



“FOR THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH”

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EDITED BY ELBERT A. SMITH

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: Some of the Institute Workers of the Independence Stake.	
A Noonday Rest under "Abraham's Oak"	17
Apostle Gomer T. Griffiths and Party	20
Practical Papers, by Fern McConley	1
Institute Work, by J. F. Rudd	6
Christmas and New Year's in the South Sea Islands, by Ethel May	10
Meditation, by Sr. Charles Fry	15
Our Second Series of Travel Sketches, by Apostle Gomer T. Griffiths	16
The Mormon Girl, by Paula Brown	21
Editor's Corner	35
Woman's Auxiliary	40
The Religio's Arena	42



SOME OF THE INSTITUTE WORKERS OF THE INDEPENDENCE STAKE. SEE PAGE SIX.

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Volume 25

JANUARY, 1912

Number 1

Practical Papers.

By Fern McConley.

This is the first of a series of practical papers that will appear in nearly every number during the year. The next number will be "The young man in church work," by Elder Paul M. Hanson. Sr. McConley, author of the present article, has had considerable practical experience in church work. Formerly she was an active member of the Denver Branch. At present she is busily at work in Honolulu helping her husband, Elder Myron McConley, who is a missionary to Hawaii.—EDITOR.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN CHURCH WORK.

COME, GIRLS, and all those in the class of young women, let us have a few moments' chat together. But remember you are not talking to some dear, sweet old lady, who can look back over the past and tell of the experiences she has passed through, of the mistakes she has made and the joys and blessings that have come to her in her old age from a life of service to the Lord. Not so—rather one who is young like yourselves and engaged in the work which we all have espoused; one who speaks, not of the far past, but of to-day; one who realizes the obstacles that confront the young woman in these last days—the trials and temptations that lie in her pathway.

Let me ask you a question. Have you ever attended a prayer and testimony meeting where the Spirit was manifest and you felt a sense of unworthiness and shame for not being more thankful to the Lord for all he had done for you, and a desire burned deep in your heart to help in the work if you could? What did you do? Did you carry that desire home with you and nurture it and carry it into effect? or did you forget all about it as soon as you left the church?

God needs the girls and young women in the work, and it should be considered a privilege to be permitted to help his cause. He has promised in the last days that he will pour out of his Spirit upon all flesh and "your sons and your daughters" shall prophesy (Acts 2:17). Is not this a grand promise? Yet the Lord himself can not carry it out unless we take an interest in the work.

So, girls, let us consider what preparation is necessary to make ourselves useful. To be a true Latter Day Saint we must have a desire to see truth promoted and to follow Christ. Chief above all things is a good moral character. Perhaps you think it is useless to mention such a thing—as those who truly have their hearts

in the work would necessarily have good characters. But let me tell you, I have seen instances where girls have been working hard in the Sunday school or Religio, or both (apparently), and Satan came along and tempted them, in the form of evil companions, and a blemish finally appeared on their names which of course not only spoiled their influence with the people of the church, but with outsiders as well. Of course these cases are exceptional and occur so seldom that they are brought very forcibly to our minds, but a mistake of that kind can undo all the good that one has ever done.

Our girls must be good natured and jolly, with a desire to make others happy. I recall one old lady who once said to me, "Miss —— is the nicest young lady we have, for she is always so bright and cheery and chases the blues away from anyone by a mere handshake." Isn't that making others happy?

Let us be studious, active, and stable. These three characteristics seem to go together and are very essential to the youthful worker. Stability, especially, we need. When we promise a thing, let us stick to it. What the Lord needs is people that he can depend on. I once asked a bright young lady to take a Sunday school class of seven or eight nice girls. "Yes, oh yes," she had "wanted to do something like that for sometime." She worked diligently for several Sundays. Finally the new wore off, she missed a Sunday and then another. Then she at last managed to come once in every three Sundays. But where was her class? All had stopped coming, except one or two persistent scholars.

The knack of imparting knowledge to others is very essential. It may be natural, but it is something that can be acquired by study and requires practice to be cultivated. Many people have the talent lying dormant, but are too timid to move out and try. Young women and girls make the best primary teachers because they can more readily adapt themselves to the ways of children than older people.

To have the greatest amount of influence possible we must be neat and tidy in appearance, as we are constantly before the public. Neatness is a charm in itself.

But with all the characteristics that may be enumerated, unless a person is humble and full of love, he can not assist in the work (Doctrine and Covenants 11:4). This we realize, for pride is the stumbling block of the youth of our church. Girls, remember, it isn't fine clothes that bring favor with God. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

Most of the young folks think they are willing to do what God wants them to do, but is there one in a hundred who has not limited the Lord to certain things that he may expect of them? How many, when they sing number 28 in Zion's Praises are really willing to comply with the sentiment expressed? I often think of this when I see the young folks singing it with all their might.

It is well to have a good education and well-trained mind, and the young person of to-day is certainly without excuse in that line. "Knowledge is wealth and power" is a well-known adage. Girls, how can we do what God requires of us unless we know what his

commandments are? Let us read and study church literature "as well as all good books," as commanded in Doctrine and Covenants; and Paul's admonition to Timothy is a good one for us, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

It is commonly thought by a great many of our girls that the prayer meeting is a place for "old folks." This is a mistake. Prayer is the key that unlocks heaven to young as well as old. Are we using the key? The young person who attends and participates in the prayer service is usually the first to move out into active work. Joseph Smith was commanded to pray often that his mind might become strong. Let our prayers of thanks be as long and as often as our prayers for aid. And when the call is made for fasting, observe it. For through fasting and prayer the mind is strengthened and is brought under better control. Do not let big dinners be the chief object of Sunday.

Youth often uses more zeal than wisdom and rushes into things without sufficient meditation. Always think well over a matter before acting, take the Lord into your confidence, and cultivate self-examination.

We are judged by the company we keep, and as association has so much to do with the molding of character, keep company that will elevate and help you to be more refined in spirit and manner. Where possible this society should be sought among the church people, that fraternal ties may be strengthened.

Then there are sacrifices we must make, and the Lord does not expect them all to be made by the elders, either. We are very often required to sacrifice in dress, jewelry, society, and pleasures, to be counted as followers of Christ. And right here let us see what the Lord has told us in these last days on dress: "Let all thy garments be plain, and their beauty the beauty of the work of thine own hands." You do not know how to sew? Then you had better learn, for this is a command of God, and we all want to keep his laws. You see it does not exclude the rich, but is given to the rich and poor alike, and has the grand scheme of equality in it. It is a very good thing, too, in this day when fashion is running mad. Simplicity is beauty. Then let us not try to "fix up" too much with jewelry or fine clothes, and hide the beauty we possess.

The sacrifice of pleasure seems to be the hardest for our young folks to make. But if they would associate more with the rest of the youth of the church and all make the same sacrifices, how much easier it would seem. We can not go to Sunday school in the morning and teach the little children to "remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy" and then after dinner go out to the park or out bathing or boating and "have a good time." For these same children will be telling us soon that we had better "practice what we preach." Afternoon mission Sunday schools, assisting in some open air missionary meeting, visiting the sick, etc., will furnish a pleasant diversion for Sunday afternoon.

And here is "worldly ambition" lying in the dust, crushed by the feet of these who, after a battle with themselves chose the work

of the Lord. I call to mind three cases. One, a young girl, who taught the primary class in a certain Latter Day Saint Sunday school, who with all her talents, charm, and money could have been a society leader. Another who, with her beautiful voice could have made a fortune, yet she withstood the tempter and lends her voice to the service of the Lord. And yet another, whose dramatic talent almost tempted her to accept various offers, but the Lord had other work for her. May he be with and strengthen these three and all others who are making sacrifices daily for his cause.

Of course all will have obstacles to overcome. Perhaps your special friends (of the world) will find it convenient to taunt you occasionally, but that is all right—we are no better than the Master. He endured all the persecutions heaped upon him, and I think the little that comes our way need not hurt us. Friends and relatives may forsake you, but stand up for the "Truth." "Dare to do right, dare to be true." Everybody will honor you for it, in the end. I do not think I have ever lost one friend on account of my religion. Those who opposed me on that account I did not consider friends at all. There are plenty of good people in this world who are starving for spiritual food. Why waste our time and talents with those who oppose us when we might be aiding some one to see the light?

Not only is there outside opposition to meet, but often we find that those who take a prominent part in church work are criticized and found fault with by those who are less active. I do not know why this is unless it is one way the Evil One has of getting in his work. He creates jealousy among those who are idle, intending to discourage those who work; but persevere, girls. Nothing was ever gained by giving up. Some things seem very "bitter pills" to swallow, but they are just what we need to help us eliminate the undesirable features from our characters. We can never expect to be "polished shafts" unless we endure the polishing.

"Well, what is there that I can do," one of you asks. It is true that the church offices are held by men, but did you ever stop to think how much the auxiliary work rests upon women, as Sunday school and Religio teachers, organists, choir directors, Sunday school superintendents, etc.? Then there is the social side of the work, which almost wholly depends on the young women in the church. Our girls, fresh from school and full of new and clever ideas, may be a great factor in entertainment work and in creating more sociability among the members. Yes, there is ample to do—enough to keep one busy during all her spare time.

And you ask, "Is it worth while to deny yourselves of a great many of the pleasures of this life, only to help along with the gospel?" Were it not worth while, would God have sent his only begotten Son to the earth to save us? Would so many of our fathers and brothers sacrifice the pleasures of a home to go out into the mission field? Then why don't we help them, too, as much as we can? If we would all put our shoulders to the wheel and do what we could we would be amazed how the church would grow. If you want to know whether this work is divine or not, just start in and

work and you will know. John says, "If any man will *do* his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

We are rewarded in many ways right here for the efforts put forth in this cause. We gain spiritually and intellectually, are blessed many times with temporal success, and there is a satisfaction which comes to one, an indescribable satisfaction, which makes one happier than anything else that I can think of. Sometimes I think if our girls, who are trying to live a worldly life and yet be numbered with those in good standing in the church, could only experience some of the happiness gained by service to our Lord, they would never again care for the things of the world.

Some of the young women; in fact most of them, deem it a martyr's life to marry a missionary. I am sorry to say the mothers are largely responsible for this. Not that they wish their daughters to be worldly, but nearly every mother wants her daughter to "marry well"; that is, have enough money to keep her comfortable, and of course few missionaries have very large bank accounts. In their love for their children they forget what Christ said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." One mother said to me, "You have such a good husband, but I could never consent to my daughter marrying a missionary." Poor little mother! You are placing stumbling stones in the straight and narrow path which you wish your daughter to follow, and also in the way of some young man. There would be more young men in the mission field to-day if it were not for such influences, which make them feel as though they are looked down upon and prevents them from giving their best services to the Lord, lest they be called to the priesthood.

But if they are God's choice, are they not the best? You may rest assured that the girl who marries the honest young man of her choice in the church, determined to help him, no matter to what position he may be called, will be far happier than the young woman who marries for a life of ease, expecting her husband to devote most of his time and attention to her.

So, girls, let us give the Lord our best service, performing all duties that come in our way with a cheerful heart, for the young women will necessarily play an important part in the redemption of Zion.

Institute Work.

By J. F. Rudd.

ITS ORIGIN AND PURPOSE.

THE word *institute*, as a verb, in its fundamental sense, means to establish; to fix; to originate; to set in operation; to ordain. As a noun it means a maxim or principle; a scientific or literary society. As applied in the field of public education the word is used to designate an assemblage of teachers of elementary or district schools called together temporarily for the purpose of receiving professional instruction.

A teachers' institute is distinguished from a normal school in that the object of the institute is to better qualify those who are already teachers, whereas the normal educates and prepares students to become teachers.

As applied in Sunday school and Religio work in Independence Stake, the institute is a combination and modification of both the public teachers' institute and the normal school, but dealing, of course, with religious and ethical questions instead of those of a technical and purely intellectual character.

Another important difference is that our institute is not stationary, but goes to the officers, teachers, and students, instead of them coming to it; thus offering the opportunity for learning to the greatest possible number, the branch officers cooperating with us to this end. Where the institute is held the regular church services are dispensed with for the day, or such of them as may be mutually agreed upon, depending on circumstances. This local cooperation also insures a more concentrated effort of those desiring to receive institute training, there being no other services to divide or distract their attention.

The institute work in Independence Stake is an evolution of what was once called rally day exercises, a child born of necessity to meet the general demand for uniformity of instruction in the various departments of Religio work. It adopted the more dignified and appropriate name when the stake Sunday school began to work with the Religio for the common object of more systematically educating both those who are already officers and teachers, and those who might later be called to fill these positions.

But the instruction given by the institute in no way infringes upon or takes the place of the regular Bible and Book of Mormon normal studies. The institute does not assume to teach details, but rather how to apply them, that the knowledge obtained from other sources may be made practical and thus enable officers and teachers to more effectively carry out the objects of the Sunday school and Religio—to make them in fact, as well as in name, auxiliaries, helps to the church.

The supreme object of all education being not simply to know things, but to do things, the institute dwells much upon the doctrine of activity. If education along any line stops short of teaching

how to properly use knowledge for the one and only purpose of glorifying God, it is a failure, because without such an education we can not fill the ends of our creation.

Another very important object of the institute is the creation of local enthusiasm, and without an exception, wherever it has been held, renewed activity and more energetic work in all departments has followed, which is the very best evidence of its value. Results are unanswerable; no amount of argument can destroy them.

All arrangements for holding the institutes are made by a committee of two, consisting this year of W. A. Bushnell, representing the Religio, and Mrs. J. C. Nunn, the Sunday school. With what tact and good judgment their work has been accomplished may be judged when we say that not a single case of jealousy has resulted.

SPIRIT OF TEACHING.

There is a growing tendency in the world to attach too great importance to what are known as demonstrable facts and too little to what educators are pleased to denominate "unknowable possibilities," some going so far as to eliminate from their curriculum all questions which have even a suggestion of the necessity of faith in their solution.

While we recognize that the educational institutions of the world have reached a high state of efficiency in many respects, we must not forget that they can not supplant the soul education provided by the institutes of God's own appointment—the church, Religio, and Sunday school. These are organizations where the truths taught by the wisdom of the world may be sized, cut, and polished before being permanently used in character building. Then, too, in the construction of this wonderful building, even a truth in the wrong place is as disastrous as an error in the right place. In these organizations of the church may be found the authorized plans and specifications indicating just where each truth belongs, but these plans and specifications can not be understood or properly executed without the office work of the Holy Spirit to assist in making the right selection and adjustment of the materials to be used in the composition of the temples of God—the souls of men. The gospel being the only agency through which this guiding influence, this discriminating power is obtained to the fullest extent, the institute endeavors to impress this thought strongly upon the mind and make it the basis of all its teaching.

SUBJECTS DISCUSSED.

One of the most pleasing features of the institute work has been not only the execution of the musical part of the program, under the direction of Miss Bernice Griffiths, but the discussion by Paul Craig of the influence of harmony in the home, upon the street, and in assemblages of people, both religious and irreligious, and upon the Nation as a whole. What effect does ragtime, the per-

version of harmony, have upon the people? was one of the questions very ably handled. It is unnecessary to say what his conclusions were on this subject. Every true Latter Day Saint is opposed to the perversion of harmony or anything else.

Beginning at the subject of the home, the foundation of all society, civilized and uncivilized, so ably handled by Mrs. Arthur Allen, superintendent of the Religio home department, and D. J. Krahl, superintendent of the Independence Sunday school and secretary of the General Sunday School Association, the next step in our course of instruction was how to teach the babies in Sunday school, or first primary work. Mrs. P. D. Etzenhouser, who discussed these questions, thoroughly demonstrated to all wherever she went that many of the truths of the gospel can be so simplified and illustrated that even the three-year-olds can understand.

Questions of vital importance to teachers of boys and girls of a larger growth—all who need it—were those on social purity by A. H. Parsons and J. W. Gunsolley; girls' opportunity, and responsibility and temperance, by Mrs. D. H. Blair; boy power and how to utilize it, by Mrs. J. C. Nunn; cooperation of parents and teachers, by Mrs. Arthur Allen; decorum and deportment in Sunday school and Religio, by Carlotta Hartnell. These have all made a special study of the subjects discussed and their presentation of them in the true spirit of helpfulness has created new desires and renewed old resolutions (long since forgotten) to give more efficient service to the Master.

After this came instruction of a general nature to teachers, W. A. Bushnell and J. A. Gardner being in charge of this part of the work. In their talks on duties of teachers and teacher training much valuable information was obtained. Various expressions from teachers indicated that the instruction and advice given were highly appreciated and would be put into practice.

Mrs. J. C. Nunn, home class superintendent of the Sunday school, had charge of the instruction to officers and committees, with the exception of good literature committees, which was handled by J. F. Rudd, superintendent of the stake gospel literature bureau. Mrs. Nunn's blackboard work was very effective in conveying a clear, concise idea of the duties of the various officers and committees of both the Sunday school and Religio, and has stimulated study along these lines.

A new feature in good literature work was presented by the superintendent of the stake bureau, his idea being that so far as practicable a record should be kept of each piece of literature distributed, and for this purpose the following card was prepared:

RECORD OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF GOSPEL LITERATURE.

TO BE FOLLOWED UP

By.....Local
 Name Address
 Married?.....Occupation?.....Member of what
 church?.....Satisfied?.....Prejudiced against our church?....
 Why?.....Willing to discuss the
 question?.....Children are members of.....
 Sunday School. What literature given?.....When should another
 call be made?.....With what literature?.....
 Remarks:.....

Good Literature Committeeman.

Elder, Priest, Teacher, Deacon, Layman.

With this card, not only will a complete record be kept of the work of the good literature committees, but it will help them to secure the cooperation of every member of the church. When the cards are turned over to the committee, a systematic "follow-up" may be commenced, the information they contain in regard to the persons visited enabling anyone to make future calls with a good idea of what conditions will have to be met. Of course, in hospital and prison work it is difficult to procure this information, but at times in Kansas City, where large numbers of *Ensigns*, *Heralds* and tracts are being distributed every Sunday to prisoners and to patients in the general city and university hospitals, sufficient data may be obtained in the course of a conversation, although necessarily brief, to insure interested persons not being lost sight of, the cards being turned over to the local committee nearest their places of residence. So far this system has received the hearty support of not only the local good literature committees, but of church members generally. It has already been established in First and Second Independence, First, Second, and Fourth Kansas City, Missouri, Chelsea Park, and Armstrong in Kansas City, Kansas, and Knobnoster. We are much pleased indeed with the missionary spirit this work is arousing among old and young.

The advantages of normal work were very ably discussed by Mrs. W. H. Deam, Flo Sterrett, and Mrs. Allen; Mrs. Deam also giving a very interesting chart lecture on the standard of excellence in the Sunday school, and a talk on field work. A. H. Parsons discussed in his clear, logical way, the question of organization, its necessity, purposes, and benefits, giving illustrations of different kinds of organizations, the most perfect organization being that instituted by God himself. Flo Sterrett also discussed program work, and Effie James the Translation Fund, both urging that more attention should be given these important questions. The gospel must be preached in all the world, to every nation, tongue, and people as a witness, and to do it effectively the standard books of the church should be printed in every language as rapidly as the people are ready for them. The auxiliaries ought to assist even more than they have in this great work of establishing peace on

earth, good-will to man. Ray Lloyd and Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser each gave a good talk on Religio work in general, its necessity and benefits.

OBSTACLES.

In this work, as well as in every other forward movement, there have been difficulties to overcome, but the workers have looked upon them merely as opportunities for development. By meeting obstacles squarely, face to face, and overcoming them, we become stronger; to be defeated by them makes us weaker. As no part of our being, whether physical, mental, or spiritual will develop without exercise, and as it is impossible for us to exercise without resistance, we welcome opposition as an indicator of progress. No person, no matter who he is or what position he occupies, or what he aspires to attain is entitled to any more than an opportunity, but opportunity does not mean simply a chance to get something for nothing. Without an exception we must pay the price of attainment—in work—never in dollars and cents or good looks.

The ultimate object, therefore, of the Religio and Sunday school institute in Independence Stake has been to assist in the development of master workmen, fired with the enthusiasm of service, fully realizing that with knowledge comes responsibility, whether of one, two, or five talent capacity. The great and final question will not be how much we know, but what were the results of our knowing. Knowledge of any truth is a gift of God. What we do with it will help to determine, to the extent of its importance, our place in the eternal world.



Christmas and New Year's in the South Sea Islands.

By Ethel May.

Those who have spent the holiday season comfortably in their own homes, surrounded by friends and familiar scenes, may enjoy reading of the experiences of a missionary's wife who, in a strange land and among a strange people, far from home, amid peculiar and romantic surroundings, spent a certain holiday season not at all unpleasantly, excepting for the occasional pang when thoughts of home intruded.—EDITOR.

ON THE 19th day of last December, my companion, little sons Paul and Roderick, and myself, in company with several Native Saints, left Papeete, on the steamer *Cholita* for the island of Makatea. We arrived at this island the next morning. After staying there one day, we again set sail for the island of Rairoa, this time going in a baby sailboat. I say "baby" because it was only twenty-seven feet long. My, how my heart trembled with fear when I saw it first, and I said to my companion, "Is that the boat we go on? If it is, I won't go." I soon changed my mind, for I was told that Sr. Lake and "Aunt Emma" Burton, besides many others, had

sailed on this same boat; and still greater courage came to me when I thought how those dear, faithful Saints had sailed across the deep Pacific, over three thousand miles, in the little *Evanelia*;—surely I could go forty miles.

We left the island of Makatea about noon, Wednesday, the 21st, with a very strong contrary wind which blew us to the west in sight of the island of Matahiva, a great many miles out of our way; so in the evening the sailors “tacked” back towards Rairoa, but during the night the wind blew us back, and the morning found us in sight of Makatea again, only about twenty miles to the north. This was anything but pleasant, I assure you. Many of us were seasick, and we were being tossed to and fro over the mighty waves with no power save that of God and the wind; and to us, at that time, it seemed as though the wind was stronger than the power of God, notwithstanding the earnest-hearted prayers that were offered.

The father of little Turatahi, the native boy that Sr. Lake has in Independence, was in charge of the boat, and he certainly deserves praise for his careful management. I shall never forget the time we went through the pass into the lagoon of Rairoa. It was very dark and locked as though a storm was approaching; to me it seemed as though we were lost in the darkness upon the mighty deep. Going through the pass at night is very dangerous, so we had prayer, and after a while one of the sailors said he could see land; how he could see was a great mystery to me, for no one else could. After sailing perhaps an hour we could hear the surf dashing upon the rocks on the reef, and then we knew land was near. God has so provided these islands (or most of them) with a coral reef a few miles out from the main island, as a protection against the storms and high water, and each reef has one and two passes. The pass is perhaps from a quarter to a half mile wide on some reefs.

After clouds comes the sunshine; but this time it was the moonshine, for as we were just going through the pass the dark clouds passed over and the moon shone brightly enough to keep us from being dashed upon the rocks on the reef. How faithfully the sailors worked, for the waves were very large and strong, which made the little boat seem as though it would be thrown backwards any minute, while we were all uttering a prayer for our safe entrance into the lagoon. The lagoon was very calm, with no waves at all, which seemed like sailing on flowery beds of ease after what we had passed through the last three days.

On Friday, the day before we landed, we used every bit of water on board, and what little food was left was old and dry, still we were very thankful to have that. As soon as we anchored, Bro. Turatahi swam to the shore and got a little *vaa* (canoe) and took some of the passengers ashore, and the first thing they did was to climb up a cocoanut tree and get some *papehaari*, which is very refreshing when one is weak and thirsty. I dare say that Bro. and Sr. Lake have wished for a nice cool drink many times since leaving Tahiti’s golden shore. The *papehaari* is the young cocoanut

which is filled with water as clear as any spring water. It is sweet and tastes very much like the soda water one gets in the ice cream parlors in America.

When it got lighter we all went ashore (as it was only three o'clock when we anchored) where a nice warm breakfast was ready for us. After breakfast was over we went aboard the ship again and sailed ten miles to the little city, where the church was to be dedicated and a Christmas feast was to be held. The "*Tomoraa Fare*," or the dedication, is a "*Mahana Oaoo*," or a day of rejoicing to the native Saints.

Upon our arrival we were heartily welcomed by many Saints, who had gathered from the islands of Niau, Manihi, Takarua, Tikahau, and others. To me it seemed more like a Fourth of July celebration than Christmas, to see so many people marching after us as we were going from the boat to the home of the governor of the island, where we were to stay. We had to laugh, for it seemed as though every man, woman, and child; cat, dog, and pig of the Puamotu group had come to this one island to welcome their new white missionary, wife, and children, to their great Christmas feast.

Christmas Eve we went to church to their entertainment, and to our surprise found they had decorated a pretty cocoanut tree with hosts of candles and sacks of candy besides many other gifts. Your writer and family were well remembered by old Santa. This was a strange Christmas to us, especially little Paul and his baby brother, as no little stockings were hung up and no dear, good grandmas and grandpas to go to in the big bobsled to eat turkey and plum pudding. Had we been at home in Papeete we intended to have a Christmas like we did in America. Oh, this thought of home and parents dear on the old homestead at "Evergreen" farm caused a homesick feeling to creep into our lonely hearts for a short time.

On Christmas morning the church bell rang at 7.30 for the dedicational services, which began at 8 o'clock. It was opened with the song, "Raise the flag," at which time the French flag was raised and the governor stepped up to the door and turned the key, and my husband opened the door and was first to enter the new church while the large chorus from Manihi sang a song, equal to any I ever heard in the States, which had been composed for the occasion. This song was taught to a native woman by a foreigner, and she taught it to this chorus of seventy people. Truly it was something grand, and these people are certainly gifted with song. The sermons were very good all day, as far as I could translate. I get real hungry to hear a good sermon in English, or to hear a congregation sing some good old familiar hymn that I can understand.

During the holiday season the natives have a "lay off," and every day they had preaching and a big song service. It seemed as though each branch was trying to out-do the other in singing, for they sang with all their heart and soul.

The feast on Christmas Day was a great one, costing one thou-

sand dollars, but when butter is one dollar per pound, bread twenty cents a loaf, canned Bartlett pears seventy-five cents a can, and soda crackers ten cents a dozen, the one thousand dollars wouldn't go very far in getting a feast for five hundred hungry natives. The natives are very fond of pork, so they had one hundred hogs roasted in the native ovens. To me this is the finest way to roast any kind of meat, as it is always sure to be well cooked and very tender.

A large table was spread for all the presidents of the various branches, while I was the only woman at the table. At each plate was a card with one's name on it (real American style), and each one had a napkin and a knife and fork; and my companion and I had to laugh as the natives used their forks, for they used them so well, and wondered how long they had been practicing.

The native way is to sit on the ground with a cocoanut leaf for the table cloth, and use their fingers for knives and forks. I am glad to say all the Saints of Taronā (that's the name of the branch in Papeete) all have a table and are trying to do as white people do.

New Year's Day was almost like Christmas to me, as it was celebrated in the same manner. After the morning services were over a large crowd went to the ocean, where my dear companion led three precious souls into the water and buried them beneath the waves of the deep blue Pacific; and as I stood on the shore I said, "Surely we are 'bringing in the sheaves' for the Master in these far away isles of the South Seas."

On January 2 we left Rairoa for home. It only took us one night to get to Makatea, which was a whole lot better than three days and nights, but the wind was good and the little boat sailed very rapidly over the waves. We stayed in Makatea this time over a week and we had a nice time with the Saints there. We were treated like we were kings or queens as they gave us a beautiful new cottage to occupy, all furnished. The owner is very wealthy and they hired a first-class Chinese cook for us and he certainly suited our taste.

Drinking water is very scarce there, but they have plenty of *papehaari*. One day they had forgotten to bring us any, and one old lady seventy-five years old found out we didn't have any, so what did she do but go and climb up a tall cocoanut tree and get a basketful. How many old ladies in the States could do that? Oh, they are so kind they won't let one want for a thing if they know one is in need.

On Tuesday we heard that a boat was in from Papeete, and was going back the next day, so we hurried and got our trunk and suit cases ready for the men to take to the boat.

First, I must tell you about this island which is very peculiar. It looks like a mountain sticking up out of the ocean and the sides are so steep that there is scarcely room enough for a landing at one town, and the boats are anchored quite a way out, and we are taken ashore in a lifeboat. There are only two towns in this island, as it is very small, but very rich, for the whole island is

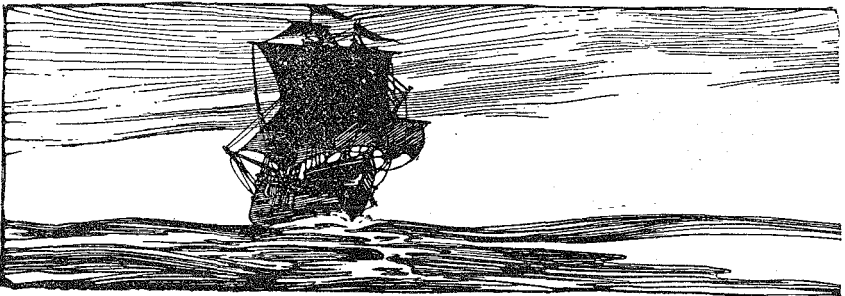
nothing but phosphate. There are very large works in one town, which is owned mostly by the French.

We were staying in the town where the Saints live, which is four miles across the island from where the boat was anchored, so the next morning early the men carried our baggage over to the boat. I did pity them, for the mountain is very steep to climb up without carrying such a heavy load. No horses could climb it, so that is why they have to carry everything.

We were soon on board the boat, after reaching the city, and at noon of the following day we anchored at dear Papeete once again. When we got to our home we found the native sisters had cleaned the house all through, even washing the curtains and the mats on the floors.

We were certainly glad to feel "at home" once more and to eat American foods, for at the market each morning one can get all kinds of fresh vegetables, all the year around, and very good beef, mutton, pork, and fish. At the present time we are feasting on string beans, peas, beets, radishes, lettuce, tomatoes, cabbage, green cucumbers, celery, and sweet juicy muskmelon and watermelon.

Papeete is the ideal place in which to live. The climate is perfect, both summer and winter. It is the middle of our summer now, and very pleasant,—cool sea breeze all the time. During the months of July and August it registered only 78 degrees all the time. Come to Tahiti and enjoy life. We would rejoice to see more white missionaries come here, for they are needed very badly.



Meditation.

By Sr. Charles Fry.

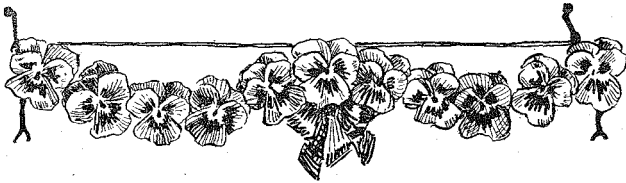
What are the hours bringing
 As swiftly they're winging
 Their onward flight o'er the path of my life?
 What good am I doing?
 What evil subduing?
 Am I brave and true in the daily strife?

Do I love my brother,
 And e'er seek to smother
 All feelings of hardness against each and all?
 Do I weep with the sad,
 Rejoice with the glad,
 And lift up the weak ones who may chance to fall?

Do I try every day
 To watch, fight, and pray,
 That I to the tempter's power never may yield?
 Do I freely bestow
 Of my treasure below
 To send more of God's laborers forth to the field?

Is my heart full of love
 T'ward my Father above,—
 The love that is shown by keeping his word?
 Is my faith strong and sure?
 My heart meek and pure?
 My life with the Master's in fullest accord?

Dear Father! I'm weak,
 But thy help I will seek,
 That I may be all thou desirest of me.
 Direct thou my way,
 Shed o'er me the ray
 Of light, that shall bring me to dwell with thee.



Our Second Series of Travel Sketches.

By Apostle Gomer T. Griffiths.

THROUGH SYRIA, GALILEE, CANA, NAZARETH, AND HAIFA.

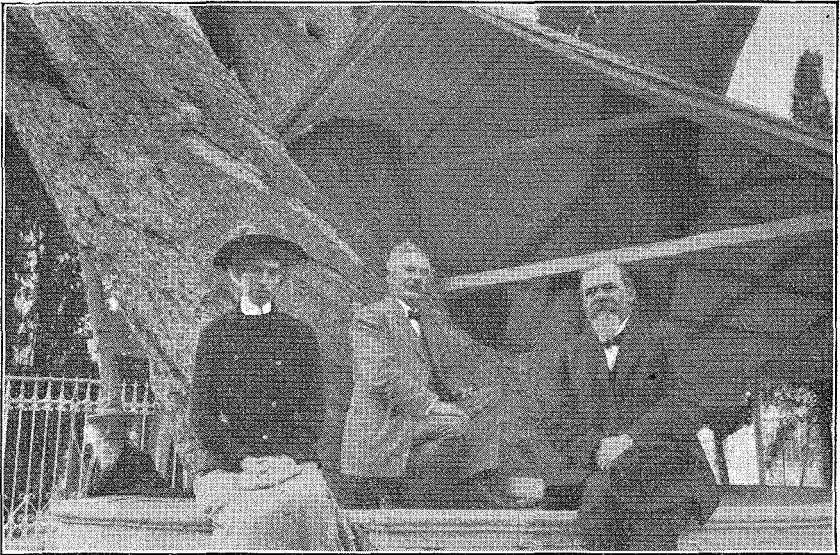
We had intended to publish this article at an earlier date, but later decided to save it to head our list of "travel sketches" for 1912. We have some splendid numbers for this year, including, "A trip to the Orient," by Sr. Peacock; "San Gabriel Mission," by Pres. Joseph Smith; "A bicycle tour in Australia," by Elder Robertson; "A visit to Switzerland," by Ruth Waller; "London," by Prof. F. R. Tubb; "Mexico," by Robert Cooper, and others that will be announced later.—EDITOR.

On this route the first place of interest up the coast above Joppa or Jaffa is Cesarea, once a glorious seaport, with a most admirable mole, and formerly magnificent streets of polished stone where dwelt Philip and his four virgin daughters (Acts 21: 8, 9). Here, too, was a splendid temple, with a palace of that Herod who martyred James the Apostle, and shut Peter in prison. This same Herod subsequently died a horrible death, being smitten by the angel of the Lord, and was eaten up of worms. (Acts 12: 1-23).

The glory of this city has long since departed, and now it lies desolated. Within a few hours from here we have a most imposing view of Mount Carmel, which can be seen from a distance of forty miles around, and presents a fine appearance. From the top of this mount one has a magnificent view of the Mediterranean Sea, and of the Plains of Esdraelon, one of the most beautiful spots and fruitful valleys in all Palestine. Here are to be seen cattle and sheep in great numbers; in fact, this is the only place in this country where I saw evidences of real agriculture and stock raising, which reminded me of up-to-date farming as carried on throughout the Middle States of the United States. Mount Carmel, (the name signifies "fruitful field,") is often the subject of scriptural references. The mountain ridge on which it is situated is about five miles broad, and eighteen long, and its height is 1750 feet. Its greatest interest is derived from its association with the life and work of the Prophet Elijah. It was the battle ground between Baal and his priests. On the south end of this mount a large Latin convent has been erected, supposed to be on or near the spot where they used to offer sacrifices in ancient times. It is now called Mount Sacrifice. (Joshua 12: 22; 19: 26; 1 Kings 18: 9-end; 2 Kings 2: 25; 4: 25; 2 Chronicles 26: 10; Solomon's Song 7: 5; Isaiah 35: 2, 37; 24; Micah 7: 14.)

At the foot of the north end of Mount Carmel is a small town called Haifa, which is now a very important seaport. Within the last few years an English company built a railroad from here to Damascus, which connects with Samuha and the Sea of Galilee. There are a number of colonies to be found in this vicinity, operated by Jews and Germans, and all of them seem to be in a thriving condition. There are many other enterprises carried on here. We

were very favorably impressed with Haifa and its surrounding country, and are of the opinion that this town will become a very great and prosperous city in the near future. Acre, which is near by, called in Bible times Ptolema, is where Paul visited the brethren on his way from Tyre to Cesarea (Acts 21:7), and it was at this place that the Prophet Agabus met Paul, bound him hand and feet with his girdle, and told him that the Jews at Jerusalem would bind the owner of the girdle and deliver him to the Gentiles (Acts 21:7-11). Strange to state, this place is provided with better landing facilities than any of the places previously mentioned. Its population is between six and eight thousand, composed of Christians, Jews, Moslems, and Druses.



A NOONDAY REST UNDER "ABRAHAM'S OAK."

Elder Griffiths at the right; Elder F. G. Pitt and wife at the left.

A short distance further up the coast we reach the remains of what was once the renowned city of Tyre, which in its golden days was celebrated for its lovely seaport, and was distinguished for its mercantile connections with the then known world. But note the contrast: This city which was strong and beautiful, with a harbor full of great ships, now is entered by only a few fishing boats. Her glory has wholly departed and she now lies in a heap of desolate ruins, in fulfillment of the prophecy of Isaiah and Ezekiel (Isaiah 23:1, 2; Ezekiel 27).

In the year 573 B. C. Nebuchadnezzar was the instrument in the hands of God, in bringing about the destruction of this once proud and wicked city (Ezekiel 26:1-9). Sidon, further north, is celebrated for its gardens, orchards, and luxurious fruits; for its Khans, Columns, and Tomb of Ashmanezer. It is one of the oldest cities

in the world (Genesis 10: 19), and the glory of Phœnicia, said to have been founded by the grandson of Noah.

Beyrout, the old Berytus, connected with the ancient Phœnician glory, is unsurpassed in its lovely situation and is of great antiquity, and was of great importance under the Roman emperors, and was styled by Justinian, "The nurse of the law." Here were originally magnificent baths and a theater erected by the grandson of Herod the Great. The city is located in the Pachalic of Acre, which is bounded by the Nake-el-kelb—the Dog River, on the north, while on the west its shores are washed by the Mediterranean, and at present is one of the most important seaports on the coast of Syria.

Steamers of various companies call here. When I landed I saw steamers from Constantinople, England, France, Italy, and other countries, in the harbor. The view from on board ship approaching the harbor was most delightful. The city is situated around the shore in a half circle, gradually rising upward to a high elevation, and commanding a grand view of the sea and surrounding country. Its population numbers over 100,000. Industrial enterprises of all kinds are carried on, within its boundaries. The market place is similar to all in the Orient. Here are to be found people of all nationalities; however, the Turks and Syrians outnumber all others. The various religious denominations are well represented here, with their convents, church houses, hospitals, schools, etc. Every country of importance, with the exception of America, has its own post offices. There is a railroad running from here to Damascus. After having seen all that was of interest, I boarded the train for the capital city, Damascus, leaving at 7.20 in the morning. I reached my destination at 5 p. m. and can truthfully say that I never experienced a more enjoyable journey. The day was most beautiful; glorious, sunshiny weather, and the scenery was beyond description as we climbed up Mount Lebanon, taking four hours to reach its top, which is six thousand feet above the sea. Nearly all the way up the mountain is terraced and covered with fruit trees and grapes of many varieties. Here and there a small patch of Lebanon cedars is to be seen, also prosperous and beautiful towns are located all along the line. We stopped at over twenty stations on the way.

To the left, facing the sea, is to be seen the highest peak of Mount Lebanon, 11,000 feet in height, covered with the pure white snow. The first my eyes had gazed upon that winter. As we traveled down the other side of the mountain, and through the lovely valleys, we were astonished at seeing the extraordinary productiveness of the soil, and the many vast green fields of grain that loomed up before us on every side. Surely the Lord has verified his promise wherein it is written, "Is it not yet a very little while, and Lebanon shall be turned into a fruitful field, and the fruitful field shall be esteemed as a forest." (Isaiah 29: 17.) At the time that this prediction was made, Lebanon was a fruitful country, but I have conversed with men who have lived in Palestine between forty and fifty years, who testify that this country became barren and the land was as hard as a rock, but since 1850 the "early and

latter rains" have descended, and the land has been gradually restored to its former beauty and fertility. Its springs and rivers are most plentiful. We do know that the Lord has blessed all of this land.

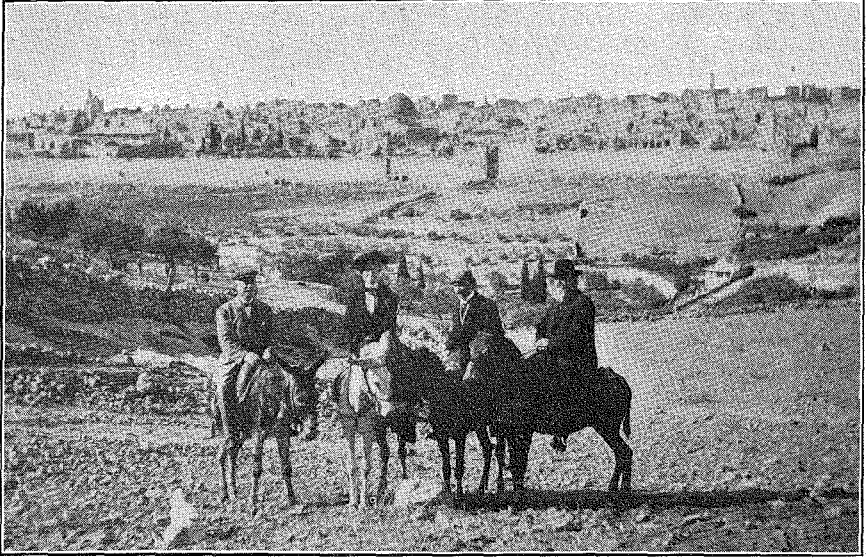
The land of Judea and Benjamin has rich springs of water bubbling out of the ground; and we gather from the following predictions that the Lord will abundantly bless this land and its inhabitants. "The wilderness, and the solitary places shall be glad for them and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose" (Isaiah 35: 1) "for the seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit, and the ground shall give her increase, and the heavens shall give their dew; and I will cause the remnant of this people to possess all these things." (Zechariah 8: 12.) I truly rejoice that I have been permitted to visit this country, and witness the fulfillment of the prophecies herein given, and many more to which I could refer.

As we approached Damascus we had a grand view of the beautiful River Abana. Its water has a deep blue color, which is in great contrast to the River Jordan, which has a muddy appearance. Damascus is often styled "The pearl of the east," said to be the oldest city in the world. Its history goes back to the period of the dispersion at the tower of Babel. It possesses a grandeur and a beauty peculiarly its own; other great cities and capitals of empires have succumbed to the ravages of time, such as Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, and many others of ancient renown. Its population is upwards of 200,000. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens and is blessed with an abundance of water which flows from the River Abana. In nearly every block is to be seen a fountain furnishing water for the homes and gardens. The city is many miles in circumference, and is noted for its many bazars, which are of unique interest and oriental in character. One peculiarity is that many of its streets are named by the trade or business which is carried on within them; for instance, Shoemaker Street.

The depositories of merchandise here are wonderful. Mosques are about two hundred in number. The ancient Grand Harem, as it is called, is second only to the Mosque of Omar. But the part of the city which interested us most was the street called Straight, though the street itself is far from being straight, being very crooked. It is covered overhead, hence the sunshine can not penetrate into the street below, and as a natural consequence it is very dark, gloomy, and dirty; therefore I did not admire it, but I tarried long enough in it to visit the house of Judas which Saul was commanded by the Lord to enter, and where Ananias was also directed by the same Lord to tell Paul what his will was concerning him. I also saw the place where it is said Paul was let down over the wall in a basket when he made his escape from the city. (See Acts 9: 8-25; 26: 12-16.) It was here Naaman the leper lived. I do not wonder that the leper protested when he was commanded by the Prophet Elisha to go and wash in the River Jordan seven times, for since having seen the rivers Abana and Pharpar, of Damascus, I am of the same opinion that he was, that the waters of the above

rivers are "better" or more beautiful than the River Jordan. But this incident reminds us of the saying that God's ways are not as man's ways. And Naaman was subsequently convinced that obedience and walking in God's way was the right way in his case, thereby proving that man is always safe when he honors and pursues God's way in preference to his own.

All travelers are surprised at the multitude and the great variety of dogs which are seen lying around on the sidewalks and in the streets. They keep up a continuous howling and barking day and



APOSTLE GOMER T. GRIFFITHS AND PARTY.

Elder Griffiths at the right; Elder F. G. Pitt and wife at the left.

night, and are the most horrible of all I have ever seen, mostly all thin and crippled, many of them with only one eye, and some totally blind. It is said they number between forty and fifty thousand. The Mohammedans do not believe in killing animals; no matter how badly diseased they are, they are allowed to die a natural death.

The inconsistency of their belief is that they cruelly abuse the poor animals, by kicking, stoning, and beating them most unmercifully. There is a religious class of people in this country who believe that the spirits of the people go into animals when they die. I have thought that it would be just that these people experienced for a time the suffering and misery that they inflict on the poor dumb brute.

Having seen all that I was interested in, I left the city at 5 a. m. for the Galilee country by railway, traveling through some very beautiful country. Vast fields of grain can be seen on both sides of the road for many miles, but I did not see any fruit trees or grape vines. We crossed and recrossed the River Pharpar, also

traveled alongside of it for a long distance. The scenery on both sides of the river is delightful and well worth seeing; however, there are only a few small native villages between Damascus and Samuha, which is the station for Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee.

To the right we seen Dan, which is well known to all Bible readers from the often repeated saying, "From Dan to Beersheba," also Cæsarea Philippi is close to Dan. One of the most beautiful mountains and well known in history is Mount Hermon, which is near here with its white snowcapped tops. After a nine-hour journey I arrived at the Sea of Galilee, which is a lovely body of water. I landed at the south end of the lake, and crossing the River Jordan I rode in a carriage along the shore of the Sea of Galilee.

(Concluded next month.)



The Mormon Girl.

By Paula Brown.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this story has spent practically all of her life in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her parents were for many years members of the dominant church in Utah, but later were converted and became members of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. She has had every opportunity to study and observe conditions in her native State. She vouches for the fact that all of the leading events in the story, incredible though some of them may seem, are based on actual occurrences.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MORMON VENGEANCE.

THERE WAS a dull thud, a struggle, and a splash in the cold dark waters of the river below, then all was still.

"That was mighty neatly done," whispered one man to the other, as they passed quickly and silently from the shadows of the dark, massive bridge that spanned the river into the willows that fringed its banks; where they stood listening for a few minutes.

"What if he should get out?" said the other in a low tone.

"No danger o' that—an' if 'e should, guess it'll learn 'im to let the Mormon gals alone," with a chuckle.

"But if he should get out, maybe he'll make trouble, eh?"

"W'at good 'ul it do 'im? Hif 'e knows w'en 'e's well off, 'e 'll leave fur more congen'al quarters, or 'e'll git worse next time."

"I don't see nor hear nothing of him."

"Nope, we've seen the last o' him," and with another glance toward the river, they came out into the road and quickly disappeared in the darkness.

Wilbert had been to interview Grandma LaSalle to see if she could throw any light on the whereabouts of June. He had stayed a little longer than he intended, and being late in the autumn, the days were growing short, and the evenings cool. It was nearly 9 o'clock when he reached the river, and being very much worried

and preoccupied with his thoughts concerning June, he had little thought of his own safety or welfare. When he reached the center of the bridge that spanned the river, he was struck on the back of the head, seized from behind, and after a short but violent struggle, he was thrown over the bridge into the dark river below. He was carried down stream several yards by the swift current, before he could get control of himself, and swim to the bank. He emerged a few moments later, a hundred yards or more below the bridge, dripping with the cold water and panting from exertion. He stood listening for a moment among the tall willows and bushes that hedged the river, his teeth chattering with the cold. He felt for his watch and money and found them undisturbed, and fell to wondering who his assailants could be. "Danites!" and Mr. Bridge's warning came to him. "I wonder who they are, and if they will still be watching for me? I forgot that the bishop heard us discussing the possibility of her being at Grandma LaSalle's. Perhaps they surmised that I would come out to see if she was there. What can I do? I can not stay here, for I am nearly frozen to death now, and it must be nearly two miles yet to town."

He crept softly out of the bushes and looked into an open field, now overgrown with grass and weeds. He looked cautiously around but could see no sign of his assailants. There was no house, no building of any kind near. As he stepped out, he saw the glimmer of a light among some trees, several hundred yards in the distance. "That must be the light from some window. I wonder who lives there? It may be the home of my assailants, but there's no alternative. I will have to take the risk," and with these thoughts he crossed the field, climbed the fence and came out into a road which he followed cautiously, keeping the light in view. As a shipwrecked mariner keeps his eye on the beacon light, so he was guided to peace, safety, and happiness, by the little beacon light, which shone from the widow's cottage window. He followed the light till he came to a little cottage surrounded by trees. He looked cautiously around, then crept up to the window, from which had shown his beacon light. He looked into the room and beheld a child asleep in a cradle, but he could see no other occupant of the room. This gave him courage, and he went to the door and rapped loudly. After a few moments of waiting the door was opened cautiously, just a little way, and a woman's face appeared in the opening.

"Good evening, madam; do not be alarmed. I have been thrown into the river by unknown assailants. I am very wet and cold, and as it is a long way to town to travel in wet garments, I am forced to appeal to you for assistance. If you can furnish me with a night's lodging or with dry wearing apparel, I will return them to you and pay you for your trouble," he said.

"Come right in, I will furnish you with both," she said throwing the door wide open, for she perceived from his appearance and language that he was a gentleman; and she could not turn a deaf ear to a fellow-creature in distress.

"Thank you," he said, as he stepped into the room, which was the kitchen.

"I will find you some of my poor dead husband's clothes to put on while yours are drying," she said, as she poked up the fire. She went out and soon returned with the promised clothes, which she deposited upon a chair; she stepped into the other room again and brought in a pair of shoes, saying: "I don't know whether you can wear these or not——"

"Thank you, but it will not matter much, for mine will be dry before morning, I think," he answered.

She put the shoes near the fire and went out, leaving him in the kitchen to change his clothes.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE WIDOW'S STORY.

Wilbert had changed his clothes, wrung out the wet ones and hung them out to dry, when his hostess returned to the kitchen. She proceeded to make him a cup of hot coffee, and while she was thus engaged he told her how he had been attacked and thrown into the river. While he sipped his hot coffee he engaged her in conversation.

"Did I understand you to say you were a widow?" he asked.

"Yes; my husband was killed," she replied.

"Indeed! Accidentally, I suppose?"

"No—you are not a Mormon, are you?" she asked, looking sharply at him.

"No; I have not been in this part of the country very long."

"I thought not. Well, the Danites killed him."

This information caused a slight chill to run down Wilbert's back, but he answered quietly, "Is that so? And what for?"

"Well, he apostatized, I suppose. He was the private secretary of one who was high in authority in the church. He saw and heard things there of which he could not approve, and he could not resist expressing himself to that effect. He was warned by his friends not to express himself too freely in regard to what he saw and heard; and 'dead men tell no tales,' you know."

"Well, well! And how did they kill him?"

"He was sent out of the city by his employer on an errand and accompanied by a trusted member of the 'Danite' band, in a buggy; when they reached a lonely place his companion suddenly laid down in the bottom of the buggy, while a shot was fired from the rear, hitting my husband in the back and killing him—accidentally, of course."

"And was there no investigation made concerning it?" asked Wilbert in surprise.

"No, indeed. They did not even bring back the body to me, but buried him right where he was killed; and I do not know to-day where he lies."

"Good gracious! And how do you get along—do they support you?"

"I got along miserably enough for a while, for I had four small children to care for, and they gave me little or no help. I sewed

and worked at anything I could get to do, until my health was broken down and I became ill. I was not used to hard work, for I had a kind, indulgent husband. He was well educated, and always held good positions, and got a good salary."

"I understand," he said, and she continued: "I had some good kind friends who helped me all they could, and when I was sick the Rev. Mr. Bridge found me out——"

"The Rev. Mr. Bridge?"

"Yes, and a good, kind, fatherly man he is, too."

"He is, indeed—I know him."

"Oh, do you? Well, he and the church—his church, I mean—took up my case and have provided for me and my children; then when I got better they gave me employment, and they are going to educate my children, so, you see, I am getting along very nicely now."

"But are you not afraid——"

"Wilbert, Wilbert!" came in a faint distressed voice. Wilbert started and turned pale. He looked all around him, trying to discern from whence the voice proceeded, and the thought flashed quickly through his mind that perhaps it was his fancy, and once more he wondered if his mind was disordered. He rose quickly to his feet, and glancing toward his hostess, he noticed that she also looked startled for a moment, for she had forgotten her patient in her conversation with her new guest.

She said quickly, "Do not be alarmed, it is only a sick lady who is stopping with me——"

But this information seemed to make him more excited, and he exclaimed, "A sick lady—where is she? Please, Mrs.—— Mrs.——"

"Jones is my name," she volunteered.

"Mrs. Jones, please let me see the sick lady," he pleaded. His excitement seemed to be contagious, for she grew alarmed at his manner and hardly knew what to say. She could not explain and guard the girl's secret too, besides what business was it of his? And the thought came to her that perhaps he was mentally unbalanced, but she said: "I can not let you see her, Mr. ——"

"Gray is my name. I must see her, Mrs. Jones, and I promise you that I will do her no harm!"

"It is not that, but I am sorely perplexed concerning her, for when you came I was in a quandary as to what to do concerning her, for she is very sick and her mind seems to be wandering; but she made me promise not to let anybody see her or to know she was here. She would not let me send for a doctor even. I forgot her for a few minutes, in talking to you."

Once more the voice came to their ears. The name "Wilbert!" being the only word distinctly heard, and the voice died away in indistinct mutterings. Wilbert had not sat down since he had heard the voice before, and he advanced now toward the door from which the sound seemed to proceed, but Mrs. Jones, anticipating him, quickly stepped between him and the door, saying: "Mr. Gray, I

can not let you see her!" He could not but admire the plucky little woman's faithfulness in trying to protect and guard her friend.

"Mrs. Jones, I was out looking for a young lady when I was thrown into the river, and I have every reason to believe that this is the same young lady," he said resolutely.

"That may be, but that might also be the more reason why I should not allow you to see her, for she begged me not to let anyone see her or know she was here, under any consideration—not even her mother."

"You heard the name she spoke, Wilbert?" She nodded her head and he continued: "She is calling me, my name is Wilbert—Wilbert Gray. If I tell you her name will you consent to let me see her? Her name is June Brownley, is it not?"

Mrs. Jones remained silent and he continued: "Mrs. Jones, I am going to see her! I hate to seem ungrateful after the kind treatment you have shown me to-night, but this is a matter of more than life to me." He had spoken in a determined tone, but seeing the little woman look frightened and seemed ready to cry, he said in a gentler tone, "Please let me see her, and if she prove not to be the young lady for whom I am searching, I will guard her secret well and she shall suffer nothing on my account; and if it prove to be she, she will not object to my finding her, for I seek only her happiness. I love her too well to harm her in the least," and he resolutely opened the door.

Mrs. Jones pushed past him and walked on before him to the sick room.

CHAPTER XXV.—FOUND.

When they entered the room, June was lying quiet, and corpse-like, except for her labored breathing. Wilbert had not seen her for several weeks, and was not prepared for the change that worry, close confinement, and sickness had wrought in her. He stepped softly up to the bed, and looked at her for a moment. He realized what she had been made to suffer, and he exclaimed, almost involuntarily, "My God, what a change!—all the work of that bishop —"

"Don't let him take me—oh, don't let him take me!" she exclaimed, with wide, frightened eyes, and holding her arms out to him imploringly; for his words had disturbed her for a moment, and then she moaned and tossed restlessly.

Mrs. Jones looked doubtfully at him, with frightened eyes, but the next words reassured her.

"Don't let him take me—Wilbert, save me!" she moaned once more. Wilbert took her hands in his, and knelt down by her, saying, "June, dear, I've come to save you. Don't you know me?" But she muttered something incoherently, and lapsed into unconsciousness again. He bent his head over her hands and wept like a child. Mrs. Jones stood watching the scene, and wept also. After a few moments, he arose to his feet, and turning to Mrs. Jones, he said: "She is very ill—I must get a doctor at once. I will also bring her mother."

"I wanted to send for her mother this morning, but she would not listen to such a thing," said Mrs. Jones.

"I understand," he said. "Is there any kind of a conveyance near here that I could get?"

"I do not know of any."

"Then I must go on foot just as fast as I can. Wring a cloth out of cold water, and put it on her head, and care for her the best you can until I return. I will be just as quick as I can," and he went out into the kitchen, after glancing back at June once more.

He looked around for his hat, then remembered that he had lost it in the river, but he plunged out into the night, bareheaded, and in the ill-fitting and queer looking clothes. As he strode hurriedly on, he thought, "It is a good thing it is late and not many people abroad, or I might be arrested for a lunatic or something worse in this queer looking outfit; even in the darkness." He called at the residence of the nearest doctor he could find, and sent him right down, and then proceeded to find a carriage, which gave him no little trouble, for he was obliged to go to a livery stable, waken a man, and wait for him to hitch up. The man looked at him suspiciously and he slipped a piece of money into his hand before he would consent to hitch up at all; but that had the desired effect, and lent wings to his leaden feet. The carriage being ready, Wilbert jumped into it and ordered the driver "to Mr. Brownley's residence as fast as you can go." All was dark and still at the Brownley home, for it was now long past midnight. He rang the door-bell vigorously, and Mr. Brownley put his head out of a window upstairs and inquired what was wanted.

"It is me—Gray. Come down, Mr. Brownley; I want to speak to you," called Wilbert.

"All right; I'll be right down," answered Mr. Brownley.

After much bustling about, the door was opened, and Wilbert went in.

"First tell Mrs. Brownley to get dressed as fast as she can, for she must come with me. I've found your daughter," said Wilbert. Mr. Brownley went to the foot of the stairs and called, "Emma." "Yes, I've heard, and I'll be down directly," she answered. "Now, Mr. Brownley, you go and get yourself ready just as quick as you can, and I'll tell you all particulars on the way. I have a cab waiting," said Wilbert.

They kept him waiting only a few minutes, but it seemed a long time to Wilbert. Mr. Brownley came in just ahead of Mrs. Brownley. "Mr. Gray, I knew you had some news of her just as soon as I heard it was you—" Mrs. Brownley commenced, but Mr. Brownley interrupted her.

"Where's your hat, Gray; did you come bareheaded?"

"I lost my hat," replied Wilbert, looking ruefully down at his attire, and especially his boots, which were so large that he could almost have put his two feet into one of the boots. "But how queer you are dressed—have you been acting as detective?" said Mrs. Brownley, scrutinizing him closely, as they went out to the carriage.

He helped them both in and sat down opposite to them; then he replied, "No, Mrs. Brownley, I am not 'under false colors,' though I am 'in borrowed plumes.' The case is urgent, and I had no time to spend on my toilet, as you see, for your daughter is very ill."

"And where is she?" asked Mrs. Brownley.

"At a widow's by the name of Mrs. Jones."

"Mrs. Jones's? How did she ever get down there?—and at night, too?" said Mrs. Brownley, eagerly.

"My dear, I think that if you will just give him a chance, Mr. Gray will tell us all about it," said Mr. Brownley, quietly.

"Her impatience is excusable under the circumstances, Mr. Brownley, but first I must tell you that I found June very ill and have sent a doctor down ahead of us——"

"Is she so ill then?" inquired Mr. Brownley, interrupting him.

"She is indeed, or I wouldn't have routed you out at this hour of the night."

"I am not so surprised at that," said Mrs. Brownley, "for she has been failing steadily, and has been ill for several days—so much so that I can not see how she ever reached Mrs. Jones alive, and alone at night, poor child!" And she wept softly behind her handkerchief, as she settled back in the dusky corner of the carriage. The moon hung low in the sky, and the carriage rolled steadily along as Wilbert proceeded to tell them of his visit to Grandma LaSalle's in quest of June; of his being seized and thrown into the river on his way back; and of his applying to Mrs. Jones for assistance resulting in the finding of June.

"And did you say you were not robbed?" said Mr. Brownley, "I don't understand it—I can not think who it could have been."

"I have missed nothing as yet, except my hat. Mr. Bridge would have called them 'Danites' I suppose."

"Why, man, if that's the case, you are not safe here for a moment. I would advise you to get out of this place just as soon as you can," exclaimed Mr. Brownley.

"Oh, no—not without June! Would you object to my taking her with me? Will you give her to me? for I fear she is not much safer here than I am."

"You certainly deserve her, Mr. Gray," said Mrs. Brownley.

"Thank you," he murmured and he seized her hand and gave it a hearty squeeze.

But Mr. Brownley was not quite so responsive. He said quickly, "Oh, she's safe enough with me; it is I who am to blame for letting that old reprobate dominate me. What a confounded old fool I've been; but I see it all now—I've learned the lesson. I will never use my influence again to have a daughter of mine marry any man; they shall choose for themselves, and their choice shall be my choice; so Mr. Gray, you'll have to apply right to her."

"I did not mean for you to use any influence in my behalf. I only want your consent; if she will not marry me of her own free will, I will bury my disappointment, and go on my way, still loving her to the end of my days."

"Oh, if that is all, you have my consent; and I heartily wish you success," responded Mr. Brownley.

"Thank you, Mr. Brownley—thank you both," and he extended his hand to Mr. Brownley and they gave a hearty handshake, just as the carriage stopped at the widow's cottage.

CHAPTER XXVI.—RESCUED.

"I see the doctor has preceded us," said Wilbert, motioning toward the gig standing near as they passed into the cottage. The doctor had given her some quieting medicine, and sat watching for the result, when they entered the room. They shook hands cordially with Mrs. Jones, then went close to the doctor, and stood looking at June, who lay quiet, breathing quickly. "How do you find her, doctor?" asked Mr. Brownley.

"Hush," said the doctor, holding up a warning finger, and continuing in a low tone, "She is threatened with brain fever, but still has glimpses of consciousness, and I am——"

But the voices had disturbed her, and she began tossing and muttering incoherently again. Her mother bent over her, laid her cool hand on her hot brow, and brushing back her loosened hair, she said in a tender tone, much as she would to a little child, "What is it, dear; tell mamma."

June opened her eyes wide, looked at her mother, and said, "Oh, mamma, why don't he come?" then muttering incoherently, she lapsed into unconsciousness again.

"She appears to have had some great shock, or mental strain, about the only words she says distinctly, is 'Don't let him take me.' 'Why don't he come?' and calling for some one—Will—something, to save her; and sometimes she calls for her 'mamma.' Now the main thing to do is to throw off the disease or break it up before it gets settled. It is not a case for medicines. I have given her a quieting lotion, that is all. She seems under some great mental excitement. Now if you can convince her that the person she so much fears shall not take her away, and the one she worries about not coming, will come; if we can relieve her mind on these points the mental excitement would subside, and the fever would leave, I think."

While the doctor was speaking Wilbert and Mrs. Brownley exchanged glances, and Mr. Brownley stood looking at the wreck of his once beautiful and merry hearted daughter. The events of the last few days had opened his eyes, and he saw himself a fanatical, inhuman father, and he spared not himself in his self-examination. He had no desire to see her marry the bishop; the thought was repulsive to him now. Her words came back to him, "Papa, I'd rather die than marry that man." And he realized that she meant what she said. Tears sprang to his eyes as he stood watching his helpless, stricken daughter, for he felt that should she not recover, her blood would be on his hands; and he breathed a silent prayer in her behalf. These thoughts succeeded each other in quick succession. At that moment she opened her eyes and said, "Wilbert, save me; don't let him take me!"

Mr. Brownley was at her side immediately, and taking her hands, he called her by her baby name, saying, "Juno, don't you know papa?"

She opened her eyes and said, "Papa, let me stay with you."

"Indeed you shall; he shall not have you, dear," he said as he gently stroked her hands, but she lapsed into unconsciousness again and remained quiet, and with closed eyes for a few moments. Soon she grew restless again and called out, "Wilbert, Wilbert!" Mr. Brownley looked perplexed, but Mrs. Brownley glanced quickly at Wilbert, who stood near, then bending over her, she said, "He is here—Wilbert is here," and she moved aside to make room for Wilbert.

Mr. Brownley also stepped aside and Wilbert came to her side and knelt once more. He took her hands in his and said, "June, I am Wilbert, don't you know me?—don't you know Wilbert?"

"Wilbert?" she repeated softly, and lay still as if listening.

"Yes, I am Wilbert—I am here, dear."

"Wilbert," she repeated again, but in a more natural tone, as she tried to raise herself, and he caught her in his arms. She burst into tears and lay sobbing in his arms. He tried to soothe her, but she sobbed hysterically.

The doctor smiled and said, "She's saved! Let her have her cry out; it will do her good." Then, motioning to Mrs. Brownley, who also was crying, he took her into the kitchen, and Mr. Brownley followed them, leaving the lovers to comfort each other.

The doctor told Mrs. Brownley that good nursing would do more than medicine for her. He left a tonic for her to take, and after giving instructions, he drove away, saying he would call again to-morrow.

June soon ceased to sob, and fell into a gentle slumber. Wilbert laid her gently back on the pillow as Mr. and Mrs. Brownley came into the room. After a little while Mr. Brownley and Wilbert went out to the carriage, which was still waiting, and went home, leaving Mrs. Brownley with June.

CHAPTER XXVII.—HOME AGAIN.

June recovered very rapidly; for as the doctor had said, it was not a case that required medicine. Her nerves had been at such a high tension for so long that they had collapsed. Now that her mind was at ease, her health soon regained its normal condition. Wilbert came every day to see her, but they were careful to send him back before dark, and always warned him to keep a strict watch on his way back.

"I am safe enough as long as I am supposed to be in the river somewhere. I think if I went home after dark and chanced to meet either of my assailants on my way, that he would drop in his tracks with fright," laughed Wilbert.

On the third day Mrs. Brownley said to Wilbert, "I think we will be able to go home with you to-morrow," and she glanced smilingly toward June.

"Good, I will bring a carriage and come early—that is early

enough to bring you home before it gets too chilly; say about 2 o'clock, will that suit you?"

"Very nicely, thank you. I feel as though I ought to be home," replied Mrs. Brownley.

"Oh, you needed a rest—if we can call it a rest; anyway, you look better," said June.

"Oh, it is the same 'rest' that has made you well that is benefiting me; it is the 'change'—from sorrow to happiness," responded Mrs. Brownley.

"That is so; there's nothing so conducive to good health as a happy, contented mind. The only worry I have now is about Wilbert," said June glancing toward him.

He came to her side immediately and said: "What have I done, dear, to cause you to worry?"

"Oh, it is nothing you have done, but it is what some one else has done, and might do again—they might—might baptize you again into the 'Danite' order," she said with a sober mien, but there was a suppressed twinkle in her eyes. He was feeling thankful in his heart, that she had not seen him that night as he looked in those clothes when he went flying, bareheaded for the doctor, when she continued: "But really, Wilbert, I do think that the regalia of that 'order' is—to say the least, unique." His face turned red, and he smiled though he looked confused. "June, June," said her mother, then to Wilbert, "you must pay no attention to her teasing, for she will plague the life out of you if you do."

He pinched her cheek and laughingly said: "You rogue, it was all your fault."

"Yes, and it will be my fault if you get another dip, which you may if you don't run along home now," she said glancing at the clock.

"I see you want to be rid of me," he said, rising.

"Yes—for your sake," with another humorous twinkle in her eyes.

"Very well, good-bye," and he shook hands with both and went out of the room laughing.

"I'm glad to see you in such good spirits to-day, Mr. Gray," said the widow, as he came out into the kitchen.

"Yes, I am glad because Miss Brownley is feeling so cheerful," he answered.

"She is getting along fine, and she will be herself soon now, I think. Mr. Gray,—I—I feel as if I ought to apologize to you for being so rude to you the night—you——" she stammered.

"Mrs. Jones, don't mention it,—you did perfectly right, and I think none the less of you for it. You were doing the best you could for the ones I hold dearest on earth. It is I who should apologize to you, for you were so stanch that I was forced to use a little sternness with you."

"Well, I don't know what I would have done without you,—or they either for that matter."

"I consider you one of the best friends I have; you have been a good true friend from the first, and I want you to know I

appreciate it, and will always remember you. I am going to take them home to-morrow. Good-bye," and he held out his hand to her.

"Good-bye, Mr. Gray," she said, as she put her hand in his, and he walked away.

Next afternoon, Wilbert drove up to the widow's cottage, in a carriage, well provided with cushions, robes, and wraps. They left the widow with many demonstrations of their thankfulness and appreciation—some of which were very substantial ones; and not without many regrets. Each one had come to her in an hour of trouble, with a heart overburdened with sorrow and anxiety; they had found physical comfort, peace of mind, and happiness while there. They were leaving now with light hearts, and with brighter prospects for the future; and each left a heartfelt benediction with her. Wilbert took June in his arms, like she was a child, and carried her out to the carriage; sat her on the cushions, helped Mrs. Brownley in beside her, tucked them in warmly with robes, then climbed in, and sat opposite to them. They waved a good-bye to Mrs. Jones as they drove off.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE PROPOSAL.

Wilbert continued his daily visits to June after they had returned home. He had met no further opposition from the "Danite" band, but the Brownley family were very anxious concerning him. Early one evening, soon after they had returned home, when Wilbert called, June said, as she took his hat, "I am always glad to see you alive, for I never have a minute's peace when you are out of my sight."

"Can you not trust me out of your sight any better than that?" he said, laughing, as he removed his overcoat; for the weather was getting very cool now.

She smiled and said, "Sericusly, Wilbert, I never know, when you leave me, whether I will ever see you again, for I do not think you are safe for a moment here. I think you ought to leave this city."

"What? Are you so anxious to be rid of me, then?" he said, with a roguish twinkle in his eye.

"You know it is not that. Now Wilbert, stop joking, for I am in earnest."

"All right. So the little girl really wishes me to leave here?" and he took her hands in his, trying to look into her eyes; but she looked down, and did not answer, and he continued, "Is that not so? Did I understand you aright?"

"Yes," she said, scarcely above a whisper, "for a little while, at least. Of course I'll miss you ever so much, but——"

"But what?" and he put his hand under her chin and raised her face to his. Tears stood in her eyes. He put his arm around her and drew her close to him, saying, "All right, dear, and will the little girl go with me?"

"I would if—if mamma and papa——"

"Oh, I have already gained their consent," he said in a glad tri-

umphant tone, as he folded her in his arms and kissed her tenderly; "or were you going to say 'if papa and mamma will go too?'"

"No. I will go anywhere with you," she answered.

"Thank you, dear," and he sat down and took her on his knee.

"But would you not get homesick so far away from your folks—and the Mormons?" he said with a touch of humor.

"Are you trying to discourage me so soon?"

"Oh, no, not I. But I want to act for your greatest happiness. if you prefer, we will stay right here, for I do not apprehend any great danger. When that old bishop finds that I have secured the prize he was after he will take a back seat and let me alone."

"I am not so sure about that. I am afraid he is revengeful or vindictive."

"Then you are willing to go with me, leaving all of your folks and the Mormons behind?" he said in a bantering tone, but perhaps in reality to find out about how strong was her faith in Mormonism.

"Of course I shall miss mamma and papa, and my sister and brother, but as for the Mormons, I will be like Ruth of old, and say, 'Whithersoever thou shalt go, I will go; and where thou shalt dwell, I also will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, thy God my God. The Lord do so and so to me, if aught but death part me and thee.'"

He folded her in his arms and kissed her once more and said: "You little saint, where did you learn to quote Scripture like that?"

"I was once a Sabbath school scholar, then a Sabbath school teacher, and I rather like that kind of work," she said with a smile.

"Of course—a woman's natural sphere," he said approvingly, and continued: "But to return to the subject—we were speaking about the bishop; while I do not fear any danger after I have secured you—as I said before; but until you are safe in my keeping, he may try to get rid of me again; so it may not be any too safe for me here until then, and I will not go without you; so make the time as short as possible, will you, dear?"

"I will speak to mamma about it, for both she and papa are worried for your safety too."

"What is the use of a long waiting anyway? Our minds are made up, are they not?—at least mine is and has been since the first time I saw you. Let it be as soon as you can get ready, and do not wait to make any grand preparations, will you, dear?"

"Oh, no; I like a simpler wedding best."

"So do I. Set your own time, choose your own minister, but make it as soon as possible."

"I can not set the time until I speak to mamma."

"No, I know that; but when you speak to her, I mean. By the way—would you like to have the bishop marry us?"

He could not resist joking with her when he found opportunity, for she was sure to more than get even with him. She looked at him in consternation until he laughed, and she laughed too.

"Would you prefer to be married by a minister or a justice of the peace?" he asked.

"Well—though marriage is not altogether a religious affair, still it is a solemn, serious matter—or should be; and the one officiating should be a minister of the gospel, inasmuch as God joins them together," she said slowly.

"But do you think that is the way God joins a couple?" he asked.

She hesitated a moment, then said: "Not exactly. I think true love is the tie with which God joins a couple. He joins the hearts, while the minister joins the hands."

"I think you are right; there are many man-made marriages, but few 'whom God hath joined together,' and 'hearts can not be bound by parchment and red tape.' Now do you prefer a church wedding?"

"Yes, and for the same reason; but I prefer a simple church wedding to one of display."

"I agree with you exactly. Now have you any particular minister you would like to have?"

"I do not know of anyone whom I had rather have than the Rev. Mr. Bridge."

"Nor I. Then after you have spoken to papa and mamma, may I speak to Mr. Bridge?"

"Yes—oh, here he comes now," she said, and she quickly put the width of the room between herself and Wilbert.

CHAPTER XXIX.—CONCLUSION.

About a fortnight later the little chapel was once more brilliantly lighted and decorated with palms, ferns, and flowers; once more the familiar strains of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" floated out on the crisp November air, as June Brownley walked up the aisle to the altar, leaning on her father's arm and looking fairer and happier than ever. Wilbert stood waiting for her near the altar. He was a fine, noble looking man, and they made a handsome looking couple. May acted as bridesmaid and Ralph Kelley as best man. The chapel was well filled with relatives and friends; among the latter was Mrs. Jones, who looked motherly and happy, and feeling that she had had a hand in bringing about this match. She looked on approvingly, and whispered to a friend who sat beside her; "Doesn't she look beautiful? And are they not a fine looking couple?"

"Yes, they are well matched," replied her companion.

As Mr. Bridge performed the impressive ceremony, tears stood in Mr. and Mrs. Brownley's eyes, but they were not tears of grief, nor unhappy tears; for they were proud of their beautiful daughter, and of Wilbert also.

"That's the way with these fond parents; they cry when they're sad and they cry when they're glad, so how can you tell?" said Fred.

As June and Wilbert passed down the aisle and out into the vestibule, Wilbert whispered to June: "Do you remember when we first met, as we passed out through here before, I whispered that I hoped we would stand together before the altar again soon?"

"Yes," and she looked up and laughed.

"Well, that has been the dearest wish of my heart ever since," he said.

"And you have your wish?" she said as he sat down beside her in the carriage.

"Yes, thank God, and my only wish now is that I may be able to make you as happy always as I am to-night," he said as he folded her to his breast.

"I hope you may always be as happy," she murmured.

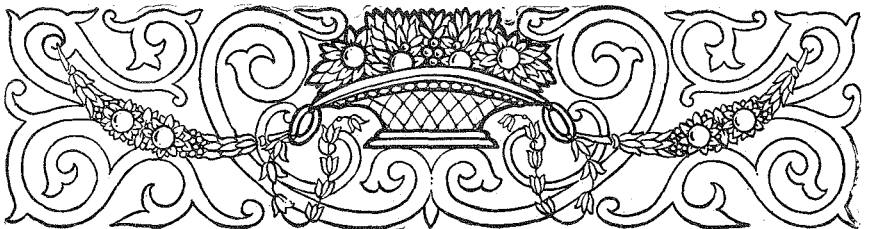
Mr. Bridge accompanied the family to their home, where the happy couple received the congratulations and best wishes of their relatives and friends. He gave them his parting blessing, kissed June, and patted her on the shoulder, calling her "My dear child," and telling them that he would see them again soon, as he expected to be going east before long.

"If she gets homesick I'll bring her back—or any time she wants to come," Wilbert called to Mr. and Mrs. Brownley, as they left for the train, which was to take them eastward, where they were going to make their home.

A few weeks later Mr. and Mrs. Brownley announced the engagement of their daughter May to Ralph Kelley, the wedding to take place some time in the following January.

The Brownley family were made to feel the effects of the church's displeasure; Mr. Brownley was summarily discharged from the position he had held so long, and they were discriminated against in many ways; but he succeeded in getting a position in a Gentile establishment and early in the following spring he sold his home and moved east, Wilbert having secured him a good position where he was, much to the delight of Wilbert Gray and his little Mormon girl.

(The end.)



EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Lamoni, Iowa.

The Homesickness of Elder John Howard.

By the Editor.

This is the first of a series of short stories that will run in the Editor's Corner during the year. They will deal with the trials and experiences which are common to the lot of the average missionary or pastor. Few young elders, for instance, escape the period of homesickness and discouragement that assailed John Howard as narrated in this particular story. Some meet it in one way, some in another, some give up entirely and turn back from their work. Possibly the story of John Howard's homesickness may be of help to some who are now passing through such an experience.

THE OLD clock in the Brick Church at Lamoni was slowly ticking away the closing minutes of the General Conference of 19—.

Pres. Joseph Smith sat in his accustomed place upon the rostrum; his two counselors by his side. A broad, golden beam from the afternoon sun found its way under the drawn curtain of the west window, and rested like a halo of light upon the gray hair of the aged prophet. Before him sat the First, Second, and Third Quorums of Seventy, and behind them sat members of the lesser priesthood: priests, teachers, and deacons; to his left sat the stake officials and high priests, with the elders a little further to the rear; to his right sat the delegates; behind him sat the bishops, the evangelical ministers, and the members of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles. Here was a living demonstration of church organization, according to the New Testament plan.

The gallery was crowded with visitors, for this was the day when the mission appointments were to be read.

Business proceeded in a desultory manner, in an apparent effort to kill time until the list should be ready. The joint council of the First Presidency, the Twelve, and the Presiding Bishopric had been going over the appointments until the last moment before the opening of the service, and even then the secretary of the Quorum of Twelve, with his stenographers, was making the final corrections and changes.

It was moved to sustain the First Presidency of the church. The motion prevailed. Afterward, the apostles, the bishops, the seventies, the elders, the priests, the teachers, and the deacons were sustained, more or less in their order; likewise the auxiliary societies, the *Saints' Herald*, *Zion's Ensign*, AUTUMN LEAVES, the missionaries' wives, until one wondered if there was anything left to sus-

tain. Finally, just as the irrepressible Elder C—— was rising to move that “we sustain anything and everything not previously mentioned,” there arose a little stir in the rear of the room. The mission list had arrived.

The secretary of the Quorum of Twelve walked up the aisle and took his place, stolidly, among his dignified colleagues. He proceeded to hand a copy of the corrected list to the chairman. Another copy found its way to the reporters’ table for the use of the *Herald* editors, and still another for the editor of *Zion’s Ensign*.

The chairman passed the copy that he had received to one of the assistant clerks, who in turn handed it to the clerk of the assembly. The clerk arose, cleared his throat, and prepared to read.

The assembly settled itself to listen in strained silence. The tradition was that no one of the elders knew where he was to go—let us honor the tradition and forget that some had guessed from certain straws which way the wind blew in their particular cases.

Here were wives and children of the missionaries, eager to learn where father or husband was to go for the conference year. Here were delegates from the city churches, anxious to know if the dearly beloved brother —— was to return. Here were men over whom hung the possibility of foreign appointments—to some an opportunity, to others a menace. They had said they would go if they were appointed—would they be appointed? They did not know. In twenty minutes they would know.

As the clerk read the list of names, strange rustlings ran through the audience. Elder A—— was to go to Australia. Elder B—— was listed for the “Islands”; (it was rumored that he would not go alone. Other powers had selected a more acceptable traveling companion than could be provided by conference appointment). Elder D—— was to return to the field that had known him for fifteen years,—all his ministerial life.

One hearing his name read, sat without moving a muscle or changing expression. Another dropped his head between his hands as though stricken. Another started and smiled. He had not guessed right. Another shot a quick glance to the gallery where sat his wife in strained, stooping posture. She smiled. He was to labor in his home district. A little group sat with tears slowly rolling down their cheeks. Their old pastor was assigned to new fields. A widow in black wept quietly—her husband had gone on a long mission, and his place in the councils of the church was vacant.

Elder John Howard sat in his place in the Second Quorum of Seventy, keenly alive to the changing emotions of those around him; thrilled to the center of his being by his own emotions.

He had been newly ordained to the office of seventy. This was his first year in the quorum and was to be his first year away from home and in the field. He felt inspired and ennobled to be numbered with such a group of men. He was sure that with them he could face the world, no matter what the odds. His heart swelled with devotion. He longed to pour forth the gospel story to eager and interested throngs.

Presently his name was called: "Howard, John, N. ——— District."

"How do you like it?" wrote his neighbor on the left.

"All right. It is in my own State," he scribbled on the same scrap of paper.

Thus the reading went on until the last name was announced, including the names of the South Sea Island native missionaries, Temarei, Tai, Tane a Temai, Paia, Pahoa, Tefau Tuata, over the pronunciation of which the secretary stumbled while the people smiled. It was moved that the missions as read by the secretary be approved by the conference, and the delegates and ex officio members of the conference stood in confirmation.

Then some one called for a speech from Pres. Joseph Smith, and he, responding to the request, gave the ministry a few parting suggestions of a fatherly and practical nature. With reverent fervor, the congregation, led by Elder P——, sang:

"It may not be on the mountain's height
Or over the stormy sea;
It may not be at the battle's front
My Lord will have need of me;
But if by a still small voice he calls
To paths that I may not know,
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine,
I'll go where you want me to go."

As he joined in this song, at once a hymn and a covenant, John Howard felt that he could go to the ends of the earth in such a cause.

"Those appointed to Mission Number One will meet me at the rostrum at the close of the service," announced one of the missionaries in charge.

"Those appointed to the Rocky Mountain Mission, meet me in the basement," cried another. And so on until all had made their appointments.

The benediction was pronounced. The elders hastened to meet with their ministers in charge at the appointed places. The delegates fell to saying good-bye. And thus at once began the breaking up of the conference and the rallying of the army of the Lord for the year's work.

THE ORDEAL.

The first jolt to the hot enthusiasm of Elder John Howard came when he bade his family good-bye and started out into his field. He had not known it would be so hard to tell his wife good-bye, and when his boy, little John, jr., ran crying down the street after him, he felt that a dagger had pierced his heart. At last, almost by force, he tore himself from the boy's strong embrace and hastened to catch his train, but for days he could hear that pleading call, "Don't go, daddy; Oh, *please* don't go!"

Some weeks later John Howard wrote the following letter to his wife, sealed it and posted it:

"L——, ——, June 12, 19—.

"*Dear Jennie:* I have not known a happy day since I left home. It was hard to go at night; I could have left in the morning more easily. I get on fairly well by day, when the sun shines and I am busy, though I think of home almost all of the time; but when the shades of night come down, a cold, dark blanket of melancholy settles over me and I can only think of you and little John, jr., and our cozy little home. It is small, but it is ours—there is no place like home.

"I have been in L—— about two weeks. This is a large city and there is good opportunity here, if I were not too miserable to improve it. My traveling companion has been called home by sickness and that makes it worse in some ways. It seems I can not get in touch with the people here; I can not feel the love for them that I should feel. I am too melancholy. They talk to me and laugh and are sociable, and I try to respond, but the words die in my throat—they do not come from the heart. I am homesick. I have tried to overcome it, but I guess one can not reason with the emotions; they know no logic. I argue with myself but it does not lessen my melancholy at all.

"I must prepare to preach to-night, but my heart is not in it. Pray for me that I may not give up.

"Yours,

"JOHN."

It has been said that a wife can make or mar her husband's career. This is especially true of the missionary's wife. Jennie Howard was an ideal missionary's wife. She came from an old-time Latter Day Saint family. Her ancestral name had figured largely in church history. She had inherited the missionary spirit from men and women who had followed the fortunes of the church through good and ill report. So it came about that she wrote thus to her husband:

"*Dear John:* I am sorry that you are so despondent. I, too, have suffered from loneliness—God only knows how much—but you must remember that you are now one of the 'minute men' of the church. You are pledged to go where God and the church direct. The situation may be difficult, but one must not run away from a situation because it is difficult. Soldiers in the armies of the world have an honor that forbids desertion; surely soldiers in the army of the Lord can not afford to be less honorable. I would not have you forget your home; God forbid; but do not think about it so much. Think about your work. Become interested in the people among whom you labor. Think of the joy we have had in the glorious gospel, and of the many who have never heard it. Think of your own brother, who was a wicked and drunken man until he heard the elders preach and accepted the message. To-day he is a good and honorable citizen and a credit to the church. Thousands like him may yet be saved. If you save but one it is worth the sacrifice. Remember the old pioneers, Elders E. C. Briggs, W. W. Blair, Joseph, Alexander, David, and many others. Where would the church be to-day if they had refused to leave

home? I am well and very busy with household and church duties.

"Little John, jr., is well. His cheeks are as red as Missouri Pippins. I must tell you his latest: I was shelling some early peas, and when he told one of the neighbors about it later, he said, 'Mamma broke all their bones and took their clothes off.'

"Pretty savage, wasn't it?"

"Good-bye for this time.

"Lovingly,

"JENNIE H."

Naturally, this letter served to revive the spirits of the lonely missionary, but only for a time. Behold him a week later operating in the country contiguous to L—.

He was in the midst of a series of services in the little country schoolhouse. On the particular night in question he walked from the farmhouse of good Bro. Robinson to his appointment. As he trailed along the dusty roadside his heart was very heavy. Reader, you who have never been alone and far from home, cursed (or blessed) with a home loving spirit, read no farther; you can not understand that which follows.

Poor Elder Howard felt that he had never before sensed the meaning of the term "*heart sore*." To save his life he could not tear his mind away from home and family. He pictured to himself his good wife putting the house to rights, or sitting by the evening lamp at some homely task of mending or sewing. Little John, jr., he could see nodding over his play and asking when "daddy" was to return.

Reaching the place of his appointment, John Howard walked down to the bank of the river near which the schoolhouse stood—the old Mississippi, the "Father of Waters." The river at this place was wide, nearly a mile wide, and very shallow and swift. Huge boulders here and there jutting up from the river's bottom caused great swirling eddies and whirlpools, so that all the great waste of waters; like the heart of the spectator, was torn and troubled. Bleak clouds obscured the sky. Through an occasional rift the moon looked down upon as desolate a scene as John Howard had ever witnessed. Keenly sensitive to external influences, high-strung and imaginative, his spirit instantly attuned itself to the scene. As he walked to the schoolhouse he muttered, "My God! this is spiritual crucifixion. I can not endure it. I must see my home."

After the opening exercises he attempted to preach; but the effort was to him a nightmare long remembered. Apparently unable to stop and sit down, he plodded on through the subject that he had outlined in his mind. Cold perspiration stood upon his brow, and at the end he sat down utterly dejected after announcing that there would be no more services.

"What is the matter?" queried good old Bro. Robinson, much concerned. "Why have you closed your series of meetings?"

"I am going home. I am no preacher. The Lord made a mistake when he called me," replied the discouraged man.

"Maybe he did," answered practical Bro. Robinson, "but in that case I would keep at it until he discovered his error and apologized."

(Concluded next month.)

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, vice president, 630 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. D. J. Krahl, secretary, 724 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. L. L. Resseguie, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

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Social Betterment.

REVIEWING the causes for gratitude in the year that is past, *The New York Independent*, in a Thanksgiving editorial calls it "this greatest year of grace," and says, "It has been a marvelous year, one in which we may be proud to have lived, praying to live through a greater year to come. Let every citizen reach his thanksgiving far past his own loved family circle and thank God that he sees the whole world travailing in glorious pain, waiting for the revelation of that justice and truth which shall bring the liberty of the glory of the children of God."

While recounting the advantages of living in this wonderful time, the editor says, "We are all one humanity, each responsible for each, and all sharing the vast benefits which this age brings to us. . . ."

“Jesus talked the kingdom of God, and he taught us that it is not a circle with a single center, but an ellipse with two foci, one the love of God with all the heart which is religion, and the other love of our fellow men as ourselves which is social service. Whatever helps social betterment advances the kingdom of God . . . and equal opportunity sought and secured for all is the very substance of the kingdom of God.”

What can we do to help in social betterment? This is the question facing the Woman's Auxiliary, to the ranks of which organization it is hoped a large majority of the women of the church may be drawn, as workers in one field or another.

However limited our opportunities or our ability, in sympathy we can stand with those who are seeking to spread physical well-being and moral and spiritual light and truth. We can use our influence to give equal opportunity to boys and girls of all classes for receiving instruction that will fortify them against the appalling sexual evils. Where the way is open or where we may be able to open it, we can lend a hand for the uplift of humanity.

While many forces are at work for good in the world, evil is also increasing, and the moral problem is indeed “a most anxious one.” The rising generation with too few exceptions is coming up with standards in regard to honor, the rights and belongings of others, and of conduct in general far below what they need to be to produce true men and women.

A plan for aiding in the correction of these evils is presented in the article that follows, “A new method of making character.” We recognize in such movements as this, the work of “honorable men of the earth,” mentioned in the word of God. The method proposed is one that can easily be tested, furnishing at the same time entertainment and the instilling of high ideals. What a blessing it would be if some of the moving picture shows could be supplanted by the like of this with its lofty purpose. But if not so, the offer made seems one likely to benefit many communities. Shall yours be one of them? It is worth investigating.

The home training of some children may be of the best, but only by the help that reaches all can even such as these be properly protected.





Elbert A. Smith, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Estella Wight, Assistant Editor.

Improving the Family.

THE Bunns were not pretentious people. Mr. Bunn was honest and his fellow men respected him. Mrs. Bunn was a woman of much common sense, and other women admired her for that sterling quality. The Bunns occupied a place of no mean importance in what society the town afforded; but it would have required a stretch of imagination to look upon them as fashionable people.

Eleanor, the only daughter, had been perfectly satisfied with her unassuming family until the Cunninghams moved to town; but when she began to compare her own relatives with those of Gladys Cunningham, whom she admired more than any other girl she knew, she at once discovered glaring faults.

There was not, she decided, a particle of style about her father. His overcoat was shiny along the seams, his trousers bagged at the knees, he was careless in his speech, and he wore spectacles.

Mr. Cunningham, in eyeglasses, and with his trousers properly creased, looked far more distinguished, the girl thought. She was certain, too, that Mr. Cunningham never used words of one syllable when he could express the same idea in polysyllables.

Her own mother seemed shockingly indifferent to the changing fashions. To be sure, her garments were always neat, and she wore fresh white collars, whether they were in style or not; but Eleanor could not remember a time when her hair was not parted in the middle and brushed smoothly back at the sides.

On the other hand, some of Mrs. Cunningham's gowns had been imported from Paris. *Her* hair was arranged in a different fashion every time Eleanor saw her.

Eleanor's brother Stephen loved the woods. He liked nothing better than to live for days at a time in some deserted lumber camp. His old clothes were infinitely dearer to him than was his Sunday suit, and he had been known to grieve for days because his mother had given away a disreputable hat. Her friend's brother, Harold, was always well dressed. Even his hunting clothes were new.

As for her grandmother! Gladys had pointed with pride at an exquisite miniature of a slender, lovely creature in point lace and pink satin. Eleanor's grandmother weighed two hundred pounds, and was hopelessly addicted to black and white sprigged calico.

Then, in addition to all this, there was the family name—Bunn. Was name ever more plebeian? Eleanor compared it with Cunningham, and decided in all seriousness to ask her father to change it.

"People will think," grumbled Eleanor, "that we had a baker for an ancestor and that our coat of arms was a plate of muffins."

"Let 'em," said Mr. Bunn, not at all dismayed, "provided they think he was a good baker and that the muffins were properly browned."

Eleanor, blissfully oblivious to her own shortcomings, felt that it devolved upon her to improve the family. She selected her father for the first victim. She had the glasses from a pair of his unfashionable spectacles transferred to other frames, and presented them to her father one Sunday morning.

"Why, bless you, my dear," said Mr. Bunn, perching the flimsy eyeglasses on the end of his nose and looking comically over them at his daughter, "my thick nose was never built for this sort of thing. However, I'll wear them to church if you say so. They won't affect my hearing, at any rate. Don't your mother look pretty to-day?"

"Doesn't," corrected Eleanor, impatiently.

Mr. Bunn looked surprised and hurt. He realized suddenly that his daughter had corrected him a great many times during the week.

"I suppose I've grown careless," said he, apologetically.

"How horridly red your hands are!" said Eleanor, turning to her mother. "Why don't you put on your gloves?"

"Because," said Mrs. Bunn, "I have two burns on my right hand and a cut on my left. My gloves go on hard, but I suppose I shall have to wear them if my hands look coarse."

"I wish," grumbled Eleanor, still bent on improving the family, "that you wouldn't wear such an unbecoming bonnet. You look positively dowdy."

Mrs. Bunn flushed. She had not suspected that her bonnet was noticeably out of date. She felt suddenly that she was shabbily dressed.

Stephen and Eleanor walked together. By the time they reached the church door the boy, too, thanks to his sister, was red with mortification, conscious of his collar, and more than doubtful about his tie. Sensitive Grandmother Bunn had decided to stay at home. Early that morning Eleanor, suggesting that black and white sprigs were not quite suitable for Sunday wear, had advised the stout old lady to keep them concealed under a shawl.

Eleanor herself was not entirely comfortable. It was not a guilty conscience that troubled her, however. She fancied all through the service, but entirely without reason, that the well-dressed Cunninghams were looking with disdain upon the humble Bunn.

From the day Gladys entered high school Eleanor had been her chosen companion. Gladys was really a simple, unaffected and lovable girl, and a true gentlewoman. She was attracted by Eleanor's pleasant face and her bright manner, and gave no thought to the plain exterior of the rest of the Bunns. But Eleanor did not realize this.

The time was approaching for the annual election of officers for the basket ball team. Eleanor had strong hopes that she might be elected captain; but the contest was certain to be close, for Mabel Gilbert would be the rival candidate, and Mabel's following was large.

Still, Eleanor was sure of the freshmen in a body, and there was Gladys. Gladys was a senior; but she would certainly vote for her chosen friend; and if Gladys did, so would Bessie Smith, who followed Gladys.

One evening Mrs. Bunn appeared in the doorway when Eleanor and her new friend were seated on the steps, and invited Gladys to stay to tea.

Gladys accepted promptly; but Eleanor thought of her besprigged grandmother and stiffened with horror. What should she do?

"Who," asked Gladys, laying aside her hat in Eleanor's room, "is the lady we passed in the hall?"

"She's a very distant relative," replied Eleanor, reddening. "She's a distant connection of my mother's by marriage."

Eleanor hoped to have an opportunity to warn Stephen; but that youth came in late, looking as little as possible like Harold Cunningham, and repeatedly called his mother's distant connection by marriage "grandma." Mr. Bunn, too, inconsiderately addressed the stout old lady as "mother."

It is quite probable that Gladys would never have noticed the defects in the table manners of the Bunn family that evening if Eleanor had not attempted then and there to mend them. As it was, the visitor discovered, with Eleanor's help, that Stephen was holding his fork badly, that Mrs. Bunn had left her spoon in her cup when she should have removed it, that Mr. Bunn had buttered his bread before breaking it, and that Grandma Bunn poured her tea into her saucer.

She discovered something else, too, that was much worse than any of these things.

Eleanor noticed a day or two afterward that Gladys no longer waited for her when school was dismissed, and that she no longer sat upon the Bunn doorstep. She had apparently deserted Eleanor for Bessie Smith. This was bad enough, but there was worse to come. The long expected day of the basket ball election arrived, and Gladys voted for the rival candidate. So, of course, did imitative Bessie. Eleanor was defeated by one vote.

"It's my horrid family," said the defeated candidate, throwing herself down on the deserted doorstep. "I've done my best with them, too, but I can't improve them a particle. Why couldn't I have had at least *one* pink satin grandmother, like Gladys Cunningham's?"

From four until six almost every day, during the fall and winter months, the high school girls played basket ball in an abandoned roller skating rink. They were in the habit of exchanging their long skirts for shorter ones in a corner screened off for the purpose.

One day, when Eleanor was about to emerge from this recess, she heard her own name mentioned. Without thinking what she was doing, she instinctively leaned closer to the curtain and listened. Gladys Cunningham and Bessie Smith stood just outside.

"Why didn't you vote for Eleanor?" Bessie was saying. "It wasn't because you liked Mabel Gilbert."

"No, but I thought Mabel would make a better captain."

"Why?"

"She has more tact. Eleanor hasn't any. If she handled the team as she does her family, we shouldn't have any team left by spring. She has the jolliest father, the sweetest mother, the pleasantest brother, and such a nice, comfortable old grandmother, yet she is perfectly horrid to every one of them. She is actually ashamed of them. She criticizes them all the time, and apologizes for their manners and their clothes and their grammar.

"I liked her so much at first," Gladys went on. "But the rest of them just sacrifice themselves for her, and she doesn't appreciate it. Oh, I am so disappointed in her!"

The improver of the Bunn family could not believe her ears. A flood of indignant tears rushed to her eyes, and it was many minutes before she was sufficiently composed to venture from behind the sheltering curtain. She played a sorry game that afternoon, and was the first to leave the rink when the game was finished.

She hurried home to take a look at the Bunn family through the eyes of Gladys Cunningham. Sure enough, her father was jolly, her mother was sweet, and sensible besides, Stephen was pleasant, and her grandmother looked much nicer and far more comfortable in her sprigged calico than she could possibly have appeared in pink satin. Neither the clothes nor the manners of the Bunns seemed particularly out of the way that evening.

For the first time in weeks the other Bunns ate and conversed as they pleased, unhampered by criticism from Eleanor. They spent a happy hour at the table, although they were far from suspecting the reason.

Eleanor decided before the meal was over that Gladys was right. From that day forth she worked and worried as zealously over her own shortcomings as she had done over those of her long-suffering family, and with better results.

One day, some weeks later, Gladys slipped into Eleanor's seat at recess time, and showed her some new girlish treasure. Eleanor was frigidly polite. The following day Gladys waited at the door and walked home with Eleanor, whose manner was not encouraging.

But Gladys persisted. Another day found the reunited friends side by side on the Bunn doorstep. Eleanor, resentful at first, had gradually relented under Gladys's persistent blandishments.

"I believe you're a lot nicer than you used to be," said Gladys, with an apologetic hug.

"I believe I am, too," said Eleanor, "thanks to you."

"Me?" questioned Gladys.

"Yes, I'm going to confess, or I don't see how we're going to be friends. I heard what you said to Bessie Smith about me one day at the rink. I caught my name and I—I listened. Oh, dear,"—Eleanor's head went down in her lap,—"I'm going to cry!"

"Oh, don't!" cried Gladys, throwing both arms about her friend. "For the improving has come out right, after all."—Carroll Watson Rankin in the *Youth's Companion*.



News From Societies.

Elk Mills, Maryland.—We are pleased to note progress is being made in our local here, not only in membership but also in the study of the lessons. We have quite a number of young folks who seem to take quite an interest in the study of the lessons, also to be active on the programs. With their help and the untiring energy of our president, Bro. Kelly Matthews, we hope to make a success of the work here, ever following our motto of "Onward and upward."

CORRESPONDENT.

Saint Louis, Missouri.—We have enjoyed the Book of Mormon study during the past few years very much indeed. We appreciate the knowledge we have attained from the study, and with the editor we leave it with some regret, but feel that the new study is equally as necessary for our advancement in the latter day work.

Our programs since last report have been very entertaining. One was an advanced senior program, the older members providing songs, readings, etc. Another was conundrum night. A slip containing a conundrum with its answer was given to everyone present, and the house divided in sides were given turns in asking and answering. A very pleasant and appropriate Halloween social was given by the Sunday school and Religio the night of the 31st. The committee on decoration and entertainment are to be commended for the success of their efforts.

Our district president, Bro. A. W. Smith, organized a very promising local in Troy, Illinois, recently. We wish them success.

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

Bulladelah, New South Wales, Australia.—As I have never seen any news from our societies in the LEAVES, I am going to make a break and send a few lines from here.

Our Religio has either been asleep or resting, but we are waking up again this quarter. We find the lessons very interesting and instructive. Our heaviest mark is the program and here the young have to set the example. The seniors have always an ex-

cuse when called upon, just like the man in the parable who said, "I have married a wife," etc. We have an enrollment of thirty-five and all are regular attendants. May we all obtain the knowledge which we seek for in this work.

A SISTER.

Eastern Michigan District.—The Zion's Religio-Literary Society in session at Marlette, on November 3, 1911, adopted the following standard of excellence for use in locals.

1. Fully organized local.
2. Library work in harmony with plan outlined by Library Commission.
3. Home department in connection with local.
4. Officers meetings at least once a quarter.
5. Reports to proper district officers quarterly.
6. Normal class in connection with local.
7. Having programs at least two thirds of the meetings.
8. Having at least sixty per cent of members present.
9. Doing good literature work.
10. Local represented at district convention.

Centralia, Washington.—It has been some time since anything has been written from here, so thought we would let you know we were still trying to do our part. Have nothing discouraging to report, but quite the contrary. Since moving into our new church the Religio seems to have taken on new life, due largely to the untiring efforts of Sr. Lula Fisher, as president. Quite a number have moved in from near-by places, thus adding to our number.

We feel, at the close of the year, that our work has not been in vain. We find the programs outlined in the last *Quarterly* to be especially well adapted to small locals. Altogether we feel encouraged, and ready to start the new year with renewed hope.

HATTIE WARD, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Providence, Rhode Island.—Although it is some time since you heard from Providence, it is not because we could not give an encouraging report regarding our Religio. We have four classes, and have noticed of late an especially good attendance. Last summer, we lost one of our noblest teachers and workers, she having moved to another city; but, in God's work, when one drops out, the vacancy is soon filled. We pray that our former teacher may prove a blessing to her new branch, as she was to us; and we desire to work in harmony and give our new teacher our hearty cooperation. Our programs are good, and we are frequently pleasantly surprised to see the talents developing in our younger members, especially along musical lines. How often we hear a member testify that it was through the Religio that he or she was first stirred to activity, and was made to see the joy and satisfaction of working in God's vineyard; so let us all do what we can to make this work a success. For Providence, the writer will say that we rejoice in the work, and we want to be live "Religians."

Our desire is truly to follow the motto "Onward and upward," and live each day prayerfully, realizing that duty and to-day are ours, and that results and futurity are God's.

A. LAURA FRASER, *Corresponding Secretary.*

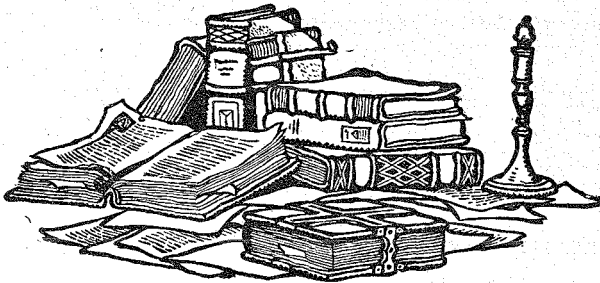
Attleboro, Massachusetts.—At the last election of officers for our Religio, the following officers were elected for the coming six months: President, George E. Moore; vice president, Emily Heap; secretary, Lillian M. Siddall; treasurer, George H. Heap; home department superintendent, Myra Heap.

There has never been any home department connected with the local, but as there are quite a number of Saints who can not find it convenient to attend the service, it was thought wise to organize a home class and thus solicit the aid of these members. As the majority of our members attended the district reunion at Onset, Massachusetts, we have had no services for the past three Sundays, but, on the coming Sunday we hope to renew our meetings with increased interest.

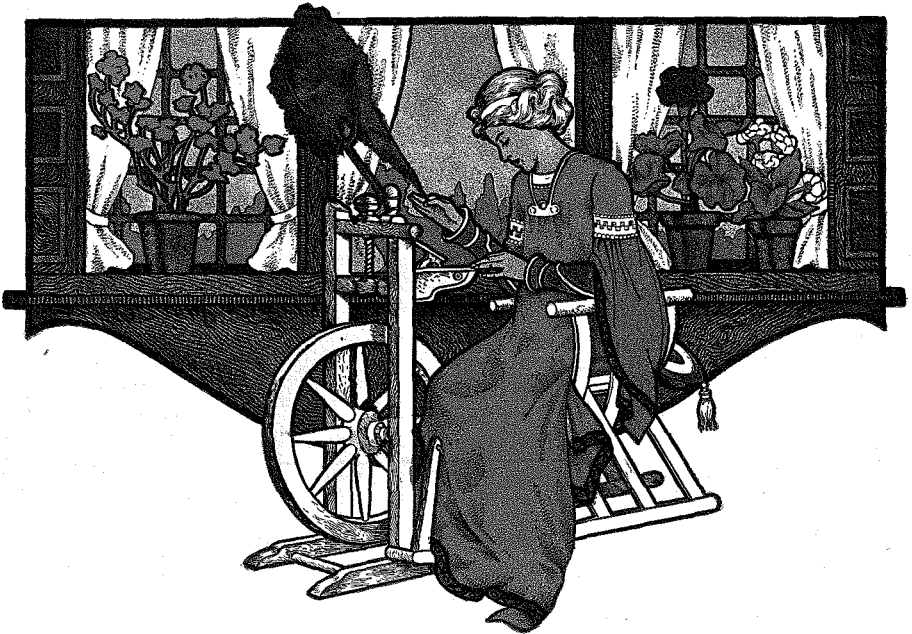
With best wishes for the work, I am

Your sister in Christ,

MYRA HEAP.



Autumn Leaves



"GET THY SPINDLE AND THY DISTAFF
READY, AND GOD WILL SEND THEE FLAX."

FOR THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Paul's Philosophy. Frontispiece. (Poem.)	
Mission Work in a Tent - - -	54
The Tent Workers: Elders Booker and Ebe- ling, and Sister Booker - - -	56
Gomer T. Griffiths - - - -	59
The Good Shepherd - - - -	95
Practical Papers, by Elder Paul M. Hanson	49
Eight Weeks in a Tent, by Frances C. Booker	54
Our New Series of Travel Sketches, by Apostle Gomer T. Griffiths - - -	58
Some of My Experiences as a Sailor; or the Wreck of the "Jenny Barto," by J. A. Anthony - - - - -	63
Editors' Corner - - - - -	71
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	74
The Religio's Arena - - - - -	88

PAUL'S PHILOSOPHY



HIS ONE THING
I DO, FORGET-
TING THOSE 
THINGS WHICH
ARE BEHIND, 
 AND REACH-
ING FORTH UN-
TO THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE
BEFORE, I PRESS TOWARD THE
MARK FOR THE PRIZE OF THE
HIGH CALLING OF GOD IN CHRIST
JESUS.

—SAINT PAUL.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

FEBRUARY, 1912

Number 2

Practical Papers.

By Elder Paul M. Hanson.

The author of this article, himself a young man, needs no introduction to our readers. He entered church work at a very early age in life and has been an earnest and energetic laborer. He spent considerable time on a foreign mission to Australia, during which he visited the Holy Land and Egypt. He is at present laboring in California. His experience fits him to address the young people on this particular topic.

THE YOUNG MAN IN CHURCH WORK.

THE existence of God is proclaimed by all creation—one can not separate the designed from the designer, work from the worker, nor the law from the lawgiver. Any one who has a scintilla of proof in the vast universe of the existence of God may be sure there is no proof in the vast universe of the nonexistence of God, for the proposition can not be both proved and disproved. Logic does not permit of it.

If man has a God,—man has a God *all the time*—I wish young people could sense to a large degree the import of that deduction. It has never seemed to me to be eminently proper for one to look to some one higher than oneself. It is a mistake for the highest type of organized intelligence, man, to be associated with the highest type of organization on earth—that organization is the church. The church is composed of persons under the conscious rule of God. No higher calling in this groaning world can be pursued than the promoting of the cause of Christian faith in the hearts of men—which work can be engaged in, not only by the ministry of the church, but by all who labor in the affairs of life. Sacred indeed is every legitimate calling.

The church is broad enough for all. All may hold membership. But once in it, one should be not only sincere in his profession, but an *effective* workman. The work of the church should be carried on effectively, as well as sincerely.

THE SCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE.

What are some of the needed characteristics of a young man in church work? The scientific attitude should be assumed—every position in religion, science, and art should be open to interrogation. This that the truth may be defended and error exposed. By the recommendation of a scientific attitude is not meant the adoption of a destructive policy, but the development of an analytical mind, so the weakness of a measure or action may be known and

the proper remedial course taken. One must look to results as a determining factor, have faith in the truth, believe it, and affirm it; and learn to doubt, disbelieve, and deny that which is false. To move along through life in such a stately way, one must learn to distinguish, define, and divide the forces in the midst of which he moves; to discriminate as to the human, divine, and that which comes from beneath. That which is human should not be looked on as divine; nor should that which is diabolical be looked on as human; divinity should not be confounded with anything else! How can the church be the "light of the world" if it can not discern the "light" in contradistinction to everything else?

LOYALTY TO THE CAUSE.

Perhaps loyalty to the church is one of the most admirable qualities I could mention; with it, one becomes a stay to the church, a blessing to many; without it, one is spiritually dead, having no vision of God or having a vision failing to appreciate it. Oh, what admiration I have for the one who, after sensing divinity, heralds his tidings of joy!

The young man in the church should be teachable. He should get thoroughly in touch with all that he has ultimate faith in. He should not feel that the work he is doing is not capable of improvement, or that it could not have been done better by anyone else. No man is infallible. An extension of study will help anything not absolutely perfect. What if the world was satisfied with telegraphy in its earliest stages, and made no further study of electricity. Our work has in it far greater possibilities than electricity. What is needed is an intelligent application of the tremendous forces and agencies in the gospel of Christ to every department of human activity.

It is better for a young man to be recognized as a disciple of Christ by his works, to be studious, and show marked wisdom, than to spend his time nauseating many with mediocrity which he has discovered in others. Little things for little minds. Be careful about blaming others for failures. Look elsewhere for the causes of failure. It is the weak who are entirely influenced by circumstances; the great make circumstances. We forget so often to call upon and use our own resources; call upon and use the great powers within reach—that God has stored away in the soul.

The mind is a wonderful instrument, and one should be in control of it. How much energy is wasted in words to no purpose, and in misdirected deeds, all of which can not in its process be other than very injurious to the mind. The mind, according to the way it is used, affects health, wealth, freedom, and happiness.

Without discipline and preparation it is not likely effective work will be performed. A true perspective of life is needed, and requires study. The farther away from the horizon, the more we can see. The aim should be to see as clearly as possible the end from the beginning; this will save rectifying a great deal of work. Knowledge safeguards judgment. Radical changes of views or positions indicate weakness. He who acts within the bounds of

his knowledge is wise. A person can not give out of that which he is not in possession, and so study is necessary.

STUDY AND METHODICAL HABITS.

At the foundation of church work lie philosophical and psychological principles which each one must find out for himself. To study is imperative; otherwise there would be no system, no order, no plan. Why should not the work of the church be as symmetrical, beautiful, and strong as the grandest creations of the world's architects? The young men of the church should use their minds, all of their faculties to the utmost. By using our God-given powers we honor God. It is one's right to give out all that is possible through the exercise of which God has given; but the exercise of all faculties and powers should be augmented by the assistance of the Holy Spirit.

Study, experimentation, and observation will lead to methodical habits; there must be method—think of a tailor who would get the sleeve where the collar belonged!

One should be ready and fearless to speak or act in defense of the truth when occasion calls for it, but not infrequently matters are complicated by an ill-advised speech, or a poorly worded resolution. Often the readiness with which a speaker deals with a proposition is due to the person not seeing the consequences of the course he advises—others seeing a big problem are not hasty to advise. But silence is not always golden, by any means; sometimes it is criminal—a wooden man can be silent.

NECESSITY OF PRAYER AND FASTING.

The necessity for prayer, I think should be emphasized, for without it one is not safe from falling into the miry clay. It is one of the most potent forces God has given for the safety of humanity. It is a great, qualifying agency, for it puts one in contact with One in whom is resident all power and wisdom; and where such communion exists one partakes of the divine nature. No young man makes a mistake in inclining his soul to God.

Fasting is provided for in the law; but to proceed in an iron-clad way and avoid daily one of the regular meals, and then eat twice enough the next meal is harmful. Keep anything that smacks of fanaticism from fasting. As a means of sensitizing the soul to the spiritual influences it should be encouraged; not lost out of sight. True fasting may also confer physical benefits.

That power of discrimination, without which church experience is a failure, should be developed—the power to see our associates as they are in all their mental and spiritual manifestations. It is well when the line can be vividly drawn everywhere between varied and conflicting forces. There can be no true advancement where there is a lack of analysis of the forces moving men, or that are employed. It is only by being careful that we are able to place away in the mind data, the character of which we know, and which at some future time can be used to amazing effect.

MAN SINS FIRST IN MIND.

The soul is ennobled by associations of a proper character. One is influenced by the character of the pictures hung upon the walls of the imagination. If the pictures are injurious, by looking at them continuously one becomes dominated by their spirit and finally falls—every fall in the world is preceded by a fall in the imagination. But by looking at pictures that are ennobling, the whole body is filled with light, and the danger of falling is taken away. In the mind first must be fought the battles of life. By getting in touch with great minds, whether in person or through books, the best qualities of the soul are stirred; the presence of a great personality in the room, a picture on the wall of a noble person, or even the thoughts of an associate with a big soul, bring inspiration. What one is may be pretty well determined by the character of one's associations.

As it is possible for one to make one's environments as well as to be molded by them, the avenues are many that are open to the young man in church work. A great work is to be done in the ministry, but all are not called to that work. There are many other vocations. All are called of God to bring about the accomplishment of the work intrusted to all. Indeed, a special line of work is open to everyone, according to his interest in the church, and his talents.

The church is the "pillar and ground of the truth," the custodian of the "perfect law of liberty." A law that is perfect applies to the whole man, to the body as well as the spirit. As varied as the applications of the law of life are the callings of men. Multitudinous are the phases of the law governing life. No two persons are alike, but each may take up some phase of the "perfect law" and his calling will be a legitimate and useful one. Ignorance is the cause of much of the sorrow and trouble in the world, and as the perfect law be understood and there ceases to be violations of it, much of the present distress will pass away.

AVENUES OF SERVICE.

What are some of the lines of work open to the young man in the church? There is the ministry to which many of the young will be chosen if they prove themselves worthy. There is room for leaders and workers in Zion's Religio-Literary Society and in the Sunday school. There is room for the young man in the prayer meeting; where his voice may resound, bringing joy to those assembled. There is a need in many places for better music in the churches; for more care in the selection of hymns, for a better and more effective rendition—what a great field lies before the young who have cultivated the gifts of music and of song and are willing to give to others the benefits of their research!

The young man acquainted with the laws governing health, who has made a special study of the body and its functions, may render such valuable help as to be a ministering angel to those in and out of the church. Faith and works must be combined; we have yet

much to learn in connection with that biblical declaration which is spiritually and philosophically true.

A knowledge of language is needed, for the mission of the church is to all nations. There is room for instructors in the trades, in agriculture, and in all things that concern life.

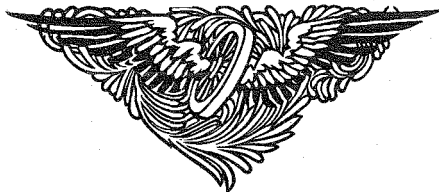
Scientific investigation under the influence of the church should be encouraged; as a result of scientific advancement there is less suffering of pain, more comforts, longer life, and more conveniences. Our calling is not to look upward so high that we take no interest in those things that relate to life. The advice in one of the standard books of the church is too much overlooked: "Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom."

IS THE STRUGGLE WORTH WHILE?

An education of a liberal character should be secured if possible—let the advice of older heads on that point be received, a good school training will never be amiss. As for myself I am very thankful indeed for whatever school advantages I have enjoyed, part of which was at Graceland College—the effect of it all must go with me through life.

Of course the struggle of life in the right direction, within the church is worth while to every young man. It means activity in harmony with the great law governing life, some of the returns of which are a bright mind, a strong body, lofty spirituality, tranquility of soul, success in life. Such a life is attended by honor and glory, for God's hand is recognized. Under the influence of the church every faculty is exercised; no talent slumbers; genius burns with a steady flame. All of which spells success.

Finally, and this should be remembered, the young man in the church has it in his power to help the church to be "clear as the moon and fair as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."





Eight Weeks in a Tent.

By Frances Cochran Booker.

MISSION WORK IN A TENT; LIVING FOUR WEEKS ON FIVE CENTS.

I LOVE the freedom of outdoor life, when one can live close to nature, right among the birds and flowers and trees; so I thoroughly enjoyed every day of the eight weeks spent with my husband in tent work in southern Ohio, down in the hills. Even the rainy, stormy days, and they were quite numerous for a while, were enjoyed.

We first pitched our tents two and a half miles west of McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio. It was June, and the woods were beautiful. We selected a site for our camp, by the road, just in the edge of the woods. We borrowed axes and rakes and cleared away the underbrush for a place for the living tent. The large tent was placed on the opposite side of the road in a field. We found almost as much pleasure in piling and burning the brush and old logs as any child can have when permitted to have a bonfire. However, one day we didn't find it all play for a while. There was a large, old log right near our tent that looked as if it had been there for years, as brush had grown up all around it. It made me feel creepy every time I went near it, for I imagined it was a veritable snake den.

We decided to set fire to it, but as it was quite dry it made a much larger fire than we had expected and it required an hour or more of hard work to get it out so that there would be no danger of the woods getting on fire. Several panels of the fence burned and it looked as if our tent would catch on fire several times, but fortunately the wind was not blowing toward the tent. The old log burned for almost a week before it went out entirely. After that we were not so eager to burn brush and logs.

We were joined by Bro. R. C. Russell after we had been there a week. Bro. A. B. Kirkendall also came out several times and preached.

There was only one family of Saints living in the neighborhood, and of course they could not feed three of us, so for a few days our cupboard was almost empty. Bro. Russell was especially fond

of a "bit of rice," and so were we, so that we fared quite well so long as that lasted. But one morning Bro. Russell said, "Well, Cook, what will we have for breakfast?" I could only reply, "We haven't anything but a very little rice," so we were a little puzzled to know just where our next meal would come from; but we didn't get discouraged in the least. I might say right here that we had no purse bulging with money.

The men walked into town that day and told their "tale of woe" to Bro. Kirkendall, and he abundantly supplied our needs. A few of the people in the neighborhood assisted us some, but not sufficiently to keep us.

Bro. Russell could not remain with us long, so we were left alone again, except when Bro. Kirkendall came out.

We celebrated the Fourth of July in the woods, with not even a flag to wave over the tent. However, no one would have seen it if we had had one, for not a person passed our way that day.

We held services at that place for three weeks and there were a few who seemed interested, though none were baptized. We were treated kindly there and made some friends to the work.

After leaving there we moved to Hamden, a small town about ten miles away. We had some difficulty in getting our tent moved and were delayed almost a week but we secured a nice location in the school yard. The attendance the first night was much larger than we expected. There had never been any preaching there by ministers of our church, and there were only two members living there—two sisters.

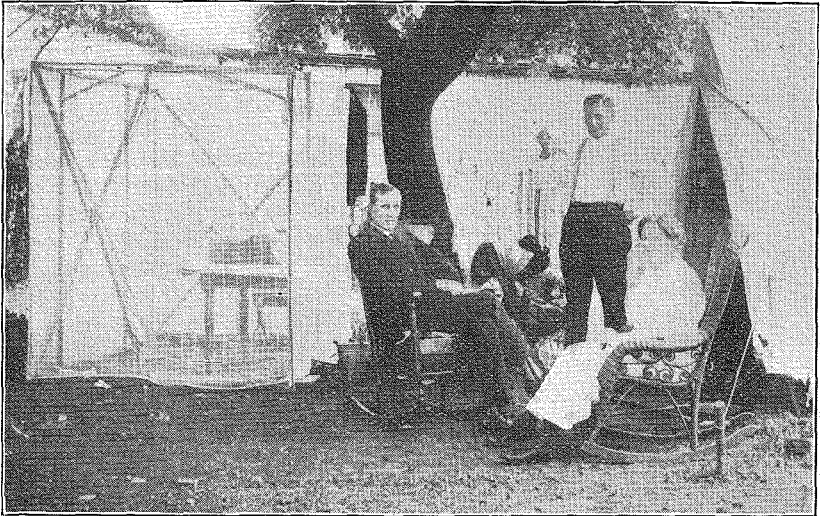
The second night we were there a storm arose, which prevented us from having any service. The large tent almost went down, and we had to move the organ, books, and everything into the small tent, and it was hard work to keep everything dry, as we had no floor in the tent, and in one side there were some large holes. We were fortunate in having some oil cloth to cover the things with. The rain came down in torrents for quite a while, and water was standing two or three inches deep all over the ground, or at least it seemed so when one had to stand in it. The only place I could find to keep dry was on one corner of the bed.

When the rain ceased a little a man living next door came over and invited us to spend the night with them. I gladly accepted the invitation, but Bro. Booker thought it best for him to remain with the tent. The next day was beautiful, so we had no trouble in drying our equipment.

The first week we were there we had a little experience which, though not new to us, was not heartily appreciated. I can express it in no better terms than to say we went "dead broke." Of course we were strangers there, and the people, with but one or two exceptions, were a little distant with us at first. As there was an abundance of vegetables they soon began supplying us with eatables. We were indeed glad to get them, and certainly appreciated their thoughtfulness and kindness, but it got quite amusing to us to see anyone bringing beans.

On Friday night some of the Wellston Saints came up and

brought us some things, among them a large basket of beans. We wondered what we would do with them all, but before we had time to cook any of them a lady came in with another basket. We couldn't refuse them, but we didn't like to take anything and let it waste. Just a little later in the day some one else came with beans. By this time "beans" were so plentiful in our camp that we could scarcely find a place for them. Just imagine how amused we felt when another young lady came over with a basket of beans. I simply couldn't keep from laughing when I saw her coming, and I was glad that Bro. Booker was not at the tent just then. I thanked her for the beans of course, but I didn't let her look into the tent,



THE TENT WORKERS: ELDERS BOOKER AND EBELING, AND SR. BOOKER.

The writer suggests that the missionaries take special note of the dining tent; perhaps that suggestion is unnecessary.

for there was a basket of beans, a bag of beans, a dishpan of beans, and beans on the ground. If we had thought there was any possible chance of selling any of them we might have been tempted to start out peddling beans, for we wanted stamps to mail some letters very badly.

On Monday a daughter of Bro. Kirkendall came down and wanted to know how we were getting along. She said they had been looking for a letter all week. We told her we couldn't mail a letter with "beans." Bro. Kirkendall again came to our assistance, and next day we received a package of stamped envelopes.

Bro. F. J. Ebeling soon joined us, and when he is around some one has to get liberal. We had quite a joke about how he managed to raise money.

When the people learned how we received our support they more than supplied our needs, both with things to eat and with money.

We could not desire better treatment. In four weeks we spent five cents for something to eat, and there were three of us in camp. Who can beat that for economy? Well, I can't say that we were very economical, for to use Bro. Ebeling's expression, "we lived off the fat of the land."

We were in Hamden five weeks. Our meetings were well attended, and much interest was manifested. One lady attended every service—and of course she was baptized.

The Saints from all the neighboring branches attended on Sundays, and always brought well filled baskets with them, but for some cause they carried them away empty.

It might be well for the missionaries who do tent work and live in a tent to take special notice of our dining room, which will be seen in the accompanying picture. It was a great convenience, for the flies were very numerous and certainly a terrible pest.

Bro. Kirkendall was with us on Sundays and preached some excellent sermons. He being probate judge of Vinton County, would naturally draw more to hear than would come to hear a stranger; and then, anyone who has heard him preach can testify to his ability to tell the gospel story in a very interesting and impressive manner.

The brethren were blessed with much liberty in presenting the gospel, and truly made the truth plain, so that many became much interested and eleven were baptized. They were of the best people there, and we have reason to believe that they will do their part to carry on the work, although they have been crippled to a certain extent by the death of one of the men who was baptized. He died just one month from the day he obeyed the gospel. He left a strong testimony to the truthfulness of the work.

We are very much in favor of tent work, when it is possible to use a tent. It seems to be the very best way to reach the people, for many will attend who would not go to a hall or church. We hope next year to spend even more time in the tent, if we are in a district that owns one.

We feel very much encouraged with our summer's work and pray that God's blessing may ever be upon those who are seeking to advance his cause.

Our New Series of Travel Sketches.

By Apostle Gomer T. Griffiths.

THROUGH SYRIA, GALILEE, CANA, NAZARETH, AND HAIFA.

THE SEA OF GALILEE is charmingly situated, surrounded by hills and mountains. I was somewhat surprised at the size of it; it is only fifteen miles long, by seven in width at its widest point. The water is clear, and bluish in color. I must confess that I fell in love with it, and its lovely surroundings. As I rode along its shores, absorbing its beauties, I could not refrain from singing,

“O Galilee, sweet Galilee,
Where Jesus loved so much to be,
O Galilee, blue Galilee,
Come sing thy song again to me.”

Indeed, I did not wonder that Jesus loved to be on and near the Sea of Galilee, and as I many times stood and gazed upon it, I thought of the work and teaching of Christ that was connected with this region.

“How pleasant to me,
Thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee,
For the glorious one who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.”

At this time the sea was perfectly calm, and I wondered how those tempestuous storms could take place on such a small body of water. I was convinced, however, ere I left that the stories we have read are true, as a terrible storm came up, and the wind was terrific, and the waves dashed high and furiously against the shore. The roaring could be heard for miles around.

It was wonderful how many things were brought to my mind as I looked around, up and down its shores. On the north end of the lake there is a distance between five and six miles, and within this space were four ancient towns clustered together, namely, Magdala, where Mary Magdalene was born and raised, out of whom Jesus cast seven devils; Chorazin, Capernaum, and Bethsaida. The latter was the home of Philip, Andrew, and Peter (John 1:44). The Lord pronounced the utter destruction of Chorazin, Bethsaida, and Capernaum. Of the latter place he said: “And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell” (Matthew 11:21-23). How true were his words, as there is not a vestige of these places left to mark the spot where they once stood. As I watched the fishermen out on the deep, I thought of the time when Jesus chose some of his apostles from among the fishermen, among them Peter, Andrew, and John. Again I thought of the time when Jesus and his apostles were out on a ship on this



GOMER T. GRIFFITHS.

"The way was opened up before us in a remarkable manner, meeting with friends on every hand, notwithstanding that we were among strangers, and in strange lands."

same sea when they encountered an awful storm, the waves covering the boat; the disciples, fearing death, rushed to where Jesus was lying asleep, crying, "Lord, save us, we perish"—instantly at his command, the wind and the sea was stilled (Matthew 8: 23-27). Then I remembered Jesus and Peter walking on the water and the many miracles that were wrought by Christ in these regions, such as feeding the great multitude with five loaves and two fishes, restoring the sight of the blind, healing the sick, and casting out devils. Here it was that the "devils entered the swine and ran into the sea." And it was here also that he stood in a boat close

to shore and spoke many parables and delivered many eloquent sermons to the people who assembled in great crowds to hear him. So interested was our Savior in this locality and his people, that he appeared among them after his resurrection and performed a miracle. Peter and his brethren had been fishing all night without success, when early next morning our Lord stood on the shore, and directed them to cast their net on the other side of the ship. Obeying his command, they were surprised that the net when pulled up was full of fish (Matthew 21: 2-12). Naturally, all the incidents referred to above and many others recorded in the Scriptures, came vividly before my mind.

There is one town remaining on the shores of Galilee that existed in the time of our Savior, namely, Tiberius, founded by Tetrarch Herod Antipas (the murderer of John the Baptist), named after the Emperor Tiberius. This town was only about thirty years old in the time of Christ and his apostles. It was renowned as one of the four holy cities of Palestine, but has dwindled away in influence and size and at present is a small insignificant town, populated mostly by Jews. I had the pleasure of eating some fine fresh fish just caught in the Sea of Galilee, and they were delicious. I have heard it said many times that the haddock was the fish that Peter caught, out of the mouth of which they procured money to pay taxes, but it is evident that those who make the statement do not know or realize that haddock are not found in fresh water. The time of my departure having arrived, it was with regret that time would not permit a longer sojourn on the shores of the lake, and with its magnificent scenery.

I truly enjoyed myself while at the Sea of Galilee and was sorry that I was under the necessity of leaving so soon. In my heart I wished that I could have spent two or three months in these regions. I feel grateful to the Lord for the privilege of seeing many of the objects which Christ, the apostles, prophets, and other worthies looked upon, during the time that they were engaged in the work of salvation.

From here I wended my way up the mountain in a carriage, taking one hour to reach the top. All of the while I had a most glorious view of the Sea of Galilee, down in the valley. The first point of interest that I came to was a Jewish colony, which seemed to be in a prosperous condition. A short distance further I came to the foot of Mount Beatitude; here it is claimed that the Savior delivered his memorable sermon on the mount, and here the transfiguration took place.

The guide points out the tomb of Jethro, Moses' father-in-law. On the left is to be seen Mount Tabor, which rises magnificently above all the other mountains around it. The top appears to be in the shape of an apple. On Tabor are extensive ruins; some claim that the transfiguration took place here. The following scripture refers to the Mount: Jude 4: 14; 8: 18; 1 Samuel 10: 3; Jeremiah 46: 18; Hosea 5: 1.

Continuing on our journey over miles of plain, passing a few native villages and spots of fine agricultural land, we arrived at

Cana, the place where Christ attended a wedding and performed his first miracle, the turning of water into wine (John 1:1). However, there is very little left of the old historic town. Here it is said Nathaniel was born. On entering the village one finds a fountain of water, and the place is most picturesque as to location, but comprises now only a few dirty, miserable dwellings. On leaving Cana we soon pass to the left of a hill, the site of Gath-Hepher, the home of Jonah (2 Kings 14: 25). From this point we have one and a half hours' ride over a mountain road, passing a village on the right called Sefurih.

On reaching the summit of the mountain, Nazareth appears below, in a basin, in full view. The site of this celebrated place of New Testament history is extremely beautiful and romantic, and its associations are of the most sublime character. Here Jesus was brought up, lived and labored at the carpenter's trade which has rendered this place one of everlasting renown; here he began his ministry and proclaimed himself the Savior of men; and here he was exposed to the designs of wicked men. They point out the place where he lived with his parents, and the carpenter shop in which he and his father worked, also the "Virgin's Fountain" from which the Virgin Mary procured water. The town itself is principally built on the sides of the hills, and in the basin, which gives it a unique and fine appearance.

On my arrival in the town I was surprised to learn that Nazareth still retains its bad reputation. Why this should be so is a mystery to me, as the town is in the interior of Galilee and in a most lovely spot, surrounded by superb landscapes. As a general thing, the seacoast towns are the places that contain bad elements. Another peculiarity of the place is that the Jews are not allowed to settle there. I asked the hotel proprietor why it was that the Jews did not dwell there, and his answer was that the natives had no use for them and made it so unpleasant for them that they soon left the town.

The roads leading in and out of Nazareth are some of the very finest I have ever seen and reflect great credit upon those who builded them. The population is about eight thousand, consisting of many creeds and nationalities. Leaving here I cross the plain of Esdraelon. Southward, to the left, are the mountains of Gilboa, and it was there that Saul and Jonathan were slain (Samuel 31). Here seems to have been a literal fulfillment of David's curse: "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you" (2 Samuel 1: 21).

Bro. Floyd, who has been for upwards of forty years a tourist conductor, says that he has never seen the top of the mountain green. A short distance to the right is little Mount Hermon, and to the northeast is Endor, where the witch lived that King Saul consulted, and through whom he sought information from the dead, on account of which unwise action he lost his kingdom and was cut off by the Lord.

To the left, as I proceed towards Haifa, the memorable mountains of Samaria loom up before my vision. The plain over which I am traveling is very rich, fertile, and productive, expanding for miles

in every direction, and biblical scenes and sights abound on every hand, which make the journey most delightful, and continually brings to your mind the many things that we have read in the Scripture about Christ, and the prophets, apostles, and kings. The trains that I have traveled by are all guarded by Turkish soldiers and at every station they are on the platform. The reason for this is that the descendants of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, Abraham's bondwoman, are to be found in the promised land in great numbers. They are known as the Bedouins. They have clung to their barren inheritance with a fierce tenacity, and have roamed freely over the boundless desert. They are great warriors by nature, and accustomed to hardship, and have been a thorn to the inhabitants of the country for many centuries. Of late the Government has tried to compel them to pay taxes, and the Bedouins have refused to comply with the demand, and are causing considerable trouble.

The Arabs never go without their guns, and are lovers of fast horses. They live in black cloth tents, made from goat and camel hair, spun and woven by their women. They constantly fulfill the prophecies found in Genesis 16:12: "And he will be a wild man. His hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him, and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren."

