down as it were for the night; with our animals well 'tethered' close by the fire which was nearly out. As I lay upon my rifle in pain, Ruyter near by fast asleep, it was very dark, when without the least bit of warning bang went a gun not over twenty yards off. At its flash I sprang to my feet with gun in hand and awoke Ruyter; we started half bewildered in the darkness. I could not run to save my life. Soon Ruyter stopped and said to me, 'Are you sure you heard a g'—bang went another gun close behind us, and at the same time down we went some twenty feet over a creek bank into a lot of brush at the bottom; then the Indians were firing on all sides of us. I whispered to Ruyter to keep still, they were firing at our noise, it

was too dark for them to see us as we layed there. In a short time the firing stopped. I was bruised and could hardly get my breath for pain; at length cold and stiff we crawled out—think it was eleven at night,—I left my gold in the brush, keeping only my rifle, we tried to keep together, but soon got separated, and I did not see him again for two days. O, what a shocking, miserable night that was! Alone, crippled, and weak, cold and wet, surrounded by blood-thirsty Indians. I would walk, not knowing whither I went, till faint and exhausted, I would again and again lie down and pray for day and deliverance from the jaws of death, till at last the long looked for day dawned; the sun shone brightly, dispelling the horrors of that dark night; I got warmed up and traveled pretty well—soon struck a road and found upon examination that I had made a circuitous route and was back of my camp on the road to California, so I faced about and in an hour came to a small stream with willows growing thickly along its banks. This I knew was not more than two miles from the camp; and thinking the Indians were gone, and expecting to meet with Ruyter or with emigrants, I went on towards the camp, smoking along. As I neared the camp, I plainly saw the animals and six men, one of whom I took to be Ruyter, and the rest emigrants. So I gladly hurried up to do ample justice to a meal in prospective. When within two hundred yards of camp I looked again and my blood fairly curdled in my veins. There was the camp sure enough and all the animals, with six stalwart well armed savages, one of whom sprang upon Ruyter's mare, and with his rifle rode toward me. I knew that nothing but the power of God could save me then; I could not run from him—my gun might miss fire. I turned and slowly retraced my steps once more towards California, ever and anon casting my eyes around if haply an emigrant might appear in sight,—nothing but an open plain before me. I took a look back at my pursuer, he was in easy rifle range—he must wish to capture me alive; another was coming up behind him. Strange they did not seem to gain upon me, thus I kept on till near the Willow Creek they left the road and struck out for the willows at the right; I then turned off to the left and soon got

out of their sight, avoiding the willows, passed around the point of a small knoll and came out on the California road again, and as I traveled on, gazed and wondered what became of my pursuers; it was evident some change had transpired in their plans. With nothing to eat or drink all day, exhausted and feverish, I traveled till dark, when I saw a camp fire with several persons standing around it, evidently engaged in preparing supper—this was a most welcome sight to me, one which then caused tears to flow down my cheeks as I drew near with a strong desire to greet the friendly, hospitable emigrant; and to enjoy a hearty meal, with a much needed night's repose.

“But judge of my astonishment and horror, when within a few yards of the fire I discovered and counted eleven blood-thirsty savages, all painted for the fight. Strange they did not see me. With a heavy heart and with enemies in front and in rear, I again turned my steps; not knowing what moment I should fall into their merciless hands. Thus I traveled, scarcely thinking or caring whither I went. Exhausted I sank down many times, till benumbed, not daring to sleep, I would arise and grope on over the plain, with no object by which to direct my course. About nine o'clock I cautiously approached another camp, which also proved to be Indians on the war path, and whom I also avoided. Meantime my matches gave out, and O, how I longed for a smoke, but could get none!

“It must have been about eleven at night, when I lay down to die; in fact had well nigh perished; it was a cold, dark night. Save the occasional howl of the gaunt grey wolf, all was still as death. At last I turned my head: you may judge of my astonishment and joy as I beheld four rods distant a single horseman, bearing in his hand a bright torch light. *I knew he was not an Indian.* His back was toward me. At once I felt my strength return; arose and accosted him with, ‘Stranger, will you be so good as to give me a light? I never wanted a smoke so bad in my life.’ He took no notice of me, not even turned his head; but started along on a slow walk; of course I followed him, repeating my request the third time with no response. At this strange conduct I felt quite indignant; for I

knew he must hear me. I then tried to get along side him, but could not gain a foot on him; and when at last I lay down, faint, he stopped also; and as I felt rested and rose up he started on. His horse was black; the torch shed a beautiful mellow light, so I could plainly see to walk and avoid rough spots, bushes, etc.; till we struck a road. Not another word was spoken all that long night, as we thus journeyed on. I must have stopped and rested some thirty times or more, with my faithful guide still lighting me on. At three o'clock in the morning we came in sight of a fine large camp; and then horse and rider disappeared instantly, and I saw no more of them.

“Quick as a flash came to my mind the words of my patriarchal blessing, ‘angels shall minister unto thee and thou shalt see thy Redeemer.’ Then I knew it all. An angel had been my mysterious guide during that long night, and had truly saved my life. Oh, why! why!! had I not realized it sooner—yes, all day long had he doubtless been between me and those Indians. They must have seen him doubtless, with others, though I had not seen them. My very soul is poured out in gratitude to God, even now, while I think of it. . . .

“The camp proved to be General Wilson’s, with a government train *en route* to California, he had sixty men well armed and anxious to fight Indians. They had broken some wagons and were camped a few days for repairs. They treated me kindly, and next day with ten men, I set out once more for my camp, which we reached about night, found Ruyter with about thirty men, emigrants to California, also the horses and mules all safe; the goods were mostly hidden in piles in the willows by the Indians; we recovered nearly all. The cloth was torn up, and had been divided by the Indians into a dozen lots. Ruyter had found them there on his return to camp, and the emigrants had taken them and whipped them severely, letting them go with a yell as they bounded off. I told them they missed it very much; and so it proved the next day. After getting my things together with my gold dust which I found safe, we camped once more on the ground, with a good guard; and I reckon I slept some that night.

“Early next morning we were astir;

the thirty emigrants for California and the ten soldiers for Wilson's camp; they went along up to the Willow Creek, crossing where I had passed the day before, and they were fired into by a band of Indians; two were killed and several horses; so that the whipped Indians had sought and obtained revenge. The company of emigrants were obliged to return to Salt Lake with us to winter.

"We buried the two poor fellows who fell, and in a few days without further

Mission San Jose, Cal., Oct. 29th, 1875.

mishap we reached Salt Lake, where we remained during the winter, and in the spring moved to California, heartily disgusted with the church officials in Utah."

When last I heard Bro. Green repeat it, about a year since, he said: "I think of writing it for the *Herald*." But as he did not, I now offer it, as a merited tribute to the memory of one dearly loved, and with whom I took my first lessons in traveling to declare the word as a witness.—*Saints' Herald*.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. VIII.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

I WILL pass by the many changing scenes of sickness and death, of losses both by floods and by drouth, of travel, toil and care; dangers and disappointments, up to the year 1864. We were then living in the lovely little town of Santa Cruz, when the joyful sound of the restored gospel again saluted our ears, and although close to the seashore it did not find me engaged as a fisherman, but at the plow. On the 20th of June, at half-past twelve o'clock, while eating dinner, a knock was heard at the door. Mattie went to answer, and there stood a man dressed in black with a satchel in his hand. On being invited to come in, as he stood on the threshold, he said:

"I am one of those hunters sent to hunt up the lost sheep of the house of Israel."

"Without asking his name, Mattie came bounding into the kitchen, her face almost as bright as the noonday sun, exclaiming:

"O Glaud, here is some one you want to see."

I arose from the table, walked into the sitting room, and met the stranger. Was it an angel in disguise, or who was it that had brought such glad tidings of great joy to us?

We had almost forgotten to ask him to eat, where he came from, or what was his name; so great was our joy. The children called out and reminded us that it was time for them to go back to school. Little Joey was crying because he was left alone, and our visitor being only mortal

man was tired and hungry, having walked some distance in the dust and heat.

Dinner over, we again repaired to the sitting room and spent the afternoon in listening to the glad news and asking questions. Mattie, more like Mary than Martha, was not careful or troubled about her dishes or anything else; for they stood on the table for hours, so eager was she to catch every word that fell from the stranger's lips.

He stayed a week, and it seemed to us during that time that the sun was never behind a cloud. He told us of the Reorganized Church, that young Joseph was called of God to stand in his father's place, of Bro. E. C. Briggs' mission to California, and many other things. The Spirit bore witness to the truth of what he had said, and a more enjoyable time we had not experienced or ever expect to experience again.

We were ready for baptism, and went with our team to Watsonville, twenty miles, where we were cordially received by brother and sister George Adams and made welcome at their house, which stood on the bank of the Pajaro (Pathro) river. With hearts overflowing with love to God and mankind, and feeling at peace with all the world; we went down into the water and renewed our covenant, being buried with Christ in the liquid grave. Brother H. H. Morgan officiating for it was he who had brought the welcome news.

I was again ordained to the office of an elder, and the Spirit of the Master rested upon me. We returned to our home rejoicing in spirit and well in body, and feeling so happy it seemed as though nothing could ever disturb our peace again.

On Sunday we held meeting in our house. Brother Morgan, ourselves, the children, old Sister Jones, an old time Saint, and two others, and partook of the sacrament, the first time in so many long years. It is not possible to describe our feelings on that occasion, and only those who have been deprived of these great blessings can realize them, and time can never erase it from our memory. Bro. Morgan stayed a few days and then left us to hunt up other lost sheep of the house of Israel. How bright all things appeared to us now!

Santa Cruz was full of Spiritualism, and we had a strong desire to be with the Saints, therefore as soon as convenient, I removed my family to Watsonville, where there was a small branch of the church. In course of time I sold our house and lot in Santa Cruz, and bought a half acre lot on the edge of the Pajaro river, fenced it, and made a very comfortable little home, the land being exceedingly rich. During the time our house was building we lived on the other side of the river, opposite to Bro. George Adams', who had a nice large house, and meetings were held there. Returning from a meeting one evening in which the Spirit of the Lord had been with us in power, it was late, nearly ten o'clock, for the Saints were loth to part. All had separated, however, and we had said good night and started on our homeward way, talking of the good things we had heard and seen. After reaching our home while standing on the steps ready to unlock the door, we heard the most beautiful singing, and stopped to listen. It was almost over our heads, and we stood spell bound for nearly twenty minutes, and then it slowly and softly died away. It was not earthly music; and oh, how grand it was.

I was not silent in regard to the gospel plan of salvation, but preached whenever an opportunity afforded. Many who had known me for years were surprised when they heard me speak as a minister of the gospel, not because of any misconduct on my part, for I had always tried to live in

a way that would bring no reproach on the cause when I should again be called to stand in defense of the truth; but some of them had lived close neighbors to us for a long time, and yet had not known my former calling. I had, previous to this, bought a hundred and sixty acres of land at the foot of the Red Wood Mountains, in the Pajaro Valley, five miles from Watsonville. Our farm joined Mr. Stribblin's, Mr. Tuttle's and Mr. Gardner's, all good neighbors. Here we settled with every prospect of having a good home and saving something for old age; but alas! where might rules right, gold gains the day and the people suffer. The laws of California at that time gave the rich man power by taking advantage of the Spanish grants, to hold all the land they fenced in. Four thousand five hundred acres lay between two of these grants part of it reaching to the very top of the Red Wood Mountains, and part in the valley, which was dotted over with the homes of honest, hard-working tillers of the soil, ours with the rest. Charles D. Roe and other rich men of San Francisco joined together and fenced it in. We tried to stop them, but could not, for they had the money. Then they sued us. Some gave up and others defended, but the lawyers and judges were bribed, and justice had fled. I tried hard for a whole year to keep my place, but could stand it no longer, as I had lost a good deal of money, and finally left it; but did not give possession.

Such was the state of things around there and in many other places in California. It was unsafe to buy, as litigation seemed the order of the day. No one, unless he was able to defend it, was sure of his home, and very often had to pay for it three or four times over.

We had minded our own business, dealt honestly and uprightly with every one, and tried to be friendly with all, so that I was not ashamed to meet my old friends and neighbors again, as an ambassador for Christ. Some of them joined the church and remained faithful till death. I attended the October conference, Bro. E. C. Briggs being present, and was there appointed to go on a mission with Bro. Morgan to San Bernardino. It was then that I felt the great responsibility I had assumed. I had a family and they must be cared for; there was no Bishop.

When I told Mattie of my appointment she said:

"Well, we have a cow, and you have enough money to buy flour to last us a year, to buy yourself a good suit of clothes and pay your fare to San Francisco; the Lord will provide the rest."

I had no excuse, but was ready and willing to go. Everything that I could do for their comfort was done, and bidding them good bye, I started on my first mission in the Reorganized Church, with the expectation of being away from home longer than I had ever been before; but I left them in good hands; the great Giver of all good I knew would watch over and take care of them in my absence. On the seventeenth of November brother Morgan and myself left San Francisco on a sailing vessel for San Pedro.

[Bro. Rodger's first letter to his wife after his arrival at his destined field of labor is before us, and we give it to the reader just as it was written.—Ed.]

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal., Nov. 24th, '64.

*My Dear Wife and Children:*

I wrote you a letter from San Francisco, which I hope you received. After rolling and tumbling around on the sea for seven long days, we arrived safe and sound at San Pedro, from there we took stage to Los Angeles, where we put up for the night, and next morning went by stage to San Bernardino, arriving there about six o'clock p. m. We made our way to Sister Davis' at the mill, found Betsy and her mother well and glad to see us. Next day being Saturday, we visited the president, and found all things about as well as could be expected. The news soon spread that we had come, and on Sunday morning when we got to the Town Hall we could hardly get through the crowd of horses, carriages and wagons, men, women and children. The hall was crowded to excess and the Saints were singing,

"Praise to the man who communed with Jehovah."

The sudden change was almost too much. For a time we could hardly

smother our feelings. It reminded us of the crowded camp meetings we used to have in the old country. The Spirit of God was upon us, and all felt it, both Saint and sinner.

Brother Morgan addressed the meeting and I followed him, contrasting the present with the past, when we left the vallies. We met again in the evening, and I spoke to the Saints. The fetters that had so long bound me, seemed to burst, like the cords that bound Samson, and once more I felt myself again. Oh, that you were here to enjoy such a meeting! My pen can not portray to the absent mind what we that evening enjoyed. Truly the Saints here are greatly blessed. Brother Morgan and folk have done a great work here, and much more has yet to be done. This is a great field and fully ripe. I hope the Lord will enable us in all wisdom and holiness of life to build up His church here to the honor and glory of His great name, for of ourselves we are weak and can do nothing to further this work, unless we have His Holy Spirit.

I have thought much about you since I left you, but I know you are in good hands, and am sure your wants will be supplied, for truly your faith has greatly assisted me. I feel and know it was a sacrifice on your part to let me go with such a scanty living for you and the children, but for the glory that is before us, who would not be willing to endure all things?

Yes, Matilda, a few more years will wind up the scenes of wickedness on this land, and bring the Saints together from their long dispersion to enjoy that promised rest, and build the house of God. Shall we be there with our children? Let us commune with our own hearts and say by the help of God we will; that we will let nothing perplex or drive us from the great end in view. I hope the children are good to you, by obeying you in all things, that they may know how to value a good mother. I will write again in two weeks.

Your affectionate husband,  
GLAUD RODGER.

(To be continued).

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.—Twenty diamonds round the circle, £30,000; 2 large center diamonds, £4,000; 54 smaller diamonds, £5,400; 4 crosses of diamonds, £12,000; 4 large diamonds on the top of crosses, £4,000; 12 diamonds in fleur-de-lis, £10,000; 18 smaller diamonds in the same, £2,000; pearls, etc., on arches and crosses, £10,000; 140 smaller diamonds, £5,000; 26 diamonds in the upper cross, £300; 2 circles of pearls about the rim, £3,000. Whole cost of stones, exclusive of metal and work, £111,900. The crown as it appears, including workmanship and material, outside of the precious stones, represents nearly three quarters of a million dollars.

## LEAVES FROM PALESTINE.

BY SR. ABIGAIL Y. ALLEY.

MRS. M. WALKER; *Dear Sister* :—

I SHALL write now of the temple. Where once stood the temple designed by King David, and executed by Solomon his son, and restored by Zerubbabel and Herod, is now the mosque of Omar, called also the Dome of the Rock, or Kubbet es-Sukhrah. It occupies a part of the spacious area known as the Haram esh-Sherif; the Noble Sanctuary. It is needless to say that nearly every inch of ground in this sacred enclosure and almost every stone upon it, has been the subject of controversy. Many important points in the controversies have been cleared, through the indefatigable efforts of the members of the Exploration Fund. The difficulties connected with exploration in Jerusalem were enormous, and it is impossible to sufficiently praise the unparalleled labors of Captains Wilson and Warren, Lieutenant Condor and others, through whose undaunted courage and untiring effort so many important discoveries have been brought to light. The accumulation of the rubbish of ages has had to be dug through, so that in one part—the north-east wall of the Temple—the debris was one hundred and twenty-five feet in depth.

It must be remembered that the Jerusalem of to-day is built upon a heap of buried cities. One city literally lies heaped upon another; for Jerusalem stood no fewer than twenty-seven sieges from Jebusites and Israelites, Egyptians and Assyrians, Greeks and Romans, Mohammedans and Christians. The last and twenty-seventh siege took place in 1244 at the hands of the wild Kareymian hordes, who plundered the city and slaughtered the priests and monks.

The Jerusalem of our day may be considered the eighth, for even before the time of King David there was a city there.

The explorers had thus to do not with one city, but with many. The second was the city of King Solomon, son of David, from B. C. 1000 to B. C. 597, a space of four hundred years. The third that of Nehemiah, which lasted for some three hundred years. Then came the magnificent city of Herod; then the Roman city, which grew up on the ruins Titus

had made; this again was followed by the Mohammedan city, and that again by a Christian city; and now for six hundred years the modern city has stood on the ruins of those that preceded it. So we can well conceive what good ground the committee had to say thus: "Rubbish and debris cover every foot of the ground, save where the rock crops up at intervals. The rubbish is the wreck of all these cities, piled one above the other. If we examine it, we have to determine at every step among the ruins of which city we are standing—Solomon, Nehemiah, Herod, Hadrian, Constantine, Omar, Godfrey, Saladin, Suleiman—each in turn represents a city."

It has been the task of the Fund to dig down to the rock itself and lay bare the secrets of each in succession, and no doubt—now that so many scientific travelers visit the Holy Land, and the restrictions upon visiting the holy places of the Moslems are gradually being relaxed—more light will be shed from time to time on the vexed questions which have arisen, for the most part, from mere surmises.

The Mosque of Omar stands upon the summit of Mount Moriah; tradition says upon the very spot where Ornan had his threshing-floor; where Abraham offered up Isaac; where King David interceded for the plague-stricken people, and where the Jewish or Hebrew Temple, the glory of Israel, stood. No one can stand before this magnificent building, with its many colored marbles glistening in the sunlight, as once the goodly stones of the Temple shone before the eyes of the disciples, and not be moved with a strong emotion. One's thoughts rush away to the past when psalmists wrote and patriots sung of the Temple's glory. Hither the tribes came up; here shone forth the light of the Shekinah; here was the center of the religious, the poetical and the political life of God's chosen nation. Then one thinks of the defeats and disasters consequent upon disobedience; how glory after glory vanished, until alien powers desolated and utterly destroyed the holy place. One thinks of devout Jews in every land, oppressed and burdened, turning toward this sacred site, and

remembering it with tears as they pray for restoration to their land. Above all, the Christian thinks of the little child, presented there by the holy mother, of the youth asking and answering questions; and of the divine man, the blessed Savior, teaching and preaching the things concerning himself.

The Haram-esh-Sherif is surrounded by a wall 1601 feet long on the west, 1530 on the east, 1024 on the north, and 922 on the south, and is entered by eight gates on the west, the principal being the Babes-silsilek, or the gait of the chain. Entering by this gate we have on the right the Mosque-el-Aksa, and before us are steps leading up to the Dome of the Rock, or the Kubbet-es-Sukhrah. The building has eight sides, each sixty-eight feet long, and the whole covered with richly colored porcelain tiles, and a frieze of tiles running around the whole building, upon which are passages from the Koran.

There are four gates, or portals, facing the cardinal points of the compass. Tradition states that when the Caliph Omar took Jerusalem, his first inquiry was for the sight of the Jewish Temple. He was conducted to this spot, then a huge mound of filth and rubbish, and here he built the Mosque which bears his name. Others claim that the present Mosque was built by Abd-el-melek in A. D. 686. The interior is gloomy, and sometimes so dark that one has to wait until the eyes grow accustomed to it. The interior has two cloisters, separated by an octagonal course of piers and columns; within this, again another circle of four great piers and twelve Corinthian columns, which support the great dome. The fifty-six stained glass windows are of great brilliancy and beauty. The walls are covered with tiles, on which are inscribed portions of the Koran, as on the outer walls of the building. The dome is ninety-eight feet high and sixty-six in diameter, and is composed of wood. The pavement is of marble mosaic. There are many things to see in this building, but all pale before the sacred rock immediately beneath the dome; it is a bare, ragged, unhewn piece of rock, about sixty feet long and forty-five wide; the rock stands about four feet nine and a half inches above the marble pavement at its highest point, and one foot at its lowest; it is one of the

missae strata, and has a dip of twelve degrees in a direction of eighty-five degrees east of north. The surface of the rock bears marks of hard treatment and rough chiseling; on the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered. Near, and a little to the east of the door leading to the chamber below, are a number of small rectangular holes cut in the rock, as if to receive the foot of a railing or screen, and at the same place is a circular opening communicating with the cave.

A hundred legends hang about the rock,—Jewish, Christian and Moslem. Here, according to the Jews, Melchizedek offered sacrifice, Abraham brought his son as an offering, and the ark of the covenant stood; on this rock was written the unutterable name of God, which only Jesus could pronounce. Some claim that the circular hole is the place through which the blood of the sacrifices poured, and was carried by way of the brook Kidron, outside the city, and the Moslems have strung together some of the wildest and most absurd of the many legends in connection with it. Descending by eleven steps, we enter the cave below the rock. The entrance to the cave is by a flight of steps on the south-east, passing under a doorway with a pointed arch which looks like an addition to the crusaders; the chamber is not very large, with an average height of six feet; its sides so covered with plaster and whitewash, that it is impossible to see any chisel marks; but the surface appears to be rough and irregular. The Mohammedan legend of the rock is that when Mohammed ascended to heaven from here on his good steed El-Burak, the rock wanted to follow, and started for that purpose, but was held down by the angel Gabriel, the prints of whose fingers are still shown in the rock. Ever since then the rock, according to the same authorities, has been suspended in the air, and the hollow-sounding wall is one that was placed there because pilgrims who passed under the suspended rock feared that it should fall and crush them.

In the cave will be shown the praying-places of Abraham, Elijah, David, Solomon and Mohammed. In the center of the floor is a slab covering the well of spirits, as the Moslems allege, into which all spirits descend, and from whence they



will be brought up at last by the tufts of hair on their heads. Others affirm that this was where the blood offered in sacrifice on the rock above, poured forth into the Kidron. Another theory is that this is none other than the very tomb in which the crucified body of our Lord lay. Many Mohammedan legends are told and sacred places shown to the visitors around the Mosque, such as the shield of Mohammed's Uncle; the footprint of Mohammed; his banner; hairs from his beard, etc.; a slab with three nails and a half in it. Originally there were nineteen, but the devil knocked them into the stone; when the three and a half disappear the end of the world will come. Several old copies of the Koran are kept in the Mosque.

The next buildings of importance in the Haram is the Mosque-el-aksa, there is some doubt as to the origin of this building, or group of buildings; but it is generally supposed to be identical with the magnificent Basilica founded by the Emperor Justinian in honor of the Virgin. The porch has seven arcades leading into the seven aisles of the Basilica. The

JAFFA, Palestine, Au8. 28th, 1889.

porch in front, from two inches in the wall for statues still remaining would appear to be the work of the Templars when they occupied the building. In the interior four styles of capitals were noticed; those on the thick, stunted columns forming the center aisle, which are heavy and of bad design; those of the columns under the dome, which are of the Corinthian order, and similar to the ones in the Dome of the Rock; those on the pillars forming the western boundary of the Woman's Mosque which are of the same character as the heavy basket-shaped capitals seen in the Chapel of Helena; and those of the columns to the east and west of the dome, which are of the basket-shaped, but better proportioned than the others. The columns and piers of the Mosque are connected by a rude architrave, which consists of beams of roughly-squared timber, inclosed in a casing of one inch stuff, on which the decoration, such as it is, is made; the beams are much decayed, and appear older than the casing. All the arches are pointed. Some of the windows are very good.

## OUR COLLEGE AT LAMONI.

BY COLE MOXON.

DEAR FRIENDS:—It is with reference to the erection of the College at Lamoni, Iowa, that I write you the following.

It was but a few short months ago that an interest in this college was awakened in me. Not thinking that I could ever expect to do anything for it, being so much from among our people, the thought of it sank into oblivion, and was soon buried with the thoughts of other enterprises. About a month ago, the subject came up before me again, and I began thinking more earnestly about it. The thought was aroused in my mind by reading a letter written by Sister Walker of Lamoni, and I wondered to myself why our church could not step out upon that broad field—the field of education.

From my limited observation, I find that education is keeping pace with gen-

eral progress, and that as soon as a new country becomes sparingly settled, we find school-houses rising up as if from a necessity. Church and school grow up together. Fathers take charge of the local governmental affairs while they send their children to school in order that, when the older fall out of the ranks from old age, or death, there will be others who are educated and prepared to step in and assume the duties of those who were in charge before them.