The greatest blessing that could come to this land would be to have a change in the Government, as the "powers that be" are incapable to rule and hence a failure. If it could be possible for America or England to have control of this country, a wonderful change could be wrought for the betterment of its inhabitants. However, Germany, Russia, and France have their jealous eyes on this land. It is surprising, the amount of money that they have and are expending in erecting magnificent churches, convents, hospitals, institutions of learning, and colonies throughout Palestine; but the poor Jew is praying earnestly in his heart that the country will not fall into the hands of the Russian.

I am confident in my own mind that Russia and Germany are Gog and Magog, referred to in the Scriptures, and in the future their combined power will assert itself in this land, and the Lord will display his mighty power in behalf of the Jews and his own church people. I can see that all signs of the times do not indicate peace, but the reverse.

Bro. Pitt and myself can truly testify that the Spirit of God was with us in mighty power, and under its blessed influence we experienced great liberty and much peace in the performance of our work in the Master's cause in the Holy Land. Our social meetings were of a high spiritual order. Many times all present were melted to tears, and our hearts burned within us. Surely such evidences ought to be sufficient proof, to those who understand the operations of the divine Spirit, that our heavenly Father is interest in the work begun here. There is one thing that I do know and testify to, that the Lord directed me and also Bro. Pitt to come here.

We enjoyed the blessing of health. The way was opened up before

us in a most remarkable manner, meeting with friends on every hand, notwithstanding we were among strangers, and in strange lands and unable to speak the languages of those with whom we mingled; but, as singular as it may appear, we seemingly had no difficulty to make ourselves understood, as everything apparently came our way.

I enjoyed my sojourn in the Holy Land and thank God that he permitted me to see the valleys, the hills, the mountains, the streams, rivers, and seas that Christ, the apostles, the ancient prophets and worthies gazed upon. In fact, my experience in this country increased my faith in God, and especially in the prophecies, as so many of them have been literally fulfilled throughout this land.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE, January 20, 1911.



Some of My Experiences as a Sailor; or the Wreck of the "Jenny Barto."

By Elder J. A. Anthony.

I WAS in the year of 1861 that my eldest brother and I shipped on the brig *Express*, she being bound from Saint John, New Brunswick, to some port in Cuba, the name of which I can not now recall. I shipped as able seaman, my brother as first mate.

It was on the 11th day of February that we sailed out of the harbor, and I think it was one of the coldest days that I ever experienced. The frozen water was flying so thickly that we could see but a very little distance ahead of us, and everything about the ship soon became covered with ice. By this time we found out that our captain was wholly unfit to hold such a position. He was a drunkard and a tyrant.

We had to beat down the Bay of Fundy against a stiff head wind, and on account of our running gear becoming iced up, it became difficult to manage the ship; so the captain came to the conclusion to run close in under Cape Campbell and come to anchor, but through his drunken stupidity we did not get close enough in before he ordered the anchor let go. We paid out forty-five fathoms of chain but found no bottom, so then all the chain had to be hove in again, and the windlass being covered with ice made it a most difficult thing for us to do. It took us from twelve that night until four the next morning to get the anchor. During all this time I was kept at the wheel and I suffered most severely with the cold. The captain, through his drinking, became very brutish. He would not let me stamp my feet to keep them warm, nor make any other movement more than was necessary to steer the vessel; but I very fortunately escaped without being frostbitten in the least, while the

rest of the crew were all frozen more or less, notwithstanding they were moving around all the time. The captain kept up his drinking until he got into a drunken stupor and took to his bed.

The ship being so badly iced, the mate decided to run her back to Saint John. I told him that if I ever got back there again I would leave the ship. We were not long in running back before a fair wind. We ran into the harbor and came to an anchor. By this time the captain had slept off his drunken stupor and came on deck, and when he looked around and found himself in the harbor again, his wrath knew no bounds. That evening he went home to his family, which gave us a good chance to get away from the vessel, and we were not long in formulating our plans to desert



the ship. We waited until the mate had turned in, lowered away the boat and placed our dunnage in it, then I went to the mate's room to bid him good-bye, for it will be remembered that he was my brother. I was very much affected in leaving him, but he was willing I should go. He said that owing to my health not being good and the hard usage I would have to undergo in a hot and unhealthy climate, I would be very liable to die. I took leave of him and got into the boat. After we landed we scattered, some going one way and some another.

I and another young man went up the coast about seven miles to a place called Redhead. We stayed there one week with his friends, then we returned to the city again, thinking by that time the ship would be gone, but we were mistaken, for on arriving about

nine o'clock in the evening who should we meet but our old captain. He did not know us, for we had taken the precaution to disguise ourselves. I had on a "stovepipe hat," not just up-to-date in style, but it served its purpose. We did not look much like sailors. We lay low that night, but I did not feel safe in the city, so the next morning, long before daylight, I left in a blinding snowstorm for a place down the coast about twenty-five miles, by the name of Point Lepraue.

I had left my shipmate in the city, and I was the only traveler on the road for more than half of the day, and I had to wallow through deep snow, sometimes up to my waist.

I struggled on until about three o'clock in the afternoon, by which time I had arrived at a Methodist minister's place. My brother and I had stopped there a few minutes about a year before, he being acquainted with them. By this time I was hungry and tired. I had not eaten anything since morning. The storm had now abated and it had turned very cold. I went in, thinking I would get something to eat. The minister's wife asked me where I had come from and what I was doing out such a bad day as that was. I, thinking she would have sympathy for me, told her all my troubles. You, my kind reader, may imagine my astonishment when she turned on me and almost ordered me from the house, she told me that I was a disgrace to the mother that bore me, and that she did not want to be found harboring a deserter, and refused to give me anything to eat.

I got away from there as fast as my legs would carry me, for I was afraid that she would inform on me and have me arrested. After this I would leave the road whenever I would see a horse and cutter coming from the direction of the city and would hide in the brush until the rig had gone past. I finally came to a village by the name of Lancaster. It was there I found a boarding house kept by a Catholic lady by the name of Crockert. By this time I was very weak and faint with hunger. I had but one English shilling and a woolen shirt tied up in a silk handkerchief. I went in and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Crockert soon got me up a very nice meal. I found her to be a very kind-hearted Irish woman, and it was not long until I could trust her. She seemed so kind and motherly that when I got through eating I offered her my last shilling to pay for the meal. She refused to take it, at the same time calling on all the holy Saints, and Mary the mother of God to curse the minister's wife who had refused to feed me, and also gave me some good advice, telling me not to sell any of my clothes for I would find plenty of kind people who would give me food and shelter. I left with her parting blessing.

It was now about five o'clock and I had nine miles yet to go before I reached my destination. The traveling was now much better, as the teams had commenced to move. But the atmosphere was clear and bitterly cold, and had it not been for the good, hot meal I got from Mrs. Crockert, I would not now be here to write this story. May the God of Israel reward and bless her, according to his tender mercies.

I traveled on until about nine o'clock, when I was confronted with the fact that I was freezing to death, for I could feel that peculiar sensation creeping over me which told me that death had laid his cold, icy hand upon me. I had a drowsy feeling, as though I would like to lie down and sleep, but I knew if I did it would be the sleep of death. I staggered on until at last I was completely overcome. I staggered out of the road, falling under a bush whose branches had been bent down with snow until they had formed a good shelter.

Had it not been for the goodness of God and his protecting care over me I would have died there, but there were better things in store for me. Just about that time a man returning to town from one of the many logging camps which were scattered throughout that section of the country, came along with his team and dog. His dog was not long in scenting me out. The man stopped his team, came to see what the dog had found, and there he found me. He put me on his sled and very soon had me in town. I was taken to the only hotel in the place. A gentleman by the name of McDermick was the proprietor. He was a friend of my uncle, who had been there quite often with his ship to load lumber, so I fell into the hands of friends. I was taken very sick with a fever and was in bed for several weeks, being cared for by Mrs. McDermick and her daughters, who were very kind to me. I lost my hair, and also the skin came off my hands and feet, so when I fully recovered I was a new boy so far as new hair and skin went. I went to work as soon as I was able, for I owed quite a sum to Mr. McDermick.

I think it was some time in the month of July that I was working in the mill store when the barque *Jenny Barto* came into port to load with lumber for Liverpool, England. When she was about ready to sail the captain came into the store to get a supply of provisions. While I was waiting on him he ask me if I could get him two sailors. I informed him that there could be no sailors secured short of Saint John. He replied that he did not wish to take the time or expense to go there for them, but if he could get just one man he would go out shorthanded. So I asked him what he would give me to go out with him. He asked me if I could go aloft and also if I could steer. I replied that I thought so, at any rate I had done a little steering up and down the coast, which was the truth, so far as it went. The next thing to be agreed upon was the wages. I told him I wanted \$20 per month. He said that was all that he was paying his able seamen. I told him that it did not make any difference to me what he paid his able seamen, I must have twenty dollars per month if I went with him, so he consented to my demands. He had gotten the idea, because I was working in a store and looked so young, that I must be a green hand, and that was what caused me so much trouble afterwards when he found out that I was a first-class, able seaman. I got my dunnage, as we sailors call our outfit, and went on board with him.

There was another boy on board just about my age; it was his first experience as a sailor. His father was a wealthy ship owner and he wished his son to become capable of handling a ship. He had already been instructed in the science of navigation. His name

was Thomas Gillead. The next day we got our ship under way and sailed out of the harbor. I was not long in finding out that our captain did not know how to handle his ship, it being the first square rigged ship he had ever been master of, and he was not always master of her, for there were times when she would get away from him. He could never bring her in stays but always would have to wear her when he wanted to put her on the other tack. The mate and second mate were thorough seamen. The second mate met with an accident soon after we left port which put him out of commission for the rest of the trip, and left the captain to stand his own watch like any other green hand. I kept choring around, sweeping deck, and other odd jobs. It was soon found out that I was a good helmsman. After that I was kept a good part of the time at the wheel. Everything went smoothly with me until one night the captain took a notion to leave the deck in charge of one of the men while he went below to have a sleep. We were bowling along on the starboard tack, heading up within two points of our course. The captain gave instructions that if the wind headed her off any more to call him. At ten o'clock, we fell off one or two points more, so the man in charge came to me and asked me if I did not think we had better call the captain. I, being at the wheel at the time, told him it was not necessary to call him, for I could turn the ship around without him. I knew there was not anything the matter with the ship. All that was wanted was some one who knew how to handle her. So we got everything ready, I threw the helm hard down, and at the proper time gave the order to let go and haul. She worked like a yacht; came around without any trouble. The boys were very pleased to know that we could do something that the captain could not do. So when they came aft to sweat up the main brace, they could not refrain from singing loud enough to awaken the captain. He came on deck, and after discovering that the ship was on the other tack, he asked who had done it. When he was informed that I was chief actor in that work he came at me in a dreadful rage, saying, "I thought you told me that you were not an able seaman." I replied that I did not say that; I did tell him that I must have able seaman's wages.

From this time on my life was a hard one. He told the mate to work me up, which meant to keep me going, to give me as little rest as possible, give me all the dirty work. He said that I went around the deck as though I did not care for God, man, or Devil. The mate was not slack in carrying out his instructions, until at last I got so nearly dead for sleep that I could lay down anywhere in the water and sleep, until finally one night I went below and would not turn out when he ordered me to. He finally started to come in and pull me out. He just got one foot inside the door when some one struck him, leaving him as one dead, for awhile. I never knew who did it. I know it was not I. Whoever it was he kept the secret to himself. After that I was treated better, but I had no soft thing of it. We finally arrived in Liverpool, and after the usual time it takes to discharge a ship's cargo, procure another,

and load again, we were ready for sea again. We were now bound for Montreal, Canada.

While we were laying in Liverpool, I had an impression that the ship would never reach the place of our destination. I felt that she would be lost. I told my impressions to the rest of the crew, and that I was positive that it would come true. They said if they believed as I did they would leave the ship, but there seemed to be some invisible power holding me back from taking such a step.

Our ship was loaded very deeply with a general cargo. We left Liverpool in the face of a dreadful storm, without having everything properly secured on deck. Through this neglect, we lost all our water the first night out, except two casks, which were on the half deck. Four days from that time we were put on short allowance, one pint of water every twenty-four hours. We had continual head wind for about thirty or thirty-five days. Some of the time it was most extremely rough, so much so that we had to be lashed to the wheel while steering, and also to the pumps, our ship having sprung a leak from the hard straining she was getting. We kept the pumps going all night and day, with but little intermission. We had been out about twenty days when we were put on short allowance of bread and meat.

The captain had his wife and little girl baby, about two years old, with him. His wife came very near dying during the passage. Her condition was such that she should not have left Liverpool. She had a colored woman to wait on her, but it was about all that she could do to take care of herself. Tom and I did the best we could to care for the little girl. We became very fond of her and she of us. I speak of this because the little one has a very important place to fill in my story. One night we shipped a dreadfully heavy sea, carrying away a portion of our bulwarks, ripping the top from our forehouse, and breaking several of the second mate's ribs, putting him out of commission for the rest of the voyage. This forced us to take up quarters in the cabin until repairs could be made. I was assigned a place with the ship's carpenter. I think just here it will be in place to give a little of the carpenter's life history.

His name was Bows, a native of Wisconsin. This was his first experience on the briny deep, and I think it was his last. He had been captain of a Wisconsin regiment at the battle of Bull Run. He left there, according to his own story, and never stopped running until he came to the jumping off place, away down in Nova Scotia, and there he took to the water, and that is how he happened to be with us. The dreadful storm was something terrifying to him. He came very near dying with fright. He lost weight until he seemed to be nothing but skin and bones. I asked him one night when he was groaning dreadfully with fear, which place he would sooner be, at Bull Run or on board the ship. He answered, "Give me a thousand Bull Runs, for there I had a chance to run," but on board the ship he was like a bull in a net, he could roar but could not get away.

My friend Tom kept a reckoning of the ship's way from the time we left Liverpool, so we were just as well informed in regard to

the ship's position as the captain was. We had made up our mind that just as soon as we got to the nearest point to Saint John, Newfoundland, we would ask the captain to put in there for water and if he refused we would take charge ourselves, for by this time our suffering for water had made us desperate. No one knows what it is to suffer for water unless they have passed through it. I would dream in my sleep that I was at my old home on the farm, down drinking from the spring that was there, and seeming never to get enough. I would awaken with parched lips and swollen tongue only to wait in agony until the time came to serve us our water. We finally found ourselves by our reckoning to be only twelve hours run from Saint John. We then presented our petition to the captain, signed by all the crew except one, asking him to put the ship into that port for water. Our request was turned down with vile oaths. We then armed ourselves and prepared to take charge of the ship. We marched aft in a body and ordered captain and mate to go below. They obeyed the order with but little resistance. I think the mate was quite willing to do so, for he was just as thirsty as we were, but the captain was brocking cargo, that is he was helping himself to the port and ale that belonged to our cargo. We fastened them down and squared the ship away for Saint John's harbor.

Tom and I had acted as ringleaders in this mutiny, so he was installed as captain and I as mate, but our new positions were short lived. In about three hours after we took charge there came up a heavy rain, lasting for two hours. We lowered away the spanker, making a trough or a leader of it. In this way we caught two large casks of fine water when the water commenced to run in the sail. We gathered around it, plunging our faces in it like so many famished animals. After our thirst had been satisfied and we saw that we had sufficient water to last for quite a number of days, we gave the ship up to the captain and his officers again. I can now very plainly see the hand of the Lord manifested in our behalf, for had we been permitted to proceed until we arrived in Saint John we would have all been arrested for mutiny, and would probably have been hung; if not we would have been "sent up" for life. The British laws were very strict and severe, with mutineers in those days.

When we took charge of the ship there did not seem to be any sign of rain, but in a very short time after, the heavens sprung a leak and poured out their refreshing fluid.

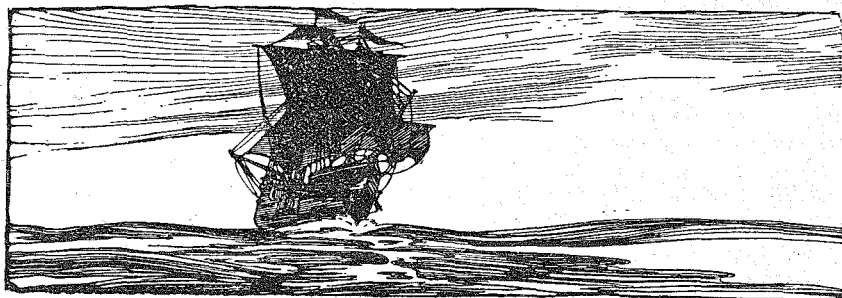
There now comes to my mind a statement in my patriarchal blessing where it says, "Many instances where thy life has been in danger, had it not been for the divine interposition of God's providence unto thee, thou wouldst not now be here to receive this blessing under the hand of his servant.

Yes, had it not been that God caused it to rain, giving us all the water we needed, I would now be wearing stripes or resting in what the world would term a criminal's grave. In a few days after the aforementioned occurrence, we entered the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. Our captain's never having been up the gulf before,

it was necessary for him to take a pilot, so he hailed the captain of another ship, which chanced to be in company with us, and asked him where we would get our pilot. The answer was, Beck Island, and if we got there in the night or thick weather, we would have to wait until the weather cleared up; the pilots would not come off in the night or thick weather. Our captain made the remark that if he got there in thick weather he would wait for nothing. As luck would have it the weather was bad when we got there, and true to his word, he stopped for nothing.

It was not long after we passed the pilot station until our captain became very much confused, and to make matters worse, he commenced to get drunk. He did not know what to do or where he was going. We were in an awful condition, with the weather so thick that we could see but a short distance ahead of us, and not knowing what moment we would come in contact with reef or rock. The night was stretching its dark curtains around us, with the wind increasing to a gale. It was enough to cause the stoutest heart to fail. I thought of my mother and my home, and the scenes of my childhood passed before me like a panorama. Oh, how I wished it were possible to be transferred from the present surrounding back to those happy days of the past. I tried to be brave and not show any signs of fear, but it was hard to control my feelings, with what I thought to be certain death staring me in the face. I could not see how it would be possible for us to pass through the coming night without being destroyed.

(To be continued.)



EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, Lamoni, Iowa.

The Homesickness of Elder John Howard.--Part II.

By the Editor.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

ELDER JOHN HOWARD sat in the day coach of number 6, homeward bound. His exultant spirits leaped and strained at each delay and urged the engine on in its task of speeding the heavy train. A thousand times he pictured the sweet surprise of his wife, and the hilarity of little John, jr., when he should steal unexpectedly in upon them. The car wheels bumping rhythmically over the rail joints sang in his ears:

"I'm going home.

I'm going home.

I'm going home."

But presently, to his dismay, the refrain changed, and became:

"I'm running away.

I'm running away.

I'm running away."

It was six o'clock in the evening when he arrived. He walked through the streets of his little home town greeting well-known people who hailed him as "John." "Say," he murmured to himself, "I know now what it means to have folks know one well enough to call him by his given name." He noted each slight change in the little town, and each familiar landmark.

He approached his little home from the rear, stepping cautiously around the barn and spying to see if little John, jr., was about. No one was in sight. He approached the back door and rapped three times. One—two—three,—a well-understood signal used in many ways in the sweet intimacy of his married life, which, being interpreted, meant, "I—love—you."

Within the little cottage there was utter, incredulous silence lasting for a moment. Then there came a sudden commotion, punctuated by shouts from little John, jr., of "Daddy! my daddy!"

The door was flung open and a moment later John Howard clasped his wife in his arms while the boy swarmed over them, trying his old trick of crowding in between them. But a moment later, when they were seated at the table to resume the interrupted evening meal, a shadow fell over the face of the good wife.

"Why are you home, John?"

"I am home to stay," answered John, doggedly. "I could not stand it any longer."

"Oh, John; do not say that. Some one must bear the burden; shall we not bear our part of it?"

"I know, Jennie; but some do not feel it as we do. We have always been so very close to each other that it is ten times more hard to be separated. Let some one go who would be glad to get away from home."

"No, John, the Lord doesn't want that kind. A man who does not hate to leave home is not fit to be a missionary. But this is a day of sacrifice—Jesus himself made a sacrifice."

"Well, I don't know," said John, dejectedly, the joy of home-coming suddenly gone. "I thought you would be happy to have me home again."

"I would, John, if it could be, consistently with God's will; but I feel that this is the turning point of your life. If you quit the ministry now, and take up secular work you will fail in everything you undertake. I am sure you will. You have always succeeded, with God's help; his approval removed, you will fail. We can never be happy with you at home when your duty is elsewhere. If you continue in the work, God will bless you, and you will become a power for good in the church. You have it in you, once you find yourself."

After that the meal was eaten in silence, except the chatter of little John, who was happily telling his father all about the new coaster wagon—no questions of duty troubled his little mind; they would come soon enough.

It was Wednesday night; so, at the proper time, they took their way to the little chapel to the prayer service. At every step this refrain rang in his mind: "Am I soldier of the cross? Am I a soldier of the cross, a follow'r of the Lamb?"

He was called upon to preside over the service, and not till he had announced the opening hymn did he notice the true significance to the words:

"Hark! listen to the trumpeters!
 They sound for volunteers;
 Commissioned by the King of kings,
 Behold the officers.
 Their armor clean, and glist'ning bright,
 With courage bold they stand,
 Enlisting soldiers for their King,
 Soldiers of Zion's land.

"We want no cowards in our band,
 Who will our colors fly;
 We call for valiant-hearted men,
 Who're not afraid to die.
 To see our armies on parade,
 How martial they appear!
 All armed and dressed in uniform,
 They look like men of war.

"Lift up your heads, ye soldiers bold,
 Redemption's drawing nigh;
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound
 That shakes the earth and sky.
 The trumpets sound! The armies shout!
 They drive the hosts of hell!
 The conflict's ended, vict'ry won,
 Hail! King Immanuel!"

Who can estimate the power of Christian hymns to influence the heart. Like a great, white light the meaning of these words beat in upon his soul: "We want no cowards in our band." With bowed head he pondered this passage: "And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or fathers, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold and shall inherit eternal life."

As he walked home with his wife and little John, jr., after the service, his mood was changed. He now longed restlessly to be back in his field.

"Jennie," he said, "I am going back to-morrow. I will be a man and do a man's work in the church."

"John, I am glad," she replied. "I think it best so. The time will pass quickly and we will see each other again soon. Anyway, what is time in the light of eternity? We know not how soon Jesus will come. We must be at work and ready. We can write to each other often. How happy we should be; we love each other and are true to each other, while thousands of homes are wrecked by infidelity and contentions."

Some months later the minister in charge reported: "Howard, John.—This brother was troubled for a time with homesickness on first entering the field, and he also failed for a time to get in touch with the people; but that has passed. The Saints in the field think a great deal of him and he has done a good work in L——; also in the community where old Bro. Robinson resides. He is one of the best workers that I have and if he keeps himself humble he will be very successful."

[NOTE.—The next number in the "John Howard series" will be "A Minister who found himself."]



Notice.

Local correspondents, please send all news items to the assistant editor of the Arena, Miss Estella Wight, Lamoni, Iowa, and send them in, if possible by the 10th of each month.

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, vice president, 630 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. D. J. Krahl, secretary, 724 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. L. L. Resseguie, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

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Christmas at the Children's Home.

AT THE HOME, thirty-seven happy children climbed the stairs with their arms full of presents at the close of a delightful evening, during which they contributed their share of effort for the enjoyment of others in a program for which they had been drilled by Miss Robinson. Sr. Helen is the big sister to all this family, and while she is greatly beloved by them, they are very obedient to her and her careful training resulted in well-prepared songs and exercises in which the children, from the largest to the least, faithfully performed their parts. One exception there was, a little newcomer, who was a great care to a smaller child next to her, for she had to be repeatedly turned around from gazing at the Christmas tree.

Christmas Eve coming on Sunday, the Sunday school entertainment at the church had been given on Saturday evening, and the exercises at the home were deferred until Christmas evening. The wide doorway between the living room and the reception room had been sealed with a covering of heavy paper. In the reception room, against the bay window, stood the Christmas tree, not to be revealed

until it should stand resplendent when the lights were turned on in the evening.

The big turkey dinner claimed attention in the middle of the day, and late in the afternoon, when it was getting very hard to wait for evening, the big-hearted near neighbor brought over an immense bag of peanuts—enough for everybody to have all they wanted; and when they were gone it was getting dusk and time for the evening lunch, and then to get ready for the program—and the tree!

Chairs were arranged in the living room facing the tree at the farther side of the reception room, and here was seated a little company of friends, only room enough remaining for a passageway for the children, who were gathered in the dining room and who marched back and forth to music at their turns for taking part in the program.

When all was ready the music began, and then the children came, all of them except the two babies, one of whom was in bed, asleep, while the other, a poor little chicken-pox patient, on the road to recovery, made his appearance in "Father's" arms when he stood in the wide doorway to announce the opening number and ask all the friends to join in singing it.

The line of children filed past the guests, through the little hallway at the foot of the stairs, and across the room, where they turned their backs upon the tree and stood in graduated tiers, the tall ones in the rear and the wee ones at the front.

The leader of the church choir had led as many singers in a glorious cantata the night before. To-night looking out with others from a corner in the stairway, she could not find her voice to join these homeless ones in the new home provided for them. And others were there who were not much help to the children though they tried to master the feelings that rose to cut off the song.

But the children surely were happy, and when the program was over, released by "Mother," who with "Edna" had them in charge in the dining room, they came flocking back to face the tree and exclaim and laugh and chatter, they were still as entertaining to their audience as when they were consciously trying to be so. Then they were quieted down, and, seated on the floor, they received their presents as their names were called, until each had a lap full. They were allowed a little time of enjoyment and then marched upstairs to bed, to fall asleep with joyous anticipations of to-morrow with their new possessions.

Many boxes have been arriving at the home, some of them containing presents intended especially for Christmas, and there was certainly abundance to make a joyful time for all who are sheltered there. May God's blessings be with all who have helped at this time and in the past, and may he still move upon his people to contribute for the continuous needs of the home.

Boxes for the home should be plainly marked, showing where they come from. Difficulty has been met in seeking to give credit to proper persons.

A New Method of Making Character.

Reference was made to the article in this department last month but it was omitted for lack of space.

Ten years ago a man was observed tramping the streets of our great cities. His movements were peculiar. He scanned closely every group of people and noted every incident of street life. He explored neglected alleys. He penetrated homes and apartments. He invaded schoolhouses. He haunted playgrounds. He frequented athletic contests, which seemed to have a peculiar fascination for him. His interest in the doings of humankind, and especially of the genus boy was of the holiest character. This man was not a detective, nor a Japanese spy, nor O. Henry in search of material for stories, nor a mere lazy loafer idling away his time. He was driven by the compelling power of a high purpose. There was a sane and sensible method in his apparent madness. He was collecting materials for use in perfecting a great invention which he had made and which was destined to influence the lives of multitudes of American citizens.

This man, Milton Fairchild by name, was an earnest student of child-life for a purpose. Since his graduation from Oberlin College, of which his uncle was president, he had felt increasingly the necessity of training young Americans in the fundamental principles of honor, thrift, kindness, and all the good old-fashioned virtues which go to make manly and womanly character. The problem was how to do this effectively. No satisfactory system of moral education had ever been evolved. This work was being sadly neglected by most schools and even by the churches. The methods of teaching arithmetic, geography, and history had received ample attention and had been vastly improved. But no practical plans for teaching ethical truths to children had been matured and put into effect. It will be conceded that a knowledge of the elements of practical morality is of more vital importance than an acquaintance with these sciences. The formulation, therefore, of a method by which the children of the nation can be taught the sound principles of moral conduct which have been adopted by men and women of intelligence and common sense is vastly more important than the working out of a new method of instruction in mathematics or geography. It is a matter upon which the safety, honor, and welfare of our whole American people depend. These considerations had impelled Mr. Fairchild to undertake the task of working out a method of teaching morals and to make it his life work.

It was evident that there was no inherent lack of interest in moral questions. They are the most fascinating topics in the world. Every great drama hinges upon them; every successful play and novel gains its chief interest from them. Conversation in any group of intelligent men or women reaches its highest point of interest when they are discussing the right and wrong of the conduct of some of their friends and neighbors. It is just so with children. Mr. Fairchild was impressed during his study of child-life in the streets, with the keen interest which they took in

settling the merits of controversies which arose there. He heard heated arguments between gamins, who would hardly have been suspected of such interests, as to the right and wrong of fights which had raged among their comrades. Often these discussions reached a high plane and were marked by earnest efforts to determine the right.

At last it came to Mr. Fairchild that if the interesting experiences of everyday life in which moral problems are involved could be vividly brought before the child mind, its lively interest might be aroused and opportunities secured for exerting a deep and permanent influence. If, for instance, a series of pictures, showing the progress of a street fight among boys, could be shown, it would command the attention of every real boy and raise the moral problems involved in boys' fights. If, while attention was focused upon these, some judicious adviser were at hand to argue out with the child the points involved, he could be assisted in working them out for himself and forming right convictions. Or if some act of questionable morality were vividly pictured, the pro and con could be convincingly set forth. An heroic deed from real life would a powerful appeal and awaken a desire to emulate it. This method has been used to some extent in illustrated story books, but not in such a systematic and lifelike way as to realize its latent possibilities.

Now came the stroke of inventive genius which struck out a new line of approach to the child mind and solved the problem of moral education. Why not use the camera and the stereopticon? Why not go right out into the streets, the playgrounds, the schoolhouses, and the homes, and photograph child life as it is in all its rich variety of experience? Why not show these pictures life size with a stereopticon, and thus bring home to children with lifelike reality and vivid intensity the problems of conduct involved in these experiences? Then while their minds are occupied with them, why not seize the precious opportunity to help the children to reason out in a natural and sensible way the great problems of life? If these things were well done the result could not fail to be excellent. "Seeing is believing." Such visual instruction would come home to young minds with convincing reality. It would make an impression such as could never be produced by drilling into them dry moral precepts, however excellent.

Mr. Fairchild had the discernment to see that here was not merely a means of amusement, but an educational agency of the utmost importance, which would find its highest usefulness in the domain of morals. If by its use the great problems and principles of moral conduct could be gotten into concrete form, so that they could be seen with lifelike reality, they might be brought home with tremendous force. To meet these demands Mr. Fairchild made his famous camera and entered upon a still hunt for pictures which led him through most of our American cities and finally abroad. He photographed everything of significance which offered itself. The result is the most unique collection of photographs in existence, illustrating various phases (but by no means all varie-

ties) of child life. The best of these he sifted out for use in the stereopticon. To provide verbal instruction to accompany these was a task requiring the well-digested wisdom of many minds. Mr. Fairchild, therefore, undertook to organize an advisory board of men and women in different walks of life, including a large proportion of experts in pedagogy, who should cooperate with him in the preparation of a series of illustrated lessons in morals. This Moral Education Board has grown gradually until it now numbers one hundred and sixty-seven members and includes many of the most eminent leaders in American social, educational, and religious life.

With the assistance of these advisers, Mr. Fairchild began the preparation of his illustrated lessons. The first was entitled, "What men think about boys' fights," a topic which is vital to boys. Every healthy boy finds the problem of fighting forced upon him. He wonders what he really ought to do. It is not fair to the boy to let him go unenlightened on this question, which is just as vital to him as an aggravated assault and battery would be to his father. This lesson is designed to reason boys into a gentleman's way of thinking about fighting and to inculcate manly honor and self-restraint. By 1905 a second lesson was ready with the title, "The true sportsman." This was for older boys and was planned to enunciate and illustrate the eight great laws of sport by which the conduct of all true sportsmen is controlled. In 1907 came a third lesson, "What I am going to do when I am grown up," intended for boys and girls of grammar school age. This is a problem about which children have day dreams and sometimes lie awake nights. Each of them has some cherished ambition. These childish ambitions ought to be conserved and directed. This lesson strives to give the children a wider outlook and to bring to them the teachings of mature experience. It is of absorbing interest to every child.

These lessons and the new ideas which they embody attracted wide attention among educators and found influential friends. Mr. Bernard N. Baker, a prominent business man of Baltimore, has devoted a fund of ten thousand dollars to the development of this work and has given it the benefit of his experience and sagacious judgment. His estimate of the value of the discovery has been indorsed by a large proportion of the leading lights in business, educational, and religious life. No such body of competent and representative judges has ever before given its sanction to any method of teaching morals. Many of the most influential men in the educational world have been outspoken in their approval. Here are a few out of the large number of favorable opinions which have been expressed. Dr. Edward A. Ross, professor of sociology in Wisconsin University, says: "Such graphic moral instruction is a new thing in the world. It is a great invention, like wireless telegraphy or the aeroplane." Ex-president Eliot, of Harvard, considers "the illustrated lessons in morals admirably adapted for conveying to the children of public and private schools by the thousands the essentials of good manners, right feelings, and co-

operative justice." Prof. John Dewey, of Columbia University, pronounces this "a practical, sound, and reasonable scheme of moral instruction." Pres. Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College, says he "can not think that they could be given before any school without decided gain in the morals of the student body." To Prof. Nathaniel Butler, of Chicago University, "the method of presenting concrete situations involving moral judgments in pictures, accompanied by the graphic matter of the lesson, seems the most effective agent for moral teaching that could be devised." Dean Griffin, of Johns Hopkins University, "can hardly imagine a child so stupid or careless as not to be reached by this ingenious method of teaching." Prof. Jeremiah Jenks, of Cornell, believes that "if these practical lessons can be very generally used they will promote ethical culture to a noteworthy degree." Such strong expressions from the most competent judges would seem sufficient to convince even the most skeptical that a way to teach morals has been found.

The question is now squarely before the American people. Will they make the most of this discovery? Will the schools adopt this method of instruction? It has already been used to a greater or less extent in the schools of many of our large cities, such as San Francisco, Saint Paul, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, New York, and Boston. The lessons were given last winter in fifty-five of the public schools of Chicago, to 30,000 pupils and are to become a prominent feature. They are not intended to crowd out any studies from the school curriculum, but simply to supplement it and reinforce it. Will the churches and Sunday schools make use of them? The lessons, as thus far prepared, are admirably adapted to their needs. They do not deal with doctrinal questions, but concern themselves entirely with the plain, practical virtues upon which all Christians are agreed. They will harmonize perfectly with the regular courses of instruction which are already in use and will recommend themselves to all religious bodies. The emphasis which they lay upon the serious side of life during the week will favorably dispose the child toward religious instruction on Sunday.

Two new illustrated lessons have recently been completed, making five in all. One of these is on the timely and important topic, "Personal and national thrift." In it the spendthrift, the tramp, the loafer, and the gambler are pictured in their true light and the results of their conduct are shown. Personal thrift is set forth as a protection against distress, an essential in earning a living and the basis of achievement. National thrift, or in other words, conservation of resources, is recommended upon the same grounds and with many interesting suggestions as to how it should be practiced. The other lesson is entitled, "The gentleman." It is a powerful appeal to every boy to strive to attain the spirit and manners of a gentleman. Such principles as these are laid down and strikingly illustrated.

Respect the aged.

Respect the fears of those who love you.

Respect experience.

Respect authority.

Regard the rights of others.

Be quick to do a kindness.

Be thoughtful for the happiness of friends.

Ask pardon for blunders or injustice.

Confess injury done and rectify it if possible.

Never defend yourself or others with a lie.

Guard the honor of your institutions.

Win out in a gentleman's way.

To win by fraud is quite beneath contempt.

Retain your self-respect; hold the respect of friends; win the confidence and good will of acquaintances.

The effort in this and all the lessons is not to introduce revolutionary theories, nor give any "new commandment," but to teach the old, old morality, which has been supreme for many generations and upon which all people of intelligence agree.

The National Institution for Moral Instruction was incorporated in March, 1911, and includes among its directors many of our leading educators and people of public spirit. Its aim is to prepare sixty illustrated lessons, carefully graded, to suit the needs of all ages and classes of children. Here are some of the subjects prepared:

"Forming your habits."

"On your honor."

"Law and order and international peace."

"The ethics of the professions and of business."

"The law of the schoolroom."

"Respect your elders."

"What belongs to me and what does not."

"The treatment of animals."

"Father and mother."

A new lesson is being prepared upon the subject, "A gentleman's treatment of women." All future lessons will be prepared by trained specialists, working under the advice and direction of the National Institution. They will be kept up to date by the addition of new material and adapted for use in different localities, if necessary.

The basis upon which the work is now being carried on is as follows: The National Institution for Moral Instruction is ready to send out from its headquarters, 507 North Charles Street, Baltimore, or from its distribution centers in New York, Chicago, Knoxville, Tennessee, and Berkley, California, a set of one hundred slides for the stereopticon and printed lessons to accompany them for use in any school or church, for a nominal rental. Or it will send one of its experienced "special instructors," of whom it has a goodly number ready for work in their own neighborhoods, to give the lessons wherever desired at a moderate expense. New special instructors will be appointed and trained up until, if possible, there are one or more in every city and educational center. Thus the way is open for the use of this important discovery in every church

and school. It has the approval of practical men of affairs and of the educational world. It meets one of the greatest needs of our day. The growth of our great cities with their overcrowding and their multiplied and alluring opportunities for vice and crime; the herding together of hordes of young men and women in our great commercial and industrial centers with but little wholesome restraint; the rapid decadence of home life, home influence, and home religion, with all the chastening and uplifting influence which they exerted a generation or two ago; the absence of religious teaching from our public schools and the failure of the church to reach more than a bare majority of the children of to-day—these considerations make the moral problem a most anxious one. Unless we can meet these conditions and solve the problem which they present by providing sound and sensible moral instruction for the young and driving it home to their hearts, the outlook is alarming. If this new method can interest children, if it has any special adaptation to their needs, and if after a fair trial it is found to meet them, it is a discovery of the utmost importance and ought to come into immediate and general use.—Wylls Rede, D.D., in *The New York Independent*, Baltimore, Maryland.



An Experiment Station in Race Improvement.

In one of those institutions that, in the old days, would have been called an "idiot asylum," there was a little boy known as Peter.

For a long time after his arrival at the institution Peter was a serious problem. In all his classes he sat staring apathetically before him, taking the work that was put into his hands, holding it patiently until it was taken away, but doing absolutely nothing with it.

However, none of his teachers—for in this institution they do teach even idiots—forced or urged him. They just kept on, day after day, giving him the materials for work and trying with all sorts of gentle wiles to interest him in what other children were doing.

Then at Easter some one sent him a toy rabbit, and in the manual training class next day he produced this from his pocket, took up his tools and began a pitiful attempt to carve out a copy of it in the wood before him. Quick to seize the advantage, his teacher, a young woman of unusual pedagogical acumen, helped and guided the fumbling little hands until another rabbit actually did begin to take form before the boy's delighted eyes.

After that there was no trouble with Peter. A way had been found into his mind, and his sleeping faculties had been awakened and set to work. Before long it became evident that somewhere in his darkened mentality there had been lying dormant a real gift for wood-working, and to-day Peter is rapidly developing into an excellent carpenter.

In this same institution there was another difficult child by the

name of Daisy. Daisy was one of the restless, troublesome kind. She "couldn't keep her mind on her work." She fidgeted, spoiled materials, distracted the other children.

One day somebody gave Daisy a doll—a wonderful creature of peculiar charms and accomplishments; and Daisy's delight in it gave her teachers an idea. The same discerning young woman in the manual training room suggested that it would be splendid for Daisy to build a new house for her doll. Daisy took to the notion at once; and the sewing teacher, the modeling teacher, and the teacher of weaving and basketry, coached by the manual training teacher, took up the suggestions and urged the desirability of curtains, dishes, rugs, and carpets for the doll's house.

So Daisy fell to work, encouraged and stimulated in every class to build and furnish a dwelling suitable for her darling; and almost from the start she began to manifest powers that her teachers had at best only suspected. She had been supplied with a life interest, something she wanted to do and saw a reason for doing; and this called forth, naturally and inevitably, the latent capabilities of her sluggish intelligence.

The institution in which these two miracles were performed—for miracles they would have been considered a decade or two ago—is the Vineland, (New Jersey), Training School for Feeble-Minded Boys and Girls; but although it sets the standards for all the other institutions of its kind in the country, and has made the name of the little town of Vineland famous whenever the care and training of mentally defective children is being studied, it is beginning to be valued not so much for its work for the subnormal—remarkable as that is—as for the light that this work throws upon what has been called "the new science of humaniculture."

For here—here in this "idiot asylum"—they are actually applying, and with almost unvarying success, certain radical new theories in regard to the training and education of children that, as far, as the normal are concerned, have yet hardly got beyond the point of academic discussion.

Here they have demonstrated in innumerable such cases as those of Peter and Daisy the validity of the theory, so warmly advocated by many of the foremost students of modern educational methods, but so suspiciously regarded by most parents and teachers, that a child ought not to be forced to do anything it does not want to do, nor prevented from doing anything it does want to do. They have learned that a child's desire is a precious blossom to be watched and watered with the tenderest care, because it is the index to the child's special aptitudes. What a child wants to do, it can do. Therefore, unlike the run of educationally orthodox teachers and parents who feel bound to force or persuade or cajole their children into doing their will, these people at Vineland bend their efforts to find out what is the child's will—and then work that will for all it is worth. The results speak for themselves—in miracles, like those wrought upon Peter and Daisy.

They have also worked out to successful conclusions the theory, even more provocative to "practical" disciplinarians, that punish-

ment is futile—even harmful. Experience and the laws of modern psychology that punishments actually increase the chances of repetition of the act punished because they focus the child's attention upon it. On the other hand, rewards for good conduct, by turning the child's mind in that direction, are conducive of more good conduct.

INCENTIVES—NOT PENALTIES.

At Vineland, therefore, they have abolished the penalty and set up the incentive. Chief of these, perhaps, is the "store privilege."

Each child is provided with a "store credit card," and upon this it gets a mark from each of its teachers to whom its lessons and conduct have been satisfactory. Each of these marks is equivalent to a penny, and on Saturday the child can go to the store and buy as many pennies' worth as there are marks. The children who fail in lessons or conduct are not punished; they simply do not get the marks that would have enabled them to gratify some long cherished desire for ball or top, for doll or hair ribbon.

Another incentive lies in the system of grouping the children according to their "dependableness," the most dependable groups having the most privileges, the least dependable, the fewest. An increase of dependableness in any child is immediately rewarded by a transfer to one of the more desirable groups. In the case of a falling off, the culprit goes back, not as a punishment, but as a logical result of unreliability—a simple process that even the dullest seem able to grasp.

The motto of the training school, printed large in all its literature, is, "We believe in happiness first, all else follows;" and here "happiness" is no more sentimental abstraction, but an intensely practical working force.

STIMULATING INDIVIDUALITY.

Since one of the essentials to happiness is granted by psychologists to be a proud sense of individuality, every effort is made to develop individuality—even in such small matters as clothes. The children are not required to wear a uniform, but are encouraged to choose their own things and to take an interest in their appearance. The size of the school makes it impossible to give to each pupil an individual birthday party, but since it is felt that each child's birthday should be remembered, the teachers have adopted the expedient of having one big party every month for all the children whose birthdays fall within that month. Once a week they have a contest—with prizes—in which every child, down to the dullest, is given a chance to show off what he can do in the line in which he is most proficient, be it only scrubbing floors or washing dishes—and just as much applause is given to those who can scrub floors and wash dishes, and just as much attention to the awarding of their prizes, as to the higher grade children who "speak pieces" or sing songs.

NOT AFRAID OF FUN.

Entertainments, plays, concerts, jollifications of all kinds are going on constantly. Christmas Eve every child hangs up its stocking

and wakes to find it bulging with its own peculiar wants, just as if it were the petted darling of a private home—and there is always a tree, and a Santa Claus and more presents on Christmas Day. Every holiday, down to the most insignificant, is celebrated with its own appropriate exercises, and every common day is begun with a glorious general romp, called “morning assembly.”

They are not a bit afraid at Vineland of spoiling children with too much fun. Fun, they say, is a primary condition to effective educational work. What they do fear is unhappiness, depression, boredom. So much do they fear these things, indeed, that to fight them they have organized a secret society—the strangest secret society in the world. It has no officers, holds no meetings, and recognizes only two by-laws. They are these: one member seeing another member looking cross or sad must say instantly, “Do you belong?” and the other member must answer with a smile.

Music—martial, stirring and gay—is used constantly and designedly to keep up this all-desirable spirit of joy. There is an institution band, of course; and to its inspiring drums and brasses the children go through a large part of their work and play. Singing, too, in solo, quartet, sextet, and chorus, of songs selected especially for their inspiriting quality, forms a prominent feature of the daily program.

AMUSEMENT AS PART OF THE SCHOOLING.

On the institution grounds there is a little zoo containing wolves, foxes, ferrets, rabbits, squirrels, guinea-pigs, and many different kinds of birds. There is a fountain with goldfish in it, a merry-go-round, many swings. There are tennis courts, an athletic field, school gardens, a band stand. On the wide spaces of smooth lawn, shaded by beautiful big trees, not a single “keep-off-the-grass” sign is anywhere visible. Four miles away, out in the “real country,” the institution holds a piece of woodland on a little river to which the children are taken on camping trips during the summer.

These things are provided, not as amusements merely, but as *the* important part of the educational equipment. Tennis, baseball, football, basketball, and all other games and sports are not only encouraged as in the ordinary school, but are systematically taught to all the children as an integral part of their school work. Whatever develops muscular coordination, they say at Vineland, tends to develop brain power also.

COTTAGE GROUPS.

The children—some four hundred in number—are housed in large family groups, classified according to mental grade, in ten attractive little cottages furnished in as home like and “uninstitutional” a manner as the most exacting could ask. Each of these is presided over by a “house mother,” selected not only for her experience, but for her love for and sympathetic understanding of the particular class of children with which she has to deal, so that in the home life as well as in the strictly educational activities the children are subjected to only those influences that the Vineland

people recognize as most favorable to the development of mind and soul.

PEDAGOGICAL METHODS.

The teaching proper centers naturally in manual training and gymnasium, although the elementary academic branches are taught, and taught successfully despite the well-nigh overwhelming difficulties of imparting to the feeble-minded anything like abstract knowledge.

Here is where the new educational theories of which I have spoken receive their severest test and come off most highly vindicated. A single little incident that I chanced to witness while I was making the rounds of the school illuminates significantly the workings of the system.

In one of the class rooms devoted to the academic branches a boy stood at the blackboard writing at the teacher's dictation.

"Cedar," she pronounced.

"S-e-d-e-r" wrote the boy.

"That's very good, John," she said brightly, "but I am sure you can do even better. Try again."

The boy rubbed out the word, paused a moment, then wrote, "c-e-d-e-r."

"Splendid," cried the teacher. "One more trial now, and I am sure you'll get it just perfect. Come now, think of the sound."

Once more the boy erased what he had written and formed the letters, "c-e-d—," then paused.

The teacher took the chalk from him. "See here, John," she said, writing the word on the board and underscoring the "a," "what's this letter?"

"Oh, I see!" John exclaimed, nodding eagerly—then quickly finished out his own word correctly.

"You see," whispered the teacher, "we do not direct the children's attention to their mistakes, because that only concentrates their minds upon them, but to the things we want them to remember."

In this room there were no printed study books. "We make our own readers," the teacher said, showing me a number of papers covered with childish scrawls. A subject having a natural interest to the children is selected—trees, birds, butterflies, guinea pigs, frogs, and the class troops out to study the tree or the guinea pig or the frog in its native habitat. They learn as much as they can hold about the subject, and then come back and write down what they have learned; and these writings constitute their lesson books.

"So you can easily understand," said the teacher, "that such things as our zoo, our goldfish fountain, our gardens, woods, orchards, and barns, have a very real educational value to our children. We find here that every child, however dull, is more or less interested in the things he sees about him, while even the brightest are profoundly indifferent to written words until they are shown, vividly and convincingly, the connection between the reality and the symbol. Our children, reversing the Dotheboys Hall method

of first spelling w-i-n-d-e-r, winder, and then going and washing it, first go out and see a cedar, climb a cedar, carve their names upon a cedar, and then come back and write about it."

LABORATORY TESTS.

For five years now the school at Vineland has maintained a laboratory of psychological research, the only one of its kind in the country. Here all the children in the institution are repeatedly tested for mental capacity, weighed and measured and photographed by the newest and most scientific devices. Two assistants work in the office tabulating and classifying all this data, while three others go about among the homes of the children gathering information in regard to their family histories, as far back sometimes as five generations. Much of this information is of immediate practical use in the treatment of the children of the school, and when it has been sufficiently studied and tested, it will almost undoubtedly furnish laws and standards by means of which the mental capacity of any child can be accurately measured and the kind and degree of training it can take on determined to a nicety. But its chief importance, experts agree, is the light it throws on the whole subject of race improvement. The two hundred family trees that have been worked out by Doctor Goddard are said to form the most complete and reliable data ever collected on the subject of human heredity, and from them, say the scientists, principles of the very deepest significance to the future of humanity will unquestionably be deduced.

The results of the novel educational methods in use in the institution have been measured, not only by practical use, but scientifically by means of exact experiments.

In Doctor Goddard's laboratory there is a machine called the ergograph which measures exactly in kilometers and centigrams just how much vital force the operator is able to exert at a given moment. Innumerable experiments upon the children with this machine have demonstrated beyond all question that more force can be exerted by a person in a happy frame of mind, or under the influence of encouragement or pleasurable excitement, than by the same person in a mood of sadness or discouragement. An experiment made in my presence upon a boy of fifteen, . . . shows strikingly just how encouragement can cause a measurable increase in vital force, and how, conversely, discouragement can cause it to fall off.

The amount of force exerted by the subject is indicated in the record by the length and firmness of the lines. At starting, Doctor Goddard patted the boy on the shoulder and exclaimed heartily that he expected him to break all records. The pencil of the indicator recorded the effect of this stimulation in long, firm lines, which, however, after a time began to run down. Then Doctor Goddard cried out enthusiastically that "that was fine, splendid," and the pencil instantly shot up to a higher point than had been achieved before. Gradually, however, the lines shortened again. Once more Doctor Goddard administered encouragement, and once

more the pencil shot upward in quick response. When the lines began to decrease the third time, the doctor shook his head gravely, sighed and remarked, "Poor, very poor. I'm afraid he can't go on." The boy's face fell, but he made an heroic attempt to move the pencil. A faint wiggle showed on the paper, but that was all—nor was he able once more after that to produce a single long line.

The spirit in which the work is carried on is beautifully expressed in this verse from Whittier's "Agassiz," hanging over Doctor Goddard's desk:

"We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean,
What the thought that underlies
Nature's making and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death."

"When we consider the incalculable importance to the future of the studies like these," Doctor Goddard said to me, "we can no longer look upon these poor afflicted ones of ours as pure waste. They seem given to us to study. We can not make scientifically accurate studies upon normal children, they go too fast for us; but in the slow development of the sub-normal, we have just the opportunity we need for noting with the necessary slowness and caution all the various processes of unfolding life. And out of these we may at least evolve a true science of eugenics."

The training school is not a state institution except in that the State pays for those of its wards who are sent there, but is supported by an association of some two hundred private persons. It takes both paid and free pupils, the latter being supported out of a free fund.

The land not otherwise used is given over to intensive scientific farming, an experiment in grapes being conducted under the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture, and one in peaches under the New Jersey State Station. This not only furnishes the institution with many of its necessary supplies, but gives employment to large numbers of its grown-up pupils. Indeed, practically all the labor for the shops and barns, the laundry, cannery and power-house, as well as for the farm, orchards, vineyard and truck gardens, is furnished by adult pupils who are thus rendered self-sustaining while still kept under institutional control.

E. R. Johnstone, superintendent of the institution, is one of those men who seem divinely appointed to their work in the world. His name, like that of Vineland, is associated with all that is most authoritative and at the same time most advanced in the training of the mental defective. He is lecturer on this subject at the New York School of Philanthropy, and conducts a summer course at the training school for teachers who wish to fit themselves especially for work with retarded and defective children.—Frances Maule Björkman, in the *American Review of Reviews*.



Elbert A. Smith, Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.
Estella Wight, Assistant Editor.

The Aborigine; A Retrospect.

THE SUMMER heat came on suddenly; it made me tired and restless, and I could not sleep. Night after night I tossed, never sleeping until near the dawning, and then fitfully, without being refreshed.

Once in summer I had slept out in the open beneath the starry heavens. It was glorious, I decided to try it again, so I had my bed carried, not to the narrow bounds of our dooryard, or the shelter of the shade trees, but up, up, on the great table rock which overlooks the Hemet Valley from the mountain side high above the Big Springs ranch.

When it became fully dark I retired. It must have been nearly nine, but here, as at the house, I was sleepless; nevertheless, there was a vast difference. My restlessness was gone, but the beauty of the night, the glory of the glittering firmament above me so impressed me that for once I did not want to sleep, only to lie tranquilly, listening to the faint sounds of the night and enjoy the zephyr that cooled my upturned face. Hour after hour slipped by,

"And a distant bell swung its solemn chime,
And it seemed to me like the voice of a star,
And I think through a century of time,
I should always believe that such things are."

Faintly from the southwest came the sound of voices. Strange, thought I, that this should be, for in that direction lies the roughest and rockiest part of the mountain above me. But there was no mistake. I heard the voices of two, and they were approaching. I sat up, and soon saw a faint light, apparently from a torch, lighting up the rocks and the tops of the laurels, and while still wondering why any party should approach at midnight, coming over the pathless mountain, over ground difficult to travel even in daylight, I hastily dressed and waited.

The light approached, but it grew no brighter, while the voices became very distinct. They were near me now, and I saw two men singularly garbed in some oriental fashion, while their language, now plainly heard, was absolutely foreign and unintelligible to me. They approached the great canyon that runs northwesterly past the Big Springs ranch, and something in their voices, their movements, and their passing so readily and swiftly over such seemingly impassable ground aroused in me a thrill of excitement bordering on fear. At the canyon they parted, one passing down the canyon toward the valley, the other coming directly toward me. I noticed that the light followed both of them, and yet they carried no torch. The light came in the air, and though not at all bright, it was sufficient to illumine the person of the man approaching.

The whole thing seemed uncanny, I felt my hair begin to rise. The man was now so near, I could distinguish his features, but as he came nearer, I forgot to be afraid, being fascinated by his appearance and carriage.

He was singularly erect, of very dark complexion, his eyes were clear, earnest, commanding; he halted within a few feet of me, and without salutation of any kind he commanded, "Arise." I obeyed instinctively. "Come with me." Again I obeyed; I had now no fear, rather a sense of protection followed by a sort of mild elation.

We traveled eastward a few rods, my singular guide leading the way. We came to a small flat rock upon which one might easily step, my guide stopped; he addressed me now in the purest language of my own tongue.

"You have long wondered about the people you know as Indians," said he, "I am here to show you who they are and where they came from." As he spoke I turned my eyes to the west, and saw that the light that had gone with the other man had reached the lower springs at the mouth of the canyon, and though I could not see the man, the voices of a multitude of people swept up the canyon, apparently a welcome to the newcomer.

I turned my eyes upon the man at my side. Instead of telling me what those voices meant, he commanded me to step to the right side of the small rock and look toward the west. I did so, and lo, before me was no longer the familiar foothills and valleys, but my vision, almost with the speed of lightning found the Pacific, crossed it, covered leagues and leagues of the eastern world beyond, and I saw distinctly a city. Here my eyes rested, and I saw many curious things which seemed to me the history of a people presented like a sort of play, and by some instinct, I knew the city to be Jerusalem, and that I was reviewing the history of much people. At last a small party, very small as compared with the vast numbers around the city, moved away and eastward, and I heard a sound which seemed to come out of infinite space, a sound like the ticking of some world large clock, and I knew (and why I knew

I do not know) that each tick told off the years of the pilgrimage of this band of people, and the ticks were very many.

I saw the people cross plains, valleys, mountains, and rivers, and finally reach the farther shore of the Pacific in a land I took to be what is now Japan. I saw them dwell on the seashore while the years ticked swiftly off. I saw them build boats, and gather near them, and noted discussion and dissension among them, and finally the larger part embarked in their clumsy vessels and they came toward me.

The timepiece in space ticked, I saw the boats turning southward, far, far to the south; I saw them land where the land from ocean to ocean is very narrow, then my vision became clearer. I saw them engaged in agriculture, in arts and sciences until, as I was shown the exceeding beauty and magnitude of their work, I was greatly astonished, and I was much troubled. I felt the history was dealing falsely with me, but while time ticked away swiftly, and the years ran into centuries, I saw the people divided, the north against the south. Then fierce and bloody battles swept away the beautiful and pleasant cities. The people, who at first had shown a distinctly religious spirit, and built many and costly houses of worship, now were becoming wild and savage. I saw walls built from sea to sea at places where the land was narrow. I saw watch-towers on the walls and watchmen set to guard the people from attack of those that were once their brethren.

I saw the walls rent and cast down. I saw the southern people sweep victoriously northward, driving back the inhabitants before them, and finally one continuous warfare engrossed the attention of the people. And time ticked off the years until they were divided, not into two great factions only, but into many, each suspicious of the other, each jealous and warlike; truces were patched up, only to be broken, and all the time the people became more savage and brutal.

Nevertheless, a certain form of religion was retained by them, many customs that they had brought down from their progenitors were still followed. They had a definite priesthood, but woefully corrupted, and full of savage rights made to please a savage people.

I saw a great number seemingly discouraged in every attempt to settle down and live peaceably, that became outcasts from every tribe and faction, outlaws that had no home or place, and these rapidly became a great host, thieving and preying continually along all the borders. They became so great a menace that the more powerful nations made common cause against them and they were driven far northward, even into the mountains and inaccessible fastnesses of the canyons, and made their homes in the cliffs and rocks until their pursuers returned to their own land. Then they came down into the valleys near to their mountain homes and built great houses of stone, adobe, and mortar, tilled the ground, and in time became a better people than those they had left, and more peaceful, while those they had left in the southland were still warring.

My guide touched me. "Stand on the left of the rock and look

to the east." I did as I was told. The southland was no longer within my range of vision. Instead, the whole northern half of the North American Continent was spread before me, and I saw the people of the south, dark-skinned and somber, wending their way northward, not in large bodies, but in small and broken groups. The years ticked off, I saw them reach the Mississippi and spread eastward and westward. They reached the great lakes and beyond them in all directions until they covered the land from sea to sea, always in small groups, never in masses as in the south. I saw that they retained some of their arts and cunning, baskets and bead work in beautiful patterns was among them even then; the skins of beasts and the feathers of great birds made them gorgeous apparel. Copper from Lake Superior was worked into many beautiful forms, and the people lived largely by hunting and fishing, and were still very warlike, menacing and fighting their neighbors.

They still were religious, sincerely so after their savage fashion. Strange ceremonies and incantations prevailed, but through all their savagery they maintained a certain dignity and self-respect, through all conditions and vicissitudes they maintained a certain sturdy manhood and womanhood with great sense of honor that caused my great admiration.

I heard in the valleys of the west the murmuring of many voices, and turning my face westward, my vision narrowed to our western coast.

Small groups of the dark people were everywhere; they had spread from the cliff dwellers and men of the mountain fastnesses through all the coast, and these were more peaceful than the people of the east.

Wherever water ran, wherever springs came forth, in every shaded canyon, I saw them gathered, and both men and women joined in the search for seeds of the valley and the acorns of the hills, and there was plenty, and much of happiness and contentment. The rocks of the hills were worn into mills, and portable mills of stone were everywhere in use making meal for the people, the hills resounded with song and laughter, and the camp fires burned brightly along all the borders of the fair valleys.

Then came commotion and excitement, I saw a vast concourse of people of the white race come pouring in. The people of the dark skins made them welcome; but the day came when the free people, who for centuries had made these valleys their home, and who knew no other, became the slaves of the white people, and many died in bondage and broken hearted by reason of many cruelties. I marveled, for this was done in the name of religion, and a pretense was made that the people were enslaved for the good and salvation of their souls.

My guide touched me. I turned to the west. Again my vision narrowed, I beheld only the canyon near at hand, and coming up from the valley, coming from all valleys, and coming from all the hills, from east, west, north, and south I saw a multitude of people, savage in appearance, yet with hope new written on their faces. On a great rock, a fitting pulpit for such an occasion, stood

the second man of my dream, and around him the light still shone and brightened, and in his hand he held the Book of books, and in a voice so penetrating that it might be heard from ocean to ocean he read, and I heard him quote the words, "Even as many as the Lord our God shall call." And he turned the leaves of the book and read in a voice that echoed among all the mountains the sixteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Saint John's gospel, "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

And then I awoke; the visitors and vision of the night were gone. I had not been dressed, I had not left my couch. Above me hung the glorious morning star; near it, very near, the slender crescent of a late moon, while over the distant eastern foothills bars of faint violet light were faintly visible, the prophecy of the dawning.

T. S. BROWN.



A Religio President's Dream.

One evening while sitting in a chair and thinking about our society I dropped off to sleep and had the following dream:

I started for Religio feeling that something extraordinary was going to happen. It seemed as though I didn't expect the usual routine. As I walked on the feeling grew stronger, and I wondered what it could mean.

I arrived at the church a few minutes ahead of time, but as soon as I opened the door and looked at the people I was surprised. Everybody that was enrolled was present. "Well!" I said to myself. What made it more surprising was that it still lacked a few minutes of starting time.

I walked up to the front of the room thinking and wondering. When it came time to start, the chorister announced the opening song, and it was so quiet he didn't need to repeat the number. The song had hardly started when I noticed something unusual, but what it was I couldn't tell. The second verse was sung and I still noticed the same thing. But as the chorus was reached I found the trouble. The chorister stepped over to me and explained it by saying, "Everybody is singing." I noticed it, too, after he spoke, and then I remembered that he didn't stop the song after the first few words and tell the people to start it over and have everybody sing.

When the song was over I announced the opening prayer and it seemed so queer, but the entire society was quiet and all had their eyes closed and heads bowed. When I saw this I thought, "Why, this doesn't happen every time." Another queer thing was that after the meeting had opened I didn't see anybody come in. That is, nobody was late.

The second song was sung just as good as the first while the chorister smiled and was the happiest person there. The classes took their places and I walked around to see how things were going

on. The first thing I noticed was a class of little boys paying attention to their teacher. I looked around and saw every class doing the same thing. As I passed a class of little girls one whispered to me, "Our teacher is here to-night."

"Well," I said, "that's good," and I looked around to see if the little girl was mistaken or not. As I passed one class I heard the teacher say something about studying the lesson, I didn't just catch what it was, then I saw everyone in the class raise his hand.

I walked on and met the treasurer of the society. He seemed so good-natured and happy that I asked him the reason, and this is what he said: "Well, you know I am chairman of the relief committee and provide people to sit up with the sick."

"Yes," I said.

"Well," he went on, "my job is so easy that I am ashamed because I do so little. Why, when a sick person needs some one, I never have to ask the second time. The first one is always willing. And then another thing," he added, "our collections are so large that we are out of debt and have a lot of money on hand."

I felt thankful there were so many willing workers and generous contributors, but all the time I couldn't help but think of the difference between that session of Religio and some strangely different ones. Thus far everything was all that could be expected—everybody present who could come, and on time, good order and attention, and cheering words from officers who generally speak differently.

I met the secretary and asked him if he noticed anything wrong, "Why, yes," he said, "this seems just like a model Religio."

The society I belonged to was rather large, so there was an officer to look after the teachers and classes, principally to provide teachers in place of the absent ones. This person seemed to be always looking for somebody, but to-night his face was changed. I knew why, so I didn't ask him.

I turned around to walk on when I noticed a Religiian from another society. I went over to him at once and shook hands and tried to make him feel at home. We talked a little and then he told me what a lovely society we had, expressed his surprise at finding such a one, and congratulated me on having it in such good condition. I said, "Yes, we have a very nice society here," but I didn't tell him I was as surprised as he was.

Finally the classes assembled just as orderly and quietly as one could wish, and then the program was given. The program committee had given it to a certain party for that night, so he announced the numbers, but before the first one he said he merely wanted to state that in asking people to take part he didn't have one refuse him. I wondered how he managed it. All during the program the people were as attentive and quiet as anyone could expect. I seemed out of place because I didn't have to shake my head at some little boy or stop a number till better order prevailed. I wondered what was the matter and whether or not I was dreaming.

By this time I was getting pretty well frightened, but I managed

to have the secretary read the report and then I announced the benediction. Notwithstanding the fact that the prayer was made by one of those people who like to pray a long while, I didn't hear a little boy shuffle his feet, or a book drop. I didn't even hear one of the older people whisper. Then just as amen was said I woke up. "My," I said, "I wish dreams would come true."

ALMA RANNIE.



The Good Shepherd.

Men and sheep are very much alike. Sheep have no home instinct. When they have once wandered away from the fold they can not find the way home. A dog, horse or cow will come back home but a sheep will not. It is a very unlucky animal, hence the need of a shepherd. Since the time when man wandered away from God, he has had no power within himself to get back to God. The office of Jesus is the Good Shepherd. In John 10: 9, he says, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."

My mind goes back to the time when David was a shepherd lad, and as I trace the wanderings of just one day, I am led to exclaim, truly David could pen that beautiful psalm and retain the shepherd figure from the first to the last!

"The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." The day begins with the various needs of the sheep, but they have a shepherd and shall not want. Ere the day closes he has proved the truth of that statement, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." In that land there are many sandy places, barren plains,—hot sand underfoot and hot sun overhead. The shepherd leads the sheep to a green field where they find nourishment and rest.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters." The shepherd thinks of the need of the sheep. He must find a drinking place for them. That is part of the shepherd's unfailing thought. And when he has found such a place, how refreshing it is after the long walk in the dust and heat! But why must they be led beside still waters? In the Holy Land the rivers are far from each other, and through rough country. Some of the brooks are called "wadies," because they run dry when the rainy season is over. Job says, "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook, and as a stream of brooks they pass away." Judea borders on the south country, which is called Negeb, which means dry. Sometimes where living streams are found, the banks are too rough and dangerous. Sheep are very timid, and fear rough places where there is a current of water. They are easily carried down stream because of the buoyancy of their wool. In some places there are wells and fountains, and the shepherd knows where these places are in the country where streams are few. The shepherd makes a certain sound and the sheep lie down and are quiet, while the shepherd fills the drinking troughs from these fountains or wells and they can drink undis-

turbed. Somewhere I have read that the Hebrew words put it, "He leadeth beside the waters of quietness."

The sheep know their shepherd's voice and never respond to another, if several flocks have come together. "Beside the still waters" means much to us. Saint John says, "The lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."

"He restoreth my soul." There are perilous places on all sides for the sheep, and the shepherd must always be on the watch. If a sheep strays into a vineyard or garden it is forfeited to the owner of the land, and so the shepherd rescues the sheep from such places.



THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." Sometimes it is hard to choose the right path for his sheep, as some paths lead to a precipice and some to places where the sheep can not find the way back. The shepherd must go ahead and lead the sheep through such paths as lead through perilous places.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." This is true to a valley by that name; another is named the ravine of the raven. "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." The sheep, if the shepherd is with them, are content, no matter what

the surroundings are; but sometimes in spite of all the shepherd's care, a wolf will get among the flock and they will run and leap, making it hard to get at the foe in their midst. The shepherd knows what to do, and cries something like a wolf's cry. When the sheep hear this, they rush into a solid mass and the wolf is overcome and sometimes crushed to death.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." The shepherds carry a crook to guide the sheep and to use as a weapon for defending them. When he wants them to come near him he calls and the sheep hurry to him.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." In olden times the table was just a mat or a cloth spread on the ground. The shepherd prepares a table, in one sense, for his sheep, if it is only a spreading slope of grassy ground. This is done many times in the presence of the sheep's enemies. There are many poisonous plants in the grass. Sometimes there are snake holes in the ground and the snakes must be driven away to keep them from biting the noses of the sheep. Sometimes around this feeding place are holes and caves in the hillsides in which are found jackals, wolves, and wild animals, and the shepherd must slay these or close up the places with stones.

"Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over." The day's wandering with the shepherd is almost done, and he stands at the door of the fold and turns his body to let the sheep pass; he is the door, as Christ said of himself. He looks them over one by one as they go into the fold. He has a horn filled with olive oil, and he has cedar tar. If one is bruised on the knee he anoints it with tar; and if one is simply worn, he anoints it with olive oil, and takes a cup and dips it brimming full from the water that he has brought for that purpose and he lets the sheep drink.

When they are all in the fold there is rest and comfort and "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

"I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." If, like David, the Lord is my shepherd, I shall obtain an inheritance upon the redeemed earth during the millenium reign, and dwell in righteousness and peace when it shall be redeemed and glorified and made a fit abode upon which the children of God can dwell.

BY SR. H. C. PITSEMBERGER.



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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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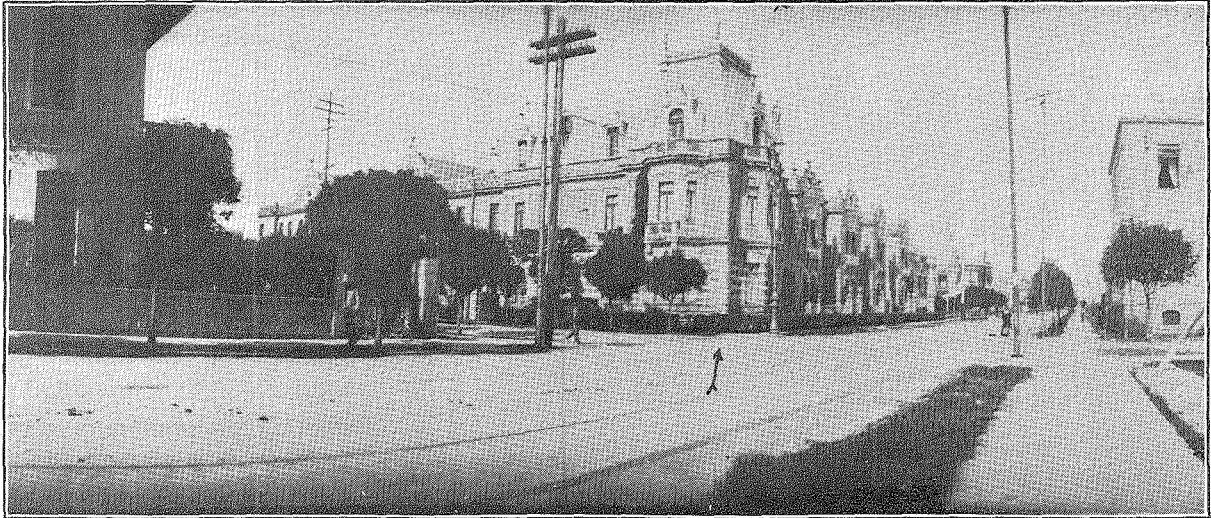
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Home of Former President Porfirio Diaz, Mexico City. Frontispiece.	
Aqueduct Queretaro - - - - -	103
Cuitlahuac (Kwitlawak). The Mexican Statue of Liberty, Mexico City - - -	104
Mexican "National Palace," containing Government Buildings and Army Quar- ters, Mexico City - - - - -	105
Street Scene in Mexico - - - - -	106
Our Round Table - - - - -	97
Glimpses of Mexico.—Part 1 - - - - -	102
Some of My Experiences as a Sailor; or the Wreck of the "Jenny Barto" - - - - -	107
Childhood (poem) - - - - -	113
Just Drifting (poem) - - - - -	114
Practical Papers - - - - -	115
Editor's Corner - - - - -	120
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	124
The Religio's Arena - - - - -	131



HOME OF FORMER PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ, MEXICO CITY.

Here lived the "Gray Eagle of Mexico," who presided for so many years during the greatest development of the country. He was a wise ruler in his day, but outlived his generation. When he was deposed the sentiment was, "Down with Diaz the ruler! Long live Diaz the citizen!"

—See "Glimpses of Mexico," Travel Sketches, page 102.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

MARCH, 1912

Number 3

Our Round Table.

The Story of One Who Has Failed.

By J. H. Camp.

We have asked the young people of the church to join in a sort of an experience meeting through the medium of a "Round Table" department; giving their experiences while attempting to live their religion and at the same time carry on the affairs of life. We wish to discover the things that help young men and women to remain "in the world but not of the world." To our surprise the first article to come to hand is from one who frankly admits that he has failed. We had not expected this, but perhaps his story will help some one as much as the story of success that some one else might tell. But we drop this thought: This young man is yet too young to admit failure. Men twice his age have won out and accomplished brilliant successes after a life of apparent failure. Another thing: when a young man is told that at some time he will be called to the ministry, he should not drift on his oars waiting for the call to mature; he should continue to row hard and let God take his own time. If the first promise was of God the call will come all right, unless forfeited by unfaithfulness. If the promise was not of God, it is not worth a wasted hour or a vain regret.—EDITOR.

SHALL we tell the truth in this round table chat, or employ the requisite journalistic frills to propitiate the apparent incongruities of plain truth? For my part, truth is preferable. It commends no alloy to the testing fires. Truth alone can stand the test when measured with the ultimate end of human experience.

"Man shall not live by bread alone," admits that he may live partly by bread, but as a whole by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of the Lord. And the first decree setting forth the limit and course of man was made Adam, that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. The "three score and ten" of this earth life is, fundamentally, under the regimen of natural laws. If, then, we are governed by natural laws, the more perfect conformity to those laws will produce the more perfect results. Into this regime of natural law, shines the spiritual law, as by grace, not to add to the natural law, but to govern the spiritual nature of man.

The gospel is a trumpet calling in the wilds of this wilderness of human ideas. When first I heard its call, I was far away, lost in the distant meshes of secular thought. Through my 'teens I was cradled in a hotbed of Populistic politics. I knew but little, nor was I taught much about God. Like other boys, I attended the "revivals," but do not ever remember being impressed with the thought of religion. I do not know why. I never disbelieved God, but I failed to get the requisite fever, as it were, which fired

the minds of other people toward religion. But I had my gods just the same. No Hebrew at the shrine of his miracle-working God, no pagan bowing to his gods, or reverencing an idea, was ever more devoted in heart than was I to my god. And the greatest thing in all the world to me, were the noble men who stood for the interest and welfare of the people. In my boyhood there shone before me such men as the Honorable James B. Weaver, Thomas E. Watson, William V. Allen. They were the leading lights in the populistic propaganda during the 90's, and it was to them that I went to worship.

Higher or nobler ambitions never fired a human soul than sped me on to emulate these champions of the people. I had but little education until after I was of age, but I managed to spell out their speeches, which filled the weekly reform papers of that day. I would take them with me to the field and read,—read and absorb. I, too, would be a friend of the people,—would unsheath my sword and hurl the gauntlet at the feet of the powerful rich and corrupt few; combat all error, all fraud and insolent powers.

It was in this frame of mind that the gospel found me. Elders Cather, Sparling, and Spurlock came preaching in my vicinity, but I did not at first take their message seriously; not until there arose persecutions against them, endangering the spirit of liberty. I then defended them as men, but cared nothing about their religion. If religion was a good thing, then these men were doing good, for they preached the Bible. But to me, religion had played its part in every age and yet the people groaned under wrongs inflicted by the state. It had had its trial at removing these evils, but had failed. I was interested in educating the people about themselves, not about God. I never did doubt the existence of a God, but he was a God of the dead and not of the living.

My defense of the men who preached the gospel soon drew me into sympathy with them; and, before I knew it, I was a candidate for baptism. On coming up out of the water, I entered into a warfare of greater magnitude than had ever enlisted my zeal or patriotism. I was still a Populist, but a better one. The gospel will make a man a better anything, if he will live its principles.

Then came the great fight of my life. Feeling the lack of education, I had for some time resolved upon reaching the highest rung in scholastic attainment. I would go to school and to schools and institutions of learning. I did not realize what this meant. I merely had the ambition, and dreamed of intellectual conquest. When I awoke from the dream of my youth, I lay bare and hungry, a mere nonentity. I knew it. I prayed to the kind Father, imploring his aid. At one time I went away down in the woods, and on the top of a lonely hill, poured out my soul to God. It was at the time when I was going to leave my home and go out into the world to fight my battles anew. I offered my being to the Lord, for him to use as he saw fit; to lead me wheresoever he saw best. I prayed over many little things,—things that now seem foolish; but I was sincere.

While the gospel vanquished my earlier ambitions and shattered my air castles, it did not leave me comfortless so far as aspirations were concerned. But it dislodged me from anything definite and set me adrift upon the tumbling sea of uncertainty. Gone were the golden dreams of youth, but no more completely gone than were the ambitions which inspired them. I veered from my course, only to choose another and less certain one. Now, I would be a preacher; a thought most remote in any previous speculations. Early in connection with the church there came the promise through the Spirit that I was to preach the gospel. This was agreeable, and I was for being off at once. And right there, upon that promise, and subsequent ones of like delineation, is where I shall predicate this story. Mark this, there was the desire to preach the gospel, and the promise that I should do so. That promise came thirteen years ago. It is, so far, short of ample verification. I was to carry the gospel all over this land and in foreign countries, so the Spirit said.

With a calling like that upon me, like Paul, I felt myself a prisoner of Jesus Christ and not at liberty to do as I chose. I was especially scrupulous as to what occupation I should choose. All my earlier dreams were to be a public man, a politician, lecturer, lawyer, or editor. If I was to preach the gospel, and I expected that calling soon, why aspire to consummate any of my early ambitions? Then what was I to do? I had no education, no trade. I set out as a day laborer, earning my way the best I could, reading and studying for general information, that I might fit myself for the calling I fancied awaited me. I wondered why I was not called and ordained, but never to discouragement. Then as I grew older, the mystery was solved: I was never of a religious turn of mind. Right, justice, and the golden rule, was about as far into religion as I could ever get. I could not understand the sacrament; did not take much stock in it. I was not, therefore, thoroughly converted. A Gentile, pure and simple, doing the deeds of the law, but not understanding the Spirit.

This period of uncertainty played havoc with me. It was a grinding stretch of idleness. The things I wanted to do by nature, I believed myself restrained from doing, yet other people who got on better than me, stood better in the church, society, and business, did about as they pleased and were happy and contented in so doing. I was miserable, and was all the time playing at cross purposes. A war broke out in my mind. Faculty strove against faculty and the neutral territory was laid waste and desolate. I came to hate myself, deplore my weakness and misfortune. I looked upon myself as a total failure. Idleness I despised above all things hateful. And here I was an idler. One who had once dreamed in a magnanimous key, forbidden as it were to touch that that was dearest to me. When was the call coming? I had been spoken to by tongue and prophecy. I could not doubt God, but I wondered what was wrong with myself. What was wrong? Taking an invoice of my mental and spiritual stock, especially the mental, I viewed myself as competent as many I knew who had been called and ordained,

so why was I not called? Even now I am ashamed, and look upon myself as a failure.

I am one of those weak mortals who love praise, ever wanting to do something that will please people, whether I derive any great benefit from it or no, just so that people like me, honor me, and foist my ambitions. But my conscience is against that attitude and keeps up a continual war within me.

My story is that of a man who has failed. We like to read biographies of men who have fought their way steadily up through a blaze of glory, with whom it has been victory after victory, who possess a nobility of character and dominating personality that sway all before them; but we shun the twaddle of the chronic grouch who would like to be somebody but could never strike the right key. He is no inspiration to us, be his failures ever so much an example and guide to us. I am telling this plain story of my own trials with the hope that some young man or woman will read it and profit thereby. I can not say it would not have been better for me to have plunged into life as I wished to, praying the Lord always to stop me when he saw fit, than to have held back like I did, rendering life a miserable cross and accomplishing nothing. I believe now it were better for me had I removed the ban and went straight ahead, free-hearted and brave, let come what might, doing what I thought was right, and shunning evil. As it was I fell into errors by the score. Base ones that never befall the progressive man who has something to do.

When I thought of becoming a lawyer, I knew for me to make a success I would have to stoop to many things against my conscience. The ways of the honest, scrupulous man are hard in our present business system. For a lawyer to win his case in court it is more often necessary to dodge the law than to apply it. Can a man of God, complete in all good works, afford to live a life of Machiavelian tactics?

To have become a successful lecturer, politician, or editor, would require a great amount of study, experience, and educational bias. I knew this meant temporary alienation from church work, if not spiritual death. That is the way it seemed to me. I was honest in my convictions, be the facts what they may. I understood myself as selected by the Lord for a soldier of the cross, and stood in readiness to fall in line at the sound of the bugle. That is, I thought I was standing in readiness, but now I see that I allowed this temperamental war to rage within me, destroying the good and giving full sway to all the old evils of my being and germinating new ones unknown to satanic circles. In vehicle language, it was a pitch down hill with the brakes on so hard, every fiber of the old cart trembled to the breaking point.

Determined to secure what general education I needed to carry me through life, I decided on completing the curriculum of Grace-land. I entered her walls, the freshest freshman of them all, but I did not know it. At college, I had ideas like the rest of them—like a young wasp, I was bigger then than I would ever be. When I went into a classroom for recitation, it was to talk the matter over

with the professor, and if we disagreed, we disagreed, and that was all there was to it. I had a right to my opinion and was going to exercise it. The president at that time, as I understood, was, or had been, some kind of a sectarian minister. At any rate he was of some other religion than myself, and stood as a man knowing more than me. In those days, my church was everything to me. It was the plain gospel truth. Ministers of other churches who could examine the angel's message and see nothing in it, were the embodiment of ignorance, in my eye. This college president looked like a wise man, but why could he not understand the gospel? He had no doubt heard of the Latter Day Saints all his life, taught their history to his various pupils, and must have known their doctrine. But if he was so wise, why was he yet in darkness?

This is another chapter in my stupendous list of mistakes. Here I had set out for an education, had entered a good college where I had friends by the score, and true friends at that, but this maudlin old professor, who could set back and reel out mathematics like an automaton, take up a grammar and set the eight parts of speech spinning around like a magician, weaving them into Alexandrian knots and chopping them to bits before your eyes, yet could not understand that the Book of Mormon was of divine extraction, stood in a poor position to educate me, whose mind had been enlightened from on high. That is the way I looked at it, and when said professor took exception to some of my conduct and hailed me before his court in "kangaroo setting," imagine the contempt with which I looked down (?) upon him.

These were trying days for my mental zeal. My ambition for an education took a slump at a twenty-five notch per jump rate, and I soon gave up the idea. I came to the conclusion that I was a failure, and that I had brought it upon myself. I reasoned that my not being called to the ministry was due to some mistake on my part, or else the Lord had spoken hastily and was now unwilling to make two mistakes out of one, by calling me in vindication of his word.

A stupor of darkness came over me, and a vagrant, roving spirit ensued. I grew tired of manual labor, felt I was called for other duties, but lacked the education and had not sufficient brains to assimilate mental training. I thought of the army. A special enlistment for the Philippines was on and I decided to see the world.

I made arrangements, therefore, to join the army for the Philippines, packed my trunk, and was to have enlisted on a certain Saturday. The Friday before, however, something happened. The cellar door at the place I was lodging was carelessly left open, the weather was warm and a quantity of sweet milk soured. The good lady of the house knew how fond I was of milk, any "shade," and called my attention to it. Between myself, the pig, and the dog, the milk was a rich repast. But the pig and dog were ready for more next day, but not I. I was never so sick in my life. Never before nor since had milk made me sick.

In the little room where my trunk was packed to send to mother,

I lay sick all the day that I was supposed to have enlisted. I thought I was going to die. I prayed earnestly to the Lord to relieve me, and as I lay praying, the Spirit came upon me and I spoke to myself as if speaking to another person. I do not remember much now what was said, but this much is clear to me; I was told that it was better for me to enlist in the army of the Lord than of men.

I was sure now that the Lord wanted me right off, and I renewed my ambitions to enter the ministry, kept the faith for a few weeks, and fell back again, dabbled in petty iniquities and lost confidence in myself for ever.

Mine is the story of the man who has failed. It has been one failure after another all of which I attribute to my vacillating weakness and mental stupidity. But after all, in me there is yet a grand possibility for the fulfillment of scripture, for, if ever a wise man is confounded by the truth at my hands, it will be a literal vindication of the Lord's promise to take the "foolish things of the world and confound the wise."

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



Glimpses of Mexico.--Part 1.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

By Robert T. Cooper.

Mexico is a land of ancient mystery. No man can unravel its past history, mutely indicated by crumbled ruins, without the aid of the Book of Mormon. Mexico also contains the promise of future greatness, if only a wise and stable government can be secured, and the people become educated to the point where they can develop the resources of their own land, and become worthy of true liberty. During the past two years mission work has been opened up in Mexico by Apostle F. M. Sheehy, and is being prosecuted by Brother and Sister Pender, Brother and Sister Mannering, and others. They have been blessed in most wonderful ways. For these reasons our readers will be interested in these glimpses of Mexico. These notes were made by Brother Cooper while on a trip through the country with a group of business men who were interested in the commercial possibilities of the land. They were necessarily hastily made, and deal largely with the material features of the country; though part two contains an account of the ancient ruins of Palenque.—EDITOR.

THE COUNTRY from El Paso to within a short distance north of Mexico City is mostly a semiarid plateau from four thousand to eight thousand feet in elevation, devoted to cattle raising, and the culture of corn, wheat and cotton, in various localities, according to the rainfall, which at best is meager, more so than in southern California.

However, some of the richest and oldest silver mines of the world are located on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad, having been in continuous operation for four hundred years. It is easy to realize the truth of the recorded wealth of the ancient dwellers of this land in silver and precious things. There are also large mines of opals. The opals are sold at the trains by natives for from one dollar down to twenty-five cents, according to the cre-

dulity or knowledge of the victims, and their ability to detect the genuine from the imitations.

The first sight that brought our camera into action was a Mexican house of the better class on the plains north of Mexico City, snapped while our train was standing at the station, showing the shadow of our cars in the foreground, with one of General Diaz's juvenile subjects oblivious to the close proximity of a train load of people.

Our next picture shows the Aqueduct of Queretaro (Ke're-ta'ro). The railroad passes under one of the arches and this picture was taken while traveling at full speed.

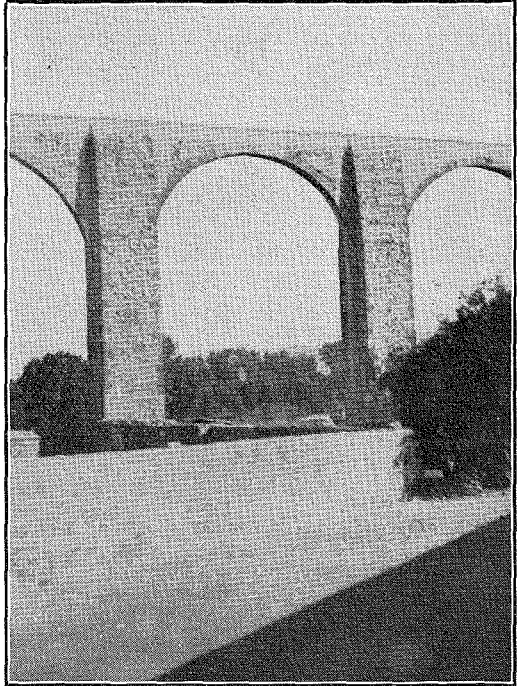
The water supply for the city is carried from the mountains, several miles distant, through the cement trough in the top of this work of masonry.

It was by way of this aqueduct that an American general made his escape from the city of Queretaro during a battle, by riding his horse through the water trough in the top of the aqueduct from the city to the mountains.

Throughout a number of the semiarid States, cotton raising is carried on quite extensively. The cotton mills of Queretaro are said to be the largest in the republic. These we saw en route.

At the intersection of three of the principal streets of Mexico City stands Cuitlahuac (Kwitlawak), the Mexican statue of Liberty, shown in the accompanying picture.

Although Mexico City is in many respects a modern city, primitive methods of transportation are still in vogue to a large extent throughout the country, and even in the city itself. Some extensive repairs were being made on the government buildings while we were there and the stone was all carried, even to the second and third stories, on the backs of men supported by a strap around the forehead.



AQUEDUCT QUERETARO.

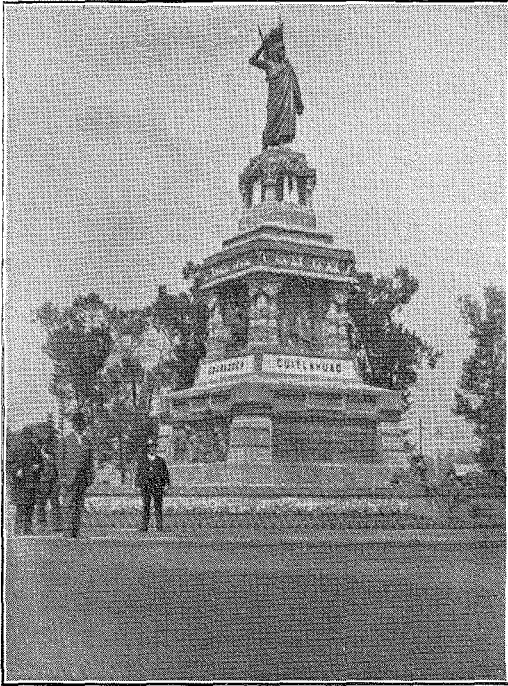
This picture was taken while the train was moving at full speed. Through this aqueduct an American general made his escape on horseback from the city of Queretaro (Ke're-ta'ro).

Although the Government is very progressive in many lines, one is surprised to see all the streets swept by hand with cheap reed brooms, but it is explained that in order not to throw too many dependants out of work that has long been their heritage, the sweeping is still done in this way for their benefit.

On the way to Chapultepec Castle we saw a statue in course of construction, surmounted by a derrick. Work was stopped because the foundations began to give way. The entire city is surrounded by mountains and has the appearance of either the inside of an enormous volcano crater, long

since extinct, or the bottom of an inland lake.

A large portion of the city was formerly under water during the rainy season, but is now kept moderately dry by means of the immense drainage canal, which was literally cut through the rim of the crater, so to speak, at the northeast quarter of the city. The fall of water through and out of this drainage canal has been utilized by an electric generating plant to supply light and power to the city, the current being carried on a series of wires about thirty-two miles, if I remember correctly. But to the point; as a result of these natural physical conditions the subsoil is all mud, and solid foundations are a very serious problem.



Cuitlahuac (Kwitlawak) The Mexican Statue of Liberty, Mexico City.

The accompanying cut shows the home of Porfirio Diaz, formerly President of Mexico, the two plain fronts in center of picture, with the iron balconies, marking his domicile. President Diaz formerly made his home during the summer season in Chapultepec Castle.

We have here a picture of the east and north sides of "Zocalo," showing the "National palace," containing government buildings, the army quarters, etc.

The ancient liberty bell rung by Hidalgo is in the center cupola of this building. The historic cathedral on the left was one hundred years in building.

In this cathedral, before having been rebuilt, is said to have occurred human sacrifices.

In the National Museum, a few blocks away, is the old sacrificial stone, which, it is said, was once on one of the towers of the Cathedral whence it was thrown to the ground at the time of the conquest of Mexico. This stone is about eight feet across and one and one half feet thick, as nearly as I remember, and extending from the center to the circumference on one side is a groove which would carry away the blood of the victims. The tale is told that natives volunteered for sacrifice, and so great was their desire and enthusiasm, or whatever it may be called, that they would prostrate themselves on the stone and be sacrificed without a murmur, consequently without pain.

However, on asking the interpreter the manner of the execution, I was told that the one sacrificed was laid on his back, with arms



Mexican "National Palace," containing Government Buildings and Army Quarters, Mexico City.

and feet pinioned, and an oval shaped stone thrust under his back to raise the chest up so that the executioner could more readily rend open the chest, and seize and extract the still beating heart. Then he showed a peculiar stone of several pounds weight shaped like a large clevis, or like the inverted letter "U," and said that the first step after placing a victim on his back on the stone was to hang this heavy stone over his throat; outcry was then impossible! This is the most convincing explanation of the absence of pain as evidenced by the silence of the "subject" that I have ever heard.

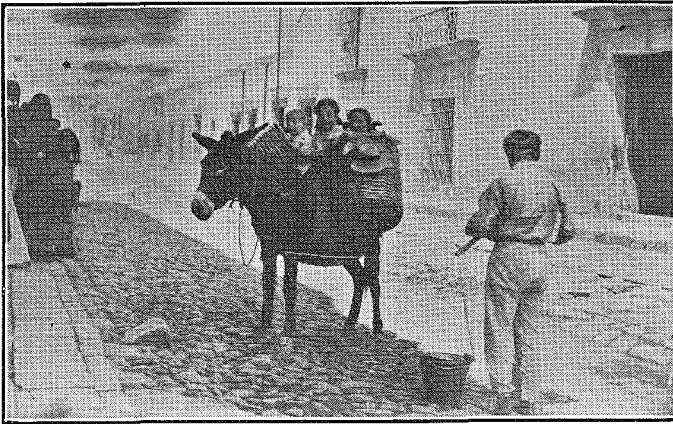
If you ever make the trip from Mexico City to Vera Cruz, be sure and get a seat on the right hand side of the car, so you can enjoy the wonderful views of Maltrata Pass, which, from a scenic standpoint, I think surpasses the Royal Gorge of Colorado, and as an engineering feat, it is not equaled by any railroad in the United States, of which I have any knowledge.

At Vera Cruz are the large custom houses and the Federal Prison, which is built right out in the bay, so that at first sight escape would seem easy by water, but, it is said, the sharks in that vicinity

are so numerous and their appetites are so keen that no one has yet made the attempt to escape via that channel.

By means of modern sanitary measures that have been adopted, and the improved streets, this city, which a few years ago was periodically scourged by yellow fever, is now quite healthy. Many Americans live there, and it is a very busy seaport.

Coatzacoalcos, on the south side of the Gulf of Mexico, now called Port of Mexico, is the eastern terminus of the Trans-Isthmian or Tehuantepec National Railroad built by Pearson and Son of London and the Mexican Government, to compete with the Panama Railway and Canal, and while it necessitates a transfer of freight, it saves about two thousand miles travel. This road handles an enormous tonnage and is equipped with facilities claimed to be the second of their kind in the world.



STREET SCENE IN MEXICO.

Of the freight sheds, if I recall correctly, there are ten pairs. Between these sheds and the wharves are the railroad tracks; also ten traveling electric cranes of twenty thousand pounds capacity each, mounted on their own tracks, paralleling the various railroad tracks, so they can move along from one car to another, or from one ship or warehouse to another.

The railroad cars are built with detachable roofs, and these cranes can handle half a carload at once from the hold of a vessel to a car, or vice versa. It will be readily seen that a number of these cranes will handle a trainload of freight in short order.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

(To be continued.)

Some of My Experiences as a Sailor; or the Wreck of the "Jenny Barto."

By Elder J. A. Anthony.

IN ABOUT two hours we struck upon a reef. With one tremendous crash our cast iron steering gear was broken into many pieces. The rudder was driven up through the deck. All was confusion. For a time the captain was running around like a mad man, the two Murphy brothers rushed below, fell on their knees, calling on Mary the mother of Jesus to save them. My friend Tom tried to get them out to help us do something; but they refused, saying it was no use, for we were all going to be drowned, but if he happened to be saved and they were not he must tell their mother how they died. Tom replied that he would tell their mother that they died like cowards and that they might as well come out and meet their fate like men, for it would be impossible for God to forgive all their sins in the short space of time that was now left them.

The captain's wife showed herself to be a very brave woman. She got out of her bed, sick as she was, gathered all the captain's papers up, putting them in their water tight cases, getting herself and baby ready for the boats if there should be any chance of getting away from the wreck. She called Tom and me into the cabin and told us that she was going to leave the baby in our charge, saying that she could not trust her in the captain's care for he did not seem to know what he was doing. We promised her that we would do our best.

The question now was, How are we going to get away from the wreck? The waves were breaking over us so dreadfully that it would be impossible for us to launch the boats in the ordinary way, from the deck, without having them stove to pieces. A plan was suggested to the mate's mind which was soon put in operation, but was very dangerous in the execution. The plan was to square our main and foreyards and sling our boats to them by tackles. This would leave them, when lowered away, several feet from the side of the wreck. By two o'clock in the morning all was ready to lower them away. Here was where the most dangerous part came in, but it must be done if we ever hoped to save our lives, and it was our only hope and a very slim one at that. It required two men in each boat to cut the slings the moment they struck the water. The slings had to be cut on each side of the tackles at the same time or else when the sea dropped the boat would up end and throw its occupants out. The mate now called us all together and delivered a little speech to us, stating that he did not believe in sending men where he would not be willing to go himself. He said it would take two men in each boat to cut the slings when they were

lowered away, and that there was about one chance in one hundred of it being done without the loss of life, but if it was carried out successfully it would possibly be the means of saving the whole ship's party. So he called for volunteers.

If I was ever glad that I was a boy it was just about that time, for I knew that it would not be expected of the youngest boy in the ship's company to be the first to volunteer. I was not much over nineteen years old. But the comfort I got out of the thought was of short duration. We all stood looking at each other with blanched faces and quivering lips, no one caring to take that one chance against ninety-nine. I thought on this wise, it will be but a few hours at the most, if we stay here, before we all will be in eternity. So I made up my mind to take that one chance. I said to myself that if I drowned I would only be a few hours ahead of the rest in entering the next world. So I said to Mr. Barker, our mate, "I will go, for one."

He replied, "Here is one, the youngest of all on board the ship, who will go."

There was a North of Ireland Irishman by the name of Buchanan standing next to me. I turned to him, saying, "Buck, will you go with me?"

He, in his droll Irish brogue replied, "Well, I suppose if I have to go to hell I may as well start now as any time."

That remark seemed to break the spell. We all laughed and were men once more. Buck and I went aloft, took our station in the boat with our long sheath knives resting on the sling ready to cut the moment the boat struck the water. We gave the signal to let them go down. We went dashing as we supposed to our doom, but here again is where the hand of the Lord was made manifest in preserving my life. When the boat struck the water, it was on the top of a high swelling sea. I cut my side of the sling with one stroke of the knife. Buck only cut two strands on his side. This caused the boat to be suspended by one end in the air for a moment. I was thrown out. Not being able to swim, like the proverbial drowning man, I commenced catching at straws. In my grabbing I caught hold of a line trailing out from the side of the vessel. The next moment I was picked up and tossed on the ship's deck again. Just how it all happened I have never been able to tell, for according to all law governing in such things I should have been carried farther away from the vessel. The tide was flowing away from the wreck and also the waves on that side. I was somewhat surprised to find myself on the ship's deck again.

Buck stayed with the boat and got her landed right side up. The other boat was lowered away by two other men without any trouble. We were now ready to commence transferring the rest of the ship's party back into the boats. Tom and I did this work by slinging them in a bowline and lowering them away into the boats as they were brought close enough. This work was done without much trouble until we came to the stewardess. When we undertook to sling her in the bowline, she fought and scratched. We finally had

to threaten to throw her overboard; then she permitted us to put her in the bowline.

We had no trouble with the captain's wife. She had more nerve than her husband. He was almost the first in the boat, leaving his wife behind. When we were putting her in the bowline, she told us again to do the best we could with her child, and that we need not be afraid that she would blame us if her little one were drowned. After we got the mother safely in the boat, Tom went into the cabin and took the little one from her bed where she was sleeping peacefully, brought her on deck, and while standing there looking into her lovely face, something stole down our cheeks that was not the salt spray from the breaking waves. We both felt that possibly we were looking for the last time upon that angelic face. She had to be thrown into the boat, for she could not be lowered in a bowline as the others had been. A feather bed had been placed in the bows of the boat for her to land on, but there was great danger of missing and dropping her in the sea. We debated the question for a few minutes, which of us should do the act of throwing, but we did not waste much time at this, for there was no time to be lost. Tom finally consented to do the throwing. He held her in his arms, and made three attempts, his heart failing him every time. He had lost his nerve. He passed her over to me saying, "I can not do it; oh, I can not do it. If I miss the boat and drown her I will see her ever after in my night dreams."

I took her, with the remark, "So, then, I must be the one to be tormented with seeing her in my night dreams." I also made several attempts, my heart failing me every time, until at last I caught sight of her mother beckoning us with her hand. I no longer hesitated, but just as soon as the boat was in the right position again, I let her go, shutting my eyes at the same time so that I would not see her drop into the water. The next moment I heard a shout above the roar of the storm which notified me that the little one was safe.

I did not understand then, but I do now, why I was thrown back on the ship's deck after going overboard. I had to be there to put that baby in the boat.

My heart commenced to beat again, and we were ready to leave the ship ourselves. Tom told me that inasmuch as I had saved him from the horrible task of drowning the baby he would lower me away into the mate's boat and take the chance of saving himself. Our intentions had been for us both to go in the same boat, but before he could make his jump for our boat, a big wave lifted the ship, changing her position so that it made it necessary for us to cut ourselves adrift, so Tom had to make his jump for the captain's boat. It is supposed that the captain should be the last one to leave his ship, but Tom came in for that honor. I saw him make his jump and land all right. Our boat was carried over the reef on the top of a large wave; at the same time we could see them in the other boat trying to pull away from it. After that we lost sight of them in the darkness.

The wind was blowing up the gulf, so we kept our boat before

it, making up our minds not to land until daylight, as there were but few places where a landing could be made with safety, even in the daytime. It would only be a chance if we found them in the night, but the wind soon veered around so that it crowded us onto the north shore. We struggled hard to keep off until morning, but we could see by the dark outlines of the land that we were getting nearer and nearer. There was one point of land that we could see making out ahead of us, which we believed would be the last one we could weather. It was human strength against wind and waves, and our strength was giving out. One of our best men gave up, stating that he could pull no longer, and it was no use to try to keep off shore any longer, and if he had to go to the hot place he did not want to make his appearance there all tired out. We had one extra man, but he had appointed himself to do the praying and refused to change off with any of us. The other boat had two of the same sort. We finally persuaded our exhausted man to continue pulling until we could pass the point of land ahead of us. We were not long in reaching it, and the sea was breaking over the reef that made out from it in a most fearful manner, but there was nothing left for us to do but go over it; there was no escape. My heart seemed to stand still as we dashed into the foaming breakers, but the next moment, to our great joy we found ourselves in a fine harbor. We made the woods resound with our shouts of joy and gladness. Our praying man was the first to jump out the moment the boat touched the shore. This he did with a profane oath, saying, "I am saved."

A young man by the name of Shaw struck at him with an oar, saying, "If no one had done any more than you there would have been none of us saved."

By this time we felt like taking a reef in our stomachs. The mate found a hard biscuit in his coat pocket. This he divided into six pieces, giving a piece to each one of us. We also found two bottles of porter which were very acceptable. We now commenced to prospect our surroundings, to see what kind of a country we had gotten into. We wandered around, not knowing where we were going, until we became exhausted. It not being daylight yet, we all lay down, close together, for the purpose of keeping ourselves warm. It was still raining and hailing, and there were some of us who did not have any too much clothing. I had a pair of pants, an undershirt with the sleeves torn out, with nothing on my head. We dropped to sleep, but not for long, I soon awakened, finding myself so benumbed with the cold that I could scarcely move my hands or feet. I soon got my blood into circulation and aroused the others, finding them in the same condition.

After this we kept ourselves in motion until daylight, at which time we found we did not know where we were. We finally came to an old timber road. We could tell by the way the bark had been scraped from the trees on either side of the road, and other signs, which way the timber had been hauled, so we followed in that direction and soon came out not far from where we left our boat.

I and a man by the name of Martin took the boat and pulled

across the little bay to where we could see an open country. We thought perhaps we would find some one living there. After landing we had quite a steep hill to climb. I think we had gotten about half way to the top when my strength gave out. I told Martin that I had run my reckoning, and for him to go on and leave me there to die. I came to an anchor, leaned with my back up against a stump, closed my eyes, and awaited the end. It was not long coming. In about five minutes the sound of a dog's bark greeted my ear. At the same time Martin shouted that there was a house on the other side of the hill. I sprang to my feet and ran to where Martin was. We went down to the house. There we found a saw-mill with several families living in the vicinity. They were all French Canadians, not one of them being able to speak English, but it did not take us long to make them understand that we were shipwrecked sailors and that there were four more of us.

We got three of the Frenchmen to go with us to find the others. We would not stop to eat anything, for we were afraid that the others would wander off in the woods again and starve to death. When we got back to where we left them they were not there, but we got their trail and followed them until we came to a schooner loading with wood. There we found them with a pot of potatoes and herrings on the stove cooking. It had been about thirty-five or forty hours since we had taken any food except the biscuit and porter. We were very hungry by this time, and could scarcely wait until the potatoes and fish were done. We would keep poking our fingers into the pot, pulling the potatoes out. I think I never before or since tasted food so sweet. We didn't at first stop to take the skins off, but ate them just as they were.

From there we went back to the mill. Here we got all the bread and milk we could eat and drink. In the house where we stopped there was a very large living room with a big upright stove in the center of it. We needed sleep as badly as we had needed food, so they made us a field bed around the stove by spreading down moss and bearskins. The next morning, it being Sunday, Mr. Barker was up bright and early calling for volunteers to go with him to hunt for the other boat and crew. I was the only one that responded. The rest of them refused to go, saying that the captain was not much loss if he never was found. I did not have much love for him, but there were others I was interested in. Among them was my friend Tom.

The storm had spent itself, leaving behind it a calm and beautiful day. As soon as we got our breakfast we started out, taking with us two Frenchmen, a large sailboat, and a small canoe. We searched the shore for several miles down the gulf, and finally went off to where the wreck lay, but could not learn anything about the other boat.

While we were at the wreck a small schooner came along, bound for Quebec. We sent a dispatch by the captain to the custom house, stating that the bark *Jenny Barto* was wrecked, the captain's boat and crew missing. This dispatch was written on a blank leaf taken from a Bible that my mother had put in my chest

when I was leaving home. I took it from its resting place the night we left the wreck, putting it in my shirt bosom, thinking if I should be drowned and my body should be found, my name on the fly leaf would identify me, and also it would be a comfort to my mother to know that I had died with my Bible on my person.

We now left the wreck with hearts full of sadness, thinking we would never see anything more of the other boat's crew. We steered for the shore again; by this time it was getting quite dark and as we drew near the shore we met two men in a canoe. They talked in French to our men. We could understand that they had found the captain's wife, but whether dead or alive we could not tell. They turned back and we followed them until we came to a creek making in from the gulf between high cliffs. We landed and climbed up to the plain above. Our two guides leading the way to a house, we found the captain's wife and her baby. Mrs. Curry thanked me many times for the part I had taken in saving her baby. It was a joyful meeting. I felt very glad that my friend Tom was still alive.

There was surely an unseen power watching over their boat through the storm of that dreadful night. When they left the wreck they pulled straight in for the land, not knowing or thinking how they were going to make a landing, but an unseen hand guided them into that little creek. Had they gone a hundred feet to the right or left there never would have been a soul left to tell the tale, for in the darkness of the night it was impossible for them to see the entrance of the creek until they were in it. The rest of them were not there, but had gone to look for us, and did not return that night. In his search for us the captain met the same schooner that we did. He also sent a dispatch by her captain, stating that the *Jenny Barto* was lost and the mate's boat and crew missing, and when the papers got those two dispatches they put them together, making them read the *Jenny Barto* lost and all hands; so when I got home my friends were all mourning me as dead,—all except my mother. The news had been kept from her.

In six days from the time we left the wreck we all got together again; to say that we were pleased to see each other would be putting it very mildly. We felt ourselves very lucky to escape without losing one soul, for we had learned that there had been six other ships lost the same night that we were wrecked. The farthest one away from us was not over ten miles, and there was loss of life from every one. Every soul was drowned from one of them. Seventeen of their dead bodies were picked up on the beach the next morning. I am positive that there was not one of us that gave thanks to him who was the author of our deliverance. I confess that I did not. There was some of them that prayed long and loud for deliverance when they were in trouble, but just as soon as all danger had passed they were not slow to take the name of God in vain. In more recent years, I have acknowledged his hand in preserving my life, and have thanked him many times for it.

We remained in the vicinity of the wreck about two weeks, then

we were sent to Quebec. At that place we were given a new suit of clothes by the custom house.

I made up my mind to ship again, so I went into one of the offices where the captains of ships frequent. The first man I met was Captain Woodbury Allan, an old friend of my father. He informed me that my father was dead, had died about a month before. I then changed my mind and concluded to go home. I left Quebec the next evening with five others.

In due course of time I arrived in the town of Windsor, located about seven miles from my home. There was a cousin of my mother living in this town, so I called on the family. I found the street door open, so I walked in without ringing the bell. As I was passing I saw one of the daughters kneeling before the grate, trying to kindle a fire. I stepped softly in and touched her on the shoulder. She looked up, sprang to her feet with a scream, and ran to another part of the room, saying, "Is it you or is it your ghost?" I assured her that I consisted of skin and bones, if I did not have much flesh and blood. She then informed me that it had been reported that the *Jenny Barto* had been lost, with all hands, and they had been trying to keep the news from my mother, that my father had recently died, and two of my brothers had been given up for dead as they had not been heard of for a long time. I was rushed off home in a hurry. I was the first to break the news to my mother that I had been drowned.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

(The end.)



Childhood.

By J. S. Knauss.

Oh, give back the wealth of my childhood,
The spirit of music and song,
The gladness that springs in the wild-wood
And floats with the current along!

There are jewels of love and of beauty,
Sweet fancies from heaven's own shore;
There are treasures of faith and of duty
All bright from the spirit-land's store.

There is Hope's guiding star from the Master,
And thoughts that are noble and kind—
Oh, the soul-wealth of childhood is vaster
Than rulers of empire may find.

Then give back the riches untainted
Which earthly attractions have cost,
And ere on life's canvas is painted
The wreck of humanity lost.

Just Drifting.

By George Reeves.

Living the life the myriads have lived;
Treading the path the myriads have trod;
Dying and living and living and dying;
To man this might seem his only relation to God.

But hold for a moment, lest we do err,
And misconstrue his wise and merciful plan;
And trifle our time and lose our souls,
Treading the path of faithless man.

The world revels in boastings, is haughty and proud;
Strife, hatred, and envy rule man with a rod;
Selfishness, covetousness, deceit, and false pride,
Symbolize the path these myriads have trod.

The passion's mad rush of the restless throng;
Its thirst, its lust have left their red stain;
Yet the millions of this great teeming host
Come rushing on and on, again and again.

The path pursued by the hosts of time
Is strewn with wreck, ruin, anguish, and pain;
With souls that have perished in life's early morn;
With millions martyred to the world's cause of gain.

To covet, to murmur, to doubt, and to fear;
To deceive, to be false, disbelieve, and distrust;
This weakness of man, this relentless pace
Go merrily on and on, though clearly unjust.

Living the life the myriads have lived;
Dying the death the myriads have died;
Unhappy, discontent, full of strife and of war,—
Can not man see the drift of the tide?

The Savior of men, born in old Bethlehem,
In the day of man's hapless and hopeless estate;
When Israel's band had forsaken His law,
But looked and longed for their Messiah the Great.

He came; he came; but not in luxury and power,
As the host of Israel had looked for their king;
Of the world's petty praise, its wealth and fame,
This youth of Judea had no such thing.

This messenger came from the realms unknown
With tidings of worth to Israel's clan;
With the message of Hope to a long-suffering race,
A revelation to them of the Father's great plan.

This messenger came, not with worldly pomp;
No great marshaled host attended his pace;
He came in humility, meekness, and love,
Humility to God, and love for the race.

He came with a message from the Father above;
Of the line of David was this good youth;
The scroll he bore taught mercy, hope, and love,
Humility, sincerity, charity, virtue, faith, and truth.

Despised and unpopular was this carpenter's Son,
 As was likewise the message he came to defend;
 'Tis a dark page of history and pathetic to learn,
 This Savior was slain in the house he came to befriend.

Proud Israel trembled and fled in dismay;
 The lightnings flashed and thunders pealed;
 Darkness came upon the land and sea;
 The earth, it groaned and tottered and reeled.

So then to the Gentile this message was taken;
 It was borne away to a far-off land;
 The proud, arrogant Gentile of the many clan
 Was brought in subjection, at the Apostle's hand.

Centuries have passed since this messenger came;
 Failures and sorrow still mark the broad way;
 But thanks be to God that his message still lives
 And is with the Saints of this latter day.

Let us not live the life the myriads have lived;
 Let us not tread the path the myriads have trod;
 Let us not die the death the myriads have died;
 Let us fashion our being to the image of God.



Practical Papers.

By Sister Fred B. Farr.

This is the third number in our series of "Practical Papers." Last month the subject was, "The Young Man in Church Work," this month it is, "The Young Woman in Church Work." The author has had a varied experience in church work, in Sunday school, Religio, as chorister and soloist, and in tent work, in company with her husband, who is an active missionary. At present they are laboring in sunny California; but we can guess that her experience has not always been one of sunshine. However, she wisely advises her readers to overcome obstacles, forget affronts and unwise criticisms, and press on with brave hearts and sunshiny faces.—EDITOR.

THE GIRL IN CHURCH WORK.

THE WRITER has heard a good many remarks about the indifference of our young folks to church work, and knows that to a great extent these accusations are true; but a good deal might be written for the benefit of the older members in regard to being more sociable and cheerful, and making church work more entertaining and bright, not forgetting that they themselves were once young.

In regard to some of the characteristics that will aid a young woman in this great work, it seems to me that love comes first, for if you have love in your heart that reaches out to all humanity, other virtues will follow as a natural consequence. Love begets unselfishness, kindness, patience, thoughtfulness, and tact. If you haven't enough of that love for your fellow men, cultivate it, and you will be surprised to see how much happier you, and everyone around you will be. Everyone loves a sunshiny face, and the only

way for us to make our own faces radiant is to cultivate and educate the inner man, for the outer man invariably reflects our thoughts and feelings. Remember that God knows us as we *are* not as we *appear to be* to other people; and let us live to merit his approval and the approval of our own consciences.

HAVE YOU A TEMPER?

Another thing necessary is humility. When anyone wrongs us or hurts us we usually want to retaliate, or hurt back. This seems to be human nature. But instead of doing this, smile away the hurt, or if you can't smile, at least keep quiet until the hurt wears off a little, and be willing and anxious to forgive those who injure you.

Now I hear some of the girls expostulate, "Oh, that's all well enough to *say*, but if you had such a dreadful temper as I have you wouldn't find it so easy!"

Temper, did you say? Most people have plenty of temper. The point is, we gauge one's temper by his control or lack of control of it. If one allows oneself to give way and rave and tear, we say, "What a terrible temper they have"; while we often speak of some one else as having "no temper at all," little realizing the struggle they may have to overcome their angry feelings.

Self-control we must learn if we are ever to have any control over *others*. Many times it is a hard lesson to learn and takes years in the learning, but we can learn it if we try hard enough.

One great aid to the young church worker is sympathy. The girl who is in demand is the one who forgets her own troubles and selfish interests in the troubles and interests of others; who is cheerful and happy, ever ready to comfort and encourage those around her.

HAVE YOU TALENT?

You may or may not have special talent along some line, but whether you have or not, be always ready and willing to do to the best of your ability whatever duty you may be called upon to perform. This is the secret of the success of many people prominent in all kinds of work, both religious and secular. Seldom does the person called upon feel equal to the work; but if you put your trust in God and do the best you can, the way opens up, the tasks become easier, more talents are added, and before you realize it, you are doing a work that you would have thought impossible a short time before.

Methinks I hear some of the girls say, in a questioning voice, "Other talents added"?

Yes, that is true; for as we improve upon the talents we have, we broaden out into other lines of work and other talents are developed.

It is lovely to be gifted with some special talent and to become a star and a leader in that line; and, girls, you are needed everywhere; but just a whisper to us who may not be so gifted. Why not learn to be *understudies*. By this I mean to work and try to advance along different lines, so that should those who are filling important

positions fail or be unable to attend to their work for a time, we could step in most any place and help wherever we might be needed. *We can't always be first, so let us learn to substitute gracefully.*

DO YOU FAST AND PRAY?

Now for this work, as you well know, some preparation is necessary. We should read the church books and papers and other good books and magazines to become better informed; associate with people who think, and who have high ideals, who are charitable and kind, and who make the world better for living in it. You will find these people among all classes, rich and poor, educated and uneducated. Be friendly and natural with all; try to see the good side of people; have charity for the failings of others, remembering that you have failings of your own; study yourselves and try to understand both your good and bad qualities, your capabilities and limitations; and try to be *just*, as well as merciful. One great help to the writer has been the golden rule; trying each day to do unto others as she would have them do unto her.

By the time we have started this course of improvement we will begin to realize our own weaknesses and the great necessity of help from on high. *Prayer is necessary, from the beginning to the end.* Go to God as you would to a father, tell him of your troubles and struggles, and ask his help, guidance, and direction, and he will never fail you.

Fasting is something concerning which each one must decide for herself, but the writer has found that by fasting occasionally one receives a greater spiritual strength, can exercise greater self-control, and can accomplish greater things than without.

When you have work on hand to do, think and meditate over it, decide your course, make your plans, and go at it systematically and energetically. We can not always have things go as we would like; but make the best of things as they come, and keep cheerful.

THREE QUESTIONS.

In many ways the young church worker must make sacrifices. It is hard to give up worldly associations and pleasures, and many times we rebel and say, "Well, I simply can not see any harm in that," and many times there may not be any special harm to us, but before indulging in these pleasures, let us ask ourselves the following questions:

1. Should Christ come at any moment, could we meet him with a clear conscience, feeling we were in a place and doing that which he would approve?
2. What kind of an example are we setting, and what will be our influence over others, for we all have a certain amount of influence, especially the church worker?
3. Are we accomplishing any good, or improving ourselves or others by our actions?

SERVICE AND LONG FACES.

Now girls, don't think for a moment that I want you to go around with a long, sanctimonious face, never having any pleasure or enjoyment. Only see that your pleasures and amusements are innocent. We all have to have a little recreation, for "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." We work all the better for an occasional relaxation.

But I am not going to say much about sacrifices, for although you will surely find plenty of them to make, great or small (and the small sacrifices are usually the hardest), they really amount to so little, compared to the blessings we receive for making them, that I am sure you will feel well repaid, even though no reward were coming to you in the next world (and of such reward we are assured). There is nothing to be compared to the sweet influence of God's Spirit, and the knowledge that we are approved of him and that he is directing in our affairs. And how beautiful to have the love and confidence of the Saints, and our fellow men! Many times as we look at some one who has accomplished much in this great cause and who seems to be loved by all and looked upon as a grand example to follow, we say, "If only we could attain to such heights as they." Well, we can if we will put forth enough effort, though it means an *everyday struggle* with the powers of evil; but as we advance, our powers of resistance become greater, and ere long, what once seemed a trial or a burdensome duty becomes a pleasure.

LIONS IN THE WAY.

Of course obstacles are encountered which tend to hinder and discourage us. Many times we work very hard and then feel that absolutely nothing has been accomplished. But we can not always see results in a moment, a year, or possibly a lifetime; so don't become discouraged. God will not allow your work to be wasted.

Then, again, we see some one who should be a righteous example, and to whom we have looked as being the embodiment of all that is good and pure and true, doing some dishonorable or dishonest act that fairly shakes our faith in everything and everybody. Never allow such things to hinder *you* in doing *your duty*. Remember, you have only your own deeds for which to answer. Too many times we neglect our own work and hinder others in theirs by too much gossiping and faultfinding. If each one would only try to do the best and the most good in his or her power and have more charity for the failings of others, the church would make more rapid progress.

CRITICISMS; HORRID AND HELPFUL.

Let me warn you beforehand that you will be criticized. Everyone who ever accomplished anything receives her share of criticism. Sometimes the criticism is made in a kindly, helpful spirit, and good ideas are expressed, of which you will make use if you are wise. Other times harsh things are said, which make us feel that we are not appreciated and don't care if we never do another useful

act in our lives. But don't get discouraged or angry. Go right ahead, doing the very best you can with God's help, regardless of the shots of jealousy and envy.

Is the struggle worth while?
It surely is!

STEPPING STONES.

At this juncture, however, I hear some of the girls exclaim, "Well, what can we do? What lines of work are open to us?" Oh, dear; now my head begins to whirl! There is so much work for you to do that I hardly know where to begin.

One thing our young people little realize is the effect their regular attendance at meetings has upon others, even the grown folks. Not long ago I heard some one say, "Sister S. wasn't at church to-day, and it seemed as though something was lacking, for she is always there."

Indeed, there is something lacking when our young people are dilatory in their worship, for an earnest young woman or young man is often a source of strength and help to many an older person, and we can begin young to set a good example to others. So start right now to attend church services, letting nothing but extreme causes keep you from the house of God. But God's work before all else.

In Religio and Sunday school are innumerable chances for you to begin. If you have any talents at all these are splendid places in which to develop them. Study to become a good teacher; take part in the music, singing, and other exercises; hunt up new members and encourage the old. Or, if you feel that you can't do this, study to become a good scholar, taking an interest in your lessons, the class and teacher, and striving to make the sessions enjoyable as well as helpful. From this you naturally drop into church work.

MARRIAGE? YES!

About this time you begin to think of marrying and having a home of your own. Oh, yes, you do, girls; so don't shake your heads so strenuously.

And if ever you want to be careful and prayerful it is now.

Your companion will have the greatest of influence over you and your church work, so choose a man who is *good* and also interested in the work so dear to your heart. Married people are much happier and more congenial when engaged in the same work, and can be of great help to each other. The admonition to "be not unequally yoked together" should be followed if you expect to be happy and to continue as a church worker. And if you are looking for a *good* man you *may* marry a missionary.

What's this?

You won't?

Oh, girls; you are the very first ones to become an elder's wife! Well, at least you will find plenty of work to do (if you should), for the young missionary's wife can always keep busy. There is a large field open for tent work in which the wife can take an im-

portant part by playing the organ, singing, visiting, being agreeable and inspiring confidence in outsiders, and last but not least, cooking, washing, and "keeping tent" for the elder. There are many drawbacks and unpleasant features to this work, but there are also many pleasant experiences, and it gives one a feeling of joy to go into community where all are against you and the work you represent, and then to leave with the knowledge that many friends have been won for yourself and the church you love so well.

But what is the use of making our talk longer! If you are really looking for work you can find plenty of it everywhere. So "hitch your wagon to a star," as the old adage has it, for if your ideal isn't high you can never attain to very great heights, as one can not rise higher than one's ideal. Keep climbing, and some day you may be surprised, to say the least, to see, upon looking back to the place from which you started, the heights to which you have risen.



EDITOR'S CORNER

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The Second Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

A MINISTER WHO "FOUND HIMSELF."

RIPLING at one time enlarged upon the conceit that there comes a certain moment in the existence of each complicated machine when all the parts fall into concentrated and harmonious action. Discord and friction cease and the machine has "found itself." Possibly there is such a moment in the life of every successful man.

It was Sunday morning, and the janitor of the Hopewell Branch, in L— had just opened and aired the little chapel.

Brother Brewer, a kindly, gray-bearded, nearsighted German, was the first to arrive. He was quickly followed by Elder Warner. "Elder Warner" was only nominally an elder, as he had long since ceased to magnify his calling, unless indeed it had become his calling to criticize those who were still trying to "magnify their calling." His type can be found in many branches of the church.

"How are you this morning, Brudder Varner?" queried Brother Brewer.

"Oh, fair, fair," replied the newcomer, sitting down rather heavily. "A little out of breath, though." And he mopped his freshly florid face and bald head.

"Brudder Varner, you are growing old—yes? like me. But you are a doctor, eh? You should keep yourself well. You doctors should never grow old—ain't it?"

"Would you have us live for ever?" retorted the other, sourly. "Well, we might if there was anything worth living for. I know some who have lived too long already."

Good-natured Brother Brewer fell to pondering this last remark and did not speak again for a while. But his sociable nature soon impelled him to speak again, and he essayed a new topic. "Brudder Varner, what do ye think of our new pastor, already?"

"Oh, I guess he will do," replied the other, surlily. "He is an improvement on some that we have had, but he will have to put a little more ginger into his sermons or he never will be a preacher. We don't have any elders these days like the old-time men—Mark Forscutt, for instance, or W. W. Blair. These young fellows don't seem to have any power."

Brother Brewer pondered these remarks while the church filled and the services began. "I wish," he muttered to himself, "that we could find a man once that would suit Brudder Varner."

Nevertheless, Doctor Warner's answer had voiced a conviction that was growing in the minds of the members of the Hopewell Branch. Elder John Howard was not successful as a preacher. His pulpit work left much to be desired.

He himself was conscious of his defects, and expressed himself thus in a letter to his wife:

"I do not know what ails me. I go into the pulpit determined to succeed; I have fasted and prayed; I have spent days in the woods alone; I have spent an entire week in my study, praying and studying so as to be ready for Sunday; but no sooner do I begin to preach than the spirit of preaching begins to leave me. I get nicely started, and then I begin to say to myself, 'No one is interested in what I am saying.' Then I begin to stand off and look at myself and see every awkward gesture. I listen to my words and they sound so flat that I am sure no one is interested in them. I tell myself all the time that I am failing—and it comes true. I try to make up in noise what I lack in power, and presently I find myself shouting instead of preaching. I get my voice away up on a high key, my chest caves in and my legs tremble; and I am bathed in perspiration from head to foot. It is harder work then chopping wood."

And yet on this particular Sunday morning there was a surprise in store for Brethren Brewer and Warner and Howard.

The pastor entered his pulpit at the appointed time with a new air of confidence and eagerness. He launched into his discourse without apology or preliminary "beating about the bush." He carried it through with force and vigor. Interested himself, he interested others. With homely illustrations drawn from his experiences of the week he riveted their attention and clinched his

arguments. He went to the heart of human needs and portrayed with melting power the divine plan by which they are met. No one slept. No one idly dreamed. All listened, intensely interested.

"Brudder Varner, what do youse think of that sermon?" demanded William Brewer. "Did it have enough—what you say—*ginger* to suit youse?"

Warner smiled sourly. "Don't have a fit over one sermon," he replied. "He may never preach another as good, and he has surely preached a good many worse. I remember when Elder Mark Forscutt preached thirty sermons hand running in this very church, and every one a good one. There was a man who had command of language."

"Ach," retorted William Brewer, nettled, "youse always lives in the past. You are what—what they say?—an anti—quari—an,—yes? I have heard you speak once already about Brudder Forscutt a good many times. Youse have no good times now, everything is out of joint, ain't it? Youse live in the past. Why don't youse, like Apostle Paul, forget things past and live in the present? Can youse answer me that, Brudder Varner?"

Warner made no reply. He had "roiled" good Brother Brewer, and he was content. He chuckled all the way home as he thought of it. To plant a thorn under some one's cuticle was his diversion.

But the fact remained that Elder John Howard had struck a permanent vein of gold. He had "found himself" as a preacher. This is how he recorded the event in his diary:

"MONDAY, October 11, 19—.

"Yesterday a wonderful thing happened. For the first time I preached. I felt the sweet joy of spiritual power. I now know what liberty is. I know now what it is to dominate and sway an audience.

"It came about in this way: For two weeks I have been out every day, going from house to house talking to people and scattering tracts. I have met all kinds of people with all kinds of ideas. I have been welcomed and I have been reviled. I have been turned from the door and have been invited in to talk for hours. Never before did I know that our message was so defensible. The contact with other minds has quickened and stimulated my mind to an entirely unexpected degree. Coming in from my work to the pulpit, I found my mind teeming with new ideas; and God met me in answer to prayer in a way I had never before experienced.

"Another thing: I shall never again stand in the pulpit and tell myself that I am making a failure. I shall ask for divine blessing, and then I shall stand up affirming to myself that I shall have liberty and power. God will not help a man who is all the time telling himself that his prayers will not be answered. Why should a man work against himself in such a way? If there is any virtue in autosuggestion, let him get the benefit of it. After this I shall preach with all my power—with every ounce of energy, and every nerve and fiber of my being! I will serve God with the same intensity that others display in serving the world. I do not wish to be sensational, or to appeal to the emotions alone; but I shall

try to reach the hearts of men and women. If it is necessary to be sensational in order to reach them, I shall be sensational; and I shall not forget the lesson I have learned: Blessing follows active service."

Thus did Elder John Howard "find himself" when he went out to carry the message to men and women. The divine flame which never burned very brightly when he confined himself too closely to his study, blazed up in his heart when he launched out and went "about his Father's business."

(The next Elder John Howard story will be, "The Case of Warner and Brewer settled out of court," in AUTUMN LEAVES for April.)



A Little Humor Now and Then.

THE ALARM CLOCK.

"It never does get tired and quit.
And strong! Sometimes—why, bless me!—
I fear 'twill leap right on the bed
And pull me out and dress me."
—Selected.

A VACUUM.—Chairman (addressing a meeting)—"I am sure we will all be very sorry our secretary is not here to-night. I can not say we will miss 'is vacant chair, but I do say we miss 'is vacant face."—*Tit-Bits*.

TABLE MANNERS.—"That was the spirit of your uncle that made that table stand, turn over, and do such stunts."

"I am not surprised, he never did have good table manners."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

TADPOLICE.

I state a fact. In many bogs
To see that there is peace,
Among the lizards and the frogs,
They have a tadpolice!

—Harold Susman.

IN AND OUT.—There is a sign in Boston which reads as follows: "Washing and ironing and going out to work taken in here!"
—*Home Companion*.



Notice.

Contributors to AUTUMN LEAVES should send all original articles intended for publication to the editor, at the address given under the heading of this department. All news items intended for immediate use in the Religio's Arena should be mailed to Sister Estella Wight, Lamoni, Iowa.

A Correction.

An unfortunate mistake crept into the article of Elder Paul M. Hanson in the February issue. On page 49, second paragraph, third line, the word *never* should be *ever*. The word *a* in the next line should be *no*. These errors came about in recasting these lines, in the supposedly simple process of eliminating other mistakes these slipped in unnoticed, a difficulty experienced in the operation of linotype machines which was rarely met with under the old system of hand composition.

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Life.

Give me a taste of life!
Not the tang of a seasoned wine;
Not the drug of an unearned bread;
Not the grape of an untilled vine.
The life that is really life;
That comes from no fount afar,
But springs from the toil and strife
In the world of things as they are.

Give me the whole of life!
 The joy, the hope and the pain,
 The struggle whose end is strength,
 The loss that is infinite gain.
 Not the drought of a cloudless sky,
 Not the rust of a fruitless rest;
 Give me the sun and the storm;
 The calm and the white sea crest.

Give me the best of life!
 To live in the world with God,
 Where the seed that is sown and dies
 Lifts a harvest over the sod.
 Where beauty and truth are one,
 Where the right must have its way,
 Where the storm-clouds part for stars,
 And the starlight heralds the day.

Give me the toil of life!
 The muscle and mind to dare.
 No luxury's lap for my head,
 No idly won wealth to share.
 Whether by pick or plane,
 Whether by tongue or pen,
 Let me not live in vain;
 Let me do a man's work among men.

—Charles P. Eleeves, in *Youth's Companion*.



A Letter for Our Girls.

At a meeting of the young women of Graceland College, held in the college chapel in the month of January, the following letter from Sister Marietta Walker was read. It had been expected that Sister Walker would address the girls in person, but the weather proved too stormy for her to attend the meeting, so she sent the letter instead. It was read by the dean of women, Sister J. H. Royce. We feel sure there are other girls not so favored as to be in attendance at Graceland who will be glad to share this word from Sister Walker, and that many of our young men will read it with equal interest.

Sister Royce, Sister Letha M. Tilton, and Sister Callie B. Stebins also talked to the girls at this meeting. A vote was taken, in favor of holding a series of these meetings for girls.

At the same hour the young men of the college were addressed by Brother Albert Carmichael. These meetings are a part of the joint work of the Social Purity committees of Zion's Religio-Literary Society and the Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service.

My Dear Young Friends: It is more than half a century since in a college chapel I faced an audience last.

Then I was young and full of hope for the future. I was sad, it is true, at the thought of bidding farewell to my *alma mater*, where some of the pleasantest hours of my life had been passed, and to the many young friends I was leaving; but at home were the

loved ones with whom I longed to be reunited; and I hoped to meet these friends again.

Fifty-two years is a long stretch for memory, but this morning I feel again the heart throbs and the quickening of pulses I then experienced.

I recall the subject of my essay that evening, though very little else connected with it. I am an old-fashioned woman, as I scarce need tell you, and you may deem that my subject was the same. But I hold it true now as I held it true then that "Intellectual power without purity is a temple in ruins." Yes, my young friends, it is more than that. It is a living, active, subtle destroyer of all the best and highest impulses of our own natures, as well as that of all over whom it can gain influence.

You have come to Graceland from the East, West, North and South, have left home and friends, and I doubt not the same reasons have influenced you in coming here which led me to Oxford, Ohio, fifty-five years ago. I wanted intellectual training, that I might have intellectual power—not above my fellows—but simply to improve the measure of talent God had given me.

Lowell has said:

Life is a sheet of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night,
Though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime;
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

Since you have been old enough to know good from evil, the right from the wrong, it would be strange if some things had not been written into the life history of each one of you which you would gladly erase. But if your aim is high then take the advice of Goethe, who says:

Would'st shape a noble life? Then cast
No backward glances toward the past.
And though somewhat be lost and gone,
Yet do thou act as one new born;
What each day needs, that shalt thou ask,
Each day will set its proper task.

But whether our aim be high or not we must not forget that our life record is being made. Emerson has expressed this thought in a most searching manner. "All things," he says, "are engaged in writing their history. The plant, the pebble, goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain; the river, its channel in the soil; the animal, its bones in the stratum; the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in the sand or the stone. Not a foot steps into the snow or along the ground, but prints its characters, more or less lasting, a map of its march.

"Every act of the man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground is all memoranda and signatures,

and every object covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent." And upon another occasion he adds: "What is excellent, as God lives, is permanent."

Yes, my dear young friends, and I want to say to you to-day, that *only* the good, the excellent, is permanent.

If this be true, then of what vast importance to each one of you it becomes that, as you are here for the purpose of obtaining an education, your aim should be high and that when you go out into the world from this institution you take with you that which Charles W. Eliot, emeritus of Harvard University, has called "The religious ideal in education."

Of this ideal he writes:

"The religious ideal in education herein described is the combination of three ideals which are the supreme result of the best human thinking and feeling through all recorded time. These ideals are truth, beauty or loveliness, and goodness. They have been attained through the experience and example of the finest geniuses that have appeared in the long series of human generations, and have been described and recorded in biography, history, and literature. They have been arrived at through meditation and aspiration. They have been recorded in gospels, chronicles, annals, and epics; they have been set forth sometimes in stories or pictures of facts and actual events, but oftener in works of the imagination. They have been attained only in those nations which, like the Hebrews, Greeks, and Hindus, have had a written language in which to record their stories, philosophies, and songs. The nations or tribes which have had no literature have not developed these ideals of truth, beauty, and goodness; they have had religions, but have been incapable of forming this religious ideal in education."

Truth, beauty, and goodness then should be your aspiration, your aim.

Paul, in writing to the Philippian saints gave this instruction: 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* . . . think of these things.

Do you know that no aim can be higher than this? If your minds are given up to thoughts of these virtues, there will be no room left for that which is evil, and in so far as the instructors of Graceland are helping you to so order your lives, they are workers together with God in helping you to form characters which will fit you to go out into the world prepared to do *them* and *this institution*, honor.

Then, though you know not where the arrows of your words may fall, or where the music of your song may reach, you need not fear to speak the word or give voice to the song, for the fountain of your hearts being pure, your aim being high, God will take care of the results.

An Appeal to Mothers.

I have sometimes heard the statement, "There are no innocent girls any more." And at times one is almost forced to believe it when away from the church and its influences. We would naturally think *our* girls innocent, with the gospel and the auxiliaries of the church to occupy their time and attention; but mothers, it is not true of all. It is not my intention to make you mistrustful of your daughters, but careful. Mothers are too apt to be blinded by love, to think their daughters above the temptations of the world and to allow them a great many privileges.

Being a girl myself, I know something of the temptations girls have to meet, and I am sure if mothers had any idea they are so great, they would begin their duty of teaching; for there are many things a girl needs to know to be prepared for these things, and if her mother does not tell her she will find out from some source, and it may not come to her in so pure a way as it would if it came from the mother. Only last week I was made to feel sad when two girls were ordered from a social gathering of young people. One month ago the younger of the two was an innocent girl, but was led to do wrong by the older girl.

"Why does her mother allow her to associate with this girl?" I asked of a lady present.

She replied, "Her mother was told that this girl had a very bad reputation, but she said, 'Let the girls alone; let them have a good time. They are only young once and people are always ready to talk.'" The shame of it! By one word from the mother the girl might have been saved from this, but now it is too late. She is having her good time, as she calls it, but she is on the downward course, and unless turned from it, her good times will cause her to lose her soul. The mother did not believe the report. Her daughter had always associated with good girls and she trusted her still. And mothers, here is the great problem. You do not know your daughter's associates and you are not making any effort to know, perhaps. In this day of wickedness we may trust people too much.

A great number of our girls work in factories and large stores in the city, and do you know what kind of people they are associated with day after day? If you do not, I wish you would lose no time in visiting the place where your girl works; but then, you will only have a glimpse of the real conditions. Children are innocent, and they naturally think all these people are good. They may soon find out to the contrary; but if they do, instead of feeling horror, they take up many things they see and hear. How many girls ever quit a place of employment of this kind without the habit of using slang, even though their mothers may not know of it? Profane language is new to the girl when she begins her work, but it soon becomes a common thing to her; it doesn't shock her any more.

You think your daughter could stay innocent of all these habits;

but, mothers, many do not. A girl would indeed be a jewel to come out safely.

A young lady of my acquaintance grew tired of her surroundings in life. Her parents were poor and she felt that other girls looked nicer than herself. She left her home, her Sunday school class, her friends, to work for the things that perish. I saw her two months later; the most unhappy creature you could imagine. She had searched for work until she became discouraged, then she went to work in a factory. She worked very hard, but it took all she could make for some time for expenses.

At the end of two months she had saved a little but she was still wearing the same clothes. She says, "It doesn't pay, I have learned my lesson, and at the end of the month I am going home, and I shall be contented with anything my parents can afford to get for me." She felt contaminated and disgraced for having been associated with such people, but she was still the same little girl with a greater knowledge of this wicked world and a lesson she will not forget through life.

Mothers, if you would teach your daughters to work for the higher things and not the perishable we should have more good workers. This girl learned the lesson she needed, but another in her place might have fallen, for discouragement leads to temptation. A girl is better off in a plain little muslin dress, with a good character and a desire to serve God, than dressed in the richest the world affords with a bad reputation. Pretty things are desirable, but we can not afford to lose sight of God in obtaining them.

Another young lady went to work in a hotel. She knew there would be temptations, but thought she had strength enough to carry her through any temptation, but once away from home and the church, her strength failed her. Her associates were not by any means innocent of the evils of the world, but she either had to associate with them or remain alone all the time. She was persuaded to go out with the girls and in a very short time she discovered herself doing things she had felt sure she would never do. In two years she came back a ruined girl, but her dear mother doesn't know it. She knows nothing of the temptations in such places or she would never have given her consent to her going away. Mothers, let me beg of you to acquaint yourselves with the place where your daughter is spending her days, her life, and if you feel that the temptation is too great, keep her away from these places. Teach your girls to be satisfied with what they have.

Working girls are not the only ones tempted. I know some very bright school girls, some jewels of homes, who are deceiving their parents. I have often thought the mothers of these girls should know; but who would tell them? They are happy and trust their daughters much, and who could mar this happiness? Yet if the daughters are allowed to go on, they will surely bring disgrace upon themselves and upon those who love them. I trust this warning will reach these mothers.

One young lady was very successful in church work. She took a great interest in it and was liked by all. But the tempter stepped

in. She gave up her Sunday school work because, as she said, she was too tired. A little later she gave up her Religio work because she had so much to do she couldn't get there in time. She became cross and irritable and finally gave up all interest whatever in church work. She preferred an afternoon in the park to church service; a drive instead of Religio; but the dear, loving, trusting mother was still blinded into believing her tired. But, mothers, when girls get tired of the service of God's house, the other spirit is working; and then, of all times in life, she needs your wise counsel and advice.

What we say of girls can also be applied to boys. They are tempted and they are tempting. They need to be taught as well as do girls, but how many are being taught? You can not begin too soon to teach; but you may begin too late. If you have failed to do your duty along this line, I hope you will seize the opportunity now, remembering the statement: "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." DEE.

This appeal makes us think anxiously of the safeguards that mothers need to keep around their daughters. Does it not make us wonder too if there is nothing others can do for the girls neglected by their mothers?

Was it best to order the two girls of tarnished name from the gathering of young people? Were there not some there who could have exerted an influence for good with them, and by kind treatment have won them back to worthy living? As you think of them, leaving the light and happiness of innocent association, do you not feel as if you must follow and with loving arms about them show them the folly of their course? How dare we drive them into outer darkness without an effort to reclaim? Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost.



New Titles.

A personal letter from our president, Sister B. C. Smith, contains the following message: "I have a new title, and no one can call me by it but my little, new granddaughter, Mary Elizabeth, and my daughter is the happiest little mother that can be imagined."

For all who know the happy family personally, or through the work of the auxiliary, we voice congratulations.



What drew you from the shelves?
 What great philosophies, what subtle poems,
 That feed our better selves?
 None; from my oven I drew
 Three loaves of light and wholesome bread.
 These feed the hungry too.

What thoughts were yours to-day?
 To right the wronged, to succor the distressed,
 Hast planned a way?
 No; but before 'twas light
 I washed the clothes; I had no time for thought.
 See, they are white!

But tell me of your deeds.
 Surely you've followed some great enterprise
 Where progress leads?
 Not I, poor fool;
 But four bright little faces, clean and kissed,
 I sent to school.

—Helen Coale Crew.



Elbert A. Smith, Editor, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.
 Estella Wight, Assistant Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Topics of the Times.

THE COST OF EFFORT IN CHINA.—Advocates of a strictly vegetarian diet point to the prodigies of toil performed by rice eating Chinamen. We have been invited to consider the rickshaw-runners trotting steadily all day long without fatigue, and coolies briskly walking away with a two-hundred-pound burden. But there is another side to the shield. Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin, has made a study of the conditions of workmen in China. He reports that carrying coolies rarely live beyond forty-five or fifty. The work kills them. The term of active work of a chair-bearer is eight years; that of a rickshaw-runner is four years,—after that they are retired invalids. A local physician who had examined many coolies reported finding only two that were free from heart trouble caused by burden bearing. China is so densely populated, and the struggle for existence is so severe, that, paradoxically, people kill themselves in order to live.

SUCCESSFUL NOVELS VERY RARE.—According to the *New York Sun* there were fourteen hundred novels published in the United States during 1911. Of these thirty were successful,—that is,

became known as "best sellers" and were financially profitable. The average number published during the past five years has been one thousand per year, and the successful ones about thirty per year. Considering the many manuscripts that are never printed and the few published books of fiction that succeed, the *Sun* concludes that novel writing is a game of chance, with more odds against one than in a game of roulette. The novel writer has not more than three chances in one hundred.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM.—In the January number of *Hampton's Magazine* Charles Edward Russell has an interesting review of the remarkable growth of Socialism. According to his statement, on the surface, prior to 1908, Socialism was a negligible quantity. In that year it leaped into prominence in the public mind by the capture of eighteen cities and the invasion of two state legislatures. The first Socialist candidate for president of the United States was Simon W. Wing, who in 1892 received 21,164 votes; Socialism to-day claims one million votes in the United States, controls in whole or in part over three hundred cities and towns, and has over one thousand men in office. Mr. Russell says: "At one and the same time Socialism breaks successfully into the field in America, gains seats in the German Reichstag, gathers new head in Switzerland, Italy, Denmark, Austria, Holland, and France, presents a formidable appearance in South Africa, is revived after years of coma in Australia and New Zealand, and begins to astonish and perplex the government of Japan."

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF TELEPHONES IN ENGLAND.—The Postmaster General of the United States recommends that the Government acquire the telegraph system. This reminds us that England has long owned the telegraph, and on January 1 of this year the telephone system of that country passed into the hands of the Government. The change, though one of great magnitude, was made quietly and without delay of service. The capital involved amounts to 25,000,000 pounds. Eighteen thousand employees pass into service of the state. There are 400,000 subscribers, 1,571 exchanges, and 1,253,890 miles of wire. These properties passed to the Government at the expiration of a thirty-year franchise just terminated.

AMERICAN CARDINALS ON THRONES OF GOLD.—According to press reports from New York two thrones of gold were constructed in the Catholic Club to receive Cardinal Farley of New York and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore. Farley is the newly elevated Cardinal who was chosen of the three chosen at the secret consistory in Rome, November 27. This reversion to the barbaric splendor of oldtime papacy ill accords with American ideas of democracy. On the return of Cardinal Farley to New York Saint Patrick's Cathedral was made glorious with forty thousand electric lights strung on every pinnacle and tower. A half million people gathered along the line of the parade arranged to welcome him.

Doin's of the Buzzard's Roost Folks.

A CHARACTER SKETCH FROM LIFE. BY A SISTER.

Little Mrs. Graham was spinning the last of the big wool rolls which that morning had lain in a soft white heap in the homemade basket, and which were now made into tight balls of yarn, thinking as she did so how many pairs of socks she could knit, and if there would be enough to go around among the boys, Bill, Odie, Willis, and Joe, and—a sharp “Hello!” sounding above the whir of the big wheel, made her forget her yarn and sock plans and step hastily to the door:

“Hello!” she answered the young fellow who hailed her, who mounted on a bony nag stood by the gate.

“You 'uns come over to the candy bitin' down to Okie's to-night, kan't you?”

“Don't guess we can,” she answered. “Jim and the boys are a-strippin' cane to-day, an' we 'alls hev to turn in an' make them molasses to-morrow; maybe some of the boys'll be thar. Better come in and stay all night,” she invited.

“No, kan't,” he said as he wheeled his horse, “you-alls come.” And away he went, making the stones clatter behind him as the nag climbed a rough, rocky hill, disappearing in a moment among the scraggy oaks, called by the natives, “black jacks.”

Mrs. Graham went back and stirred up the fire in the big fireplace and made her preparation for supper, then hearing the tinkling of bells, she took the bucket and went out to milk the cows. At supper Jim told her about some new neighbors who had just arrived, and the younger ones discussed the good times to be had at the “candy bitin'.” Thither we will now repair.

The little two-roomed house set at the top of a long, rocky hill with gnarled black jacks for a background and surrounded by a rail fence (said “rails” being small trees with the bark on) was not a particularly inviting place, but crowds of boys and girls surge in and out of its open doors and around the yard, and shrieks of laughter sound from the kitchen where the center of amusement appears to be. A dish pan of stick candy on the kitchen table is what we discover as we advance; it is surrounded by a restless circle of boys and girls. A boy selects a girl and a stick of candy and holding it between them they bite off bits till it all ends with a big smack in the middle. There's much merriment around the candy pan as the evening advances, but the bottle is being passed pretty freely out of doors and some of the boys are getting noisy, so the party breaks up early before “anything happens.”

A day or two later another horseman goes about the neighborhood letting the boys and girls know that “thar's a music party at Willis Atkin's to-night; and all of you 'uns come.” From several miles around they gather.

It was not dark yet when Mandy Himes stopped for Jane Ann Graham and her mother called after her: “Now, Jane Ann, I don't

want you trailin' home an' one o' them drunk fellers along of you."

"Naw, naw," she answered, "I won't hev no drunk feller."

When they arrived at the house where the "music party" was to be held, a crowd of boys in the yard was making the air blue with tobacco. A jolly good-natured crowd they are, though, doing jumping stunts while they wait for the rest of the crowd. Polly Atkins met the girls at the door and they commence to talk about the revival at Buzzard's Roost "church house" which would open on the following Sunday.

Sukie Brake said she guessed she'd get her new pink gingham done in time to wear Sunday, and Mandy and Jane Ann said they didn't expect no new clothes, but they meant to go every night of the meetin'. A dozen girls chimed in to tell what they were going to wear, but just then black-eyed Polly saw the "fiddler" coming, so she sat down to the organ and one of the boys led "blind Bill" to the chair placed for him, and the squeal of the "fiddle" and the roll of the organ proclaimed that the "music party" was on.

Blind Bill, with bent and swaying body and loud tapping feet, every muscle seemingly keeping time with his violin, was a picturesque figure, and the sound of the old songs, "A little rosewood casket," "My little Mohea," "Why do you turn from me, darling?" "Young Charlotte," etc., together with the gaping fireplace and idle wheel in the corner make one rub their eyes and wonder: "Am I asleep and dreaming of grandmother's time?" But the modern cut of the girls' dresses, and the "ratty" appearance of their hair, together with the sudden scream of a locomotive decide the case, and your eyes wander to the open doors where two old women sit talking.

"No, when we fust come here we didn't hev no organs an' iron bedsteads, did we, Pussy Jane?" says one as she leans towards the open door and empties her mouth with a squirt, of the superfluous tobacco juice.

"No, we didn't. I remember the fust house we lived in, didn't hev no floor nor window and had some old, what we called bed frames in two corners, 'at we had to make our beds on, an'——"

"Yes, an' the rattlesnakes was pretty plenty them days. My ole man use to run on to one every now an' then."

"We use' to hev lots of deer meat an' bar meat; that's scemphin' we don't git no more."

But time has gone rapidly by and the "music party" is over. The old women hunt their "ole" men and the young men pick their girls as long as they last, and the rest go home in a bunch, making the black jack "bresh" ring with song and shout, to meet again at the Saturday night "singin'" at Buzzard's Roost, at which a singing teacher presides and instructs the "class" while the rest look on and make merriment for themselves in various ways.

Sunday, the long looked for "first" day of the revival, came, and the local minister, a tall swarthy mountaineer with white hair and beard, showed that he knew well how to conduct a revival; but help is never amiss, and reenforcements came, and the excitement waxed

greater and greater till all the girls but two were "converted," one a lone little Latter Day Saint, and one an honest sinner.

How they preached and wept and groaned and shouted, and what a fun-provoking time it seemed to some of the young sinners, especially so when one night the preacher prayed loud and twelve minutes long and then said: "Oh, dear Lord-ah, there's something-ah, I pretty near forgot-ah, to pray for-ah, and that's-ah, the dear young singin' class, God bless 'em!"

The revival come to an end after several weeks, and several real earnest ones were baptized, but not nearly all the "converts."

Things seemed dull for a few days, but one day a couple of boys rode around and after the usual, "Hello," invited "you alls to the play party over to Buggans."

The scanty furniture was turned outdoors and the merrymakers of Buzzard's Roost vicinity stepped swiftly over the uneven floor to the tune which one of the boys sang:

"Now we rise, my dearest dear,
And present to me your hand,
And I'll put you in possession
Of the fair and happy land;
And its row, row, row
In the valley deep and low,
And we'll rally through the canebrakes
To shoot the buffalo,
To shoot the buffalo,
To shoot the buffalo,
And we'll rally through the canebrakes
To shoot the buffalo."

Converts and sinners join hands and are gay together, round and round, in and out:

"Wouldn't give a nickel if I couldn't dance Josie,
Hi, lo, Susan Brown."

The revival with its prayers and repentant tears, is forgotten, and only the music and motion are remembered now. Gone all thoughts of a Creator, and the hereafter is nothing to them. Amid hilarious laughter the clock is twice turned back, and when at length the "play party" draws to a close many of the boys and some few of the girls show suspicious signs that their boisterous spirits are not alone due to excitement.

Round and round from one neighbor to another went the "play party" and the "singin'." The boys dub them tame and plan for a regular dance. Their plans well laid they give out a "play party" as before, for well they know that many of the girls will not be allowed to go to a "real" dance. What a "jolly" time there was! Drunks and shouts and fights out-of-doors, half tipsy boys and excited girls indoors in the whirl of the dance. How time flew!

But winter was about gone, and several couples had decided to dance through life together, and first to leave the circle was black-eyed Polly, who one morning tied her few belongings up in a light calico apron and bidding good-bye to her father and weeping mother, the sober "little kids" and the little lonely house in the

black jack "bresh," started briskly out, bundle in hand, to walk the five miles to the nearest railroad station. Her lover had gone before her to find a job, and the hurrying cars soon swallowed her up and Buzzard's Roost knew her no more.

Coming home from Sunday school at Stony Point the next Sunday, Bud Simpson and his girl, Melissie Jones, were scarcely out of the school yard when the spoke from one wheel of the buggy he had borrowed (because it was his wedding day) suddenly collapsed so they had to walk as usual with the crowd, sending the horses home by a handy little brother. The walk was long, the sun hot, and nearly home they sat down on the top rail of a fence, others sitting on rocks and logs in the shade fanning themselves with hats and Sunday school papers.

"I'm goin' to baptize you, Bud," said Melissie, in a spirit of mischief, giving him a little push backwards. Tumult reigned immediately, for the top rail proved to be rotten, and the little push broke it in two with a crash, and heels over head they had both gone into the sassafras brush and blackberry briars behind them. Amid groans, shouts, laughter, and much tearing and soiling the "Sunday" clothes, they dragged them out, but Melissie had a broken arm and Bud was badly bruised and scratched, and the wedding had to be put off. But three weeks later they stood up before Uncle Tim Atkins, who had combed his hair and exchanged his pipe for a good big "chaw" in honor of the wedding, and now looking at them with his good eye and squirting a big mouthful of tobacco juice towards the open door said: "So you 'uns want to git married. Wal, I warn ye if I tie the knot it'll be done tight; ye kan't untie it easy, an' I allus kisses the bride."

With this pleasantry (?) he proceeded to make them man and wife; the bridegroom trembled and broke out in a sweat, and the bride's brown face turned alternately red and light tan as their friends came up to wish them "much joy." But attention was partly withdrawn from them, to their great relief, for a woman with a tiny baby in her arms appeared at the gate and came up the path to the kitchen door.

"Aunt Abbie," she said, in a low tone, "I didn't know the' was a weddin' goin' on here; when they're gone I want to see Uncle Tim a minute."

The young folks soon disappeared and the woman brought her baby to the old man. "Baby's got the thresh," she said, "kan't you cure him with a charm, Uncle Tim?"

"Heve done so, many a time," he said, and taking the baby he walked slowly away out of sight of the house while mother chatted with Aunt Abbie. He soon came back.

"Thar, I guess he'll be all right now," he said as he laid the tiny mite in its mother's arms.

Buzzard's Roost was scarcely over the excitement of this wedding; and the young folks were hardly settled in their new twelve by sixteen board house with one window beside the door, till another was announced. Big Hank Thompson, a tall, lank, rough

fellow had chosen a quiet blue-eyed young person, several years his junior, to share his lonely log cabin, and she had consented.

Uncle Tim seemed to be well pleased when they came to stand before him, for he spat dangerously near the girl's white dress, and pulling his scraggy whiskers with a complacent air said: "You 'uns look jest right to me, I seed quite a while ago you 'uns was gettin' pretty much in the notion o' likin' one 'nother an' I sez, sez I, that's a good match. Hank's full of fire and fight, but he kan't git no fight outen Tilly; she'll larn him to git along without fightin', and now I take pleasure in unitin' of you."

The bride's face was like a flame, but the "unitin' of them" was soon over, and hand in hand they went down the rocky road to the little old log cabin where his mother and sisters awaited them, having prepared a feast as best their humble means permitted.

The "singin'" still goes merrily on, the "play party" has given place to ice cream parties and picnics, and Buzzard's Roost folks still live their lives and sing their songs and enjoy their pleasures, many of them unmindful that the world has whirled on and left them half a century behind.



To Gospel Literature Superintendents.

Since my appointment as gospel literature superintendent of Zion's Religio-Literary Society, I have been trying to get in touch with my coworkers in the different stakes, districts, and locals outside of the districts. From the general secretary of the society, I obtained the names and addresses of the different stake and district presidents, and to each of these addressed a request with return postage, for the name and address of the gospel literature superintendent. To date, ten have made report, leaving something over forty that have not responded.

It is entirely out of the question for me to do my part of the work unless I can get in communication with the different superintendents and workers. It is my purpose to use every legitimate means to get the names and addresses of my coworkers, and to do my part of the work. If this should come to the notice of any that received the above-mentioned request and have not responded, I again appeal to you to give me the information desired.

A number of those that have replied to my notices, either state that they have no gospel literature superintendent, or if they have, they confound the library work with good literature work. This is a mistake. They are two separate and distinct departments. And if there are any districts not having appointed a superintendent, would respectfully ask that it be done at once, and notice sent to me, so that we may get to work. The Lord told his people long years ago that the field was white ready for the harvest. It is still white and growing whiter, and I fear that some will be lost provided we do not perform our part.

A report of the work done is due me each six months of the year,

July and January. To date but one partial report has been received out of a total of more than fifty districts. I must have a report from each district whether anything has been done or not. If you do not have the time to devote to the work entrusted to your care, or to make report of it, you ought to resign and let some one else do it that has the time. Do not stop the wheels of progress by holding onto an office that you are not big enough or willing to fill.

Some have expressed themselves as not understanding the duties that belong to their office. It has been my purpose to enlighten all such as best I could, and I stand ready and anxious to render in every possible way whatever aid and assistance possible. If the writer can not give you the information and help necessary, others can. Ask and ye shall receive.

Hoping that we may be able to labor together in unity and harmony so that much good may be accomplished, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

HARVEY SANDY.

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, January 15, 1912.



Necessity of Book of Mormon Study in the Home.

Is it necessary to study the Book of Mormon in the home? I answer, "Yes."

As I am acquainted with scattered members only, having the opportunity of attending our services only once a week, and that on Sunday morning, until recently, I think it best to refer to the scattered members.

In our schools the question of the divinity of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants is constantly confronting us. If we have a thorough understanding of them we can stand up for their truth and do good. Children should be taught the lessons of the different Book of Mormon men, when they are old enough to comprehend the stories of Moses and Christ.

It is very nice to note the interest taken by the children when told of Christ's visit to this continent. They are often found telling their little friends about it. Soon others will become interested and in this way we sometimes gain new members.

Once in a while we find the father not a believer in our work. When he sees the family so earnestly working in the study of our books, he will think it time for him to investigate. It is through investigation that good is obtained.

We have one family in our branch that the children have never attended a Latter Day Saint Sunday school or Religio, but by the home study three have been convinced of the truth and have been baptized.

Now, if we have not been studying the Book of Mormon in our homes, let us commence at once, for do we not know it is God's wish for us to know all these things that he has given us?

ELEANOR CARMICHAEL.



Proposed Amendments to the Religio Constitution and By-laws.

Amendments to Article IV, sections 4 and 5.

Article IV, section 4.—To amend by inserting the words, “*or home class*” after the words, “*another society,*” and before the word “*in,*” also to insert the words, “*or home class,*” after the words, “*such society,*” and before the word “*and,*” making the section as amended to read as follows:

Section 4. Withdrawals. Any member who may wish to withdraw from the society shall give one week's notice of his intention to do so; except where he desires to remove and unite with another society or home class, in which case, if in good standing, he shall be given a letter of removal, recommending him to membership in such society, or home class, and vote may be taken without one week's notice.

Article IV, section 5.—To amend by inserting the clause, “*or those who have become lost to society by moving from local or through failure to report after an absence of three months shall,*” after the word “*notice,*” and before the word “*be,*” making the section as amended read as follows:

Section 5. Dropping. Members who are neglectful of duty, or indifferent to responsibility assumed, should, after being labored with by the lockout committee, lovingly, prayerfully, and persistently, and being given not less than one week's and not more than four week's notice; or those who have become lost to society by moving from local or through failure to report, after an absence of three months shall be dropped from membership in said local society.

FLOY HOLCOMB, *Secretary Gallands Grove District.*



Resolution and Proposed Amendments to Religio Constitution and By-laws.

The Religio Association of Independence Stake at their convention last November adopted the following resolution relative to *Junior Quarterly*:

“Be it resolved, That it is the opinion of this convention that more space should be devoted to the junior department of the *Quarterly*, and that the discussion should be more thorough, for the especial benefit of those of the junior department, since it seems that too little discussion is provided for this department in the *Quarterly.*”

Several of our leading Religio workers in this stake are in favor of junior quarterlies. And I do not doubt that we would have one if the matter was left to one of our stake Religio conventions.

The following resolution favoring an amendment to the constitution was also adopted by the convention above mentioned.

“Resolved, That we recommend the amendment of article 4, section 5, by adding: Also members whose address remains unknown for the period of three months, or who fail to respond to inquiries made by letter at their last known place of residence within that length of time, may be dropped from membership.”

The Religio work in Independence Stake is, we feel, progressing. There seems to be a somewhat varied opinion in regard to the nature of our Religio lessons, some favoring the Book of Mormon lessons, while others think the change to the Doctrine and Covenants was the very thing we needed. The lessons in the *Quarterly* have undoubtedly been too long—especially for those who do not look at their quarterlies until the teacher asks them a question. And, of course, most any lesson, under those conditions, is too long.

If the attendance of juniors at Religio is to be encouraged or urged, then undoubtedly we need a junior quarterly. However, those in charge of matters generally know what is best for the most, after all.

PAUL KOONTZ, *Secretary.*



What the Government Has Been Doing and Is Doing for the Indians.

Much has been written about the American Indian; what has been done, and what has not been done for him, and to us, as Latter Day Saints and believers in the Book of Mormon, the subject under consideration is, or should be of great interest and importance.

For many years the Government of the United States seemed to have some very incompetent men, or men who did not care, in charge of Indian affairs. To-day, it seems there are better men filling the positions, overlooking Indian affairs, and much is being done to educate, christianize, and civilize the Red Man. A new interest seems to be awakening in the minds of the American people toward their red brothers.

If we, who think little has been done toward civilizing the Indian, will look backward over the last fifty or one hundred years, we shall see that much has been done indeed.

The policy of the Government for a number of years has been to make citizens of the Indians by giving them educational facilities, land, and financial support. Large numbers attend college, practice medicine, law, publish newspapers, in fact, are masters of nearly all the civilized arts. The Indian is supported at the expense of the white population, and some one in writing on the Indian question recently made the statement that the “American Indian has more money and property to his credit than the average American citizen.” If this be true, much indeed has been done for

the posterity of Joseph, in these latter days, (from a financial standpoint).

The schools for Indians are being improved each year, and the courses of study are becoming more like the courses of study for the whites. It is thought this will promote the assimilation of the Indians into American life. The annual expenditures by the Government for the schools and for all purposes relating to them amounts to nearly nine million dollars. In what was formerly Indian Territory common schools have been established in *all* parts, with many high schools, and *one* college.

The Indian Service realizes that instruction in agriculture is an essential part of its present educational policy, and is using every resource possible to promote farming among the Indians. Farmers are employed on the reservations to teach the Indians farming according to improved methods. Experiment farms have been established in many sections of the country to discover the best crops for the Indians to grow. The Department of Agriculture, agricultural colleges, and experiment stations of different states have been asked to lend their assistance, and much has been accomplished in this way.

As to the health of the Indians, the Government does not aim merely to cure those who are sick, but to increase the vitality of the race, and to reestablish it physically. The principal features of the work are:

1. An attack upon the diseases which most seriously endanger the race.
2. Preventive work.
3. Increased attention to the physical welfare of the children in the schools.

Quoting from the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, we read: "The Government no longer looks upon its duty to the Indians as merely involving an honest trusteeship of Indian lands and funds. It considers the trusteeship of this property as the means of bringing the Indian to a position of self-reliance and independence where he may be able to accept the opportunities and responsibilities of American citizenship.

"The perpetual annuities provided for in treaties of various groups of Indians have been a great bar to the Indian's progress. The annuities have tended to keep the Indian in a condition of dependence as they assured him of an income without labor or effort."

Under certain conditions the Indians now are admitted to full citizenship, when they may hold office under the Government, receive full rights of suffrage, and have all privileges and benefits given to other citizens. The condition on which these privileges are granted is that they renounce all claims to public support. (Teachers and Pupils Cyclopedia.)

Laws are being made by Congress nearly every year which favor the Indians, and in time they will receive full recompense for the wrongs they have suffered at the hands of the whites.

FRANK CRANDALL.

News from Societies.

Bay Minette, Alabama.—This, I believe, is the first report from our local at this place. Our society was organized last April. It consists of one senior, and one junior class. Our society hasn't made the advancement that we hoped to make, but those attending are earnest workers and very desirous of seeing the work prosper. But owing to the scattered condition of the Saints at this place, it is very inconvenient for them to attend the meetings. The attendance is decreasing some of late, due we suppose, from cold weather.

Our local seems well pleased with the change in our *Quarterlies*. All seem more interested in the study of the lessons than before the change. While we are not now able to report very much of interest and activity, we are looking forward to accomplishing a great deal more in the future. May God bless all earnest students is our prayer.

MISS CALLIE WARR, *Correspondent*.

Chicago, Illinois.—Here we come again, calling your attention to the motto of our great city, and our greater society, "I will," "Onward and upward," realizing, as we must, that "I" is a personal matter. The question arises, What have I done in this onward movement? We might quote from our worthy president's report. Our past has been quite brilliant with success, but I believe it is possible to put that in eclipse with a little stimulation and effort. Let us as true workers for the Master make the effort, and let 1912 be a banner year in the history of Zion's Religio-Literary Society.

The following are some of the officers elected to sustain the work here: C. B. Hartshorn, president; Lucy Fairbanks, vice president; Fred Bone, secretary; Vernon Reese, treasurer. For the editor of the *Echo* the wise choice of the society was C. B. Hartshorn. Oh, yes, he is also president, but he can stand it. He is a worker.

In our local we now have four classes and we feel we are making some progress. Our programs have been highly educational. We can especially mention the parliamentary work by C. B. Hartshorn, also our quartette which renders musical selections, also a lecture on astronomy by F. F. Whipper. So with such abundance of talent there is no reason why we can not move upward and onward.

May we attain the high standard of excellence that is set before us for our example.

In bonds,
FRED BONE, *Secretary*.

Saint Louis, Missouri.—The Saint Louis local is doing fairly well. The attendance might be improved upon, but we believe the lack is largely due to the severe cold weather. Our election resulted in reelecting the same officers for the ensuing term with the exception of the secretary, who is now Brother Fred Mottashed.

Our district president, Brother A. W. Smith, has been doing

efficient work during the past few months, visiting locals and organizing four new ones. He, with Brother G. S. Trowbridge, braved the severe cold of Sunday, February 3, and established an organization in Saint Charles, Missouri, with twenty-six members. Brother Smith also organized a local in Troy, Illinois, with a membership of twenty-three; in Nebo, Illinois, with thirty, and Alton, Illinois, with about twenty, reporting all to be enthusiastic in the work. We wish them all success, and can say they can engage in no better cause for improvement and growth.

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

2739 DE JONG STREET.

Ribstone, Alberta.—Dear Religians, accept the best wishes of your brothers and sisters up here in sunny Alberta. Some of the officers as elected for current term are: President, the writer; vice president, Anson W. Burton; secretary, Minnie Smith; treasurer, Mrs. R. J. Wilde.

In this part of God's vineyard the prospects for Religio work are certainly hopeful. Since the inception of the Religio, two years ago, there has been a decided advance made by all. Your correspondent can testify of the healthy, spiritual, intellectual, and social uplift which the Religio will render to anyone who will but seek for such. Truly all Religians need to be equipped for future needs. God has work for us all, and we need God to be with us. There are none so strong that the Religio can not make stronger, and none so weak that can not help the Religio. Let us cling to our bright and shining motto, "Onward and upward," and our progress will be sure.

W. OSLER, *Correspondent.*

Attleboro, Massachusetts.—Another six months have passed away, reminding us of the truthfulness of the old saying, "time and tide wait for no man." We feel that our Religio has grown somewhat during the past six months. Four names have been added to our list of membership, two of whom have been chosen to fill offices this term. The social committee did a little work last fall. In September the Religio held a social at the home of Brother and Sister Whalley's and enjoyed a general good time. In October we had another social at which we charged a small fee to help replenish the treasury. On the seventh of January we had our semi-annual election of officers: President, Roy M. Churchill; vice president, Thomas E. Moore; secretary, Gertrude L. Robbins; treasurer, John D. Colbourn; editor of the Religio paper, "*The Sunday Star*," Gertrude L. Robbins. During the past six months we had many interesting and instructive programs including papers, talks, debates, and musical numbers. With our new corps of officers we feel sure that the good work will continue. Best wishes for the success of the work.

Your sister in Christ,

MYRA D. HEAP.

Saint Joseph, Missouri.—We have now closed our past year's record, and are well on, on our new year page of history. 'Tis true some things are recorded which should not be, and some opportunities were neglected, but we hope to make each experience a stepping-stone for greater achievement.

Our officers are elected, and by a continuation of intelligent, united effort, we hope to accomplish much ere this year shall pass. Hard indeed, it would be to overestimate the value to each Relagian, of careful study and preparation of the lessons as outlined in the quarterly, for upon this, to a large degree, depends the success of every local.

May we, one and all, realize more fully the magnitude and scope of our work, and the great need for trained, conscientious workers in the Religio cause.

AUSTIN M. DOBSON, *Correspondent.*

Wilber, Nebraska.—Just a few lines to let you know that a Religio was organized January 13, 1912, with fourteen charter members. We hold our service at six-thirty Sunday evenings. As a superintendent of the home department of Zion's Religio for Southern Nebraska District, I feel pleased to report three other societies all doing well. There are about thirty-five enrolled as members of the home department. This is an unorganized district. We have a few faithful workers here in Sunday school and church, and I feel that these few will make a success of the Religio. We have no correspondent as yet, but you may look for more news from us as a local when we appoint one.

With best wishes for the success of this work, I am ever,
Your sister in Christ,
MRS. JESSIE WYCOFF.

Notice.

Local correspondents, please send all news items to the assistant editor of the Arena, Miss Estella Wight, Lamoni, Iowa, and send them in, if possible, by the 10th of each month.

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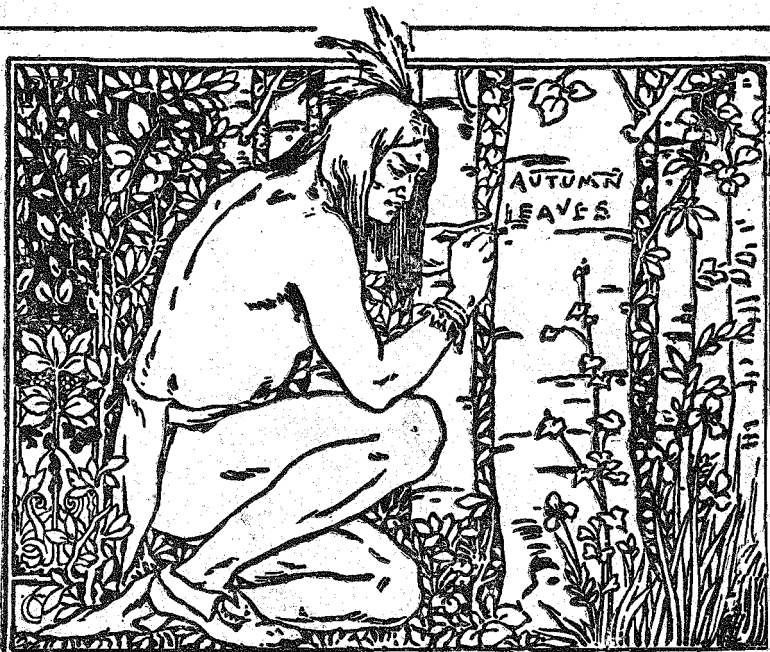
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Autumn Leaves



APRIL, 1912

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ELBERT A. SMITH, EDITOR

AUTUMN LEAVES

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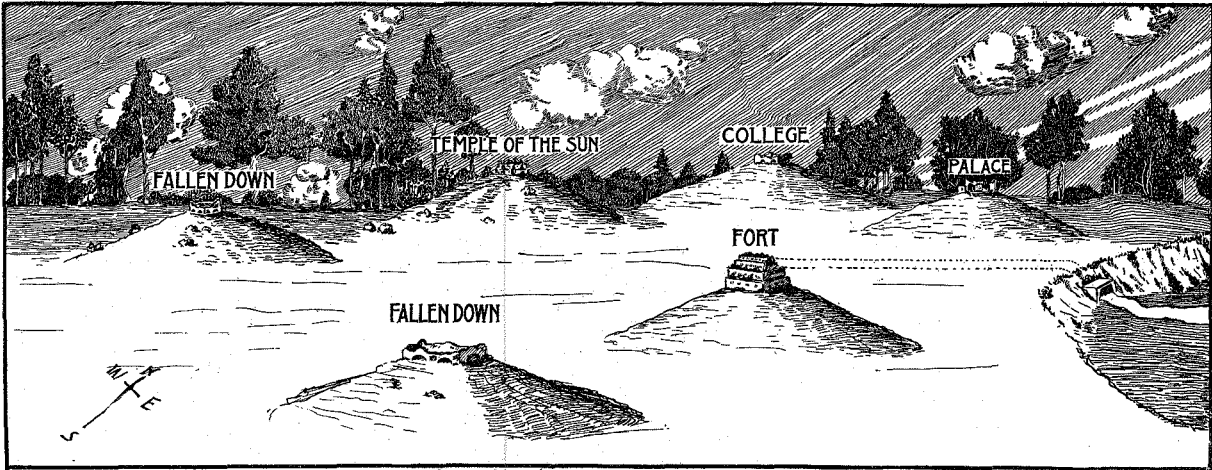
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

The Ruins of Palenque. Frontispiece.	
Building the Steel Wharf at Coatzacoalcos	158
Usumacinta River, the Mexican "Father of Waters" - - - - -	159
A Native Village on an American Rubber Plantation - - - - -	160
The Hill Cumorah - - - - -	161
Practical Papers, by John C. Grainger -	145
Three Poems of Farewell - - - - -	155
Glimpses of Mexico.—Part 2, by Robert T. Cooper - - - - -	157
The Hill Cumorah as It Is To-day, (poem) by Vida E. Smith - - - - -	161
Hill Cumorah, (poem) by Elbert A Smith	162
Only My Wife, by Blanch Fairbanks - -	163
Editor's Corner - - - - -	165
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	169
The Religio's Arena - - - - -	178



THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

An interesting pen and ink sketch of the ruins of Palenque, drawn by Mr. W. W. Byam, who accompanied Elder Robert Cooper on his trip through Mexico. See "Glimpses of Mexico," this number.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

APRIL, 1912

Number 4

Practical Papers.

By John C. Grainger.

This number of our "practical paper" series is addressed to the young men of the church who must make their own way in the world. The author, Brother John C. Grainger, is field agent of the Employment Bureau of the Board of Public Welfare, Kansas City, Missouri. Prior to accepting that position he had fifteen years' experience in the service of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. His experience has fitted him to handle the subject assigned to him.—EDITOR.

A MESSAGE TO THE YOUNG MAN WHO MUST MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

THE man who is temporarily out of a job—and there are thousands of him—should study how to prevent a recurrence of such periods of idleness. Men who have been regularly employed and have been laid off, or put on part time, or who are looking for something to do, might use their leisure for a little thinking.

Why were you selected from the body of workers?

What was the matter with *you* that the ax passed over the most of your fellows to pass upon you?

The list wasn't made up by lot. It wasn't altogether, surely, an expression of the personal likes and grudges of the boss. What was it, then? Was it the result of commercial and industrial conditions over which you have no control?

The worker must know how and where to apply his labor to the attainment of the best and biggest results. The reason why most men do not accomplish more is because they do not attempt more. Inasmuch as I desire to prepare myself for greater opportunities and to increase my ability and efficiency, it is my duty to investigate every reasonable proposition that comes to my attention.

Work is the greatest help to a rightful life. Every boy and every man needs to keep steadily at work to keep out of mischief. It is to the obvious advantage of the whole community that every man be employed; that is to say, be engaged in the work of production, in order that he may contribute his quota of production to make up for what he consumes. It would be wise administration to provide the genuine unemployed with permanent work at the earliest possible moment.

It is certain that every man who has done large things in life had to go through hard discipline. Your success will come to you as a reward for the impressions you make upon men. If that impression be good, if it be made in service, you can not fail.

MEN ARE EASY TO GET.

The world is swarming with millions of them. But to get *efficient* men,—here is a problem before which the greatest executives grow humble.

To the young man who must make his own way in the world, I beg to present some thoughts for his consideration, which may bear fruit in his life for good.

Some people have such a dread of being late that they are always too early. If they have an appointment at ten, they are on the spot at half past nine and inclined to pride themselves upon the achievement. But to be half an hour early is no more truly punctuality than to be half an hour late. To waste thirty minutes of your own time is less serious than to waste thirty minutes which belong to another, but you can not afford to do either. Be punctual. Keep your engagements to the minute. Learn to value your own time, and then you will appreciate the worth of the minutes which belong to other people.

READ THE LIVES OF GREAT MEN

and see how many of them started as poor boys. Call the roll of those who have done the most for the world, and notice what an overwhelming majority were limited in their early opportunities. If you are struggling for an education against heavy odds, if you know what it is to wear shabby clothes, and deny yourself countless innocent pleasures, and perhaps some of the necessities of life, there is no reason for you to be discouraged. Many of the world's great princes of industry, its artists and authors, its statesmen and phil-anthropists, started just where you are starting, and conquered just the obstacles that you are meeting day by day.

I CAN'T.

“Did you ever know a person who has a great many ‘I can’t’s’ in his vocabulary to accomplish very much? Some people are always using the words, ‘Oh, I can’t do that;’ ‘I can’t afford this;’ ‘I can’t afford to go there;’ ‘I can’t undertake such a hard task; let somebody else do that.’

“It is said that Napoleon hated the word *can’t* and would never use it if he could help it.

“Did you ever think that every time you say, ‘I can’t’ you weaken your confidence in yourself and your power to do things? Confidence is the greatest factor in achievement. Self-faith is a powerful asset, better than money capital without it. Nobody believes in the youth who thinks he can not do things, who has no confidence in himself, no faith in his ability, because everybody knows that he can not do a thing until he thinks he can. He must first believe in himself, must be convinced that he can accomplish it.

“I know a young man who seems very ambitious in a general sort of way, but when the opportunity which perhaps, he has been working a long for, comes, he wilts, his stamina seems to ooze out, his ambition wavers, and he does not feel equal to it. He can see how somebody else can do it, but he does not feel equal to it himself.

When the object of his ambition is a good way off he believes he can do it; but when he gets close to it he wavers. His courage fails him. He does not have faith in himself equal to his ambition. Of course his life is a disappointment.

“This is why men have been able to do great things which seemed impossible to others—because of their colossal faith in themselves, their undaunted confidence that they were equal to the thing they attempted.”—*Success Magazine*.

CONFIDENCE.

in humanity is a key which opens the door to the human heart. The little child who looks up with a smile into the face of a stranger, and trustingly clasps the hand held out to it, is safe where the more experienced and worldly-wise would be in danger. Whatever good there is in human nature responds to trust. The one who cultivates the habit of suspecting everyone will always see the ignoble side of those he meets.

If you have made a mistake, do not attempt to bolster it up. The shortest way out of a blunder or a wrongdoing is frank, full acknowledgment. We shall save ourselves much trouble if false ideas of consistency did not so often lead us to try to defend what we have said or done, after we recognize that we are mistaken.

WHEN YOU ARE WORKING,

aim to give your employer more than satisfaction. It is something, to be sure, to make him feel that you are filling your position well, and earning your salary, but this is not enough. You want a larger position, and a better salary, and, to get either, you must give more than satisfaction. You must show the originality, interest, and trustworthiness which will convince him that you are fitted for something better than what you are doing.

Colonel Fred. W. Fleming, the eminent teacher tells us that, “America has ten really great men to one in any other country, and this is true because in our country the boy from his earliest childhood is taught that he lives in a land of equal rights and equal opportunities, and is also taught that he is not to be cared for and protected by any form of paternalism, but that his fate is to be the result of his own doing. The great men of other countries come in the main from the higher classes. In America almost all come from the ranks. Almost every man in America who has achieved great success in science, art, letters, invention, statesmanship, or commercial pursuits has been of humble birth. It is the sense of self-responsibility, the knowledge that he is going to be paid according to his due, that makes him work to outstrip his fellows.”

THE EQUALITY OF MEN.

It is unfair to say that all men are equal. All steel is not of equal value. A ton of steel may be purchased for \$50; but a ton of steel watch springs costs \$22,000.

Apparently all men are of equal value. But one needs know but little to realize that there is a difference. The difference consists in

refinement. The trained mind is far superior to the untrained mind. The body that is controlled by a strong brain is of far greater worth than one that is made up of just so much low grade flesh and blood.

"No one can hope for any genuine success who fails to give himself the most complete special education. Good intentions go for nothing, and industry is thrown away if one can not infuse a high degree of skill into his work. The man of medium skill depends upon fortunate conditions for success; he can not command it, nor can he keep it. The trained man has all the advantages on his side; the untrained man invites all the tragic possibilities of failure.

See the *trained* and the *untrained* man in the street car going home from work.

"Side by side they sit; the one filling an important position, enjoying a good income, and with every mark of prosperity—the other bent down with hard toil, working in a by-the-day job at poor wages.

"Why is it so?

"The answer is *training*. Probably they started on an even footing ten or fifteen years ago, but one man secured the training that enabled him to rise to the highest positions in his chosen trade; the other either would not take the trouble to secure this training or did not realize the immense value of it."

POWER.

The reason some men rise to the top is because they possess qualities not possessed by those over whom they climb. The only reason a racing car can pass a one-lunger runabout is because it is equipped with an engine that develops more power which sends that car ahead with greater speed.

All men can develop more power. No man is compelled to remain satisfied with his present equipment. Power is developed by receiving more helpful sensations. Men can develop more power by associating with successful men. Some develop more power by reading autobiographies.

David Gibson, of Cleveland, met a man on the street and was changed from an architect into a newspaper man of great power. By meeting another man on the street he was started in the work of producing individual magazines in the industrial field. To-day he is one of the great forces preaching the gospel of efficiency. He speaks monthly to the biggest men in the field of manufacturing.

The reading of a newspaper clipping has changed many a man from a drifting, purposeless individual into a man of power. The study of a course of instructions has lifted many a man from the depths to the heights.

Refine yourself by study, by training, by meeting and endeavoring to understand successful men. Go to successful men for your inspiration. Develop the faculty of making friends, but don't put *too much* confidence in your friends. Men are successful according to the number of friends they possess. But it must not be forgotten that many friends masquerade in the guise of enemies. Forget that men are equal—for they aren't. There are men that can be

purchased for \$50 a ton and individuals that are cheap when their services can be secured for \$22,000. Get into the watch spring class.

THE BIG HEAD.

I read a letter recently, from a man to one of his young friends. It contained the following advice:

“By the way, kid, I shall have to give you a little fatherly advice. When dad and I were at the bank getting a wad to travel with, I asked one of the clerks how it was that the bank dispensed with your services, after you had been there nearly a year, and had got your salary up to \$60 a month and were just becoming worth your salt. He said you got too fresh, that every new responsibility that was put upon you caused your chest to swell, and that you walked around as though you were president of the bank, and that you got ashamed to carry your lunch to the bank, to eat it in the back room, but went out to a restaurant and ordered things to eat that came under the fifteen cent list, whether you liked the food or not, just to show off; and, instead of quietly eating the wholesome lunch your mother put up for you, she being good-natured, you ate the restaurant refuse, and got cross, and all for style, showing that you had got the big head; and that you demanded an increase of salary, like a walking delegate, and got fired, as you ought to have been; and now you are walking on your uppers, and are ashamed to look into the bank, which you think is going to fail because you have withdrawn your support.

“I arranged with the managers to take you back on probation, so you go and report for duty just as though you had been off on a vacation, and then you try and have some sense. Get to the bank before you are expected, and stay a little while after it is time to quit, and don't watch the clock and get your coat on before it strikes, and don't make a center rush for the door, as though you were escaping from jail. Let those above you see that there is not enough for you to do, and that you are anxious to help all around the place. Look upon a bale of money just as you would look upon a bale of hay if you were working in a feed store, and don't look covetous upon a pile of bills, and wonder how much there is in it, and think how much you could buy with it if it was yours. It is just a part of the business, that pile of money is, and it is not your place to brood over it with venom in your eyes, or some day you will reach out and take a little, and look guilty, and if they don't find you out, you will take a bigger slice next time, and go and blow yourself for clothes as good as the president of the bank wears, and some night you will open a small bottle of wine, and put your thumbs in the arm-holes of your vest and imagine you are 'it,' and when you flash your roll to pay the score a quiet man at another table in the saloon, who has been drinking pop, and whom you were sorry for, he looked so forlorn, will take you into the police station and they will search you, and you will break down and blubber, and then it is all off, and the next day you will be before a judge, and your broken-hearted mother will be there trying to convince the judge that somebody must have put the money in your pocket to

ruin you, some one jealous of your great success as a banker; but the judge will know how you came by the money, and you will go over the road; your mother goes to the grave, and your friends will say that it is a pity about you.

“Men who employ boys know that half of them will never amount to anything, a quarter of them will just pass muster, and if they can’t run the place in a year they will find another job, and two out of the twenty will be what are needed in the business. The boy who is always looking for another job is the one that never finds one that suits him. The two boys out of the twenty will seem to look a little rustier each year as to clothes, but their round, rosy faces will change from year to year, the jaws beginning to show strength, the eyes get to looking through you, and the forehead seems to expand as the brain gets to working.

“The successful boys out of the bunch remind me of the automatic repeating rifle, that you put ten cartridges in and pull the trigger and shoot ten times with your eyes shut, if you want to, and it hits where you point it. Every time an employer pulls the trigger on a successful business boy, and a good idea of business is fired, the recoil puts a new idea into the chamber, and you pull again, and so on until the magazine of the brainy boy is empty, when you load him up again, and he is ready for business, and the employer wouldn’t be without him, and would not go back to the old-fashioned one-idea boy, that goes off half cocked when not pointed at anything in particular, and whose ideas get stuck in the barrel and have to be pulled out with a wormer, and primed with borrowed powder and touched off by the neighbors, most of whom get powder in their eyes, unless they look the other way when the useless employee goes off, for anything in the world. So, chum, you go back to the bank and become an automatic repeater in business with ideas to distribute to others, instead of borrowing ideas, and you will own the bank some day.”

YOUNG MEN SHOULD DEVELOP PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

A man may hide in the mass from the law of the land; he may be swallowed up by a corporation or a union, so that the law can not detect his share of guilt, but he can not hide from God. He knows the exact degree of guilt upon the conscience of each individual. Men can not mix things up so that the Almighty can not unravel them and get at the exact truth. A man may deceive the church, he may deceive the community, he may deceive the court, he may deceive his own family, he may deceive himself, but he can not deceive God. “God is not mocked.”

Personal righteousness means individual integrity. This implies repentance. No man who has gone wrong can get right without a change of mind and heart. He is dealing with God, who looketh on the heart. Making things right outwardly is not enough. The trouble is in the heart. Out of the heart come all the evils we see and all we do. The fountain is there. Only God can make the

heart right. Men may help us to settle our scores so far as they are visible, but only God can see the heart.

No unrighteous man can be a good citizen. He may hold an important office and make a loud profession of patriotism, but his sins witness against him. Sin is a reproach to any people and the individual who is a sinner is a curse to his country. He is helping on the decay of his country. He contributes more to the ruin of his country by his evil heart and life than he can remedy by all his services. The account is against him. The times call for personal righteousness. The land is troubled. There is unrest and trembling. This means unrighteousness. Let each one look after his own conscience and his own soul. So shall he best serve his country and his generation.

All people should cultivate that instinct to worship the supreme intelligence at the throne of truth, which is born with the spirit of every human being.

When boys can be made to understand that the cigarette habit will keep them from the better jobs, it would seem that their common sense would keep them from the harmful things. Mr. Hypes, in charge of hiring employees in the great Marshall Field & Company's store, recently said to a *Chicago Tribune* representative:

"Another thing about the men I hire, I never employ cigarette smokers. I am more afraid of them than of men who use liquor. The young man who habitually smokes cigarettes is not dependable. He gets careless, forgetful, and dangerous. He gets the house into trouble right along."

"Is this personal dislike or a personal experience of your own, or is it the general rule among sales managers?" was asked.

"There is nothing personal about it. My ideas are based on experience and observation. The man who smokes cigarettes will cut short his business with a customer to get out and get a whiff at a cigarette. The craving is such that he will do any foolish thing for a smoke."

YOUNG MEN SHOULD GIVE MORE ATTENTION TO THE OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED BY AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

The average of intelligence is higher in the country than it is in the city. The States which rank highest in percentage of literacy are States which are essentially agricultural, which have no large cities, but in which the bulk of the people live on farms or in small towns. The standard of financial stability is higher in the country than in the city. Men are not starving to death on the farm; they are not tramping many weary miles looking for work, they are not forming themselves in bread lines or soup lines for the crumb or cup of charity. Yet these things are happening every day in every large city. The farmer who owns his own home is the most independent man on earth. With all our boasted independence and freedom in this glorious land of ours, no man is absolutely free and independent who does not own a home.

A WORD TO PARENTS; WHY SOME FAIL TO "MAKE GOOD."

"There is probably no big city without its gloomy budget of tragedies. Wherever multitudes huddle together there will be the apparently inevitable extremes of riches and poverty, comfort and suffering. In seaport cities it would seem that such conditions are intensified. A Chicago contemporary speaks of the docks of that city as 'the port of missing men'—that dreary, hopeless place whither drift many of those who have not 'made good' in life, to drag out their remaining years in precarious occasional jobs, sleeping on the piers on 'the soft side of a plank' and continually tormented by the recollections of other and happier days and of their misspent and undervalued opportunities. This illustration might be duplicated in a hundred other places, where the wrecks of society, the inefficient, the failures, the untrained, all come to their hour of hard realizations. Many of these poor fellows were well educated, and had other advantages that should have helped rather than hindered them; but in the majority of cases, the real cause of their moral and material shipwreck may be found first in the lack of early home religious training to give fixed principles to the adult life; and second, in the neglect of the parents to have their boy taught some decent trade or calling by which he might become self-supporting.

"That mistaken parental kindness which strives to make the early years of a young man's life easy by lightening his labors and carrying his burdens for him is the first step towards the downfall of many a promising career. Train your sons to some useful work, no matter how humble the occupation may be; teach them habits of industry and thrift; encourage them to do their share of burden bearing early; and teach them not to neglect their religious duties; their Bible reading and their prayers, and you need have little apprehension that they will ever drift to the ghastly 'port of missing men' or the still ghastlier 'bread-line.' The hand of the diligent is not an empty hand, and good principles and proper habits acquired in youth are strong guards for vigorous, honorable, and useful manhood."—*The Christian Herald*.

YOUNG MEN SHOULD CULTIVATE THE SPIRIT OF UNSELFISH
PERSONAL SERVICE FOR OTHERS.

At one of the sessions of the Parliament of Religions, Prince Serge Wolskonsky related a humorous Russian legend which well illustrates the effect of "looking after number one" at the cost of others.

An extremely wicked old woman had died and fallen into grievous torment. One day she saw an angel flying through the blue sky, and she called on the angel and bade him carry a message to God that her torment might be relieved, for she had suffered more than she could endure. Then the angel presented this petition, and God said: "Go and ask her if she has ever done any good to a fellow being." When the angel made this inquiry the old woman pondered, for she had been very wicked. Finally she remembered

that she had once given a carrot to a beggar. Then God said to the angel: "Find the carrot and stretch it out to the poor sinner." So the angel held the carrot out, and when the old woman grasped it, she began to rise out of the horrible depth. The angel lifted and the old woman felt herself rise higher and higher, but there was a great weight about her feet, and looking down, she saw that another sinner was clinging to her, and as they rose another and another followed, each sustained by the grasp upon the one above; and still the carrot held. In midair the old woman was seized with a horrible fear lest the carrot should break. So she began to remonstrate with the sinner directly below her. "Let go," she said; "you must not cling to me. I am going up higher."

"But," said the man, "I, too, wish to get out of torment."

Then the old woman began to twist violently to rid herself of this incubus, and finally screamed, "You must let go; this is my carrot."

Then the carrot broke.

Lay the foundation of your success structure, therefore, in the solid concrete of unselfishness, fairness, and four-square truth. You will be here in this old world but a little while, and you will not pass this way again. You can't afford to waste any of the real joy of life,—it is too precious. Not money, not idleness, not fame, not the applause of the mob, nor the envy of the outstripped, none of these is the real honey of life. What is it, then? Service, my boy,—the things you do which make the old world better for your having lived in it. No, I do not mean that you are to live consciously, merely for the benefit of other people; you are simply to go ahead and do the work that comes to your hand thoroughly—sincerely, and you will get your just pay, never fear. God has so wisely ordered things in this world that men may no more escape the reward of their good acts, than the penalty of their bad ones. It is the idler and the cheat who loses out. The human being who lives a life of uselessness, who has lived on the bread of idleness, earned by the honest sweat of other men's brows, will fill a pauper's grave, whether he lies at the foot of a marble shaft, or in an unmarked hole in the potter's field. And his final hours will be bitter with regret and self-contempt. Many a battered tramp, lounging morosely in a fence corner, and many a blase millionaire, fretting in his palace, has learned this blistering truth, when it was too late.

Young men should cultivate confidence in God, in humanity, and in themselves.

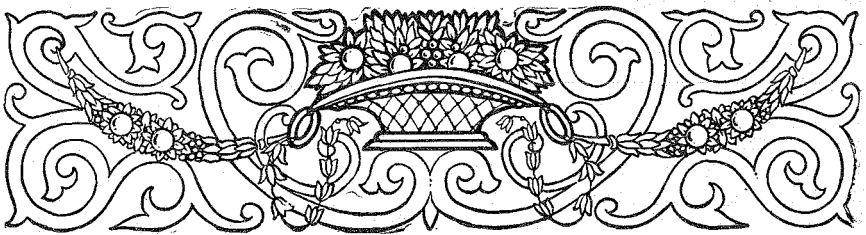
When I visit my sweetheart, I do not want grandmother or uncle to do my wooing for me. Because in after life, in case we marry, there would always be the reflection that I had done something contrary to my own will. It is better for a man to fight his own battles, keep up his own ends, and ask no favors of anyone. Then, if he fails, he knows himself better than if he had succeeded with others' help, and in failing he has become better equipped for success in the next effort.

Don't seek patronage, don't fawn, don't work to get a "pull," because in doing these things your character will become warped; you will try to bend yourself to please those whose favor you are seeking. God says you are to "do his will" and you will find favor in the eyes of the people. Help yourself; no other human being can ever help you as well as you can yourself. Others are not interested in your affairs as you are. Be true to yourself. Start now to live up to that high standard to which man is ordained, "like Christ." Men who start in life rich are exceptions. Many who make fortunes are men who start with a few hard earned dollars; then opportunity grasped at the right time, coupled with perseverance and energy on their own part, brings the desired results. They have self-dependence. They do not expect some one else to direct the affairs of their business.

Famous men do not wait for "puffs" from friends, or buy popularity in print—they have done something that has touched the public heart, and the recognition causes self-confidence that prepares them for greater achievements.

Men who are successful in the Christian life do not depend on their parents' good deeds for an entrance into eternal life, but they do their own work and they are confident of a reward on their own merits through the atonement of Jesus Christ.

Whatever you work for, fame, wealth, eternal life, or anything else, always be governed by the thought, Is it right? Then you will have confidence to go ahead with all your might, mind, and strength.



Three Poems of Farewell.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

AT LAST.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
 And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
 I hear far voices out of darkness calling
 My feet to paths unknown,

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
 Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
 O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
 Be thou my strength and stay!

Be near me when all else is from me drifting:
 Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
 And kindly faces to my own uplifting
 The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father! let thy spirit
 Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
 No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
 Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
 And both forgiven through thy abounding grace—
 I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
 Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
 Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
 And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
 The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

—Whittier.

LIGHTS ON THE OTHER SHORE.

"The lights on the other shore are getting nearer and nearer; they do not look far away now."—Uncle William B. Smith.

An aged man stood where the world-ways met
 The incoming tide of Eternity's years,
 His steps had grown slow and his eyes were wet
 With the dews of humanity's tears;
 But his heart was strong and his hope secure,
 And he sang with a confidence steady and sure:

"Oh, the beautiful lights, on the other shore,
 Out on my path they are shining so bright;
 The beautiful lights that now beckon me o'er,
 They do not seem far from me here to-night!"

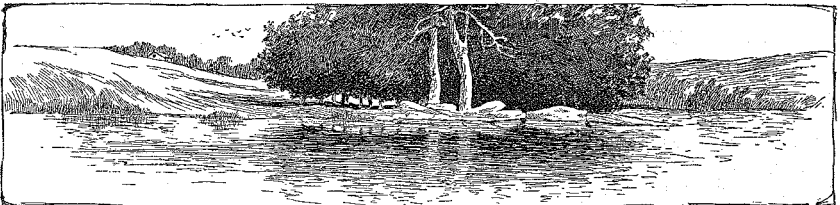
His gaze grew more fixed as he raised his hand
 To shadow his eyes as he looked again;
 For it seemed to his soul that the far-away strand
 Shone free from the sadness of sorrow and pain;
 Near and more near seemed the lights on the shore,
 Brighter and clearer than shining of yore:

"Oh, the beautiful lights shining out from th' shore,
 Over my pathway so shimmering bright;
 The beautiful lights inviting me o'er,
 So bright, they are nearer than ever to-night."

So this aged man sang, as lifting his head,
 His feet still fixed on the shores of time,
 He gazed on the glow the distant lights shed,
 Hearing the music of the far-away chime;
 His heart grew light, he was cheerful and strong,
 Knowing the summons was coming ere long:

"Oh, the beautiful lights on the sands far away,
 Shining across from Eternity's shore—
 The beautiful lights still cheering the way—
 Oh, beautiful bells still calling me o'er!"

—President Joseph Smith.



Glimpses of Mexico.--Part 2.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

By Robert T. Cooper.

Mexico is a land of ancient mystery. No man can unravel its past history, mutely indicated by the crumbled ruins, without the aid of the Book of Mormon. Mexico also contains the promise of future greatness if only a wise and stable government can be secured and the people become educated to the point where they can develop the resource of their own land and become worthy of true liberty. During the past two years mission work has been opened up in Mexico by Apostle F. M. Sheehy and is being prosecuted by Brother and Sister Pender, Brother and Sister Mannering, and others. They have been blessed in most wonderful ways. For these reasons our readers will be interested in these glimpses of Mexico. These notes were made by Brother Cooper while making a trip through the country with a group of business men who were interested in the commercial possibilities of the land. They are necessarily hastily made and deal largely with the material features of the country; though this number contains an account of the ancient ruins of Palenque.—EDITOR.



WE WATCHED the building of a steel wharf at Coatzacoalcos. The steel piles used in the building of this wharf are made like an immense wood-screw, with a large thread molded on the lower end a trifle greater in diameter than the shaft of the pile. The picture shows three of them in an upright position and the fourth with the men on top of the wheel. It is driven in the following manner:

The center of the wheel is square, to fit on the squared top of the pile. The steel pile is first raised up and stuck in the mud in the bottom of the river by the steam crane operated by the donkey engine. The same crane then picks up this large wheel and places it on top of the pile; around the circumference of the wheel is wrapped a great length of strong cable held in place by projecting arms on the wheel. The cable may be seen in the picture, extending from the edge of the wheel to a drum of the engine. The cable is then wound on the engine drum, thus revolving the wheel and the pile bores itself into the ground until the upper end is on a level with the rest of the pier. The operation is the work of a very few minutes. The man on the wheel goes around with it while the pile is being driven, a job from which I prefer to be excused.

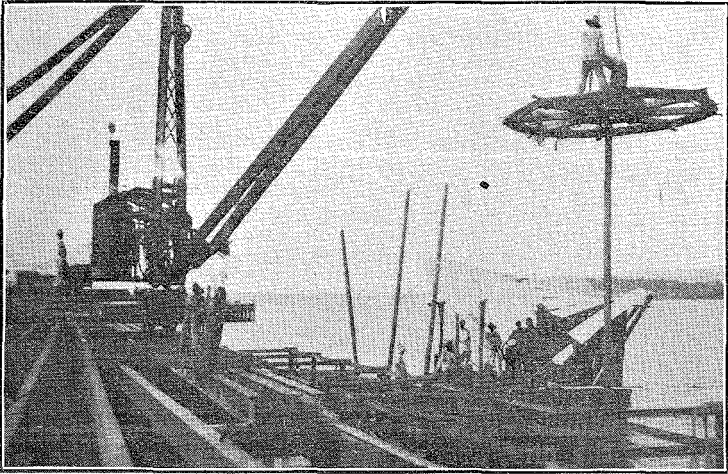
The Mexican "Father of Waters," Usumacinta River, is second only to the Mississippi in size. Tides are felt for sixty miles up stream. Large river steamboats ply up the river about two hundred and fifty miles. The mahogany and other hard woods from the interior as far as Guatemala are rafted down this river for shipment to the United States and Europe.

A Cariba Indian, his squaw and two children visited us. This man had a diseased great toe, evidently a bruise developed into the nature of a felon until it had involved about one third of the foot. The whole family had walked through the timber from their tribe about thirty miles distant to find a doctor; there being none in the settlement, he was sent to me, and after a silent supplication to

the "Great Physician" for this unit of the remnant of a once "delightful people," I poured on consecrated oil liberally and wrapped it with cotton, and the next morning he started back to his tribe, saying in sign language the foot was better, he carrying his staff, the woman carrying a wire bird cage, two parrots, and the provisions.

We traveled through the mahogany forests which were so dense the sun can be seen only between eleven o'clock a. m. and one o'clock p. m.

We saw no wild beast or game, except one herd of turkeys, and only four or five snakes, the longest not over five feet long; heard lions only one night, but the "woods is full of monkeys."



BUILDING THE STEEL WHARF AT COATZACOALCOS.

The peculiar method of driving the piles is described in the accompanying text.

In one place we counted ninety-two mahogany trees from three to six feet in diameter, eighty to one hundred feet to the first limb, in three hours, but of my tree pictures only one was a partial success. By close scrutiny four men could be seen standing in half the diameter of this tree, between two of the immense brace roots above the ground. This tree was nine feet in diameter above the roots and contained enough mahogany to build a house. In Los Angeles this lumber costs three hundred dollars per thousand feet, while the forest of three hundred thousand acres, containing an equal number of mahogany trees, could be had for one dollar per acre.

RUINS OF PALENQUE.

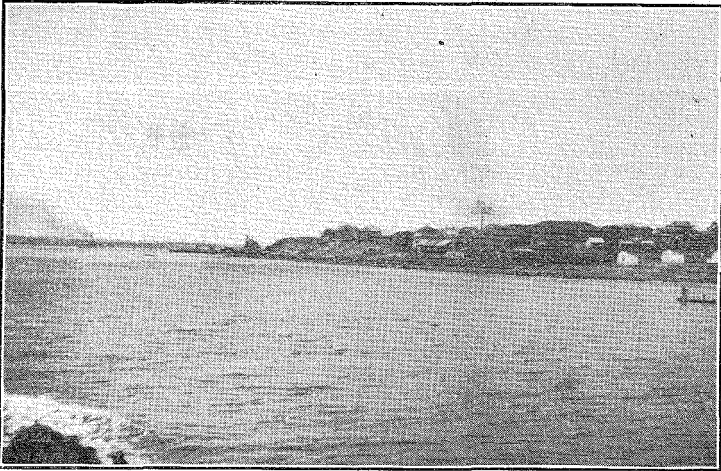
Whatever feeling of reverence we had on entering this ruined city was gone when our departure was taken, for nowhere was anything seen to indicate a worship of God, but rather sun or idol

worship; and a feeling of war, captivity, slavery, or even sacrificing of the victims, filled the soul.

The government is cutting the timber away from the ruins, each of which stands on an apparently artificial elevation of probably fifty feet, of tolerably regular ascent.

The ruins are in the department of Palenque, about six or eight miles from the town of that name, about one half way up the mountain range.

First you see an ancient stone culvert, firm and solidly built across a mountain stream which emerges from an artificial stone tunnel about five feet square coming out from under the hill and apparently extending back under the ruins. I walked into the tunnel probably fifty feet and drank of the delicious, clear, cold water.



USUMACINTA RIVER, THE MEXICAN "FATHER OF WATERS."

This picture was taken at Frontera, about nine miles from the ocean.

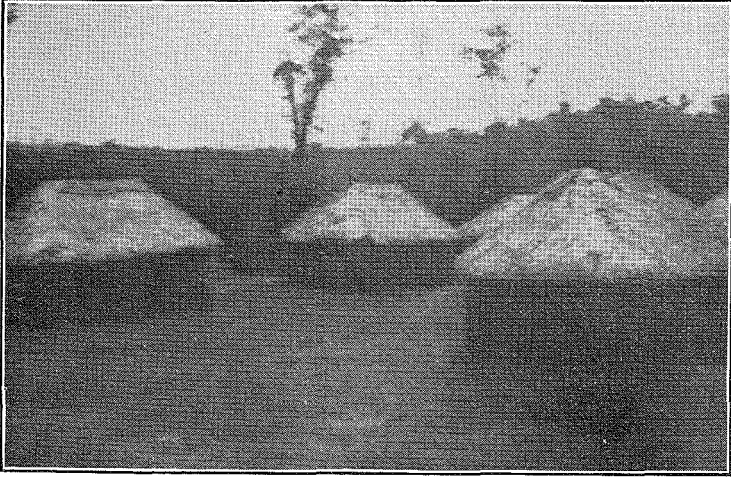
There are five principal ruins to be seen readily, called and arranged roughly about as shown in the diagram or pen sketch shown in our frontispiece.

The "theater," "church," or "palace," stands about one hundred feet by one hundred feet on the ground. In the lower story are large corridors, with stone slabs on little posts about eighteen inches from the floor, as though used for beds or for prisoners.

"The college" is called because of containing nothing but large stone plates, about six by eight feet each, similar to our large school blackboards, covered with engravings. This building was about thirty by sixty feet, with floors paved with stones four by eight feet, six inches thick. Along the top of the engraved plates were

rows of small, round holes, as though strings had been run through to draw up curtains to cover the engravings.

"The temple of the sun" is rent in twain, only one half standing. In the interior of the "temple of the sun" are three plates badly weather-beaten. The middle plate shows a person with strange face, sitting, warriors standing over him on either side, and back of them more engravings. The morning sun shone directly into this building when we visited it, about 9 a. m.



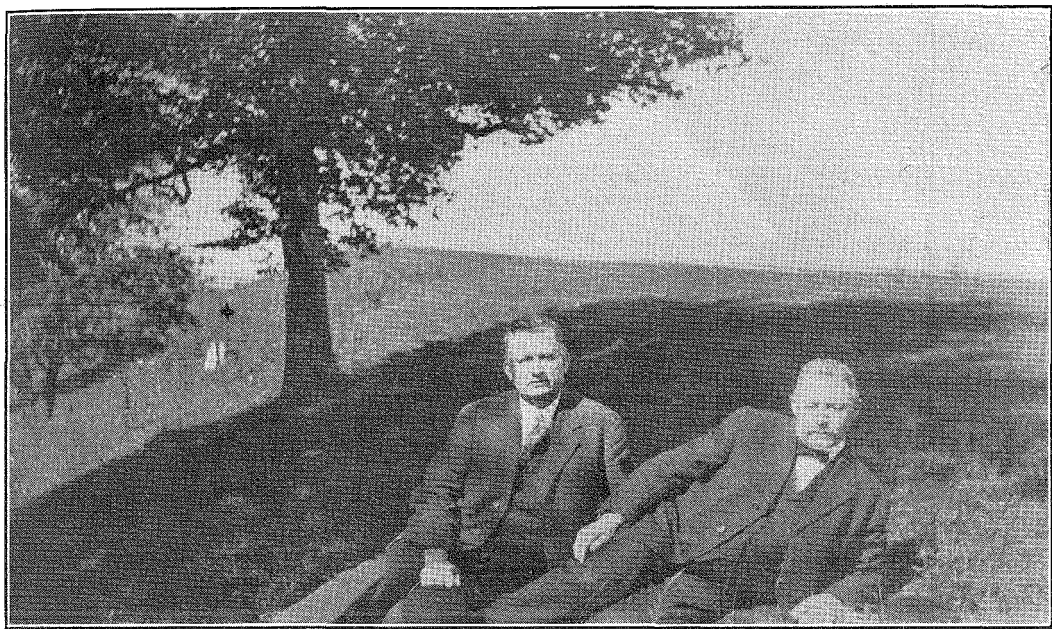
A NATIVE VILLAGE ON AN AMERICAN RUBBER PLANTATION.

The "fort" is on the highest knoll and is so built that men could stand in the middle of the superstructure and sight an approaching enemy, as well as shoot from openings between the stones. It will be seen that the top of the mound is exactly the size of the building, hardly room to walk around the building without sliding part way down the banks, which are rather steep. I should not be surprised if excavation disclosed stone steps or terraces under the dirt and vegetable matter.

I am told a couple of the plates from these buildings are now on exhibition in Chicago. Many and interesting are the secrets undoubtedly locked therein, if we but had the power to read the chiseled scroll.

The Hill Cumorah as It Is To-day.

By Vida E. Smith.



THE HILL CUMORAH.

*"They dreamed not Cumorah would yield from her heart
A gem whose strange luster would never depart."*

(The following lines were suggested by a bit of sandstone picked up on the Hill Cumorah and presented to the author by Elder Rudolph Etzenhouser.)

Oh, you mountains, whose summits are glistening with snow,
While your golden veins link you to green vales below;
You have reared your proud heads 'bove the clouds of the earth,
Through Joseph's fair land from the south to the north.

But the Lord, his great honor bestowing at will,
Looked with love and deep trust on a low, humble hill;
Where now is rejoicing, oh mounts, at your fame,
Like the million hearts leaping with joy at her name.

Environed with beauty, with rich forest clad,
Earth's sons with your grandeur and strength proud and glad;
They dreamed not Cumorah should yield from her heart
A gem whose strange luster should never depart.

Till your white peaks are leveled to verdure-clad vales.
And the glory of love o'er gold's power prevailed;
Where to glad generations the beauties unfold
Of the tale which Cumorah for ages could hold.

The friend who gave kindly the rough sandstone chip,
Placed a cup full of dreams to my glad, eager lip.
I drank as one thirsting, and rejoice as Saints will,
In the truth that sprang up from the low, gladsome hill.

Of the righteousness meeting it then to declare,
"The meek shall inherit," the poor shall be there;
The wise be confounded, the simple fulfill
The message divine from Cumorah's blest hill.

Unlearned, without riches, blest at home may we be,
For the Lord in his work needeth you, needeth me;
Not to run with glad tidings, perhaps 'tis his will
We shall watch till he comes, like Cumorah, loved hill.



Hill Cumorah.

By Elbert A. Smith.

While the years unnoted ran their fruitless courses to'rd the west,
And the world in darkness struggled for the light of truth suppressed,
There lay on the Hill Cumorah's rocky western slope, in trust,
Truths that yet should rise and smite the ancient idols into dust;

While the older world was troubled with her pestilence and war;
While her soldiers fought for Jesus, or for Jove, or yet for Thor;
While great empires faltered and went down to death and shame,
And their rivals through red carnage fought their way to transient fame,

In the deep and somber forests of a newer world there lay
Golden records that were guarded by a greater yet than they.
Hill Cumorah kept his silent watch and counted still the days,
When the sun slid down his mighty arch into the evening haze,

And the angel footsteps pressed his rugged brow and passed away
From their vigils o'er the rough hewn casket where the records lay;
From their watching and their praying for the time so long deferred,
When the gospel trump again should sound, the gospel truth be heard,

Till the ears of men were ripe to hear, the lips of men to speak;
Till the souls of men were hungry, and the hearts of men were meek;
Till a few should turn from fables, and a few should come to prove
What the learned could never answer and the mighty never move.

Like the fretful waves that circle where the swift, mighty currents sweep,
Rise the waves of persecution, but they never stir the deep.
Like the little waves that run to meet and break upon the sand,
They can never shake the granite cliffs where Truth and Reason stand.

Be not fearful; we are working with the Infinite and Just
Who has caused the truth to spring from earth, the gospel from the dust.
Us it is who have the message and the precious truths of old,
Angels guard us as they guarded where were hid the plates of gold.

Let the soul that hears the message haste to spread the word abroad,
Let him hold the record closely, and be faithful unto God,—
Faithful as the Hill Cumorah; though no man shall see his strength,
God shall find the heart where truth is hid, and bring it forth at length.

Only My Wife.

By Blanch Fairbanks.

I STEPPED into the elevator of our apartment house this morning and found a man and wife who live on the floor above us. I know them as fellow dwellers in the building. I bowed slightly on entering and the man instantly removed his hat and kept it off until he reached the lower floor. Then he moved aside to let me pass out of the elevator and himself walked out next, leaving his wife to follow. That man is a highly respected lawyer and moves in the best society. He dresses and looks like a gentleman. I forgot to say he had an unlighted cigar in his mouth when I first caught sight of him and he jerked it out as he pulled off his hat. The two walked up the street ahead of me. He stopped at the first corner to strike a match and smoked furiously as far as I could see them, the wind blowing the smoke right into his wife's face.

The incident set me to thinking: Is there any reason why one should cease to be a gentleman because he is married? The hero of the elevator episode was probably assiduous in the practice of attentions during his courtship. He, so to speak, took off his hat whenever he thought of the girl he spent months in convincing that she was an angel and all the rest of it. And having won her by courtesy and tender devotion, he shows her less respect in demeanor and speech than he manifests toward strangers of her sex.

By one of the synchronized happenings we misname coincidences, there flashed into my mind a message I had to deliver to a business man. I went to the telephone.

"Who wishes to speak to him?" asked a clerk in the man's outer office. I gave my name.

In perhaps three minutes the person wanted spoke at the other end of the wire. He is the pink of courtesy in society and to his clients, and his surly response was a surprise. The "Well, what is it?" was very like a growl. When I spoke I could almost feel the clearing of the atmosphere.

"Oh! is that you? I got the wrong name. I thought it was my wife who called."

One more illustration, I said. When he thought it was only his wife he snarled. His mistake discovered he became like a dove. Neither of these men was a deliberate deceiver when he was in love, in pursuit of the one woman on earth who could make him happy. They were in dead earnest. Every vow was sincere. The promises of future devotion were honest. Did they propose to keep on sighing and dying for blisses and kisses? With the best intentions it is difficult to keep on longing for what one already has. You don't run after a street car when you already have caught it. Every word of this is true. It must be or everybody would not be so certain that courtship and wedlock are two utterly different states. I did not begin this plain talk with any hope of disproving the accepted fact.

What I am driving at is to plead for the wife's lawful rations of gentle speech and civility. Being loyal to the core of her heart she may never admit to herself that you have ceased to respect her now that you know her for what she is. She clings to her faith in your nobility of spirit as she holds to her existence, when you snarl to her over the telephone and uncover your handsome head to a wisp of a girl you chance to encounter in the elevator, while you sit in your wife's parlor with your hat on by the hour; when you find fault with the dinners of her cooking, and tell her, as I heard one man say to his bride of a by-gone day, that the gown selected with deference to his taste looked like the devil; when day by day goes by without a word of appreciation of her continued efforts to serve and please you.

More than one of her friends has remarked upon the quiet tastes Mary has developed since her marriage, and what a lively girl she was. Do you tempt her to be anything but sedate and domestic? Do you recognize your favorite dessert with a grateful smile at the head of the table? Do you set the boys an example of affectionate deference to the pale woman who, as one loving son said, laughs when any other woman would whine? She slept badly last night and had a headache when you went down town. Do you guess what it would have been to the appetiteless woman to receive a dainty for lunch, a basket of fruit, or a box of roses, or a magazine or book.

A pretty romance of a gentleman of the old school is told who made it a point always to cut out the tenderloin from a steak and send it to his wife at the other end of the table before he helped anybody else.

In some homes I am proud to say the mother is seated in her place of honor before anybody else is seated. I remarked as a significant, though seemingly trifling circumstance, that in none of these homes has the mother ever appeared slovenly at breakfast or failed to dress becomingly and carefully for dinner.

We have all heard the sad little tale of the New England woman who lay dying in the farmhouse she had managed for fifty years. Her husband, a rugged Puritan, hung over her with moist eyes and faltering voice, "Oh, Betsy, you have been a good wife to me," he groaned out.

The lips moved, and he caught the parting word: "Why didn't you tell me that before?"

Don't wait too long. If you have a good wife, tell her so before she is laid on her deathbed. If you respect her, exhibit that respect. Put it to yourself how differently you comport yourself toward your neighbor's wife and toward your own. How can a wife be certain? How can she know of the respect, the love, the honor you have for her, if you don't tell her or at least exhibit these traits in her company?

It may be that it is not in mortal man to carry on blisses and kisses to the end of the chapter. No common, practical, sensible woman looks for this. Between ourselves, she would tire of sweets as heartily, if not as soon as yourself. She never tires of affection-

ate appreciation. She craves the outward and visible manifestations of the grace that is in you. Treat her as a companion, a friend, a life partner, and not as "only my wife."

EDITOR'S CORNER

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The Third Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

THE CASE OF WARNER VS. BREWER SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

ELDER JOHN HOWARD ate his breakfast in gloomy silence.

"What is the trouble?" queried his wife.

John did not reply until he had intercepted the third large spoonful of sugar that little John, jr., was about to deposit upon his Cream of Wheat; then he said: "It is the case of Brother Warner and Brother Brewer. Brother Warner is determined to carry it into the civil courts unless we head it off in some way."

"What is the quarrel about? You have never told me much about it. Or is it private?"

"Well; not so that one can notice it. Almost everyone in the branch knows about it by this time, and you may as well. It is a long story, but to make it short, Brother Warner, as you know, formerly had an interest in a downtown business that is now defunct. The company has on its books a charge of five dollars against Brother Brewer. He says that he settled the account once but failed to take a receipt. Warner is collecting the outstanding accounts and he is determined to make Brother Brewer settle again. It seems that the accounts were kept in a very careless manner and several similar cases have caused trouble. In most of these cases the accounts have been canceled, but in this case Warner says, "This man must pay." He is determined to punish Brother Brewer. Old scores are back of it all; and you know Brother Brewer, when some one says he *must*, then he *won't*."

"Is there no way to settle it out of court?"

"Apparently not. We have labored with both parties, and Brother Warner is determined to bring suit Monday. I can not understand Latter Day Saints who will carry their quarrels so far.

I would rather pay five dollars or lose that much, as the case might be, and live in peace with my brethren."

"Of course *you* would, John, for you are always ready to forgive everyone."

"Well, didn't Jesus say that we should forgive everyone? Is there any room for doubt when Jesus speaks?"

"Not with you, John; but maybe these men feel that there is a principle at stake."

"Principle! Yes, so they say. Every Latter Day Saint who quarrels with another, hides behind that plea. But in many cases the man who is contending in such a manner for principle is chiefly concerned in getting his own way in the matter. They are willing to sacrifice the peace of the church and her good name in order to gain victory for self. Is that principle?"

"To-morrow is sacrament Sunday," said Jennie, irrelevantly.

At that John Howard fell to musing again. "Well, Jennie," he said at length, "let us make it a subject of prayer, that God will find a way to settle this case to-morrow, out of court, for the good of the branch and the salvation of the two men concerned."

Sacrament service was observed by the Hopewell Branch at eleven o'clock Sunday forenoon. The snowy cloth was spread; the silver pitchers were filled with wine; the silver platters were heaped with white bread. At the table sat Elder Howard. Presently he walked down the aisle, pausing at the seat occupied by Brother Warner. Shaking the latter by the hand, he said, "Brother Warner, will you come forward and assist me this morning?"

The latter looked surprised, as he had seldom officiated in any way of late years. But in default of an excuse he consented.

The opening hymns were sung and the prayer was offered. Those who were spiritually minded, felt the Spirit's presence in power from the very start, presaging good things for those minded to receive them.

"We will all kneel while Brother Warner blesses the bread," announced Elder Howard.

Reverently all knelt, and, marveling that the task should be thrust upon him at such a time, Warner repeated the prayer of blessing: "O God, the eternal Father, we ask thee in the name of thy son Jesus Christ, to bless and sanctify this bread to the souls of all those who partake of it, 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. Amen."

Suddenly it seemed to the kneeling man that for the first time he sensed the fact that in blessing the bread he had covenanted with God. He had promised to keep all of God's commandments.

When the people were again settled in their seats, Elder Howard said: "It is not customary for the presiding officer to make any statement after the bread is blessed, but I wish to say a few words

now before we partake, so that we may make no mistakes. The Lord has said that if we are not one we are not his. Are we one? If we are not at peace with our brethren we can not partake of this sacrament worthily. It is sacrilege for men and women who are at war with one another to do this in remembrance of Jesus, the loving, gentle Apostle of Peace. We must not partake unworthily. Nor can we refuse lightly to partake, for we are told that if we do not partake we have no spiritual life in us. In God's name I implore you to be reconciled. Make your peace with each other now, if you are not at peace."

He paused a moment. His words had sunk deep into the hearts of his hearers. Then he added, "Brother Brewer and Brother L—— will pass the sacrament."

As the two came forward, Elder Howard tendered a plate of the bread to Brother L——, who took his portion, then accepted the plate and served Elder Howard. Brought face to face with each other the other two, Warner and William Brewer, suddenly sensed the situation, as did the entire congregation, and a tense silence settled over all.

With sweat drops standing on his brow, and his usually florid face pallid and drawn, Warner picked up the remaining plate of bread and essayed to serve the man with whom he was at war. But it was as though an invisible hand stayed him and drew him back.

"Brother Howard," he declared, showing plainly the torment his heart suffered, "I can not serve the sacrament. I am not fit."

Ever quick to forgive when there was the least sign of repentance, William Brewer stepped forward. "Brudder Varner," he said, "I will pay that five dollars. Let us be at peace and partake of the sacrament as Jesus would have us."

Warner grasped the extended hand. "All right, Brother Brewer, but you need not pay the money; I don't want it."

"Yes, but I will pay it, Brudder Varner, so we will be sure already the debt is paid."

"No, but you shall not pay it. I will not take it."

Quick to scent another clash, Elder Howard quickly intervened.

"If neither wishes to have the five dollars, you may put it on the oblation plate as a peace offering between you," he directed.

And so the yellow five-dollar gold piece was deposited upon the plate as a gift to God. The two old men served the sacrament to each other and the meeting went on.

The case had been settled out of court. The same spirit that settled this case out of court will settle every quarrel between brethren if they will but permit it to do so.

A Little Humor Now and Then.

THAT REMINDS ME.—Vicar (who does a little stock raising)—“How are you, Mrs. Jenkins? I am sorry to say that I haven’t seen you at the church lately.” Mrs. Jenkins—“Yes, sir, that’s so. I ’aven’t been so regular as I used to, but—(confidently)—I don’t ’ardly dare, for I no sooner see you a-comin’ out of the vestry after the choir but I think of that there pig as I owes you for.”—*Punch*.

THERE ARE OTHERS.—Like most of ministers’ families, they are not extensively blessed with this world’s goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father explained to her about the baby sister who had come in the night.

“Well,” she said, after due thought, “I ’pose it’s all right, papa, but there’s many a thing we needed worse.”—*Delineator*.

WHY HE RANG AGAIN.—Reporters are proverbially persistent. On a certain occasion a reporter went to a certain residence in New York to get the details of an accident which had happened to a member of the family. As a rule, such details are easy to get, and the news-gatherer was rudely surprised when the lady who came to the door with scarcely a word slammed it in his face. A writer in the *New York Times* tells the story.

She retired into the house. Presently the door-bell rang furiously. She refused to stir. Again the door-bell rang, more furiously than before. Still the lady would not stir.

“I have told him that I don’t want to say anything about the matter,” she thought to herself, “and he has no right to be so persistent.”

So she sat still while the door-bell rang again and again and again.

At last she could stand it no longer. So, opening a window over the front door, she poked her head out and remarked, severely:

“Young man, I do not desire to say anything to you. Kindly do not disturb me any more. Go away, young man.”

“I can’t!” shouted the reporter. “You’ve shut my coat-tails in the door!”

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION.—“Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore,” said former Senator John C. Spooner, according to the *Saturday Evening Post*. “I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin.

“I was to make a political address, and the opera house was crowded. When it became time to begin, the mayor got up.

“‘Mine friends,’ he said, ‘I haf asked ben to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech; yes. Vell, I haf dit so, und he vill now do so.’”

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Boy Scouts.

AMONG the world movements seeking the uplift of humanity is that of the boy scouts. Many of our readers are familiar with the purposes and practices of this organization. Others may not have had it brought to their notice. The following article from the *American Review of Reviews* contains most interesting information in regard to it.

At the Lamoni reunion last summer two ladies came from their tents on the hill, each carrying a water pail to fill at the well below. On the way down, one of the ladies remarked, "I'd like to give a nickel to some boy to carry this up for me." As they started back with the pails full of water, a boy left a group of companions and, coming near to the ladies, held out his hand, saying to one of them, "I'll carry that for you," and then reaching for the other pail said, "Let me take that, too. I can carry both just as well as not."

The ladies thanked him and one remarked, "I was just saying I should like to hire some boy to carry that for me." To this the boy made no reply. But on reaching the tent, when they offered him money, he said, "Oh, no; thank you. I don't want pay for a little

thing like that." He accepted their thanks with a smile and leaving them returned to his companions.

As he passed out of hearing one of the ladies said, "Wasn't that nice of him? What do you suppose has come over the boy? I never knew him to be so pleasant and obliging before." Some one standing near said, "He belongs to the boy scouts. That is what has caused the change."

An influence that increases courtesy and helpfulness is worthy of consideration and support if it proves to be as good in all respects.

A society of boy scouts was organized in Lamoni last July with some of the leading men of the town and of the church as members of the council.



The Boy Scouts of America.

Some husky men in their shirt sleeves were pitching quoits, when one of the players somehow lost his balance just as he was about to make a pitch. In his struggle to save himself, his body swung round in a half circle, he flung his arms out to balance himself, and the iron ring flew off at a tangent, gyrating through the air, landing in the midst of a merry group of picnickers, who were eating their lunch from a cloth spread on the grass.

There was a shrill scream, and a young woman threw up her hands and fell backward on the sward, with an ugly gash in her head from which the red blood flowed profusely. The other women screamed shrilly too, either out of sympathy or because it was the only thing they knew how to do in such an emergency.

The men joined the crowd and elbowed and jostled one another, stupidly, helplessly staring at the victim of the accident, at the same time shutting off all fresh air from the now unconscious girl.

No one knew what to do; the accident was unlooked for, unusual, and hence they were unprepared. A small boy, not over twelve years of age, in a khaki suit, a modified cow boy's hat, and with a bag like a canvas haversack hanging by a strap over his shoulders, was attracted by the commotion, and, boy-fashion, wormed his way through the crowd. He was not excited nor nonplussed; he looked calmly around at the crowd, and in the even voice of one accustomed to being obeyed, gave the command to "Stand back and give this woman air."

Without question and without realizing their own absurdly ignominious position, the people quietly obeyed, and at a respectful distance watched the small boy stanch the blood, close the gaping lips of the wound, apply the antiseptics, and with the deftness of an expert surgeon, bind up the head with bandages. He even administered a restorative, and then as the young woman sat up, blinking at the crowd, the boy, a lad of a few words, said, "Now take this woman home." A minute more and the little figure had mingled with the crowd and disappeared.

It was not until it was all over that anyone thought to ask who

had so masterfully taken charge of the situation, and effectually rendered first aid to the wounded.

At first there was no answer, and then another lad with the same sort of a campaign hat answered, "Oh, him? Why, he's one of the Boy Scouts of America. He belongs to Mr. Sutton's troop. He passed such a bully examination on first aid that the patrol made him the 'toter' of the first aid kit. What does B. P. stand for? Oh, that means 'Be Prepared.'" With that the youth saluted and retired to join his friends.

This incident happened in the Keystone State. Similar instances are happening all over the country, for the boy scouts are prepared for fun, for work, or for aid to the unfortunate, and for serious study. The Philadelphia scout proved himself ready for an emergency, but the organization of which he is a member has taught the boys many other things. Here is another example: A troop of Baltimore scouts were in swimming in the Potomac River. A tenderfoot, frail of body and unable to swim, got beyond his depth. He yelled for help. Straightway a brother tenderfoot who could swim only a few strokes and who happened to be on the shore, took a running dive from a springboard and sank to the bottom directly under the tenderfoot. Standing under water, he held his companion firm and safe until H. Lawrence Eddy, Scout Commissioner of Baltimore, ran up from the camp a short distance away, and with the aid of several scouts formed a human chain to rescue both boys.

"That's what a scout always should do," modestly answered the lad who risked his life for his companion. This incident shows a quick wit, courage, and physical preparedness, but the scout movement would fail if it did not attain still greater things in boys.

Scouts are not allowed to accept tips or to be paid for any act of kindness or courtesy. An amusing instance of the working of this law among the street gamins recently occurred in New York City. A small scout stepped up to an old lady and offered to carry her satchel for her. When he reached her front door, she gave him fifteen cents; he tipped his hat and retired. A few minutes afterward the bell rang and the old lady found the same little scout on the front doorstep. Said he, "Me bruder says to me, says he, 'You're a bum scout to take money from an old woman for carrying her satchel.' Here's your money, mum, I'm sorry I took it."

LEARNING BY DOING.

Such incidents are typical of the spirit which the boy scout movement seeks to arouse in the boys. Its threefold aim, of strengthening the body, training the mind, and building up the character, is based upon the idea of leading a boy to be thorough, honorable, and alert in his play, and to be thoughtful of others. It shows him how to gain skill in play by learning many useful things. It relies on the psychological fact that the boy, with his irresistible curiosity, turns in fun to inquire into many things that have a practical and educational value. The scout movement leads him on and rewards him for his thorough investigation of any such field. This move-

ment is upsetting and revolutionizing the modern modes of education. It has emphatically proved that our boys can and will *voluntarily learn how to do things* that a decade ago few would have thought possible to teach them. Scout Commissioner Sutton told me that when they asked the surgeons to talk to the scouts on the first aid to the injured, the medical men laughed at the idea. Yet when they did give talks, the boys proved themselves to be such apt pupils that some of them rival the professional gentlemen themselves in the skill they display.

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A SCOUT.

The scout activities appeal to the boys because they include innumerable things which their heroes of fiction and history have done. In place of trying to force the boys to conform to the artificial ideas and standards of the adults, evolved by adults who lead artificial lives, *we go to the boys themselves*, find out the real things which interest them, the fundamental causes for their activities, the kind of men that make heroes for them, and then we endeavor to show them how they can derive entertainment in natural, boyish ways; how they can emulate the remarkable virtues of such real boy's heroes as the picturesque groups of remarkable persons developed by our frontier, whom we call the buckskin knights—such men as Jonathan Chapman (Appleseed Johnnie), a follower of Emanuel Swedenborg's teachings; the dare-devil Simon Kenton, a devout Methodist; the greatest scout that ever lived, Daniel Boone, of Quaker ancestors, whose whole life was influenced by the precepts of the Friends; the great pathfinder, Marquette, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church; Abraham Lincoln, a product of the frontier; George Washington, the foundation of whose remarkable character was built in the wilderness among the Buckskin men. These are real, genuine heroes, whose virtues our boys may safely copy.

The boys by becoming scouts have an opportunity to learn woodcraft, gain knowledge of birds and trees, learn the secrets of the woods, to swim, paddle a canoe, and do many other things boys love to do. At all times they have over them a scoutmaster, whose credentials have been approved, and who is really their physical, mental, and character trainer. He watches over them and guides them in their play and their various activities, trains them in alertness, self-reliance, and other scout virtues. His aim is to turn out useful, self-reliant, alert, honest citizens.

The idea of scoutcraft appeals strongly to our youth. It is not a religious movement, although all religions indorse it, for we take the middle road and go no farther than the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. It is not a military movement, for militarism is conspicuous by its absence. It is not nature study, for there are hundreds of societies devoted entirely to that subject which are unknown to fame. It is not athletic, for there are thousands of unknown athletic associations. It is not woodcraft. It is

all these things, and more, put in a way that strikes the boys as manly and helpful.

In this work we do not aim to win the boys from any religious associations, or wholesome or healthful organizations. Our object is to supplement and help existing educational agencies, such as the church, school, boys' clubs, Sunday school, Young Men's Catholic Associations, Young Men's Hebrew Associations, Young Men's Christian Associations, and Social Settlement.

"BE PREPARED."

While a boy is having fun engaging in scouting, he must keep in mind the scout motto, vow, and law. These three things indicate clearly the ideals of the organization. The motto is, "Be Prepared." It was originated by Lieutenant-General Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, K. C. B., and adopted by the Boy Scouts of America. It has become international, being used by the scouts of all other nations. The scout "oath" or promise, says: "On my honor I will do my best—1. To do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the scout law; 2. To help other people at all times; 3. To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight."

The scout law has twelve planks, and if a boy obeys them he will be an excellent scout. The points are: 1. A scout is trustworthy. 2. A scout is loyal. 3. A scout is helpful. 4. A scout is friendly. 5. A scout is courteous. 6. A scout is kind. 7. A scout is obedient. 8. A scout is cheerful. 9. A scout is thrifty. 10. A scout is brave. 11. A scout is clean. 12. A scout is reverent.

ORGANIZATION.

Here, then, you have the ideals and activities of the scout movement. If a boy reading about them desires to become a scout, he may write to the Boy Scouts of America for a pamphlet explaining the organization of a patrol. A scout must be at least twelve years old. He is urged to gather seven boys together, there being eight in a patrol; elect a patrol leader, and then get a man twenty-one years old to serve as scoutmaster. Such a man must be interested in boys, and sympathetic, with ability to lead and to command the boys' respect. Once the scoutmaster has obtained his certificate he is ready to have the boys pass the first test to become a tenderfoot.

There are three classes of scouts, namely, tenderfoot, second-class, and first-class. To become a tenderfoot a boy must be at least twelve years old, and must pass simple requirements, such as knowing the scout oath, law, sign, and salute; the composition and history of the American flag; and be able to tie four kinds of knots. He may become a second-class scout after a month's service as a tenderfoot, provided he can track half a mile in twenty-five minutes; run a mile in twelve minutes at scout's pace; give satisfactory evidence of an elementary knowledge of first aid and bandaging, also of signaling by the Semaphore, Morse, or Meyer alphabet. He must be able to use a knife or hatchet, cook in the open, know the

sixteen principal points of the compass, and have earned and deposited at least one dollar in a public bank.

The requirements to become a first-class scout are considerably more arduous. The scout must be equal to a fifty-yard swim and a fourteen-mile hike; have advanced knowledge of first aid and signaling; be able to make and to read correctly road maps; be a good judge of distances, heights, weights; give proof of trained powers of observation in animal and plant life; enlist a tenderfoot he himself has trained, and have earned and deposited in a public bank at least two dollars. After a boy becomes a first-class scout, he is then in line for further proficiency in scouting, through what is known as merit badges. These badges are awarded by a court of honor.

Scouts are formed into patrols composed of eight boys each, and three patrols constitute a troop.

To do good scouting a boy must understand the organization of which he is a part. The Boy Scouts of America is promoted and governed by a group of men called the National Council. This National Council is made up of leading men of the country and it is the council's desire that every American boy shall have the opportunity of becoming a good scout.

The National Council holds one meeting annually, at which it elects the officers and the members of the Executive Board. It copyrights badges and other scout designs, arranges for their scout equipment, issues scout commissioners' and scoutmasters' certificates, and grants charters for local councils.

A local council through its officers—president, vice president, secretary, treasurer, and scout commissioners, its executive committee, court of honor and other committees deals with all the local matters that relate to scouting.

The scout commissioner is the ranking scoutmaster of the local council and presides at all scoutmasters' meetings as well as at all scout field meets. It is also the duty of the local scout commissioner to report to and advise with the chief scout through the executive secretary concerning the scouts in his district. The scout commissioner's certificate is issued from national headquarters upon the recommendation of a local council after this council has been granted a charter.

The power of the National Council is not assumed without authority. In February, 1910, at New York, there was a meeting of the representatives of a large number of societies interested in the work for boys, and at this meeting the National Council, Executive Board and officers were duly elected, and invested with the proper authority to act.

The prominent men represented in this movement represent all shades of political and religious beliefs. There are peace men sitting elbow to elbow with famous war heroes, but whatever their individual faiths may be, all these men are honestly, sincerely, and deeply interested in the welfare of the American boy. They are fully aware of the fact that all boys are naturally democrats,

hence it is that rich or poor, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Gentile, Republican, Democrat, Insurgent, or Socialist, they are all proud to be called scouts.

THE SCOUT TRAINING.

The activities of the boys are as varied as the fancies of the lads. They turn at times to tests of a boy's courage and of his gameness. Formerly, if a scout used a vulgar expression the culprit allowed the other scouts to pour a cup of cold water down his sleeve and smiled while it was being done. This custom was inaugurated by the famous old scout, Captain John Smith, but it is not now practiced by the scouts.

Scouts are encouraged to earn their own money.

We do not pauperize them and sap their growing manhood by furnishing them uniforms or equipment, nor do we require them to possess these things. If they wish them, be they rich or poor, they must earn the money with which to outfit themselves.

VARIOUS THINGS THAT SCOUTS DO.

In the West I have reports of a patrol of scouts which does efficient work as a regular organized hose company in the volunteer fire department. In the various parts of the country, as at Utica, New York, and Louisville, Kentucky, they publish their own newspapers or magazines. They build their own wireless telegraphs and use them; they know the signs of the woods and the road signs; they can even read the signs of the tramps and yeggmen. In Louisville they have an organization of blind scouts.

At the great amateur circus given at Flushing, Long Island, the boy scouts did most efficient work in policing the grounds, helping the workmen, and assisting the managers of this show, and when one considers the fact that there were several hundred of our boys on the grounds at one time and that they kept perfect order you can form an idea of the remarkable influence of the scout training. These boys came from all walks in life; a large contingent being from the tenement district of New York City. They camped on the grounds, and cooked their own meals, and the report of the treasurer of the association shows that they did not cost it one cent.

SCOUTS AT COOPERSTOWN.

It is no wonder that this society of boys should excite great enthusiasm at Cooperstown where every rock and hill is closely associated with Fenimore Cooper, the American apostle of the buckskin scouts, who sang the praises of

"The simple things, the true things,
The silent men who do things."

Most of Cooper's fame comes from his Leather-stockings stories, and his delightful description of the old knights of the long rifles and the long knives. And it is the lives, deeds, and achievements of these empire builders which suggested the use of the word *scout* for our boys. This makes it most appropriate for Cooperstown to

open wide its arms, as it did, to the scouts, and with true pioneer hospitality to issue the invitation to all the Boy Scouts of America.

The boys came and saw and conquered Cooperstown, as they had conquered Colonel Roosevelt, who was the first prominent man to interest himself in them, and is now most appropriately their honorary vice president; President Taft, who is their honorary president; the boy's friend, Judge Lindsey, who declares that the boy scout movement is one of peculiar importance to the whole country; Lyman Beecher Stowe, who says: "The scout is, in a word, to become a man scout in the army of the common good;" Doctor William T. Hornaday, the famous naturalist and protector of our animal and plant life, who has written the scouts a long letter, appealing to them to help him in the great task of conservation.

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

The writer told the boy scouts, back in 1905, when the society was new, that the biggest men of the country would soon be proud to link their names with those of the boy scouts, and the truth of this prophecy can now be seen by looking through lists of officers and directors of the Boy Scouts of America. And best of all, America, in originating the scout idea has given the boys of the world something real, sane, and worthy to make their lives livable.

In Philadelphia a troop of scouts has been formed out of the most troublesome gang of boys in the Quaker City, and a prominent police official recently told the writer that the policemen in that quarter still think that they must be dreaming, for the same boys who were wont to pester and make the lives of the bluecoats miserable, now assist them. Order and quiet prevail where once was noise, mischief, and confusion. A glance at the new Scout's Manual will show how varied and useful are the occupations, aims, and ambitions of the scouts.

Scouting is typically and intensely American. It is safe to say that no full-grown man can appreciate the real meaning to the youth of the United States of the word *scout*, unless that person is in full sympathy with American institutions, traditions, and history, and familiar with the potential power, manly self-respect, personal integrity and personal dignity only to be realized under a republican form of government, the only form of government that has no tendencies to make menials of its citizens.

It is the American spirit of conscious individuality and initiative in the weave and woof of the boy scout idea, which gives to it its vim, life, and vitality. But its popularity among the boys, and primary cause which has made it sweep this country with a rapidity of a forest fire, lies in the name *scout*. The mystic charm, the magic talisman, which caused the President of the United States in 1907 to keep busy statesmen waiting in the cabinet chamber while he carefully read the prospectus of the boy scouts, lies in its name. It was the name which fixed his attention, but it was the object which gained his indorsement. It was the name which caught the attention of the famous English gentleman, Baden-Powell, in 1908. His

experience with boys as messengers during the Boer war had so impressed him with their ability to do things, that he "cribbed" the scout idea, as he himself declares, and determined to devote the rest of his life to developing it in England. To the activity of the boys' organizations which he found in different countries, Baden-Powell added to his organizations others with the aim of developing the boys' mind and character.

The charm, the magic, the fascination is all in the word *scout* and what it means to a boy. No wonder scouts are proud of the title, for even to see the word in print, or hear it pronounced, opens up to their youthful minds a land teeming with picturesqueness, more crammed with real thrilling adventures, more permeated with true chivalry and heroic valor than the combined efforts of the fertile imagination of Sir Walter Scott and the poetic fancy of Lord Tennyson were ever able to paste, hitch, or hang on to the boiler-shop shirts, the stovepipe sleeves, and ironpot hats worn by our comical, hifalutin, savage, medieval ancestors.

In laying particular stress upon the particular fact that the boy scout idea was born in America, of American parentage, I do not wish in the least to detract from the great and very important work done in developing and popularizing the movement by Baden-Powell, to whom the whole world's indebted for his unselfish work and the genius he displayed in organizing the vast army of scouts in England. Neither do I wish in the least to detract from, or minimize the work done by that other loyal and talented recruit, Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, who, with his band of youthful Indians joined our forces in 1910 and is one of the founders of the present national organization, which is an up-to-date amplification and evolution of the original idea, and is indebted to many people and many minds for its present recognized excellence.

The English people are too far removed from their own pioneer ancestors to make natural scouts, but not too far to appreciate them.

The boy scouts have nothing to do with war, and their scoutcraft has no more connection with it than has the hunter's knowledge of woodcraft and the lone trapper's ability to take care of himself under all and any conditions. War with the old scouts was not of their own seeking, but incidental to the life they led. War with the boy scouts is not talked of, prepared for, or considered in their training; the whole aim of the society is to make them clear-eyed, clean-limbed, clear-minded, efficient, manly boys, and ultimately good citizens.—Dan Beard, National Scout Commissioner, in the *American Review of Reviews*.



Elbert A. Smith, Editor, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.
 Estella Wight, Assistant Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Topics of the Times.

AMERICA'S USE OF HABIT FORMING DRUGS.—In the *Review of Reviews* for February, Elbert Francis Baldwin is authority for the statement that America imports and uses 500,000 pounds of opium and its derivatives each year, while 70,000 pounds of the drug would supply every medical requirement. Of cocaine we use 200,000 ounces each year, only 15,000 of which are used for medical purposes. This showing is not flattering to our national pride. In the "land of the free" there are many who are slaves to habit.

THE STRUGGLE FOR CHURCH UNION.—At the general convention of the Episcopal Church, Cincinnati, Ohio, 1910, there was appointed a commission on "faith and orders." The work of this commission is to foster the growing sentiment in favor of church union. This commission has addressed a letter to similar commissions appointed by eighteen Protestant denominations. In this letter they urge the clergy to preach often in favor of church unity; and the clergy and laity to pray for its accomplishment. Most significant of all, perhaps, they advise clergy and laity of each denomination to examine closely the points of doctrine that distinguish them from others to discover if they are vital, and to examine the particular teachings of other denominations for a similar purpose.

We wonder how soon they will give a careful consideration to the doctrines of the Latter Day Saint Church. Such a policy as is here outlined is very acceptable to us. Let the churches examine themselves to see whether or not they are in the faith. The old idea was that they must not give attention to doctrine for such caused division. We always combatted that idea. Now they have reached the conclusion that an examination of doctrine is necessary. Let the good work go on. Church union is desirable only when it is formed on a basis of sound doctrine.

HIGH LIVING AND LABOR QUESTIONS.—President Taft has submitted recommendations to Congress that an international com-

mission be appointed to consider the present high cost of living, with power to invite foreign nations to appoint similar commissions to hold a conference in Washington or elsewhere. He also recommends the appointment of a commission to study conditions of laborers and the relationship existing between labor and capital. These are vexed questions that are world-wide in nature and challenge the intelligence of the race to solve. They can be solved only by the intelligence of the race—plus divine guidance.

DOCTORS REVERSE TREATMENT.—Some years ago a noted English doctor experimented with lithia on *healthy* subjects and concluded from his observations that lithia aided the human system to eliminate uric acid, and so was a valuable medicine to use for rheumatism and kindred diseases. Lithia almost immediately leaped into popular favor. Doctors everywhere prescribed it. Men bought lithia tablets on their own account and took them regularly. More recently Doctor Emil Pfeiffer, a noted German physician, conducted exhaustive experiments with *diseased* subjects and discovered that lithia does not aid the system, in fact hinders it in its effort to eliminate uric acid. So the doctors have ceased to prescribe lithia. It is reported that the sale has fallen off almost entirely, and lithium carbonate has dropped from two dollars per ounce to sixty-five cents.

WATER DRINKING AT MEALS.—Professor P. B. Hawk, of the University of Illinois, has experimented on living subjects and concludes that the habit of drinking water at meals is beneficial. This contradicts the rather commonly accepted idea to the contrary. He holds that fluid taken during the meal aids the digestion, relieves the system of the necessity of secreting a similar amount of fluid, and acts as a valuable stimulant. We wait patiently now for some learned savant to demonstrate beyond a doubt that Professor Hawk is mistaken.

AN EFFORT TO RECONCILE CAPITAL AND LABOR.—In Grand Rapids where not long ago there was a great strike of furniture workers, the manufacturers of furniture have formed themselves into an association known as "The Grand Rapids Furniture Craftsmasters." Their employees have formed the "Grand Rapids Crafts Furniture Craftsmen" association. The latter have in each factory a membership of not less than twenty-five, and each member pays fifty cents into the treasury each month; while each employer pays into the treasury a sum equal to the contributions of all the employees. The accumulated money is to be used for sick benefits, old age pensions, and temporary loans to needy members. The men have gone into the enterprise with enthusiasm. This is somewhat in line with our instruction in recent revelation to organize the men who work in various industries. The Grand Rapids experiment will be watched with interest by students of modern social conditions.

Buzzard's Roost Folks Again.

A CHARACTER SKETCH FROM LIFE, BY "A SISTER."

IT WAS a rainy Sunday morning and I had hardly gotten the dishes washed when a young girl thrust her head in at the door and said: "Pappy says for you 'uns to come down to dinner; he loves to talk r'ligion and he wants to talk r'ligion with John."

She closed the door and splashed back in her bare feet, though I thought it was pretty chilly. We soon followed her down the rocky road, through the black jack "bresh," to a little shabby log house with one window in the log part, and one in the "board" lean-to kitchen. High, rocky hills shut it nearly in; a narrow path strewn with rocks, big and little, winds from a gate in the crazy fence back part way up the bluffy hill, where a wide mouth in the solid rock invites you to enter into its cool depths. A fine little stream of the clearest, sparkling water flows through it and gurgles over the mossy rocks outside. Altogether it makes an ideal spring house and cellar, cool in summer, free from frost in winter; fruit does not sour, potatoes sprout, or cabbages grow, if stored here.

We approached the house, and near us as we enter the side gate stands a dilapidated, little, old log building with an ancient "shake" roof; through the unfilled chinks of the sides we can both see and smell the "backy" with which it is well stored. Two or three dogs bark us a welcome, and the young girl greets us at the door.

Inside the old man makes us welcome by the big fireplace, and the girl sidles out to the little smoky kitchen. While the men talk I look around; the walls have been papered with newspapers, and considering the loose and uneven surface, look pretty well. There are colored magazine covers with funny colored paper frames and colored plates from seed catalogues hung about. On a little stand is a flat, fancy paper basket filled with paper flowers, relic of a "pie supper" not long passed. Two beds, well rounded and covered with sheets, a little organ which none of the family can play, but which plays an important part at the "singin's," some splint bottomed chairs, a couple of modern rocking chairs, and a very old sewing machine complete the furnishings. The new rag carpet is not quite done yet; the little stairway, pinched into one corner and draped about with a sheet, leads to the tiny loft.

Two little boys and a young puppy are enjoying themselves on the flat stones in front of the fire, and the old man, leaning back in his big cushioned chair with a small box of ashes near, which he many times hits with the amber juice and sometimes misses, seems a picture of contentment.

"I knew you 'uns was Christians," he is saying in his slow, peculiar way." A Christian can tell a Christian every time. You 'uns didn't cuss ner take a drink with them mill men [his neighbors said he did both]. You 'alls and the Salt Lake folks ain't the same at all,

be ye?" he asked, looking up sharply through his steel bowed spectacles.

"No, we have nothing to do with them only to fight the doctrine," answered John.

The old man went on to tell all about his "experiences" and belief, and finally asked John what he believed. John explained to him all about the first principles; he stirred uneasily once in awhile, but listened in silence, only turning his head in the direction of the box occasionally in a meditative way.

"Wal, now, that layin-on-o'-hands is all right. I wouldn't near try to fight agin it. The Bible's full of it," he drawled.

But here the girl interrupted. "Pappy, dinner's ready; you 'uns set up."

Dinner over, she "packed" the dirty dishes to the cook table, and sweeping the crumbs from the sheet, which had done duty as a tablecloth, with two or three licks of the broom; she gave the floor four or five licks, and leaving the cat to lick the dishes, scurried up the little stairs to dress for Sunday school in the little loft. The eaves came down to the floor, and a small half window afforded light; but what of that? She was as happy as plenty of others better favored of fortune.

"Wal, now, why couldn't we git a house an' hev a meetin', you and I, Brother Fields? [week days he said John]. I hev held purty good meetin's."

"We could," answered John, "Yes, I'd preach a little for the folks around if they want to listen." But though the old man talked about this several times, for some reason John was never called on to fulfill his promise.

Several weeks later we heard that there was to be a Sunday school organized at the Scratch Eye schoolhouse, so we drove over, not thinking at all of taking any part unless we were urged. It was about ten o'clock, the time appointed, when we drove up, but no one was there except two or three dozen young fellows, some sitting, some standing under the trees watching others jumping and performing various feats; several had bottles in their hip pockets, and one or two were already beginning to reel when they tried to walk.

In a few minutes two or three older people came, and the schoolhouse was well filled when a short, bustling man appeared, and after a glance at us (he had talked with John and found out we were Latter Day Saints; said he had got converted while under a building in the earthquake at San Francisco) called some of them outdoors.

"Are you goin' to let them Mormons come in here and run us out?" he was heard to ask, showing a very bitter spirit and for no cause that we could see. But the rest seemed surprised and coaxed him after a little into the house and a good humor. He refused to shake hands with John, though, and they had never met before.

He went behind the desk, asked some girls to sing a hymn, which after much tittering they did. He then asked an old man to pray,

which he did long and loud with many "ahs" and "Lord helps" interspersed.

The organizing process seemed very haphazard to methodical Latter Day Saints; for boys and girls laughed and talked in a monotone, sometimes louder, and two or three talked at once on the floor, or rather from their seats, nor thought of "addressing the chair," but the "bitter spirit" was pacified when he was elected superintendent.

After their Sunday school, John arose and told him he had seen the directors and would now talk to them awhile if they cared to listen.

Most of the boys filed out again, but the girls stopped their chatter and all was quiet, and the meeting proceeded.

Several Sundays went quietly by and then one morning no superintendent appeared; at last some one said they heard he was sick and the assistant took his place. In a few days we heard he was losing his mind, at least a good old Baptist woman said she thought he was. At all events he came to superintend the Sunday school no more, and one day not long after that John overheard him talking at the sawmill.

"Naw, don't believe the Bible 'tall," he was saying. "Been readin' some books that knock it all in the head. You keep on believin' the Bible and you'll be a Mormon first thing you know; they'd *make* a fool believe their trash, but they can't fool me."

So that was the mystery; he was losing his mind because he doubted the Bible, and he would rather doubt than be a Mormon. So be it. "God will force no man to heaven," or to be a Mormon.

That evening some folks stopped for the girls to go to a little gathering; they were going to play and sing awhile they said. While the girls were getting ready John talked with Nellie Atkins' father who was with her. "Come over to the schoolhouse, Willis, I'm going to talk about salvation after death."

"Wal," he answered, "I don't see how you 'uns kin prove that from the Bible. Ef you kin, we mout as well hev a jolly good time now fer we'll git saved anyhow."

"No, that won't work, Willis, but come over Sunday and I'll tell you all about it." The girls came in then and they got up to go.

"Be sure to come," John called after them as they went down the porch steps.

Sunday came, and with it a good sized congregation, among them three or four preachers. There was old uncle Tim Atkins, squinting at John with his best eye, and old Mr. Doss, a tall, heavy man with a bald head and a suave tongue; old Mr. Wakefield, long and lean faced, but cleanly looking, and last a little old toothless fellow, Daddy Flinn, they call him. Amy said she heard one of the boys say when *he* got as old and simple looking as Daddy Flinn he hoped they'd shoot him. I told her I guessed the world wouldn't lose much if they shot him now, judging from his manners.

That sermon stirred up their complacency considerable. One old man spoke right out in the middle of the sermon and asked John

if he'd tell him who was the founder of his church. He said, "Yes, Joseph Smith." The old man looked around as much as to say, "Brethren, ain't that enough."

After meeting several came up and pitched into John. One handed him one of R. B. Neal's papers and one of Robert Grant's "open letters" and solemnly asked him to read that. John only laughed and told him he didn't go to a man's enemies to find out his character, and that "open letter" man had been one of our members. "Write up to the church records if you want to know about him; you won't peddle his literature if you do." The old fellow looked as if you had given him a good hard crack on the head and sat down in the nearest seat.

"Wal, I mout, and I mout wouldn't," he said to himself.

Another fired his hot shot, told John he believed the Old Testament was all fulfilled when Christ came, and accused John of preaching the law of Moses because he had read some old prophecies.

"Do you believe Jesus has ever come and set his feet on the Mount of Olives, and it has parted and let the people rush in from their enemies?" But Mr. Wakefield was earnestly talking about something else.

"Do you —" John interrupted, "Do you —?" he stepped in front of him; "Do you —?" he insisted.

"Yes," he barked at last and grabbed his hat. "Oh, you fellers are smart, you are, you hev learned your lesson well," he threw back over his shoulders as he went out the door.

Uncle Tim Atkins grinned a little through his tobacco stained teeth and said mildly, "I like you as a man, John, but I don't like your religion."

"It's the religion of Jesus Christ," John answered reverently.

"You 'uns is too conceity; you think you 'alls is all the church there is, and that Joe Smith and Mormon Bible spils the hull thing." Uncle Tim didn't have time to hear any answer, "The old woman woud be worrit" if he "didn't hurry on."

A young man who had tried several times to reach him now grasped his hand. "That's the best sermon I ever heard," he said heartily, "I never could believe if a fellow stole a watermelon and another killed a man they'd both get the same, and its been preached to me all my life."

"Glad you can see the truth when it is shown you; the trouble is they don't preach it as the Bible teaches it, so a just man can believe it."

About every other old man you meet is a "preacher. They got "converted" and had a "call" at some revival years ago and preach round where they can. Two of them came to our little prayer meeting. One, a respectable looking old man, well spoken of by his neighbors and honored by his children, got up and bore a pretty good testimony. He seemed to have had quite a good deal of light,

told of his experiences, etc., but it was plain that he thought himself all right as he was, and did not need that any should point to greater light; he could get it all where he was.

The other old man, not to be outdone, told with trembling voice how he had fought his "call" till a "dear little child" was taken from him, "and" says he, "I have been in the harness ever since."

Some glanced at one another from the corners of their eyes. One woman whispered, "Yes, he was drunk twice last week."

He didn't see or hear this but went on, "I hope you 'uns 'll pray for me and pray for my wicked children." (His son who was present had just been on a grand drunk.) "Wished the old fool 'ud shut up," whispered his daughter behind him.

"I brung them up good; I hev tried to do my best by 'em, but they's breakin' their mother's heart," and he sat down suddenly, apparently overcome by his emotion. The old woman sitting stolidly near him, and turning slyly every now and then to spit towards the door, gave no sign that her heart was breaking over "that worthless Bill who hed got drunk again."

We attended another Sunday school once lately; they call them "Sankies." They said they belonged to the "Church of God," when we asked them. I saw "Holiness to the Lord" over the pulpit, so I guess they're holiness people and "Sankie" is short for sanctified. The little old ramshackle church in the weeds and bushes looks exactly like a barn on the outside, but it is better on the inside, quite clean and neat; but not a vestige of paint or even whitewash have they ever been guilty of using, so its ceiled walls remind one of the inside of a dry goods box. One of the women told me she knew we didn't belong to the church of God.

"You 'uns are too dressy; none of our preachers wears ties; they ain't nec'sary; we believe in bein' plain."

"We do to," I told her, "but that seems a little extreme to me." We loaned her Marvelous Work and a Wonder, and she said it was the rottenest thing she ever read, and "visions wasn't spiritual gifts."

All the women at Sunday school wore sunbonnets (without ruffles) and the men wore their colored everyday shirts.

The seats were set along the sides facing one another; the women on one side, the men on the other. They don't believe in organization. Their leader sat with the rest and studied his quarterly till one of the women asked if it wasn't time to begin.

"Sing something," he answered, and never looked up. So they found a piece, gave out a number and stood up and sung it. He then said, "Let us pray." The prayer was pretty good but every third word was "ah." They had their lesson, sang another song, and straggled out. We talked some as we walked home, but they are sure they have the truth and are not looking for more light.

So the world goes on; as self-satisfied and sure of their ground

are these Buzzard's Roost folks as the most haughty of the earth. Truth will prevail, even against priestcraft and ignorance, but there is *work* for us to do first. Let it be our study, young Saints, how to be most useful instruments in this struggle.



Zion's Religio-Literary Society, General Convention.

April 2 and 3, 1912.

PROGRAM.

Subject to change as may be deemed advisable.

Tuesday, April 2.

9.00 a. m., prayer meeting.

10.15, report of credentials committee, organization, appointment of committees.

11.00, president's report,—discussion, "Program committees and their work."

11.30, report of vice president,—discussion, "Social committees and their work."

2.00 p. m., song and devotional services.

2.15, report of secretary,—discussion, "Records and reports."

2.45, report of treasurer,—discussion, "Relief work."

3.15, rest exercises.

3.30, business—reports of committees, etc.

7.30, song service, special.

8.00, report of home department superintendent,—discussion, "Home department."

8.45, business, constitutional amendments.

Wednesday, April 3.

8.30 a. m., song and devotional service.

9.00, report of librarian,—discussion, "Local library boards."

9.30, report of gospel literature superintendent,—discussion, "Gospel literature work."

10.00, rest exercises.

10.15, business—reports of committees, etc.

2.00 p. m., song and devotional service.

2.15, business—reports of committees, etc.

3.15, rest exercises.

3.30, report of editor of *Quarterly*,—discussion, "Methods of lesson study."

4.00, report of the editor of the *Arena*,—discussion, "Literary" service."

7.30, song service.

8.00, report of normal department superintendent,—discussion, "Normal work as applied to the Religio."

8.30, unfinished business.

General discussion to follow each paper, or talk, on the various topics, as time will permit.



News from Societies.

Detroit, Michigan.—The thought that a brief review of the work of Eastern Michigan would be of interest and benefit to the workers as well as to Religians in other parts, prompts me to write. The progress is good. By the annual report a gain in enrollment of over a hundred showed. This is good, but we can do a great deal better this year. Remember our goal set at last convention, "A membership of seven hundred and fifty." We can reach it if we all become hustlers and not leaners.

For the year of 1911 Bay Port Local led in attendance, with Detroit leading in program, home department, and enrollment. The translation department showed a marked improvement over former years. You should be getting started now for this year's offering; for remember, an early and good start often wins the race.

WM. F. SAGE.

27 LYMAN PLACE.

Eastern Michigan District.—Attention! Ye local presidents and Religians of Eastern Michigan. This is something for our mutual benefit. I discovered in my former term of office that because of conditions I could not be or stay with each local as much or as often as was desirous. So in council with my associates I have divided the locals of the district into four sections, over which the following have charge:

Section No. 1. Detroit, Saint Clair, Port Huron and Bay Port locals under charge of writer.

Section No. 2. Flint and Shabbona locals under Brother J. R. Grice, of Flint, Michigan.

Section No. 3. McGregor, Richmondville, Lange, and Minden City locals under Brother Joseph McBride, of McGregor, Michigan.

Section No. 4. Valley Center and Granger locals under Brother B. H. Huston, of Allenton.

The "district workers," or those who have charge over each section will visit each local at least once in six months and assist and advise all concerning the work by correspondence and otherwise. You should respect them in the positions they hold, and refer all matters concerning your local to them, instead of going straight to district president. Ask them your questions and receive and act on the counsel they give.

The local president should send his report to the "district worker" by the tenth of the month following the close of the quarter, for he has to report to the district president by the twentieth of the month.

While referring to the "district workers" there is one thing we desire to mention. Some of these brethren are making considerable of a sacrifice when they visit your local in leaving their employment, and also the expense of travel, which is usually the smaller of the two. But if you will assist them as much as you can, you will lighten the burden. A word to the wise should suffice.

WM. F. SAGE.

27 LYMAN PLACE.

Saint Louis, Missouri.—The Saint Louis District Religio, in connection with the Sunday school, held a convention the latter part of February which was very much enjoyed by those privileged to attend, but the attendance was not as good as it should have been, owing to the inclemency of the weather. At the business session officers were elected for the ensuing term and delegates appointed for the General Convention. On Sunday Brother S. A. Burgess delivered two good, interesting and instructive discourses on Sunday school and Religio work, and a program of music and talks with open discussions was rendered in the afternoon.

The Saint Louis local has gained one new member since last report. One program, the object of which is worthy of note, was given recently which was called a topsy turvy program. In order to bring out new talent those in the habit of rendering musical numbers were requested to read; those who usually read or recited were given musical numbers, etc. We believe this is not only a good way of bringing out new talent, but developing it as well.

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

Kirtland District.—The Kirtland District Religio Association met in mass convention in the new church home of the Akron Saints Friday a. m., March 8. The meeting was presided over by the district Religio president, John W. Topping. The regular routine business incidental to all conventions was disposed of. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the reading of written reports from the district officers, together with the reports of the Religio delegates to the General Convention. These were very interesting and were a marked improvement over verbal reports. The following were appointed delegates to the General Religio Convention with power in case of division to cast majority and minority report: R. C. Russell, J. A. Becker, M. Ahlstrom, R. Baldwin, J. A. McConaughy, Robert Fuller, F. J. Ebeling, L. L. Burdick, C. Ed Miller, N. L. Booker, O. R. Miller, L. F. P. Curry, Charles Fry, and J. C. Farnfield, Sisters N. L. Booker and O. R. Miller.

C. B. KECK, *District Secretary.*

Logan, Iowa.—There has not been any report from our local sent in for some time, but we believe we can say we are one among the “progressive number” here at Logan. We can not attribute our success to any one or more persons but to all; both officers, teachers, and pupils. Our young people are doing nobly with few exceptions. We have very few unprepared lessons and seldom a failure to respond to our program committee’s call. Our young people (and old as well) are making excellent progress along the literary line. Two or three years ago we found it quite difficult to persuade our members to take active part in our programs; but by assigning each one to some especial part that we felt they could most easily perform without such “grave fears” on their part of a total failure, until now they are beginning to cultivate “confidence” and we can feel to be pretty proud of our school. We do not choose our best talented to always take part in our programs, but more especially do we try to draw those out who seem to have “hidden talents.” As a rule, each quarter we try to use every member of the society on the program. As a district we adopted a “Standard of Excellence” at our conference held at Sioux City last June, which was later published in the AUTUMN LEAVES, and the last two quarters our local has attained to this standard on all points. We find it quite beneficial.

Our membership at last quarterly report was 84; average attendance, 78; home class membership, 79; visitors, 241, with every session opening on time. We have nine classes including a normal class. We also have our school graded and have had two examinations, one at the close of each quarter. While we do not feel the matter of *grading* is what we anticipate for it in the future, we can truly say it has greatly profited us thus far. Trusting the young may see the need of a closer application and study of this great work, I remain,

Your sister,

MRS. WM. R. ADAMS, *Corresponding Secretary.*

Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.—Our local is making steady progress, although we are out here in the middle of the Pacific. The members are blessed with various talents, and with very few exceptions are willing to respond when placed on the program. In our main local we have a Hawaiian president, Japanese vice president, Chinese-Hawaiian secretary, and a German treasurer, and they work together harmoniously.

We also have an organized local at Waikiki, but it is composed chiefly of the children who can not come to the main local. It is pleasing to us how well these little folks take part in the program and how much they know about the Book of Mormon.

We had planned a moonlight lawn social to be held at the Elders’ home at Waikiki on the second of February, but as it had been raining most of the day, had to hold it indoors. There were about sixty-five present, and they all did justice to the ice cream and cake. The Hawaiians surely have a gift of music, so we heard some good singing and instrumental music. The Hawaiian songs are certainly sweet when accompanied by the guitar, violin, and ukulele.