Education not only prepares the youth to take charge of governmental affairs, but, to my mind, it better qualifies him to understand his most holy and sacred relation to God and Nature's laws. He who is ignorant of nature's laws, and allows the mind or body to become defiled commits a sin. Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and why should we not strive

to do that which will instruct and purify the mind of the growing youth that he may more fully understand his relations to God, and his duty to comply with the laws of nature?

Before *you*, dear reader, there is an opportunity to do a work that will be of untold value to your people, and for which God will bless you in your attempts to carry it through. The work that is before you is to assist all that is in your power to furnish *financial means* to build the College at Lamoni. There is no question that if it is built but what it

will add greatly to the success of our church.

Plans for raising the funds required to do this work will be, if they are not now, placed before you, and my most earnest request is that *you*, dear reader, will assist in this matter as much as possible. Your help is needed, and God will bless you inasmuch as you lend your aid.

May God animate each one of us inasmuch that we will take hold of, and push through, successfully, the building of this College. May we be able to say, in the near future, "it is finished."

## THANKSGIVING.

THE harvest time of the year has come and gone, the smiling fields of grain have been garnered, —the rich abundance of the fragrant clover blooms have given place to the tender after-math upon which the farmer's flocks and herds are feeding in these dreamy autumn days, and the time of Thanksgiving has come. If one season above another calls upon us to "count up our mercies," is it not at hand, and how can we render thanks unto God in a manner more acceptable than by giving of the abundance which the earth has poured into our barns and granaries for the purpose of helping the Lord's work?

The following has been selected as being rich in thought especially adapted to the season and time.

## THANKSGIVING ANN.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

IN the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise—

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Johnny, don't play dar in de water, chile!

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Run away now, Susie, dearie!

"Thanksgivin' an'—

"Take care o' dat bressed baby! Here's some ginger-bread for him.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

You laugh! but looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and

she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could scarcely tell; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The early usual breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a

fine batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen window; and Thanksgiving Ann's "Bible money" was still in her pocket.

"Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just 's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin; an' wouldn't pay it if dey did," she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring, and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and "catch him if he was anywhere this side of Chainy." And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned, apparently unwearied in his chase.

"Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said 'twas a ginorous jonation—equal to your master's; which proves," said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, "that some folks can do as much good just offhand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand."

"Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;" and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

she began in her high, weird voice; but the words died on her lips—her heart was too burdened to sing.

"Only three dollars out'n all her 'bundance!" she murmured to herself. "Well, mebbly I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I *knows*. Course I knows when I'se here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'age, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happen when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all!

Sure 'nough, He don't need der help. All de world is His; and He send clo'es to His naked, an' bread to His hungry, an' Bibles to His heathen if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint *my* soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so beloved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called "systematics in givin'."

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax," said Mrs. Allyn, one day; "and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes."

"If ye aint give so freely an' gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes," interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way," pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. "Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?"

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way," declared Thanksgiving. "Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-count girl, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist the way—"

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence," answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another," said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Massa likes best," observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. "Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk 'bout it's bein' like a tax to put some away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up wid prayin's on thinkin's dat I mos' believe dey weigh double when dey does go.

"O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!  
De Lamb of Calvary!  
De Lamb dat was slain an' lives again,  
An' intercedes for me."

And now another call had come.

"Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short," Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. "However, we gave all we could," she added. "I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much."

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful, as she moved slowly about her work.

"Spouse I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat ain't none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Tain't like's if dey didn't call darselves His, neither."

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

"Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner."

"Sertain, I'll give you all dar is," she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose a cry:

"O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?"

"And I?"

"And I, too?"

"Help yourselves, dearies," answered the old woman composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. She still sat there when,

near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

"What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?"

"No, honey; thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come," said Thanksgiving Ann, coolly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought. But then old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever before been served in that house.

"What has happened, my dear?" asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

"Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more," she said, half apologetically.

"But I sent home a choice roast this morning," began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; "and you have no potatoes neither—nor vegetables of any kind!"

"Laws, yes! But den a body has to think about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when de time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!" and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

"No bread!" murmured Mrs. Allyn.

"No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made biscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough; but dat kind o' makes a body feel's if dey *had* to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all o' my warm feelin's, when de time come."

"When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble," remarked Mr. Allyn, impatiently; but still too bewildered at such

an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

"Cur'us how things make a body think o' Bible verses," said Thanksgiving musingly. "Dar's dat one 'bout 'who giveth us all things richly to enjoy;' an' 'what shall I render to de Lord for all His benefits to'ard me.' Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches."

"Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?" questioned the gentleman, as the door closed after her.

"I suspect there is a 'method in her madness,'" replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket, sadly despoiled of its morning contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

"Dat's all! De chilern eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'nother. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hopes y'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much."

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lips for a moment, and then said quietly:

"Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?"

"Wall, dar now! s'pose I could," said the old servant, relenting at the tone; "b'lieve I will, next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'er a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear 's if dey fared slim, an' I spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics."

"Do you see, George?" questioned the wife, when they were again alone.

"Yes, I see. An object lesson, with a vengeance!"

"And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?" pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

"She 's right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in Him. We profess to be not our own, but His; to be journeying towards His royal city; and that his service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment

and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of His kingdom, or the forwarding of His work; but leave that to any chance pence that may happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It deesn't seem very like faithful or loving service," Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. "I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision and make any change."

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of "good measure." To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences—a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifice we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who "sow beside all waters."

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

"Ann, now, I suppose you are satisfied?"

"I's 'mazin' glad, said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; "but satisfied—dat's a long, deep word; an' de Bible says it will be when we 'awake in his likeness."

"Wall, now, I don't preffess none o' these kind o' things, said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, "but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't believe nobody ever lost nothin' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?"

"Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He 's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon out-grow 'em—it soon gits to be payin' rad'er dan givin'."

Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right," observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

"No, they don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de

millennium. But I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!" And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:

"Thanksgivin' an' de voice o' melody."

—Selected.

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## Editor's Corner.

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IN this issue will be found an "Incident in the Life of Elder Hervey Green," taken from *Saints' Herald* of February 15th, 1875.

We also present our readers with his likeness. We regret that we have not a biography instead of this one brief sketch, and also a better likeness; but it is the best plate our artist could produce from the dim and imperfect original. If those to whom God has manifested his power in a special manner, fully realized the great good which might be done by "Giving God the glory," we are sure they would not be so slow to speak of his wonderful goodness to them, that in the years to come the children of the Saints might be built up and strengthened in their most holy faith. Do we know whose is the work in which we are engaged? If we do, is it wise or is it unwise to place by the roadside of life no stones of memorial that as they journey along they may inquire, "How came these here?"

The memorial stones pitched in Gilgal were remarkable (so travelers relate) from the fact that for miles around not a stone was to be found, not even a pebble upon the grassy plain. Naturally the first question to arise would be: "How came these here?" Israel would then recount in the hearing of their children, how the Lord parted the waters of Jordan and they came over dry shod.

We are living in an eminently practical age; an age which does not believe in miracles, neither in the manifestation of God's power now as in former times. This unbelief stretches out around us like the plain of Gilgal and ought those who with words of soberness and truth can bear testimony to the power of God, to remain silent? We trust that those who read in

this present issue "Others With The Church in an Early Day," and who will surely be blessed and strengthened in the reading of it, will question whether they have not a testimony to contribute and not only question, but send it to us. Many are writing us of the satisfaction they are taking in their bound volumes of the LEAVES, and for this reason we know that testimonies recorded there will be preserved and handed down.

One issue more will close our present volume and we trust our friends as they remember this will question, "Have I anything to do in helping to sustain our magazine?" Just a few hours work put forth with earnest effort by those who feel the need of this publication, would accomplish wonders. We do earnestly thank those who are working in its interest, and will say that our faith is that the magazine has a work before it compared with which the past is as a small matter. Let us take courage, then, and press on, looking to God for guidance and strength.

To our patrons and friends we wish to say that it becomes necessary for us in the future to adopt and strictly adhere to the following rule, namely: Always to discontinue the magazine at the expiration of your subscription, unless you renew your subscription or write us that you wish it continued. We are willing to wait when you can not conveniently send the money at the time, but we can not afford to send it, at our own expense, to those who do not want it enough to write for it. Please don't forget this.

Our friends who are soliciting subscribers will please keep a list of the names they send in. Don't forget this.

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For an evil-doer we ought to have pity. For evil itself we ought to have abhorrence. One's evil-doing is almost sure to bring sorrow and suffering to others; but there is no sad result from evil-doing to be compared with that which comes to the evil-doer himself. While we shrink from sin, let us think tenderly and regretfully of the wretched one who must bear the heaviest burden of his own sinning.

# \* R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . \*

EDITED BY SALOME.

Thank God for rest, where none molest,  
And none can make afraid.  
For Peace that sits as Plenty's guest  
Beneath the homestead shade!

Build up an altar to the Lord,  
O grateful hearts of ours!  
\* \* \*

There let the common heart keep time  
To such an anthem sung,  
As never swelled on poet's rhyme,  
Or thrilled on singer's tongue.

A song of faith that trusts the end  
To match the good begun,  
Nor doubts the power of love to blend  
The hearts of men as one!—*Whittier.*

### "THANKSGIVING."

This feast should commemorate the Harvest Home of kindly deeds and words, the reaping from a sowing of honest endeavor and high purpose as well as the gathering in of the fruits of the earth. As the gift without the giver is bare, so this festival without the animation of the spirit that prompted its existence is shorn of its deepest meaning.

### CHAMOIS SKINS FOR FANCY WORK.

Chamois and buckskins have shown themselves as the latest materials upon which to extend decorative efforts. It seems surprising that these were not thought of sooner, when we consider how long buckskin has been used for tobacco-pouches, and how often we see Indian moccasins embroidered with moose-hair and beads. All that is necessary is for a lady to make a little skin tobacco-pouch, and then call it something else, for instance, button-bag. These soft skins will take painting and embroidery quite as well as silk or satin will.

Chamois is now used to cover pin-cushions and toilet bottles, just as satin and plush were until recently. It appears in penwipers, book-markers and other little novelties, just as velvet, flannel or decorated drawing-paper might. Watch pockets, photograph cases, needle-books and the like are among some of the little articles that might be added to the list.

The latest use for a large chamois skin is to make a table or chair-scarf. It has the beautiful ecru tint so much admired in linen and other favorite embroidery fabrics. It requires only a simple finish, as a pinked edge, and the ends cut out in narrow strips for fringe. Fringe, pompons and tassels composed of thin strips of the chamois are often added by way of ornament to little articles made of other material, as velvet or paper. A bunch of chamois strips,

tied to a clipped goose quill, with a ribbon, cord or tinsel-thread is a novel penwiper.

### A PRETTY BAG

To hang on the back of a chair is made of a piece of blue and white bed-ticking, the white stripes feather-stitched with pink silk and the blue stripes covered with tinsel. The other side of the bag, also the facing, is of pink satin, and the bottom is finished with pink plush balls.

### FANCY RUGS.

Take pieces of wool carpeting, cut in bias strips three inches wide, ravel both edges to the depth of one inch. Place the pieces on a piece of coffee sacking, letting them overlap each other; stitch on the sewing machine. They are very handsome when finished, looking much like Persian rugs.

### KENSINGTON OR PEN PAINTING.

There is no way of ornamenting table scarfs, lambrequins, curtains, etc., which gives a more pleasing result for the time and material one uses than pen painting. If one is at all apt, it requires little practice to do a piece of painting very nicely; and while work of this kind is very expensive, if it must be purchased, the material costs very little.

Have the material, upon which the design is outlined in chalk or stamped, stretched on a board. Mix ordinary oil paints or enamel colors with a very little turpentine or mastic varnish, till reduced to the consistency of butter; take them on your palette knife and scrape them on to the edge of a small tin palette. Having the different shades of the flower desired ready on the palette, take an ordinary brass or steel pen, with broad shoulders, and scrape up a small quantity of the paint. Stick the point of the pen firmly into the outline, turn it sharply over and paint will be left on the design. In this way outline the whole flower; then wipe the pen clean, and stroke the rim of paint down closely and evenly, this will produce a series of lines each resembling a crewel stitch. For the veins of leaves and flowers, the paints are merely laid on finely with the pen and not stroked down. For the centers of daisies, sunflowers, etc., put the paint on in one thick lump and punch with the point of a coarse pin till the desired effect is obtained. Brilliant effects are easily attained by using gold and silver with bright colors. If you paint upon delicate shades of satin, cover the board with canton flannel and rub magnesia over it; then tack the satin over this tightly. Mix the paints ready for use and place on a blotting paper to absorb the oil.

## CROCHETTED QUEEN LACE.

1. Chain 24. Turn, one double in eighth stitch. \*Chain 5, skip 3. One double in next. Repeat three times.

2. \*Chain 5. One double in loop of 5 chain. Repeat 4 times.

3. Chain 5. One double in first loop. A shell of 5 trebles in the next double. One double in next loop. \*Chain one double in next loop. Repeat twice.

4. Chain 5. One double in loop. Repeat twice. Shell (that in five trebles), in next double, to the right of the other shell and make one double in the center of the same shell in the double at the end of the other shell in the last row and fasten with one double in the last loop.

5. Chain 3. Shell in double to the right of shell in last row. One double in center of same shell. Make a second shell in double between the two shells and fasten with one double in next. Make a third shell in double at the end of the shell of last row and fasten with one double in loop. Chain 5, one double in loop. Repeat.

6. \*Chain 5. One double in loop. Repeat twice. One shell in double between the first two shells. One double in center shell. A second shell in double between the last and center shell and one double in center of last shell.

7. Chain 3. One double in center of first shell. Make the last shell to form the diamond, in the double between the two shells. One double in center of second shell. \*Chain 5, one double in loop. Repeat twice.

8. \*Chain 5. One double in loop. Repeat 5 times. The fourth double comes in the center of shell. The fifth in the loop of 3 chain at the end.

9. \*Chain 5. One double in loop. Repeat 4 times.

10. Chain 5. One double in loop. Repeat 4 times. You now begin the border, which is semi-circular. Chain 5. Hold the work sideways and make one double in the double at the end of the eighth row. Turn and make eight doubles on this chain. Chain 5. Turn again and make one treble between the fourth and fifth of the eight doubles. Chain 5. One double in the last. Turn again. Make six doubles in the first chain of five. Chain 1. Six doubles in the second chain of five.

11. Like the third row.

12. Like the fourth row. Then chain 2. Make one treble in the first of the six doubles in border. Chain 2. Make 2 double trebles (that is thread over twice) in the center of the six doubles. Chain 2. Two double trebles in the one chain of last row. Chain 2. Two double trebles in the center of the second six doubles. Chain 2. One double in the double at the end of the row containing two shells. Turn, make four double in each space with two chains between.

13. Repeat fifth row from "shell" in double to the right of shell in last row, etc.

14. Like the sixth. Then chain 3 and make three double trebles in the chain over the treble. Chain 3. Make three double trebles in next chain over the double trebles. Chain 3. Three double trebles between the second and third of

the four doubles of last row. Chain 3. Three double trebles in next chain which is the center. Chain 3. Three double trebles between the second and third of the four doubles. Chain 3. Three double trebles in last chain. Chain 3. One double in the double at the end of the row containing two shells beyond the point. Turn, make four doubles in first chain. \*Chain 3. Six doubles in next chain and repeat from \* but in the last chain only make four doubles.

15. Like the seventh row from one double in center of first shell.

16. \*Chain 5, one double in loop. Repeat 5 times. The last double comes in the first of the four doubles in the border. Make one double in each double. \*Chain 3. Six doubles in the six doubles of last row. Repeat from second \* to the end of row. Four doubles in the last one double in the chain at the end of first shell. Turn chain 3. One treble in next chain. \*Chain 3. Make one double on the side of the treble one treble in same place as first treble. Repeat from the third \* twice. Chain 3. One double in the center of six doubles. Chain 3. One treble in next chain and repeat from the third \* until you have seven of these groups of trebles with picot edge for the border. The last double is in the center of the four doubles at the end. \*Chain 5 one double in loop. Repeat four times which is the 17th row. Begin at the second row. Fasten two scallops together, by the center picot in the last group of trebles.

For heading, make a row of trebles with one chain between, placing one in each hole. Turn and make a treble in each stitch.

## KNITTED WASH CLOTHS.

No. 12 white knitting cotton. Cast on 54 st. Knit plain 12 rows rather loosely. 13 row—k 12 \* o, n, o. repeat from \* 14 times k. 12; repeat the 13th row for the length required, then k. plain 12 rows and bind off.

## AN OBSERVATION PARTY.

Observation parties are something new. They were given last summer at popular resorts and are likely to be quite the rage this winter. Half-a-dozen people can play this game although the more players the greater the sport. Two persons are selected to place on a large table forty-two articles, no matter what, and when these are arranged the players are arranged in couples, that is, two at a time, and given just half a minute to glance at the contents of the table. Then each one is allowed five minutes to write down the articles he or she remembers. This sounds simple, but it is not easy to glance at forty-two articles and name them all correctly, in fact, you will do well if you recall twenty. A prize is awarded the one who remembers the largest number of articles, and there is often a "booby prize" for the most stupid member of the party. Try this game which is especially useful for forgetful people and good practice for anyone. Invite fifteen or twenty of your friends and have simple refreshments and provide a pretty prize for the smartest person and something funny for the booby.







ELDER JOSEPH DEWSNUP.

(See page 578.)

# AUTUMN LEAVES

VOL. II.

LAMONI, IOWA, DECEMBER, 1889.

No. 12.

## THE CHRISTIAN AND THE MODERN DANCE.

BY REV. G. F. PENTECOST, D. D.

“And thou saidst, I shall be a lady forever: so that thou didst not lay these things to thy heart, neither didst remember the latter end of it. Therefore, hear now this, thou that art given to pleasure.”—Isaiah 47:7, 8.

THE Bible lifts no voice against any legitimate recreation for body or mind. I suppose you have thought of the meaning of the word “recreation”—*re-creation*. It is the process of restoring to normal power and ability the exhausted, over-taxed and worn-out nature. But that class of pleasures and amusements which tends to exhaust our natural powers, that wears out and dissipates mental, moral, and spiritual force, can in no wise be called recreation.

The pleasures that the Scriptures denounce are those that have their root and inspiration in the superficial, worldly, and sensuous sides of our natures, in which are “the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life” (1 John 2:16). These are the pleasures—these in which the carnal and not the spiritual, or even the intellectual man takes delight—that are condemned by the Bible.

We have not a word to say against anything a Christian can do under the following law: “Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him” (Col. 3:17). But anything that leads to the forgetfulness or the permanent subordination of the moral or spiritual nature of the Christian is a *dissipation*, and not a *recreation*; is a pleasure to be reprobated rather than indulged in. These are simple propositions in Christian ethics which no one

who thinks calmly for a moment will pretend to contradict.

I wish now to refer you to a few passages of Scripture. Turn to second Timothy 3:2-5. Paul is speaking of what will come to pass in the last days, when men shall become “lovers of their own selves . . . lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.” You will notice that this love of pleasure is one of the forms which the latter day apostasy will take; and that the apostle here speaks, not of the unconverted, non-professing world, but of formal professors of religion—“Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God.”

I do not care what the pleasure is, be it dancing or what else, when it dominates us, absorbs our interest, controls our actions in this world more strongly than the love of God controls us, then that pleasure or passion, be it what it may, is palpably under the condemnation of the Scriptures. What pastor ever heard of any of these pleasure-loving, ball-room professors serving God with half the zest and zeal with which they give themselves to their “pleasures”?

Take another passage—Titus 3:3: “For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers *lusts and pleasures*, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.” Here the apostle speaks of himself and other Christians before they had come to the knowledge of Christ as a personal Savior, and puts down “living in pleasures” as one of the characteristics of the unregenerated nature.

Again, James 4:1, 4: "From whence come wars and fightings [wranglings] among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts [pleasures] that war in your members? . . . Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." Here, again, we see the reference is to the dominating influence of the pleasure-loving side of our nature.

Again, James 5:5: "Ye have lived in *pleasure* on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter." This is a part of the testimony of God as to the effect of the pleasures of the world and the flesh upon his professing people.

Once more—1 John 2:15, 16: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world." Nothing could be plainer or more unmistakable than this. Moreover, nothing can be more certainly a pleasure in the world and of the world than the modern dance of fashionable society, with all its unnatural excitement of the entire nature, physical, mental, and moral.

The love of worldly pleasure is a scriptural line that divides between the children of God and the children of this world. They on the one side have not the love of God in them; on the other hand, those who have this love in their hearts have no place in their lives for these pleasures.

But you will say, "We must have some amusement. We are so constituted that we need some kind of recreation, and you yourself say that the bow can not be always bent." Very true; but it does not follow that because an angel must have food, he must go down and consort with serpents and eat serpent's food. It does not follow that because a Christian stands in need of recreation, and is not debarred from any innocent and recuperative pleasure by his profession and calling, he must go over to the world and consort with worldlings and enemies, and participate with them in their godless amusements, especially those which are as popular and more universal with unbe-

lievers *in the lowest grades of society* than they are in upper circles.

It would be an easy matter for me to point out a class of amusements and recreations suitable for Christian people, if that were my present purpose. And in this connection I want most emphatically to say that our God has not been forgetful of our need in this respect. The Bible speaks of the pleasures and delights of the people of God quite as freely as it condemns the sinful pleasures of the ungodly.

Elihu, speaking of the inspiration of the Almighty and on God's behalf, says (Job 36:7, 10, 11): "He withdraweth not his eyes from the righteous. . . . He openeth also their ear to discipline, and commandeth that they return from iniquity. If they obey and serve him, they shall spend their days in prosperity, and their years in pleasures." Here we are told that the pathway for the Christian is in hearing the reproof of the Lord, yielding to his discipline, and turning away from iniquity; and so shall he find days of prosperity and years of pleasure. I protest, in the name of God's word and Christian experience, that the Christian life is the happiest life—fullest of pleasures—and that it is happy and pleasant in exact proportion as we come away from iniquity and maintain close fellowship with the Lord.

See, also, what we are told of the child of God in Psalm 1. The worldling and his enjoyments are "in the counsel of the ungodly, in the way of sinners, in the seat of the scornful." But the blessed, *i. e.*, happy, child of God has his "delight in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." "Dear me," you say, "I could never find any delight in reading the Bible day and night." But, my friend, if you would diligently study your Bible, you would soon feel as did the prophet, when he said, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart" (Jer. 15:16).

Moreover, if you once get a taste of the "joy of God's salvation," you will lose all desire for these worldly intoxicants, called pleasures, that only leave a deeper thirst, which in turn drives you further afield in the world for the pleasures that satisfy not. The sweet waters are not in the broken cisterns of your

own hewing, but in the deep well of God's salvation. "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me, the fountain of living water, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water" (Jer. 2: 12, 13). Is not this a vivid picture of those who have wearied of fellowship with God and gone over to the world for their pleasures? This is the way and the walk of the backslider. Is God such a "way in the wilderness" that you must needs cry out for the onions and leeks, the melons, the fish, flesh and garlic of Egypt, and rush down on to the ground of Satan for pleasures?

Do you say, "I know nothing of those 'joys of salvation' and 'pleasures for evermore' that you speak of?" Of course not. And how can you expect to? *They are not found in the ball-room and theater, among the world's people who are at enmity against God.* Such joys are found in God's highway of holiness, where the redeemed of the Lord walk, the Lord himself walking with them in the way. Why, friends, I would rather have the joy of one hour's experience in winning souls to Christ than all the pleasures the world could give in a score of years. I would not exchange one day of the "peace of God that passeth all understanding" for all the joy I ever had in the world—and I lived in it for twenty years before I found Christ.

I know to the full the world's amusements and pleasures. All that money, and travel, and the world's society, both high and low, could give, I had. I quaffed the world's cup of pleasure to the bottom again and again. I know whereof I speak. Nor did I give these up for lack of youth, and life, and opportunity to enjoy them. The blood courses as young and warm in my veins even now, after twenty years of Christian life, as in yours; but I protest to you that the love and service of God are so much better to me that all the world has to offer presents no temptation, if it has to be at the loss of God's love; and such is the price the Christian has to pay when he goes over on to the world's ground for his pleasure. God's love in the heart, the joys of his heart, the joys of his salvation, are mightier than all the siren songs of earth.

We need no wax in our ears, no thongs to bind us to the masts of Zion's ships, as we pass through the world, to save us from the fatal charms of the sirens. Like Orpheus, we have sweeter music with us of our own.

I am at a loss to conjecture what some of these worldly Christians will do when they get to heaven—allowing that they will be saved, as Lot was out of Sodom, pulled out of the fire. It will be a strangely lonesome and dull place for them: No ball-room, theater, opera, nor card parties—having nobody for company but the saints of all ages, who have washed their robes and made them white and clean in the blood of the Lamb, with no occupation but the service of God. For I can not but think that if they find the fellowship of God and his saints dull, and his service and presence not suited to their worldly tastes here, neither will they be there.

I venture now to say that those Christians who have walked most constantly in fellowship with the Lord, and have had the deepest communion with him, will say that his ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace (Prov. 3: 17). I tell you, believers, if we would show forth these joys in our lives more than we do, the unconverted would say, "Truly these Christians have something that we know nothing about. They have sources of joy that seem altogether above the world; joys that leave no dregs of sorrow or disappointment in their cup." Once more I protest that God has not left us without pleasures; and that out-and-out devotion to him does not rob us of a single pleasure, but gives something so much better than the world has, that its joys never come into the mind by comparison, and therefore lose their attraction.

Nor do we have to wait for our pleasures till we get to heaven. We have them all the way along. Nor do you find the true Christian sighing and pining, and crying for the flesh-pots of Egypt. You never hear him going up and down talking about the leeks, and onions, and melons, and cucumbers of the Egyptian world. But you do hear these worldly, theater and ball-room Christians complaining bitterly of the gospel and the austerities of a consecrated life. They are the legitimate descendants of the

mixed multitude that came up out of Egypt with the children of Israel (Num. 11:4-6).

Speaking of the gospel, when preached in simplicity, directness and power—the true, heavenly manna “that is like unto a coriander seed, and the taste of it like wafers with honey”—they say, “Our soul is dried away; there is nothing at all but this manna.” Oh, my friends, your soul is not dried away by reason of the manna, *but for the want of it!* When Faith, Repentance, Regeneration, Sin, and Atonement are preached, these worldly ones do not like it. They say, “It is dry,” and cry out for nice literary preachments of fifteen or twenty minutes in length, well beaten up in a froth of rhetoric, and furnished with pleasant and entertaining illustrations. “Give us science, literature, and ethics; tell us of the latest discoveries; what you saw in Europe. If you must preach of sin, preach of the sin of the Turks, and of the Jews, who crucified the Lord; but do not talk about our sins—that is not pleasant. Preach of the glories of heaven, and the certainty of getting there when we *have* to lay down this life; but do not preach about hell, and future punishment, and the justice of God, and the necessities of moral government, for that is not pleasant, you know.”

As for prayer-meetings, “they are dull places;” and as to real personal work—visiting the sick and poor, and a talk now and then with an unconverted neighbor—“O, dear, what do we *hire* church missionaries for? I thought the curates were paid for doing all that sort of thing. Make the church bright and cheery. Do not let the devil have all the nice things. Have frequent strawberry festivals, and ice-cream suppers, and old folks’ concerts, and garden parties, and charades, and *tableaux vivants*, and private theatricals, and cards, and billiards. We must have such things; for you know we young folks must be amused; and there are those among us not so very young who like them as well as we. And mind, if you do not provide amusement for us in the church, we will get them elsewhere. And do not be sparing of them, either, because these pleasures are not very satisfying; we must have them often. And if you do not have them often enough in the church, why, we will go to the theater. Besides, they are better at the

theater, and what’s the difference after all? If we have these things in the church there can be no essential harm in them anywhere. Too much preaching and praying and singing is not good.”

Well, friends, I would say to all such demands, and those who come with them—and they are being pressed upon us like a flood—“Go hence into the world if you will; but we will not turn the Church of God into a temple of Belial.” And to you who are so given up to pleasure I would say, “Would to God you knew a tithe of the joy we have in his service!”

My friends, you never find consecrated Christians complaining that they have no pleasures and sighing for amusements. It is the idle, unconsecrated, and worldly professor that runs after the pleasures of the world and is never satisfied.

I appeal to all true ministers of Christ if these are not true statements. They will with one accord tell you that it is not the consecrated, self-sacrificing members of their flocks who are away in the world seeking pleasure by conforming to its practices. On the other hand, they will tell you that it is their theater and ball-room *habitués*, their card-playing and Sunday-driving members that give them great heaviness and sorrow of heart. The members whom they depend on for prayer-meetings and personal spiritual work are not those who have become confederate with the world for its pleasures.

Now let me call your attention to one specific form of worldly pleasure, which I wish especially to expose as being out of all character and keeping with the Christian profession and life; that which there is none more fascinating to the carnal mind and unrenewed heart; for which many young people make a last struggle in their fight against the Spirit and word of God, when he is dealing with them in righteousness, to win them from sin to salvation. “I should like to be a Christian, but I do not want to give up *dancing*,” is one of the common difficulties we meet with in the inquiry-meeting; and it more frequently comes from young ladies than from young men. There seems to be a fascination and charm about the *modern fashionable dance* that nothing short of divine power is able to break. Against this form of worldliness I wish to speak with emphasis. When I speak of the

dance of society I have reference to the most popular and fascinating feature of it; namely, the round dances.

It is frequently interposed by the lovers and defenders of the modern society dance that "dancing was a scriptural practice." It is amazing how people will quote Scriptures when they think they can use them to defend some practice that is agreeable to them. How ready they are to question its authority when its teaching runs counter to their practices and life!

Yes, dancing was a scriptural practice—by God's people; but let us briefly look at some of the Bible dances. The dance among the Hebrews was either a religious ceremony or the outward expression of some great joy; it was usually participated in by women alone, and was a joyful skipping or leaping, accompanied by some musical instrument or song. Mixed dancing was unknown to the Hebrews, unless it was in one case, where, at the worship of the calf in the wilderness, it is recorded that "the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play" [dance]. (Ex. 32: 6).

With regard to this case, Paul used to point a severe rebuke to the Corinthians, who were going over to the idol temples and mingling with unbelievers. "With them God was not well pleased; be not ye like unto them," says the apostle. On the other hand, Miriam, the sister of Moses, danced with the Hebrew women to celebrate the overthrow of Pharaoh. (Ex. 15). David danced before the Lord with all his might, girded with a linen ephod, for joy at the bringing again of the ark. There was music and dancing at the return of the prodigal. (Luke 15).

Thus we see there are two kinds of dancing mentioned in the Bible, religious and joyous dancing in praise to God, or in celebration of some happy event; but this dancing was never mixed. I do not think many of your dancing Christians of to-day will say that they dance to praise the Lord. The other kind was such as was hurtful, and was reprov'd of God, because it was lascivious in its purpose and idolatrous in its associations. And then there was the dancing of Herodias which cost John the Baptist his head, which led a distinguished minister to say, "I can never see dancing, in view of that

fact, without an uncomfortable feeling about my throat."

Leaving this brief review of the Bible dances, we call your attention to the modern society dance that people are so crazy over; that has such fascinations as to cause many persons to hesitate to give it up even to receive Christ; and for the sake of which many professors are turning their backs upon the place of prayer, the personal work of their calling, and throwing away their testimony for Christ.

I. The modern society dance is one form of that worldly pleasure which the Bible condemns. It is therefore to be turned away from by God's people. I am told that there is not so much dancing as formerly; that the theater has largely taken its place. I am glad if it is on the wane; it will afford you a better opportunity to make a final separation from it. But let us look at it, and see if we can get at the true inwardness of the fascination. We are not to consider it as it exists and is practiced in your low dance-houses and resorts of the openly lewd and unclean people (among whom, however, it is as popular as it is with "our best society" people); but the modern dance as it exists in the upper and so-called best circles of society.

One of the tests we apply to the theater as an institution, to show that it is on the enemy's ground, or is strictly a worldly institution, is this: it is worldly in its management and patronage. You can not think of a theater being managed and conducted by a company of thorough-going, out-and-out Christians; nor can you think of it being maintained and patronized by that class of believers. It is worldly in its management and worldly in its patronage; that is to say, its patrons are either composed of the world's people or of worldly professors of religion.

The same test applies to the modern dance of so-called good society. Its promoters are worldly people; its participants are worldly and unchristian people, or worldly professors of religion, who are "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." This is one of the crucial tests.

Can you think of the best Christian you know managing one of these fashionable revels, and mingling with these giddy throngs? Think over those Christians whom you know, and who in your honest judgment are the best examples of Chris-

tian life and character, and tell me, are they such as you meet at these places? Can you imagine with satisfaction and delight your pastor being a leader in the modern dance? No, Why not? Is it because it is not proper for him? And why not for him? If it is right and harmless to body, soul, and spirit—an innocent, pleasant and wholesome means of recreation and amusement—why is it not good for your pastors? Do you say they are usually too old? Well, there are many pastors who are not too old. No, friends, that is not the reason. "The reason is," you will say, "that it is not just the proper thing for a minister. We expect ministers and deacons to be soberminded—not long-faced—and earnest men of God." But has God given us three planes of Christian life that are to be lived upon according to grade—first grade for ministers, second grade for deacons, and third grade for laymen and women?

I have heard it said, "If the church and certain ministers would be less strict in their views, and Christians would more freely participate in these innocent (?) worldly amusements, it would tend to elevate them, and we should turn a great many dancers to Christ." This is one of the popular fallacies invented by the carnal mind which is easily refuted by experience. The Christians who participate in the modern dance do not alter the character of the dance; but they are themselves deteriorated by it. You may vainly dream that you are exercising an elevating influence upon it, though I doubt if that is ever the reason why Christians engage in this amusement; but all experience goes to show that instead of the dance being lifted up, the Christian is dragged down.

If you put a gold dollar into your pocket with a leaden whistle, and carry them awhile, what will be the result of the friction between these two pieces? Is it that the leaden whistle is gilded, or is the gold piece blackened? "Why," you say, "the gold piece has lost its fair color, and taken the base lead to itself." Even so the effect upon the Christian mingling with the world except for the purpose of witnessing for Christ in it, is to dim the pure gold of his life and turn it into tin. Put a company of Christians and a lot of worldlings together in a ball-room, and let this be done habitually; and you will

find that the Christians have not lifted the worldlings up to their level, but on the contrary, the worldlings have dragged the Christians down to theirs.

This is as infallible as law. It can not be otherwise. Christians can not mingle with the unconverted in their amusements without losing their spirituality and power. You are not invited to such places as Christians, neither do you go there as Christians. You can not think of yourself as spending an evening in the ball-room, and between the waltzes talking with an unconverted partner, of Christ, and hoping to lead such a one to faith in him. For myself, I lay down this simple rule; to accept an invitation to no entertainment, to go into no company, where I should feel awkward in introducing christian conversation, or in speaking to a friend about his soul. We are instructed to be "instant in season and out of season." I do not say that we are always to make Christ and the things of his kingdom the subjects of conversation; but that we are never willingly and knowingly to place ourselves in surroundings that will embarrass or prevent our so doing if opportunity affords.

II. The modern society dance has all the essential ear-marks of worldliness.

1. "The pride of life." Under no other circumstances does the love of display and dress so develop itself. Here there is always a great rivalry. You can not pick up a paper that gives an account of a modern society ball, but you read that the beautiful Miss So-and-so wore such and such a dress; the charming and elegant Miss B—— was attired so-and-so; the queenly and graceful Miss. So-and-so was arrayed in this wise; and so on *ad infinitum*. Can any one doubt that all this ministers to the pride of life, which we are expressly told "is not of the Father, but is of the world"?

2. "The lust of the eyes and the lust of the flesh," the desire to see and be seen. The whole plan of the modern dance is arranged so as to intoxicate the brain, and captivate and fascinate the senses. The brilliantly lighted room, the glare of gas-lights, the elegant costumes, the ravishing strains of music, the rapid and intoxicating whirl of the dancers—all help to throw the mind and heart into an unnatural excitement, and off the balance of sober sense and Christian moderation. It



is the unnatural excitement entering the soul through every sense, and intoxicating the brain; that prevents most people from discovering the real evils of this most unhealthy and perilous amusement.

I do not hesitate to say that the modern society dance is essentially immodest. I am now going to say some plain things. I do not speak from choice, or because it is a pleasure for me to do so. I would that I did not feel the necessity. But I am not about to say anything in your presence that I would not say in the presence of my wife and daughter.

I maintain here on this platform, in the face of this intelligent and Christian audience, in the presence of these parents and these daughters—not alone as a minister of the gospel, but also as a husband and father—that no woman, be she married or single, can do such things and retain the fine, keen, clear, pure edge of her modesty—I do not say chastity, I say modesty. That you do it shows that the keen, sensitive edge of maidenly modesty and womanly delicacy have already gone. That you blush when I speak of it only shows that there is a resurrection of the blushes that the modern dance has killed, and sent long ago to their graves.

“You do not dance?” queried a lady, not long ago, of an acquaintance of mine, who was something of a wag and something of a gallant, but who did not dance with other men’s sisters and wives, because he would not allow his to dance with them.

“No,” he replied; “but if you have no objection, while the others are dancing, I would like to sit here with you, and put my arm about your waist, have you put your head upon my shoulder, and talk to you; while you look up into my eyes, and I look down in yours.”

Friends, you should shed tears over the death of modesty, instead of laughing at her grave. And this is the modern dance, minus the music and the motion of the feet. Given the music and the step or motion, would your young men or maidens go to a ball-room and whirl about to music, keeping time with the step, without the embrace, each on his or her own account? Come now, you mothers, who are arraying and sending your daughters to the modern dance, and carefully training them in the fashionable academy for that purpose; come, young ladies, who

hear me to-night, you shall be the judges. Is not the modern society dance essentially immodest?

I clipped the following from a paper a short time since. It is part of a letter from Miss Olive Logan to one of the New York dailies. It is *apropos* of the modern society dance:

“I heard of a rather amusing reply, given at a ball the other evening, by an American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ball-room. Her mother subsequently found her in a remote nook with a gentleman who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. ‘Daughter, what does this mean?’ exclaimed the irate mamma. Saucy cheeks looked up calmly, and replied, ‘Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X—to you. I had promised him a dance; but I was so tired that I could not keep my word, and I am giving him a sitting-still waltz instead.’”

“A sitting-still waltz!” Do sober-minded parents and Christian men and women pretend to say that the music and the publicity change “a sitting-still waltz” into a modest and harmless amusement? It is the early training in the dancing-school, the glamour of gaslight, and the intoxication of the ball-room that have deprived your wives and daughters and sisters of that sensitive modesty which enables them to discern between the clean and the unclean, the chaste and the unchaste.

“Sitting-still waltzing” indeed! That is where you see the true inwardness of the modern dance. As a rule, married men object to their wives dancing with other men. Why? Is it because they doubt the modesty of their wives? It is because they, as a rule, know what the modern dance means, from the man’s side of it at least.

A gentleman said to me a few winters ago: “Mr. Pentecost, I think you are a little hard upon the popular dance.”

“Why, sir, do you approve of the popular modern round dance?”

“Well,” he said, “I think it is very nice for other people’s wives and daughters.” And when I brought him sharp to the question, he said that he never allowed his wife and daughter to participate in the dance; but he still thought that it was very nice for other people’s wives and daughters.

I can only say for myself if anybody's wife or daughter or sister is going to throw herself into the arms of every other man in fashionable society, God forbid that it should be my wife, or my daughter or sister. For I dare to say, other questions aside, that there is no fashionable society in our day and time that, as a rule, excludes from its fellowship men—aye, society men—who are known to be unclean in their lives. It is one of the shameful wrongs of fashionable society that it does not brand licentiousness in men. It is a shame to woman that what she reprobates in her own sex she excuses in man.

It is no uncommon thing for "smart young men of society" to regale each other with licentious remarks upon the personal charms of their partners. I do not speak of low libertines, but "smart" young men, who go into the best worldly society. I am not inventing points for my discourse; I am telling you sober truths—that which my own ears have heard. At a recent graduating hop given by the high school of a beautiful New England city two young men were overheard in the following conversation:

"You are not dancing this number?"

"No; all the desirable girls were engaged before I could fill my card."

"Why, there is Miss. —; she is not dancing."

"Yes, but I do not care to waltz with her."

"Why not? she is a beautiful dancer."

"That is quite true; but, my dear fellow, she is but skin and bones; I would as soon dance with a broom-stick. When a man waltzes he wants something that will comfortably fill his arms."

But I am not to stop here. I go further, and say that whatever blunts the edge of modesty tends toward immorality. I therefore say that it logically and inevitably follows that the modern fashionable dance is essentially immoral. I think I can easily make that appear. If I do not so demonstrate it, the friends and patrons of it being the witnesses, then I am ready to stand accused of misrepresentation.

During a series of gospel meetings, held in one of the most cultivated, wealthy and refined cities of New England, we found that nothing so stood in the way of the young people becoming Christians as

their reluctance to give up the society dance. As a rule, every young person who is brought under the power of the convicting Spirit of God seems himself to realize that the theater and the dance are something that ought to be relinquished. It was really this feature ever cropping out in our inquiry rooms that led me to look more carefully into the matter.

I do not say that women go to the dance to give themselves up to the lascivious embrace of men of impure purpose. Indeed I believe to the contrary; for I do not think the majority of them are conscious of the secret of the strange fascination of the round dance. But I do say that it is a dangerous and cruel thing to put your daughters in the way of this immodesty, not to say immorality. What I maintain is, that the round dance of the fashionable society can not be participated in, in the heat and glare of the ball-room, with the accessories of music and motion, with the close physical contact, without intoxicating the brain and setting the passions of the giddy participants on fire. It is physiologically impossible—deny it who will! Any intelligent and honest physician will tell you so. I do not say that the participants know, or are always conscious of the secret cause of their pleasurable excitement; but the fact remains the same. Let me give you an illustration taken from a modern society novel. It speaks for itself without reference to its context.

"Helen could not remember the exact moment of that marked change from conventional respect to privileged familiarity. It was in a waltz perhaps, when, lured by exquisite music, she had held on too long, and had been almost fainting on his shoulder, with the world all melting around her, as if there were no more reality in life, only a sweet vague dimness, the perfume of golden lilies, golden lights glimmering in a pale haze, and his voice murmuring tenderly: 'Helen, my Helen.'"

The chief of police in one of our largest eastern cities told me that seven-tenths of all the girls who came to a bad end were tempted to their first fatal step through the seductions of the modern dance; that the destroyers of girls could not prosper in their nefarious business without the help of this alluring agency.

For these reasons and more, I maintain

that the modern dance is undermining the safeguards of modesty and virtue. Could we pastors draw upon the many tales of sadness and woe that have come to our ears, we could abundantly confirm all that I have said of the logical sequences of this modern abomination—the sad and terrible practical consequences of it.

Do you say to me, “You ought not to say such things in the pulpit”? And why not? Must the pulpit make no protest against these evils, while the daily press regales you not only with impurity of the fashionable dance, but serves up to you every morning for breakfast a feast of filth and uncleanness, drawn from every source otherwise hidden away from the eyes of the world? The fact is, the press of the day has so corrupted the moral sense of the people by its unclean matter that sensitiveness to impurity is almost gone. And yet it is a safe thing to say that the moral tone of the press is as high as the average moral tone of the community in which it is published. You make your papers what they are by your patronage.

But I am answered, “What may be tolerated as a newspaper item, should not be said in the pulpit.” It is the business of the pulpit to rebuke sin wherever it is found; and if there were more plain speech in it, perhaps there would be a healthier moral tone in the community. I give this description of the modern fashionable dance, because I want thoughtless girls and cruelly unthinking mothers, and, *above all, professing christian women*, to know what is even the world’s estimate or their “darling amusement.” If you have so far lost the keen edge of moral perception, it may be that a rollicking newspaper reporter may be called in to help the pulpit to bring you to your sober christian senses.

But you say the fashionable dance has not come to such a pass in our circle. I trust not. But that is the port toward which you are sailing.

A lady in an eastern city said to me lately: “Mr. Pentecost, I am exceedingly sorry that you have made mention of these things.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Because after what you have said of the dance, I can never send my daughters there again.”

“Well, thank God, madam,” I replied,

“that I have said these things, if it has decided you to keep your daughters at home from the dance of modern fashionable society!”

“But my daughters have always been in the habit of going to and participating in the dance; and I do not think they have ever been intoxicated in the least by it; and I do not think they were ever conscious of an impure thought in their lives.”

“Perhaps not, madam.”

“But they can never dance again without impure thoughts.”

“But, madam, if there is nothing to provoke impure thoughts in the dance, they will not think them. I have not made the dance impure by my statements. I have only revealed and exposed the essential immodesty and impurity of it.”

Light flashed in upon nakedness, and impurity does not make the nakedness, but reveals it. Christian mothers, before you send your daughters again to the fashionable ball-room, where the round dance is the specialty of the evening, just remember that you are sending them to the arms of a dozen or fifteen different society men. And you, christian young ladies who hear me to-night, ask yourselves the question, in the light of the facts above given—can you afford to blunt the keen edge of maidenly modesty against the modern fashionable society dance?

Do you say that you are not conscious of any indelicacy of thought or position? I do not say that you are. But if you are not, because for some unaccountable reason your modesty has not been awakened out of innocent unconsciousness, or for the reason that it has been drugged by a false society education, or intoxicated by the accessories of the ball-room, then I warn you that you are unconsciously thinning down the wall of separation that God has set up for the defense and protection of woman’s chastity. I do not say that you know what you are doing, any more than the moderate drinker knows that he is sipping himself into a drunkard, or sipping into life and strength an appetite that may put him into a drunkard’s grave.

It may be well for you to know that the most popular round dances of present society are the invention of the *demi-monde* of Paris, Vienna and London. Every posture, every motion was the in-

vention of licentiousness. And yet our society takes them, and lops off here a little and there a little, and tones down here a little and there a little, and then dresses up the ghastly thing and introduces it into good society. More than that, every society man will tell you that the round dance is steadily retrograding in the scale of modesty, and that the popular dance of to-day would not have been tolerated twenty years ago; yet wise men more vehemently denounced the waltz fifty years ago than I do now.

But you say, "Do you object to *square* dancing—the good old-fashioned cotillion, the Virginia reel, and so forth?" I answer: The old-fashioned dance of our fathers, in itself harmless, is a thing of the returnless past in modern fashionable society. In my dancing days, twenty years ago, the cotillion predominated. An occasional waltz or schottische was introduced, and these were participated in by brothers and sisters, or near relatives; and the young lady that waltzed indiscriminately with the gentlemen she met in society was considered a little "fast." And be it known that the waltz of twenty years ago would blush itself out of the ball-room if brought into the presence of the modern "hug-and-jump" waltz of fashionable society. Things have changed since then. The round dance is the rule, the square dance the exception; one of the latter is sandwiched in here and there to break the too sudden downward tendency of the modern dance into the deep well of shameless immodesty.

Our good Old and New England and Virginia grandfathers and grandmothers could go to an apple-bee or a quilting, and in the evening the young folks would come in. There would be a game of blindman's-buff, or some other rollicking and fun-provoking amusement, wound up with a cotillion or a Virginia reel, all hands round, and then go home and be in bed by ten, or eleven o'clock at latest. Such a dance, if introduced, would be unpopular to-day. But the young lady who refuses to fling herself into the arms of any society man that comes around, and confines herself to square dancing, is written down as a prude, or is suspected of being *pious* or *puritanical*.

But what about home dancing? Noth-

ing about it now; for that is not under discussion, and nothing about it if it were our theme. Provided only dancing could be confined to home, it would be innocent and harmless; but with present society moral blindness and downward tendencies, it is to be avoided for fear of leading the way for our children *down* into the modern ball-room.

Now, my friends, these several moral reasons apart—and considering the modern dance only as an excessive and intoxicating worldly amusement—I as a christian minister, object to it, especially for Christians, upon the following grounds, which I can not do more than barely hint at:

1. It proves that you are still "conformed to this world," and are living "according to the course" of it, according to Romans 12: 1, 2; Ephesians 2: 2; 2 Timothy 3: 2; and so far forth raises a serious question as to whether you have ever been converted at all.

2. It brings the Christian under the judgment of this scripture: "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth."—1 Tim. 5: 6.

3. It clearly interferes with making your calling and election sure; and implies that you had forgotten that you were purged from your old sins. (2 Peter 1: 4, 9.

4. It chokes the good seed of the kingdom in your hearts, and prevents the bringing forth any harvest to God in your life, according to our Lord's word—"He that receiveth the seed among thorns is he that heareth the word; and the cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the pleasures of this life, and the lust of other things, choke the word, and he becometh unfruitful."—Matt. 13: 22; Luke 8: 14; Mark 4: 19.

5. It is a stumbling-block in the way of the unconverted. When I find, night after night, in the inquiry room, young people who give as a reason why they do not become Christians, that they do not want to give up dancing and theater-going, and who justify themselves on the ground that it is a common practice among church members, I am satisfied that it hinders the cause of Christ.

A distinguished christian lady was recently spending a few weeks in a hotel at Long Branch, and an attempt was made to induce her to attend a dance, in order

that the affair might have the prestige bestowed by her presence, as she stood high in society. She declined all the importunities of her friends; and finally an honorable senator tried to persuade her to attend, saying:

"Miss B., this is quite a harmless affair, and we want to have the exceptional honor of your presence."

"Senator," said the lady, "I can not do it. I am a Christian; I never do anything in my summer vacation, or wherever I go, that will injure the influence I have over the girls of my Sunday School class."

The senator bowed and said: "I honor you; if there were more Christians like you, more men like myself would become Christians."

6. It tends to destroy and eradicate serious religious impression.

A young lady—dying from sickness contracted in a ball-room, where she went during a series of revival meetings—said, in answer to the earnest pleading of her pastor to give herself to Christ: "No, pastor, it is of no use; I can not come to Christ now. I was serious on the subject

a few days ago, but now I have no feeling. I danced away my convictions at the ball where I caught the cold that is carrying me to the grave."

I am satisfied that many young people have thus danced away impressions that have never returned.

For all these reasons, and many more that might be given, I lift up my voice in solemn and tender warning against the Christian having any fellowship with the modern society dance.

I dismiss you to-night with these last words. I am sorry that it has been necessary for me to speak so plainly—that there has been need of this discussion at all. But I have done it out of a tender regard for your good, and the honor of Christ and his church; and I pray God that ere you leave this house you will decide that, as for yourself, you will choose the pleasures of the Christian life in fellowship with Him, rather than those hurtful ones of the world that can by no possible means do you any good, but certainly tend to the choking of your christian life, and the destruction of your influence for good over others.

—Selected.

## PRAIRIE FIRES.

BY T. S. BROWN.