We have fond hopes for the oncoming generation, if they will only remain faithful, as they are being taught while in their youth, and should be able to defend the truth, as they grow older.

We feel grateful to the Lord for his watchcare, and are still striving to move forward and trust in him for future blessings.

MRS. J. B. BARRETT.

Saint Louis District.—The last time I wrote in behalf of the Saint Louis District Zion's Religio-Literary Society in the *Exponent*, the Editor saw fit to head the letter, "Saint Louis District not dead." We may have been slumbering a little, but just as you stated, we are not dead, and for fear others may not have the opportunity of knowing just what we are doing here in the Saint Louis District, and for the purpose of encouraging others to press onward, we take this means of advising the Zion's Religio-Literary Society at large that we are enjoying one of our most successful years in the Religio work, and it seems, to the writer, at least, that the work is just beginning in the Saint Louis District.

During the past year we have organized three very wide-awake and prosperous little societies, and we expect to hear of them very frequently in the near future. The little local at Troy, Illinois, was organized late in the summer; on December 29 we organized the Nebo local, at Nebo, Illinois, and on January 4 the Alton local was organized. I believe that a little statement regarding these wide-awake societies will be of interest, and will serve to show what a splendid interest has been worked up throughout the district by the work of our traveling ministry, as also the local members. Too much can not be said in regard to the work that has been going on throughout the district, and all who have assisted in this work are worthy of mention; but for fear that I may mention some and forget others I shall mention no names.

The little society at Troy was organized on one of the rainiest days we had during the summer, yet we had a splendid attendance, regardless of the fact that all who attended had to wade through mud to get there. At the time this local was organized there was a total membership in the branch of twenty-four people, and all but one of these members joined the Zion's Religio-Literary Society.

From this you will note that the time the local was organized there was a total of twenty-three members presented their name for the charter—this must be a record.

At Nebo, Illinois, a little branch located some six or seven miles out in the country, we organized a society with a total of thirty charter members. This will show the splendid interest that was manifest at this little branch.

At Alton we organized with twelve charter members, and to those who are acquainted with the conditions there will readily appreciate the disadvantages under which those who are doing all they can to push the work are laboring. We organized this local under rather trying circumstances and on a bitter cold night. The

interest was quite manifest, and those who handed in their names to become members certainly deserve great credit. This little local seems very eager to learn, and has started out in the very best of spirit.

We also hope to have at least one more organization to report before conference convenes, in fact, we may have two more; we hope so.

In the last letter we sent in we also mentioned that we believed that if the various officers of the district, as well as the locals, would get in touch with each other by correspondence, or personal visits, that the work could be materially benefited. The ground on which this statement is based is simply this: we are all working together for one end, that of pushing the work to the front, and it is but right to believe that where concerted effort is made along the same lines, that there is far greater chance for success than when we each work along in our own separate way.

It may be that in some of the locals we may be contemplating a move that we feel rather uncertain about, while other locals may have tried the plan we are considering, and by taking time to correspond with the presidents of either the district or local one would be able to gather information that would be of great assistance.

I do not feel at liberty to take space for presenting my ideas to any great length, but I would be very glad to hear from the other districts, and sincerely hope that I may do so, as I feel sure that we can do a splendid work in this way.

What we have done in the Saint Louis District for the Zion's Religio Literary Society is a sample of the good work that is being done in all the other departments of the work.

The traveling missionaries deserve great commendation for the splendid efforts they have put forth, and to them, to a great extent, belongs the credit of the work we have done. It is not my desire to take credit from the local workers, and do not wish to infer that they have not done their part, for they have worked equally as hard as the traveling missionary, and the work they have done will stand, we hope, as a living witness of the efforts put forth in behalf of the church.

Continual effort is bound to result in progress, and progress, in turn, will result in lifting us to a higher plane, and will surely fit us for the better life to come.

I sincerely trust that others may see fit to take up the suggestion I have made, that of getting into personal correspondence with the officers of the various districts and locals, for I believe that it will result in much good.

One of the greatest works we have undertaken in the church, at least the writer thinks so, is the translation into the various languages the Book of Mormon. We have subscribed over twenty-five dollars to this work, and in each and every local of the Saint Louis

District this work was discussed and met with favor. Especially do I wish to make mention of the Oak Hill society in this regard. Although they are only a very small society, having only a few members, they took up the work with a vim and sent in a total of seven dollars and thirty cents to apply on this fund. If all the locals had taken hold of the work in the same manner, we would have funds equal to many times the amount asked for by the general society. This simply shows what concentrated effort will do, and earnest desire accompanied by concentrated effort will bring the result wanted.

Hoping that we may progress, even beyond our fondest hopes, in this work, and that the close of the present year may find us more thoroughly founded in the excellent work we are all so much interested in, I desire to remain,

A coworker with you,

A. W. SMITH.

SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI, 918 Bank of Commerce Building.

McKenzie, Alabama.—Although we have been having the severest winter the south has experienced in a number of years, our small band has been kept going at a certain rate. Our membership is now near fifty. While the attendance is not as it should be, there is always the faithful few. I feel sure as spring opens we shall have a larger crowd and perhaps more zeal. The entertainment given at Christmas was all that could be asked. I was not present, (having gone on a visit to my parents,) but all who were present report an enjoyable time. We hope we may be as successful in our own future attempts.

May we all, each and every one strive to do for the Religio and for each other as is required of us by the great Lawgiver, and when we are called to answer for the deeds done in the flesh we will not want the rocks to fall upon and hide us from our Master's face, but walk boldly up and receive that welcome plaudit, "Well done."

MRS. EVIE SELLERS, *Correspondent.*

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Our Religians here in Salt Lake City meet at six o'clock Sunday evenings and are having a very interesting and profitable time, both in the lesson period and program. Our orchestra meet every week for practice and are giving us some very fine selections of late on our programs. The officers and most of the members are young people and are very industrious and busy through the week. Some university and high school students, others filling creditably positions as stenographer, jeweler, surveyor, electrician, clothier, milliner, dressmaker, telegraph operator, and some doing good work as beginners in church and missionary work.

We are indeed hopeful and think we see a bright future and active service in the various departments of the Lord's work for some of these young people, if they continue faithful.

Officers for the coming year are, Brother George Kinghorn, superintendent; Brother William Winkworth, assistant; Brother

Will Kinghorn, secretary; Brother Leonard Hedelius, treasurer; Brother Hyrum Swenson, chorister; Alice Chase, organist; and Brother Keith Rogers, teacher young people's class.

CORRESPONDENT.

Second Kansas City.—Our local is doing fairly well although the attendance might be improved upon, but those attending are earnest workers for the advancement of the society; but to make it successful it is necessary that each individual connected with it will put forth every effort to accomplish the desired end. Our desire is that all will avail themselves of the opportunities and be benefited.

We have quite a number of children attending who seem to take quite an interest, as we now have two junior classes. May we all enter into our work with more determination than ever to accomplish all the good possible, as effort in the line of duty brings its own reward.

ANNA KAPLINGER.



Onward and Upward.

As we walk along life's pathway,
 Trying hard to overcome
 Everything cast in our way
 By the watchful Evil One,
 Oh, how oftentimes we falter,
 Grow discouraged, almost faint!
 And perhaps our lips will utter,
 "Why so hard to live a saint?"

Then our hearts are lifted upward
 To our God in earnest prayer,
 Asking Him to lead us onward,
 Help us ev'ry cross to bear.

Who can tell the joy it brings us?
 Who describe the blessed peace,
 When the Spirit present with us
 Bidding all our fears to cease?
 We are willing then to follow
 Whereso'er His hand may lead;
 Onward, upward, is our motto,
 Help us Lord as we have need.

EMMA V. DAVIS.



"FOR THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH"

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AUTUMN LEAVES

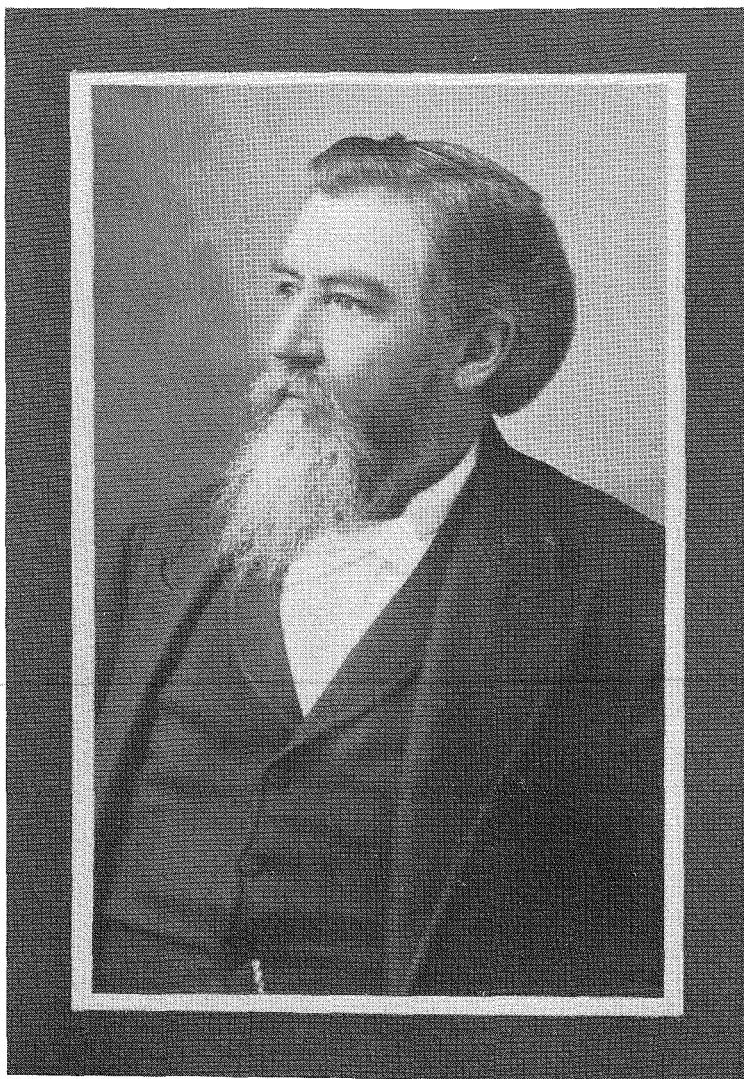
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Patriarch Alexander H. Smith. Frontis- piece	
The Site of Old Far West - - -	200
Ruins of Liberty Jail, Where Joseph Smith was Imprisoned - - - - -	202
The Old Homestead; the House First Oc- cupied by Joseph the Martyr, in Nauvoo	204
The Sea - - - - -	207
"Break, Break, Break . . . Oh Sea - -	210
Coff's Harbor - - - - -	212
The Church at Bullahdelah - - -	213
Invocation, (poem) by Charles E. Crumley	193
Practical Papers, by Fred H. Johnson -	194
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.—Part 1, by Inez Smith - - - - -	199
Four Poems of the Sea - - - - -	207
A Bicycle Tour in Australia, by E. F. Robert- son - - - - -	211
Editor's Corner - - - - -	216
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	219
The Religio's Arena - - - - -	226



Patriarch Alexander H. Smith.

"I venture, not without audacity, to follow the paths he walked in life. They are sacred to me."— See Biography of Alexander H. Smith, p. 199.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

MAY, 1912

Number 5

Invocation.

By Charles E. Crumley.

We love thy church, O God, its sacred walls
Suggest sweet memories; its spirit calls.
Us on to glory and to walk with thee.
Its sacramental cup must ever be
Our cup of life, and love, and liberty.

The ages marching down its foot-worn aisles
Have left a record of their tears and smiles
In the sad, sweet spirit of its air.
Before its altar souls hath laid their care,
And found sweet peace and consolation there.

For the "pillar and the cloud," O God, we wait;
Thy church is pleading still at heaven's gate.
Give us the fullness of the light divine;
Let brighter glory through thy house now shine,
Till every human will is lost in thine.



Practical Papers.

By Fred H. Johnson.

The author of this article, Brother Fred H. Johnson, has spent twenty years in active railroad service and has come in close personal contact with the best known executives. His article will be read with profit.—EDITOR.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO MUST MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men.—Proverbs 20: 29.

IN THE face of the fact that men with all sorts of characteristics are meeting with all sorts of success in their business affairs, it would be foolish for anyone to recite a certain set of personal characteristics and assert that only those possessing them could hope to achieve greatness.

Society has the successful agriculturist.

Society has the successful merchant.

Society has the successful speculator.

Society has the successful preacher.

Society has the successful politician.

Society has the successful prizefighter. (Colored.)

Society has the successful saloonkeeper.

Society has the successful gambler.

Society has the successful burglar,—and a host of others.

Not knowing which of these professions you may favor, I can not intelligently offer a full set of specifications calculated to give you preeminence in your chosen lifework. But this much can be said: that every successful man, no matter what his calling, has numbered among his qualifications energy, assurance, and perseverance.

In addressing the young man who must make his own way in the world, I assume he does not wish to spend his life as a day laborer or as an inferior workman without hope of advancement, but that he intends to become as prosperous as he can by honest methods, and therefore the word *success*, in its popular sense, will probably often be used.

The most successful of the prominent men whose careers, in part, I have been privileged to observe at close range, have impressed me especially by their immense mental force, their capacity and appetite for work, and ability to be "on the job" every minute of the long day. I heard one of them (now president of a great railroad) complain at half past six one evening because there were so few working hours in a day.

A CHANCE FOR YOUNG MEN.

The advancement of some men is remarkably rapid. I know a vice president, in charge of the traffic of nine thousand miles of railroad, who is under thirty-five years of age; and a man still younger, whom I knew as a fellow clerk a few years ago, recently

has been elected president of a railroad across the boundary in the Northwest. These, and other cases, frequently mentioned in current periodicals, indicate that big things are possible of achievement by properly equipped young men.

Not long ago I heard an executive of one of the large packing companies (who, by the way, has since been indicted by a grand jury and is now, in company with a number of his fellows, on the anxious seat in this city) assert that he could not secure enough of the right kind of men for the important positions in his company's organization,—positions paying high salaries.

This is the situation generally, on railroads and with other large concerns. There is a constant demand for men of exceptional ability, men who are not afraid of responsibility; who have the interests of their company at heart at all times; who have an unlimited capacity for hard work and the physical strength to perform it; who can deal, without friction, with men under and over them.

In the building where I am employed there are about thirteen hundred employees of one company. I am acquainted with a great many of them, and, of those I know, about a dozen young men seem to have very bright prospects, but the large majority, young and otherwise, are progressing very slowly or not at all. They go through the same performance every day, year after year, and doubtless become disgusted with the monotony of it. They sometimes complain of the special consideration apparently given to others, and speak of discrimination, partiality, "pull," and the like. Unfortunately there is more or less partiality, and pull is always effective, but the main difficulty is that the complainers have nothing much to sell to their employers. They have not made the best of their early opportunities, hoping to get ahead without going to the trouble of training themselves.

PAYING FOR SUCCESS.

Emil Reich, in an interesting analysis of success in life, remarks, "No one can ever expect to be successful without paying for it, either by immense effort or by serious loss of parts of his human capital."

Men may be sober and honest and painstaking and loyal, but more than that is demanded in exchange for the larger salaries. A laboring man may be willing, honest, and conscientious enough, but if he is physically incapable of performing his work he will not last long. As is physical strength to the laborer, so is mental vigor to the office man, business man, or executive.

Of course there always will be a market for mediocre ability. There is a vast amount of routine work to be performed, and, naturally, those who are not fitted for advancement rarely rise above that class of employment.

EDUCATION SHARPENS THE PENCIL.

There are so many men of limited capacity that the opportunities for well-equipped, energetic men are legion. A well-educated youth—that is, one whose mind is trained to handle problems—with the right amount of confidence and tact, is almost certain to find his way to a place near the top. Education (training) is a wonderful aid. In twenty years of business experience I have had ample opportunity to ascertain this. It is the point on the pencil; the wheels on the cart; the edge on the knife blade; the propeller on the boat.

An unsharpened pencil is every bit as good as a pointed one,—but you can not use it.

If your cart has no wheels you can put skids under it and worry along after a fashion.

If your knife has no edge you can still use it for some purposes,—digging in the dirt perhaps.

If a boat has no propeller it may get along fairly well,—drifting with the current.

None of these omissions is a matter of life or death,—neither is the lack of education. Like the unsharpened pencil, the uneducated man may be as good physically as his more fortunate brother, but in those properties that make a man successful he is deficient.

In this connection let me mention the fact that in the packages of pencils that reach the office, we occasionally find one that is sharpened, ready for use, and it is quickly snapped up, as it represents immediate service without waste of time and effort.

As a broken-wheeled cart can be dragged along the road, if sufficient tractive force be applied, so an uneducated man may make his way through life by sheer strength of will and determination. Many have done so. In other words, what otherwise he might secure easily, he is forced, through lack of training, to fight for, inch by inch.

A ship, without a propeller or sails or rudder, floating in the middle of the Atlantic, is still a ship. That is, it is not a house, or an aeroplane, or a number of other things. A man without education, energy, or confidence, caught in the tide of industry, is still a man. That is, he is not any other sort of an animal.

I do not believe that any young man would decide deliberately to be a derelict, but I do know that very many young men conduct themselves so as to give that impression. It is a lamentable fact that young people, who are so impressionable in most matters, can not be impressed with the importance of preparing themselves for life.

Thoreau said, "In the long run men hit only what they aim at"; but a young man might as well try to bring down a bull-elephant with a blank cartridge as to aim at success in any profession without due preparation.

VALUE OF GOOD HEALTH.

In this preparation he must not forget his health. Good health is of prime importance. We are told by Herbert Spencer that the strong will and untiring activity which result from abundant animal vigor go far to compensate for defects of education. Plenty of exercise is necessary and is usually to be had in one form or another. I believe this is generally understood these days by the younger generation.

As to the most promising lines of employment I can not advise. No two men begin life with exactly the same qualifications. By these natural qualifications the measure of one's success is finally determined. Many of us do not realize this until it is too late to get on the right path.

The country is full of men who began their business careers by taking the first position that offered, without regard to their natural talent. They have not awakened to the fact that they were "misfits" until the time was past when they could begin without sacrifice at the bottom of the ladder in their true vocation.

CHOOSING LIFE'S WORK.

Necessity sometimes forces young people to take the first position that turns up, but the youth who has opportunity to choose should consider the matter deeply and seek the counsel of some man in his neighborhood who is abreast of the times and has the faculty of "sizing up" men, who may be able to suggest the particular department of the world's work in which that young man stands the best chance of making good.

The industrial field to-day is so wide that a chap in his teens can not have a very clear conception of all its parts. How can the young man intelligently choose his work when there may be a great many vocations of whose existence he is altogether ignorant?

The spiritual side of life must not be overlooked. No member of any church can avoid being a representative of his faith. Churches are judged largely by the quality of their membership. If we live careless lives it is better that we be not too zealous in proclaiming the gospel until we are able to show its fruits in our own lives, otherwise the church will suffer in the estimation of the inquirer or observer.

There is no reason why we can not live our religion in the business world. In fact, in the wholesome lives of some of our business associates we may find an incentive to set our own stakes a little deeper. This, however, is a matter of environment, and varies with the line of work one adopts. My experience has been mainly in office work, and, while I have known many men whose spirituality was nil, they have never annoyed me on account of my faith. Those unpleasant remarks that I now recall were passed between members of other denominations.

RELIGION A SAFEGUARD.

I would strongly advise my young brethren to form as strong a Christian character as possible while conditions are favorable. They will find a religious habit of mind of immense advantage when they have left home and are among strangers. I know this to be true. They may not have much opportunity to exercise their religion during working hours, but there are other hours each day when they will find a mind active in right thinking an effectual preventive of a troubled conscience.

All young people are subject to temptations. Temptations among men, like tempests in the forest, beat upon weak and strong alike, and it is the strong and deep-rooted that hold their own. If you start out in the world without the proper stability of character your finish may be confidently foretold. The best way to avoid evil habits is to form opposite habits. We are told that habits are due to pathways through nerve centers. Understanding that after one has performed the same action a number of times a "pathway" is formed and thereafter the action is performed without the direct action of the will, it readily can be realized how important it is that we form the *habit* of doing right things instead of wrong.

"Could the young but realize how soon they will become mere walking bundles of habits, they would give more heed to their conduct while in the plastic state," wrote James, the psychologist; and also, "In most of us, by the age of thirty, the character has set like plaster, and will never soften again."

To avoid undesirable associations, cultivate the society of decent fellows—you can always find such. To avoid being drawn to the theater, saloon, dance hall, etc., become a regular attendant at church services, form connections with a Y. M. C. A., or like organization, and seek such amusement as you can enjoy without injury to your self-respect.

THE THEATER, DANCE HALL, SALOON, ETC.

While speaking of the theater, dance hall, saloon, etc., let me call attention to the fact that there are two ways of looking at these institutions: One is the selfish way, "Will it hurt *me*?" the other is the broader view, "Shall I lend my financial and moral support to an institution that yearly ruins the lives of thousands?"

Men and women of other churches are vigorously fighting the active agencies of evil. We should do all we can to assist in the good work, and not place ourselves in an embarrassing position by participating in evils that members of other denominations are attempting to stamp out.

You may be called "narrow-minded" if you take a determined stand against those habits or practices that you know are dangerous, but remember that selfishness does not indicate breadth of mind. Those who find pleasure in harmful amusements, and for that reason are unwilling to give them up for the benefit of society, can not claim to be broad-minded.

BUILDING CHARACTER VERSUS BUILDING RAT TRAPS AND RAILROADS.

To conclude this somewhat disjointed article, written at odd moments, let me call attention to the important thought that one can be successful in business and yet not successful in life. Life is the larger of the two. Life is really our "business" on earth. We are not here to construct sunshades and skyscrapers, to build railroads and rat traps; our business is to build character—all else is incidental. It does not follow that we should neglect our means of physical support; we should train our minds to attend to that well, and this mental training will be valuable in obtaining spiritual nourishment, in its broad sense, which should have precedence over all else.

The man who gives business due attention and devotes his leisure hours to the study of God's marvelous works—in the heavens, the earth, and the inhabitants of the earth—lives in a world altogether different from that inhabited by the automaton whose mind is completely occupied with one small branch of mineralogy,—the collection of silver and gold.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.



Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 1.

By Inez Smith.

I WONDER if the old-time masters did not feel a sense of their own audacity, when they stood before a blank, white canvas and lifted their hands to try to place there with the strokes of a brush the face and form of some saint of old. I wonder if they never despaired of reproducing the light of a human soul in ochre and carmine, and if their hands ever fell again helpless, when they thought of the magnitude of the task, as mine have so often fallen in despair of ever trying to picture the great soul of a man on lifeless, white pages. Are there words in this language of ours that would make that life ring as clear and true as he lived it? If so, I know I have failed to find them. To you who knew him, this sketch can have no message, for you can read the story of his life better as he wrote it himself upon the hearts of those his ministry blessed; for the rest, because I loved him, I venture, not without audacity, to follow in story the paths he walked in life. They are sacred to me.

"For a boy's will is the word's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

In the northwestern part of the State of Missouri is a tiny farming community by the name of Far West. The ripe, rich tints of the cornfields, and the soft greens and browns of the pasture land surround the place on all sides; a beautiful place to one who loves the

beauty of our Middle West farming country, but the casual visitor never guesses, unless some loquacious settler of other days comes to his aid, that those quiet, prosperity-clad hills ever looked on more stirring scenes than the harvesting of corn and the making of hay. But the town of Far West has no meager, colorless history.

Once a city stood there—a city built in a day as history goes, built by the magic alchemy of the twin powers of love and religion. And the sternest force that ever built a city was there, the necessity for a home and a shelter, and the desire that is in the heart of every true man to protect his home and hearth. It was that



THE SITE OF OLD FAR WEST.

“On the June after their arrival in Far West, on the second day of the month, another child was welcomed to the little home on the hillside—they called him Alexander.”

desire in the hearts of the men of Far West, that made them build their cabins close together on the streets of that little city of hope. There was danger for these men to meet, that brought them close together in spirit and in truth, and we know they met it bravely. But the security they dreamed of failed, their hopes once more were disappointed, and the hills that tell no tales in the soft sunlight to-day, ran red with human blood. The “Mormons” left Far West, as they had left Kirtland and were to leave Nauvoo, to the strange, silent dust and obliteration that seemed to curse the cities they left in their wake. Kind nature covered the bitter memories and prejudices with the softening years as fast as she covered the desolate little city with grass and weeds, and to-day we feel none of the

bitterness of the past as we go back and think over the deeds our fathers did.

Somewhere over there on the hillside in the town that flourished there in the year 1838 might have been found the humble home of Joseph and Emma Smith. They had come from far-away Ohio in the spring of that year. A long, cold, perilous journey in those days, and many miles of it were made on foot, but there was home and hope at the end of the trip, and that was something to cheer that wonderful wife and mother through the cold and sleet and snow of that spring and winter. There was the comfort of seeing her husband and being with him again, and the present delight of the children's company, the little, adopted daughter, Julia, and her two brown-eyed lads, Joseph and Frederick; Joseph a solemn, dignified little fellow, very like his mother, and Frederick sunny-haired and laughter-loving. Those children were the hope and pride of that little family; in them ran the blood of Revolutionary heroes, and of stern, duty-loving ancestors of Puritan days, and they were being taught to do right and fear no man. It was good to be fearless in those days.

On the June after their arrival in Far West, on the second day of the month, another child was welcomed to the little home on the hillside—a boy child—with blue eyes like the merry blue ones of his father. And could heaven have given that young mother a more precious gift than this happy-hearted boy with his father's eyes, and his father's hair, and even his father's cheery laugh and big heart to comfort her in the years that were coming? They called him Alexander, and although family tradition leaves us no record, we are presumptuous enough to wonder if the name could have been borrowed from the dauntless young soldier lawyer whose generous heart refused to see wrong and injustice done to even the despised Mormons. I wonder if the father's gratitude did not lead him to call his babe Alexander as a tribute to Major-General Alexander W. Doniphan. But however he got his name the baby laughed and grew, and did not know that laughter and sunshine were stranger things to the women-folk of the little city of Far West, for a storm was raging in that little city, that filled the whole place with breathless, white-faced terror for weeks and months. In the Smith home, Emma Smith went about the household tasks praying for strength for herself and him she loved; there were days when she thought he was dead, and days when she knew he was living and suffering, there were happy moments in between the darkness when she read the letters he wrote and managed to send her. They told of chains and humiliation, of danger and suffering, but they told too of a dauntless faith and a love that would last always for her and hers.

“Tell little Joseph he must be a good boy. Father loves him with a perfect love; he is the eldest—must not hurt those that are smaller than he, but care for them. Tell little Frederick father loves him with all his heart; he is a lovely boy. Julia is a lovely little girl, I love her also. She is a promising child; tell her father wants her to remember him and be a good girl. Tell all the rest

that I think of them and pray for them all. Brother Babbitt is waiting to carry our letters for us. Colonel Price is inspecting them, therefore my time is short. Little Alexander is on my mind constantly."

Sometimes she even visited him in prison; but at last, driven by those cruel extermination orders, she made her way alone to the shores of the great Mississippi. Was her husband dead? Or was



RUINS OF LIBERTY JAIL, WHERE JOSEPH SMITH WAS IMPRISONED.

His letters "told of chains and humiliation, of danger and suffering, but they told too of a dauntless faith and a love that would last always for her and hers."

he still alive and suffering she knew not what? She did not know and could not know. It was almost torture then for the wife's heart to look in the laughing blue eyes of her babe, that made her recall the image of the father that she feared little Alexander might never know.

It was winter time, and the big river was frozen over. Emma Smith gathered her two youngest babies in her arms and crossed on the ice, with the other two children hanging to her skirts. There proved to be shelter at the end of that awful journey, warmth, peace, and friends, and finally after days of suspense the friendship and protection of the man she loved, and for whom she was enduring all these things.

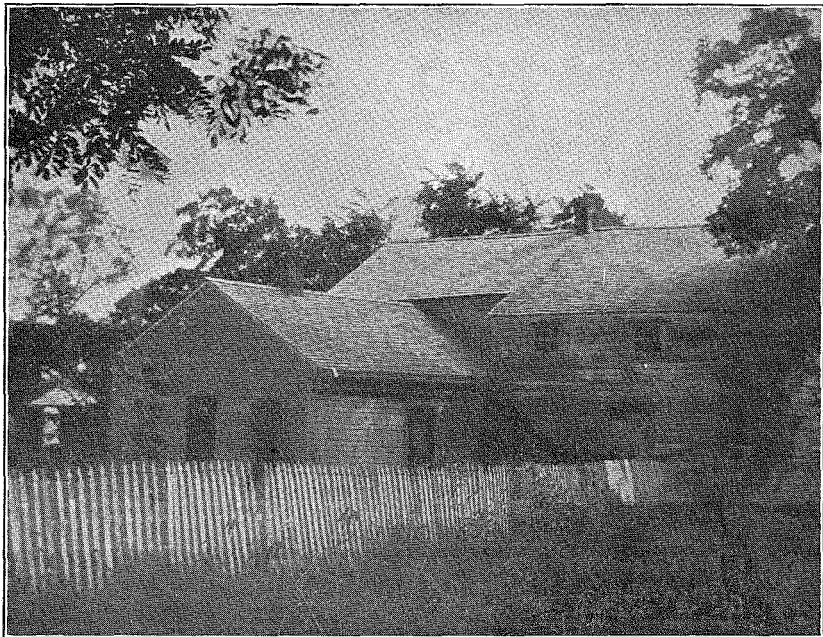
Such happy days followed. Little Alexander's first birthday was

celebrated in a log cabin near the site of Commerce, the place where "Mormon" magic was to bid a new town spring up and flourish, and where at the call of another spirit, a city was to be left to dust and desolation. But back there in the log cabin home of Joseph Smith, a young mother mingled happy dreams of her boy's future with dreams and plans for the beautiful city to be. For the heart and tongue of every Latter Day Saint was filled with plans and planning for that city, and soon every head and hand would be busy. And they did build the city and called it "Nauvoo."

It was in this city that Alexander was destined to spend his boyhood and youth. First there were the days full of glitter and pageantry, the uniformed soldiers and the glittering temple on the hill, there was company of all kinds, old men and young, the scholarly and the ignorant. These were the days of Nauvoo's great glory; the days when she was dominated by the martial spirit, and that was a spirit that ever appealed to little Alexander. Everyone petted and made much of the little, blue-eyed boy who had so much interest in the soldiers and guns. But then came days of vague, frightening terror. One afternoon in June, a sadness fell on the Mansion Place, whence they had moved from the Old Homestead. It was the 27th of June, in 1844, and Alexander was just past six. Out of the terrible, silent excitement of that afternoon, a child's mind could gather little, but he knew that a great tragedy had come into his mother's life, and that of himself and his brothers and sister. He saw the bleeding body of the kind-hearted, generous father carried in; he saw the multitudes of mourning friends, and the whole scene left an incomprehensible shadow on his baby heart. The mother, always brave and uncomplaining, grew silent and sad; and the terrible traces of that awful day in June never quite left her face. She moved away from the mansion, for a little while, but soon came back to it. One by one all the people who had loved and petted little Alexander left, and the city filled with strange, rough people. The glitter of the swords and the soldiers were gone. The inn that Emma Smith kept was still filled with company, but it was of a different kind.

Alexander was a sturdy little fellow. He accepted this change in affairs without question. So far his life had been filled with strange and unaccountable happenings. He had learned to accept them all. At school perhaps he was something of a curiosity. He was "Joe Smith's" son, the son of the "Mormon prophet," and the people in Nauvoo had nothing good to say about the "Mormons." But although little Alexander's ancestry may have invoked comment on the side, it was rarely, indeed, that it caused him serious trouble with his schoolmates, for he was a very real boy, with very real ways of fighting his own way in his prejudiced schoolboy world. Though contempt and taunts might bring a sting to his sensitive heart, and even tears to his merry blue eyes, still the Nauvoo schoolboy contingency cared little about reckoning with "Alec Smith." He did not love his books, and we can not say he always stood at the head of his class. For how can a mind busy with the great miracle of the turning, twisting bends of the river, bother itself

with fractions and multiplication tables? What does the discovery of America amount to, when a boy can discover the nests of the wild birds, and the haunts of every creature that peoples the woods? How could the secondhand adventures of Lasalle and Marquette be half as interesting as the ones one could have oneself on the self-same river with a raft and a pole? So while little Alec's eyes scanned the spelling book, his mind took long and interesting trips into the great outside world, and brought back wealth that Webster's blue-backed spelling book never could have yielded. Perhaps teacher never quite realized the value of those riches.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD; THE HOUSE FIRST OCCUPIED BY JOSEPH SMITH THE MARTYR, IN NAUVOO.

"In the log cabin home of Joseph Smith the young mother mingled happy dreams of her boy's future with dreams and plans for the beautiful city that was to be. . . . It was in this city that Alexander was destined to spend his boyhood and youth."

But the river-trained mind never lost the spirit of the outdoors, nor did his river-taught hand ever loose its cunning. The spirit that accorded with the great world of nature never could be contained indoors. He always loved the world outside the tiresome one of men and things, and he spent all the time he could "with heart and soul in God's out-of-doors."

One of the friends of his early days never lost a charm for him, that was his jackknife. He was always whittling and whistling.

And his whittling was not always aimless. The training he got when he used to cover the floors of the Mansion with troublesome shavings, stood him in good stead, when in the financial depression of war times, he whittled out a washboard for his bride. Cut out of hard wood, and finished with prim rows of notches, it served the purpose admirably. What comfort and happiness that knife was capable of giving. In later years, as a messenger of the gospel to a then distant land, he crossed the plains in a Brighamite emigrant train. He saw one poor, sick mother grieving because she had to leave her child out there alone on the unmarked prairie, without any mark to show where they had made the little grave. If the grave could only be marked, she would be satisfied, she thought; and the young missionary went to work with the cover of his cracker box and carved out a rude headstone, and put on it the name, age, and date of death of the little one. It was a frail mark, but the mother was comforted, and the young missionary thought the light that came into her face paid him for his trouble.

And the endless procession of jackstraws and tops that this wonderful knife evolved in later years caused as much genuine delight as any modern toyshop does nowadays.

Then there was his gun. And no one knew better how to make that friend serve him than young Alec Smith. Every year Nauvoo held a shooting contest, and the prize "was free for all but Alec Smith and ———"; so the bills read. Alexander had grown more and more to be the image of his father as he grew older. And it is needless to say that this most boyish boy appealed strangely to his mother's heart. She understood when the gun came in ahead of grammar and arithmetic. The reckless, martial spirit of Far West was inborn in this boy. No wonder that with his finger on the trigger, the shot never erred. Such a contrast to the younger brother, who was born the November after his father's death. That brother was peculiarly Alexander's delight, unlike as they were. That awful tragedy had become David's heritage from his mother's crushed and bleeding heart. He was passionately fond of books and pictures; of all things good and beautiful; but he hated the sight of a gun, and could not endure the thought of pain and suffering in any creature.

When Alexander was a young man in the early twenties, his brother was led to unite himself with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ, filling the hearts of those faithful ones who had been waiting for him all these years with great joy. His mother and youngest brother soon followed him, and the story his father had lived and died for became again the treasure of the family. But the message of the story did not reach Alexander at once. He cared nothing for religion, and besides was of an extremely skeptical turn of mind.

During this time, there was one inmate of his mother's home who became more and more interesting to Alexander. She was a tiny slip of a girl, homeless except for the home the Mansion House offered, and had lived with his mother since she was a child of

fourteen. Her name was Elizabeth Kendall. She was a sprightly, black-eyed girl of seventeen now, and a favorite socially. Alexander, who had loved and teased her in a brother's way, began to realize after all that Lizzie was not a sister. Then the world became suddenly full of dreams for them both, and days filled full of happy memories.

There was the stirring campaign of 1860, unparalleled in our country's history. How it stirred the patriotism of the young people at the Mansion! and gave such opportunities for good times too! Elizabeth Kendall was one of the girls who went from Nauvoo to the big celebration at Carthage in honor of Stephen A. Douglas. They were dressed to represent the States, and great consternation was caused in that Whig delegation, by the one Republican girl who threatened to yell "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!" when they were right in the middle of town. She didn't though, and everything went off beautifully, until evening, when they found the hotels crowded, and the tired "States" found they would have to sit up all night, because the Carthage hotel was crowded to the brim. They didn't even have chairs, until a couple of rocking-chairs were somehow obtained by effort of Alexander Smith and another young man, and then there was an oft-renewed struggle of Elizabeth Kendall and another girl to retain undisputed possession of these luxuries. That was an exciting campaign in truth, but about the same time Alexander Smith was managing a quieter, if not less interesting campaign of his own, and the result was infinitely more according to his particular views than the national one had been. And they were married, of course, for the best love stories all end that way, and went to housekeeping on the family farm.

It was war times, and it was hard indeed to get a living. The little wife had many economies to practice, and there was such a lot to learn about housekeeping. The times when flour was very expensive found her trying to learn to make rye bread, and the results of various experiments, caused her a lot of disappointment, and merriment as well. She laughs yet to tell about when Alexander's brother Joseph came to visit her then, and the bread seemed to be in an unusually impervious condition. Finally the little wife said, "Joseph, I wish you'd try to cut this bread, because I can't." Joseph valiantly attacked the loaf, and after a struggle, made everybody laugh by demanding an ax. It seems more laughable to her now than it did then, for now she knows herself to be the complete mistress of the bread-baking art.

The 19th of the next January, in the year 1862, a brown-eyed baby came to make the world happier for them. But the days that followed made them think that perhaps the little Frederick was after all to be left motherless. They carried mother and babe back to the Mansion House, and here Alexander's mother had the task of nursing her back to health and strength. About the same time Alexander's brother Frederick lay sick, near unto death, and that spring, in April, they laid him to rest "in the warm hillside."

And it was there by his brother's graveside that Alexander's

religious life began. He remembered that he was not a religious man; that he had not wanted to be, and he began to question the dark unknown into which that loved brother had drifted. And because he sought wisely, he did not seek in vain. The answer came.

(To be continued.)



Four Poems of the Sea.

(Illustrated by the Editor.)

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.



"As I gaze upon the sea, all the old, romantic legends, all my dreams come back to me."

Sails of silk and ropes of sandal.
Such as gleam in ancient lore;
And the singing of the sailors,
And the answers from the shore!

Most of all, the Spanish ballad
Haunts me oft, and tarries long,
Of the noble Count Arnaldos,
And the sailor's mystic song.

Like the long waves on the seabeach,
 Where the sand as silver shines,
 With a soft, monotonous cadence,
 Flow its unrhymed lines;—

Telling how the Count Arnaldos,
 With his hawk upon his hand,
 Saw a fair and stately galley,
 Steering onward to the land;—

How he heard the ancient helmsman
 Chant a song so wild and clear,
 That the sailing sea-bird slowly
 Poised upon the mast to hear,

Till his soul was full of longing,
 And he cried, with impulse strong,—
 “Helmsman! for the love of heaven,
 Teach me, too, that wondrous song!”

“Wouldst thou,”—so the helmsman answered.
 “Learn the secret of the sea?
 Only those who brave its dangers
 Comprehend its mystery!”

In each sail that skims the horizon,
 In each landward-blowing breeze,
 I behold that stately galley,
 Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
 For the secret of the sea,
 And the heart of the great ocean
 Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

—Longfellow.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
 One little sandpiper and I,
 And fast I gather, bit by bit,
 The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
 The wild waves reach their hands for it,
 The wild wind raves, the tide runs high.
 As up and down the beach we flit,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
 Seud black and swift across the sky;
 Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
 Stands out the white lighthouses high.
 Almost as far as eye can reach,
 I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
 As fast we flit along the beach,—
 One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
 Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
 He starts not at my fitful song,
 Or flash of fluttering drapery,
 He has no thought of any wrong;
 He scans me with a fearless eye.
 Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
 The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
 When the loud storm breaks furiously?
 My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
 To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
 I do not fear for thee, though wroth
 The tempest rushes through the sky;
 For are we not God's children both,
 Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unkneeled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou doest all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake
 They melt into thy yeast of waves which mar
 Alike the Armada's price, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves, play—
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
 Dark heaving; boundless, endless and sublime—
 The image of eternity—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, ocean! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
 I wanton's with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy main—as I do here.

—Lord Byron.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, oh sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 Oh well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!



“Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, oh sea!”

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, oh sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

—Alfred Tennyson.

A Bicycle Tour in Australia.

By E. F. Robertson.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

BY BICYCLE FROM NEW CASTLE TO ARGENTS HILL, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ON THE MORNING of April 11, as the first bright tints of dawn illumine the eastern sky, a light tap sounds on my bedroom door and the cheery voice of Bishop Lewis informs me that it is time to rise. So rubbing the sleep from my eyes I hastily arise and dress, roll up a small bundle of clothing and strap it to the bicycle, eat the tempting breakfast prepared by Sr. Lewis, and just as the sun begins to peep above the horizon, I mount the wheel and start on my journey of two hundred and fifty miles, expecting to attend the district reunion at Bullahdelah en route.

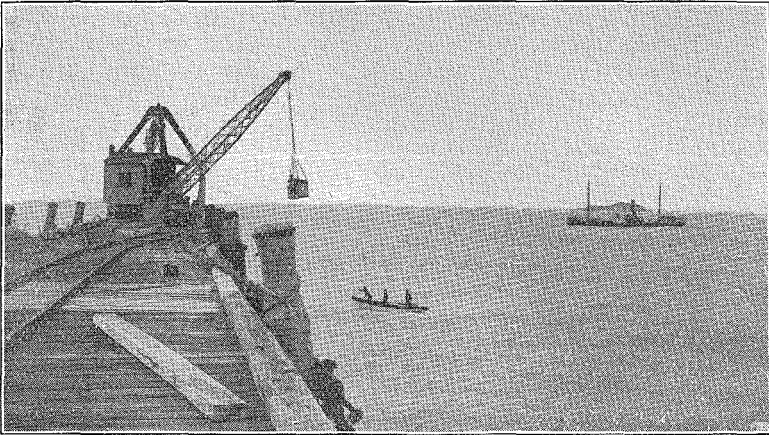
Over the long hill at the outskirts of the city we pass the silent city of the dead, known as Sandgate Cemetery. The white marble stones glisten in the morning sun while the air is fragrant with the scent of flowers growing above the ashes of the departed. Passing on about a mile, we descend a long hill and emerge upon a low, flat plain, the valley of the Hunter River, and one of the richest farming districts in Australia. The road is of rock, made almost as hard and smooth as glass, and we glide along for two or three miles, we pass fields of corn and meadows rich with lucern, rich pasture lands, and a dairy farm where a whole herd of milk cows stand lazily chewing the cud.

In a very short time we arrive at the Hexham punt or ferry, and are borne across the Hunter River. Again getting aboard the wheel, we glide along the smooth, hard road in the direction of Raymond Terrace, a city of some seven or eight thousand inhabitants, which, true to its name, is situated on the terrace or rising ground above the river valley. Arriving at the Terrace, we dismount for a moment to take a backward glance at the country through which we have passed, and it is indeed a beautiful panorama that is spread out before us. A broad valley, verdant fields, farmhouses, villages, lakes, and swamps, and in the midst the broad and placid river bathed in the morning sunlight, making a picture that will long remain in memory's art gallery.

We call at a near-by house for a drink of water, and again are on our way over the plain, sometimes passing nice farms and dairies, and again through avenues of tall eucalyptus trees, over hills and occasionally over a beautiful, clear, little stream. At 11.30 we pause at a well at the entrance of the village of Boral and lave our faces in the cool water which is pumped by the windmill. We quench our thirst and lie down for a few minutes in the shade to rest and get cool, and then ride on half a mile to the accommodation house, where we get a nice dinner and rest a few hours.

At three o'clock we continue our journey, but do not enjoy the

smooth, level roads much farther, for we are soon among the hills, each hill being a little higher than the last, till at length, about eleven or twelve miles from Booral, we have reached the top of the range. From this point backward, the hills slope away in lower and still lower ranges to the valley of the Hunter, while forward there is an abrupt decline to that of the Myall. The scene before us is a beautiful and romantic one: a green valley surrounded on all sides by tall and rugged hills and mountains, with but a narrow outlet where the little river that winds the entire length of the valley finds its way to the broader waters of the lake, and thence through Port Stephens to the sea. Some eight or nine miles distant, on the opposite side of the valley, the Alum Mountain lifts



COFF'S HARBOR.

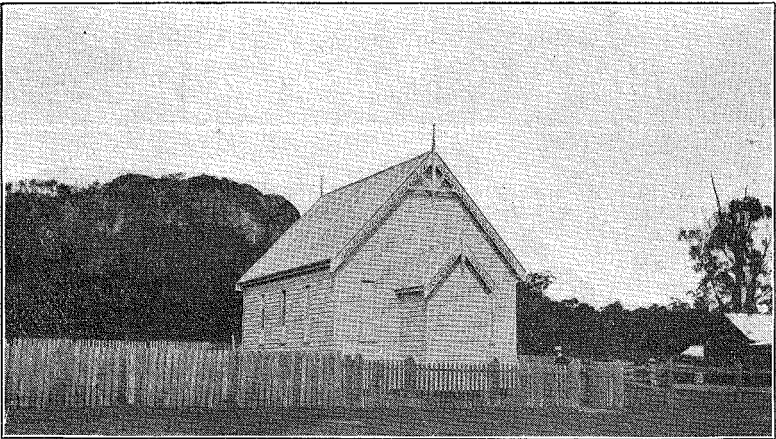
A glimpse of the old Pacific from Australian shores.

its rugged, rocky head high into the clouds, while the little village of Bullahdelah nestles at its foot at a bend of the river. We do not need to urge our steed forward in making the descent, and in a remarkable short time are in Bullahdelah, seeking admittance at the hospitable home of Bro. Jim and Sr. Dollie Maybury, where we receive an enthusiastic welcome.

We had traveled nearly sixty miles that day, and after a bath, a good supper, and a little visit were glad to have the opportunity of a night's rest. Next day the Saints began to arrive for the reunion to begin on Friday, and Thursday a small party of us went mountain climbing. We took a hamper of lunch with us and started early, and after much climbing over rocks and enjoying many delightful little rests in the shade, we arrived at the summit of Alum Mountain at noon. It was surely a grand scene that met our eyes there, for away in the distance to the east lay the placid Pacific, while here and there the smoke from a steamer rose vapor-like above the horizon. Nearer could be seen the entrance to Port Stephens, with its giant headlands, while still nearer

was the Myall Lake and the narrow valley through which the little river wound its course. To the north and south, ranges of high, tree-clad hills and mountains arose giantlike against the sky, while to the west, just beneath us, lay the peaceful little village, and beyond the village a green paddock, the playground where there are the tennis court, cricket ground, and bicycle course; beyond the paddock, the river, and still on, a level valley beyond which looms a range of hills crowned with giant eucalyptus trees.

We ate our dinner upon the rocks and enjoyed the view. From the edge of the topmost rock we could look down for hundreds of feet on an almost perpendicular wall of rock; and about half way down, an avenue had been opened up in the trees and a small railway constructed to convey the alum stone from the quarry to the river wharf.



THE CHURCH AT BULLAHDELAH.

At this place Elder Robertson attended a reunion of the Australians ere renewing his missionary bicycle tour.

The reunion began on good Friday and closed the following Monday evening and a very pleasant and profitable time was had. Friday evening we assembled about a hundred strong on the principal corner of the street just as the moon began to appear above the mountain, and sang a few hymns, and when a goodly number of strangers had gathered around us, Elder W. J. Haworth and the writer explained to them that we were Latter Day Saints who had gathered there from far and near to spend a few days together in the service of the Master; that we loved God, we loved each other, and we loved them; that we loved our religion because we thought it the most beautiful, the most soul-satisfying religion the world knew anything about, let ministers of other religious bodies say "it matters not what church you belong to, or what your belief may be, your church is just as good as mine and your creed as good as mine." We came with God's beautiful truth revealed from

heaven and all were living witnesses that it was divine. It satisfied the young, the middle-aged, and the old. Those who were full of health and had life with all its possibilities before them found in it that which was worthy of their best efforts and noblest aspirations, while those stricken with age and weakness and wandering already in the valley of shadow, found in it that which was an anchor to the soul, a light to the eyes, a never-failing comforter. We tried to point out some of the most beautiful features of our faith, and believe a good impression was made. On Saturday evening, Brn. A. C. Barnore and J. Jones spoke in the same place, some interest being manifested.

The weather proved unfavorable the last two days of the reunion and we could not go onto the street, and even after the majority of the Saints had gone away, the clouds hung about and the frequent showers made me hesitate to start. But on Thursday afternoon, despairing of more favorable weather, I started in the rain. A few miles out of Bullahdelah, I crossed over the range at a place called O'Sullivan's Gap. It was about three miles from the bottom of the hill to the top, the road winding around the mountain side. I walked and pushed the wheel, up! up! up! right into the clouds, and when I reached the top there were clouds all around me, above, and below. On this side of the mountain the descent was very much the same as the ascent had been, a crooked road winding around the side. If one failed to curve when the road did, one might be thrown over a precipice and dashed to pieces on the rocks, or bumped and bruised on the tree trunks. The road was very slippery and wet and the brake refused to work, but I attempted to ride and regulate speed by holding my foot against the front wheel. Once my foot slipped off in rounding a curve and the "bike" leaped over the embankment, and I caught in some bramble bushes on the edge. I looked down! down! but couldn't see the bottom. I sustained a few scratches in extricating myself, but was thankful to be able to pursue my journey at all. I didn't give up riding my "bike" either; no, sir; I rode the rest of the way down that hill, but took care that my foot was firmly planted on the wheel. I got a few more "spills," too, but no dangerous ones.

When I had crossed the mountains, I found the rain did not extend far in the way I was going, and to my great delight when about six miles from Coolongolook I struck dry roads. I made that six miles in record time and pulled in at Bro. and Sr. McGennis's home, a very much mud-bespattered, tired and hungry "parson." It took me half an hour to wash the clay off the bike and the remainder of the evening before the open fire to dry my clothes sufficiently to rub the dirt out of them.

Rising next morning with the dawn, and partaking of a nice breakfast prepared by Sr. McGennis, I was early on the road. Crossing the Wangwauk and Wallamba rivers on stepping stones, and riding up and down hills through a country covered with forests, and seeing nothing of special interest till about eleven o'clock, I reached the top of the last hill overlooking the Manning

River, where a scene of wondrous beauty meets the eye. About five miles distant on the opposite side of the river, is the beautiful little city of Taree. The valley is broad, well cleared, and cultivated. Straight fences, square fields, fine farm residences, waving meadows of lucern or alfalfa, and pasture lands with sleek cattle and horses compose a scene the most like our own Republican River Valley in Nebraska of anything I have yet beheld in this country.

In a remarkably short time the remaining few miles were traveled and I crossed the river on the punt, and was in the city of Taree. Seeking the house of Sr. Scrivener, I enjoyed a good dinner and a few hours' rest and again resumed my journey, following the beautiful rock road down the river through Cudletown to Cooper-nook. I had not long left Taree when two giant peaks loomed up in the distance. They are called the Brothers Mountains, and the home of William McLaughlin is between them in the valley some twenty-four miles from Taree. The road passes round the foot of one of the mountains, and here I came in contact with a mountain shower, the rain pouring down on me and drenching me to the skin, and muddy water being splashed upon me by the wheel until I was in, if possible, a worse plight than I was in the night before. I had to wash the wheel again before putting it away. I had also to borrow some clothes while having my own washed. You know one doesn't carry a very large wardrobe on a bike.

I remained with the McLaughlin family Saturday and Sunday and went with the young folks on a picnic on Saturday. It was held in a paddock about a mile from Bro. McLaughlin's place and a large crowd was in attendance. Races and games were indulged in till milking time, when most of the young men and maidens had to go home. I took part in one of the races, but unfortunately I was not built for speed, though I am a stayer. In fact, I was too much of a stayer, for I stayed too long at the starting point after the word "Go." Still I made a noble effort to start and would have succeeded real well too, only my boots slipped on the soft grass and I found myself rising from the ground when the others were half way to the goal. I preached to the Saints and friends in Bro. McLaughlin's home Sunday evening, and was told I was not too much of a stayer on that occasion, some saying they would have liked the sermon to have lasted longer.

Monday morning, just as the sun began to appear between the two peaks, I started on my way again, making seventy-five miles that day over hills and through beautiful valleys, across rivers and through forests of tall eucalyptus trees till about four o'clock, when I reached the beautiful city of Kempsey, on the banks of the McLeay River, one of the largest rivers in Australia. The next fifteen miles was through rich valley land, and splendid farms and dairies were to be seen on every hand. I put up at a farmhouse that night, a beautiful place with large house and barn situated at the top of the hill overlooking the expansive valley and majestic river. It could almost compare with some of our big Nebraska farm residences.

Next morning, as soon as it was light, I was again hastening

on my way, but had not gone more than five miles when my first breakdown occurred. Going up a hill I broke a pedal off the "bike," but fortunately, when I had walked about half a mile I entered a little village where there was a blacksmith shop. I called the blacksmith out of bed and in the short space of two hours he had that pedal securely in its place again and I was off.

Leaving the village of Barrenganyatti, and its blacksmith shop far behind, I found a succession of hills the remainder of the way to Bowraville, and it was remarkable how long and steep they were to climb, and how short they were to descend. However, I arrived at Bowraville at noon. Hot, dirty, and hungry, and nearly exhausted I went to the hotel and had a wash, a good dinner, and a good rest, and as it was only eight miles to my destination, I remained till the cool of the day, reaching M. J. Ballard's place at sunset, where a royal welcome awaited me.

EDITOR'S CORNER

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The Fourth Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

DRIVING VERSUS LEADING.

WILLIAM BREWER was treasurer of Hopewell Branch, and Warner was a member of the committee on papering and painting the chapel. With these old-time combatants thus brought into juxtaposition, the situation was ripe for trouble, and it was certain that Brother Warner would improve the opportunity. Consequently John Howard was not surprised when, upon entering the church one Wednesday evening he found the two in a heated controversy.

William Brewer sat blinking fiercely through the thick glasses he wore to aid his near-sighted, and usually kindly eyes. The soul of gentleness, honor, and good nature, nevertheless he had a stubborn grain of German in his makeup that asserted itself at times when people imagined they could dictate to him. Warner towered over him, very red of face, and declared: "You have got to give us that money. It isn't yours. It belongs to the branch. You are simply the treasurer—the servant of the branch. When we call for the money it is none of your business whether we need it or not. All you have to do is to pay it. We have got to have the money and *you* have got to give it to us."

"Brudder Varner," retorted the other, "I have had other men already tell me I have *got* to do some things; but I would then not do it and now I will not. If youse asks me decently once, you will get the money."

Hearing this quarrel, so foreign to the place and such an improper prelude to a prayer service, Elder Howard frowned darkly. His first impulse was to angrily upbraid and silence the two, but this quickly passed. He knew by experience that an angry man can not settle quarrels. Moreover, he was acquiring a broad and kindly charity that enabled him to bear and forbear. So he quickly relegated little John, jr., to the care of his mother, and invented an excuse to call Brother Warner to the basement of the church to inspect some new plumbing.

"What is the trouble?" he asked, as he closed the door.

"Why," blustered the indignant Warner, "I am a member of the committee appointed to oversee the papering and painting of the chapel. The work is done and I went to Brother Brewer tonight and told him to dig up twenty dollars, as we needed it to pay the workmen. I told him that we had to have it; that it was branch money and he had nothing to say about its expenditure. But he got on his high horse and refused to let me have it."

Elder Howard looked at the speaker curiously a moment, and then said: "Well, never mind. I am chairman of the committee and I will see Brother Brewer after the meeting and see what can be done."

Under his presidency of the Hopewell Branch, the attendance at the midweek prayer meeting had doubled, and the spiritual tone had improved. But on this occasion the meeting dragged. Brother Brewer sat dejectedly in his place and his usual fervent prayer was not heard. Warner, however, arose and bore his testimony very unctuously. He dwelt upon the necessity of harmony and good will. On these points he had some excellent ideas that he seemed constitutionally unable to put into practice. Alas, we are all to an extent Warners!

At the close of the service, Elder Howard approached William Brewer, and after a little casual conversation said, "By the way, Brother Brewer, we need twenty dollars to pay the workmen who have been engaged here in papering and painting; do you suppose you could let us have it soon?"

"Yes, Brudder Howard," replied the honest German, with tears in his eyes. "Youse can have it. I will see that youse gets it tomorrow. It is, you see, the way Brudder Varner comes at me and what he says that gets my Dutch up. He always says, 'You have *got* to do so and so,' and when peoples say, 'Brudder Brewer, youse have *got* to do so and so,' that is what I will *not* do already. But youse comes at me with a different spirit."

When Elder Howard reported to Warner, the latter declared hotly: "That is the way; people will do anything for you, but they won't do a thing for me."

Elder Howard looked at him amusedly and was about to speak, but he changed his mind and walked away. He knew that he

could not make a man over or overcome the force of lifelong habits. But to himself he soliloquized, "This little incident gives me a new idea, or emphasizes an old one. We can lead people much better than we can drive them. Christ was a leader. Henceforth I shall never attempt to drive the people. I shall endeavor, with God's help, to lead them."

(The next Elder John Howard story, "The Awakening of a Pastor," will appear in the June number of AUTUMN LEAVES.)



A Little Humor Now and Then.

BROTHERS-IN-LAW.—In an English town a gentleman and a countryman approached a cage in the traveling zoo from opposite directions. This cage contained a very fierce looking kangaroo. The countryman gazed at the wild animal for a few minutes with mouth and eyes both open, and then, turning to the gentleman, he asked, "What kind of animal is that?"

"Oh," replied the gentleman, "that is a native of Australia."

The countryman covered his eyes with his hands as he exclaimed in horror, "Well, well! My sister married one of them!"—*Judge.*

TEETH PROVIDED.—It was at a colored camp meeting in a southern town, and a colored evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn yo'," he thundered, "that, in the language of the Scriptures, there will be 'weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.'"

At this point an old colored woman in the back of the tent stood up: "Brother, I have no teeth."

"Sister," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."—*Life.*

PROVING IT.—An earnest preacher in Georgia, who has a custom of telling the Lord all the news in his prayers, recently began a petition for help against the progress of wickedness in his town, with the statement:

"Oh, thou great Jehovah, crime is on the increase. It is becoming more prevalent daily. I can prove it to you by statistics."—*Homiletic Review.*

A MISTAKE IN THE CALL.—Hardheaded and unimpressionable, with common sense his long suit, the successful banker listened with ill-concealed impatience to one of the worst sermons ever delivered. Yet the young man behind the platitudes was personally a worthy enough fellow, and, what was more to the point, a sort of protege of the successful banker's wife. He has been asked to do something for him—and he must!

So he began by asking the preacher how he came to enter his calling, and the reply mentioned a vision,—something too splendidly divine to ignore.

"I was looking westward over my father's farm land, and in the sunset sky two great letters blazed out before me,—'P. C.' Surely I had to obey the call?"

"And what did you understand the letters to mean?"

"Why, 'Preach Christ,' of course."

But the successful banker seemed unconvinced; for he asked, "Why not 'Plant Corn'?"

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church. Organized for Social Service.

Truer Parenthood, Better Children, Happier Homes, Purer Society.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

ADVISORY BOARD.—Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. F. M. Smith, vice president, 630 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. D. J. Krahl, secretary, 724 South Crysler street, Independence, Missouri; Mrs. L. L. Resseguie, Lamoni, Iowa; Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

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The Good of Good Reading.

"O for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in a-doore or out,
With the green trees whispering over-hede,
Or the street-cries all about.

"There I maie reade all at my ease,
Both of the newe and olde,
For a jolly goode booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde."

Oh, books! Who can estimate their value? There is in them untold wealth, if read and studied intelligently and ably, properly. It has been truly said that "men have oft grown old among their books, to die case-hardened in their ignorance."

I knew of a woman who was an omniverous reader, but she read to herself, she thought to herself, she was never known to benefit anyone by the knowledge she gained from the books she read.

Mrs. Wiggs expressed my sentiments when she said: "Somehow I never feel like good things belong to me till I pass them on to somebody else." And George Eliot says: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult to one another?"

A gentleman I knew had a fine library. He was very willing, even anxious, to lend his books. His wife thought that it didn't improve the books any to lend them. He used to say, "A book isn't a book as long as it is on the shelf, closed up and unused. It is only paper and pasteboard and print. A book to be a book ought to be opened and read, and enjoyed, or studied—to be used."

A poet says, "To know rather consists in opening out a way whence the imprisoned splendor may escape, than in effecting entry from without."

I was given, to read, by the assistant librarian at the public library, *The Mission and Missionaries of the Book*, by I. N. Larned, superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library. He speaks of the many missionaries throughout the world's history, who labored for the spiritual good alone, of the world's people, and says that the "modern zeal for education was late and slow in moving feelings to an unselfish depth." "Enthusiasm for learning was among the few," and "there was little thought of pressing the good gift on the multitude who knew not their loss in the lack of it."

He speaks of the educational work of Luther, then of John Amos Comenius, the Moravian a century after Luther; of the work of the Jesuits, and Oratorians; of Pestalozzi, Father Gerard, Froebel, Humboldt, and Horace Mann, and says that the "feeling for education is a supreme good in itself."

At last there came the public school, and later the free public library was added to the free public school. The libraries were opened, the public was invited to enter. But at first no one thought of sending the books out to those who most needed them. People who were interested, those people, only, who had a burning desire for the knowledge and good contained in the books, would seek them out, so the helpfulness of them was still confined to a comparatively small circle. But the missionary spirit began to stir among library custodians, and librarians and library trustees were urged toward "bettering the introduction of books to readers." Then there came the cooperation of libraries and schools, wherein was done a great work for the education of the young. The "missionary teacher," and the "missionary librarian" came together and united their efforts; the one glad to help, the other glad for the help for the young in her charge.

The supplementary reading in the schools is one of the greatest

aids in teaching children to love the best books. Children must be guided in their reading until they come to discriminate between the good and the trash, and a taste rightly cultivated will ere long lead a child to thus rightly discriminate.

Larned says of those who read little, "Truth is, the bookless man does not understand his own loss. He does not know the leanness in which his mind is kept, by want of the food which he rejects. He does not know what starving of imagination and of thought he has inflicted upon himself. He has suffered his interest in the things which make up God's knowable universe, to shrink, until it reaches no farther than his eyes can see, or his ears can hear. The books which he scorns are the telescopes, and reflectors, and reverberators of our intellectual life, holding in themselves a hundred magical powers for the overcoming of space and time, and for giving the range of knowledge which belongs to a really cultivated mind. There is no equal substitute for them. There is nothing else which will so break for us the poor hobble of everyday sights and sounds, and habits, and tasks by which our thinking and feeling is tethered to a little worn round."

"To make everything of books, in the development of men and women, is a greater mistake, perhaps, than to make nothing of them. For life has teachings, and Nature out-of-doors has teachings." But what can we learn alone, compared with him who communes with the kingly and queenly ones in the realm of literature?

What can we learn from Nature, alone, compared with him "who has Dana and Huxley and Tyndall and Gray for his tutors, as he walks abroad, and who, beside the home-rambling which he shares with you, can go bird-watching with John Burroughs up and down the Atlantic States, or even roaming with Thoreau in Maine woods or strolling with Richard Jeffries in English lanes and fields."

I well remember how John Burroughs opened my eyes wider than they had ever been to the beauties of nature, and *what delight I have had* in the study of "nature books" and "bird books."

Do not let one think that I placed the value of books or education in general above the religious education that we desire to advance in. These are merely helps to the better rounding out of the character. The Book of Doctrine and Covenants 85:36, says: "And as all have not faith, seek ye diligently, and teach one another words of wisdom. Yea seek ye out of the *best books* words of wisdom; seek learning even by study, and also by faith."

If it were absolutely impossible for one to spare time for more than the study of the Sunday school and Religio lessons and the reading of the church papers, I would say, Let everything else go. The daily newspapers, especially the more sensational ones, I would rule out almost entirely. They come so far below the standard of good reading we would hold up that I think they ought to be cried down. Their miserable attempts at "humor" in the colored supplements, we can not condemn too loudly. Fun, humor, real humor, is all right, but with mean tricks played on the unsuspecting as a basis, and pictured in such hideous grotesqueness, this comes far below my idea of "fun."

The magazine is good, but the reading of some of them tends to give a taste for the very light short story which destroys taste for the good book.

Granted, that the reading of good books is profitable and enjoyable, let us supply our Sunday school scholar with the best we can.

The public library and the school library have, in a way, taken the place of the Sunday school library, and some might argue against it. It has, in my estimation, still its place among our people.

There are communities where one can not avail himself of the privileges to be had in the cities, and in most of the larger towns and villages, of a good public library. And I am quite convinced that a well-selected Sunday school library will be a great source of enjoyment and profit. And in a district where the funds in each school is limited, I have concluded in my own mind that the united effort of all the schools in buying as great a number of books as possible to be placed together as a circulating or traveling library for the use of the whole district will result in good.

There may be objections to be urged in one way and another, especially the financial part of the question. But "Rome was not built in a day." We must not "despise the day of small things," or the beginning of things.

A district could, in time, have a larger and better library than one school alone could have. The Sunday school and branch united to have a reference library that is valuable, but good books of another character are also needed. The right sort of books must be put into the hands of our children and every effort made to cultivate the taste for the best.

We who are thoughtful are careful about the associates of our children. We should be just as careful that they would have good books as that they should have good associates. The record of the parental and reform schools tell us that the "nickel library, the obscene novel, and the story of successful crime" is more largely responsible for the boys being there than almost anything else. In respectable families, a dangerous class of literature is often found in which "sensationalism is respectably clothed," and sensational continued stories often take the attention and interest of the children to the exclusion of more wholesome reading. There is also much sentimental stuff that is neither helpful nor wholesome, in fact, vitiating, rather.

To prevent a taste for this harmful reading, the right kind of books should be put into the hands of the young at an early age, and who should be more responsible than *we* where the good of the child is concerned?

A most interesting and inspiring book that I read in connection with this subject is *Fingerposts to Children's Reading*, by Walter Taylor Field, with many interesting chapters, and it has in it most enticing lists for school and Sunday school libraries. Just to read the titles of good books is a pleasure. There are old favorites that cause pleasure in the remembrance of the enjoyment on reading

them. There are others whose titles sound so fine that we want to dip in and see what they are like. Few in the lists of really good books will be found unreadable or uninteresting. These lists are made with reference to the age of the children and look as though they would be very full of suggestion. Competent persons have prepared them. Many, I understand, have been deeply disappointed in buying books from an unreliable source, merely by securing the list of books.

History, travel, biography, poetry, art, science, essays, fiction, fables and fairy tales. Doesn't it all sound good? Just like something to eat.

I believe the child *needs* fairy tales, for the satisfaction and pleasure that he enjoys in the reading of them is worth much to him.

We all learn much from the lives of great men and women. We need poetry. Many a poem is an inspiration and a prayer. We *need* poetry in our lives. Many insist on it. Nature books! how interesting they are to lovers of nature. Food for all the different tastes in a collection of fine books.

A librarian suggested adding a book on etiquette, or politeness. For the conventionalities as such we need not care; for anything that will give suggestions as to true politeness we do care. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that "The best of a book is not the thought that it contains, but the thought that it *suggests*, just as the charm of music lies not in the *tone* but in the echoes of our heart."

The kindergarten definition for politeness is always good.

"Politeness is just to do and say, the kindest thing in the kindest way." And, as Emerson says that "life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy."

A most competent committee is needed to select, cull out, and examine books for a library. Each book should be *read and carefully considered* before being chosen.

Good books benefit everyone, and there can be no better work than to supply good reading matter to parents and children in our Sunday schools.

Yes, parents, too. There was one time in my life when I was kept very closely at home with small children. There was that great public library in Chicago, full of all manner of books, but my husband could not take the time to stand in line and wait his turn to get them. The library in the village was just the beginning, there was a subscription to be paid, and the books were not many that I cared for. I never have had time to waste on things *utterly useless*, and surely I expressed my longing to my heavenly Father.

"Every inmost aspiration is God's angel undefiled;
And in every 'Oh, my Father,' slumbers deep a 'Here my child.'"

Afterward a gentleman with whom we were acquainted was made librarian of an express company's library and he often sent me a package of books. One day at Christmas time, when I was selecting some books for the children, I found some volumes of

Emerson and Ruskin so reasonable that I got them for myself, though my object then was to get gifts for others. I can not forget with what keen enjoyment, with what deep feeling I read those books. Also near that time Lubbock's *Use of Life*, a book by Bishop Spaulding, and *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, and Margaret Sangster's *Home Life Made Beautiful*.

I must be pardoned for giving this bit of personal history. May there be those who have longed and not been satisfied?

To put good books into the hands of the young—to put good books into the hearts and minds of those who do not care especially about them now is a good work. To send even a few good books to one who is longing for them and can not get them would certainly be a happy thing to do.

Carlyle says, "Our grand business of life is not to see what lies dimly in the future, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand." If it is wise to do *let us do*, for the children will make better citizens, men will be better men, and women will be better women for the reading of good books.

HORTENSE SELLOON CRAMER.

(Read at the Eastern Colorado Reunion, Denver, Colorado.)



A New Menace to Children.

Second to nothing—excepting, perhaps, the strong drink habit—has been the influence of the theater in enervating and degenerating humanity. True, it is the product of so-called "civilization," but its chief encouragement comes from the devotees of sensuous pleasure, from the wealthy and their would-be imitators, and from the vicious. It has contributed, in every age, to the pulling down of otherwise strong nations, but not until great wealth and extreme poverty on the one hand, and consequent idleness and indolence on the other, called for exciting entertainment of some sort. The morally-debilitating influence of the playhouse is illustrated in the fact that professed Christians, who, ten or twenty years ago, would not have dared to enter the theater—because of the example, if for no other reason—are now finding more enjoyment in the playhouse than in the prayer meeting.

Even the professedly good things that are placed on the stage are, at best, but cheap imitations with deteriorating perversions of truth. The only real thing about the drama is its innate viciousness and sinister influence, in spite of its occasional moral and religious pretense. Gilding gold with cheap bronze must ever have the effect of deceiving the public as to the real value of the gold. Imitations are sometimes alluring to the unwary, but they are always deceptive. And the play, like the dance, is ever an excuse for indulging evil associations and attitudes and lusts that would not be tolerated in the social circles of home life.

So well does the enemy of righteousness know the evil results of the theater—which is a product of his own inspiration—that he is continually scheming to connect it with childhood as well as with

those of mature years. So in giddy Paris, which sets the fashions and the pace for the world, they now have the "children's theater." *La Vie Illustrée* says:

"Up to the present our little ones merely had Guignol and the circus as places of amusement, for the entire attention of theater managers was given to the amusement of adults. In consideration of this fact, M. Lucien Klotz recently leased the Theater del'Amigüe, where he intends to inaugurate a series of plays written for and played by children."

Thus the enemy of truth would imbue the minds of the children with a love for the fictitious, gilded side of life, and with a desire to pervert its God-given powers in the shallow art of producing the unreal. With the murderous child-labor system in factories, and the influence of intemperance on every hand, and now the beginning of a "system" of children's theatricals, the pathway of childhood is quite fully beset with obstacles to moral and physical growth.—Selected.



"George Eliot said: 'I've been a great deal happier since I have given up thinking about what is easy and pleasant, and being discontented because I couldn't have my own will. Our life is determined for us, and it makes the mind very free when we give up wishing and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do.'

"Each day will bring to us something that we can never do so well again; it may be some special task, some kind act, but whatever each day brings to us, no matter how difficult or disagreeable the task, let us do it ungrudgingly and cheerfully. Put your heart into it; do your best; don't shirk and you will find that each day's work will bring you happiness. Start out in the morning with a supply of sympathy to dispense during the day; a sunny smile, "that won't come off," an overflowing fund of enthusiasm and an eagerness to do your work to-day better than you ever did it, and I promise that you will return home in the evening happier than you have been for months. Glad endeavor, sympathy, and cheerfulness are enormous factors in building up a happy and healthy life."



News from California.

Ronald G., homesick son of Elbert A., was discovered by his mother as he stood before a picture, bowed with grief and weeping disconsolately. The picture was a panel of his father's mounting bearing views of the Herald Office, Graceland College and the old people's homes at Lamoni.

For a time his mother could not learn the cause of his trouble, but at length, in answer to her question, "Ronald, what are you crying about?" he burst out with,

"Well, if you'd look at that picture, you'd *know* what I was crying about!"

An expedition to the mountain from the warm southern valley which is their place of abode brought them to a place where the snow was several inches deep. Ronald was delighted, and when they went down he carried some snow back with him. After reaching home one of the family heard him say while earnestly regarding his treasure, "Oh, you *dear snow!*"

The long winter has brought altogether too much snow to many people, but if they have been free from the pangs of homesickness, they have had much to reconcile them to the discomforts caused by the unusual amount of snow.



Elbert A. Smith, Editor, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.
Estella Wight, Assistant Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Topics of the Times.

THE SOLDIERS OF INDUSTRY.—It is said that a procession of all workers killed and injured annually would stretch forty-three and one half miles, with a corpse every twenty yards and one hundred disabled persons between every two corpses. It is a gruesome picture to think about. The soldiers of industry face greater danger than ordinary soldiers as a rule face in time of war. Yet thousands of coal miners in Great Britain face this danger and sell their labor for five dollars per week. No wonder when we consider conditions presented in these statistics that questions concerning the welfare and rights of workers are the dominant vital questions being agitated to-day. These questions involve suitable sanitary conditions for laborers, proper hours of labor, just wages, safeguards to life and limb, steady employment, speedy and sure compensation in case of injury, and old age pensions. Men may differ as to the methods and measures that are calculated to conserve the welfare of the workers of the world; but only those selfishly interested in their debasement or morally and intellectually blind to the questions of the hour will deny or overlook the importance of such conservation.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—When we consider social and industrial reforms we are confronted by the fact that many, perhaps most reformers of to-day are trying to press their reforms forward without the aid of religion, and certainly without an appeal to the regenerative power of the true gospel. How far they can go is a question. On this subject William Jewett Tucker, in *The Church and Modern Society*, says:

“It is a fair and necessary question to ask whether we have not reached the limit in our advance toward public righteousness, without the support of a corresponding advance in personal religion. Why so frequent relapses in moral reform? Why does the evil suppressed at one point find vent so easily at another? Why do ‘we the people’ study so carefully the evasion of the laws which we enact, or neutralize their spirit in the keeping of them? Why does the conscience of the city or of the nation apparently decline in sensitiveness and might with the increase of numbers? These are questions which have no answer short of a moral reckoning with ourselves as individuals, as moral units in the community, or corporation, or State. It is doubtful if the church ever had a more open or acknowledged opportunity for the assertion of moral authority, or for a more direct advance toward its moral objective in the consciences of men. If the church can once again teach men how to repent, the nation will evidently enough reap the fruits of their repentance.”

THE WAGES OF SIN IN CHICAGO.—The report of the Vice Commission of Chicago, a commission appointed by the mayor and city council, shows that the annual profit derived from the white slave business in Chicago alone amounts to sixteen million dollars. Five thousand persons in the city devote their time *exclusively* to the business of organized vice. This state of affairs is probably typical of all other very large cities, and to a lesser extent of smaller cities. The enormous profits of the business and the organized forces back of it show why it is so hard to control or destroy. Not passion alone but money keeps it alive. Law is defied for one reason because it is so profitable to maintain the system. Modern society is willing to pay its girls more for this work than for honorable services to the community. Commenting on this, *Current Literature* says:

“Omitting the factor of rental of property and the keeper’s share, the per capita earning capacity of the average prostitute appears to be \$1,300 per annum. This, as the Commission points out, is five per cent on \$26,000. The average wage paid in a department store is \$6.00 per week of \$300 per year. This is five per cent on \$6,000. In other words, a girl represents as a professional prostitute a capitalized value four times greater than she would represent as a hard working industrial worker. These facts are so monstrous as to render comment superfluous.”

Our Seventeenth Annual Convention.

We have attended a great many of the conventions which have been held by the Zion's Religio-Literary Society in past years, but none of them have we enjoyed more than the one just closed—the Religio Convention of 1912. Many of us who were there will look back upon it as being one of the bright spots in the upbuilding and progress of this work. Not that any great, stirring movement was apparent in the quiet, earnest work, as the convention proceeded with its routine during the two days allotted to it—April 2 and 3—but earnest devotion, untiring zeal, and faithfulness to duty were manifested by the workers who met together there on the morning of the 2d at 9 o'clock for an hour of prayer and testimony. The spirit of peace, and the kindly acknowledgement of the heavenly Father seemed to bless that first meeting, and continued throughout each session, to the close of the last one; and when the hour of adjournment came, we think there were few, if any, in that large assembly of workers who did not feel to lift their hearts in grateful praise for His kindness and blessing upon our work.

Within the walls of the gray stone church at Independence were exchanged the glad greetings of the fellow workers who were gathered together again from far and near after another year's work, while without were the clearest of skies and the warmth and sunshine of welcome spring days.

Perhaps the kindly admonition of our esteemed president, Brother J. A. Gunsolley, given to us in that morning prayer service, over which he presided, had something to do with the convention's success, and perhaps, also we should add, the heeding of that admonition as well, to remember the solemnity of our work, and to be careful not to do that which would grieve the Holy Spirit, as well as to not grieve each other by making personal thrusts. It was noticed that a larger number was in attendance at this meeting than had ever been at the opening session of any Religio convention.

A printed program, outlining the work of each session of the convention, was, in a general way, carried out. The first business session convened at 10.15 o'clock. After the distribution of the credential committee's printed report among the delegates it was adopted; then followed the organization in which the general officers were chosen to preside over the convention, the secretary to be assisted by Sister Louise Giesch.

A NEW FEATURE OF THE CONVENTION.

The Executive Committee then presented a new feature for our consideration in recommending that our convention have a committee on resolutions, a nominating committee, and a committee on appropriations.

A short discussion was held as to the advisability of such a course, some fearing that the rights and liberties of the body might be infringed upon in thus delegating so much to these committees. A vote was then taken on each committee separately, resulting in defeating the recommendation for the nominating

committee, but adopting the recommendation for a committee on resolutions and a committee on appropriations. The Executive Committee was then selected as the committee on appropriations, and the chair was authorized to appoint the committee on resolutions, same to consist of five to be selected from as many different States.

Those who took part in the work of the convention could not fail to recognize how the work of these two committees, the appropriation committee and the committee on resolutions, aided in facilitating and expediting the business, and many felt that this was a long step in the way of progress.

HOW THE RESOLUTIONS COMMITTEE HELPED TO FACILITATE THE BUSINESS OF THE CONVENTION.

Briefly stated, most of the resolutions coming before the convention were immediately referred to this committee for their action and report. The committee would then retire from the room to examine such resolutions. Each resolution was then carefully considered by them. If two or more were upon the same matter, they selected the one which in their judgment was the clearest and most concise, and which they could recommend. A resolution which could be put in better form as to grammatical construction, and its meaning made clearer, was duly examined, the mover of the resolution requested to meet with them, and his consent obtained as to the better wording of the same, thus saving much time, when the resolution came back again before the convention, in trying to get a correct expression of what was desired.

Much aid also in the expediting of business was obtained through the work of the appropriations committee, which made its recommendations as to the appropriations asked for.

President J. A. Gunsolley reported as follows:

"To the Convention, Greetings:

"During the year, as your presiding officer, I have done what I could, but not all that should have been done. The office admits of much or little being done without the facts being apparent to many. My engagement with Graceland College forbids my time being given to other matters. However, my interest in the work of the society and the church was never greater than now, and my desire to be a helper never more fervent. Whatever changes may be made in my specific work for the future, I hope to be able to prove worthy the continued confidence and support of God's people.

"The official correspondence of the office has been conducted through my secretary to the acting president of Graceland, and in return for the time of the stenographer thus used, the typewriter belonging to the society has been placed at the disposal of the college for use in the acting president's office. In this connection I may report that an exchange of machines was made, in connection with an exchange by the college, of old machines for new 1911 models, at a difference of five dollars per machine. I have included this item in my bill of expenses.

"In respect to field work I have done but little. I attended the reunion at Pittsburg, Kansas, and had charge of Sunday school and Religio work, and returning called at Rich Hill, Missouri, reunion, for a day or two. A number of invitations were declined because of my inability to attend because of other duties. In most instances, however, arrangements were made for others to attend to the demands, and all in all from the standpoint of field work the year may be pronounced a success. Others will mention their part in this; but grateful acknowledgment is hereby expressed for the willing service rendered by the ministry, as well as by those who responded to special requests.

"As a whole the year has been one of progress, as I view it. No very striking thing has been accomplished, but there has been a steady move forward, as will be shown by the reports from the various departments.

"A slightly unsettled condition developed in some localities, perhaps, because of the change in lessons; but, generally speaking, it is admitted, I believe, that the change is a good thing. It brought out, however, the question of a junior quarterly, which in my opinion should be provided. This junior quarterly should use as a basis for its lessons biographies of the prominent men and women of the church, with leading events of interest connected with the coming forth and building up of the latter day work. I believe we can not, for purely financial reasons, refuse to provide this additional help longer. It may not pay in dollars and cents, but with careful management it need not cost much. A canvass could be made to determine the size of the issue so as to gauge the price to meet the expense.

"The Social Purity Committee have been busy and their report will be gratifying to the convention, I am sure. It is to be hoped that provision will be made to continue the good work and further develop it, and ultimately bring it in a simple and practical way to the door of every household.

"The things we have been fostering, the various phases of work, should be pushed. Perhaps no new thing should be undertaken, further than to assist in every good work to the extent of our ability, financially and otherwise; but a suggestion has come from one active district president, that strength might come to the work by some sort of exchange of ideas regarding plans, methods, and the like, between districts—a sort of district intercommunication bureau. It would be well, I believe, to consider such a proposition by providing a committee to consider it and report to the body.

"This may not have been a record breaking year, but in one particular it shall be—the length of the president's report. I close by saying that I have continued to enjoy myself in the consciousness of having the confidence and support of the Religians, and have been blessed and sustained by divine grace in my efforts for good. I have regretted being unable to do more. And I earnestly pray that God will continue to direct in the work of educating the young for service in his vineyard and for citizenship in his kingdom.

"LAMONI, IOWA, March 28."

ARE YOU ADVANCING?

Districts and locals everywhere, are you keeping pace with the advancement of the work, or are you lagging? Is *your* district or local in the front ranks, pushing forward its share of the work, or is it lingering behind and thus retarding the progress of the work in general? Read carefully the general secretary's report below and see what your district is doing in comparison with others, then move out with the earnest purpose to accomplish all that is within your power the coming year.

Greeting: As your secretary I beg to report that beside the regular routine work of the office I have acted as field worker for the Religio and Sunday school. Under the direction of President J. A. Gunsolley and Superintendent Daniel Macgregor have visited the following reunions: Port Huron, Michigan; Erie Beach, Canada; Boyne City, Michigan; Moline, Illinois; and Magnolia, Iowa. Upon invitation I have also represented the work before the Detroit, Michigan, and Toronto, Canada, locals. Have done a little institute work in the Independence Stake also.

"The work has been well received and I have been treated well. The reunion committees at every point visited have extended every courtesy, and have given us ample time to present the different departments of the work. The general ministry, in attendance at the several reunions, have not only encouraged our work by their attendance at our sessions, but they have rendered excellent service on our programs. I have found that we have a loyal band of workers who are anxious to render the best service possible, and are willing and anxious to receive instructions. This they made manifest not only in taking part on our programs, but by the questions they asked in and out of our regular sessions.

"The expenses were more than met, which is shown by the itemized statement turned over to the treasurer. Traveling expenses were \$80.80; cash received \$85; surplus \$4.20; which has been turned over to the General Treasurer.

"Besides the above, I have acted as one of the Revising Committee, and Lessons Committee. Also represented the Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service at reunions visited.

"We are pleased this year to be able to state that we have received a report from every district, and that but two of these reports were incomplete; Eastern Colorado and Portland, Oregon. We have one new district, that of Western New York, and can report two new openings, England and Palestine. England has had members in the Home Department but this is the first time a charter has been granted to a local in England.

"In going over the records of the General Association for the six years that I have been secretary, we find that there are three districts that deserve honorable mention inasmuch as in these three districts there has not been an inactive or disorganized local during these years, nor a local that did not report. They are Little Sioux, Iowa; Southern California; and Eastern Colorado districts. Little Sioux ranks first, as they have shown a gain every year, both

in enrollment of locals and home department. In 1906 they had 320 members; in 1912 they show a membership of 669, more than doubling their numbers. During that time they have organized two new locals. Southern California has organized one new local during the six years, and has shown a gain every year but one. In 1906 they reported 120 members, this year 194. Eastern Colorado has shown a gain four out of the six years, two new locals organized, and have increased their membership from 114 to 281,—more than doubling their membership.

“Independence Stake, though not as fortunate in the matter of not having any inactive or disorganized locals during the six years, shows a good healthy growth. In 1906 they reported 12 locals with a membership of 976; in 1912 our records show they have 19 active locals with a membership of 2,087.

“Lamoni Stake in 1906 had 7 locals with a membership of 478. The 1912 report shows 8 locals with a membership of 713.

“Eastern Michigan ranks next to Independence Stake in point of numbers gained during the year, which shows that good work has been done throughout their district.

“Saint Louis District shows the highest number of new locals organized. They are third in rank for numbers gained.

“We call attention next to the 114 loss in Central Oklahoma District. Last year they had 113 members in their home department. This year we have been unable to get any report from that department, which shows what a difference it makes when a good worker takes a rest.

“I want you to notice the new locals in England, Maine, Nebraska, and Palestine. All of these new openings speak well for our traveling ministry. We wish to give credit where credit is due and so mention the names of Elders Stroh, J. A. Koehler, Swen Swenson, S. W. L. Scott, E. Rannie, C. J. Hunt, J. L. Mortimer, John A. Judd of England, and Rees Jenkins of Palestine. Also Mrs. Blanche Andrews, of Lincoln, Nebraska. We extend to them our heartfelt thanks for their good work, as well as to others of our friends and helpers that have been so faithful during the last year.

“Your sister in the good cause,

“MRS. M. A. ETZENHOUSER.”

At 2 o'clock the society convened again and fifteen minutes were devoted to song and devotional service, the secretary's report was read as above given, followed by a discussion on “Records and reports.” During this discussion the secretary made some interesting statements concerning the matter of reporting.

A SURPRISED PRESIDENT.

“I am so surprised,” writes the president of a local to the General Secretary, “that the report from our local has not been sent in long ago! I supposed it had.”

“How can this be?” asked our General Secretary in the convention. “How can the president of a local, who is in a sense the general manager of it, fail to look after this important matter?”

She went on to state that in some cases after writing four or five letters to the secretary of a local and not getting any reply, she had then written to the president to find out why the secretary did not report, to be answered with a letter containing this statement, "I am surprised that our report has not been sent long ago!" The General Secretary wondered how this could be when the president is supposed to have signed the report.

"Does the general manager of a department store," she asked, "not know the condition of the several departments, and does he not require an account of the profit and loss in each department at the end of each week?"

With this thought in view, and the supposition that the president is looking after all parts and departments of the work as he should, is not the statement surprising?

"I am so surprised that our report has not been sent!" It is surely a cause of wonder to all of us. Presidents of locals and districts, are you looking after the interests of your societies as you would your business interests? Do you see to the matter that your secretary sends in the report in proper time and that each department of the work is cared for?

The personal report of the treasurer was given in which he discussed relief work to some extent, and stated that it was one of his duties, in addition to the handling of money, to do what he could for those in need. Others of the workers continuing the discussion, one of them spoke of how much the friendly word and the kindly act meant to others in times of sickness. Another, who had also served on this committee, spoke of the need of *willing* helpers in this direction.

A song or two was sung to rest the assembly, and the following report of the General Treasurer was then read, which report was found by the auditing committee to be correct:

"Balance on hand at last report,	\$1,834.79
Received from Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser,	
Balance on hand as per field worker's report,	\$4.20
Received from Mrs. W. H. Deam,	
Balance on hand as per field worker's report,	.31
Received from Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser,	
General Secretary,	\$62.11
For Translation Fund,	\$407.80
Ensign Publishing House, sale quarterlies,	\$1,313.52
Total receipts,	\$1,787.94
Total on hand and received,	\$3,622.73
Paid by specific appropriations authorized by last	
convention, as follows: A. Kippe,	\$200.00
Social Purity Committee,	100.00
Graceland College,	100.00
General Library Commission,	100.00
Normal Department,	25.00
Good Literature Bureau,	25.00
Total,	550.00

Paid authorized incidental expenses General Society to March 26, 1912,	141.34	
Paid expenses of editing quarterlies,	265.00	
Total,		956.34
Balance,		2,666.39
Balance on hand, March 26, 1912,		
Translation Fund,	560.27	
General Fund,	2,106.12	
Total balance on hand with Bishop Kelley,		\$2,666.39
"J. A. GARDNER, <i>General Secretary.</i> "		

Frederick M. Smith, secretary of the revising committee, reported the following:

"The committee on revision of quarterly lessons has attempted to do its work in the regular way. The work the past year has progressed very smoothly and we have had little difficulty to dispose of the work in any other than the routine way.

"In reporting for the committee it is only fair to the other members to say that the bulk of the committee work has been done by them."

Report of lessons committee:

"*To the Convention:* The lessons committee, at a session held Sunday, March 31, in consideration of the present conditions and future needs as regards our lessons, agreed,

"That it would be for the betterment of the work and especially for the junior element, to provide a distinct series of lessons for that department.

"That such series should be in harmony with the regular series, that is biographies of prominent men and women having to do with the church directly, leading events connected with the origin, growth and development of the church.

"That, such series should be included in the present *Quarterly*, as an appendix, for economical reasons, adding somewhat to the size of present *Quarterly*, but reducing somewhat the size of present lessons.

"We, therefore, recommend that the convention authorize the preparation and publication of a series of Junior Lessons in harmony with the foregoing.

"Lessons Committee: J. A. Gunsolley, Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser, Altha Deam, Fred'k M. Smith, Ralph W. Farrell."

The recommendation of this committee concerning junior lessons was referred to the executive committee, with power to act.

A concert beginning at 7.30 and closing at eight was a pleasing feature of the evening's program, after which business was resumed. Home department work was taken up, and the report of the superintendent of that department was read as follows:

"From the reports received we find the department has furnished material for 8 locals, transferred 82 members to locals, and still we have a membership of 2,404. Gain from last year 466. The gain showing largely among the isolated members rather than the districts.

“Southern Nebraska, an unorganized district, leads in gain, having an enrollment of 130, net gain 105. Clinton District comes second with 48 new members, this being the first report ever received from them for work realized. Sister Jessie Higdon, superintendent.

“Oregon comes third, (unorganized) with 40 new members. The Southern States have received an impetus from some source and have an enrollment of 41, net gain 31 since last year.

“Independence Stake has the largest enrollment. Present number 386, net gain 10.

“Colorado leads in contributions, having \$21.57; Little Sioux second with \$11.94; Northern California, \$9; total contributions, \$137.54.

“Something over two thousand quarterlies are taken for the department.

Fourteen dollars and ninety cents has been reported for the translation fund, but much more has been collected and sent to the local treasurers.

“The work in England is advancing. On March 2, 1912, 130 Saints met and organized a district with 3 locals, but have not received charters for two of them, so can not be recognized as such until they do so and thus report.

“The new report blanks have met with general favor, only two thinking them inadequate.

“Some report that there are not enough funds to carry on the work and they have paid the balance themselves. This is not right. We have provided the envelope system, first for recording the lessons studied, second for contributions to carry on the work, and where rightly used the needs of the department are met. It seems to be difficult to get and keep a good live superintendent because the work is arduous. We have never gained anything but by hard work and the home department is no exception to the rule.

“The majority of the reports are very encouraging nevertheless.

“In the Spring River District there has seemed to be a wave of spirituality sweeping over the church, and they have felt an uplift from it.

“Canada says, ‘The home department is spreading far and wide.’ A surprising interest is felt in the Nauvoo District, and many others give like words of encouragement.

“In interest of the work for the different auxiliaries we attended the institute held at Council Bluffs, given by the Fremont, Northern Nebraska, and Pottawattamie districts. Found great interest and much talent waiting to be used in the Master’s work.

“August 8, by request of Independence Stake auxiliary officers, we gave what help we could at an institute held at Warrensburg. The normal work was revived there and 10 students are taking the course in Hurlbut’s. Six have finished the work and will receive diplomas.

“We also attended the Clinton reunion held at Rich Hill. Held sessions for institute work each afternoon during the time. We

found so many ready and willing to help that the work was made a pleasure. Also at the Stewartsville reunion we were given the afternoons for auxiliary work, and here as elsewhere were earnest, willing workers who helped to make the sessions a success.

"All expenses were fully met.

"Your sister in Christ,

"ALTHA DEAM."

This was followed by an interesting paper by Sister Deam on this department of the work and by discussion.

The question of constitutional amendments was taken up, the resolutions committee reporting that they favored the presentation of the proposed amendment as published in AUTUMN LEAVES, of March, 1912, page 129, same covering sections four and five of article four. These sections as amended read as follows:

"Sec. 4. Withdrawals. Any member who may wish to withdraw from the society shall give one week's notice of his intention to do so; except where he desires to remove and unite with another society or home class, in which case, if in good standing, he shall be given a letter of removal, recommending him to membership in such a society or home class, and a vote may be taken without one week's notice.

"Sec. 5. Dropping. Members who are neglectful of duty, or indifferent to responsibility assumed, should, after being labored with by the lookout committee, lovingly, prayerfully and persistently, and being given not less than one week's and not more than four weeks' notice; or those who have become lost to the society by moving from local or through failure to report, after an absence of three months, be dropped from membership in said local society."

OUR WORK IN HONOLULU.

The condition of our work among Hawaiians, and Chinese, and Japanese in Honolulu is encouraging, the same being reported by our Brother M. A. McConley as follows:

"Inclosed find reports for the past year from Honolulu and Wai-kiki locals. In point of numbers, etc., I fear we have made no improvement, but the individual members are improving, and some of our young people have developed a great deal during the past year, so all taken together I think the Religio here is accomplishing a great deal of good.

"The young people themselves are taking care of the work now as they never have done before, the missionaries or some of the older people always being in charge hitherto. The gospel is to reach all nationalities, and to show you how this is being done I might state that the president of the Honolulu local is a Hawaiian, the vice president a Japanese, and the secretary a Chinese-Hawaiian. They all talk English, being young men with an English education. In addition the president has a good use of Hawaiian, the vice president of Japanese, and the secretary of both Chinese and Hawaiian. I am expecting that these three will be heard from later on.

"We have the worldly attractions to fight here of course as well as they do in the States, so that it keeps the ones that are interested, busy figuring how to get the balance coming, but we have hopes that we will have an interesting as well as profitable year. Just now Elder Waller is in San Francisco visiting his family, so Brother Barrett and myself and our better halves are in charge of the work. And while sometimes we get let down pretty hard, we enjoy the work nevertheless, and with God's help are going to make our time here well spent.

"We are fondly looking forward to the time when we can have a mission house and get the work established more among the Chinese, and when we have a place to do the work, I think it will be but a short time until we have a number of them into the church. We have never done any Religio work among them, but the Sunday school is progressing as is the one also which was started among the Japanese this last year. Some of these days we will have a Japanese Religio, too.

"Sorry we can not attend the conventions, but trust that the Spirit may be present to guide in all that may be done. With best wishes for the success of the Religio in every land and with regards from all the missionary force.

"Sincerely,

"M. A. MCCONLEY."

Second Day of Convention.

The work of the second day of convention began with a men's meeting in basement at eight o'clock at which the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That we recommend to the General Religio Association the appointment of one member to act in conjunction with one member from the General Sunday School Association and one from the General Conference, if approved, to form a working committee to be known as the Social Purity Board, whose work shall be the meeting of the men's problems relating to social work."

At nine o'clock after a half hour's devotional service, business was resumed. Library work was taken up, a report from the Library Board was read and discussion followed as to methods and ways of promoting the work. C. B. Woodstock led the discussion concerning the work of local library boards.

Our space is not sufficient for the reports of the Library Board and Good Literature Committee, both of which are interesting, and the work was well represented.

"THE WORLD IS OUR FIELD."

"Opportunities for service are plenty; the world is our field for operation," was the statement made by our good literature superintendent, Harvey Sandy, who conducted the discussion of this department of the work.

He said further: "Two of the all important questions that present themselves before us at the present time are:

"First, material with which to do our work. What I mean by this is tracts and papers for distribution. In many places they have not the material to distribute. My advice is to you, do the best you can with what you have. One may have only one tract. Distribute that in the place that will do the most good, and see that it is followed up and that good is accomplished. We can accomplish something by getting others to read the church papers. I have faith in God to believe that the way will be opened for us that we may do all that God wants us to do. If we only have one tract, distribute that and the way will open up.

"Second, How shall we distribute our literature?" The superintendent stated that this was a most important matter. He said he had never been in favor of a promiscuous scattering of tracts and papers to the outside world, considering that distribution in this way was a waste of time, money, and energy. One should be careful and prayerful in the work. He said: "I have known of those who have been directed as to where they should distribute their literature, as our ministers are directed what to preach and where to go."

WHAT IS THE GOOD LITERATURE WORK ACCOMPLISHING?

Several testimonies were given as to the results accomplished by this department. We mention one of these.

One of the members stated that one time Brother Clapp distributed a number of tracts in a little town in Oregon. He left the town the same day and never heard of any results from this till fourteen years later when in a testimony meeting an individual arose and gave his testimony and said that the first thing that put him in touch with the gospel work was a tract that had been laid on his doorstep in a little town in Oregon. Brother Clapp afterwards by comparison of time, etc., learned that it must have been one of those tracts that he had distributed so long before.

Does the work pay?

The matter of translating the Book of Mormon into the Spanish, Hebrew, and Bohemian languages was referred to the Executive Committee, First Presidency, Twelve, and Bishopric.

The executive were authorized to appoint a temporary historian for the year.

The following resolution was discussed and adopted:

"Resolved, That as a convention we heartily indorse the action of the Trustees of Graceland College in making the use of tobacco a bar to membership in the school as a student.

"Resolved further, That we believe the same attitude should be taken as touching members of the faculty and Board of Trustees."

At the afternoon session the following officers were elected for the coming year: J. A. Gunsolley, president; T. J. Elliott, vice president; Sister M. A. Etzenhouser, secretary; J. A. Gardner,

treasurer; S. A. Burgess, librarian; Altha Deam, home department superintendent.

Ralph W. Farrell, editor of the *Religio Quarterly*, reported:

"Dear Religians: In submitting this report, I need only to refer you to the *Religio Quarterly*, for a sample of work done. The three numbers that have appeared are the result of deep study, yet hasty writing. The apparently ominous silence which has followed their production has caused me to suspect that few responsive chords have been struck. However, the only logical criticism that has come to me, is concerning the length of the lessons. Innovations are, as a rule, opposed, and the person who supports them should be prepared for either praise or blame—the editor is "at home" to both. In the preparation of the lessons, I have enjoyed the light and peace of God. The revelations have been studied, or prepared, philosophically and analytically—I know of no other method that will so rapidly and completely enlighten us concerning the value and object of the Book of Covenants. In the start of the work I realized the impracticability, if not the impossibility, of teaching the Doctrine and Covenants to the children, for this reason I made no attempt to write for them.

"I have nothing further to say at present."

Editor of Arena, Elbert A. Smith, gave a report, also social purity committee reported, in which they stated that C. B. Woodstock had been made the representative from this society.

As recommended by the committee on appropriations the following sums were set aside for the purposes named: \$300 for general expenses; \$100 for social purity work; \$100 to library board; \$50 for good literature work; \$50 for normal work; also \$200 to Graceland College for library purposes, but should the erection of a suitable library building be provided for, then the amount to be increased to \$500, the same then to be used for the erection of the building. \$500 was appropriated for Chinese missionary purposes in Honolulu, with the provision that the Sunday school and church provide as much more.

A splendid program was given in the evening, following which came the report of the normal superintendent, Sister D. H. Blair, and the "discussion of normal work as applied to the Religio." Sister Blair stated in her report that it would be a great help if we could have a text book of our own on advanced Bible study, also that a condensed volume of church history would be of great advantage to the student.

Committee on normal lessons reported the following resolution which was adopted:

"Resolved, That a company of three be chosen by the body to arrange lessons on Bible normal work to be published in the Religio's Arena, with a view of examination and revision and when so revised be published.

"We recommend that this resolution be referred to the Sunday school for their consideration."

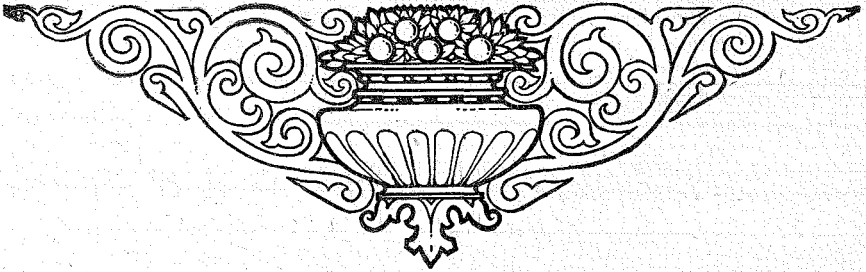
Committee appointed in harmony with this consists of Sister Salyards, J. W. Peterson, and S. A. Burgess.

One hundred dollars was appropriated for the benefit of *Sandhedens Banner*.

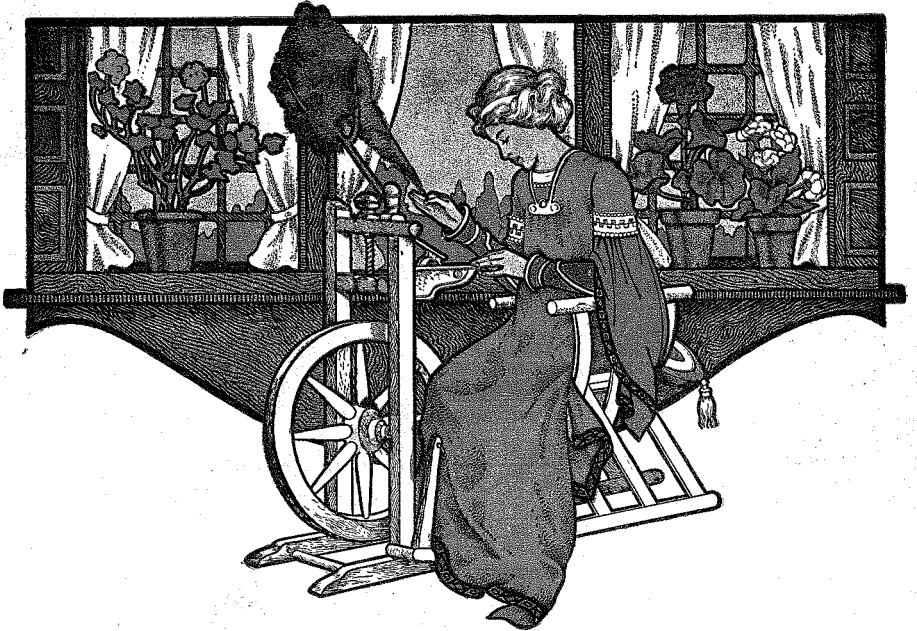
A resolution concerning the raising of five hundred dollars for the translation of the Book of Mormon into some foreign language was referred to the executive committee.

After the reading of the minutes the convention adjourned, closing one of the most pleasant conventions, we believe, in the history of our society.

“The end of the convention is the beginning of effort.”



Autumn Leaves



"GET THY SPINDLE AND THY DISTAFF
READY, AND GOD WILL SEND THEE FLAX."

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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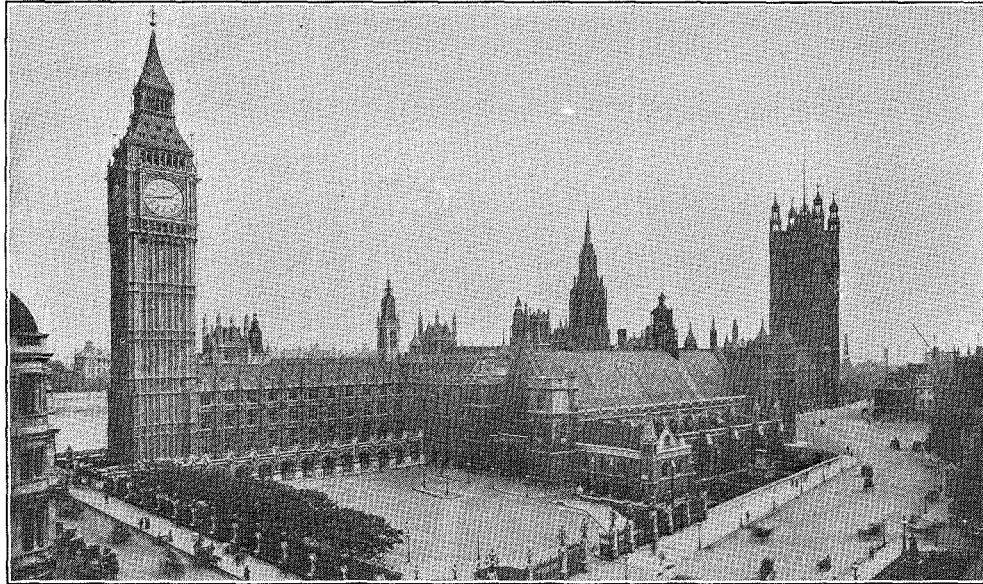
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: Britain's Houses of Parliament.	
Coronation chairs - - - - -	250
The Beautiful Crystal Palace - - - - -	252
Trafalgar Square - - - - -	254
London Bridge - - - - -	256
Brother George and Sister Augusta Horton	261
Practical Papers - - - - -	241
London the Beautiful - - - - -	249
Four Poems of the Times - - - - -	257
Plano to Independence, via Boston - - - - -	260
Editor's Corner - - - - -	265
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	270
The Religio's Arena - - - - -	276



BRITAIN'S HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

“This condition gave rise to the custom at the Parliament buildings, Westminster, of crying out, ‘Who goes home?’ A custom which is still, I believe, kept up by the members of the House of Commons.”—See *London the Beautiful*, page 249.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

JUNE, 1912

Number 6

Practical Papers.

By Madge Siegfried.

Some years ago when the editor was pastor of the church in Burlington, Iowa, one of his most faithful helpers in church work was Sister Madge Craig. Since that time she has had a varied experience and has held to her faith with unwavering zeal. At present she is "first counselor" to Mark H. Siegfried, who is a member of the Independence Stake Bishopric and editor of Zion's Ensign. "She has done what she could" in Sunday school and Religio work in Independence, the largest branch of the church, and has varied this with her experiences in one of the smallest branches, in the old city of Nauvoo, where she, with her husband, Brother Mark H. Siegfried, occupied for a number of years. All of this experience has fitted her to give good advice in her own original way to "the young woman in church work."—EDITOR.

THE YOUNG WOMAN IN CHURCH WORK.

I WAS talking with practical Flo one day recently, and she made a remark which just suited me, and the truth of which I sincerely wish all the girls to realize. We were relating our various and varied experiences when she suddenly exclaimed, "I never *can* separate the big things from the little things; for after all is said and done, the big things seem little and the little things seem big."

Too many of us long to accomplish something grand and notable. But listen! Some *one* of us may finally endow the college or one or more of the various "homes" and thereby become famous for interest in these institutions; or be chosen to fill some important office for church or state and gain a certain amount of notoriety; but—fame or position, even among the few, will not carry us on to perfection and life eternal (it will, and does too often, "spoil" us). Without charity, without the disposition to succor the needy in anywise—we are nothing. No one can perform a grander deed than he who can but give that "cup of water" to the thirsty one.

The realities of life place the lot of the majority of us among the lowly, and require of us humility, even as Christ was humble, temporally and spiritually. There is no alternative but to take Christ at his word; to trust him, to love him, to live for him, and so to seek hour by hour and day by day to be humble and full of love and sympathy for all mankind,—thus developing within us those qualifications which bring the grandest results for time and eternity and make "life worth while."

THE ONE TALENT PERSON.

The Lord never intended us to worry and to covet some other body's personality, gifts, or abilities in any line. We must trust him, and if he placed in our care just that *one* talent, he will bless us in our efforts to make "a big thing" of it. No one else may

especially realize how valuable is our personality, our continuous sacrifices for the benefit of others, or our disappointments and sorrow, so skillfully hidden behind a smiling or cheerful countenance; or how much our gracious welcome and greeting means to the old, to the young, to the sad, or even to the light-hearted. No need to try to detail more of these "talents" that may be centered singly in one or another of our girls. Each knows for herself, better than anyone else could, that she is happiest when *doing her best* under her own special environment. We can not develop that one talent properly, without broadening our sphere of usefulness—only the Lord knows to what or how great ends. Our presence and our example become more and more necessary to the perfection and harmony of life for those around us. Oh, you may not think so—but it *is* so.

BIG THINGS FROM LITTLE.

A young sister once told me of how "perfectly astonished" she was to find what a "big thing" she had accomplished when she had merely meant to drop a word to show her stand on the question of "slang" and idle words. She had spoken strongly against this fault to a group of young people. Months afterwards she met a boy who was quite a bit younger than she, and had occasion to compliment him on his splendid manners and choice of words—which she had been noticing as a great contrast to those of former months. He frankly informed her of the cause of this change, by referring her to the conversation I have mentioned. She had forgotten the incident, but when realizing what a great influence she had exercised so unwittingly; also that now those words, (spoken merely as an act of duty—to leave her testimony for *right* whenever she had an opportunity) had taken root—and their influence would *continue to grow*. She knew that she had a testimony as to how necessary the *little things* are. And I add—what size and great proportions they do assume when real value is considered.

A FALLEN IDOL.

To bring out the same point and yet in sharp contrast, comes the experience of a young girl who fairly idealized a certain young lady friend, because she was sweet and her manners winsome—she "just loved her." One evening she went with her friend to spend a short time with some other young women. The girls brought out a card game for amusement. You wouldn't have thought at first that it resembled the well-known gambling game; but the terms and style of game were almost identical, and although the girl was shocked at first and refused to play, yet she became fascinated through watching and also became familiar with the game. She had a struggle with her conscience. But the idea that her best friend, her ideal of goodness, too, had played the game and thought nothing of it, led her to consider the game all right. So some time after that, and on a *Sunday*, too, as she had to be alone all day she invited a girl of her own age to visit with her. She explained this

wonderful new game to her, and when the visitor expressed horror at playing it on the Sabbath, she said, "Well, I think the game is all right if Sue plays it; and if there is no harm in it one day, there isn't on another." And so they played away.

The next time the girl met her ideal, she exclaimed, "Oh, Ruth and I had a glorious time Sunday. We played that new game you showed me, and we got so interested we just about spent the day at it."

To her chagrin and also the opening of her inexperienced eyes, her ideal exclaimed, "Why May! You haven't a lick of sense!" Suffice it to say, being a sensible girl, she saw something was wrong and the idealism of her ideal was shattered. She had lost her influence for good; in the young girl's heart had begun to grow the seed of doubt instead of trust. To lose the confidence of a friend is a "big thing"; so also is the misuse of time and talents.

WHAT OF YOUR INFLUENCE?

It is hard to draw the line in regard to many pleasures indulged in, so as not to harm another, oneself, or both. I think it is impossible. Even had the ideal just mentioned received no harm herself from the game of cards, and had never been tempted to be so intemperate in her use of the game or her waste of time as to spend all day Sunday or any other day at it, she should have known another might be less able to draw the line, for various reasons, and she should have avoided that *questionable pleasure*, for there are nowadays few who do not know that cards, dancing, theaters, and such are on the questionable list, and that they would not care to be found engrossed in such frivolous use of time should the Savior come suddenly to us. How can any ideal (for the most of us appear in this light to some one) know but what her youthful idealizer will continue to enjoy the *questionable* and finally become dissipated and intemperate, instead of seeing the mistake in time. *One can not know.*

Back in the little home district one of the young men had just graduated from high school, and was baptized the same month (the only young man in the branch). He once made a remark which I must quote, for it showed he possessed the right spirit, although he was a little impolite. (You must remember he was bored.) His home was near a pretty resort of summer cottages, and the girls were constantly at him during vacation months to attend their dances. One day, to a persistent young lady, he uttered his final refusal (needless to say) in the following words:

"Naw——, I'm *decent*."

I can not think of any more important characteristic for us as young women to develop than that we watch our every word and deed—heeding always the "still small voice," for it is always there, if we *care* to heed. There is so much *pleasure* indulged in, in these last days, not essential to *happiness*, which destroys the influence for good of numbers of our young women in church work.

THE ELDER'S WIFE AND THE PICTURE SHOW.

I know a young woman missionary, whose experience with the moving picture show serves to emphasize this fact. She and a friend were lonesome, while their husbands were gone a few days. So they decided to visit a show where beautiful scenery from all over the country was to be the special feature of one evening. They went, convinced that there would be no harm in *that* show surely. Well, to her great surprise, the whole branch soon knew she had been to a five cent theater, and two of her special girl charges attended a show soon after, "because if the elders' wives can go, we can!" And lo! they had spent the whole afternoon seeing pictures of all kinds, first one exhibition and then another, all excitement, and likely the dime novel in picture, to enhance its subtle attractiveness. The elder's wife covenanted never to go again, for the line can not be drawn except by making the sacrifice complete.

There is a very great probability that these little (?) things (like this five cent show) will lead to theater going in many cases. When one thinks of the uncleanness and impurity known and acknowledged to exist "behind the scenes," surely he should stop right there; and seek to satisfy his love for music, beauty, and art in a refined, pure atmosphere, never lending his presence or influence toward encouraging men and women to lead such unrighteous and worldly lives as do the chorus girls, the prima donna, and others.

Lend your influence for the *pure* in life, and your work in the church will be invaluable. Along this line of social purity a great fight must be made.

WE CAN TEACH IF WE CAN NOT PREACH.

There is much to be done continuously in order to keep faithful those already within the fold of the church; and to the young women falls a wondrous share of this labor. We can teach if we can not preach. How often I have heard girls exclaim, "How I wish I could preach. It must be glorious to have that gift, right direct from God! What great responsibility!" Did *you* ever wish this? Then let me advise you:

First. If you ever have opportunity to teach a class in Sunday school or Religio, *determine* that you will not let that opportunity for guiding and instructing the young pass unaccepted. It will be through this medium largely that you will be able to form the friendships and intimacies with your pupils and their friends which will give you a hold on them. The young woman in whom the boys and girls love to confide certainly has a wonderful field in which to labor. They will do so much more for the person who is specially interested in them, and who realizes the vast importance of their plans and cherished desires! There is nothing much more satisfactory to the humble church worker than to feel that some boy or girl is looking to him for counsel, or for his approval. Boys do enjoy feeling that their services are necessary, and it is in this line they are easiest managed.

I have in mind also a young woman who had been baptized but

a short while and who should have been happy in her new life. She came into town to spend the day with one of the young married sisters, and as she entered the house she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, "Oh, I have been longing to come in and talk to you. There is so much I want to talk over, now I am in the church," and here she wept and added, "You see, mamma never talks much about the church to me."

Now this case is only one out of scores and scores of its kind. If only the boys and girls had some one to go to, some one to fill up the aching places in sensitive hearts, caused by the neglect of thoughtless parents or others! This is the mission of the teacher, to a large degree. There must be no favorites, for we know not where we may do the most good, nor for whom. Nor need we limit our efforts to the younger young people, but extend them to anyone who needs the relief and comfort of a trusting, loving friendship.

HOME CLASS WORK.

Now for my "secondly." The medium of the pen, as an opportunity for girls to "preach." I know the home class work sounds uninteresting to those who know nothing about it, and it is a big task to get this work started where the leader has to deal with small branches or scattered and isolated members. But by the time she has determined to *make* her prospective members reply to her letters, she will have used various tactics. There are few who will disregard a cordial, newsy letter and many may be thus drawn into an interest in the latest church news, or induced to take a subscription to one or more church papers, and gradually into learning and reporting lessons regularly, and next thing they report is that "outsiders" are meeting with them.

Now, so many make the plea that they are not gifted in writing; and don't care to read. This is simply because they lack determination to cultivate these things. If their services are needed in the small branch or elsewhere along these lines, there is no excuse. Trust the Lord and try. Those who have grown old in the work and realize the value of "the books," admonish us young people to read in them and keep ourselves posted. By this means we are always able to give a reason for the hope that lies within us.

If it is the home class phase which requires your efforts, you will be amply repaid when the isolated one (or any other) thanks you for your cheering words, your news, your interest in his spiritual welfare, his trials, etc. This is a great means of holding and reviving interest in the good things of the gospel. There is an old sister here at home who has been a crippled "shut in" for many years, who has made a specialty of noting the letters from isolated Saints and writing them occasionally of the happenings in Zion. This is the spirit which the young women need to cultivate for church work.

I often think of the good I received when in my "teens" as a result of encouragement given me via the pen of the secretary or librarian or other officer under whom I labored; and especially of another who persistently encouraged me to use my pen. This advice I found so good that I hasten to "pass the word along."

THE GIRL WHO DOUBTED.

And now for my "thirdly." Again, a girl who longed to be a "preacher," and with her longing came a dreadful trial. She had been baptized when a child and raised in the church, and when the time came when she could read and study for herself, the tempter came also, and put doubt and misunderstanding into her mind. She wondered if there *was* a God. She wept and wept at night, and prayed and mourned over her unhappy state, for she longed for that faith others seemed to have. She could not endure not to pray, for it brought some relief to tell her troubles to the Lord. ("If there is a God, if there is a God," she would cry out.) But things grew no better during the months that finally grew into a year or more. Life was hardly worth living; she dared not confide in any of those good, faithful Saints; for what on earth would they think of her?

Finally she decided something *must* be done—her trials were so hard to bear in her present state of mind. She would put the Lord to the test, and give him one heartfelt desire to grant her by the first of the year. The little school had never thought of electing anyone but the gray-haired folks for superintendent. She decided that it was seemingly ridiculous for *her* to even think of being superintendent. But, she contended within herself that by study and experience she might be able to reason things out and to retain the truths she would gain, and to receive the evidence she needed so much. So she plead that this opportunity be granted her.

As she wended her way to Sunday school on this particular January morning, she was startled from her reverie by the call of her name. There behind her, came the dear old superintendent, all out of breath from trying to "catch up." "Say, I have a splendid idea," she gasped, "I don't see *why* they always put us old folks in for superintendent. I am going to see that *you* are elected if you will promise to serve."

Her desire for this office suddenly vanished and horror at the very thought took possession of her. Slowly she summoned her wits and quickly remembered the burden of her past few prayers and her present state of doubt and trial. She realized the answer to those prayers had come in part, and now she must finish putting the Lord to the test. ("If there be a God.")

Well, she was elected! Then came unexpected problems, particularly among them that of offering public prayer. It was some time before she could attempt this. With confidence gained, she tried taking part in a prayer meeting. The first time was an utter failure, for all she could do was to weep and sit down again. But the dear old elder in charge rejoiced and comforted her in his closing remarks; in fact all present rejoiced in her effort, so she decided to try again. Next time she did not fail. These experiences strengthened her to battle on, but final relief did not come until at the end of two years and more she received her patriarchal blessing. In this the Lord recognized the trials she had endured and blessed her with faith and strength for the future. Indeed, the experience was too wonderful to relate. Suffice it to say, the doubts and fears

rolled away and have never once returned. Joy unspeakable took possession.

Now this spirit of desire which God grants to all the honest in heart, coupled with determination and trust in him, will bring its reward. There would be no shirkers, for all would be *workers*, could we realize this fact. Otherwise we fail. Our faith will grow with our works; and our works will grow with our faith.

THE GIFT OF SONG.

Now for a very important "fourthly," necessary to the young woman's success in "preaching." Half her success depends often upon the music. It is not necessary to have a highly cultivated voice in order to sing well, and so the thing to do is to take every opportunity you have to gain a little practice and knowledge concerning this gift of God to us *all*.

I know a young man, a farmer, who came to me wanting a few music lessons during the winter, not because he expected to be able to play particularly well, but he had just joined the church and he wanted to help the little branch in a musical way, as much as possible; and he thought that by learning the notes and becoming familiar with the many tones, he might be able to help the Saints *sing*: and to play a new tune with one finger at least, till he learned to sing it.

I have an idea that few are this zealous. I wish more of our young people would take advantage of an opportunity to learn even this much; one sees so many letting it slip past; and one is sure to regret it in time. The Lord has commanded us in latter day revelation to cultivate this gift.

A young woman was once telling me how she longed to have a voice to sing, and even prayed for it. Finally the Lord promised it to her through her patriarchal blessing, and when she was married and while traveling with her missionary husband the blessing came to her. She has developed a voice of fine quality and her words come clear and sweet. Do not think you have to go off and have your voice educated; do the best you can under the circumstances; God is pledged to stand by you.

So often the small branch has a dearth of singers and organists; usually some one who *can* act or could "practice up," will not. This is sad. I know of a small branch where there was material for a choir of seven or eight young voices. The old folks begged for it and insisted on having one, so the choir was organized. The organist had to be chorister also (as well as she could), because the one other who could have acted refused and refused. Lost opportunities!

Then some thought that *one* person was trying to do it *all*. Little they knew how much that one *longed* to drop her two jobs rather than endure the slights or taunts. No one but her parents and the good pastor (who was too wise to take sides) knew how hard it was. But it was too much of a shame to let the choir go (for everyone appreciated the music of those young voices—and even the

members themselves loved the practice). So the choir was *not* dropped.

In after years this girl has been made very happy when these same thoughtless ones have rushed up to her with an honest welcome and wish that she might come and work with them again; expressing their appreciation of her past efforts and telling enthusiastically of their choir, still in existence. Out of it have grown organists and choristers and soloists (notice the plurals, please) and many a series of meetings has been enlivened, and interest added to regular services by this choir. Best of all, their services will not always (and have not) been confined to that branch, for as old members depart they take up the work in other cities and some one takes their places at home. Work with the little ones, girls, even though you have but one at a time. They love music naturally, and will sing with all their might. Train them in the way they shall go, for indeed, "music is a tie that binds" and the little folks make our big folks in a short time.

Church work means *work*; but the reward is sure. When affairs seem the darkest, make yourself pray; season the prayers with fasting, and keep it up. Relief is sure, sooner or later, and if it happens to be later,—*God knows why*; to despair will only make bad matters worse; to accept opportunities to bless mankind from day by day, with a determination to serve God, is the quickest and the surest way of bridging our difficulties in safety.

THE FIGHT IS WORTH WHILE.

Remember the experience of my friend Signa; and keep in mind the fact that "God is no respecter of persons" and that he *watches over all*.

She had just finished an humble, sad little testimony in a small prayer meeting in which she said she had prayed and prayed and her prayers had seemed not to go further than her lips—let alone to ascend to the Father and bring back an answering touch of the Spirit. She felt she so needed to know that he was watching and listening and hearing her in her peculiar trials. Suddenly an elder present arose and said to her by the Spirit that God had indeed heard her humble prayers and knew the desires of her heart, and that he would continue to watch over her, even as he had done in the past; that his angels had been present by her when she prayed, and they also rejoiced because of her faith and righteous desires.

Now surely the fight is worth while, and the odds are in our favor, for "*God is with us.*"

London the Beautiful.

(Travel sketch series.)

By F. R. Tubb.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This number of our "travel sketch" series, written by Brother F. R. Tubb, of Toronto, Canada, is devoted to London, England. The illustrations are from pictures furnished by Bishop Roderick May, who is now laboring in Great Britain, with headquarters at No. 2, Coburn Road, Bow, London. Naturally the most populous city in the whole world is an interesting place to visit. Its ancient and remarkably varied history lends added interest. At every turn one finds some edifice that challenges his attention, if he is sufficiently versed in the history of the country to understand that which he sees. The history of London goes back beyond the Christian Era. The influence of London circles the globe. The lure of London is set forth by Tennyson, in these lines from *Locksley Hall*:

*"Eager hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,
And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn,
Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn,
And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."*

NOW that the sweet, bright, leafy days of June are upon us, nothing is more likely to interest and entertain the increasing army of the AUTUMN LEAVES readers than a brief description of that city to which doubtless some of your readers are even already contemplating a delightful visit—or rather round of visits—during the ensuing beautiful days of summer and autumn.

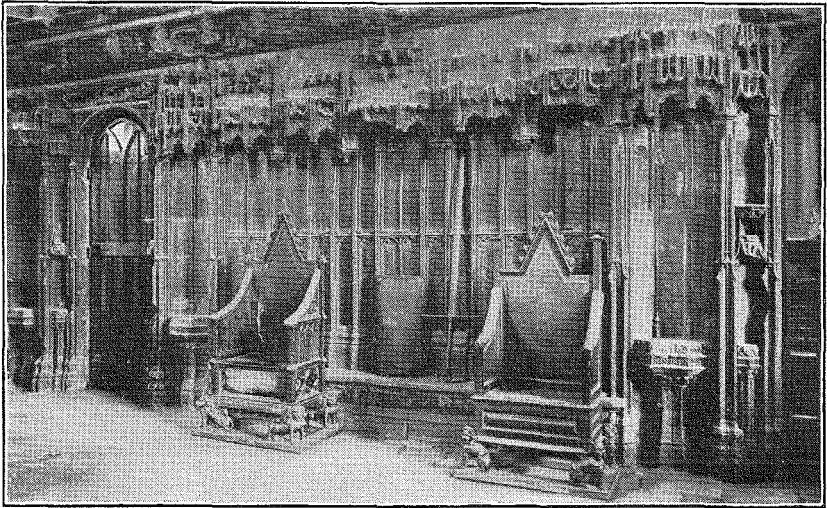
DOING LONDON.

It is no exaggeration to say that fully nine tenths of the numerous American friends and brethren who annually visit Europe, and, of course, London, England, miss the very cream, marrow, and essence of their pilgrimage to the quaintest and most interesting city in the world; for two reasons: Firstly, they imagine that they can "find out for themselves" London's many beautiful spots of romance, sweetness, and poetry; and secondly, they think that London can be "rushed," and its chief beauties explored in a day. I have heard of a party of Americans, for example, who attempted to "do" the Horticultural and Botanical Gardens, the Tower of London, Westminster Bridge, the Houses of Parliament, Hyde Park, Saint James Park, Saint Paul's Cathedral, the lions at Trafalgar Square, the National Gallery, and Royal Exchange before dinner; thus leaving Saint Pancras Church, Euston Square, and Terminus, the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park, the Coliseum, the beautiful Tropical Gardens at Kew, the Serpentine River, the Royal Horseguards at Whitehall, Buckingham Palace, Scotland Yards (the great police and detective headquarters) and Highgate Hill, from whence Whittington (afterwards Lord Mayor of London) first heard the sound of bow-bells calling him on to fame and fortune, all to be seen and visited between dinner and supper time.

This is what I call "doing" London, for it certainly can not be

called "seeing" London, for a person or a party could not possibly "see" any one of the places I have just named (to do it justice) in the space of an entire forenoon.

Emerging from the brilliantly electric lighted thoroughfares of New Bond Street, Picadilly Circus, Hyde Park corner, or the Bayswater Road, the modern traveler would be very considerably startled on being told that less than one hundred years ago not one of these blazingly brilliant and popular thoroughfares were, after sunset, by any means too safe for ladies or gentlemen of property, i. e., as Mr. Wemmiet called it, "*portable property*," and



CORONATION CHAIRS.

Where Great Britain's Kings are Crowned.

that for Hyde Park, Saint James, and the Mall, they were every whit as thoroughly dangerous as Black Heath, (made memorable by the celebrated Dick Turpin) or as Hampstead Heath itself! Footpads, as distinguished from highwaymen, who, of course, were mounted, infested the darker portions of these thoroughfares and particularly the Oxford Road (as it was then called) in such numbers and with such a degree of daring,—as I have often heard my maternal grandfather relate—that even the members of Parliament were afraid to walk from the House of Commons to the commencement of the High Road, Kensington, unless a crowd or company of them to the number of fifty or sixty undertook the journey together!

That is what gave rise to the custom at the Parliament buildings, Westminster, of crying out, "Who goes home?" A custom which is still, I believe, kept up by the members of the House of Commons

while putting on their hats and overcoats in preparation for their homeward journey.

"Small, glimmering oil lamps here and there only served to render the surrounding darkness more visible," as the Reverend G. Holden Pike says in his delightful memoirs entitled, *The First Ten Years of the Nineteenth Century*.

The penal laws of that day were so frightfully severe that the theft of one shilling or eighteen pence was punishable with death;—as this able writer remarks: "The most rigorous enforcement of the laws which were disgracefully severe for a Christian state utterly failed to either repress crime or to reduce the prison population."

When the capital sentence was exacted for even the most petty and trivial offenses, criminals were materially tempted to *murder* their victims who might otherwise witness against them.

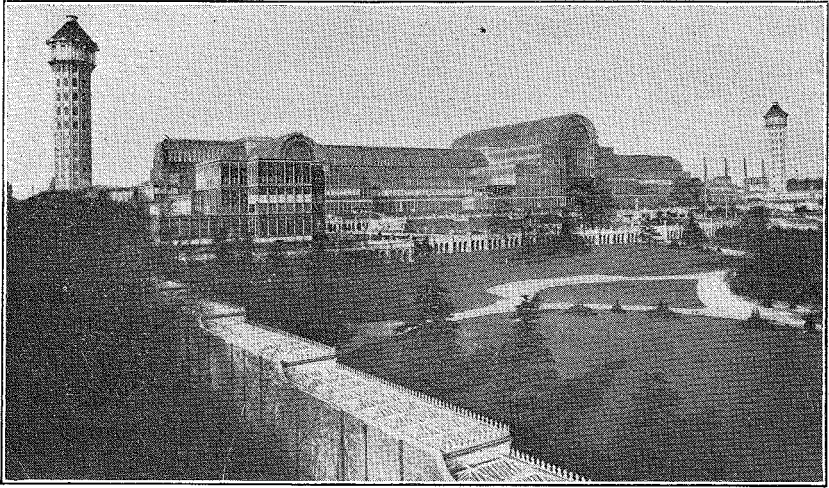
During that terrible but utterly ill-advised war with America of this period, food assumed famine prices and famine proportions! Thus: while fuel was twice or three times the price it is now, the four pound loaf cost one shilling, nine pence, salt was over three pence a pound, and sugar was over one shilling a pound in the wholesale market; good tea was a luxury only for the rich, while soap and candles were proportionately dear.

To make matters still worse, the "press gang was everywhere at work impressing able-bodied men for his majesty's navy," whether they would or no! A whole herring fleet at Southerd-on Sea was thus completely depopulated until not a seaman was left to navigate the vessels home.

We read and hear a great deal about Cook's and Gage's personally conducted tours to the Levant, and the Riviera, and the Grand Cairo, with Egypt and the marvelous temples of Karnak, and the Pyramids of Gizeh; but all these are really so large, so conspicuous, and so obvious, that the traveler needs virtually no "personally conducting" whatever, to view them; but London's beauties, London's poetry, and London's romance are so effectually hidden behind and between labyrinths of brick and mortar, and so sedulously concealed from the hasty glance and the hurried scan of the merely passing tourist or pedestrian, that no one but a Londoner (and a born Londoner at that) can indicate to the American tourist such truly interesting and fascinating facts and places as, for instance, the precise spot on Pudding Lane where the first emissaries of the pope were detected casting fireballs into the houses, which started that terrible fire of 1666, in which no fewer than three hundred and forty-five acres of London City were left a desolate, black, and smoldering heap of ruins. Yet, there is a small stone, now inclosed with iron guards or bars, which marks the *precise* spot. How few, also, could indicate the exact spot where the great fire *ceased*, or the grewsome locations of the pits in Butcher's Row, Aldgate, Saint Savior's Southward, or the vast space in Bundell Fields where the poor thousands of victims of the great plague were interred.

TOWER OF LONDON.

Many of your readers have seen, and perhaps even felt the edge of the ax where, in the Tower of London, the youthful and unfortunate but innocent Lady Jane Grey went to her sudden and violent death on the scaffold (she was then I believe but sixteen years of age), but how many have read upon the walls of that gloomy dungeon near the moat, the beautiful and touching prayer



THE BEAUTIFUL CRYSTAL PALACE.

The Crystal Palace is constructed entirely of glass and iron. Designed by Sir Joseph Paxton, it was completed at a cost of a million and a half pounds, and was opened to the public in 1854.

which that sainted lady inscribed upon the graystone walls of her cell, as she saw the headman of the Tower and his minions approaching to take her away to her unjust and unmerited doom. I do not think I shall ever forget the sensations which ran through my mind as I gazed upon the delicately chiseled lines by this young and beautiful martyred victim; nor upon gazing towards the southern wall when my eyes fell upon the ever memorable lines of the learned Sir Thomas More, inscribed when his daughter came to visit him for the last time:

“Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage.”

Nothing is so absolutely striking (I had almost said startling), as the sudden and grave like stillness which falls upon the visitor who emerges from the noise, rush, and turmoil and bustle of London's mightiest highways and busiest streets, into the impressive silence and gloom of the Lady Chapel, or the Traitor's Gate, or the

White Tower, or the Wickfield Tower, or the Lollard's Tower, all within that ancient and truly venerable pile known as the Tower of London, which numbers its age, not by years, but by centuries.

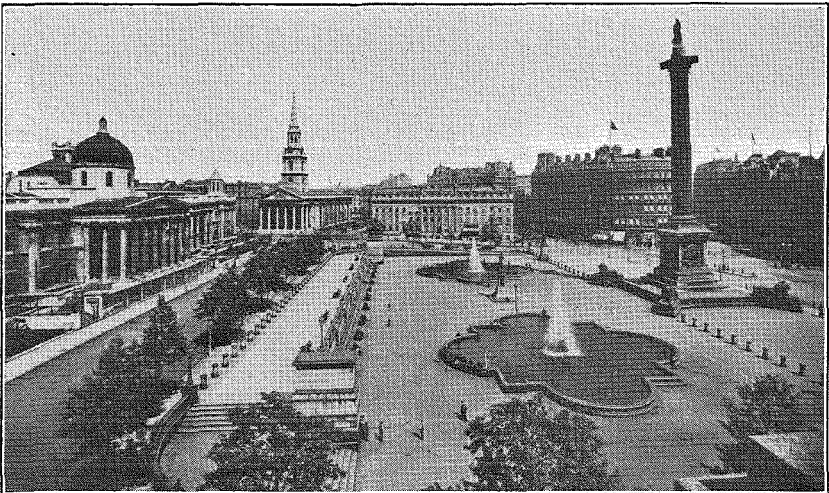
LOST IN LONDON.

I want to show your readers the celebrated monument erected (as its inscription indicates) to perpetuate the memory of the popish plot which destroyed the finest capital in the then world; and while doing so, to tell them some interesting items not at all generally known; but just here, one or two words of caution are not only advisable, but absolutely necessary. The first is (as the printed inscriptions posted upon the building and walls warn everybody) to "Beware of pickpockets." The second is, if possible, even more important, and that is to "Keep with the crowd," by that I mean, of course, your crowd; i. e., the friends, Saints, or relatives with whom you set sail from America, who are your own party or company; for once in London, a city, be it remembered, of 5,000,000 inhabitants, if once you lose yourself or your friends, and have forgotten or omitted to take notes carefully and accurately of the precise name and location, street, number, etc., of your hotel or boarding house, your position is desperate indeed; for not all the policemen in London (civil, active, and courteous as they almost invariably are), can render you the slightest assistance.

I myself remember a very striking, but not at all unusual instance in point. While I was walking from Cheapside to Piccadilly Circus, in the western and prettiest part of London, a young lady very well dressed, was weeping and rushing to and fro, wringing her hands and crying out, "Oh, where are my friends? Where are my friends?" A stalwart and kindly constable at once approached and inquired the cause of the lady's trouble. She had, she told him, only landed that morning from some point near Chicago, with a party of young friends, and attracted by the beautiful display of jewelry in a large nearby store, had but two minutes ago left her friends at the corner of Princess Street, while she went to admire and purchase, but now her friends had all gone, and where was she? The kindly policeman endeavored to calm her evident agitation, and said that perhaps he could restore her to them; asking at the same time what hotel they were stopping at, and the name of the street or road in which it was situated, adding that even if it were at the other side of London, either himself or his superior officer could locate it for her and have her conveyed there in a cab. But alas, the unfortunate young lady, in the delight and pleasure of such new and enticing surroundings, had entirely neglected the simplest and most obvious precautions, and although able to tell the policeman the names of her friends and that they all came from a place near Chicago, and had landed that day from the steamer *Mauretania*, she had no idea whatever, either the name of their hotel, or of the thoroughfare in which it was located; nor could she inform her interlocutor even whether the street was north, south, east, or west, from where she then stood. As the result, I believe the unfortunate young lady had no re-

course but to take passage either by the same or the very first returning liner for New York, and thence, of course, to Chicago, the place of her habitation.

From a village of one acre in extent London has expanded in two thousand years to a metropolis covering 117 square miles, containing 2,134 miles of streets; 632,591 houses; 5,000,000 residents; 329 railway stations; 28,265 factories; 88 public libraries; 9,000 acres of public parks. Its property is insured from fire at 1,040,057,846 pounds. The local railways are worth 66,888,265 pounds. The number of passengers carried by the local railways and tram-cars alone numbered 949,000,000 last year, equal to 200 journeys for every man, woman, and child in London, while millions more were carried in omnibuses and cabs.



THE NOTED TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Showing Nelson's Column, The National Gallery, and Saint Martin's-in-the-field, the last named an ancient church now far removed from the fields. Trafalgar Square, one of the finest open spots in London, commemorates the death of Lord Nelson at the great Battle of Trafalgar, at which time he defeated the combined fleets of France and Spain and saved his country from Napoleon's projected invasion.

But we have now reached the Monument on Fish Street Hill, and have read the commemorative inscription concerning the origin of the great fire of London, anent which the brilliant writer Poe said, with more poetry than veracity, that

"Yon slender column rears its profile to the skies,
And, like a great tall bully, rears its head and lies!"

As I happen to be one among the few Londoners who have read the evidence of the verdict and findings of the court in which the prisoners accused of firing London were tried before the Lord

Mayor of London, the shade of Poe must excuse me for saying that while I earnestly admire his poetic gifts, I must respectfully decline to speak as to his veracity or accuracy. The monument is, as very many American and other visitors are aware, exactly 202 feet in height; but very few comparatively are aware of the reason why it was built that exact height and neither more nor less. The reason is, that it is just 202 feet from the king's bake-house at the corner of Pudding Lane, where a French emissary of the pope of Rome, (August Dupont by name) was seen and detected in the very act of casting fireballs through the first floor window in the sitting-room of the house; while others were simultaneously at work throwing fireballs into the houses at Pannier Alley, Fish Street Hill, Lower Thames Street, Cripplegate, Olde Newgate Street, Paternoster Row, and at the Racquet Court, and Fleet Street. (the scene of Doctor Johnson's life and labor).

GUILDHALL MUSEUM.

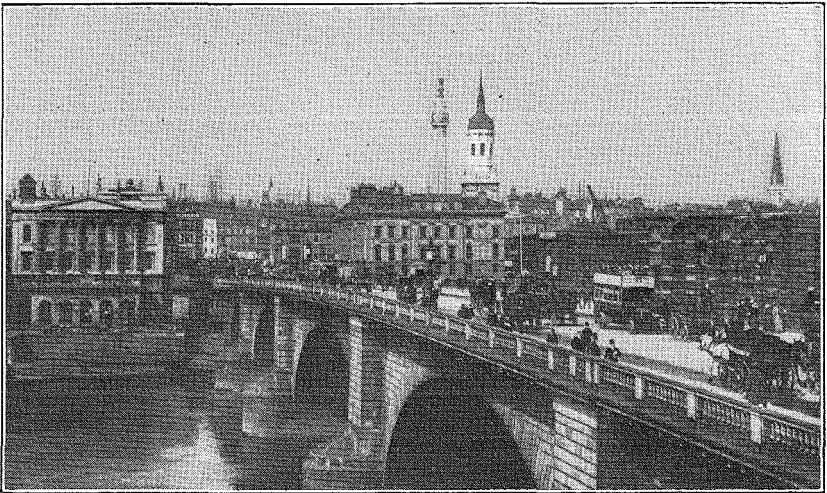
The scene on London Bridge is impressive in the last degree, as traffic from almost all the most distant parts of London converges here. Then there is the splendid Guildhall opposite, or nearly opposite the Mansion House, the seat of Justice to which any postman, policeman, or even private citizen will gladly direct any of my readers; a most ancient and interesting pile. The Guildhall Museum and Library, in which I understand there are no less than 75,000 volumes, and in which many of my old-time astronomical articles were penned, will be found well worthy of a visit which will, I am sure, be enhanced by the well-known geniality and courtesy of the chief librarian and his ample staff of uniformed assistants. In this library I have seen some of the most eminent artists, authors, statesmen, painters, and astronomers the world has ever known, and whose works have enlightened humanity. Here could often be seen the Right Honorable W. E. Gladstone, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M. P., and author, the Honorable A. J. Asquith and the Honorable Arthur Balfour, M. P., conversing affably and sociably with Sir Biddulph Airey, or Sir R. S. Ball, the Astronomer Royal for Great Britain and Ireland, not to speak of many names equally eminent in statesmanship, in science, or in learning from the United States of America and from Canada; also many eminent names from the continent of Europe as well. Here I first saw the talented Sir Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer, and also in the Guildhall I first met Mr. M. Rasmussen, the great Orientalist of Paris, who had just brought some strange tablets from Assyria.

Before leaving the Guildhall, the home of the ancient and mythical giants, Gog and Magog, whose huge forms may still be seen guarding the southern entrance, I can not fail to record a passing tribute to the nobility, patriotism, and public spirit of the corporation of London, one of the wealthiest bodies of the known world, in their having established schools of music, literature, and the fine arts, as well as lectures upon astronomy free to the public. The latter were under the charge and direction of that able professor, Rev-

erend E. Ledger, M. A. (of Cambridge University, I believe,) and were vastly enhanced and rendered doubly interesting and attractive by the fact of each lecture, (which commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon) being illuminated and illustrated by the oxy-hydrogen limelight, which threw upon the large, prepared screen, images (taken from photographs) of the various planets, stars, comets, and nebulae which seem blazing and resplendent in the deepest recesses of unmeasurable space.

A REMINISCENCE.

Shall I ever forget one memorable occasion, the last, I think, that I ever attended, when the lecturer suddenly threw upon the screen the image of a corruscating and scintillating cluster of stars, known as the celebrated cluster in Hercules; a blazing con-



LONDON BRIDGE.

"The scene on London Bridge is impressive in the last degree." It is estimated that 15,000 vehicles and 100,000 pedestrians cross this bridge daily. It is the principal bridge across the Thames. The old historic London Bridge stood a few yards down the river, below the modern structure, which dates back to 1831.

course of tens of thousands of suns. The audience at first seemed to draw in their breath, as though surprise and wonder had suddenly bereft them of speech and articulation, then they burst forth into one roar, or rather shout of surprise. This was immediately succeeded by a sudden and profound silence, as though that vast audience had instantaneously and simultaneously realized that the vast spectacle of myriads of blazing suns was a scene too sacred, too solemn, and too unutterably awful for human imagination or human applause. Some of the auditors turned pale while gazing, as for the last time upon this terrible and imposing scene, while others

were furtively endeavoring to brush away or hide the tears that flowed unbidden into eyes which perchance had not wept for years. For my own part, I felt that those tears were but the natural and inevitable relief of the human soul from a spectacle so oppressive, that once witnessed, it is never forgotten.

As we filed out, each into the deep characteristic London fog of that all too short November afternoon, many of us (perhaps for the first time in our lives) began to ponder the problem of eternity, and to ask of the darkness and utter silence which surrounded us, "Who dwells in that fathomless, unmeasurable, unapproachable, and unimaginable blaze of light?"



Four Poems of the Times.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
 Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
 For the soul of the people is moving
 And rising from slumber at last;
 The black forms of night are retreating,
 The white peaks have signalled the day,
 And freedom her long roll is beating,
 And calling her sons to the fray.

And woe to the rule that has plundered
 And trod down the wounded and slain,
 While the wars of the Old Time have thundered,
 And men poured their life-tide in vain;
 The day of its triumph is ending,
 The evening draws near with its doom,
 And the star of its strength is descending,
 To sleep in dishonor and gloom.

Through the tall trees are crowned on the highlands
 With the first gold of rainbow and sun,
 While far in the distance below them
 The rivers in dark shadows run,
 They must fall, and the workmen shall burn them
 Where the lands and the low waters meet,
 And the steeds of the New Time shall spurn them
 With the soles of the swift-flying feet.

Swing inward, O gates! till the morning
 Shall paint the brown mountains in gold,
 Till life and the love of the New Time
 Shall conquer the hate of the Old;
 Let the face and hand of the Master
 No longer be hidden from view,
 Nor the lands he prepared for the many
 Be trampled and robbed by the few.

The soil tells the same fruitful story,
 The seasons their bounties display,
 And the flowers lift their faces in glory
 To catch the warm kisses of day;

While our fellows are treated as cattle
 That are muzzled when treading the corn,
 And millions sink down in Life's battle
 With a sigh for the day they were born.

Must the Sea plead in vain that the River
 May return to its mother for rest,
 And the Earth beg the rain clouds to give her
 Of dews they have drawn from her breast?
 Lo! the answer comes back in a mutter
 From domes where the quick lightnings glow,
 And from heights where the mad waters utter
 Their warning to dwellers below.

And woe to the robbers who gather
 In fields where they never have sown,
 Who have stolen the jewels from labor
 And builded to Mammon a throne;
 For the snow-king, asleep by the fountains,
 Shall wake in the summer's hot breath,
 And descend in his rage from the mountains,
 Bearing terror, destruction, and death.

And the throne of their god shall be crumbled,
 And the scepter be swept from his hand,
 And the heart of the haughty be humbled,
 And the servant be chief in the land,—
 And the Truth and the Power united
 Shall rise from the graves of the True,
 And the wrongs of the Old Time be righted
 In the might and the light of the New.

For the Lord of the harvest hath said it,
 Whose lips never uttered a lie,
 And his prophets and poets have read it
 In symbols of earth and of sky:
 That to him who has reveled in plunder
 Till the angel of conscience is dumb,
 The shock of the earthquake and thunder
 And tempest and torrent shall come.

Swing inward, O gates of the future!
 Swing outward, ye doors of the past,
 A giant is waking from slumber
 And rending his fetters at last;
 From the dust where his proud tyrants found him,
 Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
 He shall rise with the sunlight around him,
 And rule in the realm he has made.

—James Gowdy Clark.

WHEN WILT THOU SAVE THY PEOPLE?

When wilt Thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings alone, but nations!
 Not thrones and crowns, but men!
 Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass, like weeds, away—
 Their heritage a sunless day.
 God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it thy will, O Father,
 That man shall toil for wrong?
 "No," say thy mountains: "No," thy skies;
 Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs ascend instead of sighs;
 God save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people,
 Not thrones and crowns, but men;
 God save the people; thine they are,
 Thy children, as thine angels fair;
 From vice, oppression, and despair,
 God save the people!

—Written by Ebenezer Elliot, son of an English iron-founder, known as "the Robert Burns of England."

THE DREAMER.

On a midnight in midwinter when all but the winds were dead,
 "The meek shall inherit the earth" was a Scripture that rang thro' his head,
 Till he dream'd that a Voice of the Earth went wailingly past him and
 said:

"I am losing the light of my Youth
 And the Vision that led me of old,
 And I clash with an iron Truth,
 When I make for an Age of gold,
 And I would that my race were run,
 For teeming with liars, and madmen, and knaves,
 And wearied of Autocrats, Anarchs, and Slaves,
 And darken'd with doubts of a Faith that saves,
 And crimson with battles, and hollow with graves,
 To the wail of my winds, and the moan of my waves
 I whirl, and I follow the Sun."

Was it only the wind of the Night shrilling out Desolation and wrong
 Thro' a dream of the dark? Yet he thought he answer'd her wail with a
 song—

Moaning your losses, O Earth,
 Heart-weary and overdone!
 But all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

He is racing from heaven to heaven,
 And less will be lost than won,
 For all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

The Reign of the Meek upon earth,
 O weary one, has it begun?
 But all's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

For moans will have grown sphere-music
 Or ever your race be run!
 All's well that ends well,
 Whirl, and follow the Sun!

—Tennyson.

GOD IS CALLING.

All the gathered dust of ages God is brushing from his book;
 He is opening up its pages, and he bids his children look;
 And in shock and conflagration, and in pestilence and strife,
 He is speaking to the nations of the brevity of life.

Mother Earth herself is shaken by our sorrows and our crimes;
 And she bids her sons awaken to the portent of the times;
 With her travail pains upon her, she is hurling from their place
 All the minions of dishonor, to admit the Coming Race.

By the voice of Justice bidden, she has torn the mask from might.
 All the shameful secrets hidden she is dragging into light;
 And whoever wrongs his neighbor must be brought to judgment now,
 Though he wear the badge of Labor or a crown upon his brow.

God is calling to the masses, to the peasant and the peer;
 He is calling to all classes that the crucial hour is near;
 For each rotting throne must tremble and fall broken in the dust,
 With the leaders who dissemble and betray the people's trust.

Still the voice of God is calling; and above the wreck I see,
 And beyond the gloom appalling, the great Government-to-be.
 From the ruins it has risen, and my soul is overjoyed,
 For the School supplants the prison, and there are no unemployed.

'And there are no children's faces at the spindle or the loom;
 They are out in sunny places, where the other sweet things bloom;
 God has purified the alleys, he has set the white slaves free,
 And they own the hills and valleys in this Government-to-be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



Plano to Independence, via Boston.

By "A Friend."

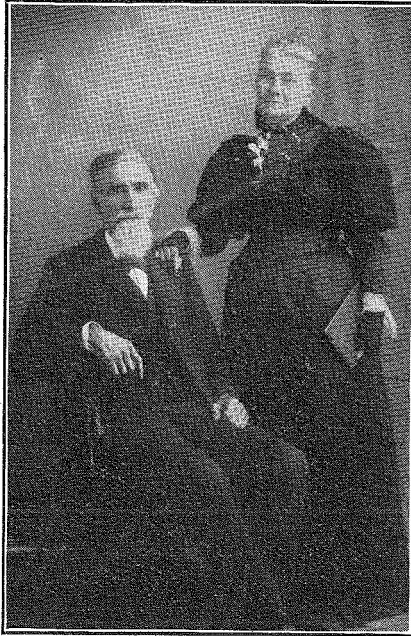
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF SISTER ABBIE AUGUSTA HORTON.

WE ARE thinking to-day of a little girl we knew about thirty years ago, who was then living in Plano, Illinois. Hearing of an anniversary she is to celebrate to-night at her home, our thoughts revert from the woman of to-day to the happy days of her youth. Of fine physique, and of a pleasing manner, countenance, and conversation, she much resembles her mother in speech and kindly disposition. But to recall her earlier years in connection with the subject of this sketch, we remember that it was from the sister we intend to write about that she took her first quarter's piano lessons. In years afterward, she became professor of music at Graceland College, and this reminds us of Helen Keller's words, "No effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost."

In fact, it is with a glowing sense of gratitude, we remember those scenes at the Stone Church in Plano, which occurred some

time in the early eighties, when Sunday school entertainments were in vogue; and we are inclined to believe that in that church and school was centered enough musical and histrionic talent to grace a first-class dramatic company. We call to mind the names of Fred M. and Julia, Cora and Eugene, and Wesley and Mamie, and only wish we could mention the names of all those wonderful performers. The dialogues and speeches were humorous, and the musical numbers, inspiring.

Brother Joseph was president of the branch, and we recollect with what firmness, yet reassuring manner he silenced unfavor-



BROTHER GEORGE AND SISTER
AUGUSTA HORTON.

able criticism of the children keeping step with the rhythm of the music, and how he would in decisive tones say, "Let them go on with their dancing, *if you call that dancing*," and on they would go with their rehearsals for concert, cantata, or entertainment. The choir, also, and others, with Zaide, of blessed memory, all joined in the festivities, and among the little folks, we must not forget to mention, though it be with falling tear, Doctor Root, the quack.

It was the young and gifted soloist, Audie, whom we have already introduced to our readers, who in lovely minor strains sang the centennial song, with its sweet refrain, while her younger assistants, waving "Old Glory," joined in the chorus. "My America, oh, my America; long may it wave o'er thee, my loved America."

Since then many changes have been wrought, but even now we feel the inspiration kindled by the efforts of the little workers in that Sunday school and, in the words of Whittier to Garrison, feel like singing,

“Go on, for thou hast chosen well,
On in the strength of God.”

But the time came when friends must separate, Brother Joseph and family going to Lamoni; and on parting, the Plano brethren grasped in a sad good-bye his kindly, sympathetic hand, for he had been, as they knew, “a prophet, an inspirer of men, and a mighty doer of the word,—the friend of all his race.” Others of the branch moved to Independence; and it was there, while looking over an old church paper, we saw some of the accounts given of events that transpired in the church at Plano, and of the progress made in the Sunday school work there.

In 1883 and 1884, Brother W. Vickery, at that time the pastor, speaks through the columns of the *Plano News*, of the literary and musical events in the church and town hall which under the direction of our sister, he says, were quite remarkable. At one of these concerts, a fine organ was presented to her at the close of a “benefit” given her. We also accidentally found, among other valuable records, a recommendation which was written by the chairman of a Massachusetts school board over fifty years ago, and we thought it worthy to be preserved not only as a relic, but also as a testimony of the activity of this sister in the interest of the young many years ago.

Abbie Augusta Wingate, the daughter of Harrison and Sarah Wingate, was born within a stone’s throw of Bunker Hill Monument, in Charleston, Massachusetts, December 8, 1836. As she thinks of her childhood home and its beautiful surroundings, and of her long-cherished association with fond relatives and loving parents, and brothers and sisters, her mind reverts to the tender thoughts expressed in Brother Joseph’s home-poem, the first lines of which are,

“While our home is to let, we’ll watch and we’ll pray
That its walls may never grow somber and gray
With the dust and damp which gathers so fast
On the walls and floors whence the living have passed.
But we’ll anxiously guard each love-noted spot,
Though the record we make with hot tears we may blot,
And that love bright as ours may drive away strife.”
We will ask that the dear rooms may echo with life
And that love bright as ours may drive away strife.”

In her early youth, she gathered blossoms from the big horse chestnut trees in front, and the buttercups and daisies that grew close by the wayside. The playgrounds of the children in the old town whose first church was built by the Plymouth Colony in 1630, were located within the famous monument, its 220 steps up the winding stairway affording as they climbed up and down, fine fun for them. This structure stood for many years without its finish-touch, the apex; but when the cap-stone was hoisted, there was an

important ceremony performed, and many, among them an Indian tribe, were present, the chief of which seeing our little sister could not reach so high as the rest, asked permission of her mother to lift her upon his shoulder and place her hand upon the very top, and this he did.

On the Mystic River's sunny beach also they played, where the pretty shells and salt seaweed were washed upon the rocks, and the wavelets sparkled at the tide's ebb and flow. The steep streets, Cordis and the rest, leading from High to Main, afforded good coasting in winter, and then, on spring mornings the girls arose early to take their walk to the wild, wierd ruins of the old convent in Somerville in order to gather their arms full of fragrant wild roses, which clung to the mossy walls. A sad story could these ruins have told,—one of persecution long years ago, when the Puritanic spirit of intolerance prevailed in the hearts of the magistrates and ministers of New England.

Her neighbors later on suggest the names of New England people,—the Aldens, Prescotts, and Whittemores, and her classmates, Maria Pratt, Fannie Everett, Abby Moulton and others, who became promising lights in the world of letters. They, with our sister, finished their course of studies at the high school on Bunker Hill and received their diplomas at the hands of Professor Gay and Madam Bates for proficiency in Latin and French, history, botany, chemistry, geometry, and all the higher studies, excepting civics, farming, and health, which, it appears, they did not need. She well remembers her instructors of long ago,—G. E. Ellis, the Unitarian preacher in his black scholastic robe; Cummings, the organist and professor of music; and Mr. O. B. Frothingham, before whom the pupils recited their Sunday school verses. Our friend still values highly a little, black, cloth-covered, prize book of fables, on which in gilt letters is printed the date of publication, 1841.

A phrenological examination of the family's bumps seems to have been a necessity in the line of education in those days, and a document of this sort is also still preserved,—the "Character," as it is called, of her dear mother.

It is dated Boston, June 26, 1849, and signed, O. S. Fowler, and reads thus at the close, "Her feeling of reverence and worship and trust in divine Providence, is great. Will defend with spirit what she thinks right. Speaks as she thinks."

According to a letter we have, yellow with age, dated July 25, 1846, she, as well as the Woman's Auxiliary of to-day, was interested in the home, the cause of woman, the social problem, the labor question, and all that pertain to the better condition of her sex. We quote a line or two: "Women should form associations together in order to investigate those truths which have, until now, been withheld from them. They should guarantee to each other reciprocal kindness and protection." This noble woman and her loved daughter oft went together over the "new bridge" to Boston in order to listen to some of the noted orators and reformers of New England,—Emerson, King, Chapin, and Parker, who occupied

its pulpits; Phillips and Garrison and others who at Faneuil or Music Hall thrilled their audiences with burning appeals in the cause of prohibition, or antislavery; and to hear also the discussions in charge of such progressive women as Lucy Stone, Mary Livermore, and Mary Walker. At Tremont Temple, Harriet B. Stowe at one time held a reception, and on that occasion they heard this noted lady, then somewhat advanced in years, read many interesting pages of her greatest book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. To our young sister there were many opportunities presented in that noted city for intellectual profit and pleasure. There were the popular lyceums and lectures, the music conservatory, the museum of arts, of painting, and of statuary, and the great city library. Inheriting a love for good books, and being helped and encouraged by her loving parents and instructors, we are led to acknowledge the hand of our heavenly Father in preparing her to embrace, in after years, the great latter day work.

For twenty-three years she and her companion have lived in Independence, enjoying the association of the Saints, and during that period, and longer, have been engaged in church work. George Horton, to whom she was married by Brother Joseph on May 17, 1879, was born in Rutland, Pennsylvania, August 17, 1836, and was baptized by him in Plano, Illinois, September 26, 1875. His parents were faithful members of the old church and were living at Nauvoo at the time of the scattering of the Saints. George was but a lad of about eight, and in his early youth spent many an hour with his playmates in the temple which was in an unfinished condition when the family left with many others for Wisconsin. In the little village of Webster, about twenty-five miles east of Nauvoo, he attended Brother Isaac Sheen's school, and through the watch-care of loving parents, was tenderly kept from the snares and vices of the world. He was privileged when a young man to be present at the Amboy conference of April, 1860, and has been preserved, after passing through many trials and afflictions, to see for the church the dawning of a brighter day. After a tenure of fifteen years' usefulness as verger of Independence church, he is enjoying there in his humble cottage, on a portion of the original Temple Lot, a well-earned respite from toil and hardship, being not only here ministered unto, but—according to his patriarchal blessing, "if faithful shall be helped and aided so that when the books shall be opened, the Lord shall bid thee enter in, and partake of his joy, and be recognized as one of the ransomed and redeemed."

As a teacher in the Sunday school, secretary of the Religio, and of the Independence Stake Sunday School Association, also of the Daughters of Zion for nearly twenty years, of the Willing Helpers, and of the Literary Exchange (in which thousands of church papers have been mailed to the elders and others for distribution) our sister has been like her colaborers, kept busy, and has proven the truth of what has oft been said "to be happy in the Master's service, one must be actively engaged in it." Added to this kind of pleasant employment, she has also been privileged to act in the avocation of special correspondent of the *Saints' Herald*, also as

historian of the branch, and for a long time, of the Sunday school work throughout the stake. Assisting in the choir for about twenty years here, she heeded well the Lord's admonition, "Let the young men and maidens cultivate the gifts of music and of song; let not the middle aged and the old forget the gladness of their youth, and let them aid and assist so far as their cares will permit."

Sister Abbie was baptized in London, Ontario, January 8, 1876, by Elder J. J. Cornish, and in January, 1903, received her patriarchal blessing through the presiding patriarch, Alexander H. Smith, who not long since passed on to a blessed rest in paradise. Its closing words were, "The Lord is well pleased with the efforts which thou hast made. He has known the sacrifices which thou has been called upon to make in this great work. He has known the desires of thy heart to make thyself useful. He has known the efforts in using the talents of mind, in writing, and in testimony in church and in convention. He has known how thou hast been laboring to establish his work, and confirm others in the faith.

"To this end, that thy name may be written in letters of light, in the Lamb's Book of Life, I bless thee, in the name of the Lord Jesus, Amen."

EDITOR'S CORNER

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The Fifth Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

THE AWAKENING OF A PASTOR.

ALDER JOHN HOWARD was roused from the first sound slumber of the night by the insistent clatter of the telephone bell. Heaving himself out of bed, still half asleep, he called, "Yes, I'm coming," as though the bell were a sensible being and could be silenced by his assurance of prompt obedience.

Groping his way across the room, he bumped against innumerable chairs, but grimly repressed any language not becoming to a pastor. At last he located the elusive telephone just as the bell was beginning to jingle again. Putting the receiver to his ear, he called, "Hello."

"Hello. Is this Elder John Howard?" came back the muffled answer.

"Yes."

"Well, this is Brother John Gilman, number 1104 South Broad Street. Our little girl is awfully sick. Can you come over at once and administer to her?"

As Elder Howard replaced the receiver and lighted a lamp, his wife queried, sleepily, "Who is it, John?"

"It is the Gilman family; they are newcomers here. They have never been out to church yet, and I have neglected to visit them."

"What is the matter with them?"

"The baby is sick and they want me to come to administer. It is a bad time of night to call one out, but no one ever thinks of that, and I suppose I must go."

Dressing himself as hastily as he could, Howard prepared to depart; but as he opened the door he discovered that it was dark and raining heavily. He turned back and equipped himself with a raincoat, rubbers, umbrella, and a lantern.

Thus equipped, he took his departure. As he could not make street car connections, he walked. As he plodded on through the darkness and the rain of the deserted midnight streets he pondered ruefully, almost angrily, upon the hardships incident to the life of a pastor.

Finally, having located the house, he knocked at the door and it was opened almost immediately by a distracted young man who held a smoky kerosene lamp in his trembling hand. The dim light of the lamp revealed a confusing and distressing scene. Two children were huddled in a corner of the room, crying distractedly. The mother, in all the dishevelment incident to sickness and the night, sat in the middle of the room with a little child in her lap, rocking back and forth, moaning, "My little girl is dead. Oh, Brother Howard, she is dead!"

One glance at the ashen face of the child seemed to confirm the statement that the little one was, indeed, dead; but instantly there came into the heart of the elder the conviction that she was not dead and would recover.

"Calm yourself, dear sister," he said, "your baby is not dead. Put the lamp on the table and lay the little one on the bed, and we will all kneel in prayer."

In the midst of the distress about him he had forgotten his own brief annoyance at being disturbed in the middle of the night. That annoyance was now a thing to be ashamed of. He sensed fully the agony of the father and mother. Was he not a father? What would life look like without John, junior, now happily and peacefully slumbering in his little bed at home?

It was a very fervent prayer that was offered while they knelt at the bedside. Then, while the father held the light nearer, the elder poured the consecrated oil upon the head of the unconscious little one, and putting his hands upon her, administered to her in the name of the One who loved little children.

While yet his hands were upon her, the little blue eyes fluttered open and the stiffened limbs relaxed.

Joyful tears ran down the cheeks of the spectators and they experienced the relief that follows poignant despair, upon which hope has smilingly dawned.

"The Lord has restored her," said the elder, simply, "but we must cooperate with him and do our part. Sister Gilman, you will do well to put hot water bottles to her feet while we chafe her cold little hands and limbs."

With his advent, courage had come back to the stricken household, and under his quiet directions, the little one was cared for, the other children quieted, and the room put in order. The mother bathed her flushed face, tidied her hair, and arranged her disordered dress.

He watched with them during the remainder of the night and gradually the father and mother unburdened themselves of their troubles. It seemed that they had recently moved to the city from the northern pineries, where the destruction of the forests had left them without work, without friends, and being inexperienced in the ways of the city, the father had not succeeded in finding work. A lack of proper clothing had kept the family from attending Sunday school and church services.

Elder Howard pondered over the situation. He could see that these were honest and hard working people, but inexperienced and in need of advice and aid, and particularly a friend, a brother—yes, a pastor. "Evidently," he thought, "it is not always enough to preach the principles of the gospel and go to bed. These people need a little 'applied Christianity.'"

Aloud, he said, "I see that you people are of an independent turn of mind, which is good. All that you want is a chance; but you need a little help to help yourself, and later you can pay it all back to the church. Now I happen to know a brother who runs a line of drays and who is in need of a driver. I will see that you get that position—or some other. We will arrange a temporary loan from the branch treasury. I will also have my wife call and help Sister Gilman with the work for a few days, and the sisters will be glad to fit the children out so they can come to Sunday school. After you get on your feet again, you can pass it all on to some one else who is in need."

Checking the grateful thanks of the parents, he said, "I do not deserve thanks, I should have looked you up before this. I fear that I am a poor shepherd."

He fell to watching the sick baby as she slept and tossed by turns. He studied her symptoms and condition. As he studied, he further cogitated: "Prayer has saved this child's life, but it will take more than faith to keep her alive—*prayer* and *care* are both necessary. Some one must advise here. Perhaps a pastor may be called upon at times to save *lives* as well as *souls*."

Conscious of the dangers incident to voluntary advice, with intuitive tact, he diplomatically approached the situation: "How old is the baby, Sister Gilman?"

"She is just ten months and five days old," answered the mother, with maternal exactness.

"Are you feeding her from the bottle?"

"Yes."

"Have you had any experience in feeding from the bottle?"

"No; this is the first one we have attempted to raise on a bottle; and oh, I am afraid we shall never raise her. Do you think we will, Brother Howard?" cried the anxious mother, her fears on fire again.

"Would you be offended if I should advise you?"

"No, indeed. We shall be glad to have you do so."

"Well, then, do not feed this little one at all for several hours. Give her plenty of warm water to drink. You will be surprised to discover how she will brighten up. Then begin to feed her carefully. I will send you a dairyman who will sell you fresh, clean, unadulterated milk. I will also get you a little pamphlet issued by the city board of health that will tell you just how to modify this milk, how to give it, and when, and how much, how to care for the bottles, and many other things that will help. I am sure that in six weeks you will hardly know your baby."

At the first break of dawn he prepared to go, but in response to their insistent appeals, he stayed and broke bread and ate salt with them.

As he prepared to go, the little home presented a strong contrast to the spectacle that had first greeted him. The baby was sleeping peacefully. The two little children were engaged in play. The father and mother were too filled with joy and new courage to feel the weariness of the night vigil. As he stood upon the doorstep, they grasped him by either hand and said good-bye while the tears in their eyes spoke the love and gratitude that they could not express in words. It came suddenly to him that he had gotten closer to them in their hour of trouble than he could have done by preaching to them every Sunday for years. He had won a priceless thing—a loyal friendship that would endure.

As he strode away in the morning light, his hat in his hand that he might enjoy the cool breeze, he murmured to himself, "This is a pastor's work: to minister to the sick; comfort the mourning; help the needy; to encourage, teach, upbuild, organize. I am glad I am a pastor. One can get closer to the hearts and lives of the people—God's dear people, his poor and afflicted people—than in any other way. It is Christ's work. I see great vistas opening before me, and bright avenues for service. God help me to be a shepherd to my people."

Note.—The next Elder John Howard story, "The quarrel in the choir; for whom do you work?" will appear in the July number.

A Little Humor Now and Then.

MOTHER GOOSICLES.

Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow—so the chronicles say—
Jumped over the moon,
And, on clear nights in June,
We can still see the Milky Way.

WHY IT REMAINED A VILLAGE.—He was quite evidently from the country and he was also quite evidently a Yankee, and from behind his bowed spectacles he peered inquisitively at the little oily Jew who occupied the other half of the car seat with him.

The little Jew looked at him deprecatingly. "Nice day," he began politely.

"You're a Jew, ain't you?" queried the Yankee.

"Yes, sir, I'm a clothing salesman—" handing him a card.

"But you're a Jew?"

"Yes, yes, I'm a Jew," came the answer.

"Well," continued the Yankee, "I'm a Yankee, and in the little village in Maine where I come from I'm proud to say there ain't a Jew."

"Dot's why it's a village," replied the little Jew quietly.—Selected.

CHILDREN OBSERVE AFTER ALL.—The supervisor of a school was trying to prove that children are lacking in observation.

To the children he said, "Now, children, tell me a number to put on the board."

Some child said, "Thirty-six." The supervisor wrote sixty-three.

He asked for another number, and seventy-six was given. He wrote sixty-seven.

When a third number was asked, a child who apparently had paid no attention called out:

"Theventy-theven. Change *that*, you thucker!"—*Everybody's*.

THE NEXT BEST THING.—Bishop Olmstead, at a dinner in Denver, said apropos of Sabbath-breaking:

"I was talking to an Eastern clergyman the other day about his church attendance.

"'I suppose,' I said, 'that in your district rain affects the attendance considerably.'

"He smiled, faintly. 'Indeed, yes,' he said. 'I hardly have a vacant seat when it is too wet for golf or motoring.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.



Correction.

The pen and ink sketch of Palenque, appearing as frontispiece to AUTUMN LEAVES for April, was credited to Mr. W. W. Byam. It should have been credited to Mr. A. L. Ewing, who prepared the sketch free of charge for AUTUMN LEAVES, from notes taken by Elder Robert T. Cooper.

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

Advisory Board.

- Mrs. B. C. Smith, president, 214 South Spring Street, Independence, Missouri.
 Mrs. F. M. Smith, vice president, 630 South Chrysler Street, Independence, Missouri.
 Mrs. D. J. Krahl, secretary, 724 South Chrysler Street, Independence, Missouri.
 Mrs. L. M. Tilton, treasurer, Lamoni, Iowa.
 Mrs. M. A. Etzenhouser, West Walnut Street, Independence, Missouri.
 Mrs. H. A. Stebbins, Lamoni, Iowa.

Superintendents of Departments.

- Home and Child Welfare Department, Mrs. E. A. Davis, Pittsburg, Kansas.
 Literary and Educational Department, Mrs. Vida E. Smith, Lamoni, Iowa.
 Eugenics Department, Mrs. H. B. Curtis, 2200 Indiana Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.
 Domestic Science Department, Miss Bertha Donaldson, 700 North Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.
 Young Woman's Department, Mrs. Pearl Gardner, 707 South Fuller Street, Independence, Missouri.
 Sewing and Aid Department, Mrs. Minnie B. Nicholson, Lamoni, Iowa.



Woman's Auxiliary Annual Program.

The annual program given by the Woman's Auxiliary in the Saints' church at Independence on the evening of April 8, 1912, was in charge of Sister F. M. Smith, and consisted of the following numbers:

Prayer, Brother W. H. Garrett; vocal solo, Miss Frances White; paper, "The Federation of women's societies in the church," Sister B. C. Smith; instrumental solo, Sister Marie Riggs; paper, "The evolution of woman," Sister D. J. Krahl; reading, "How good are the poor," Sister Drusilla Messenger; ladies chorus, "The night has a thousand eyes;" address, "Care of young people in the Philadelphia church," Elder Walter W. Smith.

Convention Notes.

The Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service met at Independence in general convention in two business sessions, held April 10 and 11 in the basement of the church, and one at the home of Brother G. H. Hilliard on the evening of the 11th.

Important changes were made in the organization and working plans of the society, which made necessary the revising of the constitution.

The movement to draw closer bonds between the various women's societies of the church resulted in making provision for their work in different departments of the Woman's Auxiliary, each department being under the especial care of a general superintendent.

An advisory board was continued, the treasurer, who heretofore had not been a member of the board, being added, thus changing the number of members from five to six. The old rule provided that the board should elect its officers, president, vice president, and secretary, who by virtue of this choice became the officers of the general organization. Now the president, vice president, and secretary as well as the treasurer are elected by the body, and the president thus becomes the president of the board.

Sister B. C. Smith was elected president, Sister F. M. Smith vice president, Sister Grace L. Krahl, secretary, Sister Letha M. Tilton, treasurer. Sister M. A. Etzenhouser and Sister Callie B. Stebbins were also elected members of the board. Sister M. Walker is an honorary member.

The constitution provides that the superintendents of departments shall be elected by the body, nominations being presented by the advisory board and opportunity given for additional nominations by the body. Those elected superintendents of departments were as follows:

Home and child welfare department, Sister Evan A. Davis; Literary and educational department, Sister Vida E. Smith; Eugenics department, Sister Clara Curtis; Domestic Science department, Sister Bertha Donaldson; Young Woman's department, Sister Pearl Gardner; Sewing and aid department, Sister Minnie B. Nicholson.

The sewing and aid department is understood to include all societies working for the financial or material aid of any object connected with the work of the church.

The superintendents of departments will advise with any who desire to take up their respective lines of work; or who are already engaged in work properly coming under their supervision. The general secretary will also furnish information upon application. It is expected that leaflets of instruction for each department will soon be ready for distribution.

The series of original readings commenced during the past year will be continued as readings for the home and child welfare department, and will be issued in leaflet form, the leaflets to be sent out by the superintendent of this department.

In accordance with the constitution, a society may carry on the

work of more than one department under the same set of officers, or if, in any one place the departments are working separately, each having its own officers, a union may be effected by calling the societies together and electing officers over the whole, which will then constitute a local of the Woman's Auxiliary. Each department will then report to the local, and the local to the district in case the district is organized, or if not, report will be made directly to the general organization, which in turn reports to the general conference, and in this way the combined work of women's societies will be reported to the general church. An annual assessment on local societies of ten cents per capita is provided for to carry on the general work.

A resolution was reported by the convention to the conference and approved by that body that "we request conference appointees to organize locals of the Woman's Auxiliary in their respective fields, working in harmony with field workers where any have been appointed."

By a former resolution conference was requested to "ask stake and district presidents to cooperate with the advisory board of the Woman's Auxiliary in making choice of a sister in each of their respective districts to look after the work of the Woman's Auxiliary."

In compliance with this a number of field workers were appointed and have been doing good work during the past year.

The report of the president, Mrs. B. C. Smith, mentioned the growing interest in our work, the almost universal approval of the affiliation of women's societies, the necessity of revising the constitution, the large number of leaflets sent to reunions, the establishing of the Children's Home during the past year, and hope for a continuance of the generous support given it by the people; also the fact that our general fund is low and if our work prospers it will need to be better supplied. The report gave notice that the book, *Our Boys*, is now on sale at the Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa, price 50 cents.

The secretary's report showed eighteen new societies organized during the year, making the total number forty-three. There are two district organizations, northern California and Kirtland. More inquiries concerning the work have reached the secretary than during any previous year, and the correspondence has been larger than ever before, giving hope for good results in the future.

During the year the social purity committee distributed several hundred leaflets, having consulted by correspondence with the committee from the Religio. The chairman of our committee, Sister F. M. Smith, addressed several audiences in pursuance of her work. She reports a growing interest in the social purity movement and recognizes demands which if wisely and tactfully met will be productive of great good. She says, "We are assured that there is an urgent need for a wise and intelligent parenthood to impart instruction on the subjects pertaining to sex hygiene, social purity, eugenics, etc., in the home. The lack of funds had stood in the way of work that might have been done by this committee.

An appropriation was made by the Religio for social purity work, the work for men to be attended to by the Religio committee and the work for women by the Woman's Auxiliary committee, the Religio having delegated this part of its responsibility to the Woman's Auxiliary. The president of the Religio stated in the Religio convention that he understood the appropriation to be subject to call from both committees. The social purity work of the Woman's Auxiliary will be conducted this year by the department of eugenics.

The report of the general treasurer showed a balance on hand in the general fund of about twenty dollars, and in the book fund of about two hundred dollars.

The treasurer of the executive committee for the Children's Home reported the amount received from August 30, 1911, to March 22, 1912, \$2,374.38; and expended \$2,316.69, leaving a balance on hand of \$57.59.

A vote of thanks was given Sister Hulmes, the retiring treasurer, for long and faithful service.

A resolution was passed by the General Conference providing for the incorporation of the Children's Home, and for the election of a board of seven trustees, three of whom were to be women, nominated by the advisory board of the Women's Auxiliary. Those elected were Brethren Heman C. Smith, Joseph Roberts, Richard Bullard, Oscar Anderson, Lucy L. Resseguie, Minnie B. Nicholson, and Callie B. Stebbins.

During the first week in May the board of trustees held four meetings in Lamoni, at which they formulated rules for the present guidance of the board, and took steps preparatory to incorporating. Several committees were appointed, the work of looking after the interests of the home being divided among them.



The Evolution of Woman.

So large a subject could well occupy a volume, but since only a few moments can be devoted to this subject we will notice some of the most prominent features of the past and present situation of woman.

Individually it is our natural tendency to close our eyes to the unsightly—to forget unpleasant experiences and dwell on that which brings us happiness. So collectively, as women, we have closed our eyes to the history of the past, forgotten the long civil night of oppression in the enjoyment of the freedom of to-day.

And it is not our purpose simply to recall the past, but to draw some lessons, perchance discover whether between the night and the day we as women have found our true bearings.

One of the favorite themes of Latter Day Saints is, prophecy fulfilled. Especially those prophecies that have had their accomplishment in the last seventy or eighty years. The word of the Lord that knowledge should increase in the latter days has found its

wonderful fulfillment in discovery, invention, the sciences and arts, public and private education. While the search for knowledge has increased with men, and the spirit of invention has inspired them to great and still greater achievements, there has been another silent force, at work in the other half of humanity, which has resulted in what has been said to be one of the greatest discoveries of the nineteenth century, the discovery of woman by herself. She has discovered that she has a mind of her own, and that it is just as capable of expansion, cultivation, and development as is the masculine. She has discovered some of the responsibilities and possibilities of motherhood, and that to have good mothers we must first have wise women. One has said, "Show me the mothers of a country and I will tell you of its sons." And another has written, "Show me the country whose homes are decaying and I will show you thrones that are tottering."

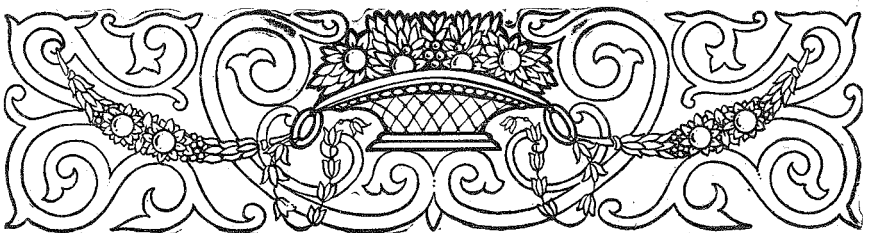
The enlarged opportunities of the present century and opened avenues to women in every walk of life have almost obliterated the memory of her civil and religious disabilities, and history makes us stand aghast when we read that women, preceding the days of Christianity, were but wards and subordinates; they were bartered as chattels and were considered little better than slaves. They were constantly reminded of their inferiority and knew only submission and suppression. But the dawning of woman's freedom came with the advent of the Savior into the world. It was the individual appeal of the religion of Jesus Christ that at last broke the fetters of tyranny and oppression, and since then every generation has taken upon itself the task of defining and bounding woman's sphere, until in the last century God himself seemed to reveal to the nations woman's place and work. Male and female created he them for the work of life, and it does not seem in keeping with the divine plan to carry on this world with half its forces. Taking leaps in history, we find that the laws governing the legal conditions of women have been modified from time to time until to-day she stands upon a higher plane than ever before. She may hold her own properties, she has legal right to her children, she may make investments in her own name, she may execute her own will, she may enter any avocation, and qualify herself in any chosen profession.

But in view of all her present advantages we must be watchful of the extremes with which the world has always had to deal. The pendulum may swing too far the other way and we shall have lost our just poise in society. And the reason is obvious. Our young girls upon leaving high school immediately prepare to qualify themselves in some profession. This we believe is right. No young woman should be a dependent in the prime of her life, and we do not think it is characteristic of the average American girl to live a life of inactivity or of uselessness. But we do say that the underlying thought in the acquiring of knowledge and professional ability should be, that it shall sooner or later turn to the advantage of the home. It would be a disaster to the Nation, indeed, should the homes of this country be left to the unlearned and incompetent.

But we have reason to believe the time is at hand when homemaking, housekeeping, and parenthood will be numbered with the professions. Woman must be identified with the home, not necessarily with its limitations sometimes prescribed, but the home upon a broader basis, where women of ability may not only successfully rear their own children and develop the social life of their own home, but reach out to other households by proper ways and means, and assist them to a higher plane of living. But I hear the cry of the mothers, "When I have raised my own children, I am a nervous wreck, and I can engage in nothing further." So much for a plea for organized motherhood, where by study in parenthood and child culture we may learn the conservation of strength and nerves. We open our eyes in astonishment now at some isolated cases, where mothers are taking up their studies where they left off and graduating in the same class with their daughters. May it only be a forecast of the future of many mothers. This is said to be the era of woman and the epoch of childhood, and as the Nation has come to realize that its greatest asset is the child, so the mother should realize that her highest calling is the development of the child, the making of the Nation's citizens. Instilling into their minds that fundamental principle, that it is not what they get out of life but what they put into it that measures their worth to the world.

And now, because of our emancipation from bondage, because that light and knowledge have become individual possessions, because of our efforts to assist in the establishment of Zion, shall we not rejoice in the words of the prophet, and looking toward their fulfillment partake of their inspiration when he said, "Arise! Shine! for thy light has come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee, and thy sun shall nevermore go down." GRACE L. KRAHL.

Read at the annual program of the Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service.





Elbert A. Smith, Editor, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.
 Estella Wight, Assistant Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Topics of the Times.

THE "IT-IS-AS-IF-I-HAD-EATEN PLAN."—The high cost of living is becoming a national problem—yes, more than a national problem, for it is proposed to hold an international conference in which all leading nations will take part in an effort to determine where the trouble lies. This is the suggestion that President Taft makes. Some one has suggested that the "cost of high living" is to blame for the "high cost of living." This may be partially true. The many luxuries and extravagances of the age make even the necessities come higher. The trouble has a deeper root, though a return to simpler living would be both economical and healthful. Mushroom, strawberries in January, fine silks and wines, late suppers, theaters, diamond sunbursts, do not make people live longer or more happily, but they do make them pay more for living. Some one suggests the following anecdote at this juncture. It at least has the virtue of recommending plain living and a consecration of savings to religious purposes. It is taken from Hester Donaldson Jenkins's Behind Turkish Lattices:

"It is said there was once a man who so dearly loved his evening meal that every day while he worked he did nothing but plan what it should be. At the thought of the viands his mouth would water and he would rejoice over the food that was coming.

"One day it occurred to him that he got more enjoyment from the long anticipation than from the brief realization, and then the thought came to him, Why not have the anticipation without spending the money that the dinner had been costing? So he tried the plan.

"'I shall have kibobs and fine pilaff to-night,' he would assure himself all day, 'and after that wire cake and yogurt.'

"He would lick his lips in happy anticipation while he worked, and when night came he would eat a simple meal of olives and bread and remark:

"'Tis as if I had eaten.'

"The plan worked so well that in the course of years he saved enough money to build a mosque, which he called 'The 'Tis-as-if-I-had-Eaten Mosque.'"

FLOOD AND ACCIDENT.—The spring floods along the Mississippi and Missouri and tributary rivers were unusually severe, following as they did a winter of almost unprecedented severity and heavy fall of snow. It is reported that over two thousand square miles were inundated. Farms and towns were flooded. Factories and villages were swept away. Scores of people were drowned, and the loss of property is estimated at more than ten millions of dollars. Over thirty thousand people were rendered homeless. The year has been made further memorable in a still more striking manner by the loss at sea of the *Titanic*, now an old matter as news goes, yet still a subject of investigation and careful consideration by the two nations chiefly involved, Great Britain, the nation that builded the great leviathan, and the United States, chief contributor to the death roll. Sixteen hundred lives were lost in this greatest of sea tragedies, occurring on the maiden trip of this the greatest ship ever launched. Investigation leads to the conclusion that security in the fatuous belief that a ship had been built that could not be sunk led to a relaxation of care and this to disaster. Pride goeth before a fall. In this case the fall was terrible. The tribute in dollars to this colossal blunder amounts to \$15,000,000. The terrible long moan that went up for an hour from the hundreds left struggling in the icy waters after the ship went down was humanity's confession of error and defeat.

W. T. STEAD'S LAST ARTICLE.—W. T. Stead, formerly editor of *Pall Mall Gazette*, founder of the English and American *Review of Reviews*, and a noted journalist of forty years' experience, was among the victims of the *Titanic* disaster. His last article appears in the June number of the *American Review of Reviews*, "A world's object lesson from the British democracy." It deals with the way in which the British Government met the recent industrial crisis which for a time threatened to culminate in almost inconceivable disaster and suffering. The article gives especial attention to the minimum wage bill, which provides that wages of miners must not go below a certain amount, which amount is to be fixed as set forth in the bill. His brief digest of the bill will be of interest and his closing words can not fail to thrill our readers:

"Ministers did not resort to legislation until all other means had failed. It was only when they found that all the miners and 65 per cent of the mine owners were agreed that there should be a minimum wage that they most reluctantly resorted to legislation for the purpose of coercing the recalcitrant minority to stand in line with the majority. The act is loosely drawn, and as it provides no penalties for the violation of its provisions it may be regarded from one point of view as a mere pious declaration; from another point of view it is a revolutionary new departure. The vital clause is the first, which begins thus:

“1.—(1) It shall be an implied term of every contract for the employment of a workman underground in a coal mine [which includes ironstone mines] that the employer shall pay that workman wages at not less than the minimum rate settled under this Act and applicable to that workman.’

“Then, after setting forth exceptions and conditions, Clause 2 declares:

“‘Minimum rates of wages and district rules for the purposes of this Act shall be settled separately for each of the districts named in the schedule to this Act by a body of persons recognized by the Board of Trade as the joint district board for that district.’

“‘The Board of Trade may recognize any body of persons which it considers fairly and adequately to represent both workmen and employers:

“‘the chairman of which is an independent person appointed by agreement between the persons representing the workman and employers respectively on the body, or in default of agreement by the Board of Trade.’

“‘This chairman will have a casting vote when men and employers disagree. If, in a fortnight after the passing of the Act, no joint district board has been formed,

“‘the Board of Trade may either forthwith, or after such interval as may seem to them necessary or expedient, appoint such person as they think fit to act in the place of the joint district board, and, while that appointment continues, this act shall be construed, so far as respects that district, as if the person so appointed were substituted for the joint district board. . . .’

“‘The effect of the pacific settlement of the minimum wages question in Britain is likely to be felt far and wide throughout the world. For, as Lowell sang,

“‘When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth’s aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west.
Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instaneous throe
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth’s systems to and fro
At the birth of each new era, with a recognizing start
Nation wildly looks at nation standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth’s yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future’s heart.’

“‘When the Minimum bill was passing a Scandinavian observer in the Lobby said: ‘This is the greatest event that has happened since the French Revolution.’ And a vision of a new heaven and a new earth has undoubtedly begun to dawn on many darkened eyes all over the world.”

AT THE SIGN OF THE BOTTLE.—Professor Vittorio Spinazzola has been conducting some very interesting excavations in the Pompeian ruins. On the street called Abundance, so designated by an ancient inscription, he has uncovered an old grog shop where the sign said that they “sold it hot.” A huge glass bottle stood at the door. In the corner of the room stood an ivory box, containing silver coins, the receipts of the day, just as the barkeeper left it when the sudden

destruction came upon him. Bottles and drinking vessels abounded, and one covered copper vessel was found containing water just as it had stood since 79 A. D.



Home Department.

(Read at Religio Convention April 3, 1912, Independence, Missouri.)

"If in the smallest way you are trying to help somebody, then you have become a coworker with God, and are a part of the infinite worth of the universe."

A revival of religion may be good, but a religion that does not need to be revived is better, and that is the kind required by a home department superintendent because of the many discouragements we found in the reports. The mission, to be able to bring all the Saints into association with the household of faith through the spirit of unity, gained by understanding the laws to us, is surely the Lord's work. And it should not be difficult to find enough valiant workers. We are told of a lack of interest in some districts owing to the negligence in electing superintendents and appointing visitors. Each district officer should see that every local in the district has a superintendent and appoint visitors, that the whole territory may be canvassed by personal visits.

The superintendent who does not have this done is not attending fully to his duty. Every superintendent should be in touch with all the local superintendents to advise and direct for the progress of the work. We must progress and have progressive workers. One says he could do more if he could visit throughout the district. That would do good, probably, but *would not* fill the visitor's personal visiting work which is most necessary for success.

A visitor, one or more as needed, should be appointed in every branch of the church the world over, and where there are locals, they should see to it. Outside of locals the branch president should be requested to so appoint, and the visitor should report to the superintendent of the district. If this is done it relieves the superintendent of much of the burden. We have blanks for visitors to record work done, and it is the only systematic way in which to reach all.

The home department is a sort of lookout committee. It finds all the isolated, indifferent, and sleeping Saints and arouses their interest, consequently no local can do without a home department. A superintendent reports she advised a local to take up the work. They tabled her request, and the president wrote that it was no use as they could not get the people to come to Religio. We felt like saying most forcibly, you blind leader of the blind. The home department was just what they needed most.

We have become an adept in reading signs. For instance: Blank district has a number enrolled in local but no home department. We know then they are not successful and interest lags. We find a large number enrolled in home department, but only ten cents

in contributions, so we know that the locals are being drained to supply the home department. The home department should be self-sustaining, and if the envelopes the association provides are used this serious defect will soon be remedied. Contributions may be used by the superintendent for the work, but an account must be kept and given to local or district treasurer.

We would advise that the traveling missionaries be enrolled in the home department, thus reducing the average of locals in absentees.

Some have done this and are sending reports regularly, and we are trying to take care of them so they can be represented in the conventions and be at home wherever they are.

There is another measure we would like to see adopted among the parents. That is the study of the Book of Mormon in normal work with the teacher training work in the last series of lessons in Hurlbut's revised edition. The teacher training work is especially good for those who have the training of souls occupying the little clay cottages given to their keeping for weal or woe. How often it is woe because the child nature is not understood.

Wisdom enables us to see beyond the irritation of the moment, helps control and influence the child while character is being fully developed. It helps us to see the needs of the child that so often are overlooked.

"Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath," is as much a command as "Thou shalt not steal." This is some of the home department work in the line of study, to enable us to come up higher. We need to know how to train and when to train, and this work rightly begins at the hearthstone.

The change in the lessons of the *Quarterly* has been well received and the interest has been deeper than before. When the work has been introduced to the isolated members they have been very appreciative of the invitation, thus showing a desire to do what they can for betterment.

Our greatest need at present is superintendents who have continuity and are not easily troubled with the little obstacles that confront us in all avenues for work.

ALTHA DEAM, *Home Department Superintendent.*



Our Daily Bread.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Judging from what has come from the pulpit and religious press, few men have ever lived who have sensed the full meaning of the beautiful prayer from which the above is taken, and none have realized an answer. Since the enjoyment in Eden, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," "In sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life," the bitter struggle for daily bread has continued among the inhabitants of the earth.

When the "mists and vapor of the dawn" arose from the valley

of the Nile there was disclosed the most absolute monarchy known to the annals of man. Here, under the heartless and cruel lashes of their taskmasters, the children labored and sweat upon the eternal tombs of the Pharaoh, and had their burden doubled, while they themselves were denied a sufficient amount of daily bread.

But it is said that the God of heaven espoused their cause and fought their battles, feeding them on manna in the wilderness, that they might subsist until they reached the promised land, where by the sweat of their faces they would have an opportunity to eat their daily bread.

In this day and time, the entire world is under bondage to concentrated wealth. A bondage that is more complete, more cruel, and heartless, more universal in the enforcement of its mandates than the human family has ever endured.

As a result there is an undercurrent of dissatisfaction among the toilers of the world. The limit of endurance has been reached. The rumblings of revolt are heard in the East and in the West. Among the nations of the world and upon the islands of the sea, the masses are demanding an equal right to the means of life—an opportunity to earn their daily bread.

It is midnight over the oriental hills. Hark! I hear the wail of infants and the moan of starving humanity. Listen! I hear the command, "To arms!" I hear the clash of bayonets! I see a flash of fire! I hear the rumbling of cannon in the distance! I see an hundred thousand dead and wounded! I see aristocracy reveling in the murder of innocents. Behold the rebel flag is flying over the principal cities of an empire! I see a despotic sovereign dethroned! I hear the shout of "victory"! The rebellion has won in China and all for their daily bread.

In the recent past we heard rumors of war between France and Germany that was calculated would involve all Europe. But there was another struggle, world-wide, that laid all these rumors in the shade.

In Great Britain an hundred thousand laboring men were on parade. In Germany was another demonstration with flying banners that read, "Morocco is not worth the dead bones of a single workman," and, "Long live solidarity with our English and French brothers." In France similar demonstrations were made.

Why these demonstrations by the toilers of the world? Why did they refuse to fight the battles of their masters? Because they had never realized an answer to that magnificent prayer taught by the Friend of humanity on the slopes of Canaan. Their masters had failed to supply their daily bread.

In our home city, we rush out in the morning, board the same old car, read the same old billboards, work at the same old job, day in and day out, year in and year out, just for our daily bread.

But the One who taught the prayer has destined that in the evening of the world the lion should lie down with the kid, swords should be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hocks.

A thousand years of universal peace, wherein the meek shall in-

herit the earth, have access to the means of life eternal, and eat their daily bread in peace.

Father of this world of wonders,
 Judge of the living and the dead,
 Lord of lightnings and of thunders,
 Give us our daily bread.

SAMUEL WOOD.



The Power and Limitations of Satan.

To my mind there could only be one power greater—the unlimited power of God.

In the word we are told that Satan is endowed with power second only to God and the Lord Jesus. And inasmuch as God is able to make known to us his power, in revealing to us wonderful visions, performing miracles, etc., Satan also has that power, and with subtle, cunning impersonation, his work is often mistaken for God's, and only by God's own greater power in revealing to his children the difference, can we discern the true from the false. Indeed Satan's power is so great and his sly cunning so artful, that at times, only the most strict adherence to God's truth, and the most faithful studying of his word, can enable one to accurately separate the work of Satan from the true work of God. So great, so untiring the zeal of the "Prince of Darkness" to gain more and more subjects for himself, so inexhaustible his strength to deceive and lead astray, so many and multiplied are the ways in which he is capable of tempting mankind and causing them to err, and above all, so great is his enmity to God and all that is good, so great his jealous covetousness for our souls, that there is positively no opportunity left untaken, nothing left undone that his wonderful craft and cunning can do for the downfall of weak humanity, for the drawing of more souls from the paths of truth and goodness.

Especially does this power seem to be exerted when he fears he is on the verge of losing control of one of his subjects, or sees one trying to go over to his opponent, God. So diligent is Satan's watch and searchings for our weaknesses that it seems the danger of losing control of one, only serves as an incentive to exert added energy to tempt and deceive and allure one from the narrow path, and to draw them more and more into the wide, downhill way, leading to his own infernal regions.

So great is his power and so numerous are his methods for the degradation of humanity that it is impossible to state them all, but of this we are sure, his power is great and his vigilance unceasing, and his greatest delight is in winning and holding in his power all the souls he can, and he is not going to leave a stone unturned or a deed undone that will lead to this end.

In my own experience (and I believe in the experience of many, at some time) I always find that it is when I am putting forth the greatest effort to live uprightly that Satan gets in his worst work.

It would seem when Satan has a grip on one it is indeed very hard to unloose it, and when he sees his victim trying to slip away from him and go to the side of his opponent, then it is he exerts all the allurements and snares in his power to recall them, and *then* it is that nothing but the tender mercy and divine assistance of the ones more powerful, God and Christ, can save us. If we come to the Lord and ask for help we will receive it; for it is written, "Ask and ye shall receive." But the Devil does not wait to be asked. He is always there and waiting, "seeking whom he may devour," and once he has one in his power he hangs on with the tenacity of—well, the Devil himself (that is the strongest it can be put).

As to Satan's limitations, they are almost unlimited. It is only when they come in contact with that *greater* power of almighty God that he reaches his limit. No weak mortal without God's divine aid can withstand him by his own human power.

Now I know whereof I speak, for I have been right there myself. I know that only God can help you to resist the evil influence of Satan, and then sometimes it is a very, *very* hard fight, and often, far too often, we fall. In that we can see some of Satan's power, and our own frailty.

I do not think the chief power of Satan is in the numerous worldly so-called pleasures and allurements with which the great, popular, wide way is lit up—although it is very pleasant sometimes to go to parks, theaters, circus or dance and other such amusements, isn't it? Now really? That is another thing I know because I have experienced most of them, but I believe it is the tendencies these environments have on our personal, individual character that do the harm, not simply the pleasures themselves.

I believe this is what Satan wants; this is where his power lies. By tempting us by the visible, outside appearance or attractions, so innocent in themselves, he begins to craftily, cunningly, but ever so gently at first, so as not to alarm us, angle for our souls just as a crafty fisherman tempts the fish to his life-destroying hook by the tempting bait, bringing the unsuspecting things to their final destruction, and when Satan gets us on his hook it will go much harder with us than with the little fish for we will have the hereafter, a long, long eternity to think over whether or not we really chose the most pleasant path after all.

Oh! what a scope for thought there is in this subject, and how poorly I am able to put these thoughts into words! It is by the little things in life that we mold our character; it is by the *tiny* falls from grace, the *small* whispers of evil we listen to, the *little* steps on the downhill road, made by such small strides as to render us almost unconscious of them, that finally get us into the power of the archfiend and that finally send our souls to damnation.

As the little pennies go to make up the dollar, as the small drops swell the flood, so do the little, heedless, semiconscious backward steps draw us down to the power of evil, and blind our eyes to the right. Therein again does Satan show his power, his wonderful sagacity, his insight into the nature and weakness of the human mind. Very few would willingly plan a great sin or crime and jump

directly from a good Christian life into the deepest sin and degradation; but if these very small temptations can be brought gradually before us and Satan can softly whisper in our ears plausible excuses for our doing something we should know is not right, if he can bring us by the little, *little* steps, the yielding to the *little* temptations that go to make up the wicked whole, before we realize we have sunk to the place wily Satan has been maneuvering all this time to get us and then he calmly winks his eye and gloats over his power over us. In this, more than anything else does Satan show his great and wonderful power, and of this I am positively *sure* that this power can only be checked by coming in contact with the supreme power of our Lord, and he alone is able to help us to resist Satan.

MRS. W. A. NIXON.



Going to Reunion.

Everyone was talking "reunion," and each one was asking the other if they were going, so of course our girls (Emma, Daisy, Mardel and Edith) were worked up to a high pitch of excitement and began to rack their brains for some means to get there. But things looked dark for the girls and many times they grew discouraged and would say, "Oh, what's the use of planning? We can't go." Nevertheless, they continued to plan and also to pray, for these girls were all good, active little church members, and were blessed with great faith in prayer.

One day as they were talking it over, a bright idea popped into their heads. Why not get Sister K. to drive to the reunion and take them with her? Of course! Why hadn't they thought of that before? So away they hurried to lay their plans before fathers and mothers.

At first there was some opposition to this method of traveling, for it meant about an eighty mile drive through the mountains, and this seemed quite an undertaking for one woman and three girls (Emma was going on the train). But finally they induced Sister F. to accompany them and arrangements were made to start early Wednesday morning.

By five o'clock the girls had reached the meeting place and by five-forty the journey was begun. Down through the valley they leisurely drove, crossing the San Joaquin River, passing the tule lands or marsh lands, and stopping frequently to water old Mary at the troughs along the road, until they reached a beautiful old ranch house with a long, shady lane which looked so inviting after the hot, dusty road that they decided to camp for dinner. After receiving permission of these kind people, they watered and fed the horse and then getting out the well-filled hamper proceeded to refresh themselves. How good everything tasted and how they did eat!

After a good rest the journey was continued, but the sun was hot, the load heavy, Mary was old, and progress was slow. Then, too,

the foothills were soon reached and as the road began to wind upward, poor old Mary showed signs of exhaustion, so while one drove, the others walked, and by six o'clock all were ready to rest, and hungry enough to lighten the hamper considerably.

It was seven before another start could be made, and by this time the sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills. Plans had been made to reach the lovely little town of Livermore and stay at the hotel over night, but our girls were still six or seven miles from their destination and on an unfamiliar road, so they decided to stop at the little village of Altamont.

There seemed to be rooms over an old shack of a saloon and as it was growing dark and they were right in the midst of the hills, they stopped and asked if that was the hotel and what price they charged for a room.

"Yes, this is the hotel, and it will cost you two dollars for a room," answered the proprietor with a grin.

The girls were staggered at such a price for such accommodations and as the whole place looked so repulsive, Sister F. asked, "How far is it from here to Livermore?"

"Oh, it's about nine miles," he answered with a leer which seemed to mean that they were only women and couldn't help themselves. The other men lounging around all laughed. Now the girls knew it was not so far as that and their spirit was aroused, so assuming a cheerfulness they certainly didn't feel, one answered pleasantly, "I think we can make it very nicely," and lighting the lantern, they once more struck into the hills.

The horse had seemed exhausted at supper time and all were doubtful as to her ability to get them through, but all prayed in their hearts for help and then made the hills echo with the good old hymns and old Mary seemed to catch the spirit too, for she actually pulled on the lines and brought them safe and sound to Livermore about nine o'clock. They left the horse and rig at the livery barn, got a couple of rooms at the hotel, and after refreshing baths, enjoyed a good night's rest in nice, clean beds.

In the morning the journey was resumed, the air was cooler as they approached nearer the ocean, and all enjoyed the ride through the beautiful hills, valleys, and canyons. Thousands of little squirrels scampered up and down the hillside.

A little after noon the old San Jose Mission, established by the priests in 1792, was reached, and after finishing the lunch, our party came in sight of the tent city. How excited and happy they were, how quickly their tent was erected and settled, and how they did enjoy the reunion!

But it was over all too soon and with many regrets, though with happy hearts, they turned their faces once more toward home, all agreeing that this trip had been "the time of their lives."

MRS. FRED B. FARR.

News from Societies.

Oakland, California.—The local here is moving along smoothly under the management of Brother J. W. Presley and Doctor W. P. Bush, aided by their staff of committees. Special effort has been centered on the programs, and as a result we have that which pleasingly entertains and elevates and edifies. Our musical talent is excellent. Sister Christiana Waller and Sister Maud Smith at the piano, Doctor Bush with his 'cello, and Claud with his flute combine to gladden the ear and purify the spirit. These are not the only musicians—time would forbid the mention of all. All are highly appreciated. Since the change in the text of the *Quarterlies* from the Book of Mormon it seems harder to keep up the interest. The general sentiment seems not favorable to the change, but we expect to hold our place as a local in the front rank of the great Religious army. Our elders are taking good interest in the work, among whom we mention Brethren E. Ingham, E. J. Clark, and F. W. Wille. Our young Religious are working in harmony and unity; but from the way the air is filled with the jingling of wedding bells quite a number of them think the union should be a little closer and stronger. Look out for some interesting items. We find the programs as outlined in the *Quarterly* a great aid, though some of them are not suited to our conditions. Success to the Religious work. It is doing a vast amount of good here.

J. M. TERRY, *Correspondent.*

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, 1202 Fourteenth Street.

Lamoni, Iowa.—I thought you would like to hear how the Religious at Lamoni is getting along, and am glad to say that the interest in the society is all that could be hoped for; the attendance being better than it has been for some time.

E. D. Moore, as president, assisted by A. E. Benc, is working hard to make the lessons profitable and the programs interesting.

The programs, I believe, have been of great assistance in increasing our attendance. They are featured with talks, readings, and music, which gives each one the opportunity of developing their talents in each line.

Trusting for the continued interest in this branch of the church, I remain,

Your colaborer,

G. F. MINTUN, *Correspondent.*

Eastern Colorado District.—Although slightly "grilled" by the uncommonly hard winter (for Colorado), from which we have at last emerged, it is gratifying to state that the work of the district as a whole is steadily advancing. New locals are being organized from time to time, and the efficiency of the older ones is ever on the increase. The latest addition to our number is the Trinidad local, organized November 26, 1911, with Sister Josephine Pople as president. The city of Trinidad, with a population of between ten and fifteen thousand, ranks third in point of size in our "Religio towns," Denver being first, and Colorado Springs second. However, from present indications Trinidad local will keep the locals of the larger places hustling to keep ahead of her.

Conditions have been very unfavorable, as has been already hinted, for the successful carrying on of the work in the rural districts, on account of the deep snow which lay on the ground almost all winter, as well as a scarcity of horse feed, which made the long drives, necessary in the majority of cases, almost out of the question. In fact, so much so that in many instances farmers only ventured out on the roads when driven by necessity to make a trip to the nearest town for provisions. So taking everything into consideration I think the rural locals have just cause for their "sins of omission," and especially so since they are already beginning to get into the harness again, which shows conclusively that they are not "quitters" but aim to stay in the game. I have great faith in these rural locals. While the city locals have greater opportunities in a good many ways and no doubt accomplish more in many ways, yet the rural local comes in for its share of service also which is not small by any means. Many times in these rural communities, where there is very little going on, an individual will drop into the Religio and become interested whose only intent originally was a desire for some place to go. Now we who have had experience in the city locals know that the person who is not especially religious seldom drops into our Religio, because he wants some place to go. No, unfortunately he never lacks for somewhere to go, somewhere where he gets not real food but only a sort of foam which he imagines is food. Possibly it is to the public dance hall, the conditions of which I have become somewhat acquainted with of late, by virtue of serving on a committee for their investigation in a certain large city of our country. God forbid that we as a Christian nation should tolerate such veritable holes of sin much longer. But this is not a dissertation on social evils, so back to the subject.

As regards our larger locals they are doing commendable work. The Denver local, with so capable and progressive a leader at its head as Brother E. W. Fishburn, would find it difficult indeed to be mediocre. One of the many services which the larger locals are rendering to our district, as a whole, is in furnishing original literary numbers which when used are frequently collected by the district officers and sent to the locals in the district which are necessarily short on program material.

Our semiannual convention, which was held at Wray, Colorado, this spring, was one of the best we have had. A commendable literary and musical program was rendered on the first evening of the session, and prayer service and business session, both of which were held the following forenoon, were well attended, and everything moved off with a vim. Brother James Thomas, district vice president, presided at all sessions, the writer being unable, much to his regret, to be present.

The library work was given a decided impetus by an extremely suggestive and helpful paper, by our worthy member of the library board, Sister Mamie Cowan, of Denver. Also a report from the superintendent of gospel literature bureau, Sister Nellie Sampson,

showed conclusively that that department of the work is assuming its rightful place with the other departments.

Few changes were made in district officers. It was with much regret that we were compelled to accept the resignation of Sister W. E. Wolfe, of Wray, as home class superintendent. Sister Wolfe has filled this office for the past two years with so much success that it was very hard to think of losing her from the department. However, we must pass things around once in awhile, and as we have the place filled by Brother James Thomas, who has already shown himself competent in the district work, we are confident that the home class department will continue to flourish. Brother Coral Willis was elected to the office of vice president. Sister Blanche Sampson and Brother E. W. Fishburn were reelected to the offices of secretary and treasurer respectively. Also former superintendent of gospel literary bureau and member of library board were reelected. Thus having a corps of officers who have practically all worked together already one year, together with the support and assistance which the ministry are ever giving us, for which we are very grateful indeed, we are anticipating great things for the district the coming year and we do not intend to admit defeat.

WALTER W. WELLER, *District President.*

BENNETT, COLORADO.

Salt Lake City, Utah.—Our Religio meets Sunday evening at six o'clock. We have a very busy branch of young people, all either attend school or are in business. Of the former, we have those of the high school, college, and university students, and of the latter we have the surveyor, electrician, jeweler, bookkeeper, telegraph operator, stenographer, milliner, dressmaker, etc. About twenty of these young people make things interesting both in the lesson and program. About six or seven of them have formed an orchestra and are giving us some very good selections at these meetings.

Our good literature committee has distributed over three thousand tracts the last year, besides other literature, papers, books, magazines, etc. Only two classes in Religio during the winter months—seniors and young people.

CORRESPONDENT.

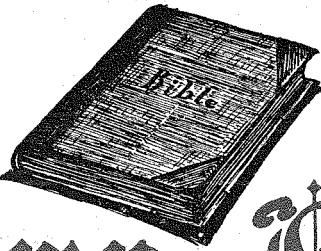


Error.

In the Logan society news in April AUTUMN LEAVES, page 188, an error occurs where it reads, "and we can feel to be *pretty* proud of our school." This should read, "and we can feel to be *justly* proud of our school."

"SEEK YE DILIGENTLY AND TEACH ONE ANOTHER WORDS OF WISDOM; YEA, SEEK YE OUT OF THE BEST BOOKS [WORDS OF WISDOM; SEEK LEARNING EVEN BY STUDY AND ALSO BY FAITH,"

Doctrine and Covenants.



Autumn Leaves



JULY, 1912

FOR THE YOUTH OF THE REORGANIZED CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS

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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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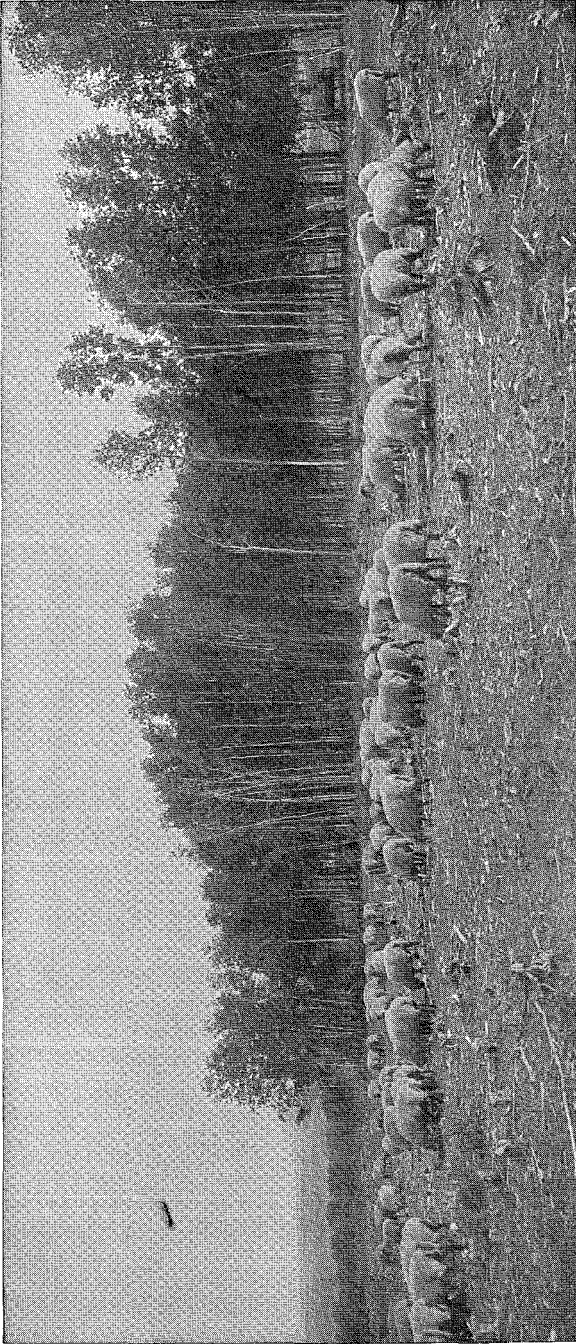
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: A Montana Sheep Range.	
Among the Mountains of Montana - - -	297
A Field of Wheat near Conrad - - -	299
A Field of Spring Wheat near Great Falls	301
Playgrounds of the Poor in Pittsburg -	306
Mississippi River Scene near Nauvoo, Il- linois - - - - -	308
Street Scene in Amboy, Illinois - - -	310
The Old Homestead - - - - -	312
A Prayer (poem) - - - - -	289
The Way (poem) - - - - -	290
Practical Papers - - - - -	291
A Trip through Montana - - - - -	296
Thought Power - - - - -	303
Poems of Poverty - - - - -	305
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith—Part 2	307
Editor's Corner - - - - -	314
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	318
Religio's Arena - - - - -	323



A MONTANA SHEEP RANGE.

See "A Trip to Montana," Travel Sketch Series, page 296.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

JULY, 1912

Number 7

A Prayer.

By F. A. Russell.

A blessing unto those I meet,
Lord, let me be.
From words impure or vain deceit,
Oh, keep me free!
Let every ministration given
To those who in the past have striven
To know the will of God, in heaven,
Be blessed of thee.

Help me to know the word to speak:
Help them believe.
Help me to comfort, cheer the weak;
Help them receive.
Into their lives wilt thou not pour,
Through me, rich blessings o'er and o'er,
That they may know for evermore,
What love can give.

In all I think or say or do,
Be but one fear:
Is Christ brought clearly into view,
Doth he appear?
Let not my faults their vision blind,
Nor keep one soul in heart and mind
From serving Thee! But help them find
Our Savior dear.

And let me feel while life shall last,—
Though sometimes pain
May come, when it shall all be past,
'Twas not in vain!
Sustain me, Lord, until the day
I hear from lips that truly say:
"You helped me see the better way."
Be *this* my gain!

The Way.

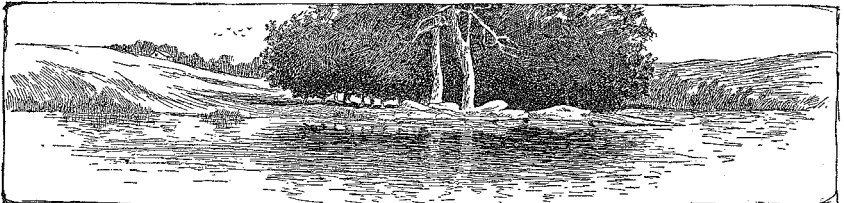
By Martha Bailey Proctor.

Believe! oh doubting child, believe!
 The Master comes and calls for thee.
 Forsake thy doubts, forget thy fears;
 The Son can surely make thee free.
 Sow, lavishly, the seed of trust
 In the deep furrows of thy mind;
 And hidden there, 'Twill grow and bear
 Abundant fruitage of its kind.

Repent, believing child, repent!
 Turn back the current of thy mind,
 To the sweet valley of content
 Where living waters thou shalt find,
 And on the river of God's peace
 Drift out into the open sea
 Of his enduring, boundless love,
 Whose buoyant billows wait for thee.

Obey! repentant child, obey!
 It is thy Captain's kind command;
 He leads thee in the upward way,
 Doubt not the wisdom of his plan.
 Then shall the harmony of love
 Sing in thy soul a joyous strain,
 While angels chant the theme above,
 And Nature joins the sweet refrain.

Endure! obedient child, endure!
 Continue in his word, and know
 The truth, that holds thee safe and sure
 Though adverse winds around may blow.
 So shalt thou have abundant life,
 And in that day shall rise and sing,
 Oh grave! where is thy victory!
 Oh death! where is thy sting!



Practical Papers.

By Vida E. Smith.

THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO MUST MAKE HER OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.



WHEN I look upon this title given to me for my words, I can but think it means all young women. Of course I know that is a very broad view of the case, but there is not in all God's wonderful family, one soul who must not, in a sense, make its own way in the world. So, while the main object of this paper shall be our business women, no one will forget that the general experiences of a woman's life are common to all.

The fundamentals of success in any place in the world are the same. One of the keenest pleasures in every life is the power *to do*. Of course there are people in whom this power is more fully developed than in others, but we all possess it and delight in it, from the baby's first effort at waving adieu to the artist who works his life's blood into his canvas,—think what a world of doing lies in a lifetime between these two illustrations, not forgetting the maker of bread and the potter at his wheel. Then when they ask me, "What personal characteristic makes for success in the business world?" I shall assume that, first of all, it must be the personal power to make happiness, for I read that happiness is the "perfect use of one's faculties, the free expression of one's personality."

We know that sometimes our work becomes absolute drudgery; our spirits fairly spurn it. But we can not be happy working that way, so stand straight, head up, eyes open; and like a Saint lay the sacrifice of your time and strength on the altar, knowing that the next day may seem different. Some of us have been doing things from childhood that we abhor; but I find women everywhere doing those very things, some making happiness of it (they are artists), some cross and sour and snappy (and they are not successes in any business).

One girl said, "I've just got to be pleasant, for everything goes wrong if I get cross." The girl who does office work is not exempt from monotony, although the girl in the "domestic" office may think so. You must make color for your own life. Don't let it get all drabs and browns. Throw in the brightness here and there by thinking of some one else in a helpful way. Use up your facilities, chances, opportunities. Everywhere you go, anywhere you work, there is the material for the enlarging of your capabilities; the enhancing of personal charm and enriching of the mind. If opportunity does not come, *make it*. If you find yourself unfitted for your work, dig up some of your other abilities and use them.

One dear little friend went out from a broken home and a baby's grave to make her own way. She was timid, frail, and heartsick. The noise of the city terrified her; the hurry and bustle almost gave her a chill. She thought, "Can I ever adjust myself to these surroundings?" At the end of a year she received a note from her

employer, saying he had often had more efficient help, but never kinder, more gracious and pleasant assistance. He commended her womanly, gracious ways and modest conduct, and gave her an advance in her salary. She is still in that same office, happy, and a *necessity*. Two things in that note appeal to me; namely, the "womanly ways" and the matter of being "*gracious*,"—sound old-fashioned, don't they? Like home, and mother, and love, and sweet-hearts,—all old-fashioned, all up-to-date, all *gracious*. To be happy one must be gracious. Full of grace, to bear annoyances, to be gentle and sweet, able to do things in a beautiful way; even the very hardest and most distasteful things. Sometimes one's head aches. "Oh," says Anna, "I have learned if my head aches not to worry the boss about it. If I can I just stand it. If I can not, I say I am ill and go home. No man likes to hear about that headache more than once. If I'm tired or sleepy, I keep awake, and one can if one will, work under many afflictions."

I wish you could have heard her when I said, "What study or preparation is necessary?"

"All one can get. I find I can be learning something all the time."

Of course Anna had a good high school education and a year with her stenography and typewriting. During that time she also took rhetoric and grammar and brushed up on her Latin. Now she holds an important position where these things prove very helpful.

"But, Aunt Vida, Martha holds a good position and she never went to high school at all. She took a correspondence course and studied at night, but she is the most *helpful* girl; she can help anybody. That's the way she gets along. She is so cheerful and willing. I learned lots of things at Graceland that helped me besides just 'book studies.' I learned to be considerate and thoughtful of other people's interests, and to be *unselfish*. I do believe a selfish person will be a failure as an employee. I learned to keep my hair tidy, and my shoes black, and the heels straight on them."

"Oh, no, I can not always go home on time. Sometimes when an important meeting is on I wait, for Mr. Wright usually wants work on it done at once. Sometimes I do want pretty dresses, but nothing at all 'partyfied' seems right for an office; so I get the long sleeved waists and have plenty of them, with lots of neat collars and ties, and keep my skirts pressed, good pressing does wonders; and of course one must avoid excesses in styles anywhere. Oh, yes; that's positively an essential—clean petticoats, plain and unfrayed, and lots and lots of hose. I like good gloves, too; not fancy ones, but whole ones, and good fitters. I guess my underwear and shoes are my biggest expense outside of my board. I found I had to have good food if I kept well. I tried to scrap along, and got sick, and when I paid that doctor bill I promised the Lord that I would eat good wholesome food if I could possibly get it. A half-starved woman can not do good work, and then one can not resist little weaknesses so easily if one is hungry. You feel irritated and want to cry—the thing a *woman* always avoids in public if possible. Oh, I had so much trouble because I was not careful in taking work. I blundered so much. That cost me one good position. One must

learn to translate the employer as truly and perfectly as the musician translates the masters. Oh, I feel ashamed when I think of how untidy my work used to be. Some of the books I kept were a disgrace. No wonder I failed in that. Do I wear jewelry? Not much of it, *ever*. I find as much use for cuff buttons, watch, and neat pin fastenings as I ever did. A pretty belt buckle or brooch brightens my toilet and satisfies, to some extent, my woman's love for dainty, beautiful things. I find that men never forget, no matter how deep you get in business, that you are, first of all, a woman. I think that *all* preparation for the business woman and her work in the business world should rest on the broad, deep, solid foundation of true, dignified womanhood. Whatever makes a woman better fitted for life in the aggregate makes her a personal winner in the single battle."

That brings us to the question, "Can a young Latter Day Saint live her religion in the business world to-day?"

Oh, yes; and oh, yes,—and more. She can live a better business life as a Latter Day Saint than any other way. Ours is a gospel especially fitted to the worker. Broad and reasonable, plain and sane, our busy people can keep it with them and use it every hour of the day, and every day. It's a matter of fact part of our lives. Not long ago a young woman said to me, "You know it's so hard to be religious when one is away from home. I'm naturally religious, and at home I just *live* at the church."

Her blue eyes opened wide when I suggested that she get a religion that she could take with her and use every day. "It fits so much nicer there. Why, I could no more leave my religion than I could my sense of smell or hearing, or the use of my fingers." My little companion said afterward, "She has religion confounded with churchgoing.

I know many girls like that; they never get anything out of it for the work time or "lay awake time," or the "blue days."

Can a girl live her religion in the business world? If she ever had it, she can not live without it; and she will feel queer in it Sundays if that's the only time she wears it. Keep it with you; it softens the hard knock amazingly. All things else being equal, the business man of honor prefers a helper who is religious. At our big educational institutions a woman's religion is a matter of record, and she loses or wins on its name. Honors come to the winner. Keep the faith. Be part of the church on whose record your name stands, and be a *living* part. If your friends go to Methodist or Baptist or any "ist" Sunday school, as though life naturally led that way, so you go to your Sunday school or church, for your life *does* lead that way. If they have religions counted old and select, so have you, whose early record was made by John and Paul and Moses and Enoch. There is nothing to fear but your own failure in bearing a living, loving, everyday testimony by *things done* in your own gentle, gracious, steady way.

Of course a Latter Day Saint woman can live her religion anywhere and all the time, if she truly wants to do so. Try it and see for yourself.

What temptations? Oh, my heart stands almost still as I think of them. You will not be shocked, will you, if I begin with the temptations that come because you *are* a woman? Your wonderful, glorious, mysterious womanhood should be your shield against some temptations; but some *men* (say it low) assail *it* first. They look into your bright eyes; they touch your dress—then your hand and your white arm. They speak soft words of undue praise. They give gifts and suggest secret meetings and long rides; and sometimes make your necessity their opportunity for love-making that has in its view your ruin.

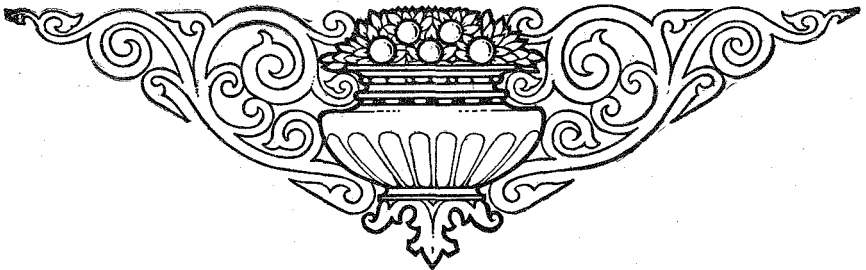
The business girl is not alone in this trouble; the girl in domestic service is assailed as frequently, and it is one of the most potential evils underlying the question of home help. There are places where a modest, amiable, capable girl could be happily employed and give joy and blessing to overworked or delicate mothers, but the “man of the house” or the son of the gentle mother, takes the liberty of insolently admiring her smooth arms or commenting on her charms, all with a beastly familiarity that no self-respecting girl will stand. The coarse glances and coarser approaches of the men of the home are driving from it the help and blessing the weary mothers need. I do not refer to the silly, idlerich-women who spend time and strength in card playing. I haven’t time for them. I know capable young cooks and housekeepers who have a divine gift for these things of the home, who would gladly fill needed places if the soft-pated, oily-tongued, twaddle-fingered men of the place would act even as decently as the mastiff at the door. The factory boss or big business manager so cleverly characterized by Upton Sinclair, is a daily occurrence, but so, too, is the domestic fiend.

The temptation to dress finely, to go to gay places with giddy people; the temptation to enter into amusement that puts your finger to your lips when you are among the home folks; anything that makes you wonder why “dad looks at me that way,” *avoid*. Temptation to the eye, the ear, the taste, the touch, can so many of them be “stood off” by the work-weary girls? Don’t go hungry in order to buy a silk blouse. Eat a good, plain, hot dinner, and get a cotton blouse. Don’t overdress. Party dresses in business places give a girl a cheap, vulgar look. Be businesslike in your place of business, let it be what it may; and remember your employer has no more right to touch your hand, look love in your eyes, make soft speeches, or comment on your apparel, than he has to do the same thing to the man employed by him, at your side. Don’t throw down the bars once. Be business from start to finish. If love wants to come, there is always a frank and honorable way. Keep clean outside and in your soul. Go as often as you can to meet with your church people. Keep in touch with them. It’s a safeguard. Talk to your mother or father, or chosen counselor, but keep clean and honest with your own soul. Let it grow big and noble and glorious in the world of womanhood. Keep to your corner, the busy, happy work corner (which by the way is everywhere), clean and full of light, and remember, your beautiful

body, that moves so gracefully and beautifully to do your will, can always be kept under that will. Never let it go for one instant into the power of any other will. It is yours before God and man. You will be held accountable for its sacredness; you must suffer for its abuses. Even in the world, sweet joy of "love come true," you are the deciding power. Your *will* makes your way, and makes or mars your heaven. Keep your senses under control. Take time to be holy. Do it while you putter with your trials, brush your hair, take a rub down, or bath. Think on sacred, heavenly things, and learn a sweet, old poem or golden text, or some good, sweet song. And in all things be yourself, your own, true self, not an imitation of some one else. Be faithful to your ideals of a woman, whether nursing, teaching, cooking, sewing, clerking, writing, or any of the many wonderfully clever things that women do now, occupies your time. Do your work the very best that it possibly can be done, and be your own actual self while doing it. Let the great dynamic of love for God and humanity give you charm and calmness and surety in your work and set your heart on fire for good and noble aims. If one can have them, sick friends, or feeble old people, or helpless little child friends are a real Godsend to the busy girl. They are better than vaudeville for the lonesome time and are a safe investment for any time.

I know it is not always safe to offer advice, but really, it's the only thing I have that I can give away, and why not give it when asked?

Some of my dearest ones are among the young women who must make their own way in the world, and in His holy name I pray for all of them every day of my life.



A Trip Through Montana.

By Elder D. R. Baldwin.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

ON DECEMBER 26 the writer started on quite an extended trip, which, however, reached only a small part of the over 158,000 square miles of Montana. Going on the Northern Pacific up the Yellowstone River, I stopped off at Joliet, Laurel, Columbus, Big Timber, and Livingston, and found them all thriving towns. Here our train left the river and scaled the pass between the Bridger and Gallatin mountains, plunged through the great tunnel, and glided gracefully down the mountain into the far-famed Gallatin Valley to Bozeman, where I stayed a few days with Bishop Reese and got acquainted with the wideawake members of the branch where our membership rests. I am proud of the work done here by Elder I. M. Smith and others, and of the Saints who form this nucleus, and are making their influence to be felt for good. Their light can not be hidden by the dark curtains that others would draw around them. As I passed down this beautiful valley, which in places must be more than forty miles wide, I no longer wondered at the marvelous crops that are grown here.

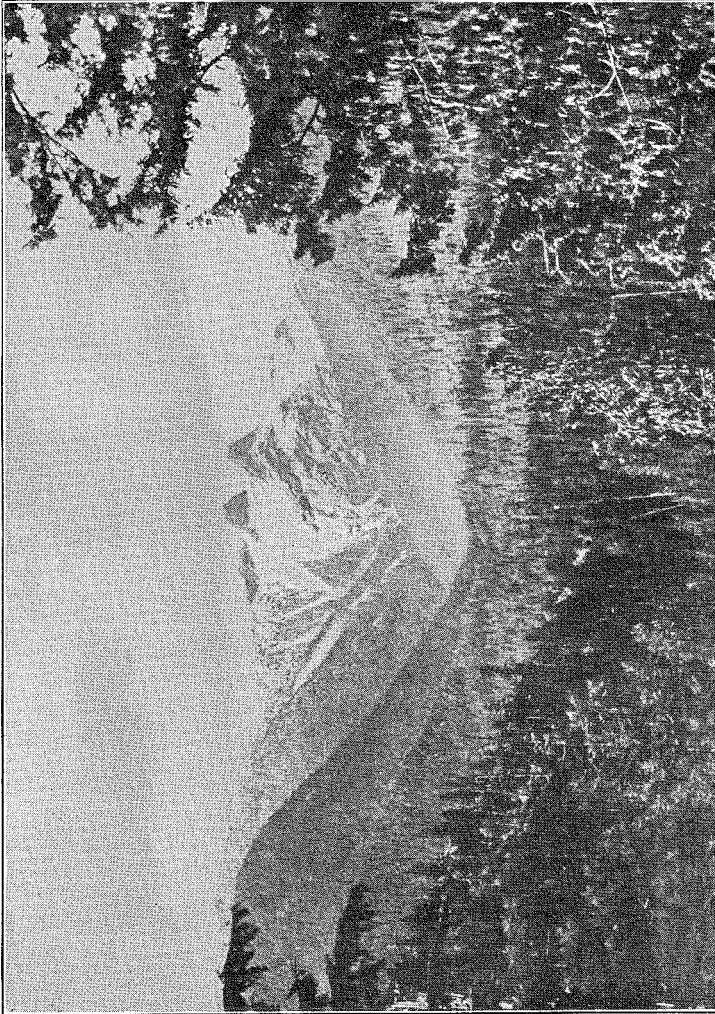
At the Whitehall I found three old Saints who were made happy with the privilege of hearing a few sermons.

On January 20 I reached Butte, where it is claimed one third of the world's copper is mined; where ten thousand men bring fifteen thousand tons of ore to the surface daily, for which work they receive forty thousands of dollars. Approximately one billion dollars worth of ore has been taken from this hill, which is believed to be only one fourth of the deposit. About one thousand miles of shafts have thus far been driven. They are on various levels, the lower ones being so hot that the workmen are compelled to divide their time into short shifts. In places the drippings from above are so corrosive that they eat holes in the clothes and cause many sores on the bodies of the workmen, which are difficult to heal. Tin cans and sheet iron are converted into commercial copper by laying in puddles of this liquid. It was not to these infernal levels, however, that our great executive was so ostentatiously lowered (with the mine owners) on his recent visit to Butte.

While here I preached at the home of George Hyatt, who seems much interested in the word, and knows exactly how to make an elder feel at home. He is the warm-hearted, intelligent husband of Sister Hyatt.

I preached a few nights at Anaconda and rode down the valley in a buggy as far as Warm Springs, the home of the insane. In this valley is where so many farmers have had their hopes of success blighted and blasted by the tons of poison that settle down on them from the smoke from the great Anaconda smelter. Three million five hundred thousand dollars have been spent in litigation over this matter, and the end is not yet; but the immense

capital behind the smelter clearly presages the manner of settlement to come. When a cloud of smoke hovers over any part of the valley and a mist falls through it to the earth, vegetation is contaminated, and both people and stock who eat of it are poisoned. These bad results have been greatly reduced since the higher smoke-



AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF MONTANA.

stack has been built, and the more modern methods of consuming the smoke and staying the poison adopted; still stock do not thrive as they do in other parts of the State and not a fish is to be found in the streams.

On February 4 I met with the Warm Springs Saints in a Lord's supper and prayer service.

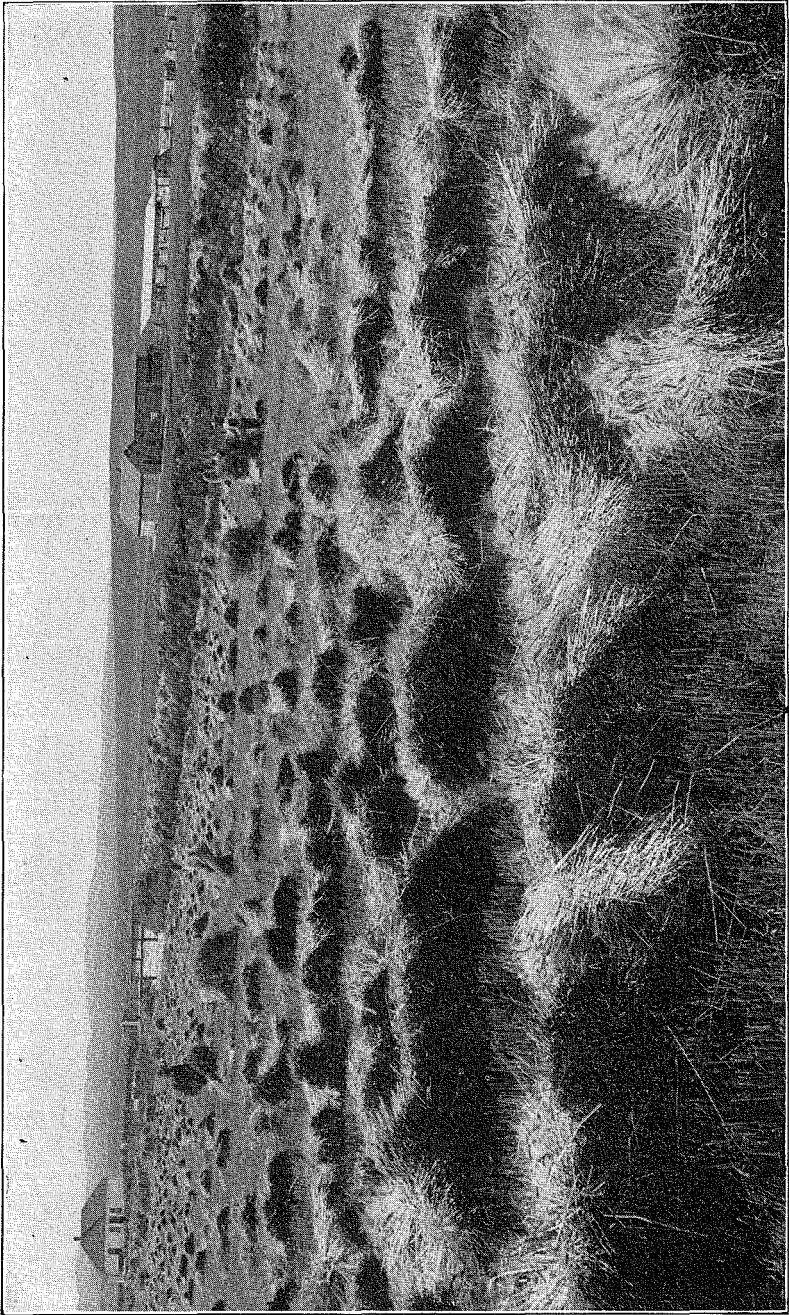
At Deer Lodge I enjoyed the hospitality of Brother and Sister Wycoff for a few days, and met a few other Saints. I can not escape the conviction that if by any means the restored gospel could be brought to the understanding of the people of Deer Lodge a good work could be done there. I fear sometimes that we are not as aggressive as we should be.

From here I went to Elliston and thence over the range to Helena, the capital city. On the 19th I passed down through the Missouri River Canyon from Johns to Cascade: from this point my journey became much more interesting, on account of the unparalleled development of the natural resources met with on every hand. Without a doubt Great Falls is to be brought into world-wide prominence in the near future; the immense area of rich farming land in every direction, the unlimited supply of mountain water for all purposes, the healthful climate, altitude 3,300 feet, the hidden treasures of the ancient mountains, such as gold, silver, iron, copper, lead, and a dozen baser metals that are being uncovered, the new lines of railroads that are being constructed, the exhaustless supply of high grade bituminous and coking coal, cement, shale, fire clay, and lime, plus the western method of boosting things; all these, multiplied by the fact that the overflow of eastern capital is being intelligently directed thither, is, in the mind of the writer, direct evidence that Great Falls has a future. It has a developed water power equal to that of Minneapolis, Spokane, Holyoke, and Manchester combined; yet this is less than one fourth of what is in sight, since the mighty Missouri falls 526 feet in five miles. The Boston and Montana copper smelting plant stands three miles from town on the bank of the river, the output for the year being about one hundred million pounds of refined copper, besides gold and silver, consuming one half million tons of ore, one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of coal, seventy-five thousand tons of coke, and two hundred thousand tons of lime. The smoke from these immense furnaces escapes from the top of the largest smokestack in the world. It stands on a hill a half mile west of the plant; is 506 feet above the foundation, and has an inside diameter of fifty feet at the top.

While in Great Falls I stopped with Brother Catron, who knew of no opening for preaching, but they told me of a family by the name of House who had asked them many questions. I visited these people and soon arranged for preaching; and I became wonderfully interested while speaking to just a few; for I could see the sparkle of interest in their eyes.

I now turned my course homeward, going up through the Judeth Basin, where a few things attracted special attention; namely, the richness of the soil, the grain elevators in each thriving new town, the numerous gasoline and steam plowing outfits, and the marvelous development of the new country. If the body of Saints near Cyote make no worse mistake than locating in Judeth Basin they may count themselves happy indeed; for Judeth Basin takes no back seat in the high scorings of our great State.

In competition with the grains of the United States, Montana



A FIELD OF WHEAT NEAR CONRAD.

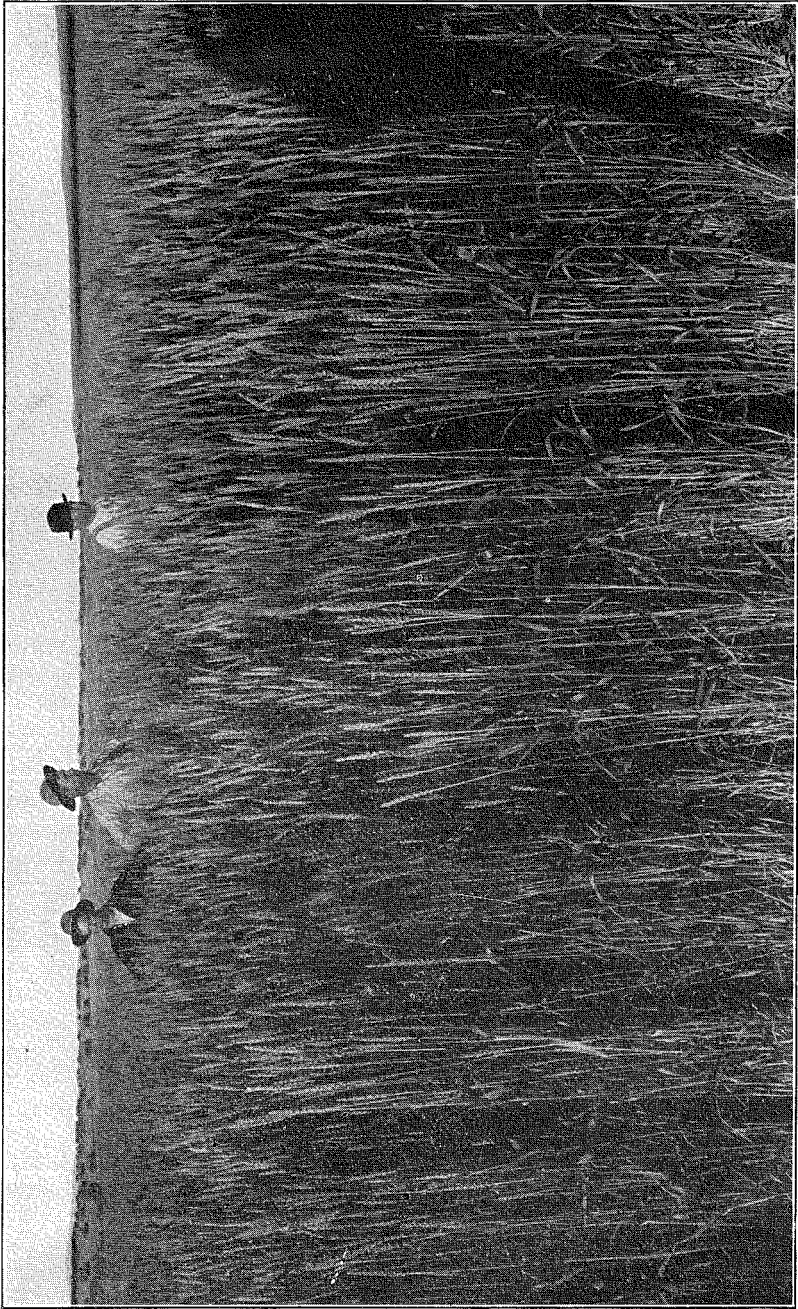
took all the American grain prizes at The American Land and Irrigation Exposition held at Madison Square Garden, New York City, in November, 1911. The sample of hard wheat that captured the J. J. Hill one thousand dollar silver cup weighed sixty-five pounds to the bushel, the yield being seventy-five bushels per acre. The Earling one thousand dollar silver cup was won by a sample of oats yielding one hundred and fifty-four bushels to the acre and weighing forty-five pounds to the measured bushel. The Pabst one thousand, five hundred dollar silver cup, offered for the best brewing barley was taken by a yield of sixty-eight and one tenth bushels per acre, weighing seventy-five and one half pounds per bushel. And the Montana alfalfa carried away the one thousand dollar silver cup.

The data furnished by the Bureau of Soils of the Department of Agriculture at Washington shows Montana's yield in bushels and value per acre of grain for a period of ten years, as follows: Wheat, 26.2, \$18.77; barley, 35.5, \$20.84; oats, 41.6, \$18.74; rye, 22.6, \$15.51; potatoes, 150.3, \$82.26. The 1911 wheat crop amounted to twenty-eight million bushels; and three years ago the output was small, but according to acreage the 1912 crop will by far surpass the previous year. A large area of unoccupied land of high quality is said to lie between the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers. At any rate the entire State of South Carolina might be set down in eastern Montana and not touch a railroad. The climate is said to be much like North Dakota.

The foregoing figures may probably be accounted for by our mineral soil being highly charged with such valuable and staying plant foods at nitrogen, phosphorous, lime, and potash.

On March 12 I reached Billings and found that Mr. C. M. Bair was registered at the Northern Hotel. Mr. Bair is said to be the largest individual sheep owner in the world. He keeps from one hundred thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand sheep. They range in the Prior Mountains, in the Crow Indian Reservation, near this city. Their fleece averages ten pounds. I am told that his 1909 clip brought him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He has them divided into about thirty-four bands. When we consider the uncertain price of wool and mutton, and take a glance at the natural and incidental losses, also at his expenses, one soon becomes convinced that whatever the sheep industry may have stood for in the past, it is not at present that "get rich quick" proposition that some are looking for. Each band has a shepherd or herder who receives forty-five dollars per month. He is furnished with a two hundred and twenty-five dollar wagon and a goodly supply of food for his home. Then Mr. Bair keeps about seven camp foremen who are paid from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per month. Over all these is the general superintendent, who is paid five thousand dollars a year.

At Billings I visited the sugar beet factory, which last year contracted in advance with the farmers for fifteen thousand acres of beets. The crop brought approximately one million dollars. Fifty growers had an average yield of 16.74 tons per acre, an average



A FIELD OF HARD SPRING WHEAT NEAR GREAT FALLS.

value per acre of \$100.30. The average yield of the entire acreage was about twelve tons per acre, the value being about sixty-six dollars. The cost of production being forty dollars, grown on land valued at seventy-five dollars per acre. The daily capacity of the factory is one thousand four hundred tons of beets, and it is operated about four months each season. Large numbers of cattle are fattened on the pulp, which is stored in silos.

There is another side to this great industry, which casts a long, grim shadow. In order to provide the farmers with help to raise these beets (for much hand weeding and hoeing is necessary) the company ship in large numbers of foreigners from the lower province of Russia and the adjoining countries of Germany and Prussia, who speak a common dialect, having no education and but little intelligence, a very low grade of human beings. Many advantages are taken of these unfortunates; for instance, the company charges them five dollars for writing a one hundred and twenty-five word beet contract; the little children and their mothers are worked in the fields, weeding and hoeing, pulling and topping, until the crop is ready for the factory; then many are naturally thrown out of employment, and their meager holdings are soon sold under the hammer. So they are without friends, in a strange country, in the grasp of winter, and in the awful clutches of poverty; while the company is supposed to clear one hundred per cent on their investment.

I visited The Working Men's Home, a large hall conducted by the Salvation Army, where many of these homeless creatures are clothed and lodged. One large room is used as an office and reading room. Here also is installed a free employment bureau, where beet contracts are written free of charge. They conduct eating rooms in another part of the city where many free meals are served.

These "good Samaritans" are earnest, intelligent workers, who deeply deplore the fact that their charities are so nearly wasted on this particular class; for there is no visible chance for soul development, and no chance for the children to be educated. A heavy percentage of the workers at the mines, lumber camps, and smelters through the State are foreigners; but not all are of the lower class. A majority of them are good citizens.

Coal at the mines costs from two to four dollars per ton. Freight is extremely high; but for the producers this insures good prices for their products. It is close, slow, hard, discouraging work for those without means to build themselves a home in a new country; but does not the end more than justify the means? We think so.

Coal miners all over the State are working only two or three days a week. Scores of Finlanders and others are filing on homesteads, building cheap houses, and leaving the family to hold down the claim while they work in the mines. The families usually go back to the mines and school their children during the winter.

At Lewiston I roomed in a house kept by a hustling little widow lady who left her little children in Kansas City and came to Montana and proved up on a homestead; and she has now filed on a desert claim. It requires resolute will power, or grit; but it pays

in the end. Six lady teachers filed on claims near us two years ago, their brothers filing in the same locality. It is a sacrifice of home pleasure; it means lonely hours; but in the end it pays, and pays big.

Some time ago I was in Harding where I met a young man who is living on his homestead with his brave little family. Every morning he gets on an old horse and rides about four miles to his work in town. This spells anxiety; it means hard, weary work; it brings a lonesome feeling; but in the end it pays. This young man signs his name E. L. Kelley, jr. He has a younger single brother who has a claim near by. There is a future for such people who have "sand."

My son recently went from Pennsylvania to Canada in quest of a home. I heartily commend the act. Yet, it is a monster undertaking for a poor man with a family. But in these stirring days where is the man who succeeds without surmounting big obstructions? It takes a long, strong, steady pull to row your boat up the stream; but all who lack the nerve to thus pull must go the other way. I listened to an address by President Joseph Smith about thirty-five years ago when he deplored the fact that some Saints were living in covered wagons followed by yellow dogs; and he made a stirring appeal for such to change this habit and locate, and build themselves permanent homes. That was a timely exhortation, which is not yet out of date. There are thousands who might apply the rent they are paying as payments on property and soon own their own homes, and tens of thousands will yet bless the day that they filed on homesteads.



Thought Power.

By J. E. Vanderwood.

IT IS quite certain that no one will ever rise above the thoughts of his heart, and it is therefore necessary to take pains in the cultivation of thought power. We should use discretion in our selection of literature, and especially should we use wisdom in selecting food for thought. The wise man has said, "As he (man) thinketh in his heart so is he," and it is quite evident that thought is character in embryo.

Let us define thought, if possible. It is that which is conceived in the mind, developed in the heart, and becomes concrete in the action. We permit matter to enter the mind; we foster it; it sinks into the recesses of the heart; we meditate upon it; we put it into action, and that produces what we call character. Is it not then worthy our careful attention and consideration? Can we afford to trifle with the building of our character? Is it not a fact that a noble and true character is superlatively greater than anything else we can possess? Yes, verily, a character which is above reproach is the greatest asset one can have. One may be poor in this world's

goods, yet if his character is clean he is rich above many that have gained the things of this world at the loss of their moral character.

Through thought power, it is within the reach of every individual to make of himself or herself just what he or she chooses to be. It is done, too, by a very simple process. It is true no one can prevent impure thoughts entering the mind, but they can prevent their remaining there, and the best way to rid the mind of impure and evil thoughts is to keep it well filled with good ones. If the mind is drawn continually to the noble, the true, the sublime, and the beautiful, the heart will also dwell upon the same, and unconsciously the acts will betray the thoughts of the heart; we will be found giving out in word and deed the things we have been feeding upon. It is therefore very essential that we cultivate the spirit of optimism, along with purity of thought, that we may become the more useful in life.

If unpleasant and vexing problems confront us; if we find ourselves thinking unpleasant things about our work or about others, let us at once direct the mind to something of a nobler and grander nature, and the good will drive out the evil; and in process of time, if care be taken, we will have developed the mind that pure thoughts will dwell there continually. By thus feeding upon the pure our lives will become pure, our hearts will be pure, and the promise is that such shall see God.

Ralph Waldo Trine, in a little volume called *Character-Building Thought Power*, gives expression to this beautiful thought: "There is nothing more true in connection with human life than that we grow into the likeness of those things we contemplate. Literally and scientifically and necessarily true is it that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' The 'is' part is his character. His character is the sum total of his habits. His habits have been formed by his conscious acts; but every conscious act is, as we have found, preceded by a thought. And so we have it—thought on the one hand, character, life, destiny on the other."

We feed the body with a proper food that we may grow into perfect manhood physically; is it not therefore more essential to feed the mind, the thought, with pure and wholesome food that the inner man, the character, may grow into a perfect type of manhood, thus enabling the individual to impart to others a pure and chaste conversation, and by so doing bring them to a life superlatively greater than that wherein they now occupy. As expressed in the words of Mr. Trine: "Always remember that the great and strong character is the one who is ever ready to sacrifice the present pleasure for the future good."

The old Greek philosophy of a beautiful soul in a beautiful body is worthy of consideration. Let us dwell upon the beautiful until our entire being is the embodiment of virtue and purity.

Poems of Poverty.

THE CHILD SLAVE.

For a little bread and a little meat,
 For two poor soles for his weary feet,
 For a tattered coat and a bed of rags,
 And a curse or a blow if he ever lags,
 For a right to live as a worm may live,
 He gives up all that a child may give.

—S. E. Kiser.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread!
 Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!
 In poverty, hunger and dirt;
 And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
 She sang the Song of the Shirt.—Hood.

BALLAD OF THE SHOP GIRL.

The wolf of poverty follows me on
 Through the dingy streets of the town,
 So close beside that his shaggy hide
 Might almost touch my gown;
 And after him the wolves of lust
 Come eager to drag me down.

Alone I walk where the specters stalk
 In the roar of the mighty town;
 Oh! God! For a knight to aid my flight,
 Of high and pure renown!
 Is there never a man to lift me up
 Where myriads drag me down?—West.

THE NINETY AND NINE.

There are ninety and nine that work and die
 In want and hunger and cold,
 That one may revel in luxury
 And be lapped in the silken fold!
 The ninety and nine in their hovels bare,
 And one in a palace of riches rare.

From the sweat of their brow the desert blooms
 And the forest before them falls;
 Their labor has builded them humble homes,
 And cities with lofty halls.
 And the one owns cities and houses and lands,
 While the ninety and nine have empty hands.

—Rose Elizabeth Smith.

PROGRESS AND SCIENCE AND THE POOR.

Is it well that while we range with Science, glorying in the time,
 City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime?
 There among the gloomy alleys, Progress halts on palsied feet,
 Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousands on the street.

There the master scrimps his haggard seamstress of her daily bread,
 There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead.
 There the smoldering fire of fever creeps across the rotten floor,
 And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.
 —Tennyson.



PLAYGROUNDS OF THE POOR IN PITTSBURG.

A VISION.

Within a poor man's squalid home I stood;
 The one bare chamber, where his work-worn wife
 Above the stove and washtub passed her life,
 Next to the sty where they slept with all their brood.
 But I saw not that sunless, breathless lair,
 The chamber's sagging roof and reeling floor;
 The smeared walls, broken sash, and battered door;

The foulness and folornness everywhere;
 I saw a great house, with the portals wide
 Upon the banquet room, and from without,
 The guests descending in a brilliant line
 By the stairs statued niches, and beside
 The loveliness of the gemmed and silken route,
 The poor man's landlord leading down to dine.

—W. D. Howells.

Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 2.

By Inez Smith.

He went forth
Strengthened to suffer, gifted to subdue
The might of human passion—to pass on
Quietly to the sacrifice of all
The lofty hopes of boyhood and to turn
The high ambition written on that brow
From its first dream of power—and human fame
Unto a task of seeming lowliness.

—John G. Whittier.

ALLEXANDER SMITH was now a young man of twenty-four. The death of Frederick, his brother four years older than himself, had awakened new thoughts in his mind. His older Brother Joseph and his younger brother David had already joined the Reorganized Church, and were heart and soul in the work they believed to be a sacred heritage from their martyred father, but Alexander and Frederick had stood aloof, hesitant; and now Frederick had died without baptism. Did it matter? And how much? That brother had been such a generous, big-hearted one, and his memory has ever since been hallowed by the family as the happiest-hearted of all the Smith boys. It was a big place he left vacant in the jolly home and little river town, where everyone knew and loved him. It was with sad hearts they had laid him to rest under those fragrant spring skies in April, 1863; but no heart was heavier than young Alexander's. It meant more than death, it meant an opening to him of all the great problem and tangle of life and death, the world's problem,—and his. Suddenly the future life was brought very near to a soul which had scarcely had time to concern itself with any other world, beyond the glad, happy, present miracle of fields and woods that filled his young life full of unquestioning joy and wonder.

A mind trained to big, out-of-door ways of thinking struggled alone with the great world puzzle, as sooner or later we each must struggle with it, alone; and he found his answer. On May 25 following his brother's death, Alexander was baptized in the dearly loved Mississippi. His brother Joseph officiated in both baptism and confirmation, assisted in the latter by Elder Nathan Foster. In July the little wife followed him, baptized by the same brother.

At this time he had little thought of ever taking up active work in the church of his choice. He had lofty ideas of the high qualities that must make up a minister of Christ, and he had little doubt that he was totally inefficient. The thought of such a responsibility completely overawed him, a "wild, thoughtless boy," as he called himself.

He still loved those old friends, rod and gun, and oh, how he loved the living, sparkling waters of the Mississippi; as long as he lived, his beautiful river always called and strongly enticed him to adventure on its bosom. Not only in boyhood days, but through all his after life when the season for hunting or fishing came 'round "his blood fevered with longing for the woods, or river, or lakes, and seldom could he resist the call of the wild." What need of resistance was there in his younger days, when the world was his? At times he was absent for days in the woods or on the river, engaged in some wild adventure or other. Wandering about in



"He loved the living, sparkling waters of the Mississippi; as long as he lived, his beautiful river always called and strongly enticed him to adventure on its bosom."

happy abandon, he surrendered himself to the lure of the wild things that called him there. He learned to know every mood of the river, he was not afraid of them either, whether ice or storm. But the little wife at home was afraid and worried, as all wives would worry, when for a day or two stormy waters would keep her young Nimrod imprisoned on some desert island, or some other chance kept him absent from her and baby Frederick longer than she expected.

How many wonderful stories those adventures furnished in later years, when children and grandchildren with the love of outdoors in their own blood gathered round to hear him talk of adventure and the dear old river he loved so well! But another call was

coming, stronger even than the lure of the woods, a call to take him away from the simple, free life of field and river, into the complex life of human joys and sorrows. Who shall say that the soul that understood the rest of God's creatures, should not the better for that be able to understand and comfort the heartaches of the consummate miracle of God's hands? The same call that came to the humble fishermen of Galilee, was soon to come to the young hunter of Nauvoo, and what a chance, what a wonderful chance it gave him to bring cheer and comfort into the world.

There was a little branch in Nauvoo, known as the "Olive Leaf," and at a meeting for electing officers, some member nominated Alexander's name, and asked for his ordination, saying that the Spirit witnessed that it was his calling. Almost with a feeling of resentment Alexander heard his brother Joseph rise and confirm the testimony. Had he no loftier idea of a man of God? For Alexander's reverence for such service made him sure he was unworthy of the place. He wanted to avoid it, but finally consented to act, still not wholly convinced of the divinity of the call.

In the spring of 1864 he went to General Conference at Amboy. While there Brother William W. Blair told him that he felt he was to be called to the office of elder. Again Alexander, as ever skeptical, waited and hesitated. He told Brother Blair frankly that he felt he should have a manifestation for himself, and that night at Brother Blair's confident assurance that if he asked for the evidence he would receive it, he prayed earnestly to receive knowledge of the proper course for him to take.

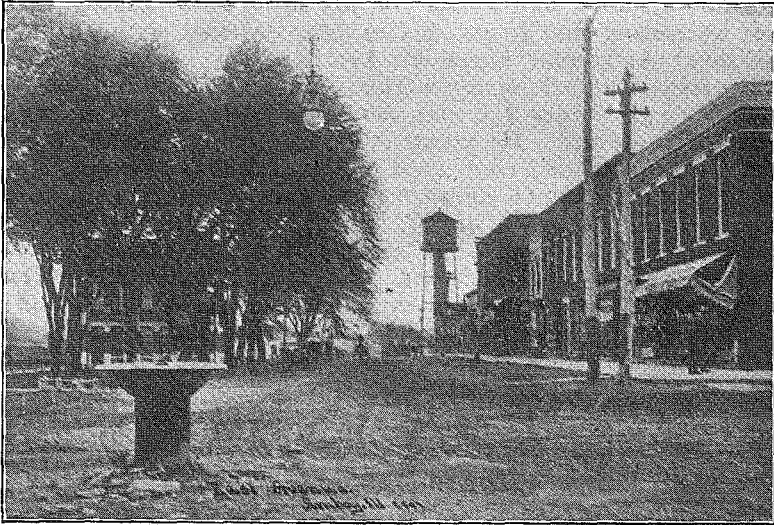
He lay awake thinking. He had as yet received no manifestation, when suddenly he became conscious of a change in his surroundings. He wondered whether he was asleep or awake. Anyhow, he was standing on a great, level plain. Ahead of him was a large mound, sloping evenly in all directions. On the very top of the mound was a speaker's stand and in it two men preaching from open books to the great mass of people that crowded the hill on all sides, all standing and all pressing closer to the men who were talking. Suddenly Alexander was filled with a desire to get nearer, and as he was pushing through the crowd to the speaker's stand, he saw the men step down from the stand and come directly toward him. As they came the people fell back a little, leaving just room enough for them to pass to the spot where Alexander stood. They came slowly, speaking to others as they came, and finally stood by his side. The taller of the two took him by his hand and called him by name, and then the other, taking his hand as it was released, said, "Alexander, you go up and take your place; we are going away. We will be gone a season, but we will return again." Releasing his hand, which he held during these words, he pointed up to the speaker's stand, and the people silently stepped aside again, leaving a pathway to the place where the men had just stood to address the multitude. In his dream Alexander went through the crowd and the two men walked on, seemingly through the air, until they disappeared.

The next thing the dreamer knew he was conscious of sitting

up in bed weeping. He had recognized his father, Joseph the Martyr, and his uncle, the martyred patriarch. It was his uncle who spoke first, and his father who bade him go up and take his place.

The morning after, Brother Blair asked if he had received any evidence, and Alexander answered simply, "Yes." Alexander was ordained an elder at that conference, completely satisfied as to his mission in life.

Perhaps some of us are ready to relegate dreams and visions to the weak-minded and ignorant, and even more of us timidly cringe



STREET SCENE IN AMBOY, ILLINOIS.

Here the conferences of 1860 and 1864 were held. At the first named President Joseph Smith took his place as president of the high priesthood of the church, its prophet and leader. At the last named Alexander H. Smith received divine confirmation of his calling, in the vision related in this article. Mechanic's Hall, in which General Conferences were held, occupied the center of this block. It was burned at a later date and has been rebuilt.

a little from the visionary, while we are still half loyal on account of Old Testament tradition; but why should the wisest of us fail to be grateful to the dreams and dreamers that have made us greater and wiser, that have encouraged men to noble lives of service? We flatter ourselves to-day on taking nothing for granted, and in our zeal to prove all things, we want everything to stand or fall by our scant scientific measurement. But we will not quarrel with the philosophers who deny us our dreams and theories, for do we not *know* that the truths by which men have lived and died were not gained always by hours of study and research, but by some living ideal awakened in the heart at some inspired moment—

such an ideal as henceforth all the wisdom of the ages shall fail to shake?

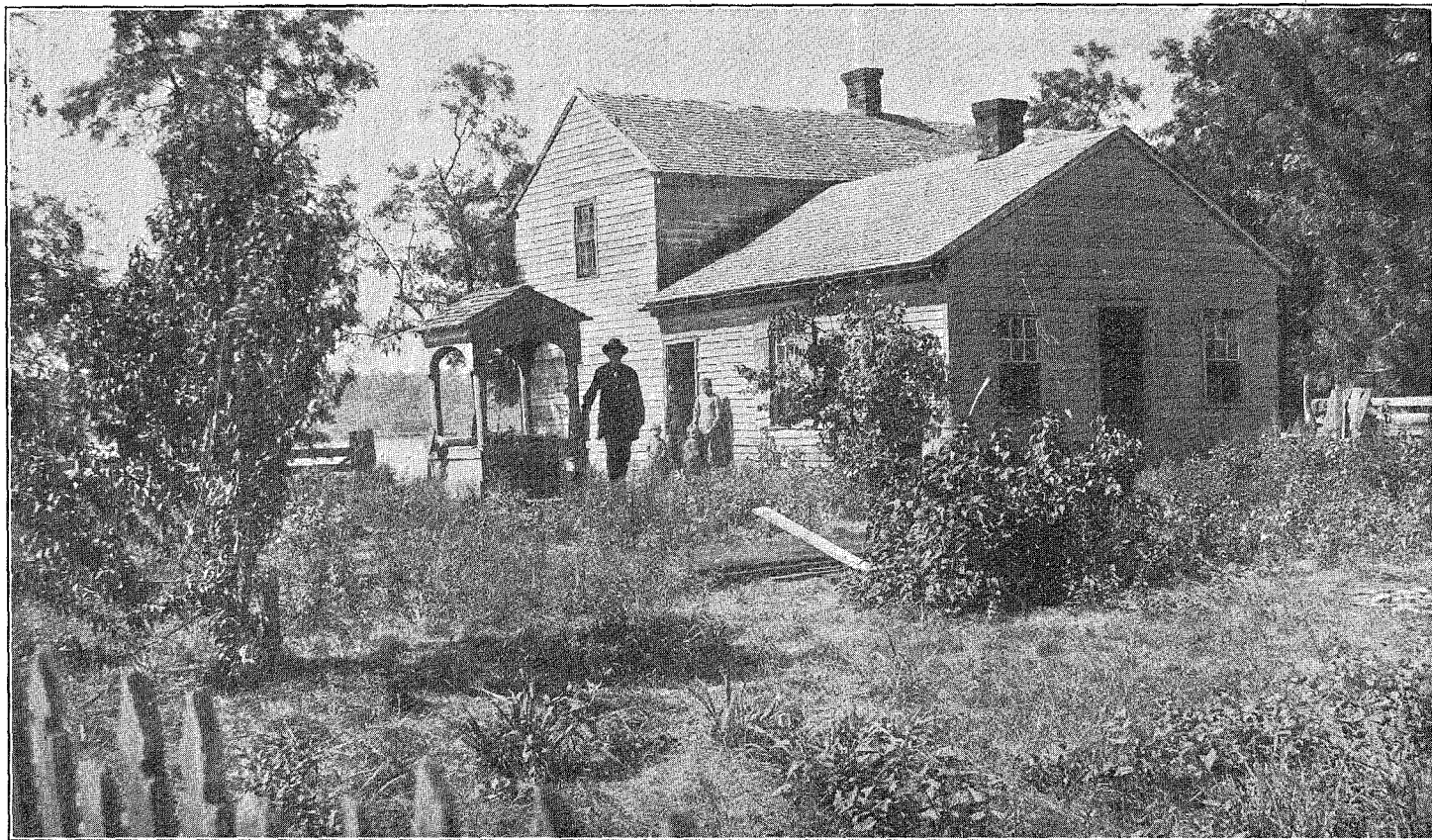
From that day Alexander lived not for himself, but that through him others might be blessed. His early ministerial experiences were very pleasant to him. The gospel was such a wonder to the inexperienced boy, the blessings of healing, the gifts of gospel, all was a miracle and a marvel, and even grown gray in the work, with a seasoned faith in the gospel story, he used to tell of those days, and the glory and glamour of them was still present with him. In the summer of 1864 he labored with Henry Cuerdon and William Anderson in the Saint Louis District. The latter was destined to become his ardent friend, and later accompanied him on his trip half across the continent, without purse or scrip.

In January, 1865, his second child and eldest daughter was born in the old Mansion House. They called her Vida Elizabeth,—Vida a clever revision of the youngest brother David's name, and Elizabeth for the little mother. Some patron deity surely ruled the destinies of the little strangers, who first saw the light in Room No. 10, for both this little girl and the baby boy born there who several years later came to bless the home of Alexander's brother David, grew up to love to delve in the intricacies of rhyme and rhythm.