HOW many of our young people have seen one? You who have not have missed one of the grandest sights it is given us to see. The impression so general, that they are always looked upon with dread and fear, is an entirely erroneous one. "Us boys" brought up in the wilds of Pocahontas county, Iowa, used to hail with delight the pungent odor of distant fire; for be it known that to one living on the prairie the wind is generally the first to bring us tidings of the enemy, and so peculiar is the smell of the dried and burning grass, that it is often carried fifty or even one hundred miles from the scene of the fire. In this we can see the wisdom of an all-wise Creator, giving to the dwellers of the plains a warning, which, if they study it well, not only tells of danger to windward, but by its strength or freshness tells near enough for all practical purposes how far away

the fire may be, thereby giving time for the prudent to prepare for its coming.

As before stated, "us boys" hailed with delight the first faint token that we must keep our eyes open. To us it was a break in the monotonous routine of daily life. It meant excitement and even danger; therefore we watched with interest the grass growing drier and browner under the sharp frosts of autumn, followed during the day with a warm, drying sun. Soon during the autumn evenings we used to see far away where sky and earth met, a tinge of red, and *that* meant fire, too distant for us to even *hope* for it to reach us, as the first fires burn slowly night after night. However, on all sides they seem to be closing in upon us, and we are able to judge their distance by the signs known to plainsmen.

At last a day arrives when away off from the prairies of the south-west, it may

be, comes the pungent warning, fresher, stronger, and we know that the fire is "dead to windward," and away off we see a faint line of smoke arising, and we feel that the breeze is freshening and settling down for a gale.

To action! The day is upon us! Our hay is stacked upon the prairie with fire brakes burned around it, but there are stacks of both grain and hay around the farm; the house itself needs protection; there is fox-tail and tumble-weeds in the maple grove; there are several tons of oat straw already threshed that must be protected; there is half a mile of fence, (rail fence, for we live near the Des Moines, and own a timber-lot on the river); there is half a mile of willow hedge that must be saved, so the breaking plow is hastily thrown into the wagon, the team hitched on, and away we go on a run, and the fire more than thirty miles away! But there is no time to spare. We run two lines of breaking about four feet wide and forty feet apart entirely around the south and west sides of the farm turning it into the plowed fields at each end, watching anxiously to windward, "us boys" fearing that *something* might stop its coming, but there is no danger; the smoke cloud thickens and widens till it casts a sickly, brownish shadow over the sun. We hasten now to stable the team, and with wet rags and bundles of brush for whipping the fire in hand, we cautiously touch a match to the narrow strips between our two lines of breaking, commencing at the extreme north end, for unless the fire *backs* against the wind we fear we can not keep it within its narrow limits.

The work is at last accomplished, and it is with relief we contemplate our fire break, and warm with the exercise of whipping out the spots where here and there it has escaped its bounds, we return to the farm building. A strong wind is blowing, and now the whole south and west seems a brownish curtain of gushing smoke; but as yet no flame can be seen on account of the range of hills rising southward and westward, almost shutting us in; but now we hear the roar of the terrible giant marching upon us. It is not like the roar of a sea, it is not like ten thousand cattle stampeded; neither is it just like distant thunder, but it seems to combine all these similies into one rush-

ing, crushing caldron of sounds, and as we listen and gaze, a tongue of flame lifts itself above the hill-top, snaps short off, coils and twists into the air, and is gone; then another and another, and suddenly, like a terrible army with banners, the whole head and front of the fiery sea sweeps like a flashing blood red billow past the western end of the hills and away, away to the west over hill and dale and reaching as far as the eye can see the line extends, bent and curved, turned into angles by the lay of the land. Yet it sweeps on with an unbroken front; and over the hills to the south the same scene bursts into view, and here it comes. The hills are nearly a mile away, and yet it only seems to have planted its advance guard upon them before its main army is flanking us in the valley, and now to action: There is a hiss and roar and thunder of flame. It has swept up to our fire break and leaped over and lapped across it as though it were a cow path, and all we can do is to make the fight around our home. It leaps through the corn, it hisses through our maple grove, and now mingled with other sounds comes the regular beat of our weapons of war fighting for the house; every inch of ground is contested; the wind lifts up the flame for a moment, too hot for mortal flesh, and we stagger back dismayed, then it dies away again, and like a tiger we spring upon the enemy and literally beat it out of existence.

We have passed the house; it is safe, thank God! And now we close in for a death struggle around the stacks and stables; the fire surges perilously near; three of us throw our whole strength and energy into resounding blows until, like a snarling wolf, it creeps past the first stack and along the others; how like a demon the fire creeps up in the short grass till by actual measurement, afterward taken, it comes within six feet of one stack; and if one goes all go, grain, hay and barns; but the victory is ours; all honor to brush and wet rags; and it creeps away again, beaten and baffled, and the fight is ended.

Lucky to save everything, you say? We didn't; when the smoke cleared away we found we had lost our oat-straw, several acres of corn, all our rail-fence and part of the hedge and about sixty tons of good hay. Enough was left us, however, for all our needs. Maybe you would like

our pictures after the fire. Black, burned, eye brows and lashes gone, perspiration making clean streaks down across our heated faces, we were a tired lot, yet each one felt himself a hero; and indeed if a man or boy had left his post for a single moment after the fire broke over bounds, we would have lost all. Even mother turned out the stock, and drove them from the stable, as we were so mixed

up in fire and smoke that she was certain all was going.

But says one, "You speak of these things as real instead of fiction."

All this happened in 1867, just as related here, underdrawn if anything. I would that I could paint you a better picture. I wish all could see such a fire and be free from the element of danger.

POMONA, California.

## THE STORY OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.

BY ELDER H. A. STEBBINS.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### BOOK OF NEPHI, THE SON OF NEPHI.

The Nephites after the great calamities.—Their conversation.—The appearance among them of the crucified Lord Jesus Christ.—He teaches them that he is their Savior; also that they are the Other Sheep spoken of in John's testimony.—He calls men to preach the gospel and to baptize.—He declares the true mode of baptism, and the form of words to be used by his disciples.—His teachings as to the life and conduct of his followers.—The Law of Moses at an end.—The Prophets to be fulfilled.—Christ's mission to Israel, including the Ten Tribes.—All will yet be in One Fold and with One Shepherd.

**A**FTER the great calamities that have been related, and when the Nephites had partially recovered from the terror of them, there was, upon a certain occasion, a large gathering of the people in and around the temple that was situated in the land Bountiful. And while they were thus together they conversed about the marvellous events that had so recently taken place, during which brief time so many cities had been overthrown and woe and death been brought upon thousands of their brethren throughout the land. They also rehearsed in wondering tones the strange circumstance of a voice speaking to them from the heavens, by which they were informed as to the causes of those dreadful destructions, and were told of Christ's purposes in coming into the world as their Messiah and their Redeemer. Now, while they were thus conversing, again a voice was heard; and, as they looked toward heaven and listened, these words came unto them:

"Behold my beloved Son in whom I am

well pleased; in whom I have glorified my name; hear ye him."

Then they saw descending from above a personage whom they supposed was an angel; and they were astonished beyond measure at what they saw. When the visitor had descended to the earth he stood upon the ground near them; and, as if to invite their attention, he reached out his hands toward them. And when he had done this he said that he was Jesus Christ, the Son of God, of whom the patriarchs and prophets had spoken from olden time; that in his work of making an atonement for all mankind he had now suffered for them and for the whole race by drinking of the bitter cup of humiliation and death at the hands of men, and all this in order that the world might be saved from its disobedient and lost condition. He also said that in this and in all other things he had done the will of the Father from the beginning.

When he had thus spoken the Nephites remembered that their prophets had in former days plainly declared that a Savior should come, and that this land of theirs would be visited by him after his crucifixion at Jerusalem. Then were they stricken with still greater astonishment, and also with such awe that they fell to the earth, wondering if it was indeed true that they had lived to see the things that their fathers had so often said must come to pass. Then Jesus called them to come and see the prints of the nails that still remained in his hands and in his feet, so

that they might know that he was not simply an angel but that he was indeed the Lord from heaven; that he was their crucified Redeemer, even the one who had been slain by their brethren, the Jews, in the land of their fathers, just as the prophets upon both continents had foretold would be the result. And when the Nephites had obeyed him they became satisfied that this Being had indeed been crucified, but they witnessed that he was now alive, and that he had power to come unto them from the heavens above. This caused them to sing praises unto God their Creator; and they worshipped Jesus as the Son of God.

Then the Savior called Nephi unto him, and to him and to eleven others he gave authority to baptize. And therewith he gave them full instruction as to the mode of baptism, together with the form of words to be used by them when performing the ceremony, as follows:

“Whosoever repenteth of his sins, and desireth to be baptized in my name, in this wise shall ye baptize them: Behold, ye shall go down and stand in the water, and in my name shall ye baptize them. And these are the words which ye shall say: Having authority given me of Jesus Christ I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; Amen. And then shall ye immerse them in the water and come forth again out of the water.”

Furthermore, he taught them not to contend and dispute concerning the principles of his doctrine; saying to them that contention was not of God but of Satan. For he it is who moves upon the hearts of men to contend against each other in anger or illfeeling; and when any person manifests that this spirit is within them, then it can be known that it is of the evil one while they are so influenced to act and speak.

After that Jesus instructed the people, and especially the chosen ministers, that the doctrine of their heavenly Father was that men should believe on the Son of God; that they ought to repent of their sins and be baptized for the remission of the same, and to the intent that they might enter the kingdom of God. He declared that whosoever should obey this teaching; unto them would the Father bear witness that Jesus Christ was his Son, and the Savior of the world. Moreover, he who would build upon this doctrine would

build upon the rock of eternal truth and such should gain eternal life. Therefore he commanded his Nephite disciples to go out and preach these things both unto the Nephites and to the Lamanites. He also told the people that those whom his ministers baptized with water, them would he baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire, and that their sins should be remitted.

Then he taught them what are called the Beatitudes, the same as he had done to the people of Judea and Galilee, saying, Blessed are the meek, blessed are the merciful, blessed are the pure in heart, etc. He said that he gave unto his people upon this continent that they also should be as a city set on a hill, as the salt of the earth, and as the light of the world to those around them. He spoke of the necessity of his people being contrite in spirit, lowly in heart, and upright in their lives. Indeed, he gave in substance the same line of moral and spiritual instruction for the government of his Nephite and Lamanite disciples that he had a short time before given to the people of Jerusalem, in what is known as the Sermon on the Mount.

However, it may be well to mention that the things he taught them were concerning the duty of any who hold hardness against another to seek for reconciliation before coming to worship God; of the marriage covenant and adultery; of loving their enemies instead of doing evil in return for evil; of giving unobtrusively to the poor, and of praying for the purpose of being heard of God instead of that they might be seen of men; of the proper method of fasting; of laying up treasures in heaven, and of the danger of serving mammon; of the just and impartial judgment to be meted out by and by; of the mote likely to be in the eye of the fault-finder; of the duty to seek in order to find, to knock that it might be opened, and to ask of God in order to receive his gifts; of the straight gate and narrow way being the true way; of the necessity of doing the will of God; of false prophets that would arise; of the good tree and the evil tree bearing their fruits; of the wise man building on the rock and the foolish man building on the sand; and many other things of like nature did he instruct them in.

He taught his ministers that they should



go out to preach without thought of their hire or for their food and clothing, saying that they should only think about the kingdom of God and the salvation of men.

Following the above order Christ taught the Nephites that the law of Moses was now no longer in force, its original purposes being fulfilled and ended. But he said that the words of the prophets had not yet all come to pass, therefore those not yet fulfilled would be apparent in their time, and that not one of them should fail of fulfillment.

Furthermore Christ spoke to them of the important fact that they were Israelites; and, still further, that they were of the posterity of Joseph of Egypt; and that this was the land that God gave to their fathers as an inheritance for them and for their descendants. He likewise said that he had told the people of Jerusalem that he had other sheep who were not of that fold whom he must visit, so that they, being also of Israel, might hear his voice; and that now he had come to them in fulfillment of that promise. For he was not sent to the Gentiles, his ministry being altogether to Israel, and his appointed work exclusively to the children of Abraham. Therefore unto them he came now, in fulfillment of his mission from the Father. He also said that there were others of their race whom he must visit, and that by and by he would gather all Israel into one fold, at which time he would be the one Shepherd over them.

(Note 37). With chapters five and eight were given some of the evidences, corroborative of the teachings of the Book of Mormon, that the ancient Americans were of Hebrew origin, and that they esteemed the cross as a religious emblem and revered it as a sacred symbol. And as the present chapter gives the story of Christ's personal appearance to the Nephites, and shows that he announced to that people that he was their Savior and that they were of Abraham's posterity, therefore it will now be in order to present some valuable antiquarian matter in proof of the claim that this continent was visited by Christ in person. It will include further evidences from the historical traditions, the writings, the paintings, and the sculptured walls of the ancient cities, that the ancestors of the people found by the Spaniards did know, as the Book of Mormon affirms, that the Son of God came as the Savior of the world, and that he was crucified by men.

Lord Kingsborough relates that when Las Casas, the Catholic Bishop of Chiapa, passed through Yucatan he sent one of his priests to the interior of the country, and that this priest afterwards wrote to Las Casas that, in reply to

questions concerning the religion of their fathers, one of the chief native Lords said to him:

"That their God was Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; that the Son was called Bacab, who was born of a virgin . . . and that the Holy Ghost was called Echuah. They said that Bacab, the Son, was put to death by Eopuco, who scourged him and put a crown of thorns upon his head, and placed him with his arms stretched upon a beam of wood, to which they believed he had not been nailed, but tied; and that he died there, and remained during three days dead, and the third day he came to life and ascended to heaven, where he is with the Father."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, page 141.

"Among the many arguments which might be brought forward to show that Christianity had, in very early ages, extended itself to America, one of the strongest and most convincing is the fact that the doctrine of the Trinity was known in Peru, New Spain, and Yucatan. This fact rests on the authority of very respectable writers. Acosta, in his 'Natural and Moral History of the Indians,' distinctly asserts it; and the celebrated Las Casas, Bishop of Chiapa, as cited by Torquemada, says that he heard it from a person worthy of credit. . . . The Baron De Humboldt also says that the Muyscas of Bogota likewise believe in the existence of a trinity."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, page 158.

"De Salcar says: 'The chiefs and men of rank in the province of Chiapa were acquainted with the doctrine of the Holy Trinity. They call the Father Icona, the Son Bacab, and the Holy Ghost Estruach; and certainly these names resemble the Hebrew, especially Estruach, for Ruach in Hebrew is the Holy Ghost.' As in the tradition current in Yucatan of Bacab and his crucifixion . . . so in these Mexican paintings many analogies may be traced between the events to which they evidently relate and the history of the crucifixion of Christ as contained in the New Testament. The subject of them all is the same, being the death of Quecalcoatl upon the cross, as an atonement for the sins of mankind. In the fourth page of the Borgia Manuscripts he seems to be crucified between two persons who are in the act of reviling him."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, page 166.

On the one hundred and sixty-third page of the same volume Kingsborough says that Las Casas relates that while Gomez was in the province of Guixaca he was shown sheets of paper that were drawings copied from extremely ancient paintings on long pieces of leather that were rolled up and much smoked, and that these were obtained from some Indians who dwelt on the coast of the Caribbean Sea, "who stated that they received them from their ancestors." Upon these were pictured a holy woman, who, without being with a man, should give birth to a great prophet, and that he should suffer death at the hands of his own people, "and accordingly he was represented in the painting as crucified, with his hands and feet tied to the cross, without nails." Kingsborough says further:

"If more of the historical paintings and monuments of Yucatan had been preserved we would probably have been able to have determined whether Bacab and Quecalcoatl were

only two different names for the same deity, who was worshipped alike by the Mexicans and the people of Yucatan. . . . The interpreter of the Vatican Codex says that the Mexicans had a tradition that Quecalcoatle like Bacab died upon the cross, and he seems to add that it was, according to their belief, for the sins of mankind. This tradition . . . acquires the most authentic character from the corroboration which it receives from several paintings in the Codex Borgia, which actually represents Quecalcoatle crucified and nailed to the cross. These paintings are contained on the fourth, seventy-second, seventy-third and seventy-fifth pages of the above mentioned manuscript. On the seventy-second page Quecalcoatle is painted in the attitude of a person crucified, with the impression of nails both in his hands and feet, but not actually upon a cross. . . . His body seems to be formed out of a resplendent sun. . . . The skulls above signify that the place is Tzonpantli, a word which exactly corresponds (in the Mexican) with the Hebrew word Golgotha. . . . On the seventy-fifth page he is again represented as crucified, and one of his hands and both his feet seem to bear the impression of nails. He appears, from the phonetic symbol placed near his mouth, to be uttering an exclamation, and his body is strangely covered with suns. If the Jews had wished to apply to their Messiah the metaphor of the 'Son of Righteousness' they would have perhaps painted him with such emblems."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, pp. 165, 166.

The following statement by Kingsborough is very significant, when taken in connection with the words of John the Baptist concerning Christ and one part of his cleansing work, as found in Matthew 3:12, as follows: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he shall thoroughly purge his floor." And the figure and its symbols are made still more remarkable as memory calls up the prophecies of Joel, and Jesus, and John, that at Christ's second coming the sickle shall be thrust in and the harvest of the earth be reaped, for the gathering of the good grain and the burning of the tares. Kingsborough says: "Both a fan and a sickle were sometimes placed in the hand of Quecalcoatle, as would appear from a bust which is preserved in the British Museum, the countenance of which is mutilated and the curve of the sickle in the right hand broken off."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, p. 168.

The following statement is concerning Dupaix's discovery:

"Mons. Dupaix discovered in the province of Tlascalala a bust which so exactly corresponds with the description given by Herrera of the image of Quecalcoatle, which was adored in that city, that we can not refrain from referring to the fifty-third plate of the second part of his 'Monuments.' . . . It deserves to be remarked that both of the hands of the figure seem to be pierced with nails, the heads of which are invisible. The tradition current in Yucatan that Eopuco crowned Bacab with thorns appears also to be preserved in its head-dress. A crown of thorns of another fashion may perhaps be recognized on the head of another piece of ancient sculpture discovered by Mons. Dupaix. . . . The crown seems to be formed out of the

thorny leaves of the aloe. If such testimony as that of Las Casas, Kemesal, De Salcar, and Torquemada, may, from the importance of the subject, still stand in need of further corroboration it is afforded by the discovery by Mons. Dupaix of a cross in a temple, when he was investigating the ruins of the ancient city of Palenque."—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, page 169.

"We also insert a passage from Cogulludo's History of Yucatan, which is very remarkable, as the cross there mentioned had the image of a crucified person sculptured upon it. He relates as follows: 'In the middle of the court . . . in Merida there is a stone cross, the thickness of which is about six inches. . . . The figure of a saint crucified is sculptured in *mezzo-relievo* on it. It is understood to have been one of the crosses which in the times of Indian paganism were discovered in the island of Cozumel.'"—*Mexican Antiquities*, vol. 6, page 169.

Many writers and explorers testify as to the cross having been a common emblem in Central America and Mexico at the time they were discovered by the Spaniards. Prof. Baldwin and the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly state as follows:

"The cross is one of the most common emblems present in all the ruins. This led the Catholic missionaries to assume that knowledge of Christianity had been brought to America long before their arrival."—*Ancient America*, page 109.

"When the Spanish missionaries first set foot upon the soil of America . . . they were amazed to find the cross as devoutly worshiped by the Indians as by themselves. . . . The hallowed symbol challenged their admiration on every hand."—*Atlantis*, page 319.

The Hon. H. H. Bancroft relates in his volumes as follows:

"The island of Cozumel was especially devoted to religious observances, and was annually visited by a great number of pilgrims. There were therefore more religious edifices here than elsewhere. Among them is mentioned a square tower. . . . It was surrounded by an enclosure, in the middle of which stood a cross nine feet high."—*Native Races*, vol. 2, page 793.

"In a tablet on the wall of a room in Palenque is a cross surmounted by a bird."—*Native Races*, vol. 3, page 135.

"One of the most remarkable emblems of the Maya worship, in the estimation of the conquerors, was the cross, which has also been noticed in other parts of Central America and in Mexico. . . . The cross is to be found in Mexican manuscripts."—*Native Races*, vol. 3, pp. 468, 469.

On page 470 Mr. Bancroft again mentions the one on Cozumel, and the one at Merida, previously mentioned from Kingsborough; and he adds concerning the one at Palenque:

"The sculptured cross at Palenque has the Latin form. A bird is perched on its apex, and on either side stands a human figure, apparently priests."—*Native Races*, vol. 3, p. 470.

Again he mentions the same cross and figures, as follows:

"Fixed in the wall at the back of the enclosure, and covering nearly its whole surface, was the tablet of the cross, six feet four inches high, ten feet eight inches wide, and formed of three stones. The center stone and part of the west-

ern bear the sculptured figures shown in the cut. The rest of the western and all of the eastern stone were covered with hieroglyphics. . . . The subject doubtless possessed a religious significance, and the location of the tablet may be considered a sacred altar, or most holy place, of the ancient Maya priesthood. Two men, probably priests, clad in the robes and insignia of their office, are making an offering to the cross, or to a bird perched on its summit."—Native Races, vol. 4, pp. 333, 334.

Bancroft mentions other crosses as follows:

"Brasseur de Bourbourg tells us that the ruins of Quecalcoatlé's temple at Tulancingo were visible long after the Conquest, and also speaks of a subterranean palace called Mictlancoatlé, and a stone cross discovered on Mount Meztilán. Veytia also speaks of the cross of Meztilán, sculptured on a lofty and almost inaccessible cliff."—Native Races, vol. 4, p. 544.

On page 545 of the same volume he mentions a house in one of the ancient cities of north-eastern Mexico that has a room which, he says, "contains the remains of a kind of altar, and a sculptured cross." Of still another people, those of Peru, he remarks:

"I may mention here that the Incas possessed a cross of fine marble, or jasper, highly polished and all of one piece. It was three-fourths of an ell in length and three fingers in thickness; it was kept in a sacred chamber of the palace and held in great veneration."—Native Races, vol. 5, p. 48.

Of Quetzalcoatlé, the Toltec Savior, Bancroft says that one of his symbols, sculptured or painted with him, was the cross; and he adds:

"Quetzalcoatlé is said to have been a white man, with a strong formation of body, broad forehead, large eyes, black hair, and a heavy beard. He always wore a long white robe, which, according to Gomora, was decorated with crosses. He had a mitre on his head and a stick in his hand."—Native Races, vol. 3, p. 274.

Kingsborough quotes from the Italian historian, Botturini (who visited Mexico in A. D.

1835), who says that the Mexican traditions "recount to us the history of the creation of the world, of the deluge, of the confusion of tongues, . . . of their ancestors' long travels in Asia," and he adds that they make record of a certain year as the one in which took place the great eclipse which happened at the time of the crucifixion."—Mexican Antiquities, vol. 6, p. 176.

The Book of Mormon itself fully attests of the knowledge had by the ancients concerning God, and his Son, and the Holy Ghost; and especially of their understanding the atonement made by Christ. As, for instance, the following passages are samples:

"For this intent have we written these things, that they may know that we knew of Christ, and that we had a hope of his glory many hundred years before his coming. . . . and we worship the Father in his name."—Book of Jacob, 3: 1, 2.

"And he shall be called Jesus Christ, the Son of God. . . . And he cometh unto his own that salvation might come unto the children of men, even through faith on his name. And they shall consider him a man and say that he hath a devil, and shall scourge him and crucify him. And he shall rise the third day from the dead; and, behold, he standeth to judge the world."—Mosiah 1: 14.

Upon the subject of American antiquities and traditions the celebrated Le Plongeon writes as follows:

"The fact that the same doctrine of a Supreme Deity, composed of three parts distinct from each other, yet forming one, was universally prevalent among the civilized nations of America, Asia, and the Egyptians, naturally leads to the inference that, at some time or other, communications and relations, more or less intimate, have existed between them."—Sacred Mysteries of the Mayas, page 56.

For the extracts from Lord Kingsborough's work I am indebted to Elder S. F. Walker.

(To be continued).

## THE LUXURY OF GIVING.

YOU have already heard various "preachments" on the subject of little presents. You have also heard a great many speak in various styles of the luxury of giving. But I feel sure that very few of you have thought of all that might be said in this connection.

It is a luxury to give. But, just because it is a luxury, many seem to think that they can not afford it—or, as they say, they have nothing to give, or nothing worth giving. Now, I know you want to interrupt me, just here, with, "Oh, yes! You're going to say it isn't the costliness of the gift, but the feeling, etc." No, I am not going to say that—you have heard it before, and if you hadn't, your common

sense would be sufficient to teach you something of the kind. What I am trying to say is: Give at all times, and give not only little things, but very little things—things which seem to have no value at all.

Do I make my meaning clear? Well, if I do, all right—if not, I must try to illustrate. It is my lot to have more papers and magazines than I can keep for myself, so that I frequently have opportunity to send copies to friends. I did not suppose I was doing anything extra, until one day, I heard something like this: "I am so glad you sent me the February number of so-and-so! It was just what I wanted to complete my set!" This taught

me a lesson. I had just what some one else wanted—while, to me, perhaps it was worth only its value as waste-paper.

I don't mean giving away your old trash in the hope that somebody else can use what you don't want—but give what you consider little, and then expect to be surprised sometime that it was, after all, great. (Above all, never give half-worn or old clothing to any one whom you call friend—if you do, you are seeking to undermine his or her self-respect, which is, or ought to be, dearer than anything else in the world; besides, if time or trouble must be expended in needed alteration, the actual value of the gift is doubtful). Give what however trifling it may be, is good of its kind.