Some of the happiest days of his missionary life were spent in short missionary tours in those early days; then came the long, far away mission to California. Not so far away now, but distant indeed before modern scientific magic changed the three months' tedious journey to a comfortable one of three days. They crossed the "Great American Desert," by team, in those days, to get to California.

The missionaries, James W. Gillen (to Utah), William Anderson, and Alexander Smith, were sent West by the conference of 1866. Alexander left Nauvoo in the month of May, without purse or scrip, as he understood the Scriptures to require. It was enough to dismay a stouter heart, but the young missionary's heart was as light as his wallet, which was very light indeed. When he got across the road, after his parting with wife and mother, he found that he had fifty cents in his purse, and conscience smitten he put down his valise in the middle of the road and returned to give the money to his wife. As he returned a little more slowly he thought what almost foolishness it was to carry back that half dollar, just a quarter mile to the ferry, now, and he must pay the ferryman just that amount for crossing. Just then a neighbor boy came out and in answer to his explanation of, "Where are you going, Alex?" he was a little startled by an urgent request to try going across in his new skiff. The invitation was accepted as a splendid way out of the difficulty and an excellent omen of future guidance.

The trip across the Iowa prairies was made much more pleasant by occasional communion with those of their own faith, but they were not sorry to reach Council Bluffs, on the western border, where they were outfitted to cross the plains. The trip across Iowa



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

One of the historic landmarks of Nauvoo, still standing and owned by the church. The first house occupied in Nauvoo by Joseph and Emma Smith. Alexander Smith is standing by the well.

had been mostly through rain and mud, a great deal of the time on foot, and much of the rest by slow stage or wagon. The outfit for crossing the plains which the brethren of these western districts purchased, although at the time it seemed well enough, was soon found to be utterly inadequate for the trip. The team consisted of a pair of small ponies, and although they did their very best, it was soon apparent to the disheartened missionaries that it was only a question of time till they must leave the little horses by the roadside. But what should they do? They went on as best they could, until they reached Columbus, Nebraska, where they met Brother H. J. Hudson, postmaster of Columbus, who came out and greeted the tired brethren very enthusiastically. His first question was:

“Where’s your team?”

Alexander pointed to the ponies.

“There it is.”

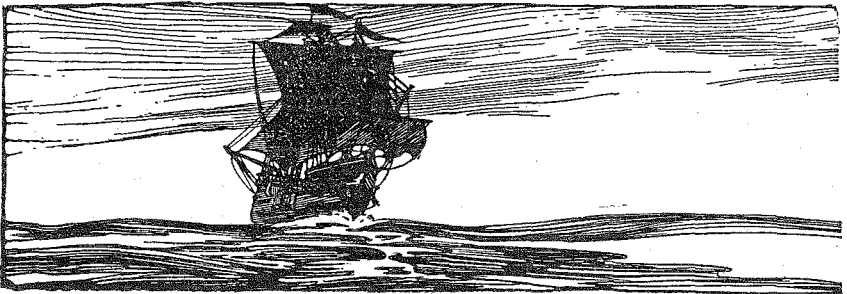
“Where?”

The missionary led him closer and pointed down at them.

“What!” said Brother Hudson, “that team of rats? Why, my brethren, you don’t think of trying to cross the plains with that team, do you? Drive your wagon right around to my yard; you shall never leave my place with that outfit with my consent.”

And they didn’t. It was necessary for a return to be made to the Missouri River before a satisfactory exchange was made, and then it was made at some extra cost to the Saints of Columbus. But they did not seem to mind that, as they saw the western missionaries start off with a good, strong team of mules.

(To be continued.)



EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.

The Sixth Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

THE QUARREL IN THE CHOIR: "WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?"

NEW YEAR'S DAY fell on Sunday. "A fine chance," reflected Elder John Howard, "to advertise special services and get a good attendance of nonmembers (as well as members at the church, and perhaps reach some who have never heard of our message. I can take up some subject that will be appropriate for the day, and at the same time permit me to introduce some of our distinctive doctrines. I can also make it of value to our own members and perhaps give them an impetus for good that will help them to start the year right."

To think was to act. So the meeting was advertised in all the city papers. Attractive handbills were printed, setting forth the fact that on New Year's Day Elder John Howard would deliver a special address at the Saints' church on the subject, "The flight of time." Squads of Religio workers scattered these bills throughout that part of the city in which the church was located. Elder Howard himself lettered some large posters and secured the privilege of displaying them in shop windows.

The advertisements in the papers, the small handbills, and the large posters with entire unanimity and perfect assurance set forth with emphasis the fact that a feature of the evening would be special music by the choir. The choir was small but did good service, and Elder Howard depended on it to lead the congregation and furnish good spiritual music, an almost indispensable feature of divine worship.

New Year's Day was a splendid day. The sun shone brightly. Everyone seemed happy. Good cheer reigned supreme. Good resolutions were made in quantities. Many of these would be broken soon. But Elder Howard, noting his wife's Christmas cactus in full rich bloom, philosophized thus: "For a week this cactus is fragrant and beautiful with superb blossoms. After that for the rest of the year it will be just a mean, our Missouri friends would say an 'ornery' cactus, nothing more. But isn't it better for it to bloom once a year than never to bloom? And isn't it better for humanity to open its heart and desire the good and do the good

for a few weeks than never to be good at all? And some of these good resolutions will stick. A certain percentage will remain and bear fruit. A small percentage is better than none."

When the hour for service arrived (the evening hour), the church was filled with people, including neighbors and nonmembers. Elder Howard was occupied with the task of making everyone feel at home and getting people well placed until the very moment to open his meeting. Then he stepped into the pulpit, picked up a hymn book, and turned to the choir. But where was the choir? The chorister and organist were there, but that was all. It came over him like a dash of cold water from the region of the North Pole that his much advertised meeting would be without the special music that he had announced. There was trouble somewhere, but as yet he did not know where.

Explanations are sometimes futile and often dangerous, so he attempted none. They staggered through the opening songs, and then he rallied himself and tried to make up in preaching what was lacking in the song service. But all the time in the back of Elder John Howard's mind an interrogation point and an exclamation mark were whirling about each other. His state of mind at least enabled him to attack evil in every form with great vigor and animation, not to say ferocity.

"I have a compliment for you," said his wife, as they were about to start for home, after the post-sermon visiting among the Saints had subsided and the last one had gone with a lingering good-bye. Elder Howard made it a point to shake hands with each member of his flock and pass a word of cheer, and not one would go until this function had been attended to.

"Well, what is your compliment?" he asked, as he swung little John, junior, to his shoulder.

"Why, our neighbor, Mrs. B., said that she never knew that you were so smart until she heard you preach."

"I see," replied Elder Howard, grimly, "she was judging by appearances, no doubt. But what I wish to know is, What is the matter with the choir? Special music without the choir is something like playing Hamlet with Hamlet left out."

"The choir is having trouble," replied his wife. "The members are offended at something the chorister did. I do not know the particulars, nor who is to blame; but they felt so badly that they thought they could not sing."

"What a time to get into trouble," groaned the pastor, "at the very time when we need everyone to help get started for a good year's work! Well, we must get it straightened out before another Sunday and work extra hard to recover lost ground. We can not afford to let a little thing like a missing choir discourage us. Some one found a good theme in 'the lost chord,' and here I have lost a whole choir—something great should come out of such a thing as that."

The next morning the mild south wind shifted to the north. Black clouds rolled up and obscured the sky. Soon the air was filled with flying snow. Winter had arrived somewhat late, but very

active. Little John, junior, insisted that he must be out of doors and in the storm. So, being equipped with coat, cap, mittens, and overshoes, he sallied forth, a comical little figure. No sooner was he out of doors, however, than a fierce gust of wind from around the corner seized him, whirled him about, and blew him into the raspberry bushes. He was rescued and returned to the maternal arms a sadder but a wiser little man.

Big John, senior, like little John, junior, could not be content to remain within doors, so started out to breast the storm and try and settle the choir difficulty without loss of time. Having visited the chorister and having elicited a promise to rectify all mistakes, he turned his steps toward another part of the city, some two miles away. As he breasted the rushing winds and caught glimpses of huge buildings looming ghostlike through the swirl of flying snow that stung his face to a ruddier color, he rather enjoyed the walk. Yet as it grew colder and more boisterous he felt a humorous sympathy for the old colored man who under similar circumstances at last stopped and shook his fist angrily and apostrophized the wind thus: "Wind, what I wants to know is wha wuz you las' July when it wuz so hot?"

Presently he reached the home of the Bronstiens. Here he knew that he would find the key to the situation. The daughters of this family were all singers and constituted the major portion of the choir. Sister Bronstien and the daughters were at home and greeted him cordially. They were good, honest Saints whose affection he prized very highly.

Without wasting words, as soon as he was relieved of his wraps and seated in the big family rocking chair, he launched into his subject.

"Well," replied the oldest daughter, in answer to his inquiry, "we did not think that the chorister treated us right, so we thought we would just quit."

Elder Howard turned on her abruptly. "I want to ask you just one question," he said; "it may help you to see the matter as I see it. And that is this, Who are you working for? If you are working for the *chorister* you of course are at liberty to quit any time. And if you are working for *me* you can leave the job when you please. But if you are working for *God* you have no right to quit until he tells you to do so."

The good mother broke in at this point: "That is just what I have been telling the girls all day. But I could not make them see it."

"Well," admitted the daughter who was acting as spokesman, "we see it all right now, but it is too late to help what has been done. But if Brother Howard will let us come back and the Lord will forgive us, we will not forget who we are working for another time." She continued: "We thought it was all over; that after this trouble we would not dare to go back to church again, and yesterday was the most unhappy day we have ever spent. You just wait till next Sunday. We will make the old hymns ring." And she made her word good, too, when the time came.

Elder Howard plodded homeward in a very cheerful frame of mind. The storm was abating. A little rift appeared in the clouds that obscured the western sky, and the setting sun shone through with ruddy glow.

"I wish," the pastor murmured to himself, "that I could impress that thought upon all of our people. I wish that I could remember it myself at all times. If we could only remember all the time that we are working for God and not for man we would never become offended and quit work because some other member does not do as we think should be done. We would all be zealous and active all the time. I think I will have that question engrossed and hang it in my pulpit: "For whom are you working?"

The next Elder John Howard story will be: "Idealizing the real."



A Little Humor Now and Then.

BEGGING THE QUESTION.—A tailor with more ingenuity than education had occasion recently to order two large flatirons of the variety known as the "tailors' goose." He scratched his head in some perplexity over the proper plural form to use.

"Two tailors' geeses!" he muttered. "That doesn't sound right at all. Two tailors' geese—that sounds worse yet!"

He puzzled over the question till it began to worry him, but suddenly a bright idea popped into his head. He sat down and wrote: "Messrs.—Please send me one tailors' goose. P. S. You may send two instead of one."—Selected.

A COMPLIMENT FOR THE BRIDE.—In describing his own wedding, Mr. W. A. Butler in "A retrospect of forty years" records the remark of a guest, of which he well says, "For genuine Quaker wit, this will be found hard to match.

I must relate a striking salutation that the bridal couple received from a Quaker client of mine, a shrewd dry goods merchant. Presented by an usher, he surveyed the bride, whom he had never seen before, and then, with the utmost deliberation, proceeded to say:

"William, I think thy bride has shown more judgment in her choice than thee has."

Fortunately, before I could turn to resent this strange salutation, he continued as follows:

"Because it takes some penetration to discover thy good qualities, but hers can be seen at a glance."—*Youth's Companion*.

WHY HE LOVED THE RAT.—There was a minister who believed that there is something good in all men and women.

The minister began to collect and to jot down in his notebook specific instances. One day he was paying a visit to a condemned

prisoner, and a rat stole out from his hiding place and crept toward the prisoner. The unhappy man fondled the rat.

"Do you love that rat, and have you been so kind to him as to tame him completely?" asked the minister eagerly.

"Love this rat?" repeated the prisoner, "why, I'd share my last crust with him."

"And can you tell me, my poor fellow, what has put into your heart this unselfish love for a rat?"

"Sure," answered the prisoner. "This rat—he bit the jailer, sir!"—*Woman's World*.



Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth."
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Literary and Educational Department.

Come, let us study good books. This is the call now to women everywhere. Women must *know* something of the book world in order to fully enjoy and make themselves happy in the companionship of children, husband, friend of the present day.

The Lord has told us to study, and there are more women studying the church books to-day in a systematic and comprehensive way, than ever before. Back of the church books lies the supporting record of centuries of events and we want to know about them. All around us, in this great old world, are Nature's silent testimonies to the truth of our belief. We want to become acquainted with them.

Wherever men meet and children grow and humanity reaches a more perfect civilization, there are wonderful forces at work, and fearful forces to meet, and we want to understand them. Oh, there is *so* much to learn and so many places to use the knowledge in our work as women in woman's world, that we do not know what to choose.

It has come to me that the story of this land of Joseph, as told in the History of America, would meet with approval as a study course—not that we shall be confined to this, but I offer it as a suggestion. Wherever classes can meet, if only two or three be the number, let them meet and choose the most capable of the number as a leader. Then choose your text or specific work; but do not forget, "The poor ye have always with you," and some of us are sadly poor in book lore—for these form a class that shall be *enticed* and led to study and not alarmed by its impossible appearance. One of you may be a leader in a class with us, and but a pupil in another class in advanced work. There are several glories.

I would not deem it wise to spend much time in elections, for time is precious to us busy house folks. A good leader ought to be sufficient for small circles (or squares, or it may be just a triangle). And please send me a report of your work—what studying and *how*. It may help others to make better plans and choose more desirable work.

If you can secure good and desirable lecture work, do so; and armed with pencil, notebook, clear head and still tongue, profit by it. But I think a lecture lesson followed by one or two conversation class lessons with papers on the lecture theme, helps in the digestion of a lecture lesson.

I do not want to neglect my busy folks, far from libraries, lecturers, and rich opportunities, and *thinking* of them—I am *here*. Thinking of them I choose no textbook, but rather the theme of "America's history." That will assume tremendous proportions to busy folks, but we will not be frightened. Some of us knew much of it years ago, so it will just be renewing old acquaintances. The new school histories are written so differently from the old ones that you will hardly know it is history. It seems more like a beautiful story. Come, try it. The children's schoolbooks will be good text for us, and in studying of America we shall know of many

other lands, for America is the touchstone of every kindred, tongue, and people, and every other nation will seem better to us if we know America better.

The work that I do must be very simple, because that is the only kind of which I am capable. It is a puzzle to me to find a starting point. I *know* we need to help each other. The wisest, most helpful one needs the help of the rest. Then how much must I need from all of you in the place I was audacious enough to accept.

Come, study with us, whatever you will. If you can not meet with others, study with "your own self," while you rock the baby, turn the churn, or make any of the many shifts learned and practiced by busy, thrifty women. Books are expressive, and if those having access to them prepare papers for their reading meetings, whatever they may be written upon, we again urge that we may be favored with choosing from them matter for our columns.

I have hesitated to choose the study theme. If this does not please I would not be grieved at anyone for choosing other things. The field is wide; the doors are open to many temples of learning. Go ye *in!*

Yours for a more glorious womanhood,

VIDA E. SMITH.

LAMONI, IOWA, June, 1912.



Reading for July.

The discovery of America and colonization up to the landing of the *Mayflower*.

The eleventh edition of Encyclopedia Britannica furnishes splendid basis for this study. If it is not accessible use the school textbooks at hand.

Notice upon your second reading, or after it, the eagerness of the different nations to seize this new land; different ideas of the earth's shape; the navigation of the times; the shape and geography of this new land; its harbors and water ways; the *parts* of it settled by each colony; the reason for this rush to the New World; religious conditions in the Old World and in the different colonies and make a note on each.

The next three lessons will be based on the matter suggested for this one reading.

With whatever collateral work you may have access bearing on these lessons, if possible consult Cheyney's Industrial and Social History of England, chapters 6 and 7; Cheyney's European Background of American History, chapters 2, 3, 4, 7, and 8; and Fiske's Discovery of America, chapters 3, 4, and 5. These are regarded as exceptionally good for this work. But if our busy, saving people, far from public or private libraries can not get them, we will ask for the papers written in the city classes and give them place in

our church papers. I am sure the leaders of these fortunate classes will do this to help the *big* class in which we are all interested.

If some one must be so tied home with children that they can not even find time to read alone, I am sure they will find great pleasure and much profit reading aloud to them from American History Stories, by Mara L. Pratt, or even the juvenile history textbooks used in the schools. I mention Mara L. Pratt's works because they have been members of our family since our oldest child was a very small boy, so we know some of their virtues.

If the classes can tell us of some other good histories for children we shall be glad to pass the word along; for what is good for children is something we should all be glad to know.

VIDA E. SMITH, *Superintendent of Department.*

LAMONI, IOWA, June, 1912.



For Mothers.

To bring up a child in the way he should go, travel that way yourself.

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten, a little spring that never dries up in our journey through scorching years.

The sooner you get a child to be a law unto himself, the sooner you will make a man of him.

Children need models more than criticism.

We can never check what is evil in the young unless we cherish what is good in them.

Line upon line, precept upon precept, we must have in a home. But we must also have serenity, peace, and the absence of petty faultfinding, if home is to be a nursery fit for heaven's growing plants.

There are no men or women, however poor they may be, but have it in their power by the grace of God to leave behind them the grandest thing on earth, character; and their children might rise up after them and thank God that their mother was a pious woman, or their father a pious man.—Doctor McLeod.



The Race As We Find It.

Oh, never a brute in the forest
 And never a snake in the fen,
 Or ravening bird, starvation stirred,
 Has hunted his prey like men.
 For hunger, and fear, and passion
 Alone drive beasts to slay,
 But wonderful man, the crown of the plan,
 Tortures, and kills, for play.

He goes well fed from his table,
 He kisses his child and wife;
 Then he haunts a wood, till he orphans a brood,
 Or robs a deer of his life.
 He aims at a speck in the azure;
 Winged love, that has flown at a call;
 It reels down to die, and he lets it lie;
 His pleasure was seeing it fall.

And one there was, weary of laurels,
 Of burdens and trouble of state;
 So the jungle he sought with the beautiful thought
 Of shot at she lion's mate.
 And one came down from the pulpit,
 In pride of a duty done,
 And his cloth sufficed, as the emblem of Christ,
 While murder smoked out of his gun.

One strays from the haunts of fashion
 With an indolent, unused brain;
 But his sluggish heart feels a sudden start
 In the purpose of giving pain.
 And the fluttering flock of pigeons,
 As they rise on eager wings,
 From prison to death, bring a catch in his breath;
 Oh, the rapture of killing things!

Now, this is the race as we find it,
 Where love, in the creed, spells hate;
 And where bird and beast meet a foe in the priest
 And the rulers of fashion and state.
 But up in the kingdoms of Thinkers
 Has risen the cry of our kin;
 And the weapons of thought are burnished and brought
 To clash with the bludgeons of sin.

The same force formed the sparrow
 That fashioned man, the king;
 The God of the Whole gave a spark of soul
 To furred and feathered thing.
 And I am my brother's keeper,
 And I will fight his fight,
 And speak the word for beast and bird,
 Till the world shall set things right.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.





Elbert A. Smith, Editor, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.
 Estella Wight, Assistant Editor, Lamoni, Iowa.

Topics of the Times.

A NEW BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED.—A new battleship has been launched,—the *Texas*. It is the largest battleship afloat at the present writing, but in a few months will probably be eclipsed by some rival nation, and in a few years will be rendered obsolete by new inventions of projectiles or armor plate, or by the development of the aeroplane or submarine as practical fighting machines. The *Texas* carries ten fourteen-inch guns, and is five hundred and seventy-three feet long. Her total cost was ten million dollars. If anyone cares to impress his mind with the idea that the old prophecy concerning beating plowshares into swords and pruning hooks into spears is being fulfilled, let him figure out the number of bushels of wheat or corn or the number of tons of grapes that must be converted into cash to pay for this battleship. It goes to the sea but it came out of the soil. A sister ship, the *New York*, is now in process of construction.

MORE MEN THAN WOMEN.—Our cousins in Utah used to argue that there were more women than men in the country, so polygamy was considered by them a great scheme to solve the problem of surplus women. But they say less about that matter since definite statistics are at hand. In an article in the *Independent*, May 23, William Bailey, Ph. D., Assistant Professor of Political Economy in Yale University, states that there are about 106 males to every 100 females in the United States, or an excess of something over two millions in the entire country. The proportion in the Mountain States, home of Utah Mormonism, is about 127 males to 100 females. If a few men were to follow the example of Mormon leaders the great majority would be left no choice but to remain single, consequently, according to their theology, without exaltation in the world to come, and servants to their brothers who were selfish enough and quick enough to establish a "fireside trust" or "syndicate a group of homes" under one head.

METHODIST BISHOPS ON ORGANIZED CAPITAL.—At the recent General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis, the bishops made some remarkable statements in their quadrennial address. The address was signed by them all, a dignified, intelligent, and conservative body of men. Their statements, if true, indicate that the business world, while professedly Christian, is really heathen, and has entirely forgotten the admonition of Jesus contained in the golden rule. We quote from the address:

“We live in an age in which the vast enterprises essential to the progress of the world require the association of men of large means under corporate management. Out of this necessity has grown serious wrong and consequent resistance.

“Organized capital stands indicted at the bar of public judgment for the gravest crimes against the common welfare. Among the counts in that indictment are these:

“1. Conspiring to advance prices on the staple commodities indispensable to the life, well-being, and progress of the people.

“2. Resorting to the adulteration of foods, fabrics, and materials in order to increase profits already excessive.

“3. Destroying the competition in trade through which relief might be expected under normal conditions.

“4. Suborning legislation, and thus robbing the people of the first orderly recourse of the weak against the strong.

“These are sins against humanity. If God hates any sin above another, it must be the robbery of the poor and defenseless.”

REPORT OF THE NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE.—The National Child Labor Committee, organized in 1904, sends out the following report:

“Thirty-nine States have passed child labor laws since the organization of the National Child Labor Committee in 1904. The fourteenth birthday is now the lowest limit for work for children in the Northern States, with the single exception of New Hampshire and in four Southern States: Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana, and Virginia. What is involved in the absence of adequate restriction is vividly expressed by P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education. ‘In the Carolinas I have seen children under ten years of age working their lives away in the mills. Their pale faces haunt me still. I saw little boys eight years old drinking black coffee at midnight to keep awake until the end of their shift at four or five o’clock in the morning. Then they went out of the hot, steaming, noisy mill into the cold air of the morning to their homes probably for a little fitful sleep and a drowsy, joyless day, only to come back at night and grind again through the long, dark hours.’

“‘In four States: Ohio, Oklahoma, Illinois, and Michigan,’ Florence Kelley says, ‘there is now provision made to lift the burden upon the widowed mother by giving her, as her right, and not as the dole of a private charity, an allowance out of public finances on condition that she stay at her home and keep her children at home and in school as the State requires.’ As Jean Gordon, of New Or-

leans, puts it on another page: 'Certainly the mother does as much for the country in rearing her children as the veterans did in killing her sons.'

"Occupations dangerous to health or morals are singled out by some few States and forbidden to minors under sixteen or eighteen or twenty-one, as for example the night-messenger service is now regulated by special laws in New York and nine other States.

"Having noted progress, the *Bulletin* offers the following indictment of the child labor system, namely, that 'child labor means racial degeneracy, the perpetuation of poverty, the enlargement of illiteracy, the disintegration of the family, the increase of crime, the lowering of the wage scale and the swelling of the army of the unemployed.'"



Home Department.

Have you been elected superintendent of the home department?

Do you understand your work thoroughly?

Do you need instruction or help of any kind?

Does the interest lag in your district?

Do you encounter difficulties? If so, write to us and we may be able to make difficulty spell success with two I's. You and I.

A sister said on being asked to take up the *Religio Quarterly* study: "Oh, I just can't, I am too old to learn." We said, "How old are you?" She reluctantly answered, "I am forty-seven, and I have such a poor memory." "Well, Sister B. is nearly eighty and is studying every lesson and thoroughly enjoys them." "Oh, well," she says, "that's different."

She took the same attitude the overgrown farmer's boy did, who was afraid even to speak to a girl. His father one day lost patience with him and scolded him for not looking about and finding some girl to marry. "Why," he said, "at your age I had been married three years and had a house and farm of my own!" "Well, but dad," complained the boy, "that ain't the same thing at all. You only had to marry mother, while I've got to go around and hunt up some strange girl and ask her to marry me!"

"Why should we have a home department?"

Because it unites all the Saints on the one thing,—the study of the gospel.

Increases the interest of home in study of church books.

A good live home class interest keeps the fathers and mothers abreast of the children.

If you wish respect and reverence from your children, don't let them get ahead of you in the gospel study.

There is not a local so large or small that it does not need the added strength.

It is needed in city, town, or country. Everywhere there are some isolated Saints.

The church of to-day has a peculiar mission. To teach the truth that we may grow into *real life* to become lights along the path to immortality. The world is demanding a real spiritual church and not finding it, they try other ways to find the "life sublime." Then what is our message to the world?

The real test of civilization is the quality of men and women it produces. Science has developed a weed into a beautiful flower and a dull mind into a brilliant one. Can not we do as well, with the Master hand guiding us? Think of the infinite possibilities by application and study. A little every day. "Line upon line; precept upon precept."

Think of Helen Keller. Blind, deaf, and dumb, but by the use of human endeavor by herself and teacher is to-day a well-educated, accomplished woman. What a wealth we have at our command. Sight, hearing, and speech. What is the quality of the men and women of the church?

"How can I get and keep them interested?" is a question asked so often.

The power to transmute energy is the secret to any attainment, and that power is only gained by a mastery of self. "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he who taketh a city." That means we must keep in touch with the spiritual fountain.

First of all, we must do this work because it is the Lord's work.

Second, our strength and wisdom must come from him.

Third, when we accept the position of superintendent, we virtually say: I will help God in his work.

Fourth, then can you hold to the office and be slothful?



Jacob's Message.

"Enos, my son, arouse thee; 'tis the Sabbath, and much has to be done to-day. The cattle must be fed, the horses will rest; I must away to your Uncle Joseph as we have important work at the temple. I must leave thee to care for thy mother; I will meet thee at the temple for our early service. Neglect not our family devotions, pray for our brethren, for their families, and for thy father and uncle, that we may receive strength for the work in hand. Farewell, my son."

Jacob hastened from the house with firm step but with clouded brow, his face bearing evidence of the intense feelings surging through his mind. He has not more than a mile to walk, but he hastens as if starting upon a long journey, for he is to interview his brother relative to important work demanded of him by the Lord.

The path lies through partially cleared forest, where the ax has

been wielded by strong arms, cutting down many of the towering monarchs of the forest, for the building of homes, the fencing of lands, and the building of the temple which looms up within sight of Jacob's house.

His heart is heavy as he passes near some of the homes of his brethren for he feared but few of them would meet in the Lord's house, as carelessness and indifference had settled down upon many of them.

A large spreading tree is before him but a few rods from his path. He turns toward it as he has done many times of late. The place was made sacred to him, for it was his place of prayer. His experiences of late under that tree had been somewhat akin to Gethsemane. The growing iniquity among his brethren, pride, vanity, selfishness, love of pleasure, and worse than all these sins, were the grosser crimes of lust and adultery.

Jacob removes his hat and looks around that he may be sure all is quiet and he is alone, and before kneeling lifts his eyes to the blue sky above, as if he would penetrate the very heavens with a look of yearning entreaty for the Father's face; then with an escaped groan he kneels and commences to pour out his soul in pleading for the help he so much needs, and the intensity of his soul finds vent in prayer and tears. He slowly sways his body to and fro, thus beating time to the throbbing of his soul.

Soon his hands stretch out before him, and he sinks prostrate to the earth before his God; he prays as never before:

"Oh, my Father and God, the Father of Jesus Christ who is to come into the world as promised through our fathers of Joseph, Nephi, and Lehi, and so many of the holy prophets who have spoken in thy name since the world began, look from heaven, the place of thy holiness, and remember the promises made to thy servants who are of the seed of Joseph unto whom promises were made that his seed should not be utterly destroyed. Thou knowest the wickedness of this people who have made covenant with thee, who once walked after thy ordinances and kept thy law; but now have turned away from thee, to walk after the lusts of their heart and to work abomination among thy people. Cast us not away in thy anger, O God; let thy mercy be extended to those whose hearts are breaking because of the shame and wrong brought upon them by my brethren. Turn the hearts of fathers and husbands from the sins which are abominable in thy sight, and which will bring upon them thy displeasure and make desolate the homes of our fair daughters.

"Give to thy servant wisdom to direct thy work, and make a clean and perfect heart, that his counsel may be respected by those of my brethren who have turned from virtue and holiness unto uncleanness and adultery, and have followed after sin and abomination as did David and Solomon, whose sins grieved the Holy Spirit. Touch their hearts by thy word, O Lord, and help them to see the grievous wrong they have brought upon thy holy work and their homes. Hear, O hear thy servant, for thy mercy's sake, Amen."

As Jacob arose from the earth he felt more peaceful in his mind

and felt assured he would receive the help he so much needed at the hour when he would face the assembly at the temple. He wiped the traces of tears from his face as he stood under the tree for a moment or two, for the floodgates of the soul had been opened during his pleading with his heavenly Father.

The sun was shining through the branches of the trees as he left the place of prayer, and the song birds were warbling sweet music as if in morning service to the Creator. Everywhere his eye rested he saw evidences of the all-wise Creator's handiwork; the flowers beneath his feet and by the wayside as he emerged from the thicket were in such lavish abundance everywhere, that his eyes feasted upon their beauty, and their fragrance filled the atmosphere as with sweet incense.

The forest was in its glory, abounding with all that was inspiring to the appreciative mind; the fir boughs, which had been cut from the trees, were filling the air with a delicious aroma, as they lay drying in the rays of the sun, and Jacob's appreciative mind drank in for a few moments all that ministered delight to his soul, and again raising his head, he cried aloud, "My Father, how good thou art! how wonderful are thy ways, how kind to provide all these beauties and blessings to furnish to thy creatures all that fills their senses with satisfaction and delight! Oh, that man might give thanks and praise to thee for all thy wonderful kindness to him!"

Then as he reached the woodland road again his thoughts turned to his brethren unto whom he was to deliver the word of the Lord in rebuke, and the few moments of quiet delight just experienced soon gave place to painful agitation and soul throbbing, as he now hastens toward his brother's home. His eyes, which had been turned upward in recognition and appreciation of the beauties surrounding him, gradually sank toward the earth and he was soon engrossed in sad thought and reflection.

How wonderful are the arrangements of our Father for the blessing of his children, that even amidst the most distressing experiences of our lives there will come to us in life's pathway the most beautiful flowers, sweet fragrance, and delightful sunshine, which change the aspect of life entirely from the gloom of sadness and pain, disappointment and anguish of spirit, and suddenly lift us into the very paradise of peace, because we see in them a Father's wise and loving arrangement for his children; and as we behold all these he says to us, Take them; they are yours. Take them to thy poor heart, for they have healing virtue in them, and we are helped.

So when the Master knelt in the garden, he was doubtless surrounded with the beauties of nature, and his prostrate form touched the beautiful, and the crushed flower sent forth a fragrance that helped to soothe the soul crushed in agony and lonesomeness, and as he opened his eyes the garden was lighted up with the glory of an angel, and for a moment the gloom had vanished, and a return of strength gave him power to say, "Thy will be done."

"Jacob, hast thou no eyes for aught but the dusty earth?" came

with startling clearness a voice but a few rods from Jacob, and he suddenly paused as he confronted his brother.

"Yes, my brother, I have eyes for thee, for I have come that I might see and talk with thee; but my thoughts were not traveling as fast as my feet, so have completed one journey before the other was scarcely commenced. Canst thou spare a few moments from thy early duties, Joseph? for I have matters of importance to communicate to thee."

"Yes, Jacob, my brother, I have completed my morning duties as they are light indeed, for 'tis the Sabbath, as thou knowest; but come and partake of some food, for thou art in need of strength for the work before thee." "Nay, Joseph, I will not partake of thy bounty this morning, for this is a day of prayer and fasting, for I need spiritual strength from our Father above; for if we would accomplish our duty to him and help our brethren, we must get near to God, and this is attained through humility of spirit, fasting and prayer; in this is strength and power to accomplish good."

"Jacob, my mind was dwelling upon this a short time ago, and I feel the weight of what thou hast said, and will join thee in thy sacrifice if thou dost wish me to do so."

"Thankful indeed, brother, am I that we are of one mind in this matter, for we can the better prevail with God, for in union is strength."

A short distance from where they were standing, was a large barn which contained what remained of the last harvest yield; for the Lord had blessed them and their land had brought forth abundantly. They therefore turned in to where they were surrounded with the blessings of their God to seek his face, and give him thanks. With reverence they bowed together in prayer and sought the Holy Spirit to direct them in their work, and the turning of the hearts of their brethren from their lustful desires and grievous sins to a remembrance of the covenants they had made with the Lord to walk in the ways of holiness and righteousness before him.

They arose with the assurance that their prayers were heard, and the day would be one of manifest power to them from the Lord. They talked of the manifest indifference to the services of the house of the Lord, by their brethren, the pride of heart, love for fine apparel, and haughtiness of those among them who had been blessed of the Lord, with a disposition to treat their poorer brethren with scorn, and pass them by as inferior to themselves. And some among them had taken to themselves other women and called them their wives, and sought to excuse themselves, because of David and Solomon, who had become darkened in mind and committed whoredoms in the sight of God by taking wives and concubines, although the Lord had proclaimed through his servants against these abominations.

They talked of that nearest to their hearts, the work of God, and the wonderful progress the church had made until the evils before mentioned had crept in among them, and which had well-nigh destroyed the influence of good which all had so much enjoyed. Now

the crisis had come. The Lord had spoken to his servant Jacob, and he was to deliver the Lord's message to the people; he was trying to prepare himself for the solemn duty before him, and rejoiced that he had the cooperation of his brother Joseph.

"Joseph, we need thee to help prepare for the morning service," came a voice from the barnyard, and Joseph with quick step joined his wife, and bidding Jacob a hasty farewell entered his house, and as the early service was held in the barn instead of the temple, Jacob hastened toward his house to also prepare for the regular morning service.

As he hastened along on his return journey, he felt he was soon to fulfill the important duty which now filled his mind for the past day, and he would fain have excused himself had it been possible to have done so and retained the favor of his heavenly Father, as his sensitive mind naturally shrank from any duty that brought him into prominence before the people; but the interview with his brother, and the spiritual experience enjoyed under the light of the Holy Spirit greatly relieved his mind. This with the promised cooperation of Joseph, and the still voice which had spoken to him while in communion with his God, that the Lord would be with him in the hour of need, brought a calm and peace to his heart well known to the servants of God.

A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he said aloud, "My God will never impose a task upon his servants without supplying all the necessary help to carry out the duty imposed," and ere he reached his home he was repeating one of the psalms of David, which seemed to exactly fit in for the moment's need. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God who is the light of thy countenance and thy God."

He was now not only able to go ahead with the duty, but had received strength sufficient to allay the fears that had forced themselves upon him, and the assurance of success was with him; he had again proved that "they who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." The light of promise had dawned upon him, and the burden was to a great extent lifted, for he had transferred the unbearable portion to the great burden bearer.

Who can overestimate the wondrous power of God obtained through earnest prayer and fasting when sorely tried by the enemy or under the weight of duty?

Jacob's companion met him at the door, ready with an affectionate salutation, as was her custom, for he was her first and only choice, and through the years of hardship they had shared together all that filled up their cup of pleasure or otherwise; and then she well knew the sterling quality of his soul and his devotion to his home and the church. She well knew the aversion he had always manifested to the evil practices of their brethren, and his loyalty to her and their marriage covenant, and as those strong, manly arms found their way around her, her eyes moistened with tears of joy and contentment; but before she had time to brush the tears aside the thought flashed through her mind of the broken hearts

around her in consequence of the unfaithfulness of the men who had violated their marriage vows, and the same fountain furnished tears of sympathy for her sisters in distress.

The temple was built on an eminence, and commanded a view of country stretching out in its natural beauty for miles. The building was massive and grand in its structure, and was looked upon with pride by the people of God, for had it not been built by their sacrifice? Their tithes and offerings had flowed into the treasury when the command came for its erection, an house to his name; for has he not always directed in this work and instructed how, where, and when a house was to have his name attached to it? A thin stream of humanity was wending its way up the hill on this Sabbath morning, and a peculiar quietude prevailed. There seemed to be less of the idle talk among the careless ones than upon other occasions, and the very atmosphere seemed to take on a solemnity peculiar to the day. Many of the sisters were walking in two's and three's, for of late they had sought each other's sympathy, because of the growing coolness of their husbands.

When the hour arrived for opening the service, Joseph took his seat beside his brother Jacob, offering an earnest prayer for all present, for the mercy of the Father to be extended to them, for their brethren who had become their enemies, and for the erring ones in their midst. Many were touched by the Spirit as the prayer was offered and the temple was filled with the Spirit which softens the heart and helps subdue the stubborn will; the Lord was thus preparing the hearts of his people for his message to them.

As Jacob arose a light shone from his face; it was almost transparent in its whiteness, and his eyes shone with a luster as lamps of the soul. There was a tremor in his voice at first, but it soon left him as it responded to the fire of inspiration burning within. Every moment it increased in volume and intensity, and those who had come to the temple that Sabbath morning knew the spirit of prophecy rested upon Jacob and felt the solemnity of the occasion.

As his brethren turned their eyes toward the speaker, they felt the penetrating power, which finds place in the soul, flashing from his eyes accompanied with the light of inspiration.

"Behold, hearken ye unto me, and know that by the help of the all-powerful Creator of heaven and earth, I can tell you concerning your thoughts, how that ye are beginning to labor in sin, which sin appeareth very abominable unto me, yea, and abominable unto God. Yea, it grieveth my soul and causeth me to shrink with shame before the presence of my Maker, that I must testify unto you concerning the wickedness of your hearts; and also, it grieveth me that I must use so much boldness of speech, concerning you, before your wives and your children, many of whose feelings are exceeding tender, and chaste, and delicate before God."

At this juncture many of his brethren dropped their eyes and shifted uncomfortably upon their seats, and anger, with falling brow, was plainly seen, while others seemed to feel with keenness the weight of the message so forcibly brought before them.

“Wherefore it burdeneth my soul, that I should be constrained because of the strict commandment which I have received from God, to admonish you, according to your crimes, to enlarge the wounds of those which are already wounded, instead of consoling and healing their wounds; and those which have not been wounded, instead of feasting upon the pleasing word of God, have daggers placed to pierce their souls, and wound their delicate minds.

“Wherefore, I must tell you the truth, according to the plainness of the word of God. For behold, as I inquired of the Lord, thus came the word unto me, saying, Jacob, get thou up into the temple on the morrow, and declare the word which I shall give thee, unto this people. And now behold, my brethren, this is the word which I declare unto you, that many of you have begun to search for gold, and for silver, and all manner of precious ores, in the which this land, which is a land of promise unto you, and to your seed, doth abound most plentifully. And the hand of providence hath smiled upon you most pleasingly, that you have obtained many riches; and because some of you have obtained more abundantly than that of your brethren, ye are lifted up in the pride of your hearts, and wear stiff necks, and high heads, because of the costliness of your apparel, and persecute your brethren, because ye suppose that ye are better than they. And now my brethren, do ye suppose that God justifieth you in this thing? Behold, I say unto you, Nay. But he condemneth you, and if ye persist in these things, his judgments must speedily come unto you.

“But the word of God burthens me because of your grosser crimes. For behold, thus saith the Lord, This people begin to wax in iniquity; they understand not the scriptures; for they seek to excuse themselves in committing whoredoms, because of the things which were written concerning David, and Solomon his son. Behold, David and Solomon truly had many wives and concubines, which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord.

“Wherefore, my brethren, hear me, and hearken to 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: For I, the Lord God, delighteth in the chastity of women. And whoredoms are an abomination before me: thus saith the Lord of hosts.

“For behold, I, the Lord, have seen the sorrow, and heard the mourning of the daughters of my people in the land of Jerusalem; yea, and in all the lands of my people, because of the wickedness and abominations of their husbands. And I will not suffer, saith the Lord of hosts, that the cries of the fair daughters of this people, which I have led out of the land of Jerusalem, shall come up unto me, against the men of my people, saith the Lord of hosts.”

Thus was the message of the Lord delivered amid profound silence, broken only by the stifled sobs of the mothers and fair

daughters who had been forced to endure indignities and shame, which were loathful to their finer natures.

The history and experience of their brethren the Lamanites, as a people, given up to all manner of crimes and abominations, and cursed with a darkened skin, and loathsome because of their filthiness, was held up before them as a sample of what they would be unless they repented and put away their abominations.

As Jacob and Joseph left the stand they were met by many whose warm handclasp testified to the sense of appreciation of the message delivered to them. They were now to wait for the sequel to this wonderful service, and by faith, earnest prayers, and holy lives, seek to bring about better conditions in their homes, as well as a higher spiritual life in the church. So that memorable Sabbath passed away, and the young man, "priest" of the God of his fathers, had performed the duty imposed upon him by the Lord and felt comforted in the thought that the word of God would not return him void, but would yield a fruitage to the honor and glory of God.

It was evening when the two families wended their way homeward, and the sinking sun cast their shadows toward the east, as quietly they left the temple behind them. Many were the thoughts surging through their minds as they watched some of their brethren pass them with no word of cheer or kindness for them, as many of them were pricked in their hearts at what had been so forcibly brought to their notice, and the sting of conscience was still with them. But a peace of soul came over Jacob as the knowledge of duty performed came to him, and that the Lord had stood with him in his weakness, and had given him just what he had sought of him, strength to perform his duty, and the power of the Spirit to accompany the message.

After the evening meal, which was sparingly partaken of, for he wished to keep his mind clear for whatever of spiritual light might be given him, for he understood a fast before the Lord had a greater significance than simply the refraining from taking food, but it was for the preparation of mind and heart, and the uplifting of the spiritual powers to where God could be reached, Thus having the faith quickened the sought for blessing might be obtained, as well as the natural or carnal cravings be kept in abeyance; for he felt his duty was yet incomplete. He must still wrestle in prayer for the deliverance of his brethren from the abominations so distressing to his heart, and to God.

Before retiring the record was brought out and a portion read, a fervent prayer mingled with outbursts of thanksgiving to God for his goodness was offered, and Jacob, with his loving family, retired to their beds and slept the sleep of the just.

RICHARD BULLARD.

What Does the Book of Mormon Teach?

Moroni, the last writer of the Book of Mormon, makes the statement that one object of the book is to convince Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the eternal Father. The Book of Mormon teaches that through the atonement made by the shed blood of Christ, and in no other way, may man return into the presence of the Father.

Man became sinful through the fall and was subject to death, both temporal and spiritual. God has provided a way which if man obeys he can be saved.

First, he must believe and have faith that Jesus is the Christ. Alma says, "If ye have faith ye hope for things which are not seen which are true."

After having faith one must repent of his sins and bring himself into a condition where he may be operated upon by the purifying influence of the Holy Spirit. It is only through repentance that the plan of redemption can save a man from sin.

Baptism, the third principle in the plan of salvation, was preached by John and taught and practiced by the apostles of Jesus. Nephi, the first writer of the Book of Mormon, teaches, "For the gate by which ye should enter is repentance and baptism by water: and then are ye in this straight and narrow path which leads to eternal life." Also in another place he says, "Witnessing unto the Father that ye are willing to take upon you the name of Christ by baptism."

After the ordinance of baptism by water is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is an acknowledgment from the Lord that our past sins are forgiven. It enlightens the mind and guides into all truth. Jesus has said, "Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of God."

We are also commanded to pray always. Nephi tells us in his book that Jesus said, "Ye must watch and pray always, lest ye be tempted by the Devil, and ye are led away captive by him. And as I have prayed among you, even so shall ye pray in my church, among my people who do repent and are baptized in my name. Behold I am the light; I have set an example for you." Alma writes that it is our privilege to pray for temporal blessings as well as spiritual blessings. He says, "Ye must pour out your souls in your closets and your secret places and in your wilderness. Yea, and when you do not cry unto the Lord let your hearts be full drawn out in prayer unto him continually for your welfare and also for the welfare of those who are around you."

Humility, patience, hope, and charity must also be cultivated if we are trying to follow in the footsteps of our Savior.

MISS ELLA J. JONES.

When "Jimmie" Comes.

Some day Jimmie will come with his cart and back up to your door. The preacher will say a few solemn words, perhaps a song will be sung, and after that the clods of earth will rattle down on the wooden box.

It will all mean that your record here on earth is completed; that your hopes, desires, ambitions and opportunities have passed. This world will be nonexistent so far as you are concerned, but both friends and enemies who stand about your bier and look upon your face for the last time will remark upon the things you did or tried to do in life and judge you accordingly.

Yes, Jimmie will back up with his cart some day, and the things you should have done will then be impossible for you. Better do them before he comes.

Your influence goes on and on and on. Everything you do is remembered by some one somewhere.

When "Jimmie comes with his cart" would you not like to have the neighbors say, "He may have been poor but he was honest; he was a good man and did the best he knew. He was a man we could depend upon"?

My dear brother, make your record now. Make the record your own conscience dictates, for maybe to-morrow or next day "Jimmie will come with his cart."
J. S. KNAUSS.



Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, God's way is not ours, and his calling must be obeyed, although to us it may seem harsh; and

Whereas, he has warned us to prepare and not be led astray, we all feel confident that our deceased sister, Bertha Davis, will be with us again; therefore, be it resolved, we, the members of Zion's Religio Society of Oak Hill, extend our sympathy to the bereaved family, and trust that divine Providence will, in his infinite love and mercy, soften the bitter grief caused by this affliction;

And be it further resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our local, a copy be presented to the family, and a copy be sent to the *Ensign* and AUTUMN LEAVES for publication.

C. J. REMINGTON, *President.*

I. A. BELFORD, *Secretary.*

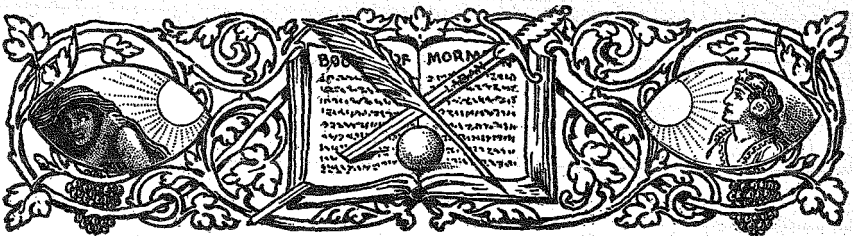
News from Societies.

Flint, Michigan.—Although it has been some time since you have heard from Flint, it is not because we could not give an encouraging report in regard to our Religio. We have five classes and very good attendance of late, especially of the young. We have good programs and we are quite frequently surprised to see the talents being developed along the lines of music and in the writing of papers.

Our president, Brother J. Roscoe Grice, is certainly alive to the needs of the Religio, and being backed up by live officers, we hope to see the continued success of our local.

We were much pleased to see the change in the *Quarterlies* and hope that it will do others as much good as it has done, and is doing us.

HOWARD W. HARDER, *Correspondent.*



Autumn Leaves



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AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: The First Class to be Organized in Graceland College	
Professor Gunsolley, with Faculty and Students of Graceland College	338
Views of Graceland	340
Normal Class of 1912	342
Graceland College at Harvest Home Festival, Lamoni, Iowa	343
Alexander H. Smith	354
Some Advantages of a College Education	337
Practical Papers	344
A Trip to the Orient; Japan, China, Manila	348
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith, Part 3	351
Reveries of Home (poem)	355
A Thunderstorm (poem)	357
Editor's Corner	358
Woman's Auxiliary	362
Religio's Arena	369



THE FIRST CLASS TO BE ORGANIZED IN GRACELAND COLLEGE.

Top row, standing: I. A. Smith, J. Still, G. R. Grenawalt, R. J. Lambert, H. C. Nicholson, W. D. Gilen, Clarence Lester; Second row, standing: Clara Black, Lena Lambert, Grace Lloyd, Nellie Anderson, Calla Curwin, Florence Hayer, Estella Wight; Third row, seated: President Joseph Smith, D. F. Lambert, Professor Pence, Professor Fitzpatrick, Professor J. A. Gunsolley, Frank Bradfield; Fourth row, seated on the floor: W. B. Kelley, George Tryon, Joseph Traxler, President F. M. Smith, David Hilliard, A. G. Mumma, Richard Lewis. (See opposite page.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

AUGUST, 1912

Number 8

Some Advantages of a College Education.

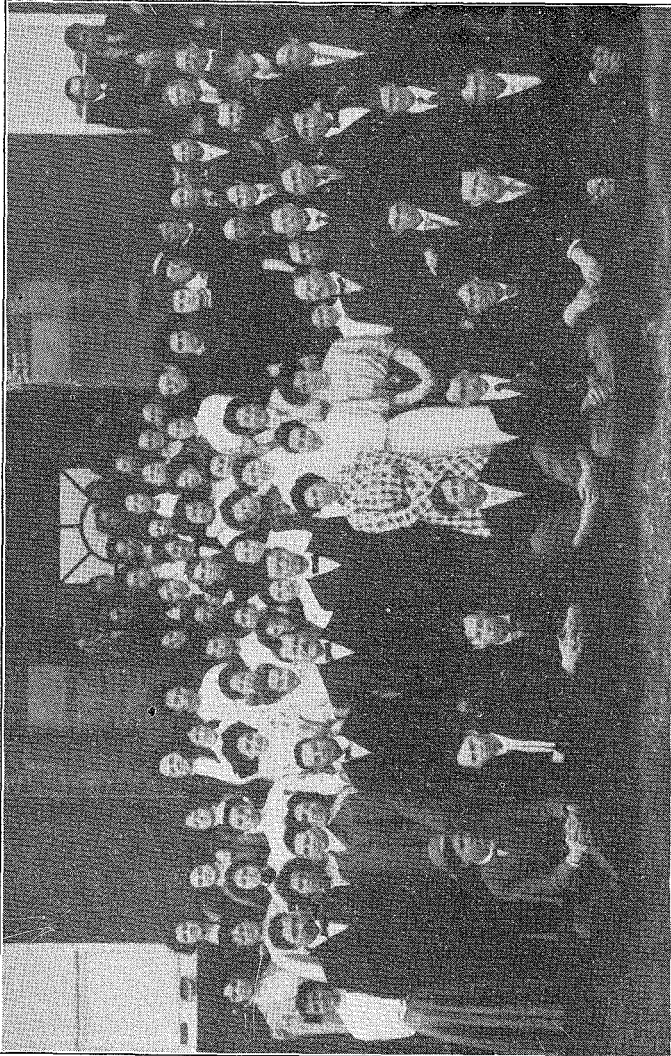
By Professor J. A. Gunsolley, President of
Graceland College.

Editor's Note.—Coleridge once said: "Thelwall thought it unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it had come to the years of discretion to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. 'How so?' said he; 'it is covered with weeds.' 'Oh,' I replied, 'that is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil toward roses and strawberries.'" Brother Gunsolley, one of the best known educators of the church, has no such scruples. All his life he has endeavored to prejudice the soil of young minds in favor of roses and strawberries and against briars and weeds. Our frontispiece goes well with this article, showing the first class to be formed in Graceland College. We can not give the present standing or past history of all the members; but we note the following names: I. A. Smith, now on the editorial staff of the SAINTS' HERALD and member of the Iowa State Legislature, also attorney at law; G. R. Grenawalt, a business man of Lamoni, Iowa; R. J. Lambert, a member of the Lamoni Stake Bishopric, and employed in the proof reading department of the Herald Publishing House; H. C. Nicholson, national bank inspector; W. D. Gillen, principal of a school in the West; Lena J. Lambert, a member of the Graceland College faculty; Estella Wight, editor of "Zion's Hope"; D. F. Lambert, for many years editor of the "Independent Patriot," now principal of the West Side School in Lamoni; T. J. Fitzpatrick, a member of the faculty of Graceland College; J. A. Gunsolley, acting president of the college; W. B. Kelley, an attorney at law in Independence, Missouri; F. M. Smith, member of the First Presidency of the church, and first counselor to his father, Joseph Smith, who also appears in the picture.

IT WILL BE noticed that I say "some advantages," for the advantages are so many and varied that it would be impossible to exhaust the category in one article, or one book, for that matter. There may be also, under certain circumstances, some disadvantages. Hence I shall be content to point out some of the advantages, and in doing so the thoughtful reader may get suggestions of others.

In the first place, the aim of all true educational effort is the perfection of the individual. And it is a principle recognized by educators and students of human nature that this perfection is brought about by a harmonious development of all the powers of the individual. It requires no argument to convince the most casual observer, or thinker, that if one aims to be an athlete, he should study and train those powers that contribute to success in that line. He must apply himself rigidly to rules of diet, bathing,

sleep, and exercise, and by strict discipline train for this phase of activity. If accounting be his ambition, he will apply himself to mathematics, rapid processes in calculation, penmanship, mastery of popular English, bookkeeping, and the like, until perfection approximately is reached. If he choose law or medicine, there are



Professor Gunsolley, with faculty and students of Graceland College.

certain lines of pursuit he must follow in order to perfect himself. And so one might go on in the various professions; but for the profession of true manhood or womanhood, there are no special lines that require to be followed. One is simply to seek to develop harmoniously all his powers.

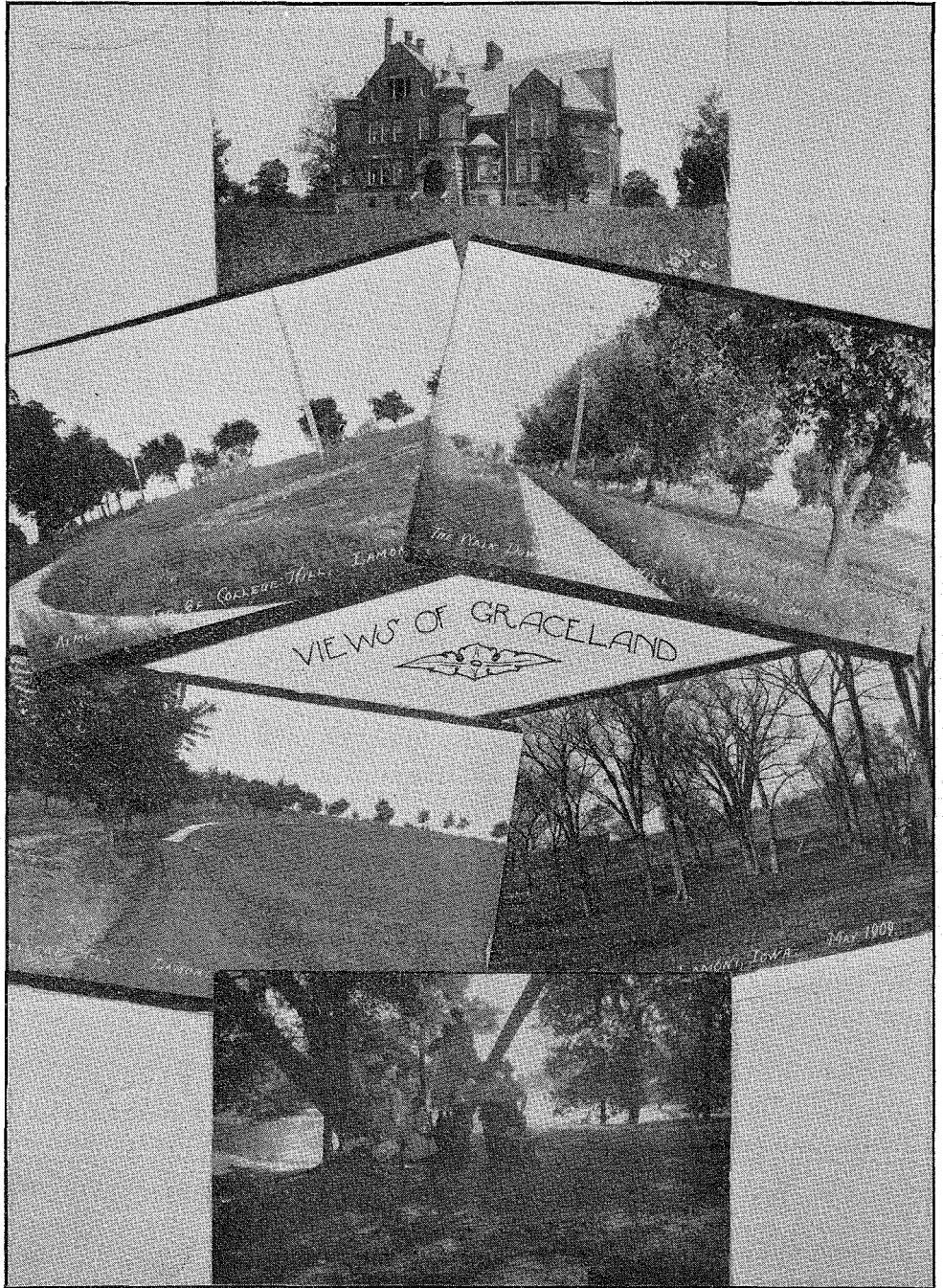
How shall this best be done? Is it better that the individual be left entirely to himself, or even left to the haphazard training that he will get from his associations in life? Why, no. That would be folly, for have we not provided for him by the state a means in the schools of the country by which he is to be assisted in the acquirement of the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, that is necessary to his development? These schools have been provided for the reason that it has been found that there is a science in this development, and that certain equipment and trained teachers who have made this work their special study are effectual means to the desired end. The development is more harmonious and more rapid by reason of being brought about under conditions more effective.

The same reason and logic will apply to a collegiate education. The elementary schools and the high schools have just started him in the way of acquiring knowledge, and knowledge is power. His education has been directed to all useful lines of knowledge, and, if properly arranged, has taken into consideration not only his intellectual development, but his physical and moral as well. And so in his college course, the effort should be to direct the activities to those things that contribute to this harmonious development. The individual should not only be required to pursue those studies that develop power to think and reason and reach conclusions and remember, but he should be so trained that his conclusions will be right conclusions.

Such a development does not come from some external application, but must come from an inner evolution, a spontaneous working out of the principles of truth gleaned from every source of science, philosophy, and art, and not from some narrow channel of special training. "The truth shall make you free" is a principle that applies in this harmonious development. The individual must be qualified to comprehend what is the truth of a certain matter; but he should be so trained that he will want the truth, and then he must be left free to choose for himself.

But care must be exercised lest we allow this idea of freedom of choice to carry us beyond the bounds of safety. There are those who would leave it entirely to the individual to choose just the branches he would study and the activities he would engage in. But in many instances to do so would be fatal, for the reason that until one has attained to a certain conception of truth he is not in condition to choose what is best for this harmonious development. Hence it is necessary that courses be arranged for him by those qualified by experience and knowledge to decide what is the better thing for him to do. Elective courses within certain limits are all right, but so also are required courses within certain limits.

The great thing in educational training, therefore, is to develop the power to think, and to think right. One may fail to see the practical value in algebra or Latin, but viewed from the broad principle of "learning to do by doing," he may conclude at once that the hard thinking required in the solution of algebraic problems and determining Latin constructions has given him the power



to think that will be a force within that will enable him to solve the practical problems of life. The same is true of much of the work involved in our college courses, and it should not be thought that anything which will develop the habit and power to think is not practical. There is, however, a question whether a study of the physical sciences may not be as profitable in producing this thinking power as that of the dead languages, and at the same time the individual be getting information concerning matter and things that will stand him in good stead in life's work.

But along with this idea of power to think right there should be coupled the idea of desire to be right; and if a college education loses sight of this phase of development, it fails in large part. One may understand the fundamentals of mathematics and of science and be able to base his processes of reasoning upon a proper basis, or premise, and reach correct conclusions; but if he is not able to have at his command the fundamentals of rightdoing, so that in deciding the questions of personal conduct towards his fellow man and towards his God, his reasoning may be based upon a proper premise and his conclusions right, what is his training worth in reality? And in this latter phase of education how far should he be allowed to elect? Is there no standard or basis which must be adhered to in the elementary stages of this phase of development until the individual shall attain to that comprehension that enables him safely to choose for himself. Most assuredly there is, and that standard is faith in God.

It would seem, therefore, that since the object of all education is the perfection of the individual attained by a harmonious development of all his powers, that the power of faith should not be ignored. But that the elements of faith which have been inculcated within the being of the child in his elementary education, should be improved upon or carried forward in his higher education, just the same as the fundamentals of mathematics or sciences are carried forward and unfolded more and more. And it would seem that to encourage the idea that the fundamentals in science and mathematics could be safely dispensed with when the higher branches are reached would be no more hazardous than to encourage that the fundamentals of faith can be dispensed with when we enter the higher realms of thought and reason, so to speak.

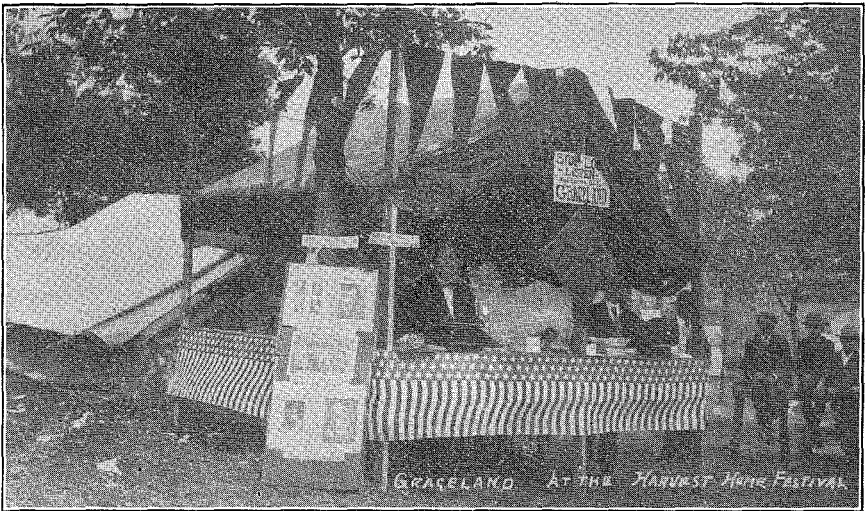
It is in this latter sense, but by no means least important sense, that needs to be carefully considered in connection with the advantages of a college education. It is in this sense that the educational work of the church should be distinct from that of the world, and that Graceland College should be, and is, different from the educational institutions of the world. We should stand for the principle of faith in God, for the religion of the Bible, and for the Christianity of the New Testament, because of the fact that to leave these out the advantages of a college education are largely turned to disadvantages.

I have not touched the financial side of the advantages at all, for the reason that the idea of college education should be the perfection of the individual man or woman. Having attained to this, one



NORMAL CLASS OF 1912.

may in the university or in the technical school develop the professional man, or the tradesman, or the merchant, or what not. But let it ever be kept in mind that the true object and the first object of an education should be to develop harmoniously all the powers of the individual; and that this can be better done by availing ourselves of the means provided in our public schools in laying the foundations and then continuing to build upon these foundations in the high schools and the college. This is not saying that the technical schools should not be resorted to by those who have not had and can not have the advantages of a high school and a college course, for there are thousands who must specialize because of financial reasons without such general training; but upon the broad plane of the purpose and methods of education, the objects and advantages sought, the order is as stated.



Graceland College Exhibit at the annual Harvest Home Festival, Lamoni, Iowa.
Professor Gunsolley in charge.

In conclusion I plead for a wider opportunity to the young man and the young woman to educate themselves; I ask for greater encouragement in the idea that preparation should be made to live in the true sense, not simply to exist. Let us not depart from the principles of education as developed by years of study and experience, but build upon the sure foundations including the principle of faith in God as the Supreme Ruler of the universe and in his Son Jesus Christ as the true and only Savior. Let us learn to see in mathematics the evidence of his unerring laws by which the universe is governed; in physics and chemistry the evidence of his creative power by which the worlds were made; in psychology the evidence of the divinity in us which enabled him to say that he created man in his own image; in the succession of the seasons and

in the perpetuation of species evidences of his unchangeability; in the vegetable and animal kingdoms evidences of his love and fatherhood in providing for our necessities; in the retribution for transgression evidences of his eternal justice; and in reward for right-doing evidence of his refusal to compromise with sin.

Perhaps no more fitting conclusion could be found than the familiar statements: "To be learned is good, if they hearken to the counsels of God"; "The glory of God is intelligence, or in other words light and truth."



Practical Papers.

By Earnest A. Webbe.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO MUST MAKE HIS OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

WY FIRST encouraging thought is that so many of the young men who have brightened the pages of history, exalted the annals of industry, or enriched our treasures of art and letters, have come from the more humble paths of life, what we sometimes call the common ranks!

Secondly,—on a closer study, we find that very often there was a subtle something about the individual that stamped him out in relief from the common of his class who may have called him "odd," later changing the term to mean *character*, or even *genius*, as recognition is won.

I would not for a moment belittle knowledge and training gained through academic avenues, nor should it be thought that lacking these one is effectually barred from ever reaching the planes of thought and action such environments promise to the aspirant; surely no more deplorable picture can be presented than that of the young man whose life has been given to the mastery of learning who finds no market for his ability and can not bend to the more plebeian pursuits! If many trades are seemingly overcrowded, then the professions are even more so, and the only consolation is the threadbare adage, "There is always room at the top."

Very well, then, let us see what there is at the top; that wonderful, enchanted ground that only the successful seem to reach: first, we notice that we have withdrawn from the motley crowd below; second, we realize that we have made many a small sacrifice, casting aside those things that were impeding our progress; third, we have gained a wider outlook and the prospects before us have opened up instead of narrowing as they were wont to do below.

What does this teach us but that if we would succeed we must *not* do as the crowd does? we must surrender some of the false customs that hinder and bewilder? we must live a little in the upper planes of the idealist? By so doing we begin to get a truer focus upon conditions below, and to understand them, if not to remedy is at least a help to avoid them; by standing some way apart are we able to gain the leverage we so much desire to *move things* in our favor,

and this will go far to offset whatever we may feel to lack in the way of proper scholastic preparation to meet the world.

God suits the burden to the bearer; this is more easy of belief than that "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." A brother once bemoaned his disadvantages to me, telling of the many times his meager education had caused him to suffer loss in various ways, and while sympathizing I began to realize that I had often found myself in competition with collegiates and those who had had the advantage of an art education, some of whom in turn had expressed envy of the practical training I had been raised under.

So it goes up and down the scale; we get a new gauge whichever way we turn. I have looked at men drawing their five thousand dollars a year and, comparing their labors and responsibilities with the strain I was sometimes under, thought myself poorly repaid. Then I have turned to the laborer and seen his weariness of body, the mental perplexity of making his pittance do its full domestic duty; I have thought upon his long hours and lack of acquaintance with comfort,—and the wage I had despised but yesterday appeared princely and undeserved as I gazed upon this poor, toil-stained fellow man who has wrought so hardily for so small a portion!

It is not what a man gets, but what he saves that determines his success eventually; as this is true in money matters, so it is true of the mind, and with daily tasks and duties—we may apply economic principles to a thousand and one little things that go to make up our little day. Many firms and institutions have installed an elaborate "cost system" whereby they may know the exact cost of production through various stages of development, eliminating unprofitable operations. How far do we go in keeping account of the profit and loss of our actions and habits?

A friend once asked me to step into a cigar store with him, then wished to buy me a cigar; I asked him if he would just as lief give me the nickel, as it would do me more service. This, of course, outraged the canons of courtesy, but opened up a talk that led to many another along gospel and other lines. Many a man has "burned up the home he never builded," in the cigars he has smoked. A father told me of his boy who was losing out in his position because his studies and thought were being superceded by comic papers, cheap novels, and common moving pictures. Sometimes our most extravagant liabilities are those companions who dawdle away our time and filch away our best intentions!

It is cutting loose from all these little "trailers" that enables us to cut corners and puts us in a positive instead of a negative condition; to put us in a state of preparedness for whatever Opportunity may present to us. I have read that some individuals want Opportunity not only to knock at the door, but to come in, drag them out, and club them into the belief that it has arrived! If the statement is rather a strong one, let us at least be willing to believe that opportunities come not few and far between, but are thick about us every day; they clamor at our doors and follow us about—it is *we* who are unprepared, as ever. We want a ready-made opportunity. We want to press a button and let somebody,

anybody, do the rest! We want something that is about all done but that little bit of good luck that is peculiarly the right of genius and seems to go to them by divine right, for mark you, in every case where Fame or Opportunity has called the man, *the man was ready* or soon made himself so! Now, ask yourself the question in candor, "What am I really ready for?"

I know of young men who have been watched over carefully from earliest youth and have been given all reasonable advantages, and they have done well and been lauded for it! I have known others who have turned out a shame and disgrace to those who have sacrificed for and idolized them! I have seen and admired some who have come up through adverse conditions, who have done a goodly service quietly for their fellow men.

You who are in the land of your birthright should count that much to your credit, for you may never sense the attitude of the lad that comes here seeking the golden opportunities heralded abroad by the fame and glory of the Nation; yet how many come, aye, and succeed, in spite of the unfamiliar tongue, new manners and customs, and the fine class distinctions of a free and equal country! And these very barriers are often the things that have called out the best qualities of the struggling characters as they have started to climb, and the climbing habit once formed is a strong one to give up; it is apt to land one at the top, "where there is always room."

I was recently attracted by the bearing of two young girls who stood side by side in a crowded car. The one was graceful and fair, neat and demure; her features pleasing, her expression gentle, and her manners careful. One would say that she came from a good family, native born, and carefully reared, showing neither the arrogance of the purse-proud, nor the vulgar freedom of the pleasure-bent crowd which filled the car. The other girl in appearance told a story of the struggle of race and blood against oppression, as surely as the first girl betrayed that hothouse culture which had left her beautiful, but vapid and characterless; not so the one of alien parents: one saw the smoldering fires of past persecutions, the alertness to defend, the anxiety to know of her whereabouts, the scrutiny given to her fellow passengers; one could read of privation, of penury, of pride of race, of pioneering into a new and promised land that offered freedom and milk and honey in plenty, and of determination that had all but conquered in a wilderness of prejudice. The one character passive; the other surpassive!

And so I am pleased to be of the opinion that the young man who *must* make his own way in the world has the best of it, if he only cares to face the situation bravely and set about a self-emancipation from many foolish customs of our day which have set a false standard before him.

I believe in ideals. They form the poetry and sentiment of life; without them we should be cold and prosaic, with no goal but the dollar mark before us, or the fulfilling of selfish desires. I believe in big thoughts, big aims and ambitions, just as many young men

believe in big biceps and chest measurements and for something of the same reason,—that it bespeaks a condition of fitness to grapple with big problems.

I believe in spending as much time as possible in the company of those intellectually superior; if I may not have their personal friendship I may at least have their books and writings. I believe in standing for some principle or other as an accelerator of character; or, as Whittier puts it, "Identify yourself with righteous but unpopular causes."

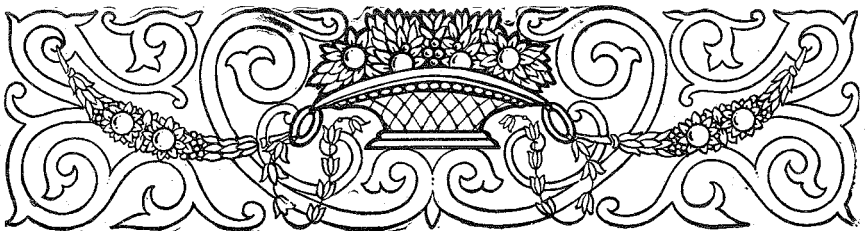
I believe in the training one gets in young people's societies, etc., because it gives them a proper sense of attitude toward those whom they must face life with,—to work under or work for.

I believe in perseverance, for often what we deem a forlorn hope may turn into final victory. I was once turned down and disheartened by those who later took me into business association with them and have turned out to be first in friendship and financial return.

I believe in trying to be as nearly indispensable as possible to those I labor for, whether for my daily bread or in the duties that fall to my share because of home or because of the church. I think the greatest tribute that can be paid to a man when he has passed on is that he is missed at every turn! How much better than to be missing every turn before you pass on, when none will miss you!

This then is the summing up, if you must make your own way in the world: Be not characterless or colorless; think high, live moderately, sing low! Revere the good, shun the commonplace, and war upon wrong. Work for the good will of your daily associates, and they will be your best agents to acquaint the world with your worth. Make your work a little better than the best of the past, and the world will seek you out. Find a pleasure in the plans and purposes of the Creator and he will give into your hands a stewardship that will cause the world to marvel as it has done over a Joseph, a Moses, a Daniel, a Columbus, a Cromwell, a Cortes, a Franklin, a Washington, a Lincoln, a Luther, a Wesley, or the lad of Palmyra!

God is no respecter of persons; but he *has* respect to character.



A Trip to the Orient; Japan, China, Manila.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

By **Sister Peacock.**

WE BOARDED the steamship *Minnesota* which is the largest and most comfortable ship on the Pacific, with accommodation equal to the best trans-Atlantic liners. The *Minnesota* is six hundred and thirty feet long, seventy-three and six tenths feet in beam, and fifty-six feet deep from keel to saloon deck amidships. From the keel to the upper navigation bridge is eighty-eight feet four inches, a height equal to a seven story building. It has accommodation for two thousand people, including three hundred and eighteen cabin passengers, fifteen hundred steerage, in addition to a crew of two hundred and fifty. The boat has a displacement of thirty-seven thousand, five hundred tons. The ship is luxuriously furnished and equipped with the most modern approved apparatus. All state-rooms are provided with telephones connected with the central exchange, lighted with electricity and mechanically ventilated. The powerful wireless telegraph station on the boat is able to keep in communication with all the other shore stations during the entire voyage.

The music room is a most comfortable and inviting part of the ship. Its color scheme is sky blue and silver, paneled with selected birdseye maple. The library adjoining the music room is paneled in quarter oak while the color scheme is buff and gold. It is furnished with writing tables, lounges, and the latest literature. The smoking room is situated on the bridge deck and has a large skylight in the center of the roof which admits additional light, and smoke is drawn off by a fan located in the skylight. The nursery, or playroom for the children, is located at the end of the promenade deck. An extensive cold storage plant permits the transit of fresh stores. With the modern kitchens, the accommodations are as good as any first-class hotel.

YOKOHAMA.

After a trip of four thousand two hundred and eighty miles over the boundless Pacific, we reached our first landing, Yokohama, Japan. One is never so near his God as when standing on the deck of an ocean steamer with nothing above but the blue expanse of sky, and below, the foaming, seething waters of a mighty ocean.

Yokohama is a picturesque place. The sensation upon reaching a foreign country must be experienced to be fully appreciated. Here everything is Japanese; quaint, little Japanese women with their straight, black hair and olive skins, and bright-eyed Japanese babies. While the majority could not welcome us in our native

tongue, still they had a courteous bow and a smile. We remained here only a short time, and then boarded the train to Tokio, a ride of about two hours.

TOKIO.

This city, the capital of Japan, compares in size with Chicago, the population being about the same. The large department stores are most interesting. Upon entering one is obliged to remove his shoes and don sandals that are in readiness for the shopper. Foreigners create a great deal of excitement, as fewer visit here than along the coast, so while we were admiring the wonderful display of needlework, a crowd had gathered to see their American neighbors with as much curiosity as one watches a circus parade. Finally a policeman was obliged to order them to move on.

The Japanese ladies visit the hair dressers once a week. They sleep on pillows that look like little stools, with a hole in the center for the hair to fit in, so as not to be disarranged while sleeping. They also paint and powder their faces; their skins being so dark, it takes so much to cover them that one can see at a long distance that they are painted. The men and women dress very much alike, in their long kimonos.

Most interesting sights are found at the temples. The one we visited is considered the largest and most beautiful in Japan. Upon entering we again removed our shoes and donned sandals. There are no pews in the temples, as there are no chairs in the houses. The interior reminds one of a Catholic church, having wonderful altars, being draped with magnificent embroidered cloths. From here we took a *rickisha* and went to a beautiful park, like any large city park. The wiry little Japanese that draw the *rickisha* are untiring. For but one sen, or fifty cents in our money, a Jap will draw one all day to the most interesting parts of the city.

We rode out to the grounds of the mikado. Tourists are not allowed to enter here, and we could see little more than the beautiful grounds. Mrs. Nicholas Longworth was given the privilege of entering.

Tokio abounds in interesting places, but space permits my mentioning only a few of the most interesting experiences.

On our return to Yokohama we took our boat for Kobe, which is three hundred and fifty miles along the coast. This is a pretty little town. The glory of the town was in the countless number of full-blown cherry trees, for which Japan is noted. I was fortunate enough to arrive when the trees were at the very height of their gorgeousness. The cherry blossom is much like our crab apple blossom, with the same delicate pink, but to a Wisconsiner, not nearly so beautiful. It has no fragrance, but hill and vale seemed almost to have a coat of pink paint, the blossoms were in such great profusion. These cherry trees do not bear fruit as one might expect.

We sailed from here to Nagasaki, just a small seaport, but of great importance, as all ocean liners and transports coal here. This is a most interesting sight. The ship is anchored in the har-

bor and the coal is brought out in large barges. It seemed that every man, woman, and child of Nagasaki turned out to help. Rope ladders are soon made and suspended about five feet apart along the sides of the ship. A Japanese stands on each rung of the ladder and a basket of coal is handed from one to the other. The last man empties it and tosses it back to be refilled. Here they work hour after hour as steadily as a piece of machinery. One can think of nothing else than a swarm of busy bees. It required about twenty-four hours to coal.

MANILA.

The trip from Nagasaki to Manila is over a thousand miles. It was very interesting here to visit the old Spanish missions and houses. The climate is most undesirable, owing to the intense heat. Fortunes have been lost trying to keep cows in Manila. In a few months they die. All the milk is canned. Meat and butter is shipped in, mostly from Australia. This is the alluring spot to which many Americans have gone to make their fortunes, but instead they have lost their health. The Filipino is a small, dark, lazy, little fellow, with little or no ambition, which is perfectly excusable with the thermometer at one hundred and ten in the shade—and no shade. There is only one place hotter.

The carabao, or water buffalo, is the principal beast of burden, and very much resembles the ox. He is hitched to a cart and used to haul freight.

HONGKONG.

Our next stop was at Hongkong, a distance of about six hundred miles. This is an English port and a most wonderfully built city. The buildings are made of stone, strongly fortified to withstand the typhoons. These typhoons are so powerful that they can lift the great vessels out of the harbor onto the land. The city is built at the foot of a peak and extends all the way up the peak. A cog road carries one up about seven hundred feet from here. One may be taken the rest of the way in a souden (chair) carried by four Chinamen. When one is at the top of the peak he is above the clouds, and on a rainy morning one may look down upon the shower below.

From my hotel window I could see the settlement above the clouds, then half way down a section which was hidden by the clouds, and farther below the rest of the city. Hongkong is noted for its beautiful gardens and parks. A great many Chinese live here. There are hundreds of families living upon house-boats in the harbor, with little or nothing to eat but the refuse from the boats. If one throws a coin into the water the poor little half-starved Chinese children will dive in after it. One day while out sight-seeing I gave a coin to a poor little Chinese boy who happened along. In a very short time I had a following of a dozen or more hungry children begging a coin to buy food, not sweetmeats, but something to satisfy their gnawing pangs of hunger.

The men and women dress in trousers very much alike. The

women have a very hard life of manual labor and seem to expect little else. Their life is little short of slavery, and not worth living. There are many wealthy silk merchants who have beautiful homes and live in great luxury. The Chinese have a well-established reputation for honesty which is most enviable. The Chinese women, like the Japanese, are very skillful with their needles. We stopped to admire a Chinese baby, and the mother, with the usual deep mother love, was delighted to have her baby noticed.

After a stay here of nine days we started on our homeward journey, which was uneventful but most delightful. The water was as calm as a sea of glass and the weather ideal. As the boat swung into the magnificent harbor of Seattle every member of the large family aboard the *Minnesota*, with hearts full of joy, burst forth into song, and never before have I heard the words of "America" sung when I realized so fully just how full of tender love and devotion it was.



Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 3.

By Inez Smith.

NOW WAS the opportunity for Alexander's adventure-loving nature to revel in all the strange and wild occurrences he cared for, and perhaps a few more. He enjoyed that trip, with all of its anxieties, and his out-of-door training came in handy. At one time it was necessary to return to Fort Kearney to repair a wagon wheel. Several of the men in the train he was traveling in walked back to the river, where for nearly half a day they signaled in vain for some one to come and take them across to the fort. Finally, despairing of getting across, the others would have turned back, but Alexander offered to swim across for a boat. The river at that place was said to be a mile and a quarter across, but the trip was made in safety. He brought the boat back to his companions, they took the wheel across, and the swimmer was rewarded at the fort with a letter from home, which made him think the fatigue and trouble had been worth while after all.

For days and days they traveled over burning hot sand with nothing to lighten the monotony, but now and then the grave of some victim of the Indians, which, owing to the nature of the death of its occupant, did not prove very cheering to the young travelers, who had pushed ahead of the provision train they had been with and were traveling alone.

Fort Laramie was reached on the 3d day of August, and now they were made to realize the protection of some power during those last lonely days, for the quartermaster asked, surprised, "How

did you ever travel on the north side for such a distance? Why, the night before last the Indians stole one hundred and twenty horses from the fort."

The travelers had seen no Indians until they were ready to cross the river to the fort, and they had been going through the worst of the Indian country.

They must leave with the next train that left the fort; for it was no longer possible to travel alone, and no more trains would be allowed to start from the fort that season, after a certain date. The train leaving at that time happened to be a Brighamite train, and they absolutely refused to allow the young men to travel with them unless they paid ten dollars for the privilege. This they were not at all disposed to do, as they had all their own provisions and herded their own animals, and besides would only prove an added protection to the train instead of an incumbrance. The officer in charge of the fort finally interfered and told Captain Ricks, of the Brighamite train, that he must either allow the strangers to go with them, or else have an escort of soldiers as far as Fort Bridger, and then being enjoined by the officer to "Do as you — please," Captain Ricks pleased to invite the young missionaries none too graciously to fall in as the train moved out of the fort, which they did. The officer laughed and told them to wire back to the fort from every station and tell how they were treated and bade them good-bye.

A rather peculiar position it was in which they found themselves, starting on a "Josephite" mission in a "Brighamite" train, and entirely at the mercy of their avowed enemies. It seemed best to avoid any religious collision on the way, so when Captain Ricks rode up a few days later and insisted on having their names, he got them, with Alexander's abbreviated by the omission of the Smith. He called himself Alexander Hale. All went well for a few days, when the captain rode up one day as "Alex Hale" was serving as corral guard, saluted, and seemed conversationally inclined.

"Where did you say you hailed from?"

"I came from Illinois."

"What part of the State?"

"The western part."

"What county, or town, if I may ask?"

"Certainly, sir; I came from Nauvoo, Hancock County."

"Ah! I thought so." The two men looked each other in the eye and understood. Alexander explained his object in withholding his full name, and the other agreed it would be better, and from that time on the captain of the train treated him with a certain deference which he did not show to his companions.

Very soon it became apparent though, that they were known, or at least suspected. It was observed at the first meal that the strangers asked a blessing on the food, and it was immediately whispered along the train that they were either Josephites or apostate Mormons, for all other religionists were said to dispense with the superfluity of prayer, soon after striking the plains. Before they reached Fort Bridger, Alexander knew instinctively, without

the immigrants saying anything, that they knew that a son of the Prophet was in the train.

Sometimes there is a scene in our lives, which though it may not impress others, leaves an impression on our minds for a lifetime. A little incident happened on the plains, which though simple in itself was never forgotten by him. He loved to tell it, and although he had many stories to tell, this came oftenest and always with tears in the eyes of the man who told it. Therefore it is many times over a twice-told tale to those who knew him. One day he was assigned the position of advance guard. They were among the mountains now, and Alexander was far in advance of the train. Near him he noticed a little mountain, seemingly unconnected with the rest of the range, standing a silent, dignified sentinel among stranger mountains. It was small, and he thought he could obtain a beautiful view from the top of it, so dismounting he led his pony "Billy" up the slope. The slope was so nearly perpendicular that it was all "Billy" could do to scramble up, even with the assistance of his rider, but at last they stood at the very top of the lone mountain. As he stood with his elbow on his horse's neck, looking at the wonderful, awful presence of those hills, Alexander thought he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life, and suddenly there came over him such a feeling of awe and reverence for the Creator of this wonderful miracle as he had never experienced before, and which he could never quite describe. The soul in him was on its knees to his Maker, as he stood there, with everything else forgotten; then suddenly the air was full of singing, and instinctively the man looked up, but it did not come from above, but from the immigrant train slowly winding around the base of the mountain below him, and they were singing that old song of our faith, "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet." Never before or since had music seemed so sweet. He stood there until the song was done, then slowly led Billy down the mountain side, silently praying that he might be strong to tell them that God had once more sent a prophet to lead his people.

His experience with that people was not all beautiful. True, they kept up a form of godliness, but after the evening prayer meeting everything was cleared away, the fiddles were brought out, and everyone enjoyed a good dance. Some were too tired for evening service, but revived sufficiently to join the dancing, and seemed to get marvelously rested thereby. There was more than this to sadden and surprise a young missionary. One day he saw a sister strike an aged lady, knocking her over a campfire. That was too much, and he could not refrain from remonstrating with them, when an elder came up and when he saw the cause of the trouble laughed heartily and said, "Oh, that's nothing, they will all have to be baptized over again when they get to the valley. It matters little what they do on the plains, their rebaptism will set all right, you know."

This startlingly optimistic view of the case was puzzling to the Josephites, but they soon learned that every woman, man, and child baptized in the old country, must be rebaptized on entering Utah,

and the man ordained in the old country was reordained on reaching the valley of the mountains. Brigham's church was to all intents and purposes a new and separate organization.

Then the burial on the plains, how it dazed and disheartened him. One night the prayer service was unusually short in order that the dance might begin early. A woman had died in camp late that afternoon, and calling two of the men the bishop wrapped the



ALEXANDER H. SMITH.

body in the quilt she had died in and carried her outside the camp, dug a hole in the loose, gravelly soil, and buried her without a hymn, a prayer, or a mourner, and the dance went gayly on!

Another woman, ill of fever, saw her baby die on the plains. It was the second child she had lost on the trip, and she was heart-broken. The bishop and the child's father took the little body out at night and buried it without a stick or stone to mark the spot. It was feared the woman would die of grief, and tender-hearted Alexander set about to try and comfort her. Nothing else was to be found, so he carved a headstone from his crackerbox lid, showed

it to the mother, and put it on the little grave. It was all too frail a mark, but it comforted the heartbroken mother.

The journey with the train was nearly over now. They were in Utah, and one morning Alexander started out to herd the mules when something warned him not to go, that there was danger. How often he was to hear that still, small voice of warning before he was through with Utah missions! He returned and tied the mules to the wagon. The brethren asked:

“What are you going to do?”

“I’m going back and get some hay.”

“Where, I’d like to know?”

“Oh, back on the road a little ways.”

They had seen some hay in the yard of a farmer when they passed a prosperous farm about three quarters of a mile back, but the idea of them securing any of it! It was too ridiculous! They laughed as Alexander found a rope and started back. Sometimes the rashest chances come out well. This one did.

(To be continued.)



Among Our Poets.

REVERIES OF HOME.

By A. B. Phillips.

Midst Nature’s quietude I slowly wandered
 Along a path grown ancient and obscure,
 Where once had been familiar scenes. I pondered:
 “Whence vanished what once did my heart allure?”

Back o’er the faded years, long since departed,
 I strove in vain their gladness to renew,
 As when, in childhood days, I ran light-hearted
 Along this path; when all my cares were few.

Upon the gloaming breeze strange voices stealing,
 As I drew near the olden rustic home,
 Came to my longing heart with lonely feeling;
 Loved ones were gone, and I was left to roam.

Gone now the dreams of youth, aye, gone for ever!
 The stranger sleeps where first I saw the morn.
 The house decays. Associations never
 Can be renewed, through all the years unborn.

Ah, had I known, my love had been more tender!
 The ties, now broken, had been true and strong!
 For love alone endures, of all we render;
 Alone remains, of all for which we long.

DAY DREAMS OF YOUTH.

By Grace Baughman.

Beneath the scented apple trees I dream,
 'Mid clover blossoms where the brown bees hum;
 Gazing upon the white clouds' silver sheen
 Piled high along the blue horizon's brim.
 Somehow those mystic curtains seem to part
 The present from the distant future, rife
 With dreams of battles fought, of victories won,
 And softened murmurs of the distant strife.
 Brief childhood days, that like the passing span
 Of the brief rainbow, came and sped away;
 And all too soon came youth, though wished for long,
 Bringing its heritage of joy and pain.
 And dreams came also. What were life without
 Its dreams? They are but shadows vague, yet sure,
 The earnest of the sometime yet to be—
 Then list, a vision I'll unfold to thee:
 The light cloud-curtains softly sweep aside,
 And crowned with sunbeam gems I see enthroned
 A radiant figure on a rose-hued throne.
 Writ on her face is hope; if pain is there
 It lies too deep to read; or mayhap, touched
 By the warm light is softened, glorified,
 Until we can not read its meaning clear—
 The future! Could another be so fair?
 A smile is on her lips, and in her hands
 She holds a golden horn of plenty, filled
 With blessings—aye, and sorrows—to the brim,
 And to the weary pilgrims struggling on
 Along the vales and mountains at her feet,
 She scatters freely with a lavish hand,
 And gives to each the destiny she wills.
 To some who walk along the mountain tops,
 Singing glad songs, with care and pain unseen;
 To some who wander by the waters still,
 In pastures green, she gives the laurel crown;
 To some who grope in valleys dark and dim
 Where sunlight only shines far o'er their heads,
 She gives the crown of thorns, and in their hands
 Places the cup of sorrow's deep absinthe.
 But why, oh, why should every sorrow mark
 For its poor victims those whose ways are drear?
 And leave unscathed the traveler whose songs
 Are never stilled, whose laughter ceases not?
 But lo! I looked again, and in the crown
 Of laurel leaves, hid in their shining depths,
 I saw sharp thorns whose sword-like points had pierced
 The wearer's brow, yet smiled he bravely on;
 And those who wore the galling crown of pain
 Wore also jewels rare entwined within,
 Which shafts of golden sunshine falling low
 Touched into light, the diadem of peace.
 What matter then, whether the crown of thorns
 Or laurel leaves is waiting just beyond?
 For One guards all with tender watchcare sweet,
 One who was crucified, who wore the crown
 Of thorns, yet changed it into victory,
 Who by his love can do the same for me.

The vision passed. Still roved the busy bee,
The sunlit boughs their rented fretwork cast
Below. Still fanned the breezes o'er the lee,
Earth was in tune, for May is sweetest last.
And then—a still, small voice I seemed to hear
Which said, "What matter what the coming years
May hold for thee? Do what thou findest here,
Vex not thyself with future hopes and fears,
Do noble things, not dream them all the day,
The future waits, the present speeds away,
For One will lead thee through earth's mazes dim,
Rise, labor now, and leave the rest to Him."

A THUNDERSTORM.

By Fred B. Farr.

The thunder from a thousand hills doth roll,
Which echoing back strikes terror to the soul.
Dame Nature shows her anger in her face;
And speaking, gives a warning to the human race.

We look upon her dark and scowling brow,
And weakly wish a shelter from her now;
Who lately did entice us with a smile.
And make us think we'd love her all the while.

With spiteful vengeance now she strikes apace,
While livid anger flashes o'er her cloudy face;
With electric bolt she's struck the aged oak,
And riven him asunder by the stroke.

Then in a fierce and rushing wind she's seen,
And tree and shrub are bowing to the queen.
She knows their love e'en in her anger's rise;
And she is touched by their heart-rending sighs.

The things she's ruined lie in scattered heaps,
And as she views the scene, she weeps.
In her remorse she quiets now our fears,
By shedding copious showers of tears.

And as she sees the fear yet in our eyes,
She smiles; the rainbow in the skies.
And now she like herself once more has grown.
She smiles again; the sun has shone.

EDITOR'S CORNER

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The Seventh Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

IDEALIZING THE REAL.

(A story based on facts.)

THE OVERLAND tourist train hammered its way steadily westward, counting the rails of unbroken steel ribbons that unite Chicago with Los Angeles, representing in themselves great expenditures of human effort and mentality, and the triumph of brain and muscle over inanimate nature. The weird desolation of New Mexico whirled steadily past the car window, vast regions of sandy wastes broken by black reaches of lava beds from old volcanoes, and rendered even more desolate by grotesque desert growths. This world was so unlike the level prairies and green forests and well kept fields of the Middle West that it might have been a section of another planet, or seen by moonlight it might have seemed the figment of a dream or a fairy scene conjured up by the waving of a wand, soon to dissolve into nothingness when the spell of the enchantress was spent. And so it was to the travelers, for soon it would melt into the emerald and gold and perfume of California orange orchards and the riotous coloring and beauty of California roses, still another section of this old world so different from the two already named that it, too, might seem to belong to another planet.

The porter passed through the car announcing: "Last call for luncheon is now being served in the dining car in the rear." Elder John Howard nudged his traveling companion, Elder J—, and called his attention to the fact that "the call" was "now being served," and that probably "the call" was all that they would get. So, ignoring the comforts of the dining car, not from choice, perhaps, but from necessity, the two proceeded to arrange their own repast.

Having requisitioned a folding table from the porter they spread upon it a white cloth and arranged thereon sandwiches prepared by the good people at home, preserved strawberries, a bottle of unfermented grape juice, and the inevitable cakes and cookies that so soon pall on the taste of the overland traveler.

They promised themselves that when the journey was a little

older and the lunch box in a more advanced stage of disorder and mussiness they would fall back upon the dining car for warm and attractive meals. In the meantime Elder Howard shook his fist at the backs of the hurrying passengers who were responding to the call of the porter. "You bloated capitalists," he declared, "you are no better than we. You only have more money." But in his heart he felt no discontent.

Having finished their luncheon the two elders fell into conversation. Their talk drifted from one topic to another, as conversation will, touching upon a point here and a point there, pursuing a direct line for a time and then going off at unexpected tangents into new fields. Who can predict the course that a conversation will take when once started? No one can make such a prediction successfully, unless it be when two cranks meet, in which case probably the biggest crank will dominate the situation and direct the conversation along the groove in which his mind always travels. But neither Elder Howard nor Elder J—— were monomaniacs. And their conversation covered a wide range, now spiritual, now practical, now poetic, now scientific.

By and by, through a course the sequence of which neither could have retraced, they arrived at the topic of marital happiness and the ideas of "affinity" and "soul mates" so prevalent and dangerous. And presently Elder J—— was relating the following story:

"I am now old and gray, but the time was when I was young and impressionable." Elder Howard, studying the handsome, intellectual face of his aged companion, realized that the speaker might have added that he had been capable of creating an impression, but he forbore comment and the elder continued. "I have learned that a man's safety lies in disciplining his mind. Thoughts always precede actions. One who can resist the sweet illusiveness of day dreams on forbidden subjects need fear no flesh and blood temptations.

"Men and women make the mistake of overlooking the ideal and beautiful in the life that is open and legitimate, in the things that belong to them, and look far afield for it in the unlawful and forbidden. A man will overlook the beauty and goodness of his own wife and fancy that he sees in some other woman his ideal and his affinity. If he were thrown with the other woman a month or a year he would be looking elsewhere for his soul mate. As it is, he soon finds some woman who will listen to his plea that he is a poor, ill-used man whose wife is no mate for him. Pity paves the way for affection, and the foundation is laid for a cheap and sordid 'romance' that finds sanction in the pseudo religion of 'divine affinity' and dares to think that God has sanctified their unlawful love.

"That which I am about to tell you occurred years ago in one of the Southern States, when I was just starting out in my work as a missionary.

"I was staying at the home of a certain sister who was both refined and beautiful, but of a discontented and melancholy temperament. The fact that her husband was of a lower type mentally,

besides being careless and unattractive, gave her some just ground for discontent.

"For this woman I felt a strong natural friendship, for she was witty and attractive, and her presence seemed to stimulate me to be my best in conversation and thought. I did not realize how strongly this feeling was returned until something occurred that opened my eyes.

"The husband was gone for the day. The wife then sent her two little boys to a distant neighbor's home on an errand, and told them that they need not hasten to return. She then seated herself across the table from me, where I was reading, and took up her sewing. By and by she began to talk to me, presenting a hypothetical case, and I noticed that as she talked her face was as white as death and her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy.

"'In this town,' she said, 'there lives a woman who is unhappily married. Her husband is coarse and uncouth. He is beneath her intellectually. At times he is cruel to her. She has come to abhor him. She loves the beautiful in art and literature and the good and pure in life. In this town there is another man who is fine and noble in every way. He loves the things that she loves. The two are congenial. They were meant for each other. Now I wish to ask you if you think that this woman is doing wrong to love this man.'

"There was no mistaking the meaning and application of this appeal. A hundred past tokens unnoticed at the time came flooding back to my mind to confirm the quick understanding that had come to me. I looked at the woman's bent head. She was beautiful and attractive. The full force of the appeal that surged from her being thrilled through me. It was not coarse and bestial. That would have repulsed me at once. It assumed a high plane and was the more deadly and dangerous to a man of my temperament. She was naturally a good and clean woman. It gratified me to think that only I could have stirred in her heart such sentiments and wrung from her soul such a veiled confession.

"But I thanked God at the time that it found in my heart no permanent answer. Yet I realized what my position would be if I were to respond. It would mean the end of my ministerial career, the breaking up of my family, the disgrace of my church.

"I knew that I must save this woman from herself. I must resist her appeal, yet do it in such a way as not to betray to her that I had suspected its personal application.

"So I said to her: 'I certainly think that this woman would be doing wrong to yield to the love that you mention. Advise her that if she can not realize the ideal in life to at least try to idealize the real.'

"I watched the woman closely and saw the red color come flooding back to her white cheeks; and it seemed that a gleam of half anger flashed into her eyes. It was the resentment that the eternal feminine feels at a rebuff, even when carefully disguised. She flung her work to the floor and went into the kitchen without a

word and began the preparation of the noonday meal, though it was still early in the forenoon.

"I had passed the test and the unexpected ordeal was over. I trembled. Picking up the morning paper I glanced at its pages. The headlines of the very first column told the story of a truant minister, two ruined homes, a broken church. I thought: 'But for the grace of God, that were *my* story.' And I thanked him that by his help I had made a different record. Now I always endeavor to discipline my mind; to ask for divine help to keep myself straight and honorable in thought and in deed."

The climax of the conversation had been reached. After a little silence the talk began again, a new suggestion diverting it to inconsequential matters. The news agent passed through the car crying his wares. A halt was made at a little station whose clustering "adoby" houses sheltered dark-skinned, indolent aborigines. The diners returned to their respective seats, picking their teeth and wearing the sleek and complacent air of the cat that had eaten the canary. The thousand and one details of such a journey followed each other in their turn. But in his subconscious mind Elder Howard pondered long on the lesson contained in the admonition: "If you can not realize your ideal, at least try to idealize your real."



A Little Humor Now and Then.

DIG THE STUMPS NOW.—An irritable farmer and his ungainly son were grubbing stumps one hot, sultry day, when the old man suddenly stumbled over a small stump.

"Blame that everlasting old stump!" he exclaimed. "I wish it was in hell!"

The son slowly straightened up from his work and drawled:

"You ought not to say that, pap, you might stumble over it again some day."—Exchange.

WILD OATS.—A North Dakota farmer roused his new harvest hand from slumber in the haymow promptly at three a. m.

"You can slip down and cut that little patch of oats before breakfast," he ordered.

"Are they wild oats?" sleepily inquired the hired man.

"Wild? Why, no; they're tame oats."

"Well, if they're tame, maybe I can slip up on them in daylight."—Selected.

A FORETASTE.—"My dear girl," said an elderly lady, "do you know that the man you intend to marry drinks and gambles?"

"Yes, I know. I am going to marry him to reform him."

"Listen to me. Try one experiment first."

"What experiment?"

"Take in—a week's washing to do and see how you like it."—*Town Topics.*

A LONG COUGH.—The tiger came toward me, bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen, he gave one of those fearful coughs which only a man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long.—*London Standard.*

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Good Enough to Hold the Baby.

AY AND MINNIE were two dear little girls who attended the same school and always sat near each other. They played together, and shared their "goodies," and loved each other as only two little girls can.

Passing the schoolhouse one morning, two dear, sweet, smiling little faces looked into mine.

"Oh, Mrs. Blank, just guess what Fay's got!"

"A new doll," I said.

"Something better'n that," replied Minnie.

"A new dress?"

"No."

"A new postcard album?"

"No; guess again."

I tried several times, but the children shook their heads every time and laughed so knowingly.

"A baby brother," said Fay, and the dear little faces just beamed with joy.

"It is so sweet," said Minnie.

"And has such a funny little nose, and keeps his little fists doubled up," chimed Fay.

"I wonder if your mamma'll let you hold it," said Minnie, softly, thinking of the cemetery and a tiny mound she had decorated with flowers. "My mamma used to let me hold *my* baby brother when I was a good girl."

"Wasn't that nice?" said Fay, her face a wreath of smiles as she thought how sweet it would be to hold a dear, dainty, baby brother that would smile up at her and say, "Coo." "I mean to be so good mamma'll think I am good enough to hold the baby."

The ringing of the school bell called the children to their tasks and I passed on, thinking of little Fay's words, "good enough to hold the baby."

A boy's rough words and angry tones soon disturbed my thoughts and tender feelings.

"Aw, come here, you nuisance," and a boy's rough hand shook a little toddler of two years savagely.

Poor, helpless, innocent baby; at the mercy of a cruel brother! The sight of his grieved little face and quivering lip hurt my heart.

"Oh, poor boy," I said to myself, "little Fay would not think you 'good enough to hold the baby.'"

Presently I passed an angry woman with a baby in her arms. She was scolding a little girl dreadfully. How *could* a *mother* talk so to a sweet little soul whom God had sent to her! Dear little thing, she lifted such a sad, tear-stained face and looked into her mother's eyes. How *could* a *mother* talk so with her child's frightened, sad face, and tear-dimmed eyes pleading so pitifully for love and kind words to correct the childish fault? Surely she wasn't "good enough to hold the baby!"

Dear, sweet, innocent, helpless babies! Who of us are "good enough to hold the baby"? Who of us gentle and loving and patient and pure enough to hold in our arms one of God's little lambs?

IDA H. STEWART.

Truth Telling.

"I can not understand," said a dear young mother who was calling upon us one afternoon, "why Francis will tell me such stories. He is only five, you know, and he simply will not tell the truth. Only last night I had to punish him severely, and sent him to bed without his supper, too, but nothing seems to do any good."

Just then little Marion, three years old, leaning against her mother's knee, said, "Musser, I'se tired. I want to go home."

"Now, Marion," said her mother, "we are not going home yet; and if you do not sit still and be quiet Mrs. Smith has a great big dog shut up in that room yonder, and he catches little girls. She will open the door and let him out if you are not a good little girl."

Marion glanced at the door indicated and then at me, pleading, fear and apprehension written in her face. Then she sat down obediently, clinging close to her mother's skirt.

I saw my sister draw her arms a little more tightly about her four months' babe and my own heart beat hard with indignation. I rose to my feet and held out my hand to the child.

"Come here, Marion," I said gently. She came to me willingly, but when I turned toward the closed door she held back.

"Come," I said, "I am going with you."

As I opened the door, she caught hold of my skirt and clung behind me. Her mother, who had gone on talking about the delinquencies of Francis, and had apparently forgotten her own remark to the child, stopped a moment to say impatiently, "Go on, Marion. Don't be naughty! Mrs. Smith does not like naughty little girls."

I entered the room and closed the door behind me. It was my own bedroom. In it were my treasures. A little child's rocking chair stood on one side of the room, and in it sat a big, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired dolly that had been loved by a little girlie just Marion's age. She had left it there one day just a few months ago when she had come to me with flushed face and hot little hands and said: "Mover, me wants you to take ze baby. Me hurts."

The measles, unquarantined in our little town, had taken all that I had, my only one.

Marion stopped just inside the door and her eyes swept the room. They fell upon the dolly, and after the manner of children, she forgot everything else. Her lips framed a delighted "Oh," as she went down on the floor beside it.

I watched her for a minute and then went back into the other room, leaving the door open.

"Mrs. Weston," I said, "there is no dog in the other room. Look at Marion."

She glanced toward the child and exclaimed, "Oh, what a lovely doll! Marion," she called sharply, "be careful! If you break that dolly, Mrs. Smith will punish you!"

In sheer desperation I got up and shut the door. My sister half frowned and half smiled as she shook her head at me. But I would not be warned.

"Mrs. Weston," I said, sitting down near her, "you say that

Francis tells you untruths. Do you know that you have twice told Marion untruths in the last five minutes?"

She flushed, whether with anger or shame I could not tell. I refused to hear my sister's rebuking, "Why, Ruth!" and went on my self-appointed task, determined that if word of mine might make it possible, Francis and Marion should have a chance to grow up truthful children. She defended herself weakly with, "Oh, well, it is such a nuisance to have them always bothering me so!"

"Mrs. Weston," I said, "I would give all the years of peace and quiet that I expect to have if my own little girlie could 'bother me' again. But I would rather have her where she is now than to have her grow up to tell untruths—*lies*—that I had taught her.

"You sent Francis to bed without his supper," I went on, feeling that it was now win or lose, "when after a day of play and exercise he needed the physical nourishment, and his little body was made to suffer because of wrongdoing for which you were responsible. Just now you not only told Marion an untruth, but you put into her heart a sense of fear, which should be absolutely unknown in a child of her age. Her quick response to the suggestion proved that it was not the first time you had quieted her in that way, and you have probably already had trouble with her in the way of nervousness and needless crying at night when she awakens in the dark. When she gets a little older she will find that the black dogs and the bears are not where you have said; and she will realize that you have told her untruths to gain your own end, and the perfectly logical conclusion that the telling of untruths is *not* wrong will affect her whole life and character. Or perhaps the result will be one that will make great sorrow for you; she will realize the wrong and will put her mother down on the wrong side of the scale. More than that, you have overdeveloped the instinct of fear and the effect will remain with her. Often when I see a child timid, and perhaps in consequence made unhappy over the taunt of a comrade, who in the ignorance and scorn of childhood calls, 'Coward, coward,' I think, 'That child's mother told him lies.'"

We talked long and earnestly. Marion was happy with the doil, and my sister had slipped away to lay her babe on the bed for the afternoon nap, when Mrs. Weston rose and said: "I am very grateful to you, Mrs. Smith. My children shall not learn to lie from me."—Selected.



A Story for a Year Old Baby.

Little Howard was fretful and dissatisfied. Mamma did not know what to do with him. He did not want any of his toys. He cried to be taken, and when held was still crying to be amused.

"Why not tell him a story," said Auntie.

"Tell a fourteen months old baby a story?" exclaimed mamma, "why, he couldn't understand a story."

"That would depend on the kind of a story you told him," replied Auntie.

"Well, you may tell him one if you want to. I certainly don't know how to tell a story to an infant who can't talk."

"But he does talk some," urged Auntie. "Tell me what words he knows or says and I'll try to tell him a story, though I never did it before."

Mamma thought a few moments and then said, "He can say 'papa' and 'mamma,' 'bye-bye,' 'ball,' 'boy,' 'dog,' 'all-gone,' 'apple,' 'auntie.' Can you make a story out of that?"

"He understands more words than he can say; he knows what we mean when we say 'car' or 'horse' or 'chicken.' Yes! I believe I can tell him a story with this limited vocabulary."

Taking the fretful child on her knee she began: "There was a boy"—Howard heard the word *boy* and looked at her, stopping his fretting for the moment; and as she spoke each word familiar to his ear, his attention was more and more absorbed,—“a boy,” continued Auntie, —“and a *horsey*, and the *boy* said to the *horsey*, 'Clk, clk; get up, *horsey*;' and the *horsey* said”—here Auntie imitated the whinny of the horse and interpreted it, “‘Yes, little boy, I'll get up.’”

“And the *boy* and the *horsey* saw a little *doggie*”—“Dog, dog,” interrupted little Howard, his face all aglow with interest.

“Yes, a dog-dog, and the *doggie* said, 'Bow-wow, little boy.' And the little boy said, 'Come, little *doggie*, we must go and see the chickens.' And the *chickies* said—and the *chickies* said”—Auntie prolonged the words and waited, as if expecting something, “And the *chickies* said—‘Oo-oo-oo-oo-oooo,’” crowed little Howard.

Auntie clapped her hands, and from this point baby inserted all the imitations with which he was acquainted. So the simple story went on. The boy saw a car and the car said—“Choo-choo,” said baby, and the boy said to the *horsey*—“Clk, clk,” said baby, and so Auntie repeated the words familiar to baby's ear over and over, to his ever-increasing delight. Before the story was ended baby Howard had learned some new words, and to make new imitations, and had thoroughly overcome his fretting. The story closed—“And the boy found a ball—a ball.”

“Ball-ball,” shouted baby, making an effort to get down on the floor, where he was soon happily at play with his ball.

“Well,” said mamma, “you can tell a story to a year-old baby, but I never would have believed it.”—Doctor Mary Wood-Allen.



Patience.

Word of few letters, but one which denotes much in our lives.

For, patience is one of the cardinal virtues, and of all people of the world, God's people should be most patient.

Then how closely should our every word and act be guarded; for, clad in patience, we walk in an invisible armor against which temptation to murmur and repine fall harmless.

The housewife well knows that much depends upon her each

day as to the spiritual, physical, yes, and financial success of the home. Under her supervision must come the regulation of sanitary conditions, questions of diet, and of other habits of life.

How great are the responsibilities of home life which we all realize are a tax upon the brain, the nerves, and general health, and withal upon the patience. But, how comforting to remember there is divine help if we but look to One who sees and knows our every disappointment and the trials to which we are subject from "noon until night"; yes, during each day of the year.

The petty troubles, the little irritations are ever with us. Then let us remember that the best of all tonics is patience.

It would almost seem sometimes that in the greater emergencies of life we do not need to be as watchful of ourselves as in these little worries and trials of everyday life. It is often the case that our hardest trials arise from circumstances over which we have small, if any, control. We can not remove them. We can only endure. What a triumph for us if we endure with patience!

There is nothing so detrimental to our happiness as impatience. It not only destroys our own peace and comfort, but also that of those with whom we daily come in contact.

All the members of the home circle—husband, wife, and children—should cultivate the virtue of patience; for upon the exercise of patience much of the happiness of home life depends.

Love is the highest of all virtues, yet it must be handled tenderly; and impatience will slowly but surely destroy it.

Let us be patient with our friends; they can not see our hearts, and many times misunderstand us. They may have many faults and imperfections, but should we stop and carefully and prayerfully examine ourselves we may discover we also possess many, and perhaps more serious faults than they. Let us first endeavor to get the beams from our own eyes ere we try to pluck the motes from the eyes of our friends.

If we would take patience as a watchword each day, the world would be the better for it, and we be more pleasing in the sight of God. When we pause to think how through all our lives God has been so patient with us, that little word seems sacred.

They who would be Christ's must possess Christ's virtues; and those who possess these virtues are living epistles to all about them; not only working out their own salvation, but pointing others to the way of truth and happiness. It is not easy to be patient, but it pays, for this life and the life to come.

"We have careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the impatient tone,
Though we love our own the best."

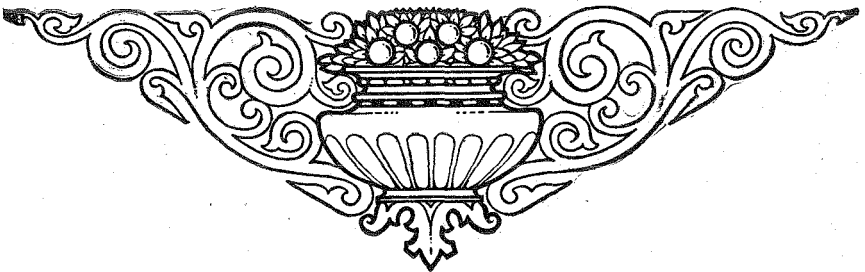
MAY ENGEL.

Because of Her.

With bare brown legs and faded gingham gown,
 I saw her first—a lovely little girl,
 Her slender fingers clasped within my own,
 With low, sweet laughter, set my heart awhirl.
 From out her wondrous eyes of darkest blue
 Shone forth a soul all pure and undefiled,
 And all things young and beautiful took on
 An added charm because she was a child.

Again I saw her as a maiden grown,
 A half-ope'd blossom, whose rare grace fulfilled
 The promise of the bud, and yet gave hints
 Of greater glories, when, if God so willed,
 The half-blown rose should ope to fullest flower.
 I brought my gift of frankincense and myrrh,
 To lay them at her feet; and evermore
 I revered womanhood because of her.

And now I watch her rocking to and fro,
 And crooning low within the dimming light;
 A tiny head is pillowed on her arm,
 A tiny form is cuddled warm and tight,
 A glow is on her face—a light, methinks,
 That never on the land or sea did rest.
 All motherhood is sacred now to me
 Because it is my baby at her breast.
 —Mabel Stevens Freer, in *Ainslee's*.





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Topics of the Times.

WAS IT PROPHECY?—*The Los Angeles Herald*, under date of June 6, published the following item of news that is at least interesting:

"NEW YORK, June 6.—For twenty years Senator William Alden Smith, chairman of the committee investigating the loss of the *Titanic*, has made a collection of clippings on subjects of the widest variety. Some of these, having a personal appeal, he has kept in his pocket in a big envelope.

"For nineteen years he has kept a poem one stanza of which he now looks upon as prophetic, and he thinks the coincidence doubly strange since he was the man named to lay bare the secret of the disaster. The poem was written by A. T. Quiller-Couch in 1893. Its last stanza runs:

"Then she, the stricken hull,
 The doomed, the beautiful,
 Proudly to Fate abased
 Her brow titanic.
 Praise now her multitude,
 Who, nursed in fortitude,
 Fell in on deck and faced
 Death without panic."

BACK TO THE LAND.—For several generations there has been a constant draining of rural districts to feed the cities. Young men of brains and vigor forsook the farm at the earliest moment of freedom to go and seek their fortunes in the city. This impoverished the rural districts and congested the city, and was bad in many ways. To combat this tendency there was organized during the last week in June, in Pasadena, California, a national movement, fostered by Carlton Washburn, of Stanford University, and others, known as the "Back to the Land Movement." The object of the organization is thus set forth in the constitution:

"To encourage and so far as practicable to aid all movements tending to relieve the congestion of our great cities and to get the people out upon the land.

"To federate all existing bodies looking to this same end or any part thereof.

"Without being in any sense politically partisan, to work for state and national legislation to further this movement.

"By lectures, published articles, and all other legitimate means of publicity to bring the matter prominently to the attention of the people most concerned.

"To investigate whatever has been done in this direction all over the world, and to maintain a bureau of information for the use of inquirers.

"To maintain a bureau for the purpose of assisting individuals desirous of getting out of overcrowded cities and onto small farms.

"To enlist the cooperation of educational institutions in the training of men to give practical instruction to city people in intensive agriculture.

"To maintain a bureau for the practical training, especially on vacant city lots, of people desirous of taking up small farms.

"To maintain a legal bureau for the protection of the people against the operations of land sharks.

"To maintain a bureau which shall investigate and support plans, both governmental and private, for the formation of little farms communities."

SOCIAL WORK IN GREAT BRITAIN.—Under the intelligent leadership of Lloyd-George, some very advanced work along social betterment lines is being undertaken in Great Britain. We note but one item, mentioned by Robert Donald, editor of the *London Daily Chronicle*, in the *Outlook*, in his report of a recent interview with the distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer. By the recent Act of Parliament a sum of 1,500,000 pounds, or \$7,500,000 has been set aside to establish sanitariums in various parts of the country for the treatment of tuberculosis. These are for the benefit of laboring people who may be stricken with the dread disease. It is said that in London alone there is an annual loss of \$20,000,000 in wages among wage earners owing to the ravages of consumption. If taken in time most of these cases can be checked and the breadwinner be returned to his family and society capable of continuing his part in the work of the world.

A PUGILIST SALOON KEEPER ON TEMPERANCE.—Tom Sharkey, a former heavyweight pugilist, is reported in the *Literary Digest* for June 29 as saying that athletics in American schools tend to keep boys from intoxicating drinks. They are taught that they can not win out in athletics if they indulge in strong drinks. Sharkey is a saloon keeper and says that this sort of training cuts into his business to a remarkable degree, but that he is in favor of it, for it means healthier and stronger men. This is pretty good testimony to come from a saloon keeper. Evidently a saloon keeper can tell the truth once in a while, and in that perhaps he shames some men who profess to be Christians, yet defend the liquor traffic, for various questionable reasons.



Records and Record Keeping.

It does not appear that it should be necessary to present arguments for or against the keeping of records, as it is a very self-evident fact that the keeping of records is necessary to the well-being and welfare of *any* organization, which includes the Zion's Religio-Literary Society, general, stake, and local.

The records of an organization, under usual circumstances, will show the character of that organization, and incidentally the character of the keeper of the records, also. Many instances might be cited of companies, corporations, and organizations being forced to bring their records into court, and by them have established innocence of charges made, and occasionally to their sorrow as the records have shown their guilt.

It is by our records that we shall be known to our posterity, even as we know our ancestors by theirs, and the record that we leave may determine largely how they will shape their course. Our records show, to a degree, what have been our hopes and our desires, what we have striven for, how wrought, and what attained. They will indicate partially our weaknesses, our strength, and the sincerity of purpose with which we labor. As we consider the records left by those who were pioneers of this religious movement, yes, and consider the record of time long past given us of God, we perceive their mistakes, and by them we profit; we see their weaknesses and the consequences, and we steer clear of a repetition. So, perhaps, under a regular course of events, might those who follow after us.

Touching more directly upon things pertaining to the Zion's Religio-Literary Society, we perceive that all of these things may well be true of us and our records. In a general way the General Secretary has a record of the whole society. To a fuller extent the stake and district secretaries have records of the organizations comprising such stake and district organizations, and each local has its records. It is by these—and all of them—that our posterity may know us. By song and story our virtues may be extolled, our faithfulness mentioned, our piety praised; but by our records we

shall be known. Others may be in error in their judgment of us, but what we ourselves put down in black and white shall surely indicate what we were.

RECORD KEEPING.

Since all of the above is true, there is but one logical conclusion to arrive at, and that is, that our records should be kept as properly and as accurately as it is possible for us to do. Each local, large or small should have their record book, and each meeting that is held should be described. All the information possible should be noted. It is erroneous to suppose that because a local is small and sometimes uninteresting that it doesn't matter whether a proper record is kept or not. When a proper record is kept a proper report may be sent punctually to the stake or district secretary, and in return a proper and accurate report is sent to the General Secretary.

Let us now take up a case of supposition. Suppose a small local somewhere, for instance in Georgia or Ohio, should have a lax way of record making and keeping. Perhaps the secretary is incapable, or indifferent, or perhaps sufficient stress has not been laid upon the importance of record keeping. But under some event the record has not been properly or accurately kept of meetings held, of business performed, of officers, of members, of finances, and of what has been accomplished. Soon it comes time to report to the district or stake secretary. Consulting the record it is difficult to say just what can be reported that is required. As a result the report is incomplete, or at best inaccurate. Perhaps there is no report made. Anyhow the records of the stake or district secretary and the report to the General Secretary, being based on incomplete and inaccurate reports, or some of such, is also incomplete and inaccurate, and the records and report of the General Secretary are incomplete and inaccurate.

CONCERNING THE SECRETARY.

As it is the secretary who is the maker and keeper of the records of our locals, we perceive from the foregoing the importance attaching to the selection of the proper person for the office. While secretary of a district Sunday school association at one time, several unique experiences brought forcibly to the mind of the writer that in the office of secretary there are sometimes "square pegs in round holes." A square peg is admirable to fill a square hole as is a round peg for a round hole. And it may be just possible that sometimes the choice is limited to square pegs. In that case, of course, we have to use the material at hand and we should thank God for that.

THE LOOKOUT COMMITTEE.

And again here is where our secretaries have an opportunity to let their light shine, for the secretary is chairman of the lookout committee. The first clause under the head "lookout committee," on page 22 of the Constitution and By-Laws, says: "It will be the duty of this committee to bring new members into the society,"

and of course the chairman is the leading spirit on the committee. And unto what shall we liken the work of this committee in this respect? Shall we not liken it to the work of the solicitor or the salesman of merchandise? The salesman seeks to interest others, those whom it will pay to interest, in that which he has. And he does it with a right good will; for upon the energy put forth and results obtained rests the recompense. He labors for the bread that perisheth, but the reward of the secretary who labors diligently, as of everyone else, is that bread which came down from heaven, and eternal life.

Those new members which they have obtained are now introduced to the work and to the other members. The committee have obtained them, have examined their references and found them worthy to become members, and now show them what is expected of them and what they may expect in their membership. Their attention is called to the fact that as a part of the Zion's Religio-Literary Society they should prepare to take part as members, to study their lessons, to set a proper example of conduct, and to persuade and encourage other members to follow the course of duty.

As sometimes happens in any society or association, some member becomes neglectful and perhaps brings some degree of disrepute upon the society. At such a time and in such instances the secretary and associates must rise to the occasion and become saviors of those who are thus becoming lost to the Religio and Religio influences. As does the teacher in the branch, so does the lookout committee in the Religio. It labors with them in great love and deep humility, striving in the name and Spirit of Christ to reinstill into these careless ones a heightened regard and respect for the services of the Religio and desire to perform the duties that are a part of membership.

SUMMARY.

Records are to be kept by the secretary. They should comprise all that is proposed, attempted, begun, and accomplished in every local throughout the world. They should be accurate, concise, intelligible. Reports should be sent regularly and promptly to the stake or district secretary and from the stake or district secretary to the General Secretary, and should contain all the information required. When this is not done, record and report conditions throughout the Religio are rendered just that far chaotic. A proper secretary should be chosen where possible. The lookout committee is the missionary of the Religio and not only that, but the agent working toward higher spirituality. An active lookout committee means an active Religio, and a proper secretary a Religio well-known and advertised.

(Written by Clyde Baker, president of Independence local, and read by T. J. Elliott, at General Convention.)

The Price We Pay.

In these days of commercial enterprise and business graft it is said that everything has its price. Men buy and sell not only the natural commodities, but position, influence and power.

In buying and selling there are two kinds of bargains—bad bargains and good bargains. These terms are too common to need defining, for nearly everyone has some time in his life made both.

I do not wish to-day to discuss common commodities, nor profit and loss, but I do wish to apply the same principles to the things that go to make the real man and the real woman. I do not wish to apply them to the elements that go to make the successful financier or the accomplished society lady. The man or woman who rightly belongs in my discussion may never appear great in the eyes of the world, although I may select from such, individuals to exemplify my meaning.

I can best introduce my subject with the words of Prentice: "All of us pay a high price for the manhood (or womanhood) we obtain." And I would add: "We also pay dear for the manhood or womanhood we lose; for the opportunities we reject." To illustrate these two phases more fully, let us take the lives of two men well known to all students of history—Abraham Lincoln and Benedict Arnold.

Lincoln appeared on the scene first, as a backwoods boy with seemingly no future before him. His very nature was against him, for it is said that in his youth he was given to the relating of coarse and vulgar stories; that his mind naturally ran in low channels. But examine his pictures of later years; notice the determination marks about the mouth, the firm set of the jaw, the lines of conquest on the forehead, withal the manhood that is shown there. Ah! the price marks are only too plain.

Now view him as he sits upon the pedestal of fame. A man whom we verily believe was divinely chosen to guide the ship of state through the most bitter struggle a nation ever knew. Simple in speech, honest, humble and magnanimous! As fine a type of manhood as the human mind can conceive! Did he make a bad bargain? Did he pay too dear? I will leave these questions with you and consider the opposite phase.

Benedict Arnold appears on the horizon of history with a brilliant record. Brave, daring and loyal, he was respected for his deeds of valor, and trusted because of his loyalty. He had shining pearls in his possession, but how did he care for them? He bartered them away, and for what?—revenge. In an attempt to gain a sweet morsel of revenge, he lost his treasure. And what was the price he paid? The confidence and respect of his fellow men, his own self-respect, the privilege of ever being a man. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

"Every man stamps his value upon himself," and remember this, the world is not going to pay a cent more than the tag calls for.

The Creator has bestowed upon each creature of his fashioning a soul teeming with latent possibilities and rich in hidden treasures.

We might compare him to one possessing the site of a valuable mine, but who must expend the time, money, and energy before he can obtain the precious metal hidden beneath.

One man has said: "Mark this well, ye proud men of action, ye are after all nothing but the unconscious instruments of the man of thought." *Instruments* of the man of thought. Then this inner man, this man of thought, should receive our strict attention, for that word *instrument* has a deep meaning.

If you were about to become the representative of some firm or of some individual, you would be very careful what manner of firm or individual it was, would you not? You take the responsibility of being an instrument in their hands, a tool if you please, to transact business in their name. Now in order to represent them satisfactorily, you must first of all understand their requirements. Imagine a man being sent to some foreign country to represent the United States, who understood nothing whatever of the needs of this great country of ours! What sad bargains he would make! Now if we are all instruments of the man of thought, the inner man, how important then that we should first of all understand ourselves.

Then keeping our eyes upon the heights, we should summon to our aid, integrity, courage, and high resolve, and contest for the prize as an army contests for a coveted position, crushing the impediments in our pathway as we move along. It may cost us time and energy, pride may be wounded in the conflict, the blood of self-sacrifice may be called for. But isn't it worth the price? After all, for what are we struggling? Simply personality. That wonderful attribute which marks the difference between the coward and the fighter, between the lazy and the industrious. I do not use these terms as they are commonly understood. I am speaking now of the inward battle, the contest with self.

Personality is simply the exalted position for which we strove, the precious pearls from which our own hands have shoveled the dirt. It is that strange, indescribable something which makes its possessor a king or a queen. And it is not strange. The world always admires a conqueror—the hero conqueror if you please, not the tyrant.

But some one may say, "I disagree with you there. The world sometimes misunderstands and does injustice to those very people who have gained the costly pearls at such a price. They are not always appreciated. Don't they pay a pretty steep price for their worthiness?" Perhaps so, but don't they get a wonderful bargain?

"A man can bear a world's contempt when he has that within him which says he is worthy." Ah, yes! There is the secret. He has worthiness bought with a price.

"The world generally pushes a man the way he makes up his mind to go. If going up, it pushes him up. If going down, it pushes him down—gravitation, however, making the speed greater on the decline."

So after all the decision rests with us. We can get most anything we want in this old world if we are willing to pay the price.

Everything is sold at the Devil's booth and it is a fine place to make bad bargains; for each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold.

That doesn't sound fair, does it? You do not willingly give a crisp five dollar bill in exchange for a counterfeit. Not if you know what you are getting. But as a representative of this inner man, this man of thought, you have no better right to exchange his jewels for dross.

"A man really becomes better or worse morally, advances or retrogrades socially, according to the standard of life that prevails around him—a standard which he himself is at the same time helping to depress or raise."

So do not blame the world if they fail to see the possibilities you have never developed, or Father Time if he snatches the jewels you have carelessly dropped and passes them on to your successor.

"It's safest not to expect the world's sympathy. The world has a habit of misunderstanding. It is too busy to keep pushing over the bushel baskets in its path to find the lights underneath."

"The man who is really doing things worth while has not always time to stop and straighten out misunderstandings with the world." To him, time is golden. It is a part of the price he pays and he has none to waste. He knows only too well that we are not here "To play, to dream, to drift; we have hard work to do and loads to lift!" So he closes his ears to misunderstandings and faces the struggle manfully, for he has that within him that says he is worthy.

"He prayeth best who worketh best." "The man who is worthy of being a leader of men will never complain of the stupidity of his helpers, of the ingratitude of mankind, nor of the inappreciation of the public. These things are all a part of the great game of life, a part of the price, and to meet them and not go down before them in discouragement and defeat is the final proof of power."

Speaking of failure, there can only be *one* kind—inside failure. "Real failure is not to be true to the best you know, and the best you know is to stay where you are and to do what you can as well as you can."

"Not in the clamor of crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat."

Inside failure is one of the bad bargains at the Devil's booth, one in which you give an ounce of gold for an ounce of dross.

Mistakes are not failures. It is better to have tried and failed than never to have tried. Why? Because trying means effort, and effort means growth, and growth means development—the prize we are seeking.

"Then let us learn from our mistakes, not cry over them."

Nathan Hale was sent out to perform duty as a spy. He was defeated in his plans. But was he a failure? No, indeed! He remained true to his country, true to himself, true to his trust. It cost him something to be sure, but listen how willingly the price was offered: "My only regret is that I have but one life to give for

my country." He knew a good bargain. He had been making that kind all his life. Now suppose he had yielded to the entreaties of the British and had purchased life with traitorism. Not life, but dishonored existence would have been the value received. A poor bargain indeed.

Therefore, as an application of these principles, I would say: "Strive to be something in life, do something, aim at something. Not something great, but something good; not something famous, but something serviceable; not leaves, but fruit."

Then if the price *is* steep, we need never fear making a bad bargain.

(Oration which won first place in the Graceland College annual oratorical contest of May, 1912, prepared and delivered by Irene Hoffman.)



Picnic at Hiteman, Iowa.

The Sunday school and the Zion's Religio-Literary Society of Hiteman, Iowa, united in the celebration of the Fourth of July with an old-fashioned picnic.

Hiteman is a coal mining camp about seven miles northwest from Albia, the county seat of Monroe County, and is now reached by an electric car, and there we have the second largest branch of the Lamoni Stake.

On the morning of the Fourth the majority of the picnickers assembled at the Saints' church, and formed in parade, headed by the flag bearer carrying a United States flag, and followed by a brass band that was organized for the occasion but two days before; then came the school and their friends, some two hundred or more, the girls were mostly in white, and nearly all in the procession carried small flags.

It was a pretty sight as they marched down through the principal street of the town and across the level to the banks of the Cedar, where the old elms with their outstretched arms furnished ample shade. Here upon the grass-carpeted mother earth all might find rest and comfort from the burning sun, as they sought a day of change from their daily toil, the men from out the mine that they might obtain a sun bath, and the women to forsake the kitchen, and the children, small and large, to all feel the freedom of a day in the woods.

The program was carried out without a jar, neither did anything happen during the day to mar the pleasure of any of the happy company. There was music from the band of a cheerful and inspiring character suitable for the occasion, also the woods were made to ring as the sweet singers of Israel poured forth the gladness of their souls in song accompanied by the organ and the stringed and wind instruments by which man maketh melody and praiseth his Maker.

The orchestra was a prime factor in furnishing felicity to the seekers of fun and rest from the humdrum work-a-day grind; and

none that are lovers of music can refrain from thankfulness of heart for the inventive powers of man that have produced such a variety of musical instruments, the cadence of which not only soothes the savage breast, but also is a means wherein man can praise and worship his Creator.

There was an address by the undersigned upon the growth of our Nation, and the administration of the several departments of the Government, and the only reference to the mother country was in the recital of an Irish-American who visited England, and while in London an accommodating and talkative citizen of that historic city was explaining to the sight-seer some of the wonderful and marvelous achievements of the Englishman. When they came to the big gun that would throw a ball across the channel into France, and the report of this cannon could be heard for fourteen miles, the ready-witted Pat replied: "We have a little brass gun down in Philadelphia that can beat that." The Englishman wanted to know how the little brass cannon could beat their great gun; and the prompt answer was, "It went off in 1776 and you can hear it yet."

Oh, I had almost forgotten to tell you about one of the most important things of the picnic, and that was the refreshments. Well, they purchased sixty gallons of ice cream, a box and a half of lemons, two bushels of roasted peanuts, fifty pounds of white sugar, and three hundred pounds of ice, and the most surprising feature about all these good things was, they were all *free!* And how the youngsters did enjoy themselves in the consumption of ice cream, lemonade, and peanuts. The dinner was by families and their friends, so that at the noon hour there could be seen all around the picnic ground little knots of happy people squatted upon the green sward surrounding the spread table cloth, and with laugh and chat consuming the tasteful viands and tidbits usually had at such gatherings.

Next, but by no means the least to many on the program, were the sports of the day; there were swings for all both small and large, but more especially the delight of the little girls. There was swimming for the boys, and they did not fail to occupy, and by the looks upon the faces of many of the grown-up boys and girls the unmistakable expression, "I wish that I were you!"

For the young married men, and the single men there was baseball; two games were pulled off. The forenoon game was in favor of the married men, the score stood eleven to three, and the afternoon game was in favor of the same party with a score of eight to two; both sides were cheered on to do their best by the friends, admirers, fans, and rooters. All manifested a wonderful amount of patience, good nature, and endurance standing in the sweltering heat of an ideal Fourth of July.

Those that did not take an active part in the sports, whiled away the swift-gliding hours in a social way; there may have been some of the usual harmless gossip so much enjoyed by many, but we did not hear any of it. The principal topics that we did listen to or

take part in was upon the affairs of everyday life, politics, and religion.

There were present a goodly number of visitors at the picnic, and they were made welcome and treated with due kindness and respect, and that without regard as to their church association or their color. All were made to feel at home and partakers with the Saints of the good things and pleasures of the occasion.

ROB'T M. ELVIN.



Gossip.

"Our hearts are very sad."

"But why?" asks the stranger.

"Gossip," said I, "was bad."

"Now, who is Gossip? Was Gossip a Latter Day Saint?"

"I am sorry to answer you this way, but the truth is, yes."

"Then were you not sisters?"

"Yes."

"Why did your sister tell you that you were bad in such a way that it has wounded your feelings? I supposed young folks needed encouragement."

"Yes! we do very much. We certainly do when they say we are bad after we have been trying with all our might, mind, and strength. Can you tell me what I did that was wrong? For I have thought and thought and I can not tell. Why didn't God have her come and tell *me* instead of my sister? My sister can't help what I do."

"Well! well! now I understand you Latter Day Saints are just about as bad as other folks, from what I hear, for a true sister would have come to you and told you of your error. She would not have forgotten her younger days when there were so many puzzles to be worked in a minute. Puzzles of everyday life. They are very many, even for older ones. But take the girl from fifteen to twenty or twenty-two, she will find it a very hard problem to keep her name unstained by Gossip's tongue, if her sister is seeking her faults instead of her virtues. Well! never mind, dear girl, don't give up and say there is no use being a lady when some one tries to make you otherwise. Gossip is very wicked oftentimes. How she makes sorrow and trials for everyone that tries to live as God has commanded! Let this be a lesson to you when you are older. Don't forget the pain thoughtless or evil-spoken words have caused you, but remember to aid the younger; for the young are playful and must have a little fun, so Latter Day Saints shouldn't expect them to be otherwise. As nearly as I can learn there is altogether too much gossiping done, even among your members, and I would suggest to you members, if you profess to live an example, as you have professed in the past, that you be very careful of your tongues. When something unpleasant is said about some one that may lower the good opinion some one else has of that person, let these be your rules: Try to say something enough better about that person that

those present will forget the unpleasant thought, and kindly mention that everybody has their faults, and don't put that word *but* on the end of your sentence. I say again, let this be your motto: If you can't say anything good about a person, *keep still.*"

"Thank you very much, I will try to remember what you have told me and will say to other Latter Day Saints, Had we not better try to keep out of Old Mother Gossip's road? Let us seek to love one another for 'United we stand and divided we fall,' but with God's aid we as Latter Day Saints can live an example."

Laura Mann.

Logan, Iowa.



My View.

I have a "view" that's ever new,
From the hilltop where I dwell,
Of wood, and lake, and pasture lot,
A garden patch, as well.

Of distant hills, where mansions gleam,
A stretch of heaven's own blue,
A rustic bridge, a running stream,
Compose my charming view.

A bit of lawn, on hillside green,
A field, where daisies grow,
A tangled glade of sun and shade,
Where birds flit to and fro.

A cooling spring, where robins sing,
Trees, where the sun peeps through—
These scenes of nature all combine
To form my charming view.

It seems to hold some magic art,
To cheer me when oppressed,
And draw the sunshine in my heart,
To comfort when distressed.

And when things vex and worry me,
And friends have proved untrue,
The brightness all comes back again,
When I behold "my view."

And from the joys of nature look
Straight up to nature's God,
Who has made all things beautiful
From skies to earth's green sod.

And when of toil I'm wearying
And would my strength renew,
I pause a moment, thus to gain
An uplift, from "my view."

I've seen "my view," its beauties change,
 With every passing glance;
 From rosy dawn of early morn,
 As the sunny hours advance.

Till at the glowing sunset hour,
 When shades of golden hue
 Reflect their glory on the lake—
 A peaceful rest—"my view."

Then in the fading twilight glow
 I watch the shadows fall
 On hill and vale, o'er lake and wood,
 Till darkness covers all.

A gentle breeze now sways the trees,
 Soft falls the cooling dew,
 As night wears on, behold the charm
 Of moonlight on "my view."

ABBIE CASE McROBERTS.



How to Cultivate Faith.

One of the first points to be found along this line is the definition or meaning of faith. Then the results to be obtained by faith, which will put us in a position to see how we should cultivate or acquire it.

First we will take the dictionary and here we find faith means: Belief; the assent of the mind to the truth of what is declared by another, resting solely and implicitly on his authority and veracity; reliance on testimony.

Next we turn to the Scriptures and find in Hebrews 11: 1 this: "Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

From the definitions we can clearly see that life itself is composed of faith in some form. A man without faith in anything would be miserable indeed.

If a man wanted a house built he would hire a carpenter to build it because he knows, or has faith in the man, that he can do the work. In other words he knows the work can be done because it has been done before, thus expressing his faith in material things.

As our subject pertains to faith in things of a spiritual nature we will turn to the Scriptures and see what faith in God has accomplished and will accomplish.

We find in Hebrews 11: 29: "By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land: which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned." From this we see that faith has accomplished miracles in the past, and what has been in the past can and will be again. In Luke 17: 6 we read: "And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a

grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you." From this we may see at best how little faith any of us have and what a grand thing it would be to bring ourselves to the standard Christ has set.

We are told by all the prophets, both early and later, that we must have absolute faith in God and in Christ to obtain salvation, a reward well worth striving for, as we shall see. We read in Mark 11: 22 the words of our Savior: "And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God." And in Hebrews 11: 6: "But without faith it is impossible to please him: for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

We now know the result of having faith and what we must have faith in, so we will try to find out how to cultivate it.

We find that the only way we can acquire faith as recorded in the Scriptures is by hearing. Romans 10: 14. "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?" In other words, God is to send preachers among his children to aid them in understanding his word and commands, and if we wish to cultivate faith we must listen to the words of those who are called by God and inspired to explain the commands he has given. The 17th verse tells us, "So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," which makes it more plain that the only way to cultivate faith is by hearing. We are told in James 1: 5-7: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." We could take it from this that if after hearing the word of God preached and thereby coming to a belief that he is and wishing to come nearer to him, but lacking wisdom as to how to proceed, we are told to ask in faith, in a firm belief that he will answer our prayers liberally and not upbraid us for our lack of wisdom. He will give us the power to discern between the true and the false, thereby strengthening our faith. But if we waver and do not believe there is a God and that he will answer our prayers, it will do us no good to ask.

There are some who will say that faith alone will save the soul, and to substantiate their claim will quote John 3: 16, which reads: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." Now I agree with them in this point, but not in the faith or belief they have, for as we see belief and faith are practically one and the same, and if we have absolute faith in Christ, we will live up to all of his gospel and see that we must accept the gospel as he taught it in its entirety. But that the belief that Christ is and died for our sins will save no one, for we are told in James 1: 22: "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

In conclusion let me say that I can not see how any human being can doubt that there is a God after looking over the earth and sea and seeing the wonders thereon. The seasons continually changing, bringing forth their fruits, the forests and mines, all given to man for his betterment. We also have the Scriptures and by reading them and comparing what has been prophesied and fulfilled and what is being fulfilled every day there is no chance, room or reason to doubt that God is; therefore I say, Let those who wish to cultivate faith come nearer to God, hear the word as it is preached in its fullness, thereby searching the Scriptures, and add their earnest prayer that they may know and be brought nearer to God, believing that he is a prayer hearing and a prayer answering God, and the cultivation of faith will not be so hard after all, and after having cultivated this, the prime essential to salvation, for without it you have absolutely nothing, it should be the earnest desire of all who have found it to live it in its purity and entirety, for we read in Matthew 16: 27: "For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works."

L. E. HARRIS.

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.



News from Societies.

San Antonio, Texas.—Having been appointed as correspondent of San Antonio Religio Society, I take pleasure in letting you know something of the work at this place. Our society has just installed the following officers: Sister Viola Mannering, president; Sister Elma Neal, vice president; Sister Huldah Haught, secretary; Sister Madeline Galbraith, organist; Sister Mildred Haught, assistant organist, and the writer as correspondent.

Our late president, Brother W. C. Carl, is leaving our city for other parts. We regret to see him leave, as he has been an efficient worker in the Religio; but we welcome his successor as our leader, feeling that we are fortunate in getting one whom we believe to be thoroughly qualified to take up the work, having had considerable experience in this department. Therefore we feel encouraged in the work at this place, and we noticed at our last meeting everyone was on time and each one seemed willing to do his part, and, as I believe that success depends largely on being punctual to the hour appointed, I feel encouraged.

RUTH HARP, *Correspondent.*

Saint Louis, Missouri.—Though the Saint Louis local has not reported for a few months we are still alive and interested in the work, but as there has been no news of importance we deemed it best to allow the space to be given to others. We have been enjoying the instructive lessons very much indeed.

Brother A. W. Smith, our district Religio president, accompanied

by Brother George Vandel, organized a promising Religio at O'Fallon, Illinois, with about thirty-four members.

The Religio normal class is doing nicely and all seem interested. Our regular sessions have been held. The parliamentary program was very much enjoyed.

Your sister in Christ,
ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

2739 GREER AVENUE.

Lamoni, Iowa.—At the regular election of officers held on July 5, 1912, the following were elected: E. D. Moore, president; A. E. Benc, vice president; Rebecca Weld, secretary; Flora L. Scott, treasurer; Sarah Bass, member of the library board; Alice Strickland, home department superintendent; Lucy Gunsolley, chorister; Edith Yarrington, pianist, and Ruby Baguley, correspondent.

The Religio at Lamoni is at a very low ebb. It seems impossible to arouse an interest among the young people of Lamoni in the Religio. We can not understand the reason for this indifference. Our officers seem to be doing their duty to the best of their ability, and a few of the faithful ones are doing their best to keep the local alive, but it is hard, uphill work for the few, and very discouraging.

One thing which makes our society lose ground in the spring is the great number of college students who leave at that time. A class will be organized in the fall with a large number of college students and a few town people. When college closes all these people leave, including, many times, the teacher, and the few who are left feel that it is not worth while to come.

Of course all is not discouraging, and occasionally we find encouragement, as we did in the reports of some of our committees at our last business meeting; and at such times we feel that we are doing much good in our little society, even if many do not appreciate its benefits. They are the real losers, and not the Religio.

So while not many are interested in the local at this place, we feel that what interest there is is genuine, and that by work and faithfulness we will yet build up *again* a Religio which will be a credit to our branch.

RUBY E. BAGULEY, *Correspondent.*

Detroit, Michigan.—The interest has dragged to a small extent in the local here, but the new incumbents who have recently taken office, as follows: William F. Sage, president; James Gault, vice president; Addie Grant, secretary; Bessie Hodgins, treasurer; Henrietta Hodgins, librarian; Mrs. Nettie McCollum, home department superintendent; Jenett and Mildred McCollum, chorister and organist, seem very hopeful for greater results in the near future. Plans are being made which we trust will prove of benefit to the members and friends. We will tell you more about them later.

A number of Religians were able to attend our late institute at Port Huron and meet our very genial and ever-willing-to-give-assistance-and-encouragement brother, J. A. Gunsolley. It has benefited them considerably as it has others. We are at work here trying to become a first grade local and to assist the district to reach the goal in membership which it has set.

1303 THIRD AVENUE.

WILLIAM F. SAGE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1912

AUTUMN LEAVES



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JENNETTE STRAUSS
LAMON

AUTUMN LEAVES

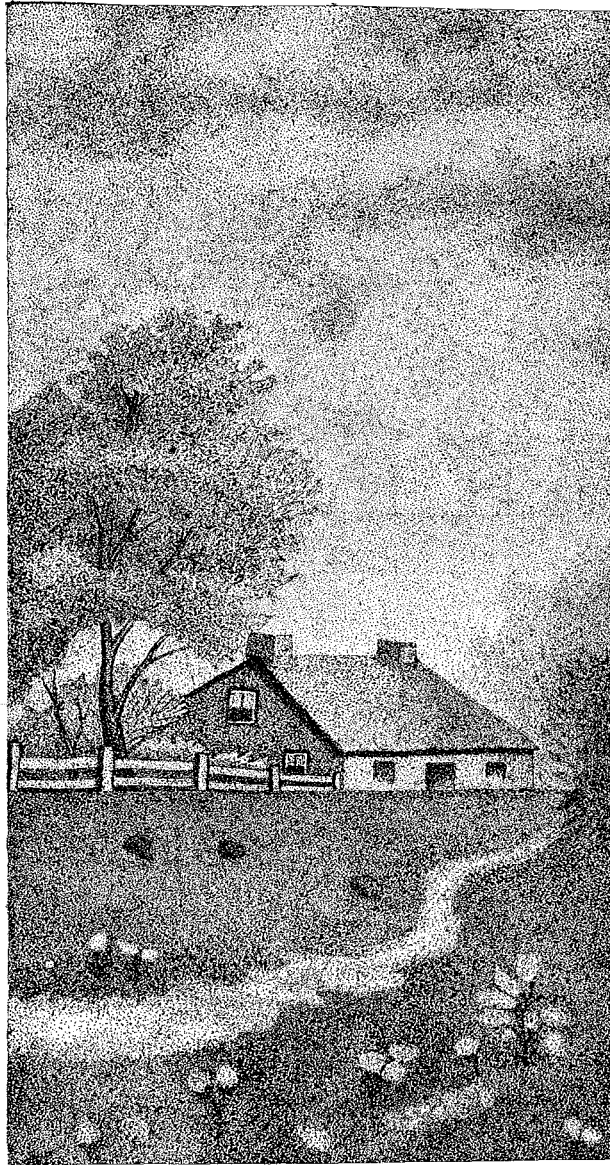
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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: The Old, Old Path that Leads towards Home	
Music and Song - - - - -	390
Administration of Baptism—Elder John Garver - - - - -	394
Elder Walter W. Smith - - - -	413
Daily Vacation Bible School at Philadelphia	415
“An Old, Old Path” (poem) - - - -	385
Practical Papers - - - - -	385
“Cultivate the Gift of Music and Song” -	389
An Interesting Sight of Europe; Switzerland and the Alps - - - - -	391
“Those that Seek Me Early and Diligently Shall Find Me” - - - - -	393
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.—Part 4	402
A Wish (poem) - - - - -	409
Editor’s Corner - - - - -	410
Religio’s Arena - - - - -	418



THE OLD, OLD PATH THAT LEADS TOWARD HOME.

Drawn especially for Autumn Leaves by Willis Kearney. (See opposite page.)

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

SEPTEMBER, 1912

Number 9

“An Old, Old Path.”

By Ermina Perkins Kearney.

There's an old, old path, and it leads toward home.
Though the feet which trod it afar may roam,
Yet its timeworn image the mind recalls,
When the evening shade o'er the old home falls.

Though the shutters wave in the idle breeze,
The birds still nest in the shel'ring trees;
And we dream of the echoes of footsteps slow,
On the old, old path, as the sun sinks low.

Though no form may greet as in days of yore,
The wanderer's feet at the open door,
Yet memory speaks in a thousand ways
Of the old, old path of our childhood days.

The honey bees buzz in the clover blooms,
The goldenrod's lifting her waving plumes;
And the echoes of footsteps gone still roam
O'er the old, old path that leads toward home.



Practical Papers.

By Sister C. J. Clark.

THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO MUST MAKE HER OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

THE YOUNG woman who must make her own way in the world,—what vocation must she choose that will promise success? What qualifications are required? What do we understand by success? These are questions that present themselves. We do not feel in sympathy with the question of “What makes for success in the business world?” or “What profession or vocation offers the best inducement?” as we often hear them discussed. Success, generally understood, means the money made, rather than a consideration of the outcome of the greatest good as the meaning of true success.

LESSONS TO LEARN.

There are lessons common to all stations, and the sooner we commence to learn them the better will we be fitted to occupy. Have that faith that will lead into all truth and help us to render obedience to God's laws. Have care, not only in things of our own, but those of all with whom we have to do. Be neat in person and work.

Be thorough. Do not choose the easiest way, but rather that your work be well done. Embrace every opportunity for self-development. Cultivate self-reliance. It strengthens your faith in yourself. "Trust in thine own unknown capacity as thou would trust in God himself." Feel that your Creator has given you powers.

"No man can place a limit on thy strength;
Such triumphs as no mortal ever gained,
May yet be thine, if thou wilt but believe
In thy Creator and thyself."

Self-reliance gives one that self-respect that will command the respect of others. Self-control: we little know how grand a thing it is unless we lose it at a time that may be vital to our interest or dignity. Simplicity: it comes next to our reliance upon God as a safeguard against temptation. It is never to be associated with weakness or ignorance. "It is as the sum of a self-centered and pure life, the secret of greatness in an individual." "It is the survival of the best"; strengthens our courage to seem what we honestly are. God has not put a limit upon us. We may gather from the highest, purest, and most noble all that can be wrought into the life we are called to fill, and still be true to the simple life we think is right.

Do not expect special favors because you are a woman. Qualify yourself for the work you have to do.

CAN ONE LIVE HER RELIGION?

In presenting the subject of this paper the question was asked, "How about one's religion? Can a young Latter Day Saint live her religion in the business world to-day?" If not, why not? Do we not believe in the gospel of Jesus Christ? Like Paul, we can say, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." We can surely give a good answer, "For it is the power of God unto salvation to them that believe." It may be well to study to be able to give a reason for our faith. The persecution the Saints were once called to bear has, in a great measure, passed away, whether from a better understanding, or because of indifference, we can not say; but the majority of business men seem to have a weightier matter to consider—money, perhaps—they are not concerned about your salvation. You need not preach, but if the subject is brought up *do not deny your faith*. Show by a life of truth, honesty, and kindness that you desire to make your life pure, acknowledging it as a gift from a pure God.

WHAT! A SERVANT?

What vocation will you choose? Was our work assigned us at our creation? God works on perfect lines, and has in mind the good of his children. Dryden says: "God never made his work for man to mend." We believe that he planted in the heart of each of his children a desire for the work intended for them, and that if it is not biased by wrong teaching, it will intensify as we develop.

I do not think there can be a doubt in any mind, about the work God had in mind for woman.

If I had the opportunity again of advising my girls, with the

knowledge I now have of the tax upon the nerves, with no soul in the work but to be like a machine to grind out work to the last point of endurance, it would not be for them to take up office work. In teaching, nursing, and the practice of medicine you are in touch with the home; and in housework you are in a home.

What! a servant?

Are we not all servants?

Jesus came as a servant. Who is greater? Paul says: "Though I be free from all men, yet I made myself a servant that I may gain the more."

Training is needed for every calling in life. The one for our life work is no exception. The mother may have been very careful in her training, but if there exists a necessity for her daughter to leave home to support herself, why not go where she can "gain the more"? Edith Barrett says: "Household work and management is one of the most permanent and one of the best paid professions for woman."

One who is reliable can always find employment. Change the idea of inferiority by the quality of service you render. No honest work degrades if well done.

It is the wish in the heart of every natural girl to some day have a home of her own. Why not be willing to spend the intervening time preparing for it? Do not think the knowledge you will need will fall upon you like a benediction when you are pronounced a wife. Capable girls can command good wages, with no board or car fare to pay, and they can make a neat appearance with much less than is required in an office. They will be able to save much more than the majority of office girls. They may be treated a little contemptuously by the girl who works in a store for very little if more than half she may get, with expenses to pay.

THE LURE OF PUBLIC LIFE.

Now we will consider office and store work. An energetic philanthropist lately addressed a note to each of the women in a department store, asking this question: "If you gave up work and were married, would you prefer to board or keep house?" Out of the six hundred, only eleven preferred homes of their own. One of them spoke for her class: "After I have shared the public life of a great store, why should I shut myself up in a kitchen and cook bacon and hot cakes for one man?"

THE VACANT CHAIR.

Some time ago I read rather a sad story. "Why I shall die an old maid," by a successful business woman. She spoke of possessing all the qualifications for a happy wifehood and motherhood, but those joys she should never know because "twenty years ago I sold myself, body, brain, and soul, to the taskmaster Success, and he will not release me. All that I am to have in the world I must earn. All the attention and service, I must purchase. All the happiness, I must give myself."

She says the modern woman who worships and gains success must lose her wifehood and motherhood.

She asks you to go with her from the office of one successful business woman to another, and you will see that though each has gained her economic independence she is still dependent on love for happiness.

That no matter how great her wage-earning capacity is, she must live her life alone.

She found out from one of her employers his idea of what effect business had upon a woman. He said: "Cut out all business, and marry some good man, and find your proper place in life."

She found out why men in elevators did not remove their hats in the presence of a woman worker, but reserve such attentions for women of leisure.

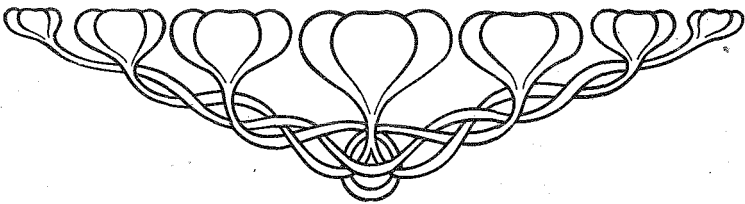
She reached her ambition in business success, but finished her story with these remarks: "The pink-shaded candles will soften the glare to my tired eyes, yet never soften the fact that opposite me is a chair that will always be empty; a chair which some good man should fill, reaching out to me for the comfort which it is a woman's greatest happiness to give."

MENDING GOD'S WORK.

Few girls may have this woman's ambition, but they may lose their confidence in love and domestic life through an over-developed bump of economic independence. If they become unable to work, where is their independence? Many form false ideas of gentility; get extravagant notions of dress, that, though cheap, must be showy; speak with contempt of quiet life; do not shrink from ungal-lant attention; write and talk flippantly about "Why I will not have children."

Is this not a picture of man, mending God's work?

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.



“Cultivate the Gift of Music and Song.”

By Sister H. C. Pitsenberger.



IT HAS been said that, “Beauty is in the eye of the gazer, and music in the heart of the listener.”

Every chord of the instrument is dead until its own harmonic chord is struck.

The chords in the soul are dead to every appeal save its own. Music is in the soul itself.

Shakespeare said:

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.”

Nature and music originated with God. And with God there is no discord, but harmony.

Webster says, “Harmony is the just adaptation of parts to each other.”

Every natural function of the body and mind is attended with pleasure. Obedience to the laws of nature brings joy. Disobedience to her laws causes pain, the penalty for broken law.

For the joy of the eye “she has painted on the earth’s green canvas the gentle hints of heaven, and bathed the picture in the liquid silver of the sunlight.”

If this does not bring to the eye pleasure it is because there is maladjustment between it and the light. The trouble is in the eye and not with the light.

For the joy of the ear she has filled the earth with the song of birds, the sighing of the breeze, the rippling of the brook, and the chirping of insects.

When the sounds and voices from nature are reproduced by the spirit’s responsive chords, then it becomes music to us. We are in harmony with nature.

And when the voices of nature do not strike the interpretative chords of our spirit’s harp, it is because we are out of tune.

Why out of tune, if with God there is no discord, but harmony?

Our spirits were in harmony “when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.”

They left their habitation and took up their abode in these tabernacles of clay; and encountered the condition which sin brought when it entered the Garden of Eden.

His Satanic Majesty was not satisfied in bringing discord, disease, and death, he must borrow music, the vocabulary of the soul, from the courts of heaven, and pervert it. He hasn’t brought it back yet.

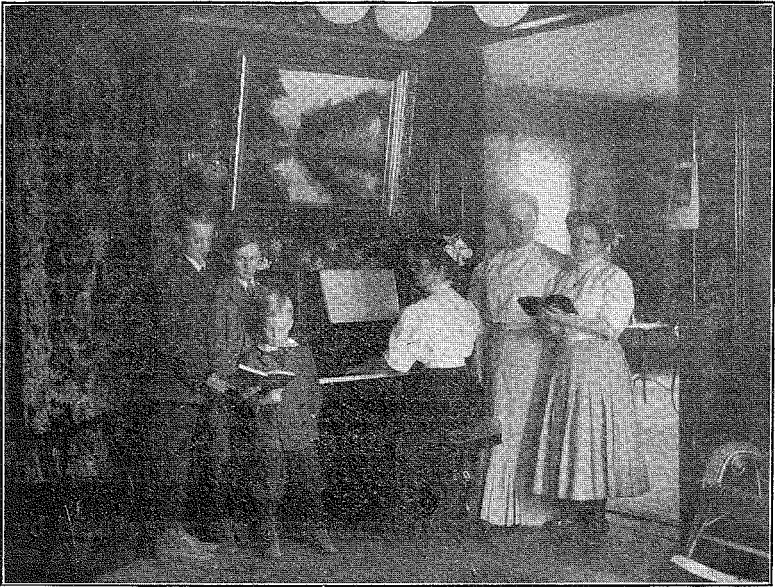
He has so perverted it that that which we hear satisfies only in part and leaves in its wake a longing for that which we knew ere we left those heavenly courts.

With the restoration of the gospel, that we may find this condi-

tion that will satisfy the intense longings of the soul, it is only godlike that He should counsel the young men and maidens to cultivate the gift of music and of song. The influences of it play an essential part in the services of worship.

A foreigner may enter a place of worship and not be able to understand one word of the sermon; but the music reaches his heart, because it is the language of the soul, and is independent of words.

It is an educative power. It appeals to the spiritual nature. It develops in youth a harmony of feelings. It softens the animal passions and creates a love for things beautiful. The cultivation of music causes us to shrink from discord of any kind. It has a conquering influence.



A simple little "air" will soothe a fretful child.

Josephine soothed Napoleon when in anger by playing to him.

David drove the evil spirit from King Saul by playing on the harp.

The seven priests of the children of Israel were commanded to blow their trumpets at the fall of Jericho.

Great battles have been won on the battle fields of our own country through the inspiration of music.

Jennie Lind melted into tears an audience of ten thousand by the soft refrain of that immortal song, "Home, Sweet Home."

The church needs composers that will strike the dominant chords of the human soul far beyond that which Howard Payne or any other composer has done.

Plato taught that as gymnastic exercise is necessary to keep the

body healthy, musical exercise is necessary to keep the soul healthy.

History records the fact that music is the gauge that has marked the civilization of every age and nation. Human development begins with the history of music.

Music does not appeal to mankind alone, but to lower animals as well. They enjoy music. Horses are excited by the trumpet. Elephants and serpents are sensitive to the power of it. Mice are thrown into rapture by it. A tune whistled or sung will awaken the sweetest carol of the canary.

Who shall say that music will not have its influence in taming the animals in the millennium?

Music is not an ornament for show, as one mother would have us believe, when she said that the washboard was her piano and it was good enough for her daughters.

The music that charmed the savage ear of the past would be to us a rude noise. And perchance the music that now wafts our spirits heavenward may be discord when the counsel of the Lord is heeded, "Let the young men and maidens cultivate the gift of music and of song."—Doctrine and Covenants.

May you cultivate the gift with persevering, painstaking practice, and be able to put harmony where there is discord, and a song where there is now sad silence.



An Interesting' Sight of Europe; Switzerland and the Alps.

(Travel sketch series.)

By Ruth Waller.

THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY in writing this paper on "An interesting sight of Europe," was deciding what to write about, as each country of Europe is full of interest to a stranger. However, I finally decided to try and give you a glimpse of Switzerland—that country which nature has lavished with such wonderful scenery. Man has invented and fashioned many wonderful works, but how small and insignificant they appear when compared to the works of the Creator; and it would be impossible to visit this country of the Alps without feeling one's heart expand and rejoice at the beauty of the earth.

Switzerland is really the heart of Europe, and has been justly called the playground of the world, for the chief industry of this country is caring for the tourists who flock there in thousands the whole year round.

We visited Switzerland in the spring, and Lucerne was our first stopping place. It is indeed one of the most beautiful places in

the whole world. Try to imagine a city situated on a lake as clear as crystal and as green as emerald, wreathed with splendid trees and shrubbery, and dotted here and there with pretty villas, surrounded on all sides by high mountain ranges, some of whose lofty peaks raise their snow-capped summits defiantly heavenward, while barren peaks stand as sentinels in their rugged and savage aspect, and above all a blue sky, and you will have a fair idea why this city rivals all others in the world of beauty.

Lucerne abounds in beautiful walks. We liked best to wander at random up the valleys and hillsides where we could obtain glimpses of the peaceful rural life of the Swiss people. Their homes are humble ones, built of stout logs, with thatched roofs, on which are placed large stones as protection against the strong mountain winds. The industry of the peasants is making cheese and butter, so one sees cows grazing everywhere and hears the tiny tinkle of the bells, as nearly all Swiss cows wear bells around their necks.

The hills, valleys, and plains were a mass of brilliant color; in fact, at a distance some of the hillsides had the appearance of Jacob's coat of many colors, so numerous and varied were the flowers. Daisies, buttercups, violets, marguerites, forget-me-nots, and clover grew in profusion. In Lucerne there is a famous monument, which is called the "Lion of Lucerne." It was built in memory of the brave Swiss who gave their lives in the fight for freedom against the French. The monument is carved in the living rock on a side of a cliff of limestone. It is in the shape of a great lion, a spear protrudes from the mortal wound in its side. Every muscle of the splendid beast is relaxed, yet in its suffering he shows what he endured, and that he remained loyal to the last.

Berne, which is the capital of the Swiss republic, is an odd town, and we saw many queer and quaint sights there. We saw the milkman with his cart, which is really a barrel on wheels drawn by two dogs from door to door. These dogs are faithful beasts, and while the milkman or woman serves the customers, one dog keeps watch while the other lies down to rest.

There is a bear hole in the middle of the town, where bears are kept as public pets at the expense of the city. People stand for hours watching and feeding these strange animals. There is a famous clock in Bern called the Calendar Clock. It is a very ingenious piece of work, and very entertaining. Just before the hour strikes a wooden man comes out of a door and rings two little bells, then a procession of little bears comes out and dances in a circle around an old man who is sitting down holding in one hand a scepter and in the other an hourglass, the man counts with his scepter. At each stroke he opens his mouth and the clock strikes.

To visit Switzerland is to leave it with regret. In conclusion I will read a short description written by Mark Twain, which gives one a good idea of how deep and lasting an impression and influence glorious nature can give. Mark Twain in describing the Jungfrau, the mountain peak of Switzerland which is called the Queen of the Alps, as it is the highest peak, says, "The mighty

dome of the Jungfrau was softly outlined against the sky, and faintly silvered in the starlight. There was something subduing in the influence of that silent, solemn, and awful presence, one seemed to meet the immutable, the indestructible face to face, and to feel the trivial and fleeting nature of his own existence the more sharply by the contrast. One had the sense of being under the brooding contemplation of a spirit, not an inert mass of rock and ice—a spirit that had looked down through the slow drift of the ages upon a million vanished races of men, and would judge a million and still be there. While I was feeling these things I was groping toward an understanding of what the spell is which people find in the Alps, and in no other mountains—that strange, deep, nameless influence which once felt can never be forgotten—once felt, leaves behind it a restless longing to feel it again. I met dozens of people who had come from far countries and roamed through the Alps year after year, and could not explain why they came. Others came nearer formulating why they came. They said they could find perfect peace nowhere else when they felt troubled; all frets and worries and chafings sank to sleep in the presence of the serenity of the Alps; the great spirit of the mountain breathed his own peace upon their hurt minds and sore hearts. They could not think base thoughts or do mean and sordid things here before the visible throne of God.”



“Those That Seek Me Early and Diligently Shall Find Me.”

(Sermon by Elder John F. Garver, of the Lamoni Stake Presidency, delivered at Lamoni, Iowa, Children’s Day, June 16, 1912. Reported by Estella Wight.)

I HAVE been requested this evening to talk a little while to the young people. I notice here the motto of the day upon the wall: “Those that seek me early shall find me”; and this morning during your exercises it suggested to me a few things that I might talk about. You will notice in the reading of the eighth chapter of Proverbs, beginning with the seventeenth verse:

“I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me; yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment: that I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.”

I notice here in the King James’ Version the language is like this: “Those that seek me early shall find me.” The Revised Version gives it thus: “Those that seek me diligently shall find me.” I presume we would not be considered out of place this evening

if we unite these two interpretations and have for the basis of our remarks, "Those that seek me early and diligently shall find me."

Now I like that sentiment and suggestion and am glad that those in charge of the day have thought to place it upon the wall as the



Elder John Garver administering the rite of baptism to one who is "seeking the Lord early and diligently."

motto or text for this occasion. You remember the statement of our Savior, "Seek and ye shall find." In harmony with this suggestion in Proverbs, the word of the Christ is also suggestive to us of that which we should be found doing during our probationary state upon earth.

THE BOY SAMUEL.

These young people, whom I am supposed to address, have become somewhat acquainted with the way of God, and have also become acquainted with some characters that have had an important part in God's work. We sometimes lose the significance of the lives of some of these godly men, although we stop from time to time to meditate upon what they did and said and felt. There is much of worth in our searchings after the way of peace,—the way of God, and I take it for granted that these young people are interested in the seeking of this way that leads unto God. Let us notice a few things along the way.

Now I have always been impressed very much with the little boy Samuel. I do not know what it is that has especially drawn me to his life, unless it has been the peculiar conditions that surrounded him as a child when he came into this world. I have thought quietly, alone, and upon many occasions of the great love that must have been in his mother's heart when she went before God in the sacred confines of the temple and plead with him to answer her prayer and give to her a man child, making the sacred and solemn vow that if such desire be granted she would consecrate the lad to God's service. Now the Lord heard her petition. He intrusted unto her this little boy, and from the days of his childhood he set himself, both early and diligently, to seek after the way of God and to build up the way of peace for men in this world. This little lad was even willing,—he must have been willing,—to leave the fostering and kindly care of his mother and to take his way to the temple in his childhood to minister therein. He was willing beyond this even; and in those days when the Scriptures tell us there was no "open vision" God sought to choose this boy, and through him to speak. When it was made known to him by the prophet that it was the voice of God that spoke and sought to have expression in Israel, he willingly sends back the answer, "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."

The lad was willing even to take this message to Eli, and to deliver to him that which God had said against him in his household; and upon other occasions after this, the *man* Samuel was willing to stand up in the fear of God and deliver to Israel the message that Israel rejected. It is easy for men to speak the counsels of God when the ears of the people are open to hear; but it is not so easy when the people turn a deaf ear and reject the counsel of heaven and him through whom has been declared the same.

We have in this boy and man Samuel the example of his willingness to seek out the way of God, and to engage himself early and diligently in that seeking and in that service.

MOSES.

The suggestion is carried a little further, it seems to me, in the example set by Moses. Now I have always taken a great deal of interest in the early life of Moses. This boy, too, had a good mother, and when his mother saw that he was a goodly child, she set him in the way where the daughter of Pharaoh came down to bathe.

Under the mercies of heaven this child was restored to his mother and she was permitted to care for and nurse him until that day when he was old enough to be given to the daughter of Pharaoh. He became a member of the royal family in Egypt and had the opportunities there afforded until by and by it was said of him that he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians.

Every opportunity was before this young man in a worldly way. Ease and plenty and power and influence and prestige; everything that is dear to an ambitious young man was in the hands of this Moses; everything that might lure him away from that specific work that God had sent him into this world to do. Yet, like Samuel, he was willing, and in his example we have the suggestion that his willingness carried him, by and by, farther; for he was so willing to please God and to seek after him and walk in his ways that he gave up all the splendor that attached to him as a member of the royal house, and he went forth in his weakness to discharge his duty as the leader chosen of God to deliver Israel and establish them in their inheritances in the land of promise. This man, when God approaches him and desires that he should follow after him and his ways, gives back the willing answer, "Here am I."

We sing sometimes, and these young people sing, "Here am I; send me." I want you to lay hold of this thought to-night, that the grandest thing that a young man or young woman can do in this world is to hold himself or herself responsive to the call of the great God, and to be willing to move out and continue in seeking after him, even to the giving over of those things that seem sometimes to be dear to the heart.

JOSEPH OF EGYPT.

Now there is another boy and man that has arrested my attention, and in the life of this young man there is something that is noble, something that is beautiful, something that is true and holy. In this lad's life there came the opportunity to walk in the ways of peace and in the ways of God, and he was also willing, and the example that was set in his life carries us another point farther. He was so willing that he set all his energies to hold himself to the paths of virtue that enabled him to be successful in his searchings after God.

You remember this boy Joseph, who also had a good mother. It is a grand thing for a boy to come into this world under the blessing of a good mother. This boy grew to be a goodly lad, and in his eighteenth year he dreamed dreams, and his brothers turned against him, even to that extent that they took him and sold him into slavery, because it had been indicated by the great God that this Joseph was to be the choice of God in the performance of a work which would place him above his brethren.

This Joseph, in his willingness to seek after the way of God, even in the time of his bondage, seems to have looked unto God. He must have done so. This record before us is very incomplete. It is not made mention of here, but it is self-evident that this young man under every extremity held himself to his seeking after God

diligently, and, as a consequence, when he is sold into slavery the favor of God attends him. He is placed over the household of Potiphar. He is brought under the ill favor of his master and cast into prison; but there he is made overseer under the jailer. By and by he is released from his confinement, and at the age of thirty he is made second to Pharaoh in Egypt.

The thing that I want to call your attention to in connection with this young man is this: He was not only willing to do that which was required that he should do, but he was also willing to forego that which glittered before him, which must have been a temptation to him, and was willing to hold himself to the lines of purity and chastity that made him indeed a child of God.

These young people have read of this occasion in their Sunday school work. They will permit me to refer to it again this evening, and with me they will remember that when this unclean woman approached this young man with the subtle suggestion that sought to rob him of his virtue, he turned away from her, and rather than suffer himself to be overcome in this thing he went willingly to prison. That's the thing in the life of this man that is beautiful to me. He was heeding the admonition set out many, many years after by the Apostle James in the first chapter and twenty-seventh verse of his epistle, wherein he says: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, *and to keep himself unspotted from the vices of the world.*"

The first portion of this paragraph refers to that good and constructive work and service due from every child of the King; the latter portion to that which is required from all in being pure and clean and unspotted from those things that seek to crowd themselves into the lives of both young and old.

Did you ever notice what Pharaoh said of this young man, following his willing service and following that occasion when he fled from the tempter? Why, there went out from the life of this man Joseph that virtue and integrity as a servant of God which even Pharaoh recognized, and he said of him upon that occasion when he made him overseer of the gathering of the grains during the years of plenty: "In whom the Spirit of God is." And in my humble opinion, (and I want these young men here to take hold of this suggestion), in my opinion had this young man permitted himself to be overcome in the immoral manner suggested by this evil woman, there would not have been in his life that demonstration of the presence of God, the God of Israel, that would have called from Pharaoh the words just expressed, "In whom the Spirit of God is." Why, this man became a power in Israel, a power in Egypt, a power in this world among men, because he was willing to continue in his seeking after the way of God, and the holding of himself during the time of that seeking to that right living that should characterize every man in this world.

DURABLE RICHES.

Now all these men realized, evidently, the promise set forth in the writings that we have heard this evening, as all other men, and women, too, may realize the fulfillment of the same promise. Let us notice again this reading following the text that we have taken, beginning again with the seventeenth verse:

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me."

Notice, "Riches and honor are with me." Riches and honor are the things that men ordinarily aspire to in this world. To become rich and to become honored of men is the ambition of a great many men in this world, and I regret to say, my young friends, that my observations have led me to the conclusion that it is the ambition of too many men in this church. But that is not the kind of riches and honor that are referred to here. It is true that "Riches and honor are with me," as the Lord says; but the kind of riches he is referring to here are termed by him durable riches, the kind of riches that perish not, the kind of treasures referred to by our Savior when he said, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

I want you to notice in this connection the further statement, "durable riches and righteousness." Men sometimes depart from the paths of righteousness in their work for riches and honors in this world; but the durable riches, the durable honor referred to here in this sacred word, that to which men shall attain by and by, and to which they may attain in a measure here among all men, is obtained always in righteousness, and, in fact, that is the only way that men may obtain,—even in this manner, in a righteous manner. So these young people, it seems to me, should lay hold of this suggestion that in their righteous seeking, early and diligently, after God, there shall come to them by and by riches and honor of a durable nature that shall never perish; and that in the possession of these riches and honors they may have joy in the consciousness that the same have been righteously acquired.

Notice, "My fruit is better than gold." Why, that which attends upon him who seeks after God is better than if he obtained gold. Gold is a good thing. It is a blessing. Men acquire it righteously, and are even commanded to "get all you can in righteousness." I am not talking against this at all, but simply referring these young people to the fact that even though they may not acquire these things in this world, righteously or unrighteously, they may take unto themselves that which is better.

"My revenue than choice silver." That which is the income of him who sets his feet diligently in the way of peace will be better for him than though he had received much silver and have been void of this better riches.

"I lead in the way of righteousness, in the midst of the paths of judgment." And here in this verse is set out the reason why God leads in this way: "That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures." You will remember in this connection that the Savior says, "If a man love me, he will keep

my words." God designs to lead those who love and obey him to that condition where he may bestow upon them an inheritance of substance, the same substance referred to in the preceding paragraph, that riches and honor mentioned here in the sacred word. And through him these men and women are to be filled with treasures, to be made full, complete in their final triumph; and have joy and peace with the holy men who have gone before them.

THE SAILOR'S CHART.

I do not know how many of you caught the suggestiveness of that little exercise those three sailor boys went through this morning. I want to read for the benefit of these young people lest they caught it not. I was very much impressed with this exercise. As I looked at these little boys I knew, as every man knew that was touched by this exercise this morning, that these same boys before they ever come to their majority will be passing over the tempestuous seas of trouble of which these verses make mention, seas of which these boys are to-day unconscious, but over which they will have to sail nevertheless. I wish that there might sink deep into the hearts of these little boys and into the hearts of the other boys and girls here present the beauty and the significance of these three short paragraphs. May I read:

"I am a sailor on life's sea,
And though the way may stormy be,
There is no fear within my heart,
I'm sailing by a heavenly chart;
I trust the Bible day by day
To ever bring me on my way.

"There shines the stormy tides above
The golden star of Jesus' love,
And he who hushed wild Galilee
Rules over life's tempestuous sea:
His star shall lead me day by day
And bring me ever on my way.

"An anchor to my soul is given,
The ever-blessed hope of heaven.
I fear no rocks nor treacherous shoals,
I dread no wave that o'er me rolls;
For when life's voyage all is o'er
I'll anchor on the heavenly shore."

When that first little boy, reciting the first paragraph held up this chart, the word of God, which God has given us, which stands for all that is contained in the three standard books of the church, which stands for that which God, from time to time, gives through the mouths of his servants, which stands for that which comes into the life of every faithful Saint of God, the still small voice of his Spirit, would that that little boy could have taken unto himself, and that every young man and woman within these walls might on that occasion have taken unto themselves the beauty and the significance of the language uttered. Could they have done so, and from henceforth would they heed the same, we would have no fear but that they would safely ride through every storm. Following the chart,

they would be able to avoid dangerous rocks or shoals, or from all that might cause them to be stranded on the journey.

And then again that second little boy held up that beautiful, golden star, which according to the second paragraph is typical of the love of Jesus, that same Jesus who hushed wild Galilee, and who ruled over the tempestuous sea. If into the heart of each one of us there might sink deep the suggestion! No matter what troublesome storms roll over us in this world of mankind, no matter who turns against us, no matter to what condition we be subjected because of the wickedness and follies and sins of others, under every condition there may come shining brightly to us through every cloud of darkness the great love of Jesus Christ our Lord.

If we keep ourselves willing, if we continue diligently in the service, and hold ourselves true to the good chart, and free from evil, there will always come shining to us to cheer us on the journey, the beautiful assurance, that God-given assurance, that Jesus' love is still extended to us. And in the same sense that the presence of Jesus and the power of Jesus stilled tempestuous Galilee, so may the seas of trouble and discouragement and disappointment, over which we must take our journey, be stilled, he made to be at peace in the consciousness of the great love that Jesus bears toward us.

Why, it is a great thing for a man to so love his friends, that he is willing to give up his life; but Jesus so loved us that he was willing to die for us, and in the day, too, when we were enemies to him. His love continues toward us now in the day when we have become his friends and keep his words. We may trust him and find comfort in his love.

And again that third little boy held up a silver anchor which signified that hope in every Christian bosom, the heavenly hope that by and by we might anchor in the haven of rest. It stood, I say, for that hope in every Christian bosom that despite the jagged rocks and the treacherous shoals we will finally be safely anchored in the harbor of triumphant peace and eternal joy.

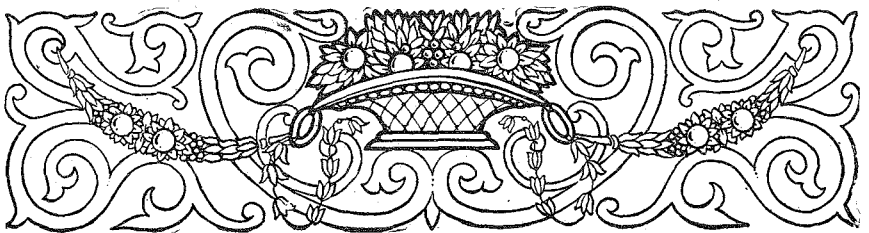
ISRAEL OF OLD AND ISRAEL OF TO-DAY.

So I say these little boys who went through this exercise in their simple, unpretentious manner, little knew the significance of this language, nor what in after years it might mean to them. I trust that these boys and these girls who were upon the platform this morning, and these older ones that sat before them in the congregation, and that all others who heard them upon that occasion, may carry with them these little paragraphs, that they may prize this beautiful lesson here in connection with this suggestive motto upon the wall, and go forth bravely and rejoicing, and seek to keep their feet in that way that leads unto God.

Do you not remember the promise set out in the first chapter of Isaiah, "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land"? That was the promise made to Israel. It was the promise that Israel realized when God led them over and placed them in their inheritances. But Israel fell away. Israel was overcome

because they did not keep the counsels of God, and because they did not follow the example of those great men we have had before us this evening, but were ready and willing to follow after other men that fell by the wayside. And so Israel lost the inheritance that God blessed them with in the land of promise. But yet the promise is held out; and in the day when Israel is willing to the point of obedience, then Israel, the Jews, will realize upon this promise and receive again the inheritance. So does the promise come to each of us. In the same sense that Israel realized upon the mercies of God, so we, each one of us, may realize upon every good promise that God has made. If we be willing and move out in our searchings after God rightly, and continue in all diligence, the promise to us is that we shall eat the good of the land; that there shall come to us riches and honor that are to perish not, and we shall have a share in those things that are retained for the diligent and the true. If we wander in our voyage, as did Israel, not following the good chart, let us despair not, but rather return to its leadings, remembering the love of Jesus and the hope held out to those that seek again the promises of the goodly inheritance.

I trust that these young people will remember, as well as each one of us, that the grandest thing a young man or a young woman can do in this world is to heed the counsels of the great God, and follow after him in the ways of righteousness, never deviating, but holding their feet firmly to the straight and narrow path that leads eventually to triumph, to riches, and to honor.



Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 4.

By Inez Smith.

"Happy is the man who seeth the face of a friend in a far country;
The darkness of his heart is melted in the rising of an inward joy.

It is like the sound of music heard long ago and half forgotten.
It is like the coming back of birds to a wood that winter hath made bare.

I knew not the sweetness of the fountain till I found it flowing in the desert;
Nor the value of a friend till meeting in a lonely land.

O my God whose love followeth all thy pilgrims and strangers;
I praise thee for the comfort of comrades on a distant road."

—Henry Van Dyke.

ALEXANDER had started confidently back over the road just traveled, after hay for his mules. "Something" had told him not to lead them far away from camp to graze, and that same something told him there would be another means of getting the necessary feed provided. And so he tied the mules to the wagon, took a rope, and while the other brethren laughed at him, started after the hay he had seen a quarter of a mile back on the road, with never a thought but that he would get it.

He was soon at the farmhouse gate, and noticed the hay piled in neat stacks in the yard. He walked to the door, knocked, and in answer to a voice within, opened the door and stepped in. A man sat by a fire in a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, and listened, scarcely turning his head, to the traveler's request to buy an armload of hay for his mules, then said bluntly,

"No, sir; I have no hay for sale."

Controversy was plainly out of the question, and the young missionary was about to turn away when the owner of the house and the hay became suddenly conversational and asked:

"Do you belong to the train camped down the river?"

"Yes, sir."

"They tell me a son of Joseph the Martyr is in the train. Do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir; you are rightly informed."

"Well, I don't believe it. They tell so infernal many lies you can't tell when they are telling the truth. Do you know the man?"

"Yes, I am tolerable well acquainted with him, as I am the man himself."

"What? You!" the man suddenly jumped to his feet, and grasped him by the hand. "You the son of Joseph Smith! Which one of the boys?"

Alexander told him and the stranger searched his face sharply for a few moments, then said:

"Yes, I see it. You are like him. Yes; sit down, sit down." For

the first time he seemed to notice that his hitherto unwelcome guest was still standing.

The conversation that followed was a pleasure to both. In the midst of strangers and enemies, God had led him to the door of a friend, a brother, a despised "Josephite." When the missionary thought again of camp and comrades, he rose and was saying good-bye, when his host interrupted him with the command, "Take all the hay you want for your mules; bring them up here and feed them. Tell the brethren to come up; I want to see them. Say, how would you boys like some nice fresh potatoes and some good cheese?"

And back to camp he went, not only with the hay he sought, but loaded down with fresh potatoes, fine cheese, and other luxuries. One gift from the newly-found friend was accepted with a little reluctance and much misgiving on the part of the missionaries. As they were leaving the brother asked if they had a large bottle in their outfit, adding that he had some "prime valley tan" and would give them a quart. Now the missionaries' western experience had not yet acquainted them with all the technicalities of frontier vernacular, and the man was under the necessity of explaining.

"Don't you know what valley tan is? Whisky, man, whisky; homemade, valley-made whisky."

The explanation did make it clearer, and Alexander hastened to decline with thanks, taking care to inform the brother that none of them used it, and that they were a little dubious as to the necessity of including valley tan in a missionary outfit.

"Oh, of course, you don't use it; that doesn't make any difference," urged the host. "It may serve you better than money. You better take it along. You don't know what you may be called upon to pass through yet."

He filled a large bottle and insisted upon including it with the other provisions, and it was finally accepted, to satisfy him; and after a little joking about going "to convert the heathen with the Bible in one hand, and a bottle of whisky in the other," it was almost forgotten, until circumstances reminded them that the brother knew the West better than they did.

They were nearing Salt Lake Basin now, and while still in Cottonwood Canyon, they met a party of men on horseback, among them John Smith, Alexander's cousin, and oldest son of Hyrum Smith the Martyr. He was now presiding patriarch of the Utah Church. Alexander was riding a little ahead of the others on the pony, and was greeted warmly by his cousin, who devoted himself to entertaining him, while the other horsemen mingled with the emigrants.

An adobe building by the side of the road was pointed out as the penitentiary, and John offered to show his eastern cousin through. Alexander consented and they rode on ahead of the train and left the other brethren to come on with the mules. Alexander has often laughingly described their advent into the City of the Saints, for the mules had become attached to the pony, and the moment that he was out of their sight they became excited and came on at a furious rate, bawling every few minutes. Thus he claimed that his coming was duly announced, if not by the "braying of trumpets."

His cousin John insisted that he make his house his home while in Utah, and did everything within his power to make his stay pleasant; difference of faith did not seem to affect his friendliness in the least, though all advances toward a discussion of religion were met by a quiet, "We won't discuss that," or else were skillfully avoided.

The men and women who had crossed the plains with them had been well instructed, and if the missionaries met any of them on the street, their greeting was returned by a cool, unrecognizing stare. This was too much for Brother Anderson, and he attempted to remind some of them that they had crossed the plains in his company; and all he got for his trouble was a curt, "I don't know you, sir."

Each emigrant was detained until a note had been secured from every man, woman, and child, for the amount of their transportation to the "Valley of the Mountains." Some who had paid their way in advance at Liverpool, but with trusting confidence in their superiors took no receipts, were compelled to sign with the others. This money was to be paid to the church, or rather to the Perpetual Emigration Fund. The note was in such a form as to make anything the emigrant might possess or acquire subject to attachment by the bishopric of the church, and very often these notes hung, a standing menace over the heads of the hard working emigrants for years.

During his stay of fifteen days Alexander saw and heard many things new and strange to him, and there were some surprises even for Cousin John. John took him to tabernacle services the first Sunday, and on the way asked if he would go up and sit on the stand if invited. Alexander told him yes, but he was not afraid of getting an invitation. As soon as they were inside John confidently made his way to the stand and spoke to the presiding officers, then came back a little plagued and hurt and reported, "They said it wouldn't do." Alexander laughed, but Cousin John's hospitable heart was worried, though he still continued to be a genial host and friend to any of his relatives, no matter how much they might oppose him in religious matters, publicly or privately.

While in Salt Lake the young missionary learned, "The books are a dead letter. They are not worth the ashes of a rye straw. We have the living oracles," and, "I hold the priesthood and that authorizes me to lie for the good of the church"—these things are an old story now to those familiar with that peculiar theology, but new and distressing to a young missionary, who had spent hours in the study of these same books. Here he was sent to convert a people to whom the law and testimony were not worth "the ashes of a rye straw," who lived by the dictates of the autocrat at the head of that monstrous system.

He was nearing the close of his two weeks stay in Salt Lake City, and little had been accomplished. Two prominent business men, members of the Utah Church, had just completed the fitting out of a beautiful amusement park. All was ready; and the owners were casting about for some attraction, new and entertaining, to open the park with. At this time Alexander Smith, the young son

of the martyred Prophet, was about the greatest curiosity in the city. If he went to a public gathering all eyes were upon him. The women peeped at him from behind shutters and half-closed doors, and even the children stopped in their play to stare at him as he passed. The shrewd business men were not ignorant of the great force that curiosity exerts in such cases, and knew of no better way to advertise the new Line and Fox's Gardens than by asking this stranger to preach. So accordingly the city was billed, and an immense crowd assembled on the opening night. This was such a chance as Alexander had been longing for. Brigham Young was there, and many other prominent Utah churchmen. He had delayed his trip west on this account, and he felt it was worth the loss in time. He spoke on the subject of polygamy, forgetting caution, and he never knew fear. The crowd were perfectly quiet while he went on speaking plainly and without regard to any man's feelings. Finally he asked why they continued to sustain Brigham Young as prophet, seer, and revelator when he publicly said he was "neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet." Instantly a voice from the audience shouted, "It is not so. It is a mistake of the reporters."

The speaker took up the challenge, "If it is not so, then why was it never corrected in the manuscript nor in the proof reading, and was put in the *Journal of Discourses*, *Millennial Star*, and *Deseret News*?" Excitement became high at once. From all around came voices, "It is so, I heard him," "There are over three hundred here that heard him," "I heard him say it," "And I." It was several moments before he could dismiss meeting in quiet, and he knew he had thrown a bomb into the camp of the enemy.

The preacher intended spending the night with Elder Mark H. Forscutt, but he and his cousin, Joseph F., had become engaged in controversy over the happenings of the evening, and he was walking along the street discussing the questions with him, Joseph's wife Lovira, and Samuel B. Smith, until they came to the corner where he must leave them to go to Forscutt's.

All the way he had been strangely annoyed by the echoing foot-falls of some one who kept closely behind him. As there were many people on the street, he tried to think nothing of it, until they stopped on the corner to finish the conversation, and the one who was following stopped too. Only a few minutes later a man advanced from the shade of the trees, and as soon as Alexander saw him he was impressed with a feeling of wariness. As well as he could he noted the man's appearance in the semidarkness. He was short, and thick-set, with a large shawl thrown over his shoulders, held together with his left hand, while his right was kept concealed beneath it during all the conversation which followed. A slouch hat covered the upper part of his face. The man demanded suddenly,

"I want to see Mr. Smith."

"Which Mr. Smith do you wish to see; we are all named Smith."

"Mr. Alexander Smith."

"That is my name, sir;" was the answer, "what do you want of me?"

"I would like a few minutes talk with you *privately*," said the man, stepping back a little into the shadow of the trees.

By this time Alexander was on his guard and replied, "I have no private business with any man in Utah Territory. These people are my relatives. If you have anything to say, say it in their presence."

But the stranger insisted that his business was of a private nature and he must see him alone. Immediately Alexander changed his plans and decided to spend the night with his cousin, John Smith, and told his questioner this, and also added that he would stay there until ten o'clock the next morning and he would see him any time before that, at which he might choose to call.

Joseph F. had stood aside during this conversation, but Samuel drew closer and now stepped between Alexander and the man and demanded,

"Who are you, sir?"

"My name is Jones."

"Where are you from?"

"I live in the country."

"Well, this is no time for business. It's near midnight. Come around to the patriarch's house in the morning and my cousin will meet you there."

The stranger withdrew hastily into the shade, and it is perhaps needless to say that though Alexander waited the entire morning at John's, he never saw him again. The man was said to be a body-guard of Brigham Young's by the name of Ross. What he meant, or the nature of his business, can only be surmised, for he perhaps fortunately never had another opportunity of disclosing it.

A few days after the Line and Fox Gardens speech, the two missionaries, Anderson and Smith, continued on their way west. Brother Anderson had offended many times by his criticism of the people and ways of the city of the Saints, and Alexander had said some unfavorable things in his speech a few nights before. It did not seem altogether improbable that they might by some chance be followed, and "lost on the plains," as so many had been in the past. At the first camp, Tooele, there were a few Josephites, but after that they were alone. The second evening found them in Rush Valley, and here they entertained several visitors, who casually inquired as to business, destination, etc. The camp had the appearance of being fixed for the night, but the travelers were only waiting anxiously till darkness settled down on the valleys to be on their way. As soon as the little settlement was quiet, they geared up their team, drove four or five miles, and turning off the road a half mile made a dark camp in the wild sage brush. For nearly a week they made false camps in this way.

They found an expected protector in one of the mules. These had been government mules, and one of them had plainly been petted and taught tricks by the soldiers. "Jenny" became very useful in these night watches, for she was afraid of Indians and seemed to be able to scent them a quarter of a mile away. No Indian, strange white man, or wolf could come near the wagon, with

Jenny tied to it, without her waking everyone on the inside of the wagon. One or both of the occupants of the wagon must get out and look around before Jenny would be satisfied and settle down.

They were not without reminders of what fate might hold in store for them. At one house on the road where they stopped to buy provisions they found the man of the house as he expressed it "simply living on borrowed time." He had hid from his enemies, but any moment of the day or night his friends might expect to find him in the water ditch or by the roadside with his throat cut, or a bullet hole in his head. The constant expectation of being overtaken by these "destroying angels" had reduced a once bright man to a mental and physical wreck. The only relief he found for his trouble was in liquor, and he was now hardly ever sober.

Danger from the destroying angels mentioned above was hardly past when another trouble assailed them. The way led over the stage route to Austin City, across mountain, plain, and desert, with no grass, and provisions low. The long, terribly hot days wore on slowly; they had ground barley for the mules, but the supply was getting low; there was no grass, and both men were discouraged.

Each night they camped near a station. One of the stations, which was built for the purpose of providing relays of horses for the United States mail service, consisted of a small adobe brick or sun-dried mud cabin, a corral fenced with poles, a broad, low shed for horses, built also of poles and mud. Of course there were always large stacks of hay in the corrals at these stations, but it had been hauled from a great distance, and no amount of love or money was able to procure any for chance travelers who happened to be poorly provided. One evening they camped in a station as usual, Brother Anderson started off on the useless search for grass, leaving Alexander to preside at getting supper, for he was cook, and had become quite skillful with the skillet and the frying pan. There was plenty of time before supper, and he was wishing Jenny might have supper too, and finally decided to try to get an armful of hay at the station.

He went to the cabin and started a conversation with the station keeper, who seemed quite socially inclined, and all went well while Alexander made a gentle approach to the favor he wished, but when he asked if he could buy an armload of hay the answer was final and emphatic: "No, sir; not one pound."

Alexander was willing to let this close the conversation. Not so the station keeper, for his conversation was not aimless either, and he soon inquired quite casually if they had any whisky in the outfit. Instantly the valley tan came to mind, and he replied he believed they had some, and if the man would come out he would try to find it. Well, the man came out. He drank freely and soon talked with corresponding fluency, but the most interesting thing he had to say was a hospitable: "If you boys want any hay for your mules just go and get it." So when Brother William returned he found not only his supper waiting, but also a good meal for the mules, and a goodly amount missing from the big brown bottle. The next morning a big roll of hay found its way into the back of the wagon.

All went well for a while, and when they were again out of hay, they sought another station agent and asked to buy some with the customary refusal. They offered to pay any price, but the man coolly refused, "Money is no object in this case, sir."

In despair he turned around, went to the wagon, took out the mess chest, set the big brown bottle on it, all in plain view of the station, got out the stove and commenced to get supper. In less than five minutes the station keeper strolled up and began talking carelessly about everything in general, with his eye on that bottle. One drink resulted in an urgent request for the boys to "help themselves to the hay," which they did thankfully, for they were now entering upon a ninety mile stretch of desert without grass or water. And so the mules were fed upon valley tan for some time.

Just before entering this desert all empty cooking vessels were filled with water at a clear, cool spring at the top of a mountain, and this water from "Diamond Springs" must last during the terrible journey. In the daytime it was too hot to travel over the burning sand, so they rested during the day and traveled at night. For one stretch of over twenty miles the ground was white with a crust an eighth inch deep of salt and soda, not a living shrub or tree, not even a bird or animal of any kind was to be seen, only the trail, a narrow, gray ribbon leading off into the night, and limitless, chalk white plain. Alexander was driving, he was not afraid, but as he described it, a creepy feeling came over him, and he whistled to keep up his courage, like a boy going through a lonely graveyard by moonlight.

After ninety miles of such desolation they came to Willow Springs, where a pool thirty or forty feet across tempted Alexander, for it was always hard for him to get past a good "swimming hole." One of the properties of Willow Springs was its ridiculous magnifying qualities, and he was somewhat surprised to find that the water which looked about eighteen inches deep came up to his neck, when he stood on the bottom of the pool. And although Brother Anderson didn't care for a swim he laid on the bank and rolled with laughter, for the magnifying waters of the pool contorted his comrade's body into all the ludicrous forms of a modern "laughing gallery."

There were not many laughable things on the trip, and one of the most disheartening of all their troubles was about to overtake them. The ground barley for the mules was about given out, the meat supply was gone, and what was worse, there was no money left. They were still in the desert, completely discouraged. As they were nearing a miserable little station with the incongruous name of Jacob's Wells, they met a man on horseback. The cover was off the wagon and one of the revolvers hung on the wagon bows. The man reined up sharply as he saw and inquired:

"Whose revolver is that?"

"Mine, sir," Alexander answered.

"How would you trade it for a smaller gun?"

"Anyway to make you safe, sir. What kind of a gun have you?"

"A Colt. I am hunting horse thieves and my gun is too small,"

and he handed over for inspection a new citizen's Colt revolver. The bargain was made and the stranger gave him a five dollar gold piece and the small revolver and took the large one, and also bought seven boxes of cartridges at a dollar and seventy-five cents a box. They had cost seventy-five in Omaha. When the stranger had paid for the cartridges with more gold pieces, he rode off after his horse thieves, leaving the young missionary to jump and throw his hat like a schoolboy while he shook the money in front of his comrade and shouted, "When we get to Austin we'll have some bacon and tea, and some feed for Jenny." And they did. A few more days found them in Austin and civilization. They were almost to their mission field, and had completed the worst of their journey, for the rest of it was to be made with friends and brothers.

(To be continued.)



A Wish.

By E. T.

I wish that I had never shirked
A duty when I saw it plain,
But that I eagerly had worked
To do God's will in sun or rain.

Think of the blessed peace that fills
The soul of him with conscience clear,
Who ever says, "If Jesus wills
To use me, I am ready, here."

The joy of walking in the light
And love of His most Holy Spirit,
Is more than all of earth's delight,
Better than wordly works e'er merit.

Ah, shall we climb unto the plain
O'erlooking folly and despair?
Yes, far above a footing gain
And free our minds from useless care.

Yes, let us carefully decide
What thoughts to think, what words to say;
Be never drifting with the tide,
But battling bravely all the way.

EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.

The Eighth Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

THE ENTERING WEDGE OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

(A true story.)

A GREAT red and yellow dahlias were flaunting their brilliant colors in the Howard flower plot. The leaves of the hard-maple trees in the front yard were gradually acquiring the rich, old-gold color that made them such a delight to the eye; while the soft maples were kindling their flames of scarlet and gold that blaze on hillside and in forest in late September. The year was at its best, and Elder Howard felt cheerful and happy as he strode toward the little church where were gathered the tried and true brothers and sisters of his pastorate. He made no effort to restrain the antics of little John junior, who pranced like a young colt with pure excess of vitality.

It was sacrament Sunday in the Hopewell Branch. As Elder Howard greeted those assembled and those who entered the church as the hour drew near, he noticed three ladies who entered quietly and sat down in the back of the room. They were strangers. There was no time to greet them; but he saw with pleasure that they partook of the sacrament when the emblems were passed. He hastened to shake their hands and introduce himself at the close of the service.

"Yes," said the oldest of the three, "we are members of the Latter Day Saint Church. My name is Williams. These are my two married daughters, Mrs. Hartman and Mrs. Hartman; their husbands are brothers, you see. My daughters belong to the church. Their husbands do not, but we hope to interest them, now that we are where there is a church. We are so glad to be where we can go to church. We have just moved here from the West."

"I assure you that the pleasure is mutual," declared Elder Howard. "Our ranks are somewhat depleted by removals to Zion, and we are very glad to welcome reinforcements. We need all the help that we can get. And we put everyone to work here."

He thought the new-found sisters seemed a trifle puzzled at his reference to removals to Zion, but he gave it no serious thought.

When seated at the family table for the noonday meal he told of the occurrence to his wife.

"They look to me like thoroughly good people," he declared, "they will be a valuable addition to the membership of the branch. I must call upon them at once. Perhaps we can interest the men of the family in our message, if we go at it wisely."

True to his promise, the very next day he called at the address which had been given him. Mrs. Williams greeted him, but with an evident restraint.

"I wish to express again my pleasure at welcoming you to the branch," began Elder Howard, when he had been duly relieved of his hat and assigned to the best chair.

But Mrs. Williams cut him short. "I have an apology to make," she began. "We have made a mistake in coming to your church and partaking of the sacrament. We thought that it was our church, but we learn that you are of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, while we are of the Utah Church. I was born and raised in Utah, and my parents are old-time Mormons who joined in the days of Brigham Young."

Elder Howard had much the feeling of a man who has been unexpectedly doused with ice water, while Mrs. Williams and the two married daughters looked exceedingly distressed. A variety of emotions surged through the heart of the elder. His first impulse was to launch at once into an explanation of the difference between the two churches, exposing and denouncing the Utah Church and the false doctrines introduced by Brigham Young. But instantly the thought came to him: "They do not know me. They have no reason to respect or trust me, as yet. I might tell them the truth, but they would not believe it. It would only hurt them and make them angry, so that I never could reach them with my message. Besides, they are honest and sincere people, and to make an attack upon their faith uninvited, when they are not prepared to meet it, would not be Christlike."

With his change of sentiment, dismay and disappointment fled from his face, and a smile took their place.

Leaning forward, he said: "I am sorry to learn that you are not indeed of our faith. But let that make as little difference as possible. We would like you to come to church regularly and make yourself at home there. We will try to treat you right, and I will never make an attack on your church until you ask me to, unless it might be when some of your elders are present to defend it. Will you come?"

A look of relief came into the face of the good lady as she answered, "We shall be glad to do so."

Elder Howard was as good as his word. Mrs. Williams and the two married daughters, with their husbands and children, became regular attendants at the Hopewell Branch, and were always given every consideration. No reference was ever made to their faith, either from the pulpit or in private.

Now for the sequel: Nearly a year had passed away, when one

evening Elder Howard's wife said, "I have a note here for you from Mrs. Williams."

Taking the note he read: "My dear Elder Howard: I have been meeting with your people now for a long time, and I have learned to love them because of their character and their treatment of me and mine. I feel that I can trust you. I want you to come to my home some evening and explain fully the differences between the two churches. If I am wrong, I want to find it out, and it will not take me long to change."

The next evening saw Elder Howard and wife seated at the reading table in the home of Mrs. Williams, together with Mrs. Williams herself and other members of the family.

"First," he declared, "here is your own Book of Doctrine and Covenants? I want you to read this revelation, so-called, on polygamy."

Mrs. Williams complied, reading aloud the document in question, halting at times to grasp the full meaning of some of the awful sentences which gave sanction to lust and crime, all professedly in the name of God.

When she had finished Elder Howard turned on her suddenly with the direct question: "Do *you* believe *that*?"

The woman looked startled. Perhaps it was the first time she had ever faced the question squarely. But she answered bravely: "No, I do not."

"Good," cried Elder Howard, "but you better get out of your church, for it says that you will be damned if you reject this doctrine. You do not accept it; and you are right. Come with us. We also reject it. But here are some more differences."

He then proceeded to unfold the full story, so familiar to all our readers. At its close he said: "Now I do not ask you to be guided solely by my advice. Seek the Lord in prayer. If he tells you to come with us, let that be your decision. If he says that you are all right where you are, that will end the matter, so far as you are concerned. We have no fears concerning the result."

The next day came another note saying: "I have followed your advice. I have received my testimony and am satisfied. I wish to be baptized."

A letter written some years later by Elder Howard to a friend contained this reference to the matter:

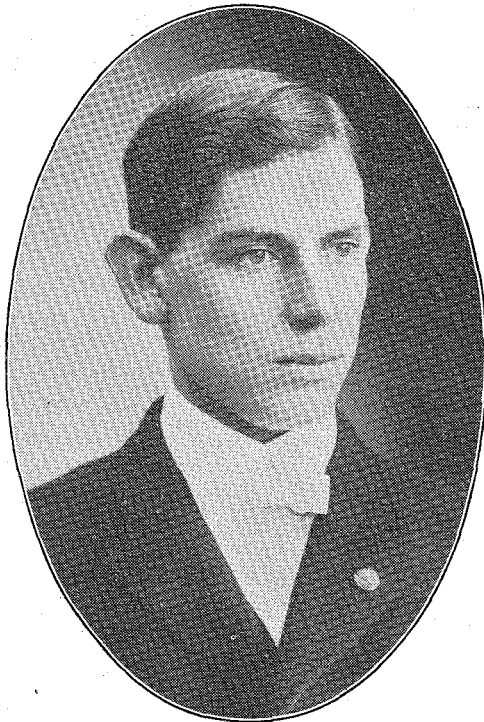
"You remember Sister Williams, who came to us from the Utah Church. She was the first fruit of a considerable harvest. Since her baptism her two married daughters, her two sons-in-law, two grown sons, and two grandsons have united with the church, coming in largely through her lead. They are fine people and a great addition to the church. She says that she was never so happy before in all her life. She says that she now understands some of the things that she used to see in Utah; but her mother told her then, 'Never mind what the church leaders do; you live your religion and you will be all right.' But now she has found the true, undefiled, original gospel of Jesus Christ, which sanctions nothing that is bad and includes all that is good. We reached her first through kindness,

and the other members of her family through her. The thin wedge of Christian charity made a way for the entrance of our message. Well did the Lord say concerning some who had gone astray during the 'dark and cloudy day,' "There are some who are chosen vessels to do good, who have been estranged by the hindering snares which are in the world, and who will in due time return unto the Lord if they are not hindered by the men of the church. The Spirit says, "Come"; let not the ministers for Christ prevent their coming.'"



A New Aid to Missionary Work.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.



ELDER WALTER W. SMITH.

A real pastor. Leader in many up-to-date undertakings in his pastorate in Philadelphia, where among other things he has made a success of the Daily Vacation Bible School. Another "young fellow of excellent pith," whom "fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

The easiest and most simple way of going at missionary work is to go to church, sit down, and wait until a crowd has assembled, then preach to it. But in these strenuous days crowds do not assemble at church unless strongly attracted.

Mark Twain makes Huckleberry Finn say: "There warn't anybody at church, except maybe a hog or two, for there warn't any lock on the door, and hogs like a puncheon floor in summer time because it's cool. If you notice, most folks don't go to church only when they've got to; but a hog is different."

Whether the attendance of hogs at Southern churches with cool puncheon floors has decreased since the days of Mark Twain we do not know; but certainly there are even fewer men in attendance at city churches.

A more indirect way to go at missionary work is to go out in search of a crowd, that is willing to listen to a

or try by various methods to attract one sermon.

A still more indirect method is to foster those institutions and influences that create favorable public or individual opinion, thus making possible an opening at some uncertain future time.

The Daily Vacation Bible School, while it does *immediate* good to individual children, makes possible future missionary work among the children or their parents and other relatives. It has been defined as an effort made during the summer months to attract otherwise idle children to otherwise idle church premises, where they are instructed and benefited by otherwise idle church members.

Brother Walter W. Smith, of Philadelphia, was the pioneer among our people in this effort, though other churches have carried on organized work along this line for some time. This is an instance where we may learn *tactics* and *methods* from *others* and use them in teaching our *truths* and *principles* to *others*.

Actual results may be seen in Philadelphia, where children first attracted by the Daily Vacation Bible School were later baptized, and having developed, are now teaching in the Sunday school; in other instances, parents of children thus attracted have been baptized. The harvest of this nature has been considerable, and includes individuals who lived in the immediate neighborhood of the church and church workers, yet had never been attracted to the church, and probably never would have been attracted there but for the school.

Brother Walter lays down the principle that the teachers in this school do not require a high order of *academic training*; but must expect to render a high order of *service*, as it is not a matter of "pedagogy of the *head*, but pedagogy of the *heart*." The *things taught* the child are comparatively simple; the *influence* thrown around him is profound—the wonderful influence of love. Love for children is an indispensable qualification in this work.

Elder W. E. LaRue was the next to take up this line of work, in his pastorate in Greater New York, his school opening on the 10th of July, 1911. The enrollment for the first term was 312, including 156 Catholics, 114 Protestants, 25 Latter Day Saints, and 14 Hebrews.

The enrollment of Catholics is remarkable. No way of reaching Catholic children has previously come to our notice. And through Catholic children, Catholic parents are reached. The prediction had been made that this class of church people could not be enlisted in this movement, but the first children registered were two little Catholic girls. Catholic children continued to come, even in defiance of the protests of the priest, who in some instances escorted them home and instructed them never to return.

Sessions were made attractive by the telling of bible stories, some of which the children are permitted to act out, thus securing a firm hold on the imagination; by basket making and hammock weaving, and in a variety of similar ways.

It would seem that here is a field of activity that may be occupied with success in many of our cities. It is one of those new departures made to meet new conditions. The gospel never changes; but

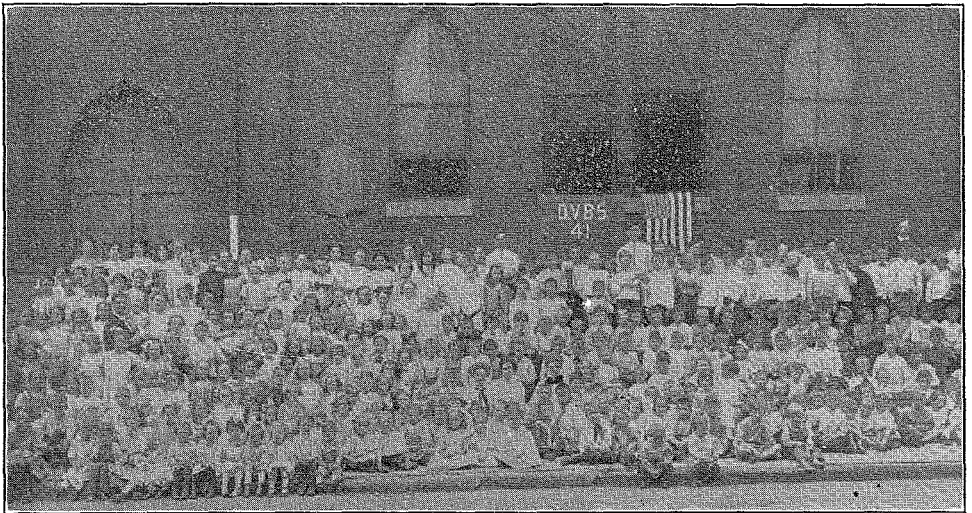
methods of presenting it must ever change somewhat from generation to generation, and even require variation in different communities and among different individuals. Paul recognized that fact many centuries ago, and endeavored to meet every man in the way best calculated to result in his conversion—for that was all that he meant by his effort to be all things to all men that thereby he might win some to Christ.

In this work Brethren Smith and LaRue have had the hearty support of the minister in charge, Elder U. W. Greene, as well as that of Bishop Zimmermann, and many of the local workers. They subscribe to the theory that church property is for *use*, and they proceed to use it all the year around.

We also learn that during the present summer Elder Paul Craig, who is occupying as pastor in Omaha, Nebraska, has conducted a summer school with very encouraging success.

Following is a summary of one day's work as carried out in the Philadelphia school, as outlined by Brother Walter W. Smith in his address at the General Conference:

"The school is announced to start at nine in the morning and



DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL AT PHILADELPHIA.

close at noon. Each one of the teachers and helpers should be there at least fifteen minutes before nine, and some of the workers must be there earlier—better half past eight. The children come early. Sometimes I have found a boy or girl sitting on the church step as early as seven o'clock. By the time the school opens they are all there waiting. We register every child daily, so we keep track of who really does come. Just before we opened the doors every day

we called all the teachers together and bowed down before the Lord in prayer and asked for the things so needful, patience, grace, and strength to endure and do well the work before us, so that every day before we opened the school we laid it all in the hand of our Father who careth for us all and asked him to make it a success. Then we opened the doors and seated the children to the strains of a good rousing march. As soon as all had gotten their seats the whole school would rise at the sound of the rising chords from the piano, and we sang some such hymn as we opened with to-night, 'Onward Christian soldiers,' or 'We march, we march to victory,' or 'I love to tell the story.' Some one offered a short invocation, all standing, closing with the Lord's prayer. We then read a selection of scripture in concert. We taught them several such pieces as the twenty-third Psalm, the Beatitudes, the one hundredth Psalm, etc. Then we sang another hymn, 'God make my life a little light,' or, 'Father, hear thy little children,' etc. We then gave the children a two-minute habit talk on such subjects as 'Clean hands, clean faces, clean hearts,' 'Say thank you, and If you please, and the reason for it,' etc. We then had the Flag Salute, using the one approved by the National Flag Association for the public schools. With the retiring of the flag, the kindergarten (those under seven years of age) marched out to a separate room for their work. By this time it was about twenty-five minutes after nine. We then taught the children (the older ones only were left with us) some songs, 'My heart's in the Highland,' 'The merry wind,' 'Jack Frost,' 'The woodpecker,' etc.

"At about fifteen minutes to ten we began the bible story and spent some twenty minutes in story telling. We told a series of stories, beginning with Adam and Eve and ending with the ascension of our Savior. You would hardly think you could interest a boy in a bible story, but it can be done—it was done. Sister Margaret Macgregor told stories for us one season that reached the highest point of efficiency in story telling I have seen. She did it so well that boys who had to work in the neighboring grocery stores made it a point to get away from the store at this period to hear these stories. They would leave the push carts at the curb and run in, just to hear the bible story; it was the only thing they took in. They could only be away for a short time, and preferred to hear the story to something else. Just think of three hundred or four hundred boys and girls listening breathlessly to a story of God's wonders with the patriarchs and apostles; this in itself was worth the trouble for the school.

"Play followed story telling. We took the children to a public school yard near by, in fact just across the street. There we taught the children some practical games and made them play fairly. I think that play is one of the most important activities of childhood, and should by all means be directed; if you just let children run wild to play, mischief is the fruit very often. I can recollect some of the play when I was a boy, and I wonder if it is not often the same or worse now. A boy with a glove, one with a ball, and another with a bat, form a fine nucleus for a ball team, and will

soon attract enough players to start a game. If these are allowed to play without direction or restraint, the boy with the glove, ball, or bat will dictate the terms of the game, and if these are not acceded to will break up the game. If put out fairly it is still at his will whether he will go out or not. 'I am not out; I'll quit; I won't go out,' he says, and such play is dangerous to morals; it is a preparation to ignore all moral and legal restraint in later life. But if taught the rules of the game and directed in the play and compelled to play fairly, it is a preparation for their place in society.

"At half past ten we began the industrial period that we have already said much about. It is the place where we let the boys and girls pour out to us what we have just tried to put into them, with the addition of what they know along the lines of their own history and feelings. We have not in mind to do so much work, or to teach a trade, but to find employment for the children, employment that will attract them and hold them while we are loving them into shape. We did a great variety of work for the boys; we made hammocks, baskets, mats, balls, horselines, and a great number of other things,—anything we could get material for, that would interest boys; and for girls we sewed, embroidered, crocheted, wove mats, baskets, belts, beads, and did many other things, such as any handy woman or girl might invent. The kindergarten work consisted of stories, games, paper cutting, and paper folding, hand work, etc., just such work as is done in the kindergarten that could be provided for in our schools."





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Topics of the Times.

SMALL COINS AND SMALL ECONOMIES.—Four years ago, while riding on the train between Colorado Springs and Denver, in Colorado, we were amused at a little but significant event. Our traveling companion, Elder Frank Russell, purchased a newspaper from the news agent, and gave him in exchange five pennies. A man directly across the aisle purchased a newspaper, gave ten cents, and immediately received the five pennies in change. He angrily turned to the open window and threw them out, contributing a spectacular though not lavish donation to the rapidly passing landscape. A moment later the news agent passed through the car calling, "Has anyone change for a five?" Elder Russell replied: "I did have, but that man across the aisle threw it out the window." The man in question possessed a cheap imitation of the old "spirit of the West." He was snobbish enough to desire to advertise that he had lived in that golden land where wealth came easily and men took no account of small change. The true westerner would have returned the undesired pennies to the newsboy. Time was when nothing

smaller than five-cent pieces circulated in California and the West. But that day is past. In California, land of gold, there are now many "basket groceries," stores that do not deliver goods, where the average fifteen-cent article sells for thirteen cents, and the average ten-cent article sells for nine cents. Customers speedily accumulate a pocketful of "coppers," and wisely decide that they are worth saving. Now comes the recent act of Congress authorizing the coining of three-cent and half-cent pieces. This is a recognition of the dawning of a new era of thrift and attention to small sums in the place of the old era of lavish, thoughtless expenditures. The increased cost of living makes the change imperative. It may not be pleasant; but it is unavoidable, under present conditions. If the few are to continue to count their millions the many must begin to count their pennies.

PAY OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS AND MINISTERS.—The report of Doctor Caxton, Federal Commissioner of Education, indicates that the annual salary of the public-school teacher in the United States averages less than five hundred dollars. This includes teachers in the high schools. This is too low. Capable and energetic teachers can not be retained in the profession on such salary; and the result is that the average time spent in the profession is only four years. Just when the teacher begins to become proficient he or she turns to some other better paid occupation. The low salary is partly due to the fact that so many young girls take up the work intending to give it only a few years, or until marriage opens an avenue of escape. Competition from this class naturally forces the standard downward. Others have revived the question of salaries of ministers and assert that the average here is only seven hundred dollars per year; not enough, it is alleged, to enable a man to sustain his family decently and educate his children. A Chicago bishop suggests a minimum of \$1,000 per year for single men and \$1,200 for married men. Others argue for even higher wages (pardon, salaries).

CHINA TO START RIGHT.—Doctor Sun Yat Sen, provisional president of China, has delivered a remarkable address, which is quoted in part in the *Outlook*. He says that the principles back of the revolution were three-fold: "That the Chinese people as a race ought to control China; the *people* ought to be supreme in China; and the *people* ought to be supreme in *wealth production*." He goes on to say that the first two principles have been established, and that it remains to establish the third. He says the real aim is not to make China a "great power" in the sense that others are great, for while there are no wealthier nations than Great Britain, America, and France, in those countries the gulf between rich and poor is too wide, and bitterness and social unrest too prevalent. His ambition is to secure in China industrial equality and justice. It is remarkable to find China taking hold upon such a vital principle at the very beginning of her regeneration. Perhaps nations, like men, must be "born again" before they can begin to see the principles of the kingdom. Many years ago the Lord revealed

through Joseph Smith the fact that men should be equal in temporal things; that they could not dwell side by side, one in rags and one in "purpled ease," and call each other brothers. That is what Christians are trying to do to-day—and failing. Since that day an idea has been slowly shaping itself in the public mind, until now we hear a great deal about equality and justice in wealth distribution; but it has been a slow process. And here comes old China, awaking from her long lethargy, and grasping in a single day the principle that others have been so slow to perceive.



Color Spots in Reunion Work.

The morning of June 20 gave us promise of a pleasant journey, and traveling nearly two days and one night found us in the lake region of Minnesota at Clitherall, where the state reunion was held the last week in June.

Institute work covering Sunday school, Religio, normal, Woman's Auxiliary, and college was held every day but one.

The interest began from the first day, and kept increasing until the desire for a Religio local was so keen that one was organized under the direction of Brother J. W. Wight. We stayed with them until they had chosen their committees and had the work well planned, and were sorry we could not stay to see the plan work.

We had a personal talk with nearly every member of the branch and have their promise to stand by the Religio and help to make it a success.

It was most encouraging to see all the boys and girls over twelve years rise and bear their testimony that they desired to be of some use in the gospel work, and ask for the prayers of the Saints. They had received the gospel spirit, which is that of active service.

"Peter went a-fishing, and so are we going," quoth Christy. We went out on Battle Lake and of course we caught fish, Mrs. Christy pulling in the largest haul (I think that's what you call it). And say, J. W. W. is no better fisherman with that kind of bait than we laymen, but he knows how to row a boat. We went out in a motor boat until we were nearly out of sight of land, but we had the preacher with us so had to turn back and arrived at the tent in time for "Bernie" to give us one of his convincing arguments. On College Day Brother J. W. Wight gave us one of the best talks on the college work we have ever heard.

Traveling on to North Dakota we rode up the valley of the Mouse River which was walled by low, undulating foothills, dotted here and there with trees and green foliage of all shades, which rested the eye after the miles of prairie and scrub trees (result of forest fires) that we had passed over. We reached Minot, a progressive little city of eight or ten thousand, and found some former Lamoniites who welcomed us royally.

Nine miles south, at Logan, the North Dakota reunion was held, beginning July 6. We camped in a grove of trees in the valley by the river, where on the Sabbath five were added to the kingdom.

Not all were there that we expected to see, but like the marriage supper one had some land to till and another went to take unto himself a wife, but when we learned where he had gone, even to Lamoni, we thought he was a wise husbandman and the talent he would add to himself would be of great benefit to the district.

Many Saints came from great distances, some one hundred miles by team, and felt well repaid for the sacrifice made.

Institute work was held for the several auxiliaries of the church.

District convention was held for both Sunday school and Religio.

Several of Graceland's students helped to make the work a success and made the best boosters on college day, and as a result we swelled the endowment fund nearly one hundred dollars. Many outsiders came to hear, and every evening the tent would be well filled and we wondered where they all came from as it was only a farming community, no towns within miles.

North Dakota people should wake up to the talent within their borders. There is a little woman whose address is Burlington that is well qualified to give intelligent service in the auxiliaries and one has but to go to her well-appointed home and see the high class literature she is constantly studying to qualify herself, to know that she may be a great help if given the opportunity.

By the way, her husband is an old Lamoni boy, and Lamoni knows a good thing when she sees it, and that is why she supports the college so loyally.

Coming down to Minneapolis we found a nice little church and congregation who seemed to enjoy the instruction on Sunday school and Religio work. They seem to be on the eve of a great awakening and have much material for successful work if they cultivate the gospel spirit, that of active service.

We visited the famed Minnehaha Falls and felt a reverent awe as we saw the grandeur and beauty of nature, and the art of man combined, to make one of the finest views we have ever seen.

ALTHA R. DEAM.



What Do We Owe to Society?

This subject has been one of vital interest to people of all classes for ages past. Before entering upon a discussion of this we must decide what is meant by the word, *society*. Webster defines society as: "the relationship of men to one another, when associated in any way; as, the more cultivated portion of any community." Pope says, "All the people of the world are one vast society." But we take it in the sense that it means our fellow beings, especially those with whom we are the most closely associated.

Let us now change our subject to read, What do we owe to our fellow men? and see where we stand. Some people have the idea that the world owes them a living and they owe nothing in return. Is this in accordance with the golden rule? If we all followed the maxim, "Look out for number one," would we be of much benefit to the world?

From an educational standpoint, what is our duty to those with whom we are associated? We should be able to help and encourage them; we should be able to properly perform the duties of a good citizen; we should be a success in the business world; we must have a broad education, not specialize along some certain line to the exclusion of all others, and not let our minds be narrow and warped on all subjects outside of our specialty.

To be a good citizen and take an active part in the affairs of the day and do it intelligently, and not be a mere machine in the hands of another, we must of necessity be educated. And a high school education is not sufficient. We must reach out and get a greater grasp on the problems of life. We must go to college and study something more than the "three r's."

When we leave the high school and enter college, we are just starting on our voyage on the sea of knowledge. As we get out of the cove into the bay and can see farther, we think we are in a big world; but as time goes on, we finish college and are ready to take up the duties of life in earnest. We get out of the bay into the open sea and then we begin to realize how large the world really is and how small we are. We go on still farther and go into business of some kind. Every day we see the advantages of our education, we are able to conduct our business in a more systematic manner; we see where we can make the work more agreeable for the employees; we get better returns from our business; we enjoy life more.

Contrast this with the lot of the uneducated. He has no business; he would not be able to conduct it properly if he did; he is not able to help his neighbor in any way; he gets no real enjoyment out of life. Imagine how large the world must look to him.

But you will say, "What is the use of all the things they teach at these institutions of higher learning? What good will Latin do the man fitting himself for the farm? Will the man in the mercantile business ever use calculus?" The farmer may not use Latin, and the merchant may never use calculus, but in the study of these subjects are training their minds in the art of reasoning and remembering, and these qualities are essential to success. From the business world we hear the call for skilled labor; trained men and women are in demand. We see advertisements in all the papers, "Fit yourself for a better position." This emphasizes the fact that the skilled man is the one that is wanted. Everything goes to show that an education is an absolute necessity, and that we owe it to ourselves and others to obtain one.

From the standpoint of the physical man how does the question look to us? Is our body our own? May we abuse it as much as we

please? We see a man staggering along the street. He is under the influence of alcohol in some form. He has made a beast of himself, and we have more respect for the dirty yellow cur that hunts for scraps in the back yard, than we have for this man. Yet he affirms that his body is his own and he may do as he pleases so long as he does not molest anybody.

To-day there is a great war being waged against "the great white plague." Thousands of dollars are being spent annually in the attempts to arrest this terrible menace to the people. But one of the best friends this disease has is alcohol. Every time a man takes a drink of any alcoholic beverage, even if it is as low as four per cent alcohol, he paralyzes the white blood cells and temporarily throws his system open to the attacks of the tuberculin germ. The population of the United States to-day is about eighty million people. More than twenty-five million are addicted to the use of alcohol. One third of our population are in this way slowly committing murder and suicide. Think of it, friends, as we go along the street every third person we meet is a menace to our health, a foe to our country, and the destroyer of our happiness.

This applies not only to tuberculosis but to the hundreds of foul and loathsome diseases that every alcoholic is exposing himself to, and in turn exposing his family and others. Still he makes the statement, that it is his own business; if he wants to drink he has a right to. Does he have this right? Is it his privilege to destroy his own health and happiness and endanger that of his family and friends in doing it?

Again we find another enemy to good health and happiness and that is the disease, typhoid fever, the mention of whose name strikes terror to the heart of every mother. The death rate of this terror is appalling, and the people are to blame. Typhoid germs thrive best where conditions are unsanitary. People refuse to clean up their premises, saying that it is their own affair. Their neighbor's well is on lower ground. Before long they hear of the sickness of some of this family. The monster typhoid is there and was put there by these same people who refused to clean up, because it was their own business. Was it their own business? Did not they owe it to their neighbors to do that much for their welfare? On every hand we find that we are hazarding the happiness of some of our associates by our actions. Do we not owe it to them to keep the physical man in the best possible condition? Is it not our duty to do all that we can to increase the happiness of others?

The third and last point in the discussion of this subject is the moral.

In this life we each and every one have an influence over somebody else. So we can see that it is very important that we should keep our morals in the proper condition. People look at this side of the subject in the same light that they do the educational and physical. They say it is nobody's business. If they want to live up to a low standard of morals they are privileged to do so. Now comes the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" In a sense we

are. We exert an influence over him and vice versa. We receive in return what we give. If we give him good influence, we will receive good in return. If we say, let him go his way and I'll go mine, he may have a bad influence over us.

People take this same stand in regard to the evils in the world. They avoid these things, they act as though they were afraid of them, and the result is that the evil goes on unchanged and unchecked. One of the most serious problems facing our Government to-day is "the white slave traffic." This terrible crime goes on unchecked, the Government is powerless, all its efforts to stamp it out are futile. And why? Because the people will not take an interest in it and give it their support. People say, "It doesn't concern me in the least; why should I trouble myself about it? I don't know anything about it and I don't care to know." There is the secret. People don't want to know. They have the mistaken idea that it is none of their business. But it is their business. How do they know that their daughter, or sister, or their sweetheart will not be the next unfortunate to fall into the clutches of those devils that deal in the souls of girls? It is their duty to know, to be willing to learn and to give their hearty support to any movement for the eradication of crime.

Reformers meet opposition on every hand. Whenever an attempt is made to arouse the people to a sense of their moral duty the enemy, indifference, is always there. There are hundreds of good men and women in the world who have the ability and want to do something for their fellow men, but they hesitate to take the initiative. They fail to recognize their duty and the result is that they spend their energies in some other channel.

As time goes on and the world becomes more and more infatuated with the pursuit of the "almighty dollar" the tendency to look out for number one grows stronger. The world at large follows the principle of every fellow for himself, the stronger ones crowding the weaker down and out, until all feeling of brotherhood and good fellowship is lost.

Let us now return to our question. We have shown to you

First. That we owe it to ourselves and society to get a good, broad education; to fit ourselves so that we will be able to meet all the problems of life in a successful manner; to train ourselves in such a manner that, let come what may, we will be equal to the occasion.

Second. We must keep our physical condition the best possible, in order that we do not endanger the health of others, and in doing this we promote our own welfare.

Third. As we each have an influence over our brother, it is our duty to keep our standard of morals one of the highest. And we owe it to ourselves and our associates to always stand for the right.

When we have fulfilled the requirements of the educational world, when we have our physical natures in a first-class condition, and our morals are of the best, we are then well on our way towards paying our debt to society.

When we realize that we should take an interest in humanity, should care for the welfare of our associates, and love our brother as ourselves, then do we realize what we owe to society.

(An oration prepared and delivered by A. G. Hougas at the annual oratorical contest of Graceland College, May, 1912.)



The Religion of the Ancient Americans.

Among the many proofs which archæology affords in support of the divinity of the Book of Mormon, the religion of the aborigines of this continent forms no insignificant part. The Book of Mormon claims concerning these tribes that they are of Israelite descent and that in their palmy days they had a knowledge of God and of the Christian doctrines. We believe that in the examination of the subject which we have undertaken to discuss in this article there will be found an abundance of evidence to vindicate these claims.

When the early explorers visited Canada they found it occupied by several tribes of Indians in a more or less savage state. Chief among these were the Iroquois, Algonquin, and Huron Indians. Their religion and traditions comprised several principles indicative of a former contact with the sources of truth. They believed in the existence of a supreme being, "The Great Spirit," the Creator and Ruler of all. They believed there was also an opposing spirit of evil, "The Great Tiger." They had a tradition that there were originally six persons from whom the race has sprung. (Compare Noah and his party of seven after the flood.) They spoke of a universal deluge in the third generation. Among their most tenacious beliefs was that of the immortality of the soul and future bliss. Lying in the distant west was the everlasting abode of the brave and the true, the "happy hunting ground," reached by the departed spirit after months of travel and the surmounting of many difficulties. Within its borders he might enjoy himself, for ever free from all distress and the molestation of the "paleface."

The red men of the New England States worshiped an almighty being called "Kichtau." He first made man and woman out of a stone and after a time destroyed them. They also maintained the doctrine of immortality. At death the spirit of the righteous went to Kichtau, reunited with their friends and enjoyed themselves for ever. The spirits of evil men also appeared before Kichtau, but walked away into the darkness. The wicked received punishment of short or long duration according to the degree of their guilt. Finally they were admitted to paradise. Evidently they believed in revelation from their gods, for their priests were venerated as oracles whose every utterance was inspired.

As we investigate the worship and traditions of the southern tribes we find still more striking evidences. The Toltecs, oldest of Mexican tribes, worshiped a hero-god called "Quetzalcoatl" who

came from the East and mysteriously disappeared after promising to return again. They now call him "Cheat," because he has stayed away so long. All the tribes have a name for him expressive of the same characteristic. Roger Williams mentions him as being known among the New England Indians, viz, a man that wrought great miracles among them, with some kind of resemblance to the Son of God. Writers say that the legend was of an aboriginal source, rather than from contact with Europeans. Their tradition has him born of a virgin in the land of Tulu in the distant orient and the high priest of that realm, a man of white complexion, clothed in long white robes and having a full flowing beard. When his earthly work was done, he returned to the East, assigning the reason that the Sun, the ruler of Tulu, demanded his presence. The sign of his office was a mace like a bishop's cross. An image found in Mexico, now in the Trocadero Museum in Paris, represents him in a sitting posture with his legs crossed, the identical attitude assumed by the Jewish judges. The idea of his return had fastened itself so firmly in the minds of the natives that when the Spaniards landed in Mexico they rushed into the water to embrace the prows of their vessels and forthwith dispatched messengers throughout the land to proclaim the return of Quetzalcoatl.

Many of the Aztec goddesses were virgin deities and many of their great gods were born of a virgin. Even among the low Indians of Paraguay early missionaries were startled to find this tradition of the maiden mother of the god so similar to the one they came to tell.

The historian Prescott, in his *Conquest of Peru*, makes the following remarkable statements: "When the Spanish conquerors reached Cuzco and witnessed the religious ritual at the feast of Raym—the offerings of sheep, grain, flowers, and sweet-scented gums—the distribution of bread and wine by the high priests, they were astonished at the resemblance to the Christian communion. Some thought they saw in these coincidences the contrivances of Satan to delude his victims by counterfeiting the blessed rites of Christianity. Others fancied they saw in them the evidence that some of the primitive teachers, perhaps an apostle himself, had paid them a visit and scattered over them the seeds of religion."

In Mexico the Spanish invaders saw the same things. The religion of the natives possessed so many features similar to those of the Old World that the Spanish priests declared "the Devil had given them a bogus imitation of Christianity to destroy their souls." Among other rites which they observed was the sacrament of baptism.

As regards morality, Mr. Dunton, the explorer, credits the ancient Americans with an ethical elevation unsurpassed by the loftiest precepts of the Old World moralists. According to the earliest and most trustworthy accounts the doctrines of Tonapa were filled with the loving kindness and deep sense of duty which characterized the purest Christianity. Nothing was wanting save the name of God and his Son Jesus Christ.

An interesting fact in connection with their belief in a Messiah—Quetzalcoatl referred to above—was that he and his ancestors all came from the “land of the temple and the palm.” Is not this strongly suggestive of the city of Jerusalem and of Palestine?

We learn some striking things concerning the cross and its significance among them. As a religious symbol it was found among the Peruvians, the natives of Yucatan, and among the Mound-builders. One found at Palenque in Ecuador had a bird above it as a symbol of the Holy Ghost (compare dove at baptism of Jesus, Matthew 3: 16). Undoubtedly in many parts of America the natives regarded the cross with reverence prior to the arrival of the Europeans. One has been found in a mound at Chillicothe, Ohio, on the breast of a Mound-builder. Upon this point the discoverer reaches the conclusion that the prehistoric inhabitants of the place had heard of Christ and the Christian religion. Concerning the cross and its significance among the natives of different countries, Atlantis declares:

“In Egypt, Assyria, and Britain, the cross was emblematic of creative power and eternity; in India, China, and Scandinavia, of heaven and immortality; in the two Americas, of rejuvenescence and freedom from physical suffering; while in both hemispheres it was the common symbol of the resurrection or the sign of the life to come.”

This last we know is the true scriptural significance. Atlantis also seems quite convinced of the Hebrew origin of the ancient Americans, as may be seen from the following statements:

“There is scarcely a prominent fact in the opening chapters of Genesis that can not be duplicated from the legends of American aborigines, and scarcely a custom known to the Jews that does not find its counterpart among the people of the New World. The Quiches’ (of Mexico) account of the creation is a counterpart of the Bible story, the garden, the tree, the serpent, the woman, the mother of us all, the account of the deluge and the tower of Babel.

Finally, we discover six fundamental religious ideas common to all the American tribes from Alaska to Patagonia: First, the creation of the world from chaos; second, the general deluge; third, a good mind and an evil mind or spirit pervading the universe; fourth, the adoration of the heavenly bodies as types of the Creator; fifth, a Savior or Friend to appear (called by the whites “the Messiah craze,” his unexpected appearance being celebrated by the ghost dance); sixth, the immortality of the soul.

E. A. OLIVER.

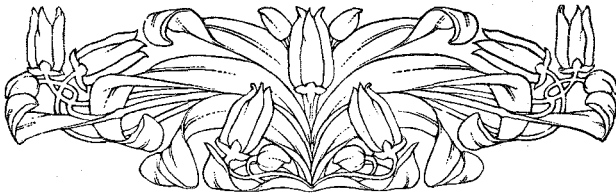
You Can Never Tell.

You never can tell when you send a word
 Like an arrow from a bow,
 By an archer blind, be it cruel or kind,
 Just where it will chance to go.
 It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
 Tipped with its poison or balm;
 To a stranger's heart in life's great mart
 It may carry it pain or its calm.

You can never tell when you do an act,
 Just what the result will be,
 But with every deed you are sowing a seed,
 Though its harvest you may not see.
 Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
 In God's productive soil;
 Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
 And shelter the brows that toil.

You can never tell what thoughts will do
 In bringing you hate or love,
 For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
 Are swifter than carrier doves.
 They follow the law of the universe
 Each thing must create its kind,
 And they speed o'er track to bring you luck
 Whatever went out from your mind.

—Selected.



News from Societies.

Independence Stake Convention.—Independence Stake Religio convention convened at Second Kansas City, Saturday, May 18, at two p. m., and continued until four p. m. Sunday, the 19th.

The reports of officers and various committees indicate the work is progressing throughout the stake with two or three exceptions. The numerical gain for the year was one hundred, making the total membership now twenty-one hundred.

The election of officers resulted in W. A. Bushnell being chosen president; J. A. Gardner, vice president; Carlotta Hartnell, secretary; B. J. Scott, treasurer; Sister Louise Palfrey Sheldon, librarian; Sister Arthur Allen, home class superintendent.

A recommendation made by Brother Bushnell, looking to the appointment of a Religio missionary or field worker to devote entire time in the stake, was referred to the executive committee with power to act.

The following letter was authorized to be sent to the mayor of Kansas City:

“KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, May 20, 1912.

“HONORABLE HENRY L. JOST, MAYOR,

“KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

“*Dear Sir:* The young people’s Religio-Literary Society, of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, of Kansas City and vicinity, numbering over two thousand members, in convention assembled, to-day passed a resolution protesting against the passage of the ordinance compelling the Street Railway Company to permit smoking in its cars, and that you be requested to veto it.

“We therefore respectfully urge that you disapprove the action of the council by vetoing this ordinance, believing that in doing so you will be serving the greatest good and will receive the hearty commendation of the largest number of street car patrons.

“We heartily indorse the position taken by the president of the Metropolitan, and pledge our support in helping him in every right and proper way to maintain the present very satisfactory arrangement with reference to this matter.

“Yours very respectfully,

“W. A. BUSHNELL, *President.*”

A resolution making users of narcotics—tobacco and intoxicating liquors—ineligible to hold office in the stake, and urging locals to adopt the same rule was referred to the executive committee for report and expression of opinion at next convention.

The Sunday morning and afternoon sessions were occupied by institute workers, good literature, home department, and relief work being discussed in the morning and the lookout, social, program and normal departments being presented in the afternoon, together with a review of the year’s progress of the society by the retiring president.

The convention throughout was marked by a good feeling and all present seemed anxious for the right to prevail regardless of personal opinions.

J. F. RUDD,
M. H. SIEGFRIED, *Press Committee.*

Independence Stake.—Did I hear some one ask, Is the Independence Stake dead? Should I hear the question I would not be surprised, as it has been several months since any report from this stake has appeared in your columns. However, we are very much alive. Our stake president, Brother W. A. Bushnell, is a staunch believer in the adage, "It is better to keep ten men at work than to do the work of ten men," and as a result all our officers are working. Nor is Brother Bushnell idle. Every Friday evening and often Sunday evening finds most of the stake officers visiting and assisting some of the small locals throughout the stake.

Sister Arthur Allen, our home class superintendent, has her work well organized and has planned to devote one Sunday evening service in each local in the stake to the home class work.

The good literature work, under the very able supervision of Brother J. F. Rudd, is forging ahead, and much good is being accomplished.

Brother J. A. Gardner, our vice president, is laboring faithfully and accomplishing a good work, although as president of the Independence local he is not in a position to do as much stake work as he would desire.

Brother Charles Babb, our stake temperance worker, is accomplishing a great work in his line. He does not confine his talks to the question of alcoholic drinks and tobacco, but teaches temperance in all things, and it would be well for the Saints to follow his wise counsel.

Since the May convention two new locals have been organized, Mount Washington and Walnut Park. One local, which had discontinued its work, has been revived, and we have a call to organize two more in the near future. While many discouraging features are met, on the whole, we feel that good has been done and are encouraged to go on. Much new talent is being developed, and we feel that the Lord is surely using the Religio as a means of development for the young, to prepare them for the burdens and responsibilities of the work which will surely come to them.

CARLOTTA HARTNELL, *Stake Secretary.*

Lamoni, Iowa.—The Lamoni local has improved in interest and attendance since our last report. We held several sessions during our stake reunion which were enjoyable and instructive. The officers and committees are busy, and altogether the outlook is much brighter, and we have great hopes for a better Religio in the future.

RUBY E. BAGULEY, *Correspondent.*

Evergreen Local, Lamoni, Iowa.—Some may think the Evergreen local dead, but we beg to say we are still alive. A full set of officers

being elected this month, and committees chosen, which we trust will wake up to their duties and work, thus insuring an uplift along spiritual lines in our midst such as has never before been known. Therefore, dear colaborers, let us work, work!

• EMMA STECKEL, *Correspondent.*

Eastern Michigan District.—To the workers and friends of the Eastern Michigan District auxiliaries, we wish to tell you of some of the good things which were done at the institute at Port Huron.

There were not so many workers there all the time as there should have been, yet there were some from nearly every local and Sunday school, and if they will tell and try to work at home the methods presented, we believe the results will be greater than expected.

Special endeavors were made along home department, library, and good literature work, and some along normal training. The great privilege was enjoyed of having President J. A. Gunsolley with us, who gave much good advice, strengthening and encouraging all the workers. Sister M. Macgregor, our Sunday school superintendent, was also present and was a great factor in making the meetings a success. Also we must mention Sister Taylor, now of Saint Clair, Michigan, superintendent of the Chatham home department, who aroused much interest in that work. Besides all the others of the ministry and local laborers, the mention of whom space will not permit. But we must speak of the earnest work of David E. Dowker and R. Etzenhouser, who are both leaving our neighborhood, to the great gain of other places.

This year library work was presented in what we believe an improved way over preceding years. This because the district board had prepared ahead to give the library interests the food which they seemed to require most along the lines of choice of books, plans of different workers, etc. We believe Eastern Michigan has again set a mark ahead in Religio work in the organization of a local president and vice presidents' association.

Religio workers, the goal has not been reached yet. Keep up and increase your efforts for live members till we pass the seven hundred and fifty mark.

REUNION PRESS COMMITTEE.

W. F. SAGE, *Secretary.*

• *Oak Hill Religio, Saint Louis, Missouri.*—Having been appointed as correspondent of this society at the recent election of officers, I take pleasure in letting you hear of the work we are trying to accomplish in our local. The following is a list of our officers installed for the coming six months: C. J. Remington, president; Walter L. Wherli, vice president; Irene Belford, secretary; Emma Maher, treasurer; Lillie Kendall, organist; Mae Davies, chorister; Arnold Davies, librarian; Patience C. Remington, superintendent home department.

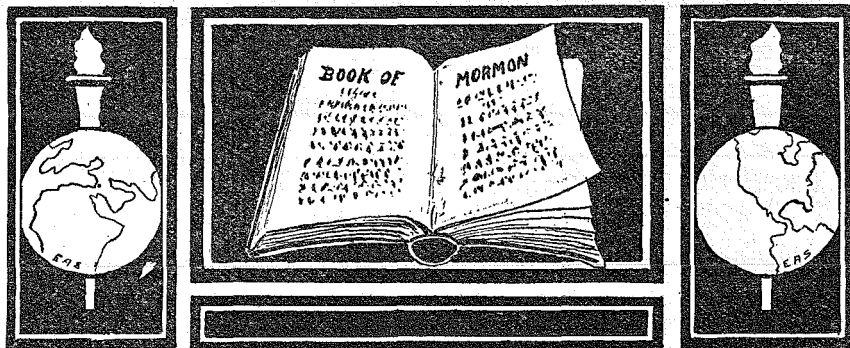
Some of the officers elected have occupied in their respective places for several terms consecutively, and therefore are thoroughly acquainted with their part of the work. Our president, especially,

we feel has acted in his official capacity most competently and is worthy of commendation for his earnest and untiring efforts in the past.

We are more than pleased to state there is a greater interest manifested at present and a marked improvement in attendance. We follow out our programs as mapped out in the *Quarterly* as far as practicable. We trust our home department will meet with success, and while there are many who are not able to attend our regular meetings, we hope that all will be reached through this department, and thereby benefit from the lessons so wisely and carefully provided.

Your sister and coworker,
EMMA MAHER.

4349 Chippewa Street.



Autumn Leaves

"FOR THE YOUTH OF THE CHURCH"



JAN 1912
A. L. CROCKER
NEVADA MO

AUTUMN LEAVES

ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: The Golden Gate, San Francisco, California.	
Joseph Smith, the Prophet - - -	442
At South Royaltan - - -	443
Bishop Edward Partridge - - -	444
The Kirtland Temple - - -	445
"Where the Katydid is Calling" - -	447
The Mansion House, Nauvoo, Illinois -	450
Two Pictures (poem) - - -	433
Practical Papers - - -	434
A Short Sketch of Church History, 1830-1844	441
Invocation (poem) - - -	447
The Land of Dreams (poem) - - -	448
October's Call (poem) - - -	448
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith, Part 5	449
Editor's Corner - - -	455
Woman's Auxiliary - - -	460
Religio's Arena - - -	466



THE GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

See "The Two Pictures" opposite page.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

OCTOBER, 1912

Number 10

Two Pictures.

MORNING.

As in a quiet dream,
The mighty waters seem;
Scarcely a ripple shows
Upon their blue repose.

The sea gulls smoothly ride
Upon the drowsy tide,
And a white sail doth sleep
Far out upon the deep.

A dreamy purple fills
The hollows of the hills;
A single cloud floats through
The sky's serenest blue;

And far beyond the Gate,
The masséd vapors wait,
White as the walls that ring
The City of the King.

There is no sound, no word,
Only a happy bird
Trills to her nestling young,
A little sleepy song.

This is the holy calm;
The heavens dropping balm;
The Love made manifest,
And near; the perfect rest.

EVENING.

The day grows wan and cold;
In through the Gate of Gold
The restless vapors glide,
Like ghosts upon the tide.

The brown bird folds her wing,
Sad, with no song to sing.
Along the streets the dust
Blows sharp with sudden gust.

The night comes, chill and gray;
Over the sullen bay,
What mournful echoes pass
From lonely Alcatraz!

Oh, bell, with solemn toll,
As for a passing soul,—
As for a soul that waits,
In vain, at heaven's gates!

This is the utter blight;
The sorrow infinite
Of earth; the closing wave,
The parting, and the grave.

—Ina Coolbrith, in Songs of the Golden Gate.
www.LatterDayTruth.org

Practical Papers.

R. W. Farrell, Editor "Religio Quarterly."

(NOTE.—Nothing said in this paper is meant to belittle the power of the Holy Spirit in the life of the young man.)

THE YOUNG MAN IN CHURCH WORK.

What characteristics will aid the young man in his church work?

IF WE may take up this subject and handle it pretty much as a medical or surgical student handles a body he is dissecting; that is, by being extremely practical, we will answer, at the very start, grit, force, will power, self-control, self-reliance, kindness, tact, reverence. This sounds as if the young man was being loaded for an encounter with the world, and that each characteristic is a weapon with which he will be enabled to conquer some particular opponent. Well, religion *is* a business; and a mighty serious business at that; and while such powers as grit and force are not arrayed against good influences, they are needed in the fight against the Evil One, who comes in different guises.

GRIT.—"Firmness of mind; invincible spirit; fortitude." This is the meaning, in brief, as given by the book. But we know that it is an invisible and undefinable material that enters into the composition of the young man who succeeds in church work. Life is made up of defeats and victories—only partial defeats, of course; but they would be complete were it not for the invincible spirit that lifts man out of the pit. It is "grit" that whispers with a voice that can not be disobeyed, "Young man, overcome! overcome! overcome!" It is grit that sends him to church when the other fellow has gone to the place of worldly amusement, leaving only a few to make a success of prayer meeting. It is grit that calls to him, in the words of Bulwer: "No man is fit to win who has not sat down alone to think, and who has not come forth with purpose in his eye, with white cheeks, and set lips, and clinched palms, able to say: 'I am resolved what to do.'"

FORCE.—Sheridan said to Grant, "If things are pushed, I think that Lee will surrender." Grant replied, "Push things." And we know the result of that battle. There was "force" behind the words of Grant—he was a man of strength, of confidence in himself. So with such a young man in his church work—he is *direct* in his work; that is, he does not lag. While the other fellow is deciding whether he will get up and attend prayer or preaching service, the man of force is up; his face is clean, teeth brushed, hair combed, lessons learned. Difficulties have been overcome, obstacles surmounted, victories won—he has *forced* his way through. Now, do not misunderstand me. The victor in church work has not hurt anyone; he has not walked over the necks of others; he has not left God out of the work; but he has coupled faith with works—and has succeeded.

WILL POWER.—Right here I may quote James L. Gordon: "Young

man, if you really believe that God has a special work for you to do, and the fact that you are in this world is proof positive that God has something in this world for you to do—then put your foot down, square your shoulders, close your fists, put your teeth together, lock every joint in your body, and with your spinal column true to its own uprightness, and your head thrown back far enough for the white light of God's throne to transfigure every line and lineament of your face, write an all-glorious 'I will' on every difficulty, discouragement, defeat, and disaster which may stand between you and your soul's desire."

"Only three things are necessary in life," said Charles Sumner. "First, backbone; second, backbone; third, backbone." A young preacher who regretted his inability to follow the example of Adam Clarke, in the matter of early rising, wrote to inquire the secret of Mr. Clarke's success.

"Do you pray about it?" asked the youth.

"No," replied the doctor, "I get up!"

So with the young man in his church work—he must "get up."

Get up in the testimony meeting; get up in Religio program work; literally get up in the mornings, early. Make good by being good and *doing* good. Be not simply good, but be good for something.

SELF-CONTROL.—Self-control makes character. In this age of inherited weakness, self-control, or control of self, is truly an essential characteristic. One writer tells us that "man is prone to evil as the sparks fly upward." Control, then, is the magic wand that transforms weaklings into men; that checks wasting force, or energy; that keeps a young man down when he feels an impulse to jump up in business meeting and say things impolite; that stops one channel while wisdom opens another. Says Doctor Shepherd: "But the taming of hot nature—that is the ordeal. Does each young man see that this is his first task in life? Do not argue that God has charged you with these animal appetites, and why, if he has planted them, are they not to be indulged? God has given you something else at the same time—a will and a moral instinct by which you are able to restrain these impulses. Have you not a will? That is, or may be made, a force as strong as the might of natural desire."

SELF-RELIANCE.—We can not but admire, even though we do not fully indorse, the words of an old Methodist Episcopal bishop, who asked a group of candidates for the ministry, "Are you willing to be a nobody in Christ's service?"

And when everyone of them piously exclaimed "Yes!" he said, "Then you are a poor lot—I have no use for you!"

It does not require much thought to get the moral. Man should be inspired with the consciousness of being a distinct ego; a steward that must answer to his Master. He is a distinct note in the divine scale, and when out of tune the whole composition suffers. The young man should play his part, and play it well; no other person can do it for him. The brother may do the work itself better, but the reward will not go to the shirk. So man should dare (and such a feat requires lots of courage, sometimes) to be himself; to be self-reliant. Sneer at your unmastered weakness—but never

sneer at yourself. Napoleon may have had a false standard, but he was not far from right, when, on passing through Italy, he remarked: "How rare men are!"

It may be true that in the world of manual labor, some men are born to dig the sewers, to break the rocks, and in this work are blessed with physical strength and contented spirit. Such are the Italians and Greeks. They expect to be watched and "bossed"; in fact, would be lost if not guided. Every soldier can not be a general, nor every sailor a captain; but every man can be a Christian—and a perfect Christian, if he will struggle hard enough. Man may be master of himself. The man in the bottom of the sewer may be self-reliant in his particular work; he should not need to be told how to place his shovel; how to smooth his work; etc. So it is in the church—to be self-reliant, is to do *our* part; to fill *our* niche; to bring to pass much righteousness, without being commanded. God gives to every young man (and to other Saints, of course,) a spiritual inheritance, and the Lord expects that young man to beautify and improve it.

KINDNESS.—No man is a success without kindness springing from his every act. He may be a genius, but if his heart does not beat in the right place, the world of sorrowing men has no use for him. The encouraging feature about kindness is, everyone may be beautified by it. "Love suffereth long, and is *kind*." As the tree without life, the air with oxygen, the food without taste, the organ without a player, the body without a soul, so is man without kindness. Animals fear him, children dislike him, audiences turn from him, and Satan loves him.

REVERENCE.—Take this characteristic from the life of a young man and he goes through life maimed, for much of his strength religiously is gone. God to him is a stranger, the church a place of convenience, family ties very brittle, parents' wishes meaningless. The prayer service, to the young man who feels no reverence for the place and the hour, has no influence over him; the inspired sermon falls on empty ears, and the soil of his life is a hotbed for weeds of infidelity and worthlessness.

In every man's life there should be the common and the sacred. This is shown by the words *God* and *Melchisedec*. The name of the priesthood was changed that the word *God* might not be too frequently used. Reverence then is an important thread to be woven in the fabric that covers the nakedness of man. He should revere God, the word of God, the laws of nature, the church of God, home influences, and all that make men grand in the Lord's sight.

WHAT DISCIPLINE AND PREPARATION DOES HE NEED?—This is an important question, and it takes within its scope other questions, concerning study, prayer, fasting, meditation, association, etc. Mr. Jordan liked to say, "The world makes way for the man who knows where he is going." The first essential for a young fellow to possess is that of activity. Begin now to *do something*. "Whatsoever thy hand finds to do, do it with all thy might." Even the stream that flows through a stagnant swamp will become pure when it flows down the hillside, if it persists in flowing. It is better to make a

Dutch image to decorate the woodshed than to let the jackknife rust; better to study the Chinese language than to learn nothing. Keep busy, and get the definite aim as soon as possible.

STUDY.—What a field is before us. The study of books, of men, of nature, of ourselves, anything that brings power. Knowledge, plus wisdom, plus activity, all turned into the right channel, make men powerful for good. We catch a glimpse of the value placed on books by Paul, from his words to Timothy, "When thou cometh bring with thee the books, especially the parchment"; "Give attention to reading." Books, like the body of a Jew, will bleed if cut. They are alive, but how few people ever discover this fact till old age has laid his hand upon the shoulder and whispered into the ear, "It is time to go!" And the cry goes up over all the country, "How I have wasted my time!" Such will be your fate, my brother, if you read for no other purpose than to amuse yourself; or if you peruse every book as you read an encyclopedia, simply to gain so much information. The author does not speak to you; you gain no intellectual and moral stimulus; your life is not affected; you have burnt the candle of time at both ends, and soon cometh the night of darkness, when no man can study. However, study you must, and that of men and books. Concerning the best book, one writer has this to say: "I have read books by the thousand and there is no single volume that has yielded me so much in cultivating a good style, in stimulating thought, in shaping principle, and in lifting the ideals high as the Holy Bible."

WHAT TO STUDY.—Not the newspapers, with ninety-nine one hundredths of dust to one hundredth of food. If we give the daily paper time in proportion to its value, ten to twenty minutes is enough. As a rule all the news is given in the headlines. Give the other fifty minutes to some study that regenerates rather than degenerates.

Have you seen the transformation? It took place one evening while you were sitting before the hearth; the wood fire was crackling, the wind filled with snow beating at the windows, the room otherwise wrapped in quietness. Suddenly among the books in the case, one, a green covered collection of poems, began to sing, and you saw Tennyson before you repeating "The bugle song," "The brook," and other charming selections. You heard the orations of Webster, Phillips, Burke, as other books rustled in the case. You walked with Dickens through the streets of London; listened to Phillip Brooks preaching in Trinity Church; saw the battle of Waterloo; visited darkest Africa with Stanley; shivered with the Pilgrims in Plymouth; smelled the smoke of the Civil War; laughed with Twain; wept with Eliot; and were brought back to reality by the clock striking twelve!

The young man in the church must "Study all good books." The Lord has said so.

PRAYER.—We may never comprehend the philosophy of prayer; but we can not discount its value. The man who does not pray is the man who loses—every time. And that thing; that amusement, that practice, or habit, which stifles the desire to pray, is

the thing that is destroying spiritual life. Watch it yourself. Pick out the time when you were most faithful in church service, when temptations had the least victory over you, when you were "good." Was it not when you were praying most? This is sufficient testimony in favor of prayer. The kind that brings us near God—consistent, persistent prayer.

FASTING.—And why not fast? It is commanded of the Lord. Listen to this: "When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance . . . but anoint thy head and wash thy face, that thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Jesus.

"The children of God were commanded that they should gather themselves together oft, and join in fasting and mighty prayer, in behalf of the welfare of the souls that knew not God."—Alma.

"Also I give unto you a commandment that you shall continue in prayer and fasting from this time forth."—Doctrine and Covenants.

The old church fathers of the middle centuries thought that every lustful desire was caused by evil spirits in the body; that in this way only could these spirits enjoy the indulgence of sensuous appetites. To rid themselves of these tormentors men "starved them out." Laugh at this method as we will, there yet remains the satisfactory results to be accounted for. Account for it as we may, fasting does drive out, or keep out, or starve out, the evil power that trips us. When we have reached the limit of our prayer, fasting is added to bring the results. The apostles might have cast out the demons had they added the seriousness of fasting to their prayers. Fasting is a power in the life of a young man that must be felt in order to be appreciated. Why say more?

MEDITATION.—Meditation is mental digesting. It matters not how much we read, if we do not meditate, the information is not ours. Man must think. He must solve his own problems. In his growing period (which, in reality, never ends), one word must be before him continuously—that word is, *why?* And in the silence of his meditation will the answers come.

ASSOCIATION.—In the world, but not a part of the world. This brief sentence expresses much. All Christianity is simplified to this—a man keeping himself in right relationship with God. A young man should select his associates much as he selects his books, his food. Law governs this as laws govern everything else. "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "A man is known by the company he keeps." "Birds of a feather flock together." These are true sayings. Only when man goes into the gutter to lift out a fallen brother; into the quicksands to pull some one out, is there safety. The instant the good resolution is lost sight of, and evil companions are selected as the means of obtaining amusement, degeneration sets in and spiritual death results, if the act is continued beyond the safety point. To go out to the street corner and sit in the stultifying atmosphere of filthy stories, to curse over the greasy deck of cards, to lose virtue in the dizzy dance hall, to

weaken under the weight of evil suggestions, etc., etc., is to be overtaken by the fate of all who refuse to select high-spirited, pure-minded, young men and women for associates. Not that we should hold ourselves aloof from all classes of men, but rather that we should not partake of their evil deeds, which is bound to follow if we forget who and what we are.

WHAT LINE OF WORK IS OPEN TO THE YOUNG MAN IN THE CHURCH?—All lines of honest industry. A Christian need not fear to undertake any line of work that offers possibilities to help his fellow men. But the instant he loses sight of this principle, and makes dollars the standard of his success, and the means of his exaltation, he is in a dangerous place, no matter what his vocation. If the question is limited to mean, What can a young man do in the church? we must confine ourself in our answer. He can prepare himself for usefulness in Christian service. He can help in the Sunday school, either as superintendent or member of a class; both positions being equally honorable. So in the Religio, he can teach, learn, take part in the programs, or in some other manner perform the function of a member. The prayer meeting is calling him—he is needed there to pray, testify, encourage others. The priesthood may have need of him. Some one weaker than he is looking to him for advice, example, a word of hope, pity, sympathy. The father has placed his name on him; the mother has sealed it with her prayer. The responsibility is great. Will you make good, my brother?

IS THE STRUGGLE WORTH WHILE?—Who in his sane mind will say, "No"? Does it pay to be honest? Let the last words of wicked men answer you. Let the fate of the sinner tell the story. Read your answer on the face of the drunken sot, the convicted murderer, the thousands of striped criminals who curse the day they were born. Read your answer in the lives of men who have died glorifying God; in the testimony of Paul, "To die is gain"; of Christ, "In me you shall have peace." See the answer in the faces of righteous beings, in the glory that shines on a well-spent life. Is it worth while to do right? Does God live? Is he true to his word? Is there another life? Is sin happiness? Does wrongdoing produce joy? Are we responsible beings? Think deeply, and then answer the question: "Is the struggle put forth by the young man who desires to be a Christian worth while?"

A PSALM OF LIFE; OR WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal!
Dust thou art, to dust returneth,
Was not spoken of the soul.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

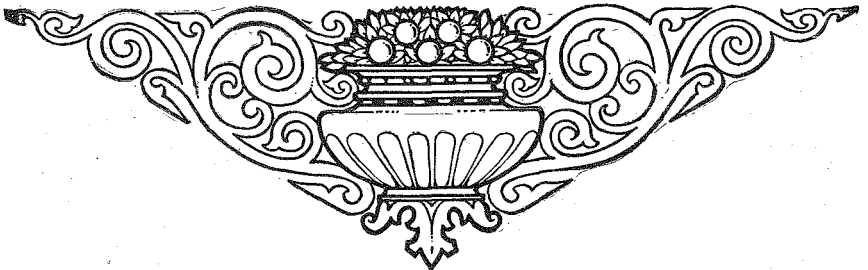
"Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

"Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

—Longfellow.



A Short Sketch of Church History. 1830-1844.

By Ernest A. Oliver.

PART I.—PERIOD OF FORMATION AND DEVELOPMENT.

One of the most wonderful chapters of the world's history is that which tells of the restoration of the gospel in these last days. No more pregnant sentence was heard by the nineteenth century than the one spoken to Joseph Smith: "This is my Son, hear ye him." It was a call to turn from apostate pastors and blind guides and listen to Jesus. Joseph Smith came talking about God in the present tense to an age that knew him only in the past tense. He was like the prophets of old, who, as Walter Rauschenbusch said: "went to school with a living God who was then at work in his world, and not with a God who had acted long ago and had put it down in a book." There is a prophetic harmony in the development of the church. It was organized with six members. But the edict had already gone forth that it should duplicate the New Testament church, with its twelve apostles, its seventies, elders, bishops, and "all as at the first," being in fact a restoration of primitive Christianity. There were not yet members enough to fill even a tithe of these offices. But in faith the Saints moved on, and one by one men were converted, and came out of obscurity into the light, and God set them, as of old, in the places that they were to fill, until the work was completed.—EDITOR.

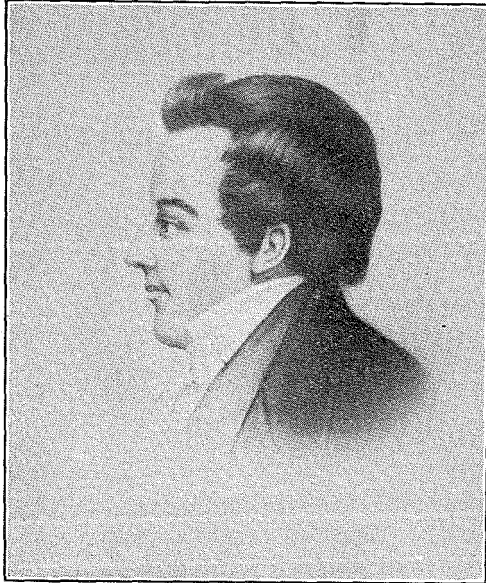
IN A sketch so brief as this must necessarily be, covering a period in the history of our church that was fraught with so many important events, it will be impossible to give anything like a detailed account of the incidents touched upon in the narrative. But in our short recital we hope to elucidate some facts which will give the reader an accurate, if not extensive, knowledge of the most prominent events connected with the rise and progress of the church during the lifetime of Joseph Smith, the Martyr.

That the Almighty was preparing to establish his church in power upon the earth, seems to have been a conviction in the minds of some of the reformers, particularly John Wesley, who said: "The times which we have reason to believe are at hand, (if they are not already begun,) are what many pious men have termed, the time of 'the latter day glory'; meaning the time wherein God would gloriously display his power and love, in the fulfillment of his gracious promise that 'the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea.'

"What could God have done which he hath not done, to convince you that the day is coming, that the time is at hand, when he will fulfill his glorious promises; when he will arise to maintain his own cause and set up his kingdom over all the earth."—Wesley's Sermons, vol. 2, sermon 71.

Had Mr. Wesley lived until 1830 he should have been privileged to see the fulfillment of some of these "glorious promises," but possibly not in the manner or through the instrumentality he expected would be used. As that instrument we present to our readers Joseph Smith, who was born at Sharon, Windsor County, Vermont, December 23, 1805.

Joseph's mind first became exercised about religion in 1820, it being the occasion of a great revival among the churches of his neighborhood. After these services there ensued a scene of contention, as all denominations were desirous of securing the greater number of "converts." Joseph was resolved to unite with one of them, but was in doubt which one he should choose. While pondering over the matter he read in James 1: 5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."



JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

"Though I was hated and persecuted for saying that I had seen a vision, yet it was true. . . . I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it."

Determined that he would put this promise to the test, he retired to the seclusion of the forest to pray. In answer to his prayer he relates that two heavenly personages appeared to him, one of whom addressed him, referring to the other in these words: "This is my beloved Son, hear ye him."

In response to his inquiry as to which church he should join he was informed that he need join none of them, since none of them was wholly acceptable with God. He was told that the true church of Christ was soon to be established upon the earth, and

that he, if faithful, would be the instrument used for the accomplishment of that work.

On September 23, 1823, he was visited by an angel whose name was Moroni, who told him of a hidden record written upon gold plates. This record was delivered to him September 23, 1827, with power to translate it into English. This he did with the assistance of a scribe, and in March, 1829, the contents of these plates were published to the world as the Book of Mormon.

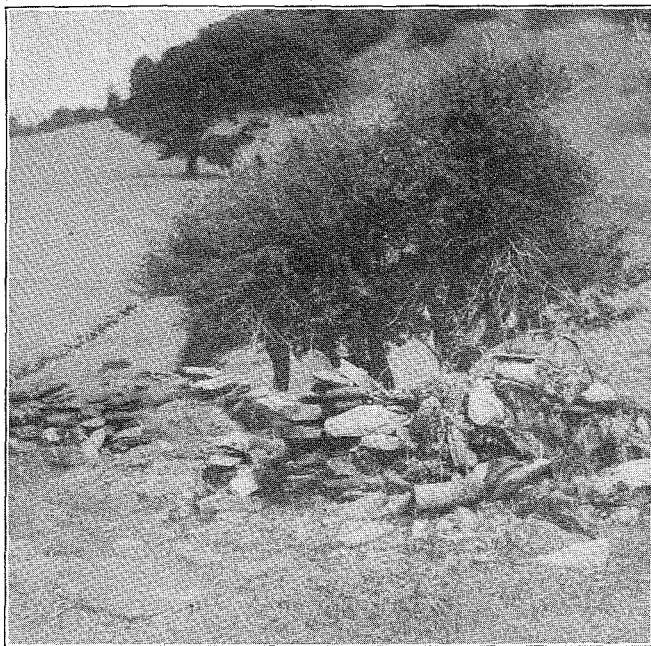


Photo by George Albert Smith.

AT SOUTH ROYALTON.