Take the case of two or three sisters. One purchases a box of cotton, containing more spools than she is likely to use for a long while. She finds this out, and says to another sister, "I have more cotton than I want—help yourself to a spool or two if you like." This is a very little thing to say or do; one spool is worth less than five cents. But because it is worth so little, the other sister can take it without any sacrifice of self-respect, feeling that she could easily return the favor, and also that she has not robbed anybody. Nor is this all. Imagine the recipient saying to herself: "I do want a spool of cotton to-day, but I can not buy it without breaking my last dollar. That dollar I must use for a pair of gloves, or I can not go to the concert this evening. Now this little spool of cotton has made it possible for me to enjoy a delightful musical treat.

Do you not begin to see, then, how it is that the pennies run away with the dollars? And that it is the lack of the little things which interferes with our higher intellectual and moral development? I have no doubt whatever that the reason the poor stay poor is because they are so constantly obliged to fritter away their dollars in pennies for what a few more pennies at a time would buy, if they only had these pennies in the first place; and that ignorance and ill health alike are caused by similar petty, pitiful waste. The miseries of the world may be accounted for in much the same way; people can not get the little things which morally belong to them, and are thus driven to squander the great things. It

is the identical principle everywhere from the poor washerwoman, who buys her coal by the bucket, and thus pays in the end nearly twice as much as if she had bought it by the ton, to the beauty who marries a rich old man to support her, and thus cuts off all hope of a real love and a happy motherhood.

Now, would you not like to be one of those who helped some sister woman to the little things which she ought to have, and thus construct a bridge for her to better possibilities? A narrow, shaky bridge it may be—only a plank—but what of that, if it aided her to "get there"? Oh, I don't mean to write slang; there is more of real philosophy, of genuine inspiration in those two words than you think for. Repeat them sometimes when you feel real down-hearted and see if I am not telling you the truth.

I knew a young woman who loved beautiful surroundings, and would have enjoyed having her room dainty and cosy, but she supposed such a thing impossible. She read eagerly every article on "Home Decoration," that came in her way, but she always threw it aside with a disappointed sigh. "That article sounds reasonable," she would say "it is intended for persons of 'small means.'" But what about people who have no means at all? if it takes every cent for board and washing, while clothing comes by accident or Providence, how much "small means" is there left? The articles all say: "Take a piece of silk, costing about twenty-five cents—I don't see a twenty-five cent piece for weeks at a time. Those writers must be rich—they couldn't understand that."

But "those writers" are not rich—they could understand. Unfortunately, however, for some of their readers, they do not often say so. Shall I try to make up for their short-comings and say that I do understand? To show that I do, I will tell you what this girl did next:

She said to her sister: "I want my room to look nice, but I haven't anything to put into it. Have you anything to give me?"

With one accord they declared that they had nothing, "except," ventured one after a slight hesitation, "a little ball of red Saxony."

"A little ball of red Saxony!" exclaimed

the young woman, eagerly, why didn't you say so before?"

"I didn't suppose you'd take such a little thing," answered the sister. "I didn't like to give it to you."

"You have given me something better already, declared the young woman, "You have given me hope. If all my friends gave me as much as that little ball of red Saxony, I'd have plenty to do with. Why, I might embroider something with the Saxony."

And now the other sister spoke up, warmly, "Of course you could. And I have something you could embroider on—a coffee bag. It takes cross stitch beautifully. You could make a nice mat for your floor."

"So I could," said the young woman, "without costing me a penny, and I can pick it up at odd moments and in the evenings. If I bought a Smyrna rug it would cost me a dollar. I only earn a dollar a day, so if I spend money for a rug it would be throwing away one day of my life."

"Then the little ball of red Saxony and the coffee bag may help you to live one day longer," observed the second sister, even if they are worth nothing in themselves."

It is scarcely necessary to add that both sisters and friends found that they had plenty to give, although not one single article was worth more than the little ball of red Saxony. And the young woman herself found that she had plenty to give others, although not a single article that she could use herself. Thus while one could send her a dainty bunch of pressed ferns, tied with the fresh end cut from a half worn ribbon, she could make the donor's child happy with a few gay lithograph cards.

The universal custom of exchanging flower seeds has much to recommend it. So has the old time country fashion of neighbors sending each other "tastes" of their cakes and preserves. If the same idea could only be carried further, how much better it would be. Why should we have apples dropping off our trees, and rotting on the ground, when every city in the land is full of hungry little mouths? Why should our flowers die on the stalks, when thousands scarcely know what a flower is? True, the Flower and Fruit Missions are doing a noble work in this

line, but it is for sick people; many a sick person would have remained well, could they have enjoyed the blessing of a few flowers and fruits while they were well.

Go out to the woods, gather the first spray of trailing arbutus for any particular friend who loves it. Pick up a shell or a fern, in your rambles, for one whom you heard express a wish for a similar specimen. Send a paper containing an article on any particular subject, to a school-boy whose favorite study is in that direction. Save the left-over end of a piece of delicate lace for the young girl who likes to look pretty; she can twist it in her hat, just as she might pin a natural rose at her throat, that is, without loss of self-respect. Your odd lengths of embroidery silk might be the very desirable shade which your neighbor could not match. Even a single button might be exactly like the missing one, which leaves a conspicuous gap, now that it has dropped from your cousin's coat. How easy to say: "I have a button just like that. Could you use it?" Or, "Here is enough silk to finish that leaf," or, "I know you like lace, or botanical specimens." It is just because we don't say something like this, that we miss the luxury of giving.

But this is not all. There is a great deal of ingratitude in this world; when we have done our best, we may still expect to be criticised. We can not please everybody, so, if, for any reason, after we have tried to do little favors as we went along, we find that these are unappreciated, we need not then experience the despairing feeling that we have impoverished ourselves, or even suffered any serious loss on account of others. And if we have received any such little favors, and anything afterward happens to break friendship, we need not fear any burdensome sense of past obligation. It is the costliness of presents which prepares the way for future bitterness—not the mere acts of giving and receiving in themselves.

If we are on the alert to give little things, we can, indeed give often, give without cost, and give without incurring or conferring obligation. All this, in addition to what you have already learned of how we may indirectly lessen the sum of human misery by enabling people to gain their needed little things, and thus save their pennies and dollars, or even souls.

—*Dorcas Magazine.*

## PATTIE; OR, LEAVES FROM A LIFE.

BY ELEANOR.

## CHAPTER XII.

## ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY.

"It was good, it was kind in the Wise One above.

To fling destiny's veil o'er the face of our years,

That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love

Nor expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh,  
The world would indeed be a prison of gloom,

All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye,

And the prayer-lisping infant would ask for the tomb."  
—*Elza Cook.*

"What I do ye knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."—John 13:7.

**A**FTER a brief visit to some relatives of the groom, Pattie and her husband settled down to house-keeping on a farm.

Ah me! I feel incapable of telling the story of those poetic days. To Pattie herself they seemed then, and always after, like a dream of romance, too fair, too sweet to last.

What though the winged hours brought meal times as regularly as when life was more prosaic; what though bread was earned in the plenteous sweat of their brows; that plain little farm-house seemed to Pattie a veritable paradise. And why should we smile at the seeming, for what, after all, was Eden but a young brides first home? Possibly that traditional garden may have owed much of its reputed beauty and bliss to love's sweet illusions!

Though Pattie had not been reared in luxury, yet she had always been surrounded with comfort. She had never given a thought to, and probably had no adequate idea of, the cost of living. So she had felt no apprehension from the knowledge that he to whose care she had given herself, had little besides love wherewith to endow her; and since this part of her being's need was so amply provided for, she did not trouble herself about aught else.

But he was older than she, and wiser, and his brave, generous heart often suffered sore unrest from the fear that she should lack any of the comforts of her

girlhood's home. The strong right arm often trembled, lest it should fail to provide aught that might be needful to sustain life in the frail form that it enfolded; while he smiled at her assertion that having him she had all that was needful for her life and happiness.

He anticipated her lightest wish, often putting himself to much expense and trouble to gratify her.

Pattie appreciated all his care and devotion, but it seemed strange to her that he failed to understand that it was his lot, his life that she desired to share, and anything apart from these would not satisfy her. She felt that as a true woman she could not accept luxuries procured for her by his self-denial and sacrifice however cheerfully given.

She kept the little house with scrupulous care, while he bent his energies to wrest a living from the soil.

How happy they were when the day's toil was over and together they shared the latest new book or paper; or with her head pillowed on his broad shoulder, she gave her mind to its own happy reflections! How strong he seemed; her tower of strength she playfully called him. If the thought of her dream recurred to her at such times, it but elicited a smile to think how opposite her pathway lay in reality from the dark, thorny, road of which she had dreamed. It seemed to her that even should sorrow and suffering meet her, she would be unable to realize their presence while her husband was by her side. Nor did she forget to thank God that he had ordered her life more happily than she had ever hoped for.

Although their time was occupied in providing for physical wants by manual labor, they did not lose their regard for literary pursuits. On the contrary it became a greater interest because of its mutual enjoyment. But Pattie exercised her pen much less frequently now. She no longer felt the lack of companionship that had first prompted the use of it. Her heart had found its home and there was no longer restless yearning for the unattainable. She was satisfied with the prospect as she viewed it from the side of

life's mountain; the summit might reveal more of grandeur, but surely it could afford no sweeter rest and peace.

With him, love was the spur to higher, nobler effort; and, like the eagle that brought the news to the dove, he submitted the productions of his mind and pen to Pattie's criticism. To watch the look of appreciative pride with which she read an unusually brilliant passage of happy thought, to feel her kiss of approval on his broad, white brow, was more to him than the world's noisiest applause.

The second summer of their sweetly wedded life was just waning into autumn's mellow, golden glory, when their union was still further strengthened by the birth of a son. Pattie clasped the precious little stranger to her heart, and felt in the joy of motherhood that the cup of her happiness was brimming to the top; and she quaffed it eagerly, deeply, gratefully.

They had considered their residence in Ohio as temporary, it having been Mr. Hervey's design to return and locate permanently in some part of the west where he had previously been.

In pursuance of this plan, they left that state and proceeded to the southern part of Illinois, not far from St. Louis.

Their intention was to remain for a time to test the advantages of fruit culture, leaving to future developments the question of locating permanently there or elsewhere.

Finding superior inducements offered for farming, they rented a farm, purchased such indispensable articles as they required, and with the articles brought from home, they once more set up house-keeping operations, this time in a primitive log cabin of two rooms.

I have, as yet, said nothing concerning the religious views of Mr. Hervey.

He had never been connected with any church, or religious body; though, like Pattie, he had given the subject long and patient research. Like her, he had seen the inconsistencies and dissimilarity of all the various faiths with the doctrines of the New Testament; but in his own mind he had reached no definite conclusion in answer to the question, "What is truth?" while yet he worshipped Deity and revered the Scriptures.

His parents belonged to the Calvinist, or predestinarian school of Baptists. The peculiar tenets of this sect have ever held

it aloof from those of all other faiths, they have ever opposed Sunday Schools and missionary efforts of every kind; and still bitterly denounce these things as departures from the faith.

In his youth, Clarence Hervey found little to attach him to the faith of his parents. At home he was taught strict conformity to the moral law as between man and man, but no instruction whatever of the nature of man's duties to God, as, according to their doctrines, religious instruction can not benefit any but those predestined to be saved. That the Holy Spirit's office is to call and instruct such in the things of God, and until so enlightened and instructed, man is incapable of comprehending divine things.

Such were the teachings that young Hervey constantly heard propounded from the pulpit as well as at his father's hospitable fireside, and to which he listened with interest, yet feeling that subject too deep and awful for his comprehension.

The doctrine of man's free agency, or "arminianism" as they called it, was particularly obnoxious to them, and no reading matter defensive of that hated doctrine was tolerated.

Clarence had barely reached the years of young manhood when he lost the sense of hearing, and soon after at the age of twenty-two he left the parental roof, seized with the desire to see the world for himself.

"The world," to him as to most others of those times, was comprehended in the term "westward." And to the west he went.

Among the heterogeneous multitude he found there, and free to study life's problems for himself, he readily discovered the mistakes, not only in the religion of his people, but among those who professed broader views and greater enlightenment—mistakes for which the widest latitude of free-thought could discover no remedy or reconciliation.

All this Pattie had learned from him in their correspondence; and although she had written to him freely of her own religious experiences, she had refrained from mentioning to him the new light that she had so recently obtained on those matters. This was occasioned in part by what had passed between herself and her mother on that subject and partly by the

fear that as her own knowledge was but imperfect, she might not be able to make it clear to him.

After their marriage and up to the time that we have reached in our story, they had not discussed religious subjects except in a general way. He accompanied her when she desired to attend church, and joined with her in her devotions at the family altar.

Pattie had brought with her a letter from the Baptist Church at home recommending her admission to the same in her new locality. Some time had now elapsed since their arrival, and she had not yet presented it.

Since the episode narrated in a previous chapter in the beginning of the war, and her subsequent study of the Book of Mormon, she had never felt in perfect accord or fellowship with her church; but so long as she remained at her father's home, she had not cared to withdraw and raise questions which she was not prepared to answer. But it seemed to her that now the matter was changed, when she was expected to ask communion and fellowship of the faith of a people with whom in her breast she honestly had neither the one nor the other. And so she had let the matter rest. But the subject was alluded to one evening by her husband asking why she had not attended to it?

Pattie remarked that she felt somewhat indifferent about it.

"Indifferent!" exclaimed he regarding her gravely.

"Tell me, Pattie, do you really consider yourself a Christian? that is, a disciple of Christ?"

Pattie colored but met the steady gaze of the brown eyes as she asked in return:

"Why; do I fail to make the fact apparent?"

"In some respect, as I regard it, yes."

Pattie rocked the babe a little more vigorously for a moment before she asked:

"In what respect?"

"Indifference," he answered briefly.

Pattie transferred her gaze again to the sleeping infant, but she was not thinking of it. She was questioning her own heart of the charge just made, and it answered, "not guilty." But how could she explain all this to him? How make him understand? And how would he receive it?

Her husband drew his chair up beside

hers and taking her hand in his he said gently:

"My darling, understand me; I did not refer to the matter of your letter alone. If you think there is sufficient reason why you should not give it in to the church here, it is all right; do as seems best to you about it. But there are some things of which I wish to speak. You, my wife, as a follower of Christ, profess to have learned from Him the way of life and immortality. You know also that I have stumbled along in darkness. Is it indifference that prevents you from holding up your light that I may see the way? It was not so with your Master. I find by reading His life that He lost no opportunity of explaining these things to all whom He met; not alone to his disciples and the sacerdotal Nicodemus, but to the blind beggar by the way-side and the sinner at the well. I find also that His last command to His apostles was to do as He had done. They obeyed, going into all the world, preaching the gospel of the kingdom.

"What is this 'gospel of the kingdom'? One tells me after this manner, and another after that; and in every case I find only sectarian creeds and dogmas, until I have grown to believe that none of them are half so anxious that I shall find the truth, as it is in Christ, as they are to get me into helping support their preachers."

"But I know your heart, that it is sincere, and for that reason I have believed in your profession, and have waited to have the truth imparted to me. Tell me frankly, are you, or are you not satisfied that you know the truth of these things?"

Pattie looked at him with the glad light shining in her eyes as she answered:

"I am satisfied that I understand in some measure the true nature of that kingdom of God; but I did not find it in the church to which I belonged, nor yet in any other of the sects of which we know."

"How then? and where?" he inquired.

And Pattie went on to tell him what she had learned concerning the organization of Christ's kingdom, as we have elsewhere related.

She told him that she believed the evil had been wrought by the spiritualizing system of interpreting the Scriptures, and that she had found by reading the Bible in the common sense way, as she



would read his or any other writing, that the gospel was really far greater in extent and grander in design than was comprehended in the faith of any of the churches of the day.

"But how came you to know of this?" he asked again.

And Pattie told him the story of the Book of Mormon, and of the restored gospel by the angel, as John had seen in vision; of the martyrdom of the prophet, Joseph Smith. The apostasy of the church and its banishment to the "salt land." She placed in his hands a new copy of the Book of Mormon that had been given her by her friend, Mrs. Thurston. Also the letter of Martin Harris that she had preserved.

Of course a man so well informed as Mr. Hervey was not ignorant of the world's version or Mormon history, but this was the first time he had heard the other side, and he seemed deeply impressed with it.

"Have you any idea where we might find some of those people in this state?" he asked.

But Pattie did not know.

"Perhaps your friend, Mrs. Thurston, could tell you," he suggested.

Pattie promised to write to her and did so soon after, but received no reply, as her friend was at the time visiting relatives in New Jersey.

The incidents above narrated occurred during the second winter of the residence in Illinois. Mr. Hervey was then employed by a publishing house of St. Louis, to canvass for the sale of books, as little could be done on the farm in winter.

In order that Pattie should not be left alone in his absence, he hired a room and board for her with a neighboring family.

At the request of the company he was preparing to canvass a county to the north of theirs and expected to absent a fortnight. He had talked hopefully of their future prospects, and Pattie cheerfully bade him good bye on a stormy morning in March, and watched him start blithely away through the falling snow with no thought in her mind that it was a last farewell.

She turned from the door-way with a song on her lips and seated herself at her sewing, her little boy playing at her feet and Mrs. West, her landlady, sitting by the fire chatting pleasantly to her.

Two hours had scarcely elapsed after the departure of Mr. Hervey, when they were startled by the stamping of snow from feet and a knock at the door.

Mrs. West opened it. A stranger stood on the steps who inquired for Mrs. Hervey, and was shown into the room. He stood for a moment regarding Pattie and the child, then turned aside and told his errand to Mrs. West.

Pattie paid little attention to the gentleman's presence, supposing his business to be with the family. But she caught the furtive glances with which he regarded her while talking to Mrs. West. She saw, also, that the lady was very pale and trembling violently, and that she presently left the room.

Pattie wondered much, but still with no thought that it was anything that concerned herself, she answered the childish prattle of her little boy. The child asked for something to eat and Pattie made that an excuse to go in search of her friend. She found her in the next room trying to control her trembling hands to write on the slate. She drew it quickly out of sight at Pattie's entrance and looked at her in such a frightened manner that Pattie at once took alarm and springing forward snatched the slate from the trembling woman, and read:

"Don't be alarmed, but the gentleman says that Mr. Hervey——"

"Has what? What has happened? Tell me quick," shrieked Pattie.

But the poor woman was too unnerved to answer and Pattie ran back to the room where the stranger still sat, and thrusting the slate into his hand demanded that he tell her at once.

He took the pencil and finished the sentence: "has been struck by a locomotive and hurt some."

Pattie was standing at his elbow and had finished reading before the last stroke of the pencil. He did not look at her when he paused, but he heard her say in a strangely calm tone:

"Go on, sir, tell me the truth; how badly hurt is he?"

"It may not be so bad as it seems, they sent me here before the doctor had finished his examination."

"He was alive when you left?"

"Yes; he told us where to come."

"Where is he? I must go to him," she said in still the same calm tone that

caused the stranger to look at her wonderingly.

He told her where the wounded man was to be found in the town two miles away. And a neighbor was sent for to take her thither. They were soon on their way. Not a word was spoken during the ride.

"Struck by a locomotive." It was a thing of common occurrence. She had read it often in the news columns of the daily paper and had scarcely felt a sensation; but O! the agony of it now! could it be possible that those few words brought sorrow like hers to some other heart each time they had been repeated? But he was living, they said; he would not die. If only she could reach him in time! How slowly they seemed to travel, though the team had come all the way at their utmost speed.

She alighted at last before the building to which he had been taken. A crowd of rough but kindly sympathizing men respectfully made way for her as she entered.

He lay stretched upon the floor, unconscious but still breathing. Pattie could not at once recognize in the swollen disfigured face, the features of him she sought. The hair and beard were closely shaven and the wounds (which were all on the head and face), carefully dressed. The strong manly form lay limp and motionless except for the labored breathing.

"No hope," said the surgeon in answer to her questioning appeal.

He was removed to the home from which he had gone out but a few hours before in the pride of manhood's perfect strength; and until nearly two o'clock the following morning, Pattie watched with tearless eyes the wreck of life and love slowly disappearing, drifting away forever from her; but dazed, stunned, her heart seemed unconscious of its misery.

The Baptist minister watching by her side at length drew the sheet over the dear face and gently led her away.

"God has taken him," he said. "And He will take care of you and the babe."

To be continued.

## INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ONE OF EARTH'S PILGRIMS.

BY ELDER E. STAFFORD.

THERE was about a half dozen of us sitting on a bench at the gateway one evening, when we heard quarreling going on at a groggery on the other side of the street, a couple of rods farther down. By and by a Mexican came running out of the liquor shop, having on a poncha, or blanket, with a hole cut in the middle to put his head through, leaving the blanket to fall down over his shoulders and hang loose. He was followed by what we concluded was the bar-tender, or owner, with a long knife, much like a carving knife, with which he made a lunge at the man with the poncha, who threw up that covering which served to break the force of the blow. He made another lunge at the man, when we all raised a yell at him, and some forgetting where they were, made a start for the would-be murderer, but were called back. Our diversion in favor of the Mexican, however, saved his life, for as the man was preparing to come a third time, two

or three of us started towards him again, which caused him to turn and enter the saloon.

There was another fort on the outskirts of the town near a thicket of brush, or chapparel, which had two twelve-pounders on its ramparts, and which it fell upon our quota at the barracks to man. This was done by sending about a dozen men under a midshipman, which number was relieved between sun-down and dark every night. This chapparel was about fifty yards from the fort.

I well remember when it came my turn to walk the ramparts on the side next to the brush, (there were two of us mounted guard, and we had to walk half way round and meet each other,) that I used to walk tolerably fast when my back was turned to the brush; but very slow when fronting it, and tried with my eyes to penetrate the thicket to see if I could discover an enemy lurking there.

Another fort situated near the main

wagon road, had to stop all loaded carts, and pack-mules, to see if anything contraband was being smuggled into town. Spies tried to get into town at night but did not succeed, and often were made to beat a hasty retreat. Upon one occasion a man on horseback tried to get into town in the night, but the guard who was stationed near the road and within gun-shot of the sea-beach, which the rider was traversing, thinking no doubt that the noise of his horse's tramp would be drowned by the noise of the waves, and also trusting to the darkness not to be discovered, was on the alert, and spying him commanded a halt; the spy wheeled his horse and put him to his best speed, but not before the musket of the guard had sent forth its leaden messenger.

The horse and rider kept on, and nothing was known of the effect of the shot until two or three days afterwards, when we learned by some muleteers entering the town, that the shot took effect in the leg of a Mexican officer who was trying to pass the guard on that occasion. But the firing of a gun was the signal agreed upon, between the picket guard at this fort, and the men at the barracks, to let them know if the enemy was advancing. We were at our little fort that night and did not hear the shot, therefore were blissfully ignorant of what had transpired until furnished the intelligence by the guard that relieved us. They stated that it caused considerable excitement at the barracks, and that they did not sleep much the balance of the night. Word was sent by the officer of the fort to the one in command at the barracks the next day, giving an explanation of the firing, which produced order and quiet.

We had been on shore about two months when word was brought to the barracks that an armistice had been entered into between the two armies, and for a time we had no anxiety about fighting. Some two or three weeks after that we received notice from the ship that peace was declared, and orders to come on board. While in this harbor a circumstance or two happened which may serve to divert the youthful readers—if not those of maturer years—and break the monotony that sometimes obtains in a sea narrative like this.

After dinner one day, I chanced to be on the port side of the gun deck, when a past-midshipman that was a particular (?)

friend of mine, came along, and directing his remarks to myself, accused me of doing something—the nature of which I can not recall now—deserving of punishment. I told him that I was charged wrongfully, in that case, and could prove it, if he would allow me, that I was innocent.

"I don't care," he replied, "you have done things worthy of punishment, and I will punish you now."

"If you do, sir, you will punish an innocent man."

"Less of your sauce, get a cloth and go to work, and rub that gun off till I tell you to stop," was his answer.

I knew there was no appeal from his decision; so obtained the cloth, and crawled through the port-hole and sat rubbing the gun (not hard enough to break my elbows) and was not particular if the rubbing was done all in one spot; indeed I never looked to see whether the rubbing had any effect or not, but sat there as nonchalant as you please, watching the shipping go in and out of the harbor, also the small boats that carried a mast and lateen, or leg of mutton sail, enjoying the sights. The quarter-gunners rub the guns inboard, so that my task necessarily was outside. To every port-hole there are two half doors, hung with hinges, the upper half to the upper part and the lower half to the lower part of the port-hole. When at sea these half-doors are shut tight, but when in Port the upper half is taken inboard, while the lower half is placed horizontal, or parallel with the gun, but on a line with the lower part of the port-hole, and held in that position by a small rope about half an inch thick. When this lanyard was new it would hold a man's weight, and being made acquainted with that fact, I was not as careful as I might have been had I thought about decay in the rope. I sat on the gun, my attention taken up with watching the sails and boats flit to and fro; never once looking down under me; if I had, my movements certainly would have been more cautious. After sitting in this position till I got tired, I sat sideways for a while, with both feet on the door; getting tired of that also and feeling like stretching my limbs, I arose to do so, but no sooner had I straightened up than I felt my foundation going from under me; but being not far from the for-

ward end of the main chains. I made a spring for the chain plate, threw my left arm over it, and crooked it so that in sliding, and when arriving at the bottom I might not break my hold. I came to the foot of the bolt with a jerk, but luckily my elbow and fore-arm stood the strain. I was then a little more supple than now, and although hanging in that position, I managed after a trial or two to grasp the bolt above my elbow with my right hand, and relieving the other, began to haul myself up so as to place my feet on the iron close to the ship's side. Looking down I beheld an enormous shark right under me, which caused a shudder to pass over me at the thoughts of what would have been my condition if I had gone down. He was about eleven or twelve feet long, a regular man-eater.

The other circumstance was as follows: A Norwegian seaman—but in the United States service—was allowed sometimes while in port to take the ship's dingy—the smallest boat in the ship—and go a fishing in the harbor. Sometimes he went alone, and at other times took another one with him. This time he took a companion, and in choosing his fishing ground, threw his kedge anchor over opposite to the mouth of a cave that had been washed out by the action of the waves on a small island that rose abruptly out of the water to the height of about fourteen or eighteen feet. The mouth of the cavern appeared from the ship to be large enough—at low water—to admit of the passage of an elephant, or any other large beast. At the time spoken of the tide was in, and only a small portion of the opening could be seen.

They had been some little time engaged in watching their lines and plying their vocation, when they felt something strike the rope of the kedge, and before they could ascertain what was the matter, they were going through the water at a lively rate of speed, the speed increasing till the little boat was going at a frightful velocity. It was a scene that furnished amusement to the ship's company as long as it lasted and furnished the theme of many a joke at the expense of the voyagers, who, as far as they were concerned, could not see the joke. It was a frightful reality, to use the words of one, "I looked at my companion's face, and it was as white as a sheet, and my hair stood on end."

It was said by the two fishermen, that they discovered, when they could collect their senses, that a whale had caught the line of the kedge on its fin; and they supposed that not being able to shake off the line, became frightened, and hence its speed through the water. Just as they had discovered what the motor of this their flying trip was, and one of the men had grabbed a hatchet to cut the line, by some means it had slipped its moorings, and gave the seamen a chance to take a long breath, for the danger was over.

A little before leaving Mazatlan our Commodore had sent a sloop of war up the coast to Monterey to see if any dispatches were there; and to bring the mail back with them.

In the dispatches was an order to go to Guaymas, where some United States volunteers were quartered, and take them to Monterey to disband them; this being their choice. Having learned that gold had been lately discovered in Upper California, they preferred to be disbanded there, rather than go back to the place of shipment, as they thought that was the nearest point to the gold "diggings." Here was the place that I received the first letter from home, after an absence of eighteen months; it having been chasing our ship in one of the store-ships for a long time. The sloop of war also brought back news, that a party of Mormons, who had been digging a mill-race for Captain Sutter, had discovered gold in large quantities, and that the upper country was all excitement, parties were leaving for the gold diggings continually. This created a gold fever among the ship's crew; nothing was thought or talked of but gold, all the way up the coast from Guaymas to Monterey. I have forgotten the number of volunteers, but there were several hundred, and these, with our own crew made every deck so thronged that it was no easy matter getting about. It was well that we were on the Pacific Ocean; if we had been on a boisterous ocean like the Indian or Atlantic, we might have fared badly.

Plans were being formed by groups of men, hither and thither about the ship, to leave for the gold mines as soon as she arrived at Monterey. Arriving there, the ship had dropped her anchor, all sails snugly furled, supper dispensed with, hammocks piped down, and we were

about turning in for the night, when we heard the noise of men jumping in a boat, and hurriedly talking to one another; the splash of oars dropping in the water, the hurried dip of the oars in propelling the boat; the noise of the sentry's gun bringing the officer of the deck to the gangway, who called away a couple of boat's-crews with mariners and their muskets to go and chase the runaways.

The seamen and marines were in a dreadful hurry (?) to obey orders, but somehow or other everything would get tangled up. Finally they got started and of course they pulled with a will, but the will was, not to catch those they were chasing, which they did not; but came back with the tidings that the deserters were past reclaiming. While in this port other attempts were made to get away, some successful, others not so much so. No attempt was made to take a boat from the ship, as there was too strict a watch kept for that; but the major portion of one or two boat's-crews that had taken the officers on shore got away. Two or

three of one of these were caught and brought back, put in irons, and reserved for a court-martial. Marines were sent ashore on guard to prevent running away, and they and the men they were sent to guard would go together to the mines, the marines taking their cross-belts and muskets along with them. The men brought back were court martialed, and received a hundred strokes of the cat-o-nine tails, or nine hundred altogether.

They were stout, rugged, healthy young men, one over six feet, and the other five feet eleven inches; broad shouldered, deep chested, well developed young men physically; full of life, and cheerful of spirit before flogging, but after that they drooped, their spirits seemed to be broken; their laughing, joyous smile was gone, and if they smiled at all it was a sickly, ghastly attempt. After disbanding the volunteers, we stopped about a month in Monterey; pulled up the mud-hook and left for San Francisco, arriving there in a few days.

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## WITH THE CHURCH IN AN EARLY DAY.

BY "FRANCES."

IT was early in the fall of 1838, that Daniel stood by the gate of his cottage in conversation with a gentleman who had reined in his horse and seemed much interested in the subject they were discussing. Were we to venture the assertion that the troubles then existing between the brethren and the people of Missouri formed the theme of their conversation, we would not be wrong.

"I agree with you fully," continued Gen. Doniphan, the gentleman referred to. "but your people, or most of them, hold peculiar views on this subject, and I am satisfied that your very forbearance has seemed to these lawless men an invitation to more desperate deeds. I make no profession of Christianity, but I think if I ever should, I would be a disciple of Paul."

"Paul suffered many cruel persecutions and thanked God that he was counted worthy to suffer them for Christ's sake," said Daniel.

"But, at the same time he demanded his rights as a citizen of Rome, whenever it was likely to benefit him; refusing even to be taken from prison privately, but demanding that the magistrates who had punished him unlawfully should come and *bring him out*."

"The name of Rome was a terror to the rest of the world," said Daniel, as his mind took in the force of the argument.

"She knew at least how to protect her citizens in the exercise of their rights," said Gen. Doniphan, "and allowed no man to be punished until he was condemned by law. If this government does not examine into the merits of the trouble given your people, it will be to her lasting disgrace in the eyes of all right minded, thinking men. There is always a time, come it sooner or later, when prejudice fades and truth stands forth, and if that time does not come in the history of Missouri it will be an exception to the rule. I have noticed also that while your

ministers counsel forbearance and the returning of good for evil, the most active men in inciting your enemies are men who are professors of religion. I learn that a certain Captain Bogart, a Methodist minister, is travelling among the people with no other purpose in view than inciting them to hostility against those of your faith. He assures them that the government will not interfere; and another preacher—a Presbyterian, I believe—by the name of Wood, did not scruple to offer as an inducement, that if your folks could be got rid of before the land sales come off, those who were there would be able to secure all the land they wanted.”

“Has it never occurred to your mind to draw a parallel between this condition of things and those which existed in the days of Christ?” said Daniel. “Then it was the scribes, lawyers and Pharisees, who were constantly stirring up the minds of the people against him. The common people, for the most part, heard him gladly. ‘The poor have the gospel preached to them,’ was among the evidences with which he told the disciples of John to strengthen their master’s faith. But when the blind leaders of the people came to him he never spared them. Their hypocrisy and falsehood were laid bare to the gaze of others, and going away smarting under the lash of his justly merited rebukes, they sought revenge by striving to incite the people against him. These ministers have, on various occasions, been made to know that they were no match for our elders in argument. One by one they have been compelled to retreat from positions they deemed impregnable, and the result is that while they know we preach only the gospel of Christ, they blind the eyes of the ignorant, and spare no effort to make them think that we do not even believe in Christ, and while we hold no faith or form of doctrine which the Bible does not authorize and which we can not sustain by the Bible; they incite the minds of the people by crying, ‘Joe Smith, Golden Bible,’ etc. Truly it is time for Christians to stop and think when they discover that a church which in every respect has followed the pattern as given by Christ and his immediate followers so closely that it is not possible for them to show any difference, yet so widely does this church differ from any and all others now in existence, that they

cry, ‘a new religion—imposture—deception,’ etc.”

“I am free to admit that I have thought of these things, but if you will excuse me, the subject of your peculiar faith is not what most interests me. You may remember that when you went to the election at Liberty, I told you that were I in your place I would vote or die, and I confess to you that had I been in the place of your people I never would have accepted the proposition of being set off in a county by myself. Think of it! Free born American citizens, sons of men who forsook all to gain a home where they might worship God according to the way of their belief, who bathed the land in their own blood, dedicating it to freedom and equal rights; consenting to treatment no better than that of Botany Bay Convicts! I tell you, Clark, it makes my blood boil!”

“But, General,” said Daniel, “did you not help in organizing this movement?”

“Not in organizing it, but when I saw that obtaining justice was hopeless and your people were willing, not only willing but anxious for it to be done, I helped in the movement, hoping that perchance they might leave you in peace. It was however a vain hope, and it will be the part of wisdom for your people to fill up the ranks of the militia and prepare to defend your homes without delay. Far West will not long be safe, for I learn that Capt. Bogart with his patrols is scouting through the country, driving every family out of Daviess county and threatening to make Far West a visit soon. If he does not make his word good in this respect, it will be because he cannot.”

“I am well persuaded of the truth of this,” Daniel answered, “but the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, and yet God many times suffers the wicked, for the time being, to triumph; and I am satisfied that much trouble is before us.”

“My parting advice to you is to do all in your power by way of preparing to defend your homes. It is not, bear it in mind, the government you are resisting, but a lawless mob.”

The next day after this conversation Mr. Clark accompanied by Daniel and his brethren went to Far West and were duly enrolled in the state militia. Daily the

clouds of trouble thickened. Homeless and plundered fugitives continued to arrive, each having his own tale of wrongs to tell.

One evening late in October, Daniel came into the house, and finding Margery alone, he said:

"I am summoned to Far West and the call is imperative, but I can not go and leave you here. I will saddle your horse and take you up to father's. It is nearer town and will be safer there."

For a moment Margery's heart seemed to stand still and her cheek paled to a deathly hue, but controlling herself by a powerful effort she said:

"Do you know why you have been summoned?"

"Yes, Margery, I will not deceive you. Word has reached Far West that Capt. Bogart is marching upon us. He expects to be joined by Niel Gillium's band of outlaws, and it is the intention of our general to call for volunteers to meet him before he reaches the town."

There was no need for Margery to ask "will you join these volunteers?" for there was that in the face of Daniel which assured her that his resolution was taken, and hastily she put things in order for leaving home, lifting her heart in silent prayer to God for faith and courage to meet the worst.

"Take a few extra garments with you," Daniel had said, "for it may be some time before we return," and then he had pressed her close to his heart praying God to care for and shield her. Neither dared trust themselves to speak, for a fearful weight of foreboding kept each other silent.

We forgot to mention that Margery's cousin had only remained with them a few weeks until his wife was better and had then gone on to his father's, some four miles beyond, thus leaving her and Daniel alone. As Margery passed from room to room, despite her utmost efforts, a dull heavy pain was tugging at her heart and she could not silence the question coming again and again, "Will we ever return?" Oh, how blessed and sweet seemed now the memory of the quiet hours passed beneath this roof! Hours hallowed by the sweet interchange of soul communion and loving thoughts, hours of worship and praise to the Giver of all good, hours when the death angel had

drawn so near, only to be met by the power of Him who said, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." They would never come back—these sweetly vanished hours, and who could say, who could forecast the character of those to take their place? In spite of every effort to force them back the tears gathered and fell on her cheeks, but she resolutely brushed them away, and tying on her bonnet went to the door, hoping Daniel would be there.

"Are you ready, Margery?" his voice called out of the darkness.

"Yes, I am coming," and hastily shutting the door, she turned the key in the lock and joined him at the gate.

Tenderly he assisted her into the saddle and carefully guided her horse until they were in the main road, when both increased their speed, glad that it was not possible for the other to know how heavy was the heart each bore away.

A short ride brought them to Mr. Clark's. He met them at the gate, and Daniel, dismounting, was leading his own and Margery's horse away, when his father said:

"Do not wait for that, Daniel; your brother will take care of them; let us hasten on."

"One moment, father, I must see mother just a moment."

"May God bless and keep you my son and bring you back in safety, for if I am bereft of either who goes forth to-night, I am bereft indeed."

"Mother," said Daniel, "be careful of Margery and cheer her up a bit, for she is doubly in need of comfort."

"I will do all in my power, Daniel."

"God bless you, mother, and don't forget to pray for us. Good-bye one and all," and he hastened out into the darkness.

As he reached the gate two clinging arms closed round his neck, and for a moment Margery sobbed upon his bosom. It was but for a moment, however, for, raising her head, she steadied her voice, saying, "I will be brave, Daniel, and let no thought of me unnerve your arm. The God who witnessed to us that he was the Author of this work, will not forsake you; and if life is demanded, the cause which is not worth dying for is not worth living for. Prayer will be made for you

—unceasing prayer—and the will of God be done.”

“It is hard to leave you at a time like this, Margery, but I can trust you that for my sake—for the sake of the hope we both so fondly cherish—you will be brave of heart and hopeful of spirit. Mother and Mary will both cheer you up. Poor mother, she too needs comforting, and in trying to cheer her you will in a measure forget your own anxiety. Father is waiting. We will come back soon—good-bye.”

One lingering embrace and Daniel tore himself away. Joining his father and brother, they were soon walking briskly towards Far West. As they came near the town, they were met by parties coming in from other directions, all pressing towards the public square where the muffled roll of the drum was calling them together.

Shortly after the arrival of Daniel and his father, the call was made for volunteers to make a rapid night march in order to meet the enemy before they should strike camp for their march upon Far West. Among the first to step forward were Mr. Clark and Daniel and his brother. In a few moments the ranks were full, and the command was entrusted to Capt. Patten.

Let it be remembered that George W. Hinkle was at that time a colonel in the state militia, and was the highest in command at Far West when the news of Bogart's movements reached there. It was under his orders that Capt. Patten and his men were acting.

The delay was brief, and soon, armed and equipped as best they could be, swiftly and silently they left the town. All night they marched, and just at the dawn of day they discovered the camp of the enemy. Then a halt was called and Capt. Patten called upon the brethren to join in prayer, that God would help them to defend their homes, their wives and little ones. As those men knelt there upon the cold ground in the gray dawn, and with hearts uplifted to God besought his blessing, perhaps the most painful thought pressing home to the heart of each was the cruel necessity forced upon them of placing themselves in a position to take the lives of their fellow men. But which alternative should they accept? Submit to see their homes desolated, their fami-

lies driven forth without food or shelter, or meet the hostile mob, before they reached their loved ones?

You who have followed this brief story thus far know something of the character of some of these men. Until the last issue of our Magazine, however, you may not have heard of David Patten. There you see him in the peaceful character of a minister of the gospel of the Son of God; proving the divinity of his calling by the works God wrought through him, but to the writer the names of David Patten and Patterson O'Bannon have been as household words. They were men of God; and if, indeed, there was or could be any mistake in their thus taking up arms for the defence of their homes, it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart. They were seeking the injury of no one, neither did they desire any man's lands or gold, and fame had long since lost all its attraction for them. This question had reduced itself to this: Shall we quietly submit to see our families driven from their homes, exposed to all manner of hardships, without food or shelter from the storms of winter, or shall we meet these mobbers and let them know they can not do this thing with impunity? After many a conflict, many a debate with conscience, the issue had been met, and they were face to face with the enemy.

Silently Capt. Patten formed his little band, and passing swiftly over the intervening space with a ringing shout fell upon the enemy, who springing to their arms poured a deadly volley into his ranks. Unbroken, undismayed they pressed on. Among the first to be wounded was David Patten, but though the wound was deadly he kept his place at the head of his men encouraging them until he fell, and even then with his last breath cheered them on.

The resistance was stubborn, but soon gave way, for nothing could stand before the impetuous attack of Patten's men, and the mobbers fled in confusion. No pursuit was attempted, but with sad hearts they now gave attention to the wounded and dead.

Returning from the attack, Daniel's first thought was of his father and brother, Were they safe? For a moment he paused to gaze upon his friend and brother, David Patten, over whose face the seal of death was fast spreading.



"Better, braver man than he never dwelt upon God's footstool," he said. "Fallen by the hands of his enemies, in the prime of life. O God, how inscrutable are thy ways!" Brushing from his cheek the unbidden tear, his thoughts again returned to his father, and with a heavy heart he turned away from the dead to seek the living.

The sun had risen during the contest, and his kindling beams lit up the woods and the plain beyond. Swiftly Daniel passed from group to group in search of his father. He soon met his brother, who like himself had escaped unhurt, and joined in the search for Mr. Clark.

"He was close to Capt. Patten when he was shot," said one of the men, "and if I am not mistaken I saw him fall before Patten did. Perhaps he has crawled to the woods back of us."

A few moments later Daniel and his

brother found him leaning against a tree, pale and bleeding from a wound in his side, but still alive. Together they hastily constructed a litter and carried him to the house of a brother living near, and while Daniel remained to care for him, his brother started for home to obtain means for his removal. In a few moments after his departure they brought in the other wounded and the dead, until they could consult what should be done. The wounds were dressed and the dead prepared for burial, as well as their means permitted. It was then decided to return immediately to Far West.

The men relieved each other in carrying the dead and wounded, until they were met by teams from Far West, and among them was Mrs. Clark with one for her husband, as she could not remain at home after hearing what had happened.

(To be continued).

## OUR LIFE; IN TIME AND IN ETERNITY.

**W**HAT will you make of your life? This is a question for the young. The life of mortals is only loaned, and transient is our sojourn here in time. Mutation is written on all earthly things. Reason is given you, a consciousness of rights and wrongs; talents intrusted to you, and for the use of them you will be held accountable. Eternal life, the gift of God, is promised to those who by patient continuance in well doing seek for glory, honor, immortality. The longest life on earth is but short, and is compared with the most evanescent things; a vapor which vanishes away, a flower of the field and a dream of the night. How important then that we make the most of time so brief.

It is a law of nature as of revelation; we reap that we sow. Shall we sow that which will bring us a harvest of corruption? We can never break his laws with impunity. The culture of the moral and intellectual faculties, of heart and mind, depend on the mental food afforded them, and the associations we form. As wholesome food and pure air are essentials to the body's health and sustenance, so the mind, the spiritual nature, requires prop-

er nutriment, and an atmosphere or environment of absolute purity. Can those who indulge a morbid appetite for works of fiction, or the worthless stories of magazines and papers, have an appreciation of the word or works of God? Their minds are enervated, their taste vitiated by such pernicious, unprofitable literature; they themselves become light and frivolous. Dress and amusement are to them the all important concerns of their vain life. Who can help lamenting to see the valuable enjoyments of home sacrificed to a fondness for amusement and rage for indiscriminate intercourse with a false, unfeeling world. People were never more social and never less domestic than they now are. The phrensy has reached all ranks and degrees, our women are no longer keepers at home. Even children are led into the circles of infatuation and made to despise the simple, natural manners of youth. From mansions and shops and common dwellings we see increasing numbers pouring forth to balls, socials, concerts and public spectacles and theatrical amusements until every evening has some foreign claim. Sad indeed is it to see the multitude

walking after the sight of their eyes, and the hearing of their ears; the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, and never stopping in their course to consider that for all these things they will be brought to judgment.

Enticing to the young is the false light and glitter of the world, alluring from the true light of life. And not only the young, but many far down in the vale of years refuse to approach the light, knowing their deeds would be manifested and reproved thereby. Living for the gratification of their animal appetites, and the pleasures the world affords its votaries, they are dead while they live, mentally feeding on the wind and the husks of the swine.

The garden of the soul neglected brings forth weeds, thorns and briars for the burning. They heed not the call to come up on a higher plane, break up the fallow ground and cultivate a better growth; have the fallow nature of their humanity engrafted with the divine nature by the word of truth, and bring

forth fruit to his praise who calleth them from their moral darkness into his marvelous light, and an atmosphere of holiness.

Our characters are forming in this preparatory state, and none liveth or dieth to himself; our influence on those who come in contact with it is for good or evil. Life and death are set before us to choose. Which shall we choose? A life of sin and receive its wages of death, or a life of righteousness by faith in the Redeemer, and receive the gift of God, "Eternal life?"

This gift is in his Son whom he has made heir of all things, and given all power into his hands. He that hath the Son hath life, and he that rejects the Son, the wrath of God abideth in him. See that you turn not away from him that speaketh from heaven. Hear his voice now, while it is called to-day. Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely.

[We will be pleased to hear from our aged friend again.—ED.]

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### THE ALPHA'S LOG.

FOR the benefit of the young readers of *Autumn Leaves* I will just state in beginning this narrative, that a log-book, shortened to "log" by sailors, is a book in which the mate of a ship keeps a daily record of events transpiring on board, with the course and distances sailed, latitude and longitude at noon of each day, clouds, winds and their direction, barometer, thermometer, both of air and water of the ocean, and any event worthy of note, and if any of you could get a look at the "Alphas" log, you would find the following events culled from it were quite true, if not very entertaining:

In the autumn of 1861 the Brig Alpha, Captain Farish and a crew of four sailors, a cook, mate and second mate, eight all old, left St. John, New Brunswick, with a cargo of lumber bound for Savannah-Le-Mar, in the island of Jamaica. Nothing out of the usual order of events occurred on the outward trip; the lumber was discharged and rafted ashore, and as no

return cargo offered, the captain concluded to go to New York in ballast.

After leaving port they sailed around the western end of Cuba and on up north, following in the Gulf stream the coast of the United States.

Early one morning the captain being on deck found himself quite close inshore, the helmsman during the night having ran the vessel too much to the westward of her course. As the daylight spread itself over the waters and removed the veil from off the land, the coast line was plainly seen, and he found that he was off the port of Wilmington, North Carolina, and that quite a number of "Uncle Sam's" war ships were there as a coast guard watching for blockade-runners, for those were troublous times, and there was a quarrel in "Uncle Sam's" family, and he had sent those war ships there to keep any person from aiding the quarrelsome children. One of these discovering the brig and supposing the Alpha to be one

of that class of vessels, steamed toward her, expecting soon to capture a prize. The captain seeing the situation thought he might have a little sport and give the war ship a chase. A little to the northward of Wilmington is a bar or shoal which runs about fifteen miles offshore.

The captain would have to go out around the end of this before he could square away for Cape Hatteras, but upon looking at his chart and seeing that there was a crooked channel across the shoal near the inshore end, he concluded to venture through that, rightly concluding that the large war ship would not dare venture there, and also that it would farther tend to establish the thought in the minds of the coast guards that he was a blockade-runner, and giving him that much the start would make the chase a little more interesting. It was very risky, as there was nothing to guide a person through the shoal except the breaking sea. So the captain took his station aloft where he could see the breakers and tell the channel by the southern sea, and so he brought the brig safely through the narrow, tortuous channel. As soon as he got through he set every inch of canvas possible, and shaped his course for Cape Hatteras. At this time the man-of-war was rounding the bar fifteen miles away, she also making all possible speed. "A stern chase is a long chase," says the adage, and so the forenoon passed away, both vessels sailing as fast as the crews could make them, the man-of-war gaining slowly upon the brig, the crew of which could see the smoke of the cannon which was occasionally fired by the man-of-war as a signal for them to "heave to," and after awhile the boom of the cannon came faintly over the waters to them; but as neither the smoke nor the boom harmed them they kept on their course steadily. But the report of the guns gradually became more and more distinct as the cruiser neared the brig, until the crack of the gun was quite sharp and the shot whizzed through the water alongside. That ended the chase, the British ensign was hoisted to the main peak and the brig "hove to." A boat put off from the man-of-war with officers to board the brig, and, as they supposed, take charge of her as a prize. The captain met the officers at the gangway and welcomed them on board, who, after the usual salutations, said,

"Captain, I would like to see your papers and hope you will allow these officers to search your vessel," which was granted. Hatches were taken off for this purpose, and the officers accompanied the captain into the cabin where they examined the papers, register, custom house clearance, etc., which were, of course, found to be all right. Meanwhile the rest of the boat's crew were searching the other part of the vessel, hold, forecabin, etc., but nothing contraband was found, nothing which indicated that the brig was anything more than an ordinary West India trader. They all looked very crestfallen, and the officer said to the captain:

"We are very much disappointed, for we were so sure of a prize. All the circumstances seemed to assure us of that fact; yet now we are satisfied that you are not a blockade-runner. But, will you please tell me why you did so very unusual and dangerous a thing as to go through that shoal. We never knew of a vessel going through there before, and why did you not heave to sooner; you must have known what we wanted?"

The captain answered by relating the following:

"During the Crimean war there was an American ship up the Black Sea who early one morning saw a British man-of-war just astern of him. He at once took in all his light sails, putting his ship in fighting trim. That is, under the three topsails, spanker and jib. The British of course by this act concluded that he was a Russian, and coming up with him was about to pour a broadside into him, when up to the mizzen peak went the stars and stripes. The man-of-war ordered him to heave to—more courteously than you did this morning—and sent his officers on board to know what such strange actions meant. The captain of the American ship answer: 'I only wanted to see how quickly you Britishers could get under way for fighting,' and there was nothing to do for it but just to return and let the American proceed on his voyage."

The captain continuing, said: "I thought I would like to square that account some time with you Americans, and this morning offered the chance, and I was willing to run a little risk to do so; and now as a representative American are you willing to call that account squared?" He said. "I guess I am, I reckon you have

squared it; and after advising the captain to keep close in shore for there was every indication of a storm brewing, and with expressions of kindly feelings to each other, they parted, he going back to his ship, the captain again squaring away on his course. As the day drew to a close the barometer which had been low for a south-west wind began to rise, while the sky became overcast and threatening, a sure indication of an easterly storm. The captain then headed the brig off shore, as there was no port under our lee by which we could enter in safety, so it was necessary to get a good offing. At sundown the wind veered around to the north-east and very soon increased to a violent gale. The brig was soon put under easy sail and hove to with her head to the eastward and southward. By nine o'clock the sea was running very high, the vessel pitching very heavily, and as she met an extra large sea she dipped her bows under and as she arose trembling she carried away her jib-boom, which let the foretopmast over the side, carrying the maintopmast with it. All hands were quickly on deck clearing away the wreckage, cutting the broken spars adrift so that they might not damage the hull of the brig, and there they lay the rest of the night, also the next day and night dismasted, rolling and pitching about in a heavy sea in the midst of the Gulf Stream in a hurricane. The following morning the storm having abated some and the sea running more regularly they squared away, and running before the gale, by night were well to the southward of the gulf, the weather moderating, and by the next morning were in mild warm weather again.

They at once began to rig up a foretopmast so that they could set a topsail, and with bolts, chocks and lashings they fastened a head to the broken mast and got the rigging over it, the halyards rove, and setting the topsail and getting a jib on the topmast stay they again started north; but as the wind had gradually hauled back to the north-west they had been driven to the eastward a long distance, and now the captain concluded to try for Halifax, which was nearer than New York, so with the wind from the south-east they soon again crossed the Gulf stream and were making a good run towards their port; but when within two days sail of Halifax the wind suddenly

hauled around to the north-west, and blowing furiously, as such winds can blow in the winter months, drifted them back again into the Gulf stream—carrying away all their top-hamper which they had rigged up, and leaving them worse off than before. The captain then concluded that he would have to give up hopes of getting to any of the northern ports that winter in the disabled condition of the vessel, and being only a few hundred miles north of where he might expect to get the north-east tradewinds, he shaped his course for St. Thomas. By this time the provisions began to get short, they having only flour, hard-bread and salt beef enough with a few beans to last about ten days.

The days passed slowly with light baffling winds, they making slow progress on account of the disabled condition of the vessel, but about eight days after they squared away they got into the trade-winds, and might expect to get into St. Thomas in another eight or ten days, they then had about two days provision on board. For several days and nights all hands had been anxiously watching for a passing vessel from whom we might obtain some provisions; and just before sundown of this day they cited a ship running to the eastward, all sail set. The captain got the brig across his track and hove to with the ensign Union down, (a signal of distress), and waited for his coming. He proved to be a Spanish barque bound from Cuba to some port in the Mediterranean. He rounded to under the lee of the brig and hailing, asked:

“What is wanted?”

The captain answered, “provisions.”

He replied, “send your boat.”

The boat was hanging in tackles all ready, and the mate and two sailors furnished with money boarded the Spaniard who treated him very kindly, furnishing him with hard-bread and olive oil to last him into port. After the boat left him the Spaniard dipped his flag (saying good bye) and filled away, and soon their friend was lost to their sight below the horizon of the trackless ocean. The brig also filled away, and gloomy looking and disabled, rolled slowly along southward, the days passing as monotonously as once expressed by a poetic passenger:

“Sometimes we see a ship,  
Sometimes we ship a sea;”

as being the only thing which breaks the monotony of life at sea. But all things terrestrial have an end, so did this trip; for after days of weariness we sighted the Virgin Island and soon were safely anchored in the harbor of St. Thomas, using the last of the water we had on

board for supper that evening.

Perhaps I may soon finish the record of this voyage from the "Alpha's" log, in which is related an account of a wreck of an English barque as the main feature of the trip homeward.

SANTA ANA, California.

## FOOTPRINTS.

Scene: A sandy beach at evening; a little boy speaks; "I tread in your steps, papa, and they bring me to you"

A glorious coast where mountains reach the sea.  
(The marriage of our earth's divinest things,  
The power of mountains with the lifelike voice,  
The grandeur, and the pathos of the sea):

A small stone town, built nowise orderly,  
And partly perched in niches natural  
Of rifted crags, whence every day at dusk  
Each household light gleams like a lofty star;  
A level waste of broad, wave-bordering sand  
And a long snowy line of breaking surf;  
Above, the verdure of far-rolling slopes,  
Where skylarks warble, sheep bells tinkle soft,  
And heather flames a purple deep as dawn;  
And higher still, the giants of the hills,  
That raise their mighty shoulders through the  
clouds,

And sun themselves in ecstasy of light;  
The homes these are of the wild coral winds,  
The haunts of the fair ghosts of silvery mists,  
The birth-beds rude of strong and stormy  
streams

That down the piney gorges swoop amain  
In the long thunder of their power and joy;  
Within those granite arms sleep glens of green,  
Lighted by one bright tarn of lovely blue—  
Places of peace so still and far away,  
So lifted from the murmurs of the world,  
So kindred with the quiet of the sky,  
That one might look to see immortal shapes

Descending, and to hear the harps of heaven  
O'er three proud kingly peaks that northward  
tower,

And through their sundering gullies, silent  
poured

Rich floods of sunset, and ran reddening far  
Along the sandy flats, and, Christwise changed  
Old ocean's ashen waters into wine,  
As once we wandered towards the church of  
old

That on the brink of the bluff headland stood  
(God's house of light to shine o'er life), and  
shook

It's bells of peace above the rumbling surge,  
And spoke unto us of those thoughts and ways  
That higher than the soaring mountains are,  
And deeper than the mystery of the sea,  
It may be we shall roam that marge no more,  
Or list the voice of that far booming main,  
Or watch the sunset swathe those regal hills  
With vast investiture of billowy gold;  
But unforgetting hearts with these will hoard  
(With mountain vision and the wail of waves)  
Some wistful memories that soften life,  
The peace, the lifted feeling, the grave charm,  
The tender shadows and the fading day,  
The little pilgrim on the sun-flushed sands,  
The love, the truth, the trust in those young  
eyes,

The tones that touched like tears, the words:  
"I tread

In your steps, father, and they lead to you."

## SLEEPER, AWAKE.

BY MRS. ANNA H. HALL.

Incarnate love came down from heaven,  
A sacrifice for sin;  
Can human hearts then close their doors,  
Nor let the Savior in?

All night without thy door he knocks,  
His locks are wet with dew;  
Sleeper, dost hear the Savior call?  
That voice should waken you.

The night is gone, the day far spent,  
'Tis not the time for rest;  
Arise, and welcome thy best friend,  
Slight not the heavenly guest.

If he depart, thou slumberest on,  
And every fleeting breath  
But hastens the last moment, when  
Thou'lt sleep the sleep of death.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ELDER GLAUD RODGER.—No. IX.

COMPILED FROM HIS JOURNALS AND LETTERS.

FOR a few weeks everything seemed to roll on smoothly, but we began to discover that when the saints of God met together, Satan came also, and, knowing that his time is short, he used his influence over those who were once of the same faith, but who had gone into darkness and turned out of the straight and narrow path and would not listen to the truth. Our meetings at times were greatly disturbed, and if we should attempt to force them to behave, a mob would arise; therefore we had to be patient, knowing of a surety that the net catches of all kinds. I baptized brother Hervey Green, a good old man, God bless him. He will yet do much good in bringing souls to Christ. He wept like a child when I talked to him of the Reorganization and explained to him some things which, as he said, he could not just understand. I was often called upon to administer to the sick, and in doing so was wonderfully blessed; some who were given up by all human skill recovered almost immediately, yet it was not I, but the Lord. Praise to his holy name! I was much tried by the powers of darkness working among the people, but by the power of the holy priesthood which I had received by the renewal of my covenant with the Lord, I was enabled to fight against all unrighteousness and wickedness, come from whatever source it might, and to let the light that was within me shine to his name's honor and glory. I returned to San Francisco by the last of March, 1865, and met Bro. E. C. Briggs in conference, which commenced April 6th, and was there appointed to labor in Healdsburg, Russian River, Petaluma, and other places in Sonoma county. It was always a great pleasure to me to visit the Saints, especially the poor, the weak and feeble; those who have plenty can not realize the poverty, want and suffering of some of their fellow creatures. I saw much of this during my travels in England, and have seen considerable in this land, some of them most excellent Saints. Many times has my heart ached and my prayer to heaven has been, "Lord remember the poor." While in Marysville I was called upon to administer to a daughter of

brother and sister Walker, who had been severely afflicted with fits for many years. God acknowledged the ordinance of his house, she was healed and never had another fit. When I saw her last she was a fine young lady, not a member of the church, nor did she believe the gospel, but her father told her never to deny by what power she was healed; if she did the fits might come back to her.

I continued my labors in California, never flinching where duty called, and witnessed many signs and wonders of the last days. Many were adopted by baptism into the family and kingdom of God who, we were told through the gift of prophecy, should be eternally saved. I walked many hundred miles, satchel in hand, and, strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that in all this time my boots did not wear out. Once while at home, one of the children said to me, "Father, are those the same old boots you had when you went away?"

I answered, "Yes, the Lord has blessed them so that I might walk and call at houses on the wayside and leave tracts and preach the gospel."

One day while going through the woods thinking of the loved ones at home, I met a man, a stranger to me. We sat down on the ground to rest, and he asked me many strange questions, and then said, "Mr. Rodger, how does your family live?"

I told him that I did not know.

"Here," said he "send this to them," and he put into my hand a twenty dollar gold piece. I never saw him again or heard of him. I knelt down under one of the trees where all was still and thanked the great Giver of all good for his watchcare and loving kindness to me and mine, and thought, as I moved along, surely the Lord will provide.

[In order that the sweet simplicity and trust in God as well as the tender love and affection of this noble servant of God for his family may be put upon record for the lasting benefit of those who will contemplate the picture, we here insert portions of a letter written to his wife, during one of his trips through California, and in their proper places two others.

One to his wife (the first one written after leaving his home for Australia); the other to his son, Glaud, some eight months later. If the young readers of *AUTUMN LEAVES* never have anything else to be grateful for in regard to its publication, they will owe the magazine 'a debt of gratitude for placing this letter before them. A glimpse is also given of what the faithful minister of Christ has to sacrifice in order to preach this gospel of the kingdom.—Ed.]

HEALDSBURG, Russian River,  
July 19th, 1868.

*My Dear Mattie:*

I promised in my last to write you in two weeks. It affords me pleasure to do so, hoping the same may find you, as this leaves me, in good health, thanks to God for his great care and mercy to us. I have many thoughts night and day about you and my dear children. Nothing in this world would keep me from you, but the gospel of the Son of God, and for that I am willing to suffer all things through the grace of God. Things are as well with us as we could expect. We are on our way still up the country, how far I know not. A stranger met us in this town yesterday when weary and tired with walking in the heat (for this is a warm country) and took us to a respectable hotel and wished us to stay two nights that he might talk with us on this work. So to-morrow we leave here if all's well. Dykes has done us much harm among the young Saints. May God bless you for evermore.

Your affectionate husband,

G. RODGER.

P. S.—It would do your soul good to hear the young Saints in Petaluma sing that hymn you composed on the Book of Mormon. I wish you to read the Book of Covenants pages 143, 204, 297, 231, and make a piece "Let's love one another and remember the poor." When your mind is drawn out on the work the Spirit will dictate and you will feel happy. Such is revelation to you. My love to all the Saints and all the children. Strive to keep them on with their studies. Bro. Briggs sends his love to you and all. You may write to me in about ten days from this date. Address to Petaluma, Sonoma county. Read with care the last *Herald*. May the peace of the Holy Ghost be with you both now and forever. . . . Dear Glaud, God bless him with much of

his good Spirit; and my dear Jane, may she ever enjoy good health and seek the Lord day and night. My Tilly, may she have the angels of heaven to guide her through life, and comfort her warm heart. Joseph, may light and truth beam from his soul in his future years. And may a kind mother's blessing follow you all the days of your life, Mattie, as a rich reward for the integrity and honesty of your humble steps through life, is my prayer in the name of Jesus Christ, amen.

Yours as ever,

G. R.

In 1873, Oct. 6th, we met in conference at San Francisco. Bro. Alexander Smith was present. It was the largest conference ever held there. Union and good feeling prevailed. I had traveled with Bro. Hervey Green more or less for nearly a year, and we had visited all the branches in California except San Bernardino. We found the Saints alive to the work as a general thing. Hervey Green was one of the best of traveling companions, and one whom I loved. We felt sad at parting to be separated so many thousand miles. I had been appointed a mission to far off Australia, in company with Bro. Wandell, to which place we started in due time.

[We here insert the first news from the missionaries, regretting that Bro. Rodger's diary is not fuller.—Ed.]

Ship 6, TAHITI, (Society Islands,)  
Dec. 22d, 1873.

*My Dear Wife and Children:*

I am thankful to my Heavenly Father for his kind providence thus far, and happy to have the chance to send to you so soon, as I know your anxiety for our welfare. Well, to be short, we have had pretty good health, and got away from the shores of California with a good breeze. All went off well till the 6th day one of our passengers died and was laid in the dark blue waters to rest. This time Bro. Wandell preached the funeral sermon, the bell tolled, and the scene was solemn indeed. We raised our sails and dashed along till we came to the Dol-drums, about eight degrees from the line. Here we had calms and squalls for five days, then we caught the trade winds again. Crossed the Equator on 144° west, the weather was cool and pleasant. The sea began to raise a swell, and in two or three days our vessel sprung a leak, and danger was apparent, and fear

filled the stoutest hearts. The matter was consulted and it was thought best to change our course for this place. We were then distant 1020 miles. But the sea calmed, and, strange, to say the least nearly stopped, and we glided along smoothly and landed here on the 13th of December, and the vessel went under repairs.

Bro. Wandell and myself went in search of the old Saints, and after five days we found them. This is the place where Bro. Addison Pratt was sent to over thirty years ago, and here is the place where Sr. Lincoln joined the church. Bro. Pratt did a great work here among the natives, and here we found them still rejoicing in the truth. They received us with love of the truest and best, from the heart. We lived with them, preached to them, (through an interpreter) and on Sunday 21st we baptized forty-nine of them, and one Englishman, confirmed them, ordained fourteen elders, and organized the church, they all acknowledging Joseph as the rightful president. They are smart men, and good in morals, many of them good scholars and oh, how anxious to learn the truth, They are indeed a fine race. Much of the Spirit was with us, and poured out on them. The feelings of our hearts we can not tell, how sweet their songs and how fervent their prayers. They are God's people. I will say no more, as Bro. Wandell will write to the *Herald*. We also visited Queen Pomare, and was received with honor, conversed with her freely, the princess, a fine native lady, our interpreter. The island is 108 miles around, and truly is the garden of the south seas. The fruits, etc., you will hear about from Bro. Wandell.

We sail to-morrow, 23d, for Sydney, perhaps four weeks with fair sailing. This will leave here on the 4th of January. When you get it write to me and direct, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

One thing was revealed to me in a dream on the 7th of December. I was in the midst of a strange people, but Saints. I thought they had a book of names (record), and one of the men's name was Smith. When we found the Saints, the same books were presented. When I asked the Englishman whom I baptized, his name was Smith. Educated for a clergyman in England, I think he will be

useful here, as he is learning the language, and going to teach the Saints' children. You see how the Lord turned us here after all, for good. I would like to say much, but all is bustle around me, and I want to get this to mail when the boat goes ashore. This will give you satisfaction for the present to know that we are well, yes, and happy in the Spirit, for the Lord is with us, and a great work is before us. O, may we ever be true and faithful, and may we be preserved in life to meet again. I can not tell you the feelings of my heart for weeks before I left you. I know your care and anxiety for me and the children. But God will surely bless you, and your reward will come. My dear little Joseph and Dolly, I shall never forget the sweet kiss at the garden gate, and the last look of Joseph at the station, also Glaud and Jane, may heaven guard you evermore.

The brethren have come with the canoe and brought us fruit and cocoanuts to last us on the journey, also two chickens. They have kind hearts, none kinder.

Forgive this scribble; my pen is bad and my hand unsteady. I will write to you on our arrival at Sydney. Please send this to San Francisco; the Saints there were very kind to me. I shall ever remember them till the parting hour. Love to my dear old father Green, Alex. and Bro. Anderson and all the Saints. Tell me all the news when you write. You will see that the mail steamers are going to run between Sydney and California every Monday. Send your letters a few days before the steamer leaves and you shall hear by return.

Now Matilda, rest in peace by night and day, for surely the Lord will be your support in the needy hour. My prayer shall ever be for you as yours for me.

Your affectionate  
GLAUD.  
New South Wales, Aug. 27th, 1874.

*Dear Glaud:*

Being alone at a cot on the side of the great Pacific my mind is homewards, and thinking of the great future is asking, "What is the fate before you?" One thing; you're getting into manhood, and, like all others, you expect in time to have a home of your own. Now the happiness of home depends on ourself and the one we choose to be a partner. If one in spirit, faith and mind, two can live happy, raise a happy family, and have a happy



home. But if divided in faith and eternal hope, no matter how rich, misery and sorrow will drive to despair, and who knows the unhappy end of such. How much I am made to feel for some in my travels. Marriage is not for a day, nor a week, but for life. Think of this, my dear son, for it would bring me to the grave to see you or Janie unhappy. Now you know the separation that must take place between the saint and those that will not obey the gospel. Which way would you choose? To follow Christ, or go down to misery with one that rejects the truth? You may have many to flatter you, and lead you on a while, but one that truly loves you, would want to go where you go and live where you live, and stand by you rich or poor. There are plenty such in the church. Daughters that God loves and blesses, and in whom is the hope of an inheritance in the kingdom of God, What would have been my misery had your mother been of a different mind. I have been industrious, but often hard put to, through bad luck. Your mother never turned her back on me because I was poor, but was ever ready to help because *our* hopes were *one*, our faith and spirit *one*. But how many I see in the church who are made forever unhappy, being unequally yoked.

I hope you will seriously lay this matter to heart, and beware before you go too far. Beware of flattery, and let all your motives be pure, and be steady. Don't be drawn into parties and company that keep untimely hours. Do nothing you would be ashamed of before the angels. Fear to offend God and not man. Ask the Lord to guide you in every matter; all will work for your good. Remember life is uncertain and judgment is sure. Save all your money to get you

a farm, as you seem to like that best, and beware of pride. Be humble and inform your mind. Read and study, that you may be useful among men. I am pleased you have done so well since I left home. Oft in the lonely woods in a wild country where no eye could see but his who never sleeps, have I called on God for you. Perhaps you may have forgotten me, but I have not you. We may never again meet, but I want you to think of my counsel and seek the Lord in your youth. Great things you will see before you are my age. I was ordained at your age. I little thought then the Lord had such a long and crooked road for me to travel in. Often far from home and friends. But when this race is run I hope we shall meet to part no more.

Be kind to your mother and be careful of her feelings—take her advice. She will never counsel you only for good. Be kind to Joseph; he is your only brother. Help him along with a kind word. Build up Janie and think how much you would miss her; and, dear pet, I know you love her. I would like to see you all, but the great waves breaking on the rocks say you're far away. You must not think because I so write that I think none out of the church good. Oh, no! There are as good girls out of the church as in it—and many of them may come in bye and bye—but be sure there is a love for God and the truth in the heart, for the world is full of infidelity, and the Lord has said his anger is kindled against all those who acknowledge not his hand in all things. You see, therefore, how we ought to pray and honor him who is so good to us—for the angels are always near us, and watch our ways and works and words and deeds.

Your father,

G. RODOER.

FOOD OF THE STONE AGE.—What food the pre-historic people of the Stone Age in Europe ate in their day, several thousand years ago, has been ascertained in a novel way. An Englishman took the teeth of a human being of that age, which had been found in recent years, and examined what he found imprisoned in the dental tartar. After using dilute hydrochloric acid, he examined the sediment, and found portions of the husks of corn, hairs from the outside of the husks, spiral vessels from vegetables, husks of starch, the point of a fish's tooth, a conglomeration of oval cells, probably of fruit, barblets of feathers, portions of wool, epithelial scales, fragments of cartilage and other organic remains. That these particles of food of a remote age should be preserved for several thousand years and at last recognized, comes very near the marvelous.

## WHO SINNED?

BY JOAN.

THE mother sought to sooth her, but the father's word was law, and she said nothing to him.

One day as Lola was returning from a day's visit with a friend, her head bent in a reflective manner, when she was suddenly startled by the screams of a child. A carriage dashed past drawn by a wild team. Swerving as they past her, a child of about five years was dashed almost beneath her feet. Stopping the steady old animal she rode, she sprang to the ground and lifted the tiny form in her arms. The child was unconscious, but Lola was quick and thoughtful. Throwing off her riding skirt, she tore the dainty white apron she wore into strips and bound up the bleeding head of the little one. By the time she had finished, the owner of the carriage and father of the child came up and begged Lola to accompany them back to the town. As her horse had gone on home, she consented, hoping to meet a friend going out by her father's house.

The gentleman was a widower by the name of Wolden. Lola was holding the child when she returned to consciousness, and the little one clung to her whenever she left, crying piteously for the "lady mamma." As the little one was very quiet with her she consented to take the care of her for a time.

The gentleman explained to Lola that her likeness to Edith's mamma was what had so affected the little girl.

When sufficiently recovered, Lola prevailed on Mr. Wolden to let Edith go to the farm with her. So she was trusted to Lola's care for a number of weeks. It was during this time she wrote to me:

"It seemed to me my every purpose in life was gone. Mamma is so strong and so careful of me I can do nothing for her but love and pet her as much as she will permit. My Sunday School class alone will remain, when my little charge is taken. I think I shall become a 'nonentity.' Roy is drinking; he blames me for his folly and for Jess Day's 'reckless ways.' I must not forget to tell you that Jim Storis' wife died last week. Poor man! She left a poor little blind girl besides the other children. But enough. Only pity poor Lola and come and comfort her."

One evening Mr. Wolden came for his little girl. She refused to go, clinging close to Lola and screaming at every attempt her father made to place her in the waiting carriage.

"I see no way, Miss Lola, but for you to come too," said Mr. Wolden.

"If Mamma Lola comes, Edith will go," said the child.

"Will you come, Lola, as Edith's mamma and my wife?" spoken in a low tone. "My baby girl needs a gentler hand to guide her, and I will be devoted to you. I think you will be happy."

Lola felt his sad grey eyes upon her; she is taken by surprise. She used to some times think Mr. Wolden resembled her old love, but now as she raised her eyes to his face she saw nothing in any way like Hyrum Case. He might have been a stone or marble man standing there, so calm and cold he looked. Yet his face was kind and his voice gentle as he laid his hand lightly on her head and continued:

"What do you say, Lola?"

"Mr. Wolden, I do not think I love you."

"Lola loves Edith," and the reassuring tone brought Lola back to the poplar shade from the trip her thoughts were taking to a "bit of autumn woodland" on the bluff. But Lola's red lips were touching her cheek and the silence was further broken by Mr. Wolden's cold voice:

"Do you think you could learn to love me?"

A moment she stood, and then said:

"I will come."

"He stroked the dark hair gently as he asked:

"When? Sunday?"

"Yes."

Lola wondered if she was stone and as he raised the little cold hand and touched it to his lips and then drove away, she wondered again if it were really herself.

When Mr. Wolden met Mr. Stewart the next evening he said:

"Good evening, Mr. Stewart; I was just coming out to see you. I am going to marry your daughter, Lola, Sunday next, and wished your consent."

Mr. Stewart was somewhat amazed. Mr.

Wolden waited until the storm of wrath was over, then said:

"You may be calm. We shall be married at the morning service in the chapel."

Lola came into the chapel that morning on the arm of the stranger, white as the dress she wore. The murmur of surprise that ran through the house might have pleased her capricious fancy at any other time. She wrote me a short time after:

"I am quietly happy. Only one thing makes me unhappy in my new sphere. I can not give Mr. Wolden the rich love he desires. I feel that I wrong him. He is so kind and indulgent. To-day I heard from Dore. She has just laid her father in the grave. So she has cared for brother, mother and father. Now all sleep; she is alone!"

Of course I wrote to Dor at once and begged her to come to me. She answered:

"You will say Dor is fond of trouble when I tell you I am about to marry James Stone; but since father's death I have had the care of little Mary (the one with the injured spine) and my pity and sympathy for little blind Maud and poor tired James leads me to take the step. You know my dreams of great love and self pleasure vanished long ago. I sometimes agree with Lola. 'I hate camp meetings.' But now they are in this way doing much good for the cause. Lola writes me that her husband is investigating the latter day work. It seems the little girl has been greatly blessed by administration, and Lola's pure, prayerful life is no doubt having its effect. Pray for me in my self-imposed task of love and self-sacrifice. I am not young nor giddy. I go with eyes and heart both open, to the home of the afflicted to minister what balm I can."

And what of that young elder? In a western land he received his mail from the hand of a neighbor. He quickly tore open the package with Lolas well known handwriting upon it. He shuddered as he saw the tiny band of gold, tied with the bit of blue ribbon that bound the letters. He opened and read mechanically his old confession:

"If I knew that some day you would spurn me from you, yet I had better tell you now. My father was a good man but, like many others he made mistakes; one

fatal one to me. I am, in consequence of this mistake, a polygamous child. I try to serve my God and be faithful and honest. I had thought never to marry, but once meeting you I have drifted into a sort of dream in which you seem to form part as my wife. If you think this can never be, tell me now. Better that I never know the joy your love would give, than to be robbed of it after a while. I feel that I am asking very much of you when I ask you to be my wife."

Here he paused and the little note was again crumpled. A long time he sat with the letter in his hand. The moon rose up and looked down upon this man's benumbed agony as it had smiled upon many another's. One by one the cherished hopes were gone over and laid by, and one day burned, but new ones must spring up, else he were not human. Recklessly the months went by. His sister's love kept him on the old home farm, and at last turned him again to his loved church work. He grew to think on the past as "well." She hated the pictured face of Lola Stewart that hung on the wall. Her brother was her idol and all the love of her heart went out to him, and she who had so nearly wrecked his happiness was unconscious of the bitterness for her in sweet, lame Helen Cases' heart. The sister pleaded with her brother to go East to the conference. At first he refused to talk of it, but finally yielded to the persuasive voice of the frail, tender hearted sister, and taking her, he went. From there he returned a Seventy. One woman's love had nearly wrecked his future usefulness in the battle for truth; another's Christ-like life and gentle pleadings had led him to again don the dimmed armor and rub from sword and shield the rust. Bidding the gentle Helen good-bye, he watched the shades of California fade from view and bounded toward a far off land to tell of the love of Christ.

Deep in the waters of the Pacific lies a tiny band of gold and some faded letters, and with them lies many a bright hope and cherished dream. Over all roll the unfathomed waters of the mighty deep.

"So full of gladness and so full of pain!  
Forever and forever shall there be  
To some the gravestone of a dead delight,  
To some the landmark of a new domain."

(Concluded.)

## LINKS FROM THE CHAIN OF MEMORY.

BY ELDER JOSEPH DEWSNUP.

(See Frontispiece.)

I WAS born in Manchester, England, on the sixth day of March, 1839. My earliest recollections of the latter day work date back to the close of 1844, at the time when the church was still lamenting the death of her prophet and patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith. But my knowledge of the church and her work at the period here named is necessarily of a fragmentary and limited character, and not of any special or general interest. I was baptized in my eleventh year, my parents having previously identified themselves with the church.

At the time of my baptism, the Saints rented the "Carpenters Hall," David street, "Old Garratt," now Princess street, Manchester, in which they held their services. The work was then spreading rapidly on every hand. The branch numbered several hundred communicants. The gifts and graces of the gospel flourished, and the influence and teachings of the ministry were of such a character as to convince honest enquirers of the truth, and souls were added to the church almost daily.

We had a most excellent Sunday School, largely attended by the children of the Saints, who were taught by men and women who had but little school training or college eloquence, but were rich in grace and full of faith in the saving power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. It was under the tuition of such men and women, combined with the faithful training of a spiritually minded mother, that I, in the providence of God, received those early impressions of the latter day gospel, that endeared it to my heart, and caused me to make it my standard of righteousness throughout life.

Our branch increased in number until at the close of 1852, there were over seven hundred members entered upon the record, and numbers stood upon the brink of the waters of baptism, almost ready to step in. The English mission had its 32,339 members, and was then in the high tide of its prosperity. Soon afterward "Brighamism" became the dominant factor, leading the church into apostasy and degradation. The causes leading thereto are well known

and need not be recapitulated here, further than to say it was a repetition of the old story. The carnal appetite in man overwhelmed the spiritual, and the Spirit of God ceased to strive with those in authority who had wilfully broken the law, and unrepentantly continued to walk in the pathway of sin. Thousands of the membership rejected the doctrine of polygamy and withdrew themselves from the church defiled by its practice. And of the thousands that remained, few indeed, if any, were enamored with the apostasy of their leaders; an apostasy that has made the name of Latter Day Saint a "hiss and a bye-word among the nations." It has destroyed the sympathy felt by thousands for the gospel of Christ, besides having outraged the feelings and broken the hearts of hundreds of the mothers and daughters of Zion.

Soon after the domination of Brigham Young in the affairs of the church, "gathering" to Utah became the special theme of the missionary elders in England. The subject was much discussed, and in fact it was taught as a cardinal principle of the gospel, while the Scriptures were strained and distorted to give coloring to such teachings. It was declared with much semblance of authority that the judgments of God were about to fall upon the nation, and none would escape except those who should flee unto the mountains for safety. Such teachings made a deep impression upon the minds of the Saints, and every nerve was strained to accomplish what was conceived to be our redemption from the bondage and plagues of Babylon, and establishment in the land of our inheritance.

My parents partook of the excitement and decided upon sending me across the ocean, trusting that my way might afterwards be opened to accomplish the remainder of the journey. In keeping with this agreement my passage was paid on board the ship "Siddons," (chartered by the Liverpool office), which had as passengers about four hundred of like faith with myself. We left Liverpool on the 27th of February, 1855, with bright anticipations of the future before us, and with every

prospect of a speedy voyage across the "trackless waters," but in this we were disappointed, for hardly had the pilot left our ship, before the wind, heretofore favorable, suddenly veered around, and for many days continued to blow from an unfavorable quarter. Sea sickness seems from time immemorial to have been the besetting weakness of those who for the first time "go down to the sea in ships," and I proved no exception to the rule, but soon succumbed to the motion of the ship, as she staggered along in her struggle with wind and sea. There I lay almost sick unto death, deeply regretting that I had left the home of my childhood and the loving sympathy of my mother. I would have given much at that moment to have heard her tender voice and felt her loving arms around my neck. In a day or two, however, I was on my feet again, and the future appeared of brighter hue.

Our voyage was a stormy and protracted one, and we were subjected to many discomforts and trials during our sojourn on the sea. But as the days rolled round we became more familiar with our surroundings, and with one another, although now and again the "old Adam" would show himself, even amongst those called to be Saints; but taken altogether, my fellow voyagers—with one or two exceptions—were very pleasant people, and before the end of our journey I learned to appreciate them very much.

The old ship reached her destination (Philadelphia) on the 20th of April, or fifty-four days after leaving Liverpool. We disembarked on the following day, and those of us who had not sufficient means to carry us further upon our journey, sought employment, hoping thus to shortly raise means to carry us on to our destination, "the valley of the mountains," our supposed "harbor of refuge," my anticipated "haven of rest."

Our parting was soon over, after which I obtained lodgings with those of my own faith, and soon obtained employment that covered my immediate necessities for the time being.

In my nineteenth year I entered the state of matrimony, marrying Miss Annie Retson, a sister in the church, and fellow passenger with me, when I left my native land, and who in the providences of God still remains the faithful companion of

my earthly pilgrimage, sharing with me the joys and sorrows of life, and also participating together in the gospel of Jesus Christ.

We remained nearly three years in Philadelphia after our marriage, when circumstances arose that necessitated our return to England, where we arrived about the end of August, 1860.

Our welcome greeting over, we found that during my absence father had severed his connection with the Utah church. Mother was still in sympathy with the church, but out of harmony with much then being done by those in authority. I need hardly say that polygamy was not the choice of the English Saints, but had been forced upon them by their then self-constituted leaders. The abhorrent anti-christian doctrine fell as a blight upon the English mission, paralyzing and destroying the faith of the most noble and able of the local ministry, and, although some few ultimately endorsed the evil, the true men and women of the church would have sacrificed much if they could only have removed the foul stigma, so cruelly and wantonly fastened upon her. But alas! the sophistry and cunning of the leaders eventually succeeded in overcoming the conscientious scruples of otherwise faithful men and women, who, in the light of their past spiritual experiences concluded that the church was right, and although they had misgivings, resolved to remain loyal thereto. My parents were amongst the latter number, and some few months after my return father sought re-admission into the Utah fold, and again threw open his doors to the missionary elders. Sometime afterwards mother, with the rest of the family, emigrated to Utah, settling down in Fillmore, where she was joined by my father about 1865.

After the departure of my parents, I became more than ever attached to my faith, and began to take an active part in the local affairs of the church. I had by this time been ordained to the eldership, and honestly strove to magnify that calling, at the same time making such preparations as I could to join my kinsfolk in Utah, and thus prove my devotion to God and the church. My love for what I then conceived to be the truth, "as it is in Jesus," was intense. A blind, unreasoning fanaticism dominated my reason and held me captive to the "Man of Sin."

True I had heard the elders speak of the "Josephites," but they were represented to me as apostates who were seeking to destroy the Church of God. And when the elders of the Reorganized Church visited our city, I, in my blind, unreasoning bigotry refused to receive them or read their literature, believing that to countenance them would be to lay myself open to their influence and peradventure be overcome by their sophistry and deceit. The precept "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," and "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith," "Prove your own selves," had lost their meaning to me. The "Living Oracles" were my stay. I never dreamed they would deceive me. But little by little the unpleasant conclusion was forced upon me, that the teachings of these men were irreconcilable with the law of the church. The more I investigated the law, the more accentuated to my mind became the differences, until at last my confidence in my leaders became seriously shaken, and I began to doubt their authority to acceptably minister in the ordinances of the house of God. I frequently found myself at issue with my teachers, and became filled with unrest, a condition that I very reluctantly acknowledged to myself. The elders had frequently used sophistry and deceit in the advocacy of their doctrines in my hearing, and I was eventually forced to the conclusion that a system that permitted its ministry to use such unworthy weapons in the advocacy of its doctrine could not be approved of God. My position soon became intolerable, culminating in the voluntary withdrawal of myself and family from that

community. However, before taking the final step, I enquired into the claims made by the Reorganized Church and became satisfied that her ministry were divinely appointed to administer the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ. And on the 16th of September, 1876, I was baptized into her fold by Elder Thomas Taylor, of Birmingham, president of the English mission. On the following day I was ordained an elder and appointed secretary of the Manchester branch, then first organized under the presidency of Elder John Miller, since deceased. I succeeded Elder Miller as president of the branch in the following year, and was subsequently appointed to the presidency of the Manchester district at its organization, since which time I have, with God's blessing, continued to occupy that position. I can not say that I have done any great or meritorious deeds; but with the help of the Holy Spirit I have endeavored to walk in the light and lead others into the same path by both precept and example. I have also endeavored to hold myself ready—with reasonable service—in my ministry to the household of faith. And in all this I have been blessed of God and ably assisted by a noble and devoted band of men and women, ministers and members of the Church of Christ, whose services are ungrudgingly given whenever and wherever they are required. Duty under such conditions becomes a pleasure, and thus surrounded I hope to endure, finally overcome, and inherit with the redeemed and sanctified.

MANCHESTER, England, September 14th.

#### THE RICH HAVE THEIR TROUBLES AS WELL AS THE POOR.

Oh! let not this thought for a moment possess you,  
That if you had wealth all your cares would be o'er;  
Believe me, you'd often find much to distress you:  
The rich have their troubles as well as the poor.

How many there are who would part with their treasure  
Could they but obtain a few moments repose!  
But oh! they, alas! are forbidden the pleasure,  
While fled from each cheek is the hue of the rose.

Behold that young man from his home just departed,  
In foolish extravagance wasting his all;  
And then turn your eyes to his friends broked hearted,  
Whose sorrowful tale would your spirit appall.

Go yonder awhile where the cyprus is bending,  
And mark a pale form, by a grave take a stand,  
While fast from her eyes are the tear drops descending  
For one snatch'd away by Death's pitiless hand.

The miser at night, with his bags full of treasure,  
Oh! think you he's happy when counting them o'er?  
A mere puff of wind very soon mars the pleasure,  
He fancies a robber is forcing his door.

Then while you have health and your kindred are near  
you,  
Although you no purse filled with gold can display,  
You have, I contend beyond doubt, much to cheer you,  
As onward in life you are making your way.

Then let not this thought for a moment possess you,  
That if you had wealth all your cares would be o'er;  
Believe me, you'd often find much to distress you:  
The rich have their troubles as well as the poor.

—Selected by Dollie.

## A VISION.

THE following vision was related to us by Elder Oliver Bailey, and we give it as nearly as possible in Bro. Bailey's own language.—Ed.

"About the time Jason Briggs wrote his articles on the pre-existence of spirits, I was greatly troubled in mind, and being strongly impressed to make the matter a subject of prayer, I prayed earnestly unto God to know if the Reorganized Church was right and would prevail? In answer to my prayer (as I believe), the following vision opened before me.

"I saw myself hoeing in a garden, when there stood suddenly at my right hand a man. I had no impression who the man was, but he said to me, 'Look.'

"I turned to look to my left, and there saw a vessel which appeared to have both sail and steam power, but the water upon which she was, was only about two inches deep. At her sides were iron handles adapted to the height of different sized men, so that those who wanted to take hold and pull could do so, no matter what their size was. The man said to me, 'Go and help pull.'

"I obeyed, and taking hold of one of the handles, began pulling.

"After an interval of hard pulling, I discovered two large logs lying in the stream, just to the left of the vessel's bow. Those who were pulling were anxious and seemed to fear the result of the vessel coming in contact with these logs. When the bow hid them I waited

to judge of the shock as the effect would be imparted to the hand. After waiting until I felt certain that we must have passed them, I looked over my left shoulder and saw them shoved up on the land and realized that without a jar the vessel had disposed of them.

"We pulled the vessel about as far after we had passed the logs as before we reached them, when she came to the end of this shallow stream, and a broad expanse of clear, deep and beautiful water spread out before us. Then from the upper deck of the vessel the same man who had before spoken to me called out: 'Now brethren, all get aboard.'

"All obeyed. I went to the upper deck to the side of this man and said, 'This has been the hardest sailing I ever knew.'

"He looked at me smilingly, and answered, 'She has been on harder sailing than this once before.'

"Just as he said this, feeling that we were going at great speed, the thought came to me to look towards the land, and looking I discovered that we were already out of sight of it. Then I looked at the water, if possible, to judge of our rate of speed, and can compare it to nothing but the rapid flight of a bird through the air.

"When I came out of the vision I understood all except the two logs, and being troubled, wondered what they could mean, when the Spirit rested upon me and said, 'The two logs are two men now in high standing in the church.'

## CHERISHED FRIENDS.

Sometimes in fancy they come to me,  
And their souls seem very near;  
I look again in their loving eyes,  
And again their voices hear.  
The gathering years of weal or woe  
Are lifted and gone, methinks;  
As I walk with them 'mid clover blooms  
And the odor of pale sweet pinks.

In the summer shade, or springtime sun,  
With its rays so warm and bright;  
Amid winter scenes of snow and ice,  
Or out in the soft moonlight.  
In and between the day and the night,  
Comes a time of song once more;  
And I sit with them in the dim twilight  
As we sat in the days of yore.

Out in the night, on the laden air,  
Heavy with breath of new-mown hay,  
Our voices float while the soft refrain  
Is wafted far, far away.  
Then leaving the paths of joy we trod,  
Green prairies, and hazel dell;  
And hedges sweet where wild birds sing  
As I hear their sad farewell.

We stood together by death-bed scenes,  
When our loved ones sank to rest;  
And our hearts were pierced with anguish keen;

Though we knew they were more blessed.  
For our loss we moaned, but "Cherished  
Friends,"

They who first shall reach that shore;  
Will stand on the brink of death's cold stream,  
And welcome the others o'er. VIDA.

## Editor's Corner.

We ask those of our readers who turn to the Editor's Corner, from month to month, that they for a brief time consider the tendency of fiction with reference to this one point, even if all others are left out of view, namely: we weep over the imaginary sorrows of imaginary beings, while the agonized, beating, torn and bleeding living hearts, we pass by in calm indifference.

Fiction is a false and harmful teacher even when the standard is high; but we do not propose to discuss this subject this morning, only to direct your attention to a few points in the o'er true tale of "Pattie" (which we feel sure you are reading with as much interest as we ourselves are.) Had the writer of fiction been dealing with a story like this, the "Leaves of Pattie's life" would most likely have closed with the bridal ceremony, or had he wished to have woven into the thread of his narrative a touch of tragedy he would have followed up to the terrible disaster of this last chapter, but Pattie would have been pictured as sinking under it and he most likely would have provided an early grave for her and her little one. Reality is many times stranger—always truer than fiction, and the remainder of Pattie's story will be a lesson for every one who has named the name of Christ to take to heart. Did Pattie feel this blow as your heroines of romance feel such awful sorrows? Let us see. An open note is lying before us from which we copy:

"Dear Sister Frances:—I have not forgotten the Home Column, but I doubt if any one is more in need of comfort than I have been for the past weeks. The readers of *Autumn Leaves* will never know what the writing of this part of "Pattie" has cost me. I have lived over again both the joys and the sorrows of those days. Eighteen long years have passed since then and for the first time I have taken from my trunk a parcel of letters—his letters—yellow and faded, and have opened them with fingers cold and trembling. Were it not that I hope to do good to others by thus opening these sealed fountains of my soul and letting the bitter floods of memory overwhelm me, I never could go on, never could finish the story I have begun; but if I can accomplish any good through this suffering, I am willing. I shall omit all that I can from this terrible period. There will be no details, for my heart bleeds anew despite the lapse of years, and I can not bear the mental strain."

We feel that she will pardon us for using the

above which was not intended for the sight of other eyes than ours. If it answers the question, as we think it does, let us ask yet another: Do you who read the hard fate of Pattie have the same emotions of loving, tender pity for the real woman who goes in and out among you, quiet, unassuming, from day to day taking up the battle of life, fighting in a hand to hand struggle with poverty and bodily infirmities that you have for the unreal sufferings of your unreal heroine? If indeed you have, there are many ways in which this sympathy can be shown, and ought to be shown if indeed we are followers of His, and willing to give the cup of cold water in the name of a disciple.

Let us take this occasion to warn all who read, against the danger of becoming feelers of the word, and not doers. Talking with animated faces and tear dimmed eyes of the good done by others and how we love this glorious work, is not all that is necessary. To feel emotions of love and charity, is not enough—we must act them—do them—live them as well as feel them. And let us say to those who indulge in reading and weeping over imaginary things, there is great danger that the doing will be confined to the same imaginary realm and the reward also.

It is with pleasure that we in this issue present our readers with the likeness of Elder Joseph Dewsnap, of Manchester, England, accompanied with a brief sketch of his history as it stands connected with the work. Few who have had no experience of it know the odium which in those days attached to the name "apostate." It was a term much more fearful in the estimation of the honest hearted Saints than convict or states prison is in the estimation of enlightened people of this day. When from time to time it becomes necessary for us to refer to names of individuals and incidents in their lives, who have become famous because of their infamy, let our readers understand that we do it as matter of history, not of choice; and while we detest and loathe the acts of the leaders and people of Utah, let us not forget that but for the grace of God we might have been entangled in their meshes and fallen as low as they have fallen. Jesus most bitterly denounced sin, but he was meek and lowly in mind and knew how to pity the sinner.

The day when brother Dewsnap severed his connection with the apostate church, was a day



pregnant with good both to himself and the true Church of Christ.

DO NOT FORGET

THAT this is the last number of volume two. Is it your intention to subscribe for volume three? If so, your subscription money, or request must be in before the number for January is mailed, as we shall mail that number only to such as want the magazine. How it would cheer our hearts to learn that our young folks, in whose interest the magazine is published, were everywhere taking hold of the work of helping to increase its circulation. It would renew our strength for the conflict before us and give us courage to persevere. Example is contagious, and if only a few more earnest ones would interest themselves, much good might be accomplished.

Those who are working for premiums must not fail to retain a copy of each name sent, otherwise mistakes will be unavoidable. *Do not forget this.* Look for the holiday number about December 15th, and don't fail to have your name in before that date if you wish to renew.

We will mail a copy to the family of every elder in the field, who will drop a card to the office, stating that they wish it, asking only that they help to increase its circulation. Send in your names at once.

We hope our young readers will appreciate as highly as we did, the description of "Prairie Fires." It is a vivid picture in strong, terse language, and we will be pleased to have Bro. Brown call again.

Much has been said of late, bearing upon the subject of good reading matter in the family, and the inquiry has been made as to its furnishing. Let us say to every Saint who reads *AUTUMN LEAVES*, if you wish a *family paper*, do not subscribe for one before you have sent for a sample copy of the *Independent Patriot*, published by Lambert Bros., of Lamoni, Iowa. They are calling for one thousand new subscribers, and we hope they will obtain twice that number. You will search long and diligently before you will find a family journal to equal the *Patriot* in its perfect freedom from anything objectionable in its locals, the pure moral atmosphere permeating every department, to say nothing of the high type of its editorials, which for purity of principle, depth of thought and breadth of research, ought to commend it to every earnest lover of truth, purity and the advancement of the race. In its carefully edited home department it is second to none in the land. This notice is written entirely in the interest of our readers and with a view of recommending to you a paper which you may safely introduce into your family.

❖ R : O : U : N : D : : T : A : B : L : E . ❖

EDITED BY SALOME.

AMUSEMENTS FOR CHILDREN.

For a swing in the house procure two screws with hooks on the end, and fasten them in the casing above an inside door, (one which leads from sitting-room to dining-room, or one which connects two warm rooms), and then fasten a pole to the screws, and with a board for a seat you have a nice swing for three-year-olds, or for smaller ones. By a little patient teaching they will learn to swing and amuse themselves for a long time.

For children older, cut and plane wooden blocks the size of bricks, any number you choose, and they will build with them houses, ships and hundreds of other things your imagination never could conjure.

Mixed pictures: Paste some pretty colored pictures on pasteboard, then cut with a penknife in various shapes and give to the children to put together in the right way so as to form the pictures.

For a postoffice: Any good-sized card-board box will do for the purpose. The lid should be fastened to it, so that when it is stood up it will open like a cupboard. It must be closed by means of a button and a loop of elastic. In the top of the box, as it stands up, or in the upper end of the door, a slit must be cut out about an inch wide and from five to six inches long, so as to allow of the posting of small parcels, but yet not large enough to admit a child's hand, while on the door of the postoffice should be written the times of the post. Most children are fond of writing letters to one another, and this will, of course, give rise to a great manufacture of note-paper, envelopes and postal-cards, and they will call forth all their ingenuity in designing and coloring monograms and crests for their note-paper and envelopes. An envelope must be taken carefully to pieces to form a flat pattern, then those cut from it have to be folded, gummed together and a touch of gum

put on the tip of the flap, a monogram to correspond with the note-paper drawn on it, and finally, they must be done up in neat packets, say a half dozen in each. It is wonderful what occupation this post-box will afford where there is a large party of children. Of course a post-man must be chosen and a bag must be made for the letters and so on.

A "jingle" party, now popular in Boston, is thus described: A number of young people gather together, write their names on bits of paper, which being well shaken in a hat, are passed about for new possession. Each is expected to write an appropriate jingle of rhyme on the name drawn, after which they are returned to the receptacle for lost identity. These are subsequently read aloud, and the results in many instances are very funny. When the hostess desires an especially interesting party, the names of the invited guests are written on slips of paper and sealed in tiny envelopes, shaken in a hat and drawn out and directed each in turn to one of those invited, thus giving him time to distinguish himself with his jingle. Two or three are then chosen to sit in judgment, and the cleverest rhyme is chosen, the author of this is then obliged to confess, no matter how pertinent and saucy the remarks may be, and to him the prize is awarded.

"I know a good game if you all have a slip of paper and a pencil," said Jennie. We provided ourselves with these requirements, and Jennie went on,

"Each make a drawing at the head of the paper of some object or scene. Then pass it to the person at the right, who is to guess what the picture represents, and write at the bottom of the paper; turn it up so that the writing can not be seen and pass it on again. This is to be done until each one has described the picture."

We were all very quiet for a few moments, then the pencils began to scratch and the paper to move around, and little bursts of suppressed laughter were heard. When every one had written about the pictures, they were exhibited, and the writing underneath read aloud. Then, how we laughed! One paper had a picture, crudely drawn, of a man lying on the ground and an Indian standing over him with a hatchet. Under this was written, "Pocahontas having her life saved by Captain John Smith." Another picture the artist intended to represent a donkey. Some one thought it illustrated "The pig that went to market." We laughed so hard over this game that some one said that we had better play something sober, and "Questions and Answers" was started. Sam Willis was sent from the room, and the rest of us decided to take the head of a pin for him to guess. When we called Sam in, we told him he could only ask questions that could be answered by Yes or No. So he went around the circle asking, "Is it black? Is it white? Is it in the animal kingdom? Is it in this room?" Then he followed up this last clue until it led him so far off the track that he had to give up and let us tell him. Then we broke up for the evening and said good-night.

A pretty bangle-board is made in the shape of a padlock, with an owl on a branch of a tree, and this verse painted on it:

"Bird of wisdom, tell to me,  
Where oh where my key can be."

Have three bangle hooks at the bottom.

It has long been known that pine needle pillows would alleviate persons afflicted with lung troubles, and a Florida editor relates an incident in support of the fact as follows: During a visit to the home of an estimable lady living on Indian River, this editor was told of a discovery that had been made which may prove a boon to sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles. This lady having heard that there was peculiar virtue in a pillow made from pine straw, and having none of that material at hand made one from fine, soft, pine shavings, and had the pleasure of noting immediate benefit. Soon all the members of the household had pine shaving pillows, and it was noticed that all coughs, asthmatic or bronchial troubles abated at once after sleeping a few nights on these pillows. An invalid suffering from lung trouble derived much benefit from sleeping upon a mattress made from pine.

#### SOFA PILLOW COVERS.

Take a piece of brown linen a little larger than the cushion and turn a hem two inches deep. Stitch it around three times. Mark the hem out in blocks and cut out every other one. Button-hole around each one that is left, using brown linen thread. Sew lace under the blocks, making it slightly full. Above the three rows of stitching cut slashes in groups of two, an inch apart; make the slashes long enough to allow ribbon an inch and a quarter wide to run through. The center may be ornamented with etching or left plain.

#### BOOK MARKS.

These small trifles sell readily at bazars and are very convenient. Take heavy envelopes and glue the back down as though to seal it. Cut off the four corners, having them as large as the material will allow. Paint on each one a flower design; or take a small leaf that has been well pressed, glue it to the marker and wash over with white varnish.

#### MATCH SCRATCHER.

A convenient and pretty device for lighting matches is made up in imitation of a snare drum. The foundation of the whole is a No. 12 ribbon roll. On this is first glued a white satin ribbon, of sufficient width to go under the rims, which are of narrow light blue velvet ribbon, also glued on. The top, or head of the drum, as well as the base, is covered with very fine sandpaper, cut circular in shape and glued neatly to the roll, either end to be used for scratching. The cords for tightening the drum are duplicated by tinsel cord or rope silk, caught to the rims. The whole is suspended by No. 1 picot-edged ribbon, and makes a very dainty ornament for parlor or chamber.