Ruins of the home in which Joseph Smith's parents lived, near South Royalton, Vermont. From there they moved to Sharon, where the Prophet was born.

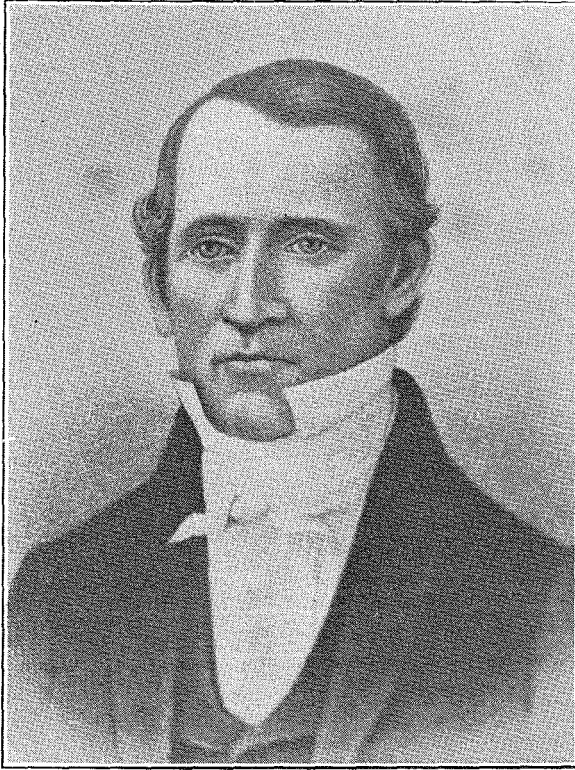
Step by step the young Prophet was led along in preparation for the organization of the church. During the period of translating the Book of Mormon the Aaronic priesthood was conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, under the administration of John the Baptist; and later they were ordained to the Melchisedec priesthood under the administration of Peter, James, and John.

Conditions having matured for a partial organization of the church, it took place at Fayette, New York, April 6, 1830, six members being present.

Provisions had been made by revelation for a more complete organization than was possible then, but it was necessary to await

the arrival of conditions essential to that end. In due time these conditions appeared, as we shall note in their proper order.

As soon as the church was organized it was decided to push forward the missionary work. In the latter part of 1830 an attempt was made to evangelize the Indians in the western country. The effort was quite successful, the red men readily becoming interested



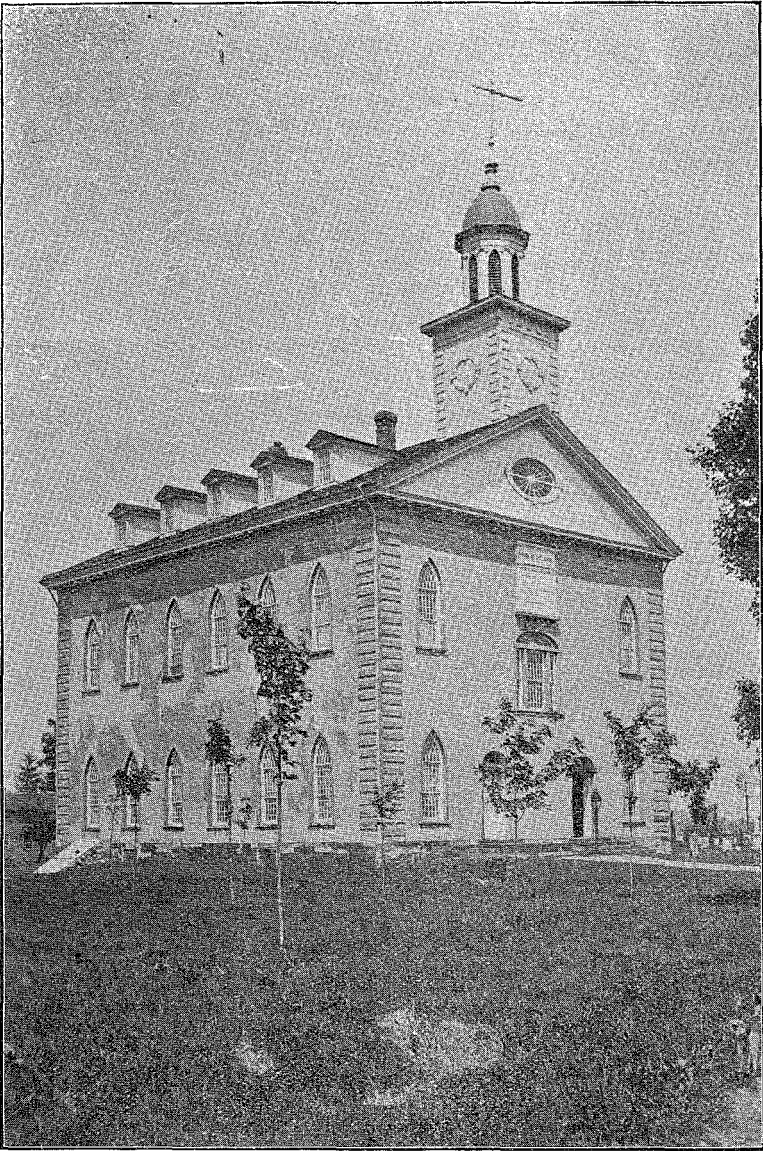
BISHOP EDWARD PARTRIDGE.

The first bishop of the church, called and ordained in 1831.

in the Book of Mormon as the history of their forefathers. About the same time the work gained a foothold in northern Ohio in and around Kirtland. Many of the leading men of the early church were drawn from there, principal among whom were Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams, counselors to the Prophet; Edward Partridge and Newel K. Whitney, bishops of the church, and Lyman Wight, prominent in the events of the Missouri persecutions.

So rapid was the growth of the church at Kirtland that in 1831 it was decided to make the headquarters of the church there.

As time advanced and the membership increased, progress was



THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE.

This Temple still stands in a state of good preservation, the only existing temple built in compliance with a revelation from God. It is in the possession of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

made in the organic development of the church, also conferences were held at frequent intervals, when the voice of the people was heard upon all questions affecting the government of the church, the Prophet ever holding himself amenable to the body for his personal conduct and administration of religious affairs.

On April 26, 1832, Joseph Smith, having previously been made president of the high priesthood and "first elder of the church," was chosen president of the church, and later Sidney Rigdon and Frederick G. Williams were called as counselors. These three constituted what was called "The First Presidency," whose duty it was to preside over the whole church.

On May 3, 1834, the official name of the church was first adopted, when it was resolved "that this church be henceforth known as the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints."

The Quorum of Twelve Apostles, the leading missionary body of the church, was organized February 14, 1835.

In their evangelical work this quorum was to be assisted by a Quorum of Seventy, which was organized soon afterwards. Provision was also made for the organization of seven quorums of seventy, should the magnitude of the work demand it.

The financial concerns of the church were placed in the hands of the bishop, who was to be advised in the work of his office by two counselors. The first to receive this appointment was Edward Partridge, who was called to the office of bishop February 4, 1831.

Another very important quorum was organized February 17, 1834, known as the High Council. It consisted of twelve high priests, presided over by the First Presidency. The functions of this body were of a judicial nature, constituting them the highest tribunal of the church.

Considerable literary work was done during these years. The publication of a church paper called the *Messenger and Advocate* was begun in October, 1834, and continued for several years. In order to preserve a record of important events in the church and keep in touch with its general progress, the offices of church historian and church recorder were appointed.

Doubtless the most abiding testimony of the work of the church in Kirtland is the temple, which still stands to remind us of the struggles endured and the blessings enjoyed in those early days.

On July 23, 1833, the corner stones were laid, and March 27, 1836, saw the building completed and dedicated. It was with great difficulty the work was performed. The Saints were few and their means limited. Added to this were the efforts of cruel foes to undo their work and prevent the erection of the temple. Often, the builders would return to their tasks in the morning to find the walls razed to the ground; and finally to preserve the work already done, the place had to be guarded day and night. It stands to-day in the possession of the Reorganized Church, a monument to the zeal and industry of its erectors.

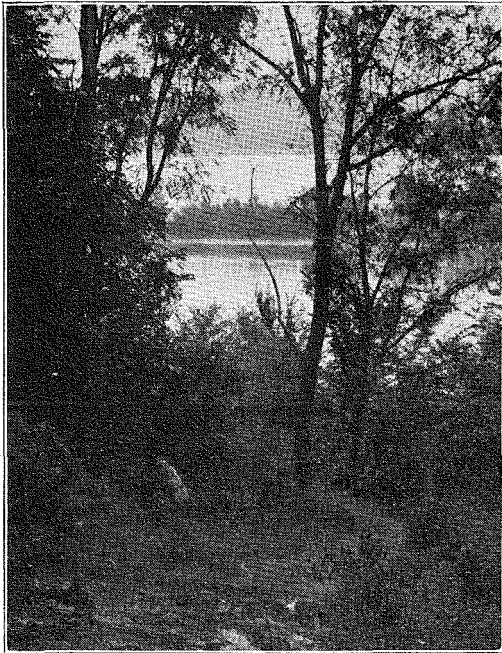
(To be continued.)

Invocation.

By David H. Smith.

Like the dew upon the hilltop in the evening softly falling,
 When the willows bright and golden wave their branches to and fro,
 Where the long grass by the streamlet, where the katydid is calling,
 Bends to dip its shining tassels in the dimpled wave below,
 Gentle Spirit, Holy Spirit, come and soothe me as I go.

Like the rain upon the meadow when the clover leaves are fading,
 And the wind as from a furnace bids the lily droop and die,
 From the west the gentle rain cloud, with abundance heavy laden,
 Comes to drop its fruitful coolness from the gray and solemn sky,
 Mighty Spirit, potent Spirit, come in answer to my cry.



"Where the katydid is calling."

Mighty source of holy power, bidding flowers of rarest beauty,
 Lift their radiant heads of glory in the desert of the mind,
 Causing souls of rugged nature to come tamely to their duty,
 Gently holding up the weakest with influence wondrous kind,
 Thou art welcome as the hand that bringeth sight unto the blind.

Thou art stronger than the earthquake, yet thy working goeth sweetly,
 Like the falling of the autumn leaf that flutters through the air,
 Thou art very, very precious; may my will for ever seek thee,
 While I purify my body as a temple of thy care.
 In the name of Christ, my Father, grant to answer this my prayer.

The Land of Dreams.

By A. B. Phillips.

Just out upon the borderland
 Where evening shadows fade;
 Where lulls reality, and comes
 The mystic fairy glade;
 Where fantasies are wove apace
 Which charm with wondrous spell,
 And scenes that interlace the years
 But moments need to tell:
 There lies a realm no eye hath seen,
 Where silence reigns supreme;
 Yet oft with noiseless tread I come
 To linger there and dream.
 There sweetest symphonies are borne
 Upon each passing breeze.
 Each flow'r bows low in courtesy,
 And speech comes from the trees.
 No sound is there, and yet I hear
 And see and feel the charm;
 For all is perfect harmony,
 And nothing there can harm.

Sometime, when shadows fade for aye,
 I'll enter this retreat;
 And, finding every loved one there,
 My joy shall be complete.



October's Call.

By Ivy Fisher.

In the golden fall,
 When the blue jays call,
 My heart cries out for the woods.—
 Away from the strife,
 Where humanity's rife,
 To God's own ripe, nut brown woods.

There the peace of the years,
 Filled with smiles and tears,
 Broods over with calm repose,
 And heals ev'ry smart
 Of the weary heart
 That has found a thorn with each rose.

The faint purple haze
 Over golden days
 Like a benediction seems:
 The recompense
 Of the soul's expense,
 Fulfillment of life's long dreams.

Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 5.

By Inez Smith.

I spend the time in working, watching, waiting,
While far you roam on missions of the Lord,
The precious truths of Jesus' gospel stating
In righteousness according to his word.

I hear thy voice when the pale evening shineth;
And thy loved presence seems near me to stand,
When the blessed sun upon the hills reclineth,
While gentle thoughts of thee like flowers expand.

When thy work is over homeward mayest thou hasten,
Unto the loving heart waiting for thee.
Great is thy sacrifice, and great thy blessing,
Joyous and thrice happy shall our meeting be.
—David H. Smith, in "The Missionary's Wife."

The stay of the two missionaries, Smith and Anderson, at Austin was very brief. It was autumn now and they wanted to get through the mountains before cold weather set in. Two or three days were spent with Alexander's cousin, Warren Wasson, in Carson City. The nights were getting cold, and Mr. Wasson advised them to sell the outfit with which they had crossed the plains and go on by stage; but no market could be found, so they went on.

The same day they left Carson City, as they were moving along rather slowly in the late afternoon, they came to a comfortable looking farmhouse. The land on both sides of the road was neatly fenced, and there were evidences of thrift and industry everywhere.

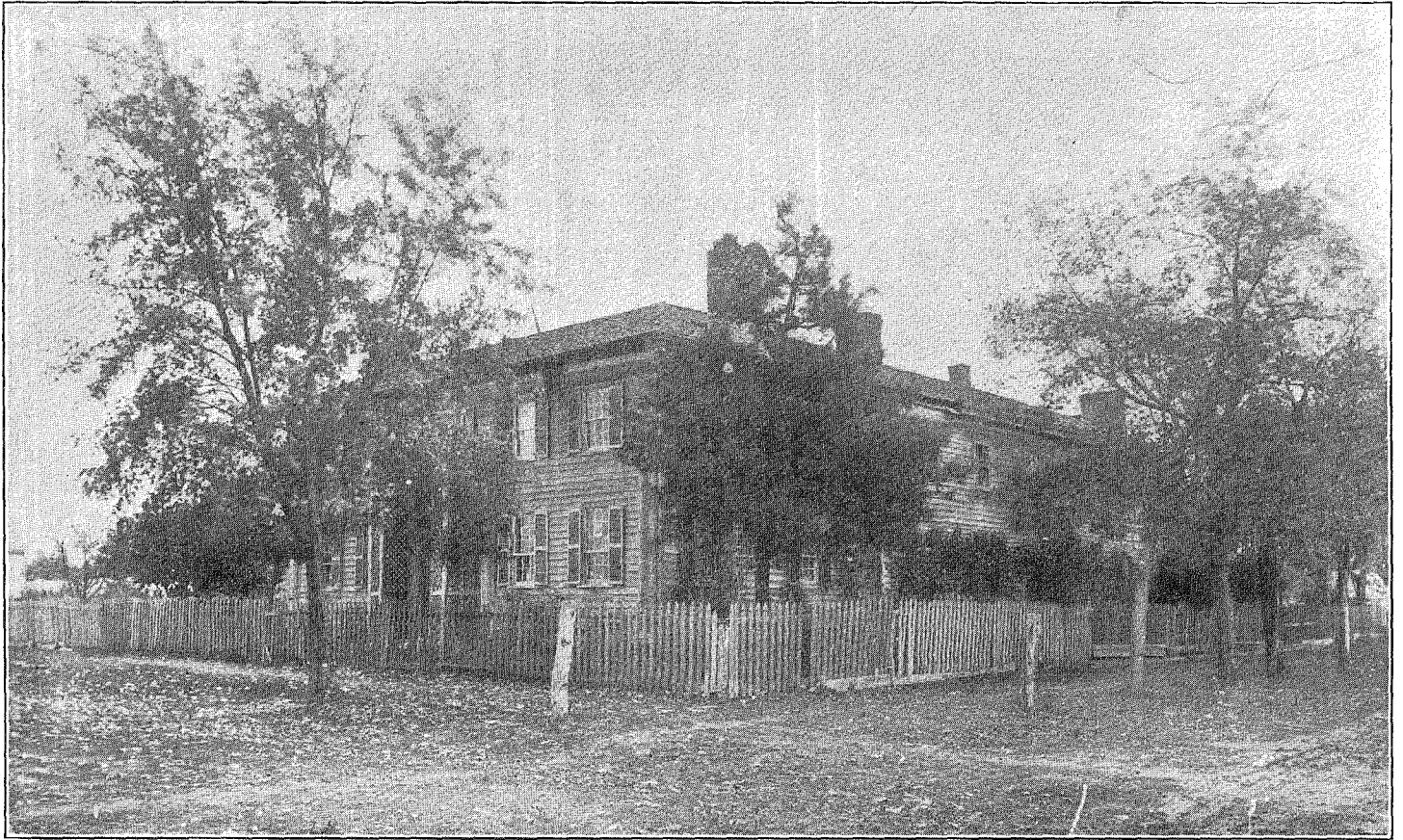
A woman came to the door of the house and looked expectantly up the road, then went inside again, but in a few moments she returned and looked again. This time she walked down to the fence, opened a large gate, and waited till the travelers drove up.

"Drive right in here, brethren. You are not to go any further now. You need not look so surprised. I know you. I know who you are."

The brethren, in spite of her admonition, did look surprised; and they were surprised too, so much that they could think of nothing to say; but there seemed little need of them saying anything. The woman talked pleasantly on, as naturally as if she had known them all her life, saying as she held out her hand to Alexander, "This is Brother Alexander Smith, and that man driving is Brother William Anderson."

The men stood uncertain as to what to do, and she repeated her invitation, "Oh, drive right in. You are to stay with us for a while. I saw you in a dream several days ago, and have been looking for you ever since. My family belong to the church, and you have a home right here, and are going no further until you rest up."

They went in, and found indeed that the kind people who had opened their house to them were expecting and had made every



THE MANSION HOUSE, NAUVOO, ILLINOIS.

The home of Joseph Smith the Martyr at the time of his death; later occupied by his widow, and at one time by the families of both Alexander and David Smith. To this home Alexander bent his eager steps on his return from the mission to the West.

preparation to receive them, since a few nights before the good sister had seen in a dream and been told to receive and care for them. These people, Brother and Sister David Jones, gave them a royal welcome and made the missionaries perfectly at home.

The Joneses proved not to be the only family of Saints in "Jack Valley," and while there these Saints made their visit pleasant. The missionaries preached in Genoa, Carson City, Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia. The nights were getting colder, and much as they were enjoying their stay in Jack Valley, it seemed wise to go on; and so they sold the mules, getting twenty five-dollar gold pieces for them. It was only about half what they were worth, but the journey must be resumed over the mountains immediately, if they wished to get over before winter.

Leaving Carson Valley, near the little village of Mottsville, they started the trip over the mountains by stage. It was a steady climb, zig-zagging among the mountains, sometimes crossing their own paths on bridges. This mountain road was a great curiosity to the prairie-bred man, and he used to like to describe it as "like a swallow's nest clinging close to a barn wall." Far, far below him he could see tall forests of pine and spruce trees. It was safe, they knew that; but whenever the coach gave a sudden lurch in rounding a corner, they were liable to forget their oft-repeated admonition, "There's no danger," and indulge their inclination to lean towards the mountain.

The California Saints were pleasant indeed, in spite of the fact that things were in poor shape for an ambitious young missionary. Most of the time must be spent in bringing affairs out of the confusion into which the disaffection of George P. Dykes had thrown them. The friendship and good will of the Saints made the task easier, and he was ever an eminent peacemaker. He learned to love the California Saints, and they him.

While in California, a rather amusing little incident occurred, while he and Brother Anderson were attempting to obtain clergymen's rates of transportation. They went into the office of a certain company in San Francisco and made their wishes known. The clerk looked them over with a glance that seemed to belie the old adage that clothes do not make the man. The missionaries became suddenly conscious, as the clerk's eye rested upon them, that their clothing was rather rough and travel-stained, and also that their chances of favor were diminishing rapidly as the clerk's eye roved from one article of apparel to another.

Finally he asked stiffly for credentials, but letters of appointment did not satisfy, and they turned away disappointed but not utterly discouraged. "Next time I come to ask favors of public conveyance companies," Alexander remarked, as he left the office, "I will have a sleek hat, a black coat, a stand-up collar, and a white necktie, and gold-headed umbrella."

The next day both equipped themselves and called on several companies. They got what they wanted. No one even asked to look at credentials:

On the 22d of September, 1867, Alexander Smith issued his

farewell address to the Saints of California, and prepared for the home journey. He had endured many hardships, which he "counted as jewels of worth," as "trials of faith overcame," and now it was home again! It had been a year since he left the little city on the river bank, a long, long time to his home-loving heart. He went among the Saints saying good-bye with a degree of sorrow at the parting, but all the time his heart was beating high with the thought of a dear spot in the big bend of the home river, where mother, wife, and babies were waiting for him.

He bought the ticket for home at San Francisco on November 12. He was not going across the desert this time, but a longer way, which required less time—by water. The next three days dragged dismally, but finally they were all on shipboard en route for home.

The voyage was pleasant and uneventful, except for the religious services in the cabin, over which first Catholics, then Methodists, then Spiritualists presided in turn, and last the Latter Day Saints were given a chance. On November 27 the booming of a signal gun announced their arrival at San Juan Del Sur. The landing was made with some danger and difficulty and the next stage in the journey begun. This was a trip by horseback on a native pony twelve miles over the mountain to Virgin Bay. That horseback trip was a delight to the adventure-loving young missionary. At Virgin Bay a boat waited to carry them across. The voyage was not pleasant. It was night, the boat was small and very crowded. At the landing another boat waited and they were taken down the River San Juan.

The passengers were unloaded before the boat reached the vicinity of the rapids, and after walking around this obstruction to transit, they found another boat waiting. The weather was murky and terribly hot, and the pleasure and variety of the tropic scenery was somewhat lost sight of in the contemplation of the scenery beneath them, for the trip happened to be one succession of sandbars. At last they reached Graytown, and boarded the steamer *Santiago de Cuba* for New York.

It was rainy and a little stormy, but the missionary was never troubled with seasickness. It was not long before they sighted the lighthouse on Point Antonio, Cuba. From there on the weather grew colder, until by the time they landed in New York on December 8, they were fully aware they were no longer in a tropical climate. It was the northland, and home! Alexander had enjoyed every moment of the trip, but it was not at all sad that home was only a few days away now.

Those dreams of home can only be understood by one who has been exiled from home and loved ones, and is coming back after months of longing. As the train left New York, he amused himself by calling up in fancy each of the loved ones, just as he had left them, mother, wife, little Fred, and baby Vida; there was another baby, now, born the November after he left.

This child he had never seen, but had named her Ina Inez. She was now over a year old, and a few nights before he had dreamed that he

saw her in her mother's arms, and that she had laughed and stretched out her dimpled hands, as if she had always known him. Somehow he kept thinking of that dream as the rattling old stage rumbled over the frozen road between Hamilton and Nauvoo. It was a gloomy, cold, December day, but no rose-covered villa in the sunny land he had left looked half so sweet to him as the gray old house by the river bank.

How they all crowded around to welcome him! The mother, crying while she smiled, and the little wife, with a flaxen-haired baby in her arms,—and the baby laughed gleefully and held out its tiny arms to him. Little Freddie knew him and shouted "Papa!" Only three-year-old Vida refused disdainfully to be friends with the big stranger who made himself so familiar in her mamma's house. The cold winter wind swept off the river and shivered through the bare trees, but inside the old gray house was such happiness as it had not sheltered for many months.

Alexander was hardly home before he commenced plans for moving his family to a place where they might have better church privileges; also be nearer a railroad. Plano, Illinois, the home of his brother Joseph, was the place selected, and they moved there in March, 1868. A temporary home was found in the upper story of his brother Joseph's house; a lot was bought near the site of the church, and a house planned. That spring at conference he was again appointed to the Pacific Slope Mission, but it seemed impossible to leave his family in their present position, so he stayed in Plano, and labored as best he could, locally. That summer he built his home, of which he was the architect, carpenter, and painter, and also assisted in building the church in Plano.

The church built at that time was the first church in the Reorganization deeded to the bishop. It was dedicated December 15, 1868. So many memories cluster round that little stone church at Plano! It was here in the spring of 1869 that they took the third little daughter to be blessed by Isaac Sheen and Joseph Smith, and gave her that sweetest of all family names, Emma,—Emma Belle.

That year, in April, Alexander was again appointed to the Pacific Slope Mission. This time he was to go with his brother David. He left Plano in May. His wife and children were comfortably situated in the plain, neat little house near the church, and the brethren had promised to care for them during his long absence. There was some business to attend to, and the dear mother to bid farewell at Nauvoo; here too he was to meet David and they were to start on their mission together. On June 2, his thirty-first birthday, he was at his mother's. He spent the morning building fence, while she was enjoying, as only a mother can, the getting of a birthday dinner for her boy. The birthday surprise was to consist of a big strawberry shortcake. Such a grand time as they had together in the dear old home, with only the shadow of the long separation, that was soon to be, to mar their pleasure.

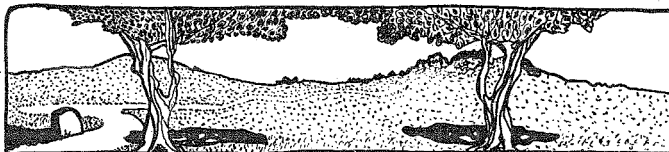
A day or two before he left, she called him into her room for a talk and said, "Alexander, you are going west on a mission to save souls. There are souls here right at home which are of just

as much value to God as any of those to whom you are being sent, and so far as I am concerned of far greater value. You need not flatter yourself that you are going to win those old members of the church back to the paths of virtue and righteousness, for you will not be able to do so; at least none of those who were leaders here before they went west. They will none of them ever return; they have sinned away the day of grace, and I want to warn you and thus put you on your guard. Don't allow yourself to feel hurt or bad at anything they may say about me. They will say bad things about me. Don't let it worry you at all, for I would rather they would say evil things of me than good: they can not hurt me, and it need not hurt you. I know them, and I know the spirit they are of, at least the leaders of that people, and I tell you again you will never win any of them over to the church."

It was almost impossible to imagine anyone saying evil of the mother, whom everyone he knew loved and respected, so it was not hard to promise her that he would not get offended or angry at anything he heard about her, but there was to come a time when even that promise to his mother could scarcely hold him.

Early in June, Alexander and David left the old home in Nauvoo, looking back to catch the last glimpse of the mother in the door of the old gray house. Once more she was sending her best and dearest into dangers that she knew only too well, but she was sending them with a brave heart. One by one the two brothers saw the old landmarks disappear and they were on their way west. This mission was destined to prove one of the saddest in the history of Alexander's missionary experience; it almost wrecked his faith.

(To be continued.)



EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.

The Ninth Elder John Howard Story.

By the Editor.

STORIES TOLD ON HALLOWE'EN.

The Hallowe'en party was in full swing at the home of Elder John Howard. Japanese lanterns twinkled among the shrubbery in the front yard. Within the house the parlors were decorated with great leaf-covered boughs from hard maple trees, now a rich, old-gold color, interspersed with scarlet leaves from the soft maples, with here and there a grotesquely carved jack-o'-lantern.

The program, as arranged by the social committee, proceeded apace, with recitations, songs, and games suitable to the occasion. Presently there came a lull in the informal program, and the audience broke up into little groups for social intercourse.

The younger, unmarried people, naturally formed in groups of their own or moved away in couples, to walk in the moonlight. A little company of the older ones drew around Elder Howard and the two traveling elders who chanced to be present for the evening. After a little random conversation, some one proposed: "Everyone must do something this evening. Now let us have a speech or a story from the elders."

The proposition met with the instant approval of everyone excepting the elders.

"Perhaps we do not know any good Hallowe'en stories," urged Elder Howard.

"Oh, we don't care for regulation Hallowe'en stories, with witches and goblins," urged the instigator. "Give us some personal experiences that will be profitable. Even if they point a moral, we will try and stand it."

"All right," capitulated Elder Howard, "we will hear from Brother S—— first. Give us a story, Brother S——, a true one."

THE PREACHER WHO WAS TONGUE-TIED.

"I don't know what in the world to tell you, in the way of a story, unless I tell you of the time when I was tongue-tied," declared Elder S.

"The very thing," laughed the others. "Let us hear it."

"Well, I am no story-teller, and can not trim it up with any fine

frills, so it will not take long. You see it was like this: I have always been somewhat opposed to theater going, and especially to attendance at moving picture shows, and the cheap theaters; because when people, especially young people, get started to these things, they get carried away beyond all reason, and waste both time and money that should be employed in other ways, not to mention the moral aspect.

"I do not suppose that it would hurt a person of fully developed character to go to these places, at times, for a little diversion; but there is the question of his example on others who are not fully developed, and this side of it was brought home to me on the occasion when I became tongue-tied.

"I was traveling at the time, en route to Independence, Missouri. I had to change cars at Saint Joseph, and had several hours to wait. I did not know a soul in Saint Joseph, or thought that I did not, and you know how dreary such a waiting can be in a strange place.

"Well, I went up town and walked around a while, and tried to pass the time away. Presently I found myself standing in front of a moving picture concern, called, if I remember correctly, 'The Bijou,' or some such fancy name, such as they all affect. The thought came to me, Why not go in and sit down and rest for a half hour and be amused?

"But at once I thought, Is it just the proper thing for an elder to do? Should he be seen in such a place? Instantly, however the retort came back, No one knows you here, so no harm can possibly come from it. *Your* morals will not be undermined by such trivial things as moving pictures.

"So in I went and sat down, and watched the show. I had not been there a half hour until I had witnessed five murders,—on the screen,—three of them committed by boys. My eyes had become accustomed to the semidarkness by this time, and I was also studying the audience. I noticed three boys in the row of seats directly in front of me. They were leaning forward breathlessly, watching every detail of those pictured crimes. I thought, Here are our future citizens, taking lessons in a most suggestive school.

"A train robbery followed, and then came a suggestive story of 'His neighbor's wife.' A married woman kissed her husband an apparently affectionate good-bye, and sped him on his journey. Scarcely was he out of the room when another man entered. Kisses and embraces and all sorts of suggestive situations followed. The husband returned unexpectedly. His wife's paramour hid himself in the closet, and so on, at great length. I noticed two girls about fourteen years of age, sitting across the aisle from me, watching the questionable escapade with absorbed delight. I thought, there are two future wives and mothers. What a training school!

"So presently I tired of the show and went out. I stood in the doorway a moment, in that dazed condition that one feels when emerging from a moving picture show. The sunlight seemed wholesome and real enough, but the men and women who were hurrying past all seemed shadow actors in a pictured drama.

"But by and by I noticed a young fellow standing across the street watching me. When he caught my eye he came over and held out his hand, saying, 'This is Elder S——, isn't it? Don't you remember me? I am the boy that you baptized a year ago.'

"I knew him all right; but I was not glad to see him. Strange, isn't it? One never gets so far from home that he will not meet some one who knows him. Some way I felt foolish and undignified, as an elder in the church, standing there under that moving picture sign shaking hands with one of my own converts.

"Our conversation was very formal, and almost immediately I made the excuse that I must go to my train. As we shook hands the young brother said, 'I think that I will go in and see the show. I have not been going to theaters, because some way I thought perhaps Latter Day Saints had better stay away from such places; but when I saw you coming out, I thought to myself, it must be all right, after all.'

"I looked at the boy a moment. I wanted to say, 'You better not begin. You will waste valuable time that ought to be spent in other ways. You will waste money that you should save to pay your way through college or to help the church. And the influence and suggestion of many of the scenes is bad. On the whole it will harm rather than help you.'

"Those were the things I believed and wanted to say. But I was tongue-tied. No Hallowe'en witch had stolen my power of speech. I was tongue-tied by my own example.

"I have wondered often since then if there are not a great many people in the world who are in the same predicament in one way or another. The experience made me more careful. I want to be a free man and not have my own example put clamps on my lips, so that I can't speak the truth when I feel that I should speak."

"Your experience," remarked Elder Howard, "lends point to the saying of Reverend Billy Sunday, that a Christian is a man who is as straight in Chicago, where he is not known, as he is at home where everybody knows him.

"Now it is your turn, Elder P——. Make your confession."

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

"My story," began Elder P——, "is suggested by the one that we have just heard. I do not like to tell it, because it does not reflect credit upon my judgment; but it occurred years ago when I was just starting out in my ministerial work, and I was lacking in both experience and wisdom,—though no one could have told me so at the time.

"I was traveling and had to wait at a station. But this was at a little junction point in Iowa. There was no town and no moving picture show to amuse me. It was an intolerably hot day in August, and presently I became extremely thirsty.

"I could not discover any well or any place of the kind where I could quench my thirst. The only business house in the place was

a little saloon in an old shanty, and evidently the saloon keeper saw to it that no water should be easily obtained by the traveling public.

"When I thought that I could stand it no longer, I went into the saloon, purchased a glass of lemonade, drank it as speedily as possible, and came out.

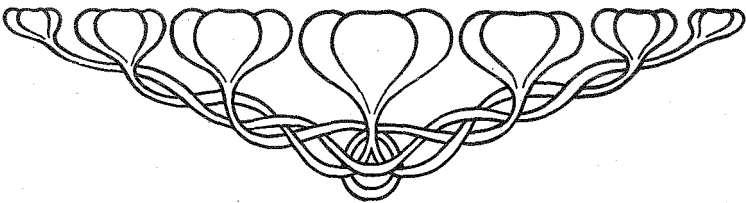
"As I came out I noticed a man watching me very intently,—one of those hook-nosed, weasel-eyed, pious looking individuals who would adorn a funeral procession. I thought nothing of it at the time; but when I got on my train, there was my hook-nosed friend, just behind me. And when I got off at W——, where I was to begin a series of meetings, my hook-nosed friend got off with me. And when I went up to the post office to get my mail, there he was again. He approached me and said: 'Excuse me, but are you the Latter Day Saint elder who is to preach here?'

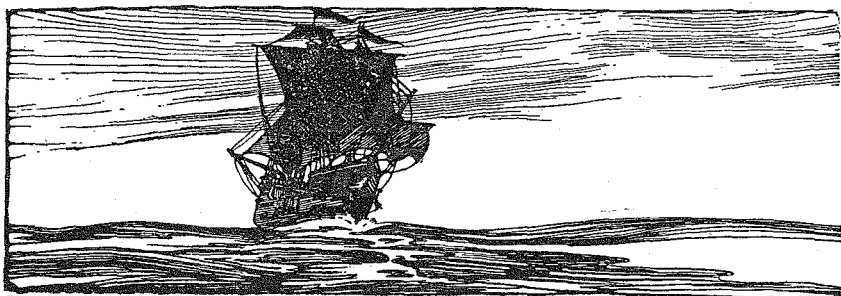
"I assured him that I was the man. 'Yes, yes; so I thought,' and away he went. And in less time than it took me to drink that lemonade, or so it seemed to me, the story was all over town that I had been seen coming out of a saloon.

"This hook-nosed person was deacon in one of the local denominations, and he certainly used his opportunity. I could do no good in W——; in fact the cause there suffered severely because of my unwise act.

"I too learned a valuable lesson and have always avoided compromising situations since that time."

"It is your turn, now, Elder Howard," cried several voices. But Elder Howard arose with a smile, shaking his head, "You will hear my story next Sunday," he declared. These brethren have given me a text, as worded by Paul: "*Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.*"





A Missionary Experience "Done Into Verse."

Brother Charles Crumley is the author of this little poem, not written for publication, but thus basely given publicity by the editor. A part of Brother Crumley's trip from southern California, land of sunshine and roses, to his mission field in Oregon, land of green hills and falling rains, was taken by water. A coastwise trip in rough weather is no summer picnic with hammocks and light reading. Out of the tumult of body and soul came this poem, leaving a vacancy that was filled at a later date (see last line of poem) :

MY SEA TRIP.

You requested a little line from me,
 Telling of things fate might decree
 On my trip o'er the bounding sea
 To the little port of Bandon.
 'Twas not a case of "see," but "feel";
 The things to see did not appeal,
 While the boat kept an uneven keel
 And a wabby deck to stand on.

The thing that makes its impress deep—
 That will ever before my vision keep,
 That kills my nerve and robs my sleep,
 Is the can beside my pillow.
 The gulls will not our boat forsake,
 And the fishes follow in our wake,
 For they will all the offerings take
 That are cast upon the billow.

The *distant* ship enchanted gleams
 On the sunlit sea, and the black smoke streams;
 But on deck it is not what from shore it seems,
 When the stomach's ailing.
 Oh, let me set foot on the solid shore
 Where I will not hear the creak and the roar,
 And then I will say, "No, nevermore
 Will I go sailing!"

Our ship is now about two days late,
 With Sickness the captain and Misery the mate.
 The ship plunged in a gale that would not abate—
 Oh, days of sorrow!
 But now quite soon our friends we'll greet,
 Who wait on the wharf our boat to meet;
 Then a sleep on shore and we will eat
 A horse to-morrow.

(Written one hour before www.LetterofDayTruth.org)

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth." Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Young Woman's Department, Mrs. Pearl Gardner, 707 South Fuller Street, Independence, Missouri.
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Too Much Organization.

This was the conclusion reached in a small branch of active members where the sisters wanted to reach the best obtainable in their respective lines of work. They started out to put in operation all the departments of the Woman's Auxiliary. But most of them were helpers of the other auxiliary work of the branch, and this called for teachers' meeting on one evening of the week and Religio on another, beside the regular week-night prayer meeting. A society of the young women was also to meet weekly; and how were they to find time for the domestic science classes, literary and educational work, etc., etc.? Anything in which the young ladies were interested must of a necessity be held in the evening, for

most of them were engaged either in school or office work during the day.

A wise conclusion was reached. They could not carry the work of all the departments in separate organizations.

A central organization was affected, presiding officers over the local being chosen. A home and child welfare society was already in operation, and the young woman's department ready to begin work. All other work should be combined with the work of these two societies under the supervision of the local organization, in which all were represented.

A slight departure from the plan generally followed was made by appointing superintendents to look after the work of certain departments, they to work in harmony with the officers of the society in which their work was to be pursued. The superintendent of eugenics was expected to confer with the general superintendent of this department and introduce studies in race culture with the other work of the home and child welfare department as might be approved by its officers. This department met weekly, in the afternoon, devoting only one week in the month to its distinctive program. The other afternoons were given to sewing and aid work, with one half hour occupied under the direction of the local superintendent of the literary and educational department. The reading and discussion in this half hour furnished topics for profitable conversation while busy fingers were profitably employed during the remainder of the afternoon.

Domestic classes were formed in connection with the young woman's society. The superintendent of this work was also the teacher, being, fortunately, well qualified for it.

The literary and educational superintendent led the young ladies' meeting one evening in the month, bringing out the result of the weekly home readings, directed by her along such lines as they chose.

By such an arrangement all kept in touch with and were benefited by the forward movements for the women of the church, at the same time reserving some evenings to themselves and their families, and escaping the result of being—as expressed by one overburdened though interested sister—organized to death.



The Night when there was no Meeting.

The second bell had sounded a moment before I entered the church. Then I stepped through the doorway and heard the sound of voices to find in the assembly room only Sister Stebbins and the janitor discussing the merits of a book the latter had been reading while he waited in the church to do the duties of his service.

It was a beautiful story, the more beautiful because the true story of a life lived joyously and devotedly in the interests of others, a simple, wholesome, happy, good life whose influences went far and wide, from ocean to ocean, and beyond to other lands.

It was the life story of a woman who rose from poverty in her youth and stood in her womanhood at the head of one of our leading colleges for girls. But the story was not so much of the position attained by her as the personality, happy and strong, and uplifting, that made her a beneficent influence in many lives.

Her life was not long, as measured by time, but to her each day was rich in its opportunities and she entered eagerly and joyously upon the use of them. Her husband, who writes her biography, quotes the words with which she awoke to a new day and its possibilities, "Here is another great, rich day," and he adds, "The glowing world was before her and with it she was in complete accord."

We were discussing this book, noting its beautiful diction which could have arisen only from a heart capable of a great degree of appreciation of the lovely, the exalted, the pure and intelligent qualities in the character of a cultured and good woman. The story carried us to halls of learning and culture and we thought of things pure and happy and delightful, of young girls blossoming into womanhood under the influence of a woman of the high type portrayed in the book the janitor had procured from the library to read in his spare moments at the church.

I observed once or twice at intervals a slight noise at one of the doors and glanced in that direction each time. Finally, the door softly opened and a stranger entered and came down the long aisle to where we sat.

She was quietly attired and carried her hat in her hand, so that I did not observe what I afterwards saw upon it and what I shall always look upon with a different feeling from what I had known before I met the woman of gentle presence who came down the aisle that night of which I write.

"Is there a meeting here?" she asked, and we answered that there should have been but we feared there would be none—a Sunday school business meeting about which there had been a misunderstanding. Seating herself near us, she announced to us that she was of the Salvation Army and then I saw the badge upon her hat.

Very quiet and gentle in her manner, plain in her appearance, both in features and in dress, this woman's business in life was to go forth in the world, in the places where the purity of womanhood is endangered, in the places where there is no purity in womanhood, in the places where maudlin men and women throw away with reckless hands the choicest gifts of God, their intelligence, their purity, their health, their happiness, their soul's salvation.

She goes her way to save, to rescue, to redeem those fallen low, to lift humanity out of the dregs of its bitterness; to speak to girls in houses of shame, of mother and home and Christ; to pray for those who can no longer pray; to bear away with rejoicing such as angels know those whom she leads to repentance.

These things came out in the subdued conversation we three women carried on, as we sat and talked seriously and earnestly over the grave problems the stranger's presence suggested. She spoke with sad familiarity of things we view from a great distance.

She told us of girls betrayed into vice, of their helplessness to extricate themselves without the aid of persons or institutions who can give them homes and employment. She told us of the large percentage of those once rescued who "make good."

She told us of the dying girl who begged for her associates to pray for her and of their despairing answer, "We can not pray; we must die as we live." And the pathos of the sad tale would touch a heart of stone where it told of the girl's last plea for the comfort of something akin to love in that dark hour when she was going forth to meet her God, "Can you just kiss me?" Surely the great Father's tears run down as Enoch saw them in vision, "as rain upon the mountains," when he looks upon such scenes as this!

The time came for the stranger to part from us. We showed her our rooms where we teach the little children of our fold, where we try to keep them pure before God. She spoke her gentle and earnest appreciation in a few words, but we could feel that upon her heart there lay the burden of the work she had chosen.

The evening was quiet. Over our little town there lay the stillness of peace. It seemed to me unusually quiet and peaceful, or was it only that we felt it the more in contrast with the great suffering, sorrowful world?

We walked with the stranger—no, our friend and sister, a portion of the way to her lodging place. We said good-night and good-bye and felt that we had parted from a gentle and gracious woman whom God must love because she is lovely in spirit.

"The Lord bless you in your work," she said, and "The Lord bless you in your work," was our answer.

In his name we parted and went our separate ways. And I went home and announced that we had had no meeting at the church.

No meeting! It seems to me that there was a meeting, that two or three were gathered in his name, and that God was there.

But one was not of the church. Nevertheless, I believe she was of God, and I shall never look upon the little card she gave me bearing her name, a pretty Swedish name, without my memory voluntarily yielding to me the picture of a woman of soft speech and gentle manner who goes into places of grave danger with the quiet courage and unshaken firmness that accompany a great and consecrated purpose.

CHRISTIANA SALYARDS.



The Young Woman's Department.

The young woman's department of the Woman's Auxiliary has for the young woman of the church that all important thing paramount in the life of every young woman who wishes to advance—something to do. It recognizes this need of to-day of doing something with a definite purpose in view, the lack of which in the lives of so many has made them useless.

The young woman's department is intended to be the incentive to those who have nothing special to do, or the rudder to those who

are drifting. We want to help hold those girls who are in the church, close to the church; and to bring the stranger within our reach by supplying to her what she needs and wishes for the incentive, work and purpose.

Most girls tire of just a good time continually and turn their attention to needs and conditions of others less fortunate. Some few are confident enough to go ahead wherever they see need of service. Others, and they are the majority, need a little leading and encouragement at these times and there is a crying need for service of this kind, both in and out of the church. Make each girl a personal study, finding out what she has talent to do, what she desires to do, and find a way for her to do this. She will delight to do what she has ability to do. There is work for every girl and young woman. Help her find her particular work.

In all communities there is a certain per cent who are regular attendants at church or other assembly who are inactive and indifferent and perhaps corresponding to the laborers who were hired at the eleventh hour when they said, "No man hath hired us." This is true of too large a percentage, and it frequently happens that the dormant talent we hear so much about is discovered in one of this class. To make our work complete and successful we must not fail to enlist the energies of every girl who has been overlooked.

In one of our recent prayer meetings I heard a father, a missionary, plead for his children, that they might have our love and encouragement. The mother being left alone with them would do all she could, but she needed help. Some one suggested that the young women could make this a part of their work. Not giving temporal necessities but giving real heart service, getting near to the boys and girls left without the care and guidance of a father. Get well enough acquainted so that the mother may trust you with her children while she attends a church service or takes a trip down town.

Perhaps this mother is longing and trying to read or study occasionally. You could relieve her of the care of her children for one hour a week or oftener, giving her that opportunity for an hour of her own.

Put your heart in your work and do it in a way that that mother will not think you are giving her your time. Rather be thankful that you can have the association of one who is willing to sacrifice so much for the sake of others.

We have in mind a girl whom the doctor had told she must have a rest, leave her work and keep quiet until she was stronger. This cut off her means of support. It was suggested that our girls secure for her a little sewing, mending, or darning, so that she might be able to stay at home and still be independent.

Another case where two little girls stay with their grandmother all day while their mother works in an up-town office. The mother belongs to the church but is very indifferent. The grandparents do not belong. Don't you think that mother, who is quite young, would be made happy if she received a call from one or two of the

girls occasionally? The children have all they need in the way of temporal necessities, and charity in that way would be resented; but the mother needs the companionship of those in the church, and out of that companionship will grow an appreciation of what is lacking in her life, that keeps her from being a working factor in the church.

You probably have some one in your neighborhood who is not at home but is boarding. This one may have no home and may be boarding of necessity. Invite her into your home occasionally and make her feel that you are interested in her. Try being kind and neighborly with those whom others seem to overlook.

You may recognize a particular need. Watch for the strange girls and welcome them. You might invite them to church, calling for them, as they might feel strange entering a new church alone. Be friendly with them, that in case of sickness or discouragement you might visit them.

One girl made a list of the sick and aged members of her community, and not only did she remember them yearly, but every month. The old people and shut-ins are usually remembered every Christmas and the rest of the year left lonely. It is easy to find something appropriate for New Year's Day, and for Saint Valentine's Day nothing could be more appropriate than a heart-shaped box of homemade candy.

Saint Patrick's Day suggests a little green.

April Fool's Day a little joke for each.

May first a May basket.

June suggests roses.

July a homemade, red firecracker filled with candy.

August a large fan.

September a visit and some autumn flowers.

October some choice fruit.

November something for the Thanksgiving dinner.

December a small remembrance.

The girls who will perform the work for the world that is real Christian service will be developing within themselves the pure love of Christ.

In undertaking the supervision of the young woman's department it is with a prayer that whatever path or plan we may work out it will be one wherein our girls may love to work and in which moral and spiritual development may result.

A great many girls' clubs are already organized, some for sewing, some for reading, others for charitable purposes. We wish all these organizations to affiliate with our auxiliary, and give us the benefit of their cooperation. Where there are none, provision should be made for organization, and let me urge that the paramount object of every organization be the real Christian service to others.

YOUNG WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT SUPERINTENDENT,

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Topics of the Times.

A NOTED WARRIOR ADVOCATES PEACE.—Sir Francis Vane has written a very striking article on peace education, and peace, appearing in the *American Magazine*. It is the more striking because it comes from a military man who has seen the glories as well as the horrors of actual war,—he says, however, that the glories are hollow shams while the horrors are very real. He served his country, Great Britain, with distinction during the Boer War; but regards that war as a war without a reason. He is leader of an international organization known as the “World Scouts,” resembling the Boy Scouts in discipline, but differing somewhat in ideals. Their object is to break down national lines and race hatred and promote international peace. Of war Sir Francis says:

“I took part in a war which in no wise can be said to have been a war of principle. At the end of it we all asked ourselves what on earth we had been fighting for.

“In that war I lost many dear comrades. Furthermore, as a direct consequence of that war I saw a degradation in civilization,

a lowering of morals that was almost amusing, if anything so pathetic can ever be amusing. I saw men who in peace time were ordinarily honorable persons, going about and in their own interests stealing and lying, as under no possible circumstances would they have done at home.

"This demoralization of officers and men would alone have been enough to make a peace man of me for the rest of my life. But I saw even more. It happened that before the war I had worked among the poor of the East End of London. I knew the poor as well as most men, and after I went to the war I kept touch with many families that had interested me. To even so superficial an observer and inquirer as I was, the effect of our expenditure of national capital on a wholly unjustifiable war was obvious. Every family that I had known as bordering on starvation became just so much poorer as to starve out some weakling. It became clear to me that the casualty list of the battle of Colenso, or of Spion Kop, was not after all the list published in the papers, but the multitudes of these helpless poor. Every expensive shell that was exploded in South Africa helped to take life from hundreds of little ones who died afterward at home.

"I need give no further apology for being a peace man, though I am a soldier.

"Savonarola once said that men and women may go to heaven or hell as they will, but we can direct the young. I do not presume for a moment that the older people can not be converted to a reasonable view of war and peace, but I do say that quite clearly it is more difficult to influence them than to influence the young."

So Sir Francis has resolved to dedicate his life to the work of teaching the young along right lines. He holds, quite correctly, that the average lecture or discourse on the beauties of peace, delivered perhaps by some fussy old gentleman or lady who never saw war, does not interest or convert the young in the least. But he thinks that when men like himself get close to boys in camp life they can drop many a word, picturing war as it really is, that will have a profound effect upon the hearers.

REPORT ON THE LAWRENCE STRIKE.—Federal commissioner Charles P. Neill was appointed by Congress to investigate conditions in the textile mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts, where such a bitter strike took place some time ago. He has reported to Congress, and states, among other things, that he found the earnings of employees, when working full time, to average less than seven dollars per week. Short time work was so common that many heads of families earn less than five dollars per week. Women and little children are consequently forced into the mills to help make the living for the family. Less than half the workers are adult males. Miserable want prevails. Apartments intended for a single family are crowded with fifteen or more persons. As a result morals and manners are in a bad way. This is a sad picture of one of our greatest industries—one that has made many millionaire mill owners.

SOME MODERN LEGISLATION.—Massachusetts is the first of our States to pass a minimum wage bill. The bill is very mild and tentative, proposing mainly to protect women against low wages. Wage boards are to be established in the different industries, under the direction of a commission, and a wage scale may be established indicating a living, decent wage for the particular industry. This commission has no power to enforce the suggested wage; but may publish the names of those employers who fail to comply, and the idea is that public opinion and the public odium attaching to one who is known to pay starvation wages to women will lead to a correction.

Two States, California and Washington, have an eight-hour law for women employed in shops, factories, hotels, etc. Illinois has a ten-hour law.

Many of the States now have laws regulating child labor—especially the Northern States.

Legislation along these lines has been bitterly opposed by those who are employers of labor, mainly on the plea of unconstitutionality. But the courts are coming to sustain such legislation on the ground that the legislature has the right to protect health, morals, and public welfare, and to prohibit or restrict those things that undermine the health and morality of the community.

A BILL OF COMPLAINTS.—British newspapers have published a symposium of opinions relative to the almost universal social unrest and discontent. Many eminent and learned men contributed articles. The *Chautauquan* summarizes the reasons assigned, as follows:

“Low wages, long hours, bad conditions in workers’ homes and factories.

“The high and still rising cost of living, which enforces hard economy and precludes saving for old age.

“Idleness, ostentation and vulgar luxury on the part of the rich and privileged—especially among the plutocratic elements which have inherited no traditions or obligations.

“Arrogance of employers in refusing to treat workmen as their equals.

“Caste, lack of democracy in the schools of the well-to-do, failure to live up to the ideal of brotherhood.

“Crass materialism and neglect of the spiritual side of life.

“The advance of intelligence among the masses, and the recognition by them that inequality is largely due to bad laws, past wrongs, greed, and cunning.

“Political democracy and popular education generally, which tend to produce a demand for industrial democracy and equity in the distribution of wealth.

“Selfishness, insincerity and hollowness in government.”

BLISS CARMAN’S NEW POEM.—Bliss Carman is a versatile poet of Canadian extraction. We have known him chiefly as the author of a book of verses descriptive of the Grand Pré. His latest production is a poem entitled “The truth keepers,” giving the mission

and work of women. In this he is happier than Kipling, whose "Rag and a bone and a hank of hair," or "The woman with a serpent's tongue," or "The female of the species is deadlier than the male," all leave a bad taste in the mind. Here are a few verses from "The truth keepers":

The foolish may babble and riot, but the deep-eyed helpmates know
The power that settled the roof-tree was more than the power of the blow;

And the law that guides our malehood out of the mirk and the reek,
Is the law of love almighty, the law of the strength of the weak.

This is the code unwritten, this is the creed we hold,
Because of the little and lonely, because of the helpless and old,—

Apart from the brunt of the battle our wondrous women shall bide,
For the sake of a tranquil wisdom, and the need of a spirit's guide.

Come they into assembly, or keep they another door,
The makers of life shall lighten our days as the years of yore.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt of their words shall sway;
Though life and death should defeat us, their solace shall be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical grace,
They have walked with angels at twilight and looked upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their fruitful ease,
Though we break at the toiling benches or go down in the smoky seas.



The American Indian.



Where the twilight's misty shadows over west-
ern ridges creep,
Where the rivers' foamy reaches bathe the
mighty mountains' feet—
There one eve, in purple gloaming, lighted by
the firelight's gleam,
Stood a man whose kindly features time had
marked with many a seam;
Three score years and more had fallen o'er
his head as white as snow,
Yet his eyes were shining brightly with a
youthful, unquenched glow.
Grouped about him in the firelight, breathless,
list'ning to each word,
Stanch, true friends, his red-skinned breth-
ren scarce a hasty movement stirred.
Some were children of the forest, unschooled
save in Nature's lore;
Some had delved and drunken deeply of the
white man's hidden store;

But they listened, wrapped in silence, while their history he told,
Holding in his hands the volume translated from plates of gold:

"Many years ago, my brothers, in a land across the sea,
In the city where our Savior suffered, died for you and me—
Lived a Jew, whose name was Lehi, with his wife and four sons bold,
A descendant of the Joseph who was into Egypt sold.

He was living in the season when the holy city stood
 Destined to be sacked and smitten by the fierce Chaldean horde;
 When the wicked Zedekiah reigned in fruitful Judah's coasts,
 And the upright in his kingdom were far less than evil's hosts.
 Lehi, at the Lord's commandment, warned the people of their fate,
 Preached repentance as protection ere the time should be too late;
 Told them God would spare their city, if their sins they would forsake.
 But they mocked his words to scorning, sought in wrath his life to take.
 Then the Lord in wondrous mercy warned his servant in a dream
 To abandon home and country and defeat the evil scheme.
 So he left his wealth and fled, and with his wife and sons and one
 Ishmael, and his wife and sons and daughters, toward the rising sun
 Journeyed, oft in fear yet guided by the Father's watchcare sweet,
 Till they reached the mighty ocean where the land and water meet;
 There they tarried worn with travel through the lonely wilderness,
 Seeking by the verdant seaside peace and happiness and rest.

"There the Lord, as Master-builder, spoke to Nephi, Lehi's son,
 Gave him plans to build a vessel o'er the ocean's waves to run.
 So he builded, though beset by many murmurings and strife
 From his elder brothers, in whose hearts rebellion ran rife.
 But at last they launched the ship upon the ocean's mighty breast,
 And were driven by the strong winds toward the choice land of the west.
 Safely riding on the waters they forgot, as men will do,
 Him who guided and protected, leading them all dangers through,
 And with revelry and music tried to drown all thoughts of care,
 Bound with cords their brother Nephi when he sought them to forbear;
 Then God loosed on them a tempest o'er the ocean wild and wide;
 The directors were confounded he had given for their guide,
 Till confronted by destruction, they repented of their sin,
 Loosened Nephi, and he prayed that God's forgiveness they might win.
 And the wind ceased and the storm ceased and there followed a great calm,
 And the stilling of the tempest spake forgiveness, sorrow's balm.
 Many days upon the waters—then the promised land appeared,
 Girt with verdure, crowned with mountains, which no human hand had reared.
 Inspiration truly names it "the land shadowing with wings,"
 North and south the spreading pinions of her "lasting hills" she flings;
 There they pitched their tents and planted, heaven blessed and prospered them,
 And earth yielded up her treasures, fruit and gold and precious gem.
 Years passed by; the righteous Lehi, blessing with his latest breath
 All his children, crossed the border of the country we call Death.
 Then his eldest son named Laman and his brother Lemuel
 Rose against the youthful Nephi, him in wrath they sought to kill.
 But God warned him; with his kinsmen to the wilderness he fled,
 'Mid new scenes the strong foundation of another nation laid;
 Thus upon the promised land two branches flourished, the Nephites;
 And the other, cursed of God, became the dark-hued Lamanites.

"For a time the Nephites prospered and the Lord their labor blessed,
 But pride, evil, and contention found these nations of the west.
 Righteous men there were, and upright, yet betwixt these nations twain
 Peace was tracked by wars and bloodshed swift as sunshine after rain.
 Laman's sons were wild and vengeful, Nephi's children oftentimes
 Left the path that leads to life and strayed in sin's alluring climes.
 When from far away Judea, at the infant Savior's birth,
 Streamed the glory of his presence, through the heavens o'er the earth,—
 Few there were who uncorrupted waited for this precious sign.
 But the gleaming of the new star softened hard hearts for a time.
 Yet this lasted but a season; when our Lord was crucified
 Darkness covered all the land, and death, destruction far and wide
 Fell upon the wicked people, fire, earthquake, tempest raged.
 Not till three long days of darkness was the Lord's just wrath assuaged.

Then he came, the King of glory, whom the Jews had crucified;
 Spoke to them of love, repentance, drew the fallen to his side,
 Took their little ones and blessed them, led their feet in paths of light,
 Told them of the joy that follows man's conversion to the right.
 Then he left them. For two centuries they walked in virtue's ways.
 Sons of Nephi and of Laman raised to God one song of praise;
 Then again came wars and evil, but two hundred years were past
 Till the dusky sons of Laman, in their battles fierce and fast,
 Had destroyed the Nephite nation; but Moroni, by the Lord
 Was protected from all danger that he might preserve the words
 Writ on plates of precious metal, which the righteous Nephites graved,
 Telling of their good and evil, of the thousands lost and saved.
 So we have this precious record hidden by Moroni's hand,
 And revealed by God's great power to us here on Joseph's land.
 Will you not accept its teachings? Why reject its wondrous light?
 It is as a signal fire guiding you to truth and right!
 'Tis the record of all others, speaking low from out the dust,
 Bidding you again to follow Him whose ways are ever just.
 Take ye up the Master's burden; it is easy, it is light;
 And when cares on earth are over you shall see his mansions bright.
 He has promised, if you seek him you shall pure, delightome be,
 As your Alpha saw his presence, so shall your Omega see!"

GRACE BAUGHMAN.

(Composed for the Deloit, Iowa, convention.)



The Home Department---What is it?

It is a branch of the Religio designed to reach those isolated from church privileges, bringing them into communication and association of the household of faith. For all to make a united effort brings the entire body into that condition of unity of spirit that is felt by all, even though they are widely separated. This branch, which is the great work of God, the eternal Father, designs to extend an invitation to all people, especially the children by adoption, who have not yet become acquainted with the teachings made plain in the inspired books of the church, namely, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Holy Scriptures. The Bible teaches us to buy the truth and sell it not. The time is near, and now is, when those who differ in opinion because of unbelief question, Why believe in the Book of Mormon? If our knowledge concerning this book be limited, then our opponent has not become wise as to where the true religion is being taught. Doctrine and Covenants 83: 8 plainly teaches that unless we accept and believe the Book of Mormon truths we are individually under condemnation.

As Religians, let us heed the latter-day request, seek and ask for the old paths, hence grow wise unto salvation. B. GALBRAITH.

Order in the Sunday School and Religio.

In the study of God's word we find that "order is God's first law." When he created the earth he set the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens, and we see how each faithfully performs its work in order. And as we follow his work through, we find he was very particular in having everything done orderly. When he gave commandments to his people, he was very particular that they should keep the commandments just as he had told them. We find that when the people became careless or dilatory in keeping them, they suffered loss.

We read in 1 Corinthians 14: 40, "Let all things be done decently and in order."

In our Sunday school and Religio by-laws each officer's duty is mapped out, and when we organize a Sunday school or Religio, we should be careful in selecting our officers, and select those who will be regular and on time, and each officer should attend strictly to the work assigned him.

Perhaps we can better understand the necessity of order and preciseness in the Sunday school by contrasting the two kinds of Sunday schools.

First, we have a Sunday school or Religio equipped with all its officers: superintendent, assistant superintendent, secretary, treasurer, librarian, organist, and with teachers, classes, and pupils. The hour of Sunday school is set at ten o'clock a. m., but if the superintendent is just a little late, it doesn't matter if we begin just a little after ten o'clock. Then the superintendent comes in about ten minutes late and sees there are others coming, so he just waits a few minutes on them. Then he raises and says, "We will open our school by Song Number——." All sit while they sing the first two verses, then the superintendent rises—"Please stand while we sing the last verse."

After responsive reading he will announce "Classes please take your places." The children get up and hurry and scurry all over the room, each one trying to get to a certain seat first.

There is an absent teacher or two and the superintendent inquires, "Will some one take this class?" and is refused by several. Finally he finds one who will "do the best I can, but haven't studied my lesson."

When the lesson is over the superintendent announces, "It is rather late, and we will dispense with the review to-day." Then he announces a hymn and dismisses. Think you such a Sunday school will prosper? Nay, it will be a continual drag, scholars will lose interest, the school will finally die out entirely.

Now, on the other hand, we will take you to a Sunday school equipped with every officer, each one being on time and in his place. The superintendent taps the bell promptly at ten o'clock. Every scholar knows what that means and at once quiets down, and he announces the hymn. The organist is at her place ready for duty, and at the tap of the bell all arise and remain standing until after prayer. At roll call every teacher is ready to answer present. Then at another tap of the bell the classes rise, the organist plays

a march, and teachers and pupils march to their places. Each teacher is furnished with a class book and collection envelope. She marks each pupil present, takes up the collection, and then goes on with the lesson. The class books and envelopes are collected and delivered to the secretary.

Twenty minutes are devoted to the study of the lesson, and five minutes before the time is up the superintendent taps the bell as a warning for all to be through in five more minutes, so that at the second tap of the bell all listen for the march. Then follows a short review or address or blackboard work. After which the hymn is announced and the school stands until dismissal.

We will let you judge which school will be the most prosperous. Which is the most interesting to all? Which the most pleasing to God?
J. L. HUGHES.



Transmission of the Bible.

“And after they go forth by the hand of the twelve apostles of the Lamb, from the Jews unto the Gentiles, thou seest the foundation of a great and abominable church, which is most abominable above all other churches; for behold, they have taken away from the gospel of the Lamb many parts which are plain and most precious; and also many covenants of the Lord have they taken away; and all this have they done that they might pervert the right ways of the Lord; that they might blind the eyes and harden the hearts of the children of men.”—Book of Mormon, 1 Nephi 3: 167-170.

The truthfulness of these verses is sustained when we follow the path by which our Bible came to us. We will not aim to go into the minute details along the way, but will notice just a few of the changes it has undergone, and the dangerous hands it has passed through.

Bible readers generally are acquainted with the origin of the Septuagint, but to those who are not we rehearse the narrative.

Alexandria, the great seaport at the mouth of the Nile, was founded by Alexander the Great about 332 B. C. In the early Christian age it was the chief trade center from East to West, and the home of literature and Greek philosophy. Alexander gave the Jews a quarter in it and they settled there in large numbers. After the death of Alexander it was under the despotism of the Egyptian rulers.

The Jews of Alexandria had probably still less knowledge of Hebrew than their brethren in Palestine; their familiar language was Alexandrian Greek. They would naturally follow the same practices as the Jews in Palestine, and hence would arise in time an entire Greek version.

An embassy was sent by the king of Egypt to the high priest of Jerusalem, to obtain copies of the sacred books of the Jewish law, in order to translate them into Greek. Superb copies were sent and a body of translators numbering seventy or seventy-two.

We are told the Pentateuch was translated as early as 284-246

B. C. and other parts were gradually translated until by 150 B. C. an entire Greek version was produced for the Jews of Alexandria.

The Greek version of the Old Testament is what is known as the "Septuagint," so called from the number of translators chosen. It is a translation very unequal and has come to us in a state of great corruption.

"Supposing the numerous glosses and duplicate renderings, which have evidently crept from the margin into the text, to be removed, and forming a rough estimate of what the Septuagint was in its earliest state, we may perhaps say of it that it is the image of the original seen through a glass not adjusted to the proper focus; the larger features are shown, but the sharpness of definition is lost."

"This is the oldest translation of the Hebrew Bible, and all the early translations, of which there are a great many, are made from this excepting two, the Peshito Syriac and Jerome's Vulgate, the latter being the authorized version of the Roman Catholic Church." (Smith's Bible Dictionary.)

Saint Jerome, in his commentary on the fourteenth chapter of Ezekiel, says: "When we translate the Hebrew words into Latin, we are sometimes guided by conjecture." Again he says: "When Origen observed that there was less in Greek than in the Hebrew, he did supply it from the version of Theodotion, and put an asterisk or star to it, to signify that this was to illustrate what was obscure." He also makes frequent mention of additions, corrections, and subtractions made in the version of the Septuagint by Origen.

Again, Du Pin says, that by the carelessness of the transcribers, and sometimes of those who set them at work, the asterisks or stars were misunderstood and entirely left out in some places, the additions of Theodotion were confounded with the version of the Septuagint.

Again he says it is certain it has been revised divers times, and that several authors have taken the liberty to add, retrench, and correct different things, also that in the first centuries there were different editions and that corrections had been inserted from the version of Theodotion and others, that Jerome was made to say with reason that in his day the Septuagint was nowhere to be found in purity.

We will now leave the Old Testament in this state and notice the New, to see if its journey was not interrupted in like manner as the Old.

The early history of the apostolic writings, so far as can be traced, is the same as that of other contemporary books. Saint Paul, like others, often employed the service of an amanuensis, fixing the salutation with his own hand. The apostolic autographs would naturally perish soon, for we learn they were written on material commonly used at that time called papyrus paper, which was fragile or brittle, or even stouter kinds likely to be used for historical books, were not fitted for constant use, so we are informed that history affords no trace of the pure apostolic originals.

Du Pin tells us that in the primitive ages there was no talk of reading the Holy Scriptures in the originals. Any copy whatever,

provided it was used in the orthodox churches, might be relied upon as if it had been the first original written by the hand of the apostle.

In searching different histories one finds version after version of these writings being translated by different men, far too many to be dealt with separately in this paper. We can only say the translations were done through the knowledge of man and no divine inspiration about it. I have failed to find that they claimed to be guided by such.

Du Pin says the critics have sometimes reformed the text because they have looked upon it as faulty; they have met with a sense that shocked them in the text, and which might be reformed by taking away one single word. They have determined that the text ought to read so and so and have boldly corrected the text upon a mere conjecture.

The first printed text of the New Testament was brought out by Cardinal Ximenes in 1514 A. D. Although this was the first printed it was not the first published, for the issue of it was delayed and the Cardinal was anticipated by Erasmus, who brought out in 1516 A. D. an edition which was published. But his work was done too hastily, and in one passage at the end of the apocalypse his manuscript being defective he supplied the defect by retranslating from the Vulgate or Latin.

The first translation of the whole Bible into English was by John de Wickliffe, 1324-1384; then followed that of William Tyndale, 1525, and several others of which we will not mention, but as the sum and the fruits of all these, appeared our present Authorized Version of King James' Version of 1611. This was made by forty-seven learned men, scholars. The principal regulations for the guidance of the revisers were the following (there were five rules, I name two):

"1. The Bishop's Bible was to be followed, and as little altered as the original would permit.

"2. These translations to be used when they agree better with the text than the Bishop's Bible; namely, Tyndale's, Matthews, Coverdale's, Whitechurch's, and the Geneva."

We are told we should bear clearly in mind that the Authorized Version was not a new translation; it was a thorough and scholarly revision of an already good version.

The work of these scholars remained practically untouched for two hundred and seventy years. It is true that during that time many small changes were introduced into the text by successive printers, but no officially recognized revision took place.

But by this time the work of revising became needful. First, because the Greek Testament text had been carefully studied in the manuscripts and existing authorities and many weak points had become evident in the Authorized Version. Second, because in the course of nearly three centuries words and phrases had become obsolete or changed in meaning. Third, because Greek and Hebrew scholarship had developed to a much higher degree than was possible in the seventeenth century.

In 1870 both houses of Convocation passed a resolution in favor of revision. Two bodies were appointed, twenty-five for the Old Testament and twenty-six for the New. The scholars invited to take part were chosen from as widely representative sections of the church as possible.

One of the instructions given the revisers was to make or retain no change in the text on the final revision except two thirds of those present approved.

Two companies of scholars in America cooperated in the work. The New Testament was issued in 1881, the Old in 1885.

A recension of this work, called the American Standard Edition, and embodying many important emendations made by the American Revision Committee was issued in 1901.

We have noticed a few of the halts in the long, dark, so dark pathway, which the sacred scriptures have journeyed. It is quite a wonder so much has reached us and as well as it is, and no wonder at all that the people stumble, and are blind and deaf spiritually. We are told in the latter day revelations, that "In a day when the children of men shall esteem my words as naught, and take many of them from the book which thou [Moses] shalt write, behold, I will raise up another like unto thee, and they [the words] shall be had again among the children of men; among as many as shall believe."—Doctrine and Covenants 22: 9. Again in section 42: 15: "Thou shalt ask, and my scriptures shall be given as I have appointed, and they shall be preserved in safety."

Should the passages above be true, there must be brought back into the Scriptures, those plain and precious truths, which could have gotten here no other way except by inspiration—divine inspiration. This work was begun in June, 1830, and was finished July 2, 1833.

The translator, Joseph Smith, was born December, 1805, and at the finishing of this work was in his twenty-eighth year.

At his death in 1844, the manuscripts were left in the hands of his widow, remaining with her until the spring of 1866, when they were delivered to William Marks, I. L. Rogers, and William W. Blair, a committee appointed by General Conference of 1866 to procure them for publication and were by them delivered to the committee of publication, consisting of Joseph Smith, Israel L. Rogers, and Ebenezer Robinson, and were presented to the church and public in pursuance of the commandment of God.

ADDIE SMITH HUSS.



Translation Fund.

The last General Convention of Zion's Religio-Literary Society authorized the raising of another five hundred dollars this year for the Translation Fund. The call is being made this year to every local society in the world, to every stake and district organization, to every isolated Religiian, to the home department, in fact, to everyone interested, and the results of last year's work is evi-

dence that we are all interested. Religians have always made good in answer to the call for contributions to the Translation Fund, and this year the opportunity is again yours.

The interest of the Religians in the past in regard to translating the Book of Mormon into foreign languages, has made such a thing possible, but more than that, their contributions from year to year have made the German translation a *reality*, and as evidence of this fact sample pages of the German Book of Mormon are being sent to the secretary of each local so that you may examine them. The date set for contributions to be made is Thanksgiving Day in November of this year,

Use any legitimate, righteous means in raising the money you intend to give, and mail same to the general treasurer, J. A. Gardner, Independence, Missouri, upon receipt of which receipt will be sent and proper credit given.

Help us all you can.

J. A. GUNSOLLEY, *President.*

J. A. GARDNER, *Treasurer.*



What Constitutes Evidence that the Gospel is True?

Anything that constitutes evidence or proof that the gospel is true must be in harmony with the gospel Jesus taught, for God is unchangeable. Paul said: "But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed."—Galatians 1: 8. We must teach as Christ taught, "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."—Ephesians 4: 5.

Christ had apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, and teachers, and they should be called of God as was Aaron. "And no man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron."—Hebrews 5: 4. Those who are thus called are entitled to light and inspiration from God, consequently are qualified to teach the gospel to others. We believe that the officers in the church to-day are called of God in this way.

Now let us examine the principles of the gospel and see if they harmonize with the principles Christ and the apostles taught. We will take each one separately; first, faith. Paul declared, "But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—Hebrews 11: 6. Jesus himself is authority for the doctrine of faith: "And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life."—John 6: 40.

After faith cometh repentance. "He commandeth you to repent, and except ye repent ye can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God."—Alma 7: 1.

John the Baptist taught repentance. Jesus said, "Repent, for

the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The apostles preached that men should repent. On the day of Pentecost Peter said: "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."—Acts 2: 38. This shows that we should repent and then be baptized for the remission of sins, and not for an answer of a good conscience, as many teach. In Mark 16th chapter, 16th verse we read: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." We also read in this same chapter of signs following the believer, as we see them to-day enjoyed by the members of our church.

After we are baptized we receive the laying on of hands for the receiving of the Holy Ghost. "And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied."—Acts 19: 6.

We also lay on hands for the ordaining of a member to an office. Acts 6: 6: "And when they had prayed, they laid their hands on them." For the healing of the sick: "And he laid his hands on everyone of them, and healed them."—Luke 4: 40. "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."—Mark 16: 18.

We believe in the resurrection. "Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen."—1 Corinthians 15: 12, 13.

In Revelation 20: 12 we read: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened, and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works."

Then another evidence is the knowledge given to each individual by God. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."—John 7: 17.

I have here given a few of the many quotations found in the Bible and Book of Mormon to prove that the principles of the gospel as taught by the church to-day are in harmony with those taught by Christ and his apostles.

HAZEL J. LEISE.



News from Societies.

Attleboro, Massachusetts.—Once more I write to let you know how we are getting on in Attleboro. We have changed our meetings from Sunday afternoon to Monday evening, and feel it has greatly aided in improving the society. During the past few months quite a number have been added to our local, among them Elder D. T. Shaw and family. We are glad to report that one of our new scholars was baptized last Sunday morning. We now have six classes instead of five. Our officers for the coming six months are, president, Thomas E. Moore; vice president, John D. Colburn; secretary, Gertrude L. Robbins; treasurer, Mildred I. Shallcross.

We find that our Religio paper creates quite an interest in the society, and it contains both amusing and instructive articles. Our secretary was one of the graduates of the high school class of last June, and was the successful one in winning the contest for the class poem. The theme of the poem was taken from an illustration which Elder Farnfield used in one of his sermons while he was here last winter. With best wishes for the advancement of the Religio in general, I am,

Your sister in Christ,

MYRA HEAP.

Saint Louis, Missouri.—As so often is the way, under the ruling of our newly elected officers, the Religio seems to take a new hold, and we are pleased to see the interest manifested. The outlines for programs, as given in the *Quarterlies*, are considered very good indeed, and we have found in the subjects that we have selected from them for discussion, papers, etc., that instruction has been derived therefrom.

The following efficient officers were elected to serve us during the ensuing term: President, T. J. Elliott; vice president, F. Mowry; secretary, F. Mottashed; treasurer, J. R. Lloyd.

We have granted four letters of removal to Brother and Sister Tanner and Brother Tanner, jr., and Sister Elizabeth Tanner. They are now numbered with the Kansas City Religians. While four have removed, we also have gained four promising workers for this noble cause.

Your sister in Christ,

ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

Chicago, Illinois.—Here's that first Chicago local again. It seems you can not keep a good man down. We have a live, progressive local of which we are exceedingly proud. We have just closed a very interesting debate: "Resolved the scriptures teach eternal progression from the lowest to the highest glory." We feel these discourses are beneficial, for those who are taking the active part have to "dig," as the saying goes, to find something to substantiate the side they are on, and the great multiplicity of ideas is an educational factor not to be overlooked.

We are all preparing for our reunion to be held at Belvidere, Illinois. We hope to meet many new faces, as well as all the familiar ones. Our hope and desire is that the upward and onward movement may progress, that the Religio society may be a blessing to the church, and that each and everyone may qualify for active service in the great cause we have espoused.

Sincerely in bonds,

FRED BONE, *Secretary.*

Lamoni, Iowa.—The local here has been in a rather unsettled condition owing to the large number of college students who have joined us, but we are glad indeed to have them with us and we are sure all will soon be running smoothly.

On Thursday evening, September 12, the Sunday school and Religio joined forces and gave a reception to the college and high school students and faculty and any other strangers who were in

town and wished to come. The crowd was larger this year than it has ever been, and a very profitable and enjoyable evening was spent. This reception is an annual event and is a great help in assisting the town people and college students and faculty to become acquainted.

Several weeks ago we invited the west Lamoni local to come in a body and visit us. After the lesson study a short intermission was given to permit the students of the two locals to become better acquainted with each other. This was a very pleasant feature of the evening. After order was again restored a very good program was given by the two locals. We certainly enjoyed this visit and hope they did, and that they will come again.

RUBY E. BAGULEY, *Correspondent.*

Providence, Rhode Island.—The election and business meeting of the Providence local took place Tuesday evening, July 16, 1912. The officers elected are Brother Herman Chellin, president; Fred Robley, vice president; Willimena Gates, secretary; A. Laura Fraser, treasurer and organist.

Brother Herman Chellin, our president, expects to make it very interesting for the young and old. We are planning to have social gatherings so as to bring others to the Religio.

Your sister in the faith,

ELSIE H. BRADBURY, *Correspondent.*

San Francisco, California.—We are still striving to keep our local in the progressive mood. The most discouraging part is trying to keep the young people interested. The lovely seaside, the clean sandy beach, the beautiful parks, yea, all nature smiles and the young people are attracted thereby on Sunday afternoons, and 6.30 fails to find the most of them at Religio service. A movement is on foot to change the meeting from Sunday to Friday evening whereby we expect to better our attendance and also have more time, for we sometimes find ourselves crowded for time on Sunday evenings. Our officers, with Brother Ray Lawn president, are all active and willing workers, and in this season of boosting and boasting, they propose to bend every energy to boost our local and strengthen the weak places by encouraging our dead boys and girls to greater activity and willing service. May success crown every effort. Our paper, the "Star of the West," edited by Sister H. D. Simpson, is always looked forward to as a good feature of the program, but it happens only quarterly. The parliamentary practice is always interesting in our society. We realize it is one great means of development. We have good talent, both musical and literary, and there seems no reason why our local should not be crowned with success.

L. D., *Correspondent.*

Autumn Leaves



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ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: On the Crest Road.	
Elder S. A. Burgess - - - -	482
Editor of AUTUMN LEAVES at Smiley Heights - - - - -	488
Lake Scene at Smiley Heights - -	489
Joseph and Hyrum Smith - - -	496
The Nauvoo Temple - - - - -	498
The Expulsion from Nauvoo - - -	500
David Hyrum Smith - - - - -	508
David Hyrum Smith - - - - -	510
Practical Papers - - - - -	481
Power (poem) - - - - -	487
A Visit to Smiley Heights, Southern California	487
Man's Dominion - - - - -	490
A Short Sketch of Church History, 1830-1844, Part 2 - - - - -	495
Biography of Alexander Hale Smith, Part 6	501
Editor's Corner - - - - -	507
Woman's Auxiliary - - - - -	519
Religio's Arena - - - - -	525



Spouts by the house.

ON THE CREST ROAD.

"We follow the winding road up, ever up, until the 'Crest Road' is reached, from which enchanting views are disclosed over the valley."—See Travel Series, "A Visit on Timber Heights in Northern California," page 487.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

NOVEMBER, 1912

Number 11

Practical Papers.

By S. A. Burgess.

THE YOUNG MAN IN CHURCH WORK.

This concludes our series of "practical papers" for 1912. We had intended to run this number in the December issue; but as the one who was to write for the November number failed to respond, we have changed our plans. Brother Burgess, author of this article, perhaps needs no introduction to readers of "Autumn Leaves." It is certainly fitting that he should close this series with his article on "the young man in church work," for he himself is a young man who has already made his mark in church work. Besides his work in the Saint Louis Branch, he is an active Religio worker in the general association, member of the Library Commission of the church, and one of the trustees of Graceland College. His knowledge of law and other subjects into which he has delved in his studies, and his activity in general church work, have made a rather unique place for him, and it might surprise our readers to know how many of the Saints write to him from various parts of the world for advice or information. Perhaps no young man of his age in the church has a wider acquaintance, more influence, or commands more general confidence. And this in spite of obstacles that might have discouraged others at the very outstart. There is plenty for young men of such spirit to do in church work. We need more of them. "God is calling now to battle, both the aged and the youth!" Are you ready for service?—EDITOR.

THE IMPORTANCE of young men in the work of the church can hardly be overestimated, when we consider that they are now preparing for the future work of the church. The work that our forefathers have done is completed. There remains the need of preparation for a different work than theirs. If it should be in advance, that will not be to the credit of the young man, as it will be only what should be done, building on the foundation that is left us. The work of the church in the past has been affected by peculiar conditions existing in the world—opposing the work not only in general, but also in particular.

A NEW AGE.

We now are not only approaching, but already living in an age when healing by faith is believed in by a very large percentage of religious people.

It is also a time when men are awakening as never before to a realization of unjust economic conditions, and they are groping in the dark to find a plan of cooperation, of mutual helpfulness, which will rectify these conditions. The world is moving forward not only to permit, but almost to demand an answer to these questions, and when we consider the more friendly public attitude towards our work as a whole, it does not appear at all unreasonable

to suppose that the work of some of the young men at least, will be more to the world in answering these questions than has been the case in the past.

DISCIPLINE AND PREPARATION.

The characteristics, discipline, and preparation that the young men need is that needed by all of us, whether old or young. No man can assist in this work, "save he shall be humble and full of love."

Five years ago we heard President Fred M. Smith say in a public meeting, that he had often looked over the congregation of the



ELDER S. A. BURGESS.

"Each of us has his life before him. Each hour is set with sixty minutes, each minute with sixty seconds. In the market of life we can not be all things. We must then choose, what is worth while. What shall we buy with our time?"

Saints and noticed those men growing old in years and gray-headed in service, who have stood by his father and upheld his hands, and had assisted him with their counsel and prayers, and that he had often looked over the congregation and asked, "Where are the men that will stand by me? who will uphold my hands in time of trial, and sustain me with their prayers, and assist me in carrying on the burden of the work? I do not know, but I have now this satis-

faction, that they are known to my heavenly Father, and will be made known in due season."

The Spirit which was present could not be ignored, and with a great wave the thought came over us, as we considered how our Father had been preparing him, his character and his mind, for the work he would have to do, that not only were those who were to stand with him and bear the burden known to our Father, but that they had been known for many years past, and that He has doubtless been preparing them also, each for the individual work they each shall have to do.

ADOPTED BY A KING.

When we consider even in the smallest degree, the greatness of the work that lies before us, and what it means to work for God, and with him, to stand as his representative, even in the *least* capacity in the church, we can but feel how earnest the preparation should be and how soon begun, which is to fit us for work in his kingdom on earth. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart therefrom,"—but in our hands is left much of this training. We are not speaking now of official position, because after all we are all called to the highest of all callings, to be a Saint of God. Did you ever think why your parents were so glad when you were baptized? Would they not rejoice if some earthly king had adopted you? Yet by that ordinance you were adopted into the family, not of any earthly king, but of the Lord of lords and King of kings, and to be not only his child, but also to be his heir, as well as a joint heir with the Savior. Nor is that all. For it has not pleased this King to remove us, but rather to leave to our parents and ourselves that training and preparation for full sonship. Nor does he leave us alone, but from time to time comes with rich gifts, the greater part of which we have not received because not old enough in a spiritual sense.

The young man then in the church should be as strong physically as he can. He should be as well informed in regard to the affairs of the world, as well founded as possible in truth, be it so-called scientific, or religious truth, but he should also be sufficiently humble to seek frequently his heavenly Father in prayer, so as to be fitted *spiritually* for the position of a Saint and son of God. And if he is to be efficient in the coming work of the church, he must be so far led by divine direction, as to be greatly assisted in his preparation. We can not hope for the right kind of preparation, if our time is taken up on the streets, and with those who are light and frivolous in manner. We need association with those in advance of ourselves, so that we may learn. But above all we need divine guidance.

There is open a large field to all the young people in the Sunday school and Religio work, but some soon get to feel that they are too far in advance, that they gain but little from the study. In many instances they are mistaken in self-judgment. But if correct, our preparation requires something more than getting something all the time, even if it is so excellent a thing as knowl-

edge. We should be prepared for the highest possible service and our greatest delight taken in giving help to others.

As the Savior went aside many times to pray in secret and alone, and as most of the great religious teachers are represented as seeking wisdom by prayer and meditation, so must we, at times, seek to commune with God for divine direction.

FASTING AND PRAYER.

Fasting of itself may do but little good, unless it is combined with a most earnest effort in prayer as well. There is a natural law back of that, and it is because of it that we are admonished at times to fast *and pray*, so that the higher and spiritual part of our nature may be more clearly manifest and the approach of the divine more readily made. Yet we know of those who have injured themselves by too great abstinence,—though the reverse is more frequent. So man should be temperate in all things, and while that means he must avoid overeating, it also means that he must avoid undereating, so far as possible, if he is to attain the largest possible manhood and service.

YOUNG MEN OF SERVICE.

Joseph, who was sold into Egypt, had his vision when only sixteen years of age, and so was still a young man, according to the standard of those times, when called to prominent service. David ascended the throne when twenty-three years of age. Samuel, the prophet, heard the voice of the Lord when only six years of age, and at thirty years was numbered with the prophets. Our Master discussed with the doctors when twelve years of age, and undertook his work at the age of thirty. Now it may be noted in this, that while it has pleased our heavenly Father to give revelations to those young in years for their own teaching, still they were not called to active service, so long as the law of the land gave their parents a claim upon them. So we see that even our Master observed this law and did not enter into active service until thirty years of age.

Noah was ordained when ten years old. Enoch when twenty-five years of age. John the Beloved and Nephi were both young men.

While in this present day and age, Joseph Smith, who translated the Book of Mormon, saw his wonderful vision when only fourteen years of age, the angel visited him when eighteen years old, he received the plates when twenty-two years of age, and organized the church when only a little past twenty-four years old; also five of the Twelve, when the quorum was first organized, were under twenty-five years of age, and the average was twenty-eight years.

So we note that President Joseph Smith also assumed the leadership of the church in his twenty-eighth year, while President Fred M. Smith was ordained to the First Presidency when only a little past twenty-eight. An examination of the Twelve in the Reorganized Church also shows a surprisingly large part of young men. To some this seems a mistake, yet we may remember that our

heavenly Father has called men young enough in years to permit them to qualify, and still have many years of active service. Then when the latter years come, when we are not able to work so many hours, nor so many years, still the training and knowledge that we have received, may make us still of great worth to the church. Youth alone is not a qualification for any position, nor is it a disqualification.

“THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG THOUGHTS.”

Youth will question God, the church, and anything else. It is ready to prove all things, and should be ready to hold fast to that which is true. While it is impossible for us as yet in a day to attain to equality with the supreme Being, or even to comprehend him in all his ways of glory, still it is possible for him to make himself manifest to us from time to time. But so many, when they find there are many things they can not understand as yet, they ask the preacher. When he can not answer in full for all things, are ready to reject both him and all of his message. They forget that he also is but a child of God, seeking the light. It is not given to him, even though his position be large in the eyes of men, to know all things now. But it is given to him, as it is to us, to study, to pray, to grow, and at last to understand and know. What would we think of a young man who would reject all that the masters of the laboratory had to say, and yet had himself made no experiment? The masters do not know all, but they have proven more than we.

ALL TRUTH HARMONIZES.

Another point worthy of our consideration is that truth must be harmonious with itself. If, then, our concepts of scientific or historical truth conflict with our ideas of religious truth, what the church teaches, we err in one of three particulars; our ideas of scientific and historical truth are wrong, or our ideas of the teachings of the church and religious truth are wrong, or both. The creed of the church is “All truth.” The Comforter will guide us into all truth, not in a day; but as we grow that which was difficult before becomes plain and easy to understand. The writer has found it so in times too numerous to count; that is, as we grow in knowledge, and spiritual insight, that which was difficult and unanswerable, has become easy. Yet we can not understand until we are old enough spiritually and the proper foundation has first been laid; nor can another explain to us until we are sufficiently grown up. But while as yet we only know in part, we have this consolation, that what we do not know, our Father knows, and we too shall know when we grow up, for he will surely tell us, as soon as it is for our best good, and we can understand.

But though many young in years have been chosen to responsible work, there is no room for seeking for fame, as is the way of the world. The man who desires and seeks an office, has at least one qualification why he should not be chosen. Because the fit man will be one who will realize his own shortcomings, and in humility will know, that regardless of how much knowledge he may have had,

or schooling, when it comes to the work of the church of God, he must needs have divine direction and help.

There remains, then, for the young man of the church, that work in the church and its auxiliaries for which his education and spiritual training have fitted him. There is a need, not only for able men to occupy those positions, which in the eyes of the world are chief, but also for a whole body of people ready to move forward with devoted purpose, to labor for the common good. Nor is the field limited. It may require a seeming sacrifice, yet what is sacrifice but *sacra facio*, to make sacred, or in other words, to consecrate and dedicate to the service of God?

LIFE BEFORE US.

Each of us has his life before him. Each hour is set with sixty minutes; each minute with sixty seconds. In the market of life, we can not be all things, as Professor James says: "Not that I would not if I could, be both handsome and fat and well-dressed, and a great athlete, and make a million a year; be a wit, a *bon vivant*, and a lady-killer, as well as a philosopher: a philanthropist, statesman, warrior and African explorer, as well as a 'tone poet' and saint. But the thing is impossible. The millionaire's work would run counter to the saint's; the *bon vivant* and the philanthropist would trip each other up, and the philosopher and the lady-killer would not well keep house in the same tenement of clay."

We must then choose what is worth while. Shall we buy with our time the fame that is perchance but a breath, or shall we rather use it to develop the highest possible within our reach, both of service and growth, and by doing so, lay up those treasures which are everlasting? It may seem in some ways to be a sacrifice, yet in the right sense of the word, it is only taking that which is temporary and passing, and making it that which is eternal and sacred.

What we may know of our heavenly Father is subject to our own efforts, almost solely. We are affected in part by our associates, but if we will, we may rise even superior to environment. What we shall *do* is left at the court of our own will to determine, and that means what we shall be here and hereafter. If we choose right, the terms are peace, the highest possible happiness here, and eternal life in the world to come. Eternal life means to know the eternal Father; that means to understand all of his works,—the truth,—and use that knowledge for good.

Will it pay?

Rather have we time for aught else?

Power.

By D. R. Baldwin.

Would you make a little heaven
Of the space you occupy?
Cleanse yourself from selfish leaven,
Keep your thoughts both clean and high.

Watch yourself each passing hour,
Free yourself from every curse,—
Thus you vibrate with the power
That upholds the universe.



A Visit to Smiley Heights, Southern California.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

By the Editor.

SMILEY HEIGHTS is a splendid example of the ability of man to transform and beautify a formerly barren and unlovely landscape. It may be used as an illustration in detail of the possibility of transforming the desert into an earthly paradise, such a transformation as we may suppose will be wrought on a large scale during the millennium.

Smiley Heights is located near Redlands, in southern California. From the crest one can look out through leaf-burdened boughs and see neighboring mountains that are to-day just what Smiley Heights was a few years ago—brown, barren, parched eminences, sparsely covered with sagebrush and greasewood, apparently a fit abode only for rattlesnakes and horned toads.

For Smiley Heights has been termed a “converted mountain,” while these others are “unconverted” mountains. It is a pretty good object lesson,—to be converted is to become fruitful and beautiful and useful.

The Smiley brothers were millionaires with vision enough and originality enough to see in this barren hill crest the possibilities of their present great, semipublic residence park. Wealth was the magic lamp which they rubbed, and water was the genie that came to do their bidding.

It was midwinter when we visited the heights, going by electric car to Redlands, and on foot through the grounds. We had visited the place before with horse and buggy, and came again later with Brother Best in his automobile, and on both occasions enjoyed the experience; but after all, the “foot passenger” is the one who gets full value scenery.

We approached the grounds by way of the public road, which



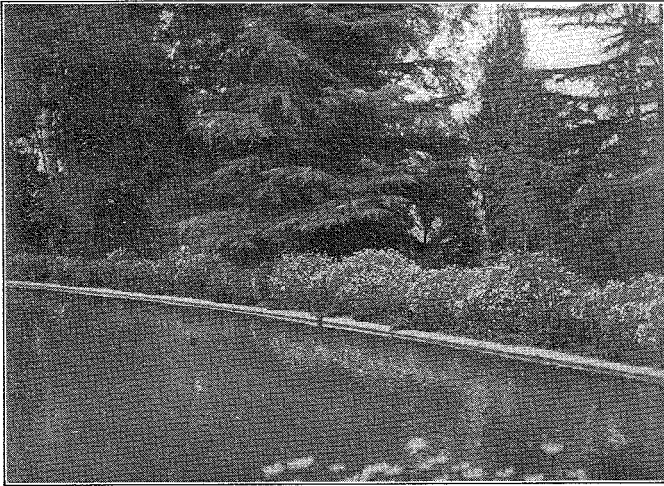
The Editor of *AUTUMN LEAVES* on a walking trip through Smiley Heights, in southern California.

ran between orange orchards where pickers were at work, and entered the gateway into the grounds. Instantly we had passed, as it were, into another world—a world of silent seclusion where forest shadows were broken by many an open sunny space, and diversified by luxuriant masses of flowers of every hue, and miniature lakes of polished placidity.

We followed the winding road, up, ever up, until we had reached the “crest road,” from which enchanting views could be obtained out over the valley for many miles toward Colton, and up the pass through which the Southern Pacific Railroad enters from the east. Numerous little summerhouses, fashioned in the style of Japanese pagodas, are scattered along the crest road, hanging out over the

cliff like swallow nests. In one of these we sat down and looked long at the wonderful view spread out at our feet.

As we have said, it was midwinter at the time,—so the calendar said. And so it was, in *fact*, throughout the East, and in all the Mississippi River Valley, and in the western mountain States,—one of the most severe winters in many years. The morning papers had announced the arrival over one road of fourteen passenger trains that had been stalled somewhere en route from the East by protracted “blizzards” with severe cold and heavy snowfall.



LAKE SCENE ON SMILEY HEIGHTS.

Here the fir and the pine grow in close proximity to the tropical palm, and flowers of every hue are reflected in the depths of the shining waters. “At every turn some sight of beauty wakes a tender thought.”

But here great banks of roses were in bloom, and the breezes seemed summer-laden with warmth and perfume. And besides the more familiar flowers and trees, there were many of foreign importation growing beneath the protection of the tall and graceful eucalyptus, exactly as though that were their natural home, and their roots especially fashioned to burrow into the soil of an erstwhile sun-baked and barren hilltop. The genie that came when the lamp was rubbed gave them life, and through them unfolded in stalk and leaf and blossom the unsuspected resources of the soil that through long ages had waited the magic touch of water. Water came to complete the trinity of soil, sun, and water, and so life, wonderful, multiform life, resulted.

Wealth had assembled here all these attractions. Private enterprise and brains and money had created this beautiful resting place. To the creators belongs due credit for their creative energy, and

for their generosity in making the place semipublic. Yet it is private property, and right to enter depends upon individual inclination, and in another generation the privilege may be withdrawn.

Private enterprise had pointed the way, and in our mind's eye we saw a time when society would to a greater extent foster and develop many such enterprises, using the resources of the commonwealth, and making them social property, for ever free and open to the people to whom they shall belong; so that all may come and rest and feast upon beauty and fresh air.



Man's Dominion.

From a Sermon by Elder Heman C. Smith.

PART I.—DOMINION BESTOWED AND FORFEITED.

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.

I may not have occasion to-night to invite your attention to any particular passage for a text, but I desire to present before you for your consideration and thought, man as he was, man as he is, and man as he may be; that is, to present before you the possibilities there are in man, the wonderful capabilities he possesses, the wonderful destiny he has the privilege of working out. And for the purpose of inviting you to what he was when created, I have read this passage of scripture. There are two others, however, that I wish to read in connection with it, that present the same thought, but some of it in a little different language; and I read them that you may get the idea as clearly as you can from the word.

After man had been upon the earth for some time, you will remember, according to the Bible narrative, he became wicked and corrupt, and God determined to destroy him from off the face of the earth. This was accomplished by means of a flood that came upon the earth, and again the Lord made the same promise to those who remained upon the earth that he made in the beginning, and you will find this promise recorded in the ninth chapter of Genesis:

“And God blessed Noah and his sons, and said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered. Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things.”

Another passage I desire to read in your hearing is found in the eighth Psalm; virtually the same as those we have read, but goes a little more into detail:

“O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger. When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou has put all things under his feet: All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.”

From these three passages of scripture you can easily discern where the place of man was among the creatures of God; he was given power over them, into his hands they were delivered, and he was to have dominion over all the earth, and every creature in the water was to be subject to him, all sheep and oxen, and all the beasts of the field, and fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea, and all that passed through the paths of the sea. All were under the control and dominion of man. His place, doubtless, in the creations of God was to be first, and he was to stand between the rest of God's creatures and God himself, and for the purpose of his being able to hold this dominion and to exercise it in righteousness, it was his privilege to commune with God, and by virtue of this influence, to be able to govern and direct all the rest of God's creatures, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, were to be subject to him; and if he was to command they were to obey; if his will was expressed they were governed thereby and he had absolute power over them. Ah! more than that. We learn from the scriptures that man, in his best estate, controlled the elements by which he was surrounded, that all these things were subject to him; that he could pray, and the heavens would remain dry, would not send any rain, as in the case of Elijah; pray again and it would rain, so he had all things under his control. That was the high position accorded to man when God placed him here upon the earth.

But God laid down the inexorable rule, the unchangeable law, that if he would be a ruler, he must be an obedient subject; if he would have things placed under his dominion to obey him, he must understand that he should obey the power above him. He was given to understand that upon the condition of his violating the law, proving untrue to the trust reposed in him, he would lose his place, and would no longer be able to control as was his privilege to control. This is a law or rule fully realized in the world to-day, that a lawbreaker is unfit to be in control or in authority. When, in a republican form of government, as we have here, we select

men for office, we do not select, if we know it, men who do not observe the law themselves. They only are considered worthy to execute the law who obey the law; and immediately, when this man transgressed the commandments of God, when, notwithstanding his high estate, he did not recognize the power above him, did do what he was told not to do, and put forth his hand and partook of the forbidden fruit, immediately there was rebellion in his own kingdom. The spirit of rebellion extended to those below him, and he was told that there would be enmity between him and the serpent. There would be an effort made upon the part of one of his subjects to destroy their ruler. That rebellion extended among the creatures that man was permitted to control, or would have been permitted to control if he had kept his place, until there was danger for the ruler to go out among his subjects; he was afraid to visit the beasts in the forest, afraid of the reptile as he passed along, lest they should destroy him, until to-day I fear there are none of us but that would be afraid to go into the den with the beasts of prey, lest we be devoured. Occasionally man tames some of the wild beasts, but he is always in fear. Why, if but as little a thing as a mouse should pass through this great assembly to-night, there would be some consternation, and individuals would be afraid until they were certain it was out of the way.

Man has lost his control; and is subject largely to his subjects, for their will is supreme in some cases, and he conforms to the conditions now prescribed by them. We desire in following out this line of thought to invite your attention to the condition that man found himself in according to the scripture. How he not only lost control over the beasts of the field and fowls of the air, and had to guard against destruction thereby, but he no longer controlled himself only in a very small degree, and he became subject to sin and corruption, and evil habits grew more and more upon him until he was actually afraid they would overcome him. We have to be on our guard all the time now lest we should be overtaken in temptation, and that we should yield to something that is destructive in its influence, instead of something that would do us good. We hear individuals occasionally who are this way; they are powerless, they have formed an evil habit, perhaps, that they know is injuring them, gradually sapping their life away, and when we remonstrate with them, they say, "I can not help it; I have tried to but can not. I made an effort, but am not strong enough to overcome the habit." Is not that a humiliating confession to be made by one whom God put in control, and put all things under his feet, and caused that he should hold dominion over all that God had made? But is it not a true one? That confession was made years and years ago by some of the sacred writers, as we find here in this book. They were in trouble, and in great anxiety lest they might be overcome, that evil habits and sin should overcome them. They shrank from them in fear, because they had so far fallen from their high estate.

I turn here to the statement made by the psalmist David that I want to call your attention to. In the nineteenth Psalm we have this statement made: "Who can understand his errors?"

So far in the dark that they did not recognize error when it met them, when it confronted them!

“Cleanse thou me from secret faults. Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me; then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.”

Is not that a pitiable condition for this man to find himself in? A man made to have dominion over all the creatures of God! Now as he is entangled with sin and corruption, he miditates in a manner that shows he was in fear; he appeals to God to interpose in his behalf: “Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins.” Interfere in my behalf and hold me back; I am inclined to go wrong: “Keep back thy servant from presumptuous sins, let them not have dominion over me.” There was danger then of sin having control, that sin would have dominion over one of God’s creatures, that he would be in the power of sin so that he could not be a free man.

Men are slaves to that which is wrong; sin has claimed the dominion, and their natures are under its control.

We read another passage from the one hundredth and nineteenth Psalm, where the Psalmist says:

“Look thou upon me, and be merciful unto me, as thou usest to do unto those that love thy name. Order my steps in thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.”

There was danger then of iniquity getting the dominion, a crying unto God lest something was going to control him,—he that was by virtue of his creation to control the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, the fishes of the sea, that controlled the elements which surrounded him. Now he pleads that some power should interpose in his behalf and not to let iniquity get dominion over him. But iniquity did get dominion over him. His history tells us that he proved to be a weak man. In some regards there was weakness demonstrated even in Israel; and if Israel, who were chosen as God’s people and the executor of his will and his revelations, were so weak, what could we expect of others? This weakness creeping in along here is no evidence that they were not felt after by God, or that God did not recognize them to a certain extent, but it shows how they were gradually degrading themselves, getting lower and lower, manifesting more and more that weakness, and losing to a larger extent as he proceeded the power, the right, the dominion to rule. We have statement here made by the prophet Jeremiah, that I will read, which shows the condition of old Israel at that time. It is a lamentable picture. Part of it might apply to us now—I fear a great deal of it will apply; but I will let you make the application when I read it.

“Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people! Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging place of wayfaring men; that I might leave my people, and go from them; for they be all adulterers, an assembly of treacherous men.”

Fearful indictment! The prophet wants to get away from them,

wants to find a lodging place in the wilderness, where he could get out from their presence.

“And they bend their tongues like their bow for lies; but they are not valiant for the truth upon the earth; for they proceed from evil to evil and they know not me, saith the Lord. Take ye heed every one of his neighbor and trust ye not in any brother; for every brother will utterly supplant, and every neighbor will walk with slanders. And they will deceive every one his neighbor, and will not speak the truth; they have taught their tongue to speak lies, and weary themselves to commit iniquity.”

Just one thought here. Can you make the application? do you think of any ways in the world to-day that men weary themselves to commit iniquity, and actually weary themselves to follow wrong, and sometimes think they have had a good time?

“Thine habitation is in the midst of deceit; through deceit they refuse to know me, saith the Lord. Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Behold, I will melt them, and try them, for how shall I do for the daughter of my people?”

You see the fearful condition that old Israel were in. They of all people had the right to be in communion with God; they were the literal descendants of the rulers of God's creatures, who could, if they would, exercise dominion over all beasts of the field, fowls of the air, fishes of the sea, and whatsoever passed through the paths of the sea. Yet they became so degraded that it was impossible for them to overcome. They were lost.

You have heard a great deal of talk, no doubt, from the pulpit, about man's being lost. Here you see what it means. He fell from his highest estate and was bound in sin and corruption, and could not possibly regain the ground that was his right to occupy. We are encouraged sometimes, however, by reading how God interposed in behalf of these wicked creatures. On occasions when they found themselves in trouble, and were desirous of doing right, and could not overcome the conditions by which they were surrounded, he came to their rescue. You remember the story of Daniel in the lion's den, how he was cast among the ferocious beasts. Now if Daniel had retained the power that was given to man in the beginning, they would not have done him any harm, for he had dominion over the beasts of the field; but now he had lost it, and was subject to them, and when he was cast into the den of lions he was subject to their ferocious natures, and they would certainly have devoured him. But here comes the testimony of one, who says, “My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths.”

Here is an individual that had not lost dominion. Man once had dominion over these beasts of the field; but he lost it and when he was subject to danger, and desired to overcome, the Lord sent an angel to his rescue, as that one came and ordered those lions to let him alone, and they did. Man could have done that in the beginning; but he could not then.

Again, when the three Hebrew children were cast in the fiery furnace, the heat would have destroyed them the same as anyone

else, but when the king arose in the morning and went and looked in the furnace, he said, I see four men walking there. Did not we cast in three? he asked of his attendant. These three men had been trying to serve God in their weakness, and when they found themselves in a condition that they were not able to cope with, God came to their rescue; there walked a fourth person with them, and the result was that, there being one who had not lost control of the elements, they came out of the fiery furnace without a hair of their head singed, and without the smell of fire on their clothing.

A great deal of sport is made sometimes by the skeptic, and they call this a miracle contrary to nature. No, it is miraculous from our standpoint; but it is coming back to nature. In the first place man was to be at the head of God's creatures, and to control them. Now, in his unnatural condition, he finds himself subject to fire, subject to ferocious beasts, and God interposes and protects him by sending some one who has not lost this power. Man lost his power and the natural things that he had obtained, through sin, and made unnatural those things which from the beginning were natural. We have misunderstood them, and have called the natural unnatural.

(To be continued.)



A Short Sketch of Church History. 1830-1844.

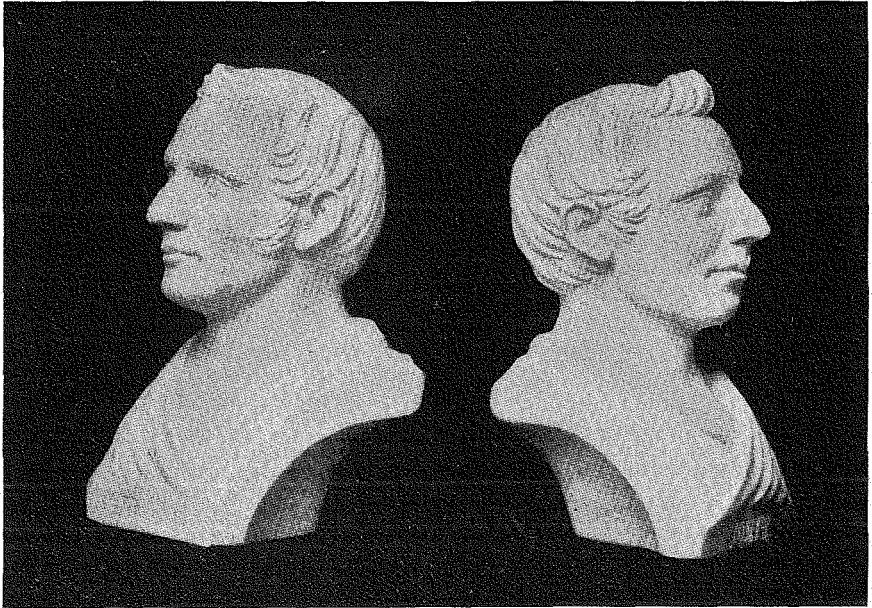
By Ernest A. Oliver.

PART II.—THE PERIOD OF PERSECUTION.

The church of Christ at Jerusalem had its period of upbuilding and gathering, and its period of persecution and scattering. Some affect to see in the fact that the Saints of latter days were persecuted and driven an evidence of their depravity. Yet it has ever been so with reformers, and even more so with restorers of lost truth. Christ had said that the saints should be hated, even as the world hated him. Had they been of the world the world would have loved them. He charged them when they were persecuted in one city to flee into another. This was New Testament teaching and prophecy. The Saints fulfilled the divine horoscope when they were compelled to flee from Missouri and later from Illinois, driven from city to city, like those of old. Finally the tragedy culminated in the murder of the Prophet. But thanks be to God, the persecutions of enemies and the apostasy of members came to naught, and truth again shone forth in the Reorganization under the legal successor.—EDITOR.

BEFORE passing to the recital of events in Missouri we wish to give a brief account of the rise of the church in Great Britain. So marvelous was the success of the missionaries there that the history of their labors seems almost incredible. The first preaching was done in the summer of 1837, by Apostles Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, Willard Richards, and two or three others. Men and women every-

where received the word with joy, so that by Christmas the membership numbered upwards of three hundred. By April, 1838, it had increased to eight hundred, when Great Britain became a regularly organized mission. In 1839 the Quorum of Twelve visited England. Some idea of the result of their labors may be gleaned from the following reports obtained at successive conferences. At a conference held April 15, 1840, there was reported for the mission a membership of 1,671; by July 6 it had increased by 650; and by October 6, 1,300. A conference held July 6, 1841, gave a total membership of 5,850—a gain of over 270 per cent in fifteen months.



JOSEPH AND HYRUM SMITH.

(Joseph at the right.)

To some this may seem in no way remarkable, yet we see in it at least three circumstances combining to make this one of the most notable missionary efforts the church ever undertook; the small number of those engaged in it; the bitter opposition of pulpit and press, and the conservative disposition usually manifested by the English people towards any innovation, especially when that innovation takes the form of a new religion.

But to return to the history of the church in Missouri. As early as 1831, when Joseph Smith first visited that State, it was revealed to him that the County of Jackson would be the future gathering place of the Saints. This was made known to the church in the East and immediately the tide of immigration began to flow towards Zion, as Jackson County came to be called.

Independence became the center of population and there was begun in June, 1832, the publication of the *Evening and Morning Star*. The Saints bought and entered from the Government a large tract of land which they improved and built homes upon. They soon became so prosperous as to excite the jealousy and animosity of the Missourians, who came to regard the Saints as most uncongenial neighbors. That the Saints gave them no reason to commit the depredations which they later committed there can be no doubt. It is true there was but little in common between the two classes, either as to social, religious, or political views. Missouri was the hotbed of the slave traffic, to which the Saints were unalterably opposed, and this may have contributed to widen the breach and enhance the bitterness which finally ended in open hostilities, but we prefer to believe that the majority of the Saints followed the advice of the Prophet by refraining from any interference between the slaves and their masters.

The crisis seems to have been reached in July, 1833, when a mob entered Independence and destroyed the property of the leading citizens, including the printing office and press, and drove the Saints from their homes. Most of the Saints found shelter in Clay County, where for a time they were permitted to live unmolested. Finally, however, the citizens of Jackson County succeeded in arousing the feelings of their new neighbors to such a pitch that for the sake of peace the Saints left the county and settled chiefly in Caldwell County, a practically new and unoccupied territory.

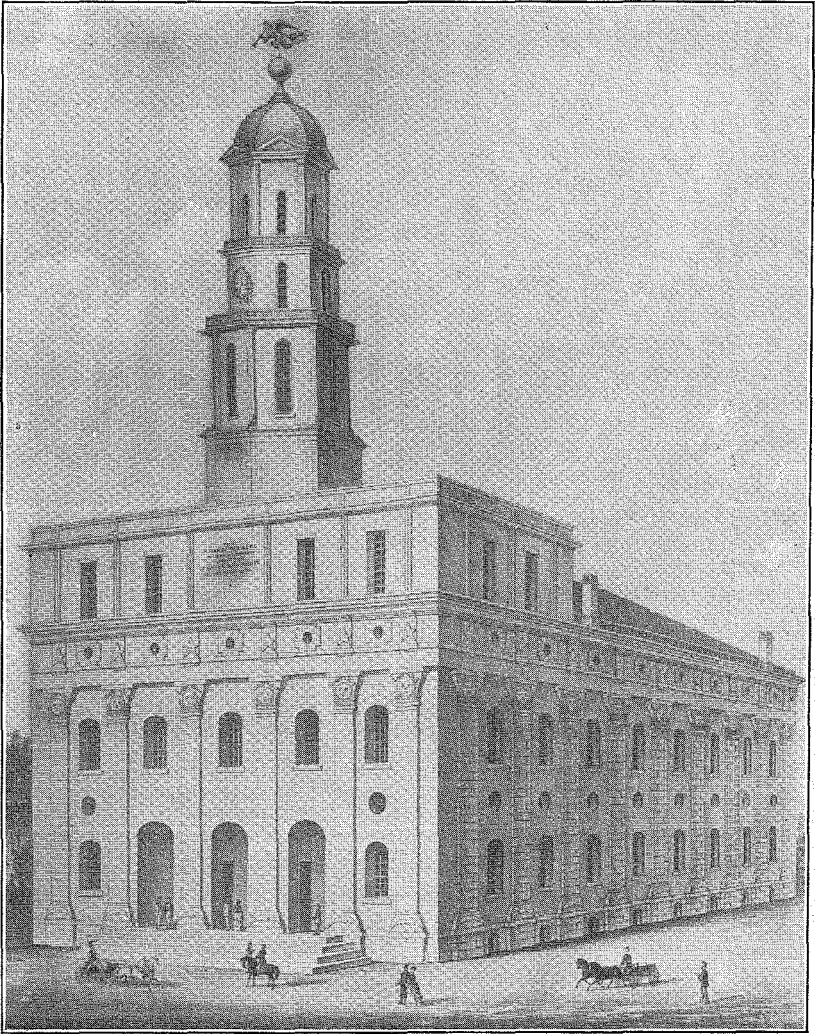
To this place Joseph Smith and leading men of the church removed from Kirtland, establishing their headquarters at Far West. A season of peace and prosperity was enjoyed until 1838, when a series of persecutions commenced, culminating in the expulsion of the Saints from Missouri.

We have not space to present in detail the causes which led up to this dire result; nor may we take the time to show who was to blame in every case; but we have no hesitation in saying that a spirit of barbarity seems to have entered into the hearts of the Missourians, causing them to commit acts which, for their savage cruelty, are hardly surpassed in the annals of Indian warfare.

It was in the winter of 1838-39 that fifteen thousand homeless people left Missouri and settled in Illinois. What amount of suffering must have been endured we leave the reader to imagine if he can. But it was their only alternative, if they chose to live, for Governor Boggs had issued orders to the militia that "the 'Mormons' must leave the State or be *exterminated*." The majority of the Saints settled around Quincy, and later at Commerce (Nauvoo).

Here they sought to repair their wasted fortunes and prosperity soon smiled upon them. The citizens of Illinois believed them to be an injured people, and received them very kindly.

Joseph Smith, with three or four others, was dispatched to Washington to wait upon the President and petition Congress for a redress of grievances. No action was taken by the Federal Government, it being the opinion of the President and most of Con-



THE NAUVOO TEMPLE.

gress that the matter was one of state jurisdiction, and, therefore, the Federal Government had no right to deal with the question.

Nauvoo soon grew to be a city, was incorporated and given a charter with extraordinary privileges. In January, 1841, Joseph Smith issued a proclamation to the church in general, advising the Saints in general to gather into the regions round about. As the result of this there was a great increase in the population of Nauvoo and vicinity, until it was estimated at about thirty thousand. A church paper known as the *Times and Seasons* was published in

1839, and continued until 1846. Many other publications appeared during the same period.

On April 6, 1841, the corner stones of the Nauvoo temple were laid with imposing ceremonies. This magnificent edifice was never completed, but at the time of its destruction it was well on the way to completion and is said to have been one of the finest buildings in Illinois at that time. During the years 1841, 1842, and 1843 its erection was a leading project before the minds of the church officials, whose constant appeals for means met with liberal responses from the Saints. So that it might truly be said to have been built by the tithing of the people.

The church had now reached an era of prosperity and progress unprecedented in its former history, and it seemed as though the cherished hopes of Prophet and people were soon to be realized.

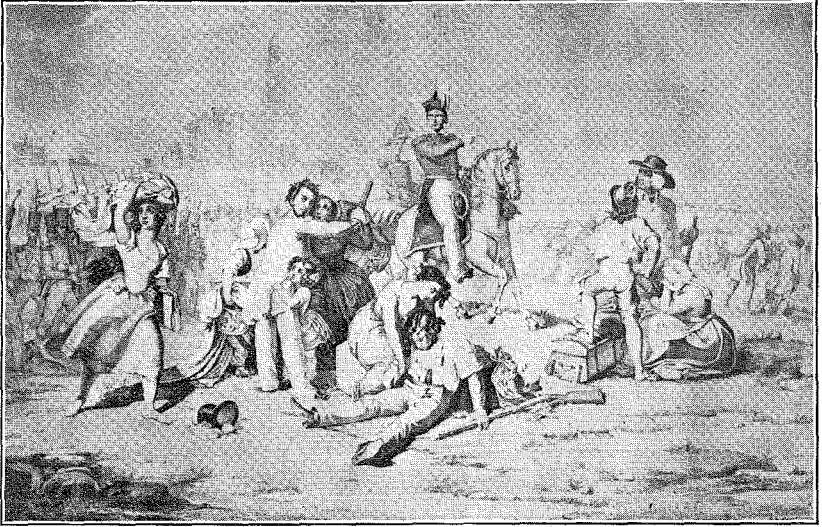
The year 1842 dawned radiant with promise, but before its close the threatening clouds, foreboding the storm which was soon to burst upon the church, had already begun to darken the horizon. Apostates within the church and foes without began to weave a network of circumstances about the Prophet which finally brought about his assassination.

Political affairs, also, assumed a condition which contributed to aggravate rather than allay the approaching strife. The presidential election was approaching and both parties in Illinois were desirous of securing the votes of the Saints, who seemed to hold the balance of power in their constituency. Toward the close of 1843 Joseph Smith entered into correspondence with the two presidential candidates, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun, upon the question of the Saints' troubles with the Missourians. No satisfactory answer being received from either of them, he decided upon nomination of the citizens of Nauvoo, to run for President himself, upon an independent ticket. Thus, the opposition of both leading parties in the political struggle was turned against him. Incensed at thus losing the support of the Saints, they naturally vented their spleen upon the Prophet, whom they held responsible for the loss of that support.

Turning to affairs within the pale of the church, we find the seeds of apostasy ripening. Some men of high standing charged Joseph Smith with crime, and counter charges were preferred in turn. The case was tried and these men excommunicated. They then began a bitter and slanderous attack upon the Prophet through the *Nauvoo Expositor*, which they published for that purpose. When the council of Nauvoo caused their printing press to be destroyed they accused Joseph of causing a riot and had him arrested. Later, a charge of treason was entered from another source. He, with others was placed in Carthage jail under the promise of protection from the Governor of the State, as the mob had by this time assumed a very threatening attitude. The Governor, however, did not carry out his promise, but left such a small force to guard the jail that the mob, numbering some two hundred, broke into the jail June 27, 1844, and murdered Joseph, and Hyrum his brother.

This was a terrible blow to the church. Provisions had been

made in the church government, however, for such an exigency as this; and had those whose duty it was to take the oversight of affairs until the legal successor was ready to take the Martyr's place, been true to their calling, all would have been well. Ambition seemed to take possession of the leaders, however, several of whom assumed the right to preside over the church. This caused the church to be broken into different factions, one of which was that led by Brigham Young, who some years later moved to Utah with those who accepted his leadership.



From an old painting.

THE EXPULSION FROM NAUVOO.

Many of the Saints wisely refused to follow any of these usurpers and faithfully waited for the eldest son and successor of the Prophet to assume the leadership of the church, which he did April 6, 1860.

TORONTO, CANADA.



Biography of Alexander Hale Smith.--Part 6.

By Inez Smith.

Onward, faithful, veteran soldier,
 Few more brave and wise than thou;
 Once I saw thee face the vaunter,
 Pluck the laurels from his brow;
 Now again I see thee enter
 In the lists the foe to face;
 God protect and bless thee, brother,
 Guard from ill in every place.
 Thou hast borne the brunt of battle,
 Boldly like a champion stood,
 Unflinching 'gainst the priests of error,
 True to honor, true to God.

Noble son of noble father,
 Living proof of mother's care;
 Happy those who entertain thee,
 Who thy company shall share.
 I have proved thee always faithful;
 Manly honor sits enshrined
 Upon thy brow; thou seek'st no honor
 Save in right, from human kind.
 Thy wife and babe, God keep from harm;
 Freddie, Vida, Inez, too;
 Oh! the sacrifice is Christlike;
 Brother, dear, a fond adieu!
 —Mark H. Forscutt.

This little poem was the parting tribute that "Uncle" Mark Forscutt paid to his friend and brother as he started out on his second western mission in 1869.

It was Alexander's great good fortune and pleasure to be assisted on this mission by his youngest brother David. David had united with the church before Alexander had, and from the time of his baptism had been active in church work, but this was his first long mission. Acquainted with missionary sacrifice, he had willingly, almost eagerly accepted this most difficult of all the missions supported by the church. David was the idol of the family; his mother was almost heartbroken at the thought of sending her youngest into the place, whose dangers she knew only too well. She had laid so many sacrifices upon the altar of her faith, but this seemed so hard and useless.

The two missionaries went by the old route across Iowa, partly on foot, partly by wagon, and partly by train, reaching Council Bluffs on June 10. A short time was spent in western Iowa, where money was furnished by the Saints there to complete the trip to Salt Lake City. In those days it seemed it was left to the farmer Saints of western Iowa to finance more than one long missionary tour.

The first stop after crossing the river was at Columbus, Nebraska,

where they found the same genial brother, Henry J. Hudson, who had insisted upon the purchase of the mules which took the first western missionaries across "the Great American Desert." Not a detail of the journey from Columbus on, but yielded some pleasure to David, and Alexander enjoyed with him the things that had he been alone might have escaped his notice. To David, the straight line of telegraph poles seemed like guardian angels protecting the great public highway. He was enthusiastic over the currant cake that Mrs. Hudson had put in the lunch; everything outside the car windows from the hills and grassy plains to an old buffalo's skull, a jack rabbit, or a sage hen was worthy of notice and comment; while the valleys and ravines, clad with "purple larkspur, white poppies, and mountain daisies," held a never-failing attraction for him. Those mountains had never seemed so grand and beautiful to Alexander as they did now, when he could show them to his younger brother, and see them through his artist's eyes.

Once in Salt Lake City the brothers registered at a hotel, then went to call on their cousin John Smith, who had been so kind to Alexander when he was first in Utah. Cousin John was absent, but his wife, Cousin Helen, received them, and made them welcome, urging them to stay, but they felt they could not, and started back to the hotel. They had not gone far before they met Cousin John himself, and nothing would do but that he must go with them to the tavern, get their baggage, and return. Cousin John's hospitable heart could not endure the thought that his relatives should sleep under a tavern roof while he lived in the city, and they didn't.

The following morning John took them to visit the historian of the church, another cousin, George A. Smith, a portly gentleman, who received them kindly. His son was there also, a very genial-looking person, whom David said "promised to do credit to his father in the portly line." There was a great deal of unavoidable coldness and formality on both sides, and yet both enjoyed the visit.

After calling upon all of the few families of Saints they knew of in the vicinity, they decided to try to obtain the tabernacle to speak in, as preaching on the streets was forbidden by law, and they had learned that the tabernacle was given over to other religious denominations at different times. For this purpose they must seek an interview with President Young.

They went to the Deseret News Office and asked if they could obtain such an interview, and were ushered into another room and told to wait for Brigham's answer. Here they were accosted by a half-crazed individual, who talked to them garrulously for two hours; now and then people passed through the room, staring at them as they went, but no word came from President Young. When they had stood it about as long as seemed necessary to them they rose to leave, but were interrupted by a messenger who came in and informed them that President Young would now see them. "Would you step into his office?" They would and did, and were ushered into the presence of not only Brigham Young but nineteen or twenty of his principal colleagues. The long wait was explained,

the last two hours or more had been spent in summoning these men from different parts of the city. There were John Taylor, Daniel Wells, George A. Smith, Brigham Young, jr., George Q. Cannon, Joseph F. Smith, Joseph Young, Phineas Young, and others. The room was nicely furnished and hung with many fine portraits, prominent among them that of Joseph Smith. It was a peculiar feeling it gave them here, under the roof of their enemies to find the portrait of their own father.

They were introduced to all in the room, and immediately afterward Alexander stated simply that as they had learned that others were granted the use of the tabernacle they would like to be accorded the privilege of addressing the people from its pulpit, representing the claims of the Reorganized Church. Without taking any notice of his request, President Young asked him to retract what he had said in Line and Fox's gardens two years before. He refused to do so. Brigham then asked where he got his information,—"From your mother?" he sneered.

Alexander answered, "Yes, sir; and I have confidence in her word." This angered Brigham so that he launched into a prolonged abuse of Emma Smith, accusing her of stealing the family portraits, Joseph's ring, and finally called her "a liar, the damndest liar that ever lived."

All Alexander's life he had schooled himself to hold his temper, and now in a moment overwhelmed with anger, his only impulse was to strike down his mother's persecutor—then quick as a flash, he seemed to hear the words, "You are representing the Lord Jesus Christ," and the words of his mother, the day before he left home, "Don't be angry at anything they may say about me." At the thought of his promise to her he held himself under control and only told Mr. Young to stop, he had gone far enough; the things he was saying were false and he knew it.

Some one attempted to pour oil on the troubled waters by remarking, "We love you boys for your father's sake."

Alexander said that that made no difference to him, "I expect to live long enough to have the people of God love me for my own sake."

Brigham was now in a towering rage and nothing could restrain him. He sprang to his feet, clenched his hands and shook them down at his side, raised on his toes and came down on his heels repeatedly, as he said, "*A name; a name; a name!* You have not got God enough about you to make a name."

Alexander answered simply, "Time will tell."

After a little more talk Alexander challenged him to debate, offering to meet him or any other authorized representative of the Utah Church in debate, on church propositions:

"You say you have the truth, what need you fear? You are men in full vigor of mind and reason, we are but boys. If it is as you say, you can easily overcome us, if we are in the wrong; but if it proves that we are right, the sooner you get right the better. Unfortunately for us, a Mormon legislature has made laws prohibiting preaching upon the streets of Utah, so we are denied the means

used by your missionaries to convert thousands; but you have not made it a misdemeanor to preach upon the mountain side, and we propose to get the ears of this people, if we have to preach to them upon the mountain side."

President Young was now too angry to speak and refused to answer, so Alexander turned to David: "Come David, let us go; it is useless to prolong this controversy." As they arose to leave, David said, "Mr. Young, are we to understand that we are denied the use of the tabernacle?"

President Young turned to each of the men present in turn and asked their opinion. The results agreed wonderfully well. When it came to George Q. Cannon, he arose from his chair and said:

"So far as I am concerned, I can soon express myself. After we whose hair has grown gray in the service of God and after we have borne the heat of the day, in persecution and suffering on land and sea, and have labored long and hard in heat and cold to build up a name for their father; for these boys to come now and tear down what we have been so many years in building up, to me, is the height of impudence, and I will not give my consent to it."

David's face was white as death, his words were calm and quiet, but full of sarcasm: "We will not deny that you have traveled far, suffered much, and labored hard to build up a name for our father, but what sort of a name is it? A name that we his sons are ashamed to meet in good society, and it shall be our life's work to remove from our father's name the stain you have heaped upon it."

Brigham, when all had expressed about the same opinion turned to David, carefully avoiding Alexander, and said, "No, *David*; we do not think it best to let you have the tabernacle."

As they started out of the room he said, "Boys, I would gladly take you to my bosom, if I did not think it would be taking a viper to my bosom that would sting me to death."

Alexander assured him that they had no desire whatever to be "taken to his bosom," especially after the reception they had just received, and the interview was at an end.

It no longer seemed right to impose upon the hospitality of John Smith and his wife, though it was urged upon them. Saints were poor in those days in Salt Lake City. It was hard for Gentiles and Josephites to gain a living in Utah. Those who left the dominant church were hounded systematically by the authorities, until they were glad to move away as soon as possible. Brother Horlick, one of the few Saints in the city, rented them some pleasant upper rooms, where Sister Thimbleby prepared their meals, the different Saints helping her by donations of flour, fruit, mountain trout, cheese, and so forth. Sleeping rooms were fitted up in the residence of a Mr. Browning, whose wife was a member of the church.

The brothers had visited Governor Durkee and Judge Strickland and in them both found good friends. Both men offered to use their influence in seeing that they found a place to speak in Salt Lake City; but this was unnecessary, for something happened that caused Alexander to say, "Brigham did us a good turn when he refused us the tabernacle." The firm of Walker Brothers, the

influential Gentile merchants, headed a movement in which they raised two hundred dollars, with which to rent Independence Hall. Here Alexander and David began preaching to crowds that packed the house to overflowing. Of course the people were counseled to stay away, but that only advertized the meetings. There were many baptisms, and many friends made for the cause, but disappointments and rebuffs were met with almost daily.

If a friend on the street started to introduce them to some member of the Utah Church, they were as likely as not to see the man turn his back deliberately and say, "I don't know them and I don't want to know them." This kind of a reception was especially trying to the sensitive and social-loving David.

It was a blessed relief to him to get out of the hostile air of Utah for a time; so when Alexander received a letter inviting them both to Malad, Idaho, conference in late August, 1869, he was enthusiastically in favor of accepting the invitation. Accordingly, on the 22d of August Brother Moore, of Malad, made his appearance in Salt Lake City, and with him they started northward. It seemed good to breathe again the fresh, country air, and the mountains covered with pine and cedar had lost none of their charm; but best of all, it seemed to them, it was to be again among God's people. The Saints named Alexander, Paul; and his brother, Apollos.

This country was an irrigated country and was not especially alluring to men who were used to the rich prairie land of the Mississippi basin. David declared that even the weeds lacked the careless and thrifty look that they had "back home," and looked as if they were clinging to the soil for dear life and would surely die, if they gave up their desperate hold even for a minute.

They preached in the evening, and David spent part of his day-time rambling about and writing letters, and "hymns for the new hymnbook," in the mountain ravines.

About the 2d of September they returned again to the city of the Saints; they had only been enjoying a furlough, and once back they were again in the thick of the battle.

The method of answering argument then most in vogue in Utah was to circulate secretly slanderous stories about Emma Smith. The devotion of the "Smith boys" to their mother was well known, and the leaders reasoned, and reasoned rightly, that nothing else would cut them so deeply and effectually as to drag their mother's name into the controversy. Not publicly, so it could be answered publicly, did they tell their wicked lies, but peddled them privately from house to house. It was a good school in patience and perseverance.

On the 21st of November they bade farewell to Salt Lake City with more sadness than they had thought possible. The few Saints there had been good to them, the Gentiles of the city had proven friends, and their cousins, John and Samuel Smith, of the Utah Church, were behind no one in kindness and generosity.

Alexander, though, had made his reputation in Utah. David was naturally gentler, he spoke of polygamy as "plural marriage" or "celestial marriage," and "blood atonement" as "that relic of barbarism," but Alexander was in the habit of calling blood atone-

ment "murder," polygamy, "adultery"; to him the taking what did not belong to one was "stealing"; and the telling of untruths was "lying." Each sort of preaching had its good effects, but Alexander naturally acquired the bitter antagonism of the Utah Church by his blunt and open criticisms. They *could* get along with David, they said, but Alexander, "he was the very Devil."

They went to Malad for a few days' reunion with the Saints there, then back to Corrine, Utah, ready to start west. Through the generosity of the president of the Union Pacific Railway, Leland Stanford, they had a free pass to San Francisco. They started at seven o'clock, December 5, from Corrine. It was night and the car was close and crowded. Their fellow passengers were gamblers and rough customers generally, so the two missionaries were forced to depend upon their own resources and the scenes outside the car window for entertainment.

The next morning, by scratching the frost off the window, they had a view of the country, sage-covered plains, low ranges of hills, with mountains at a distance; now the track passed high ledges of flinty rock, and once a long plain thickly crusted with soda and alkali, and no vegetation but greasewood.

At Carlin station some Indian women came to the car windows and asked for bread, which was exchanged for the privilege of seeing their papooses; the passengers readily gave the Indian women pieces of bread and cake if they would uncover the dark, round little faces of their babies for inspection.

When the Indians were gone sheer homesickness forced the travelers to delve into their valises and bring out their "photo albums," filled with photographs of friends and loved ones. For hours they looked these albums through and through, and the faces pictured there brought back home and happiness so vividly that no wonder David exclaimed, "God bless photographers."

California was reached late in December. If the mountains of Utah had delighted David the beauties of California held a deeper witchery for him, although here the scenes were "marred by the hand of man in his search for gold" in some places. At Sacramento their home was with Brother Aaron Garlick, although they visited with many other Saints. At San Francisco Brother T. J. Andrews entertained them, and every place they found welcome and good cheer.

Under the strain of the Utah mission David's health was broken, and even the friends and flowers of California, two essentials of his beauty-loving nature, failed to restore him. Alexander's mind was constantly full of anxiety for this loved younger brother, and he tried place after place, vainly hoping that the climate might restore David's broken health.

(To be continued.)

EDITOR'S CORNER

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ELBERT A. SMITH, 467 G Street, San Bernardino, California.

David H. Smith in Utah.

IN THIS issue Sister Inez Smith tells the story of the mission of Alexander Hale and David Hyrum Smith to Utah, in 1869. It may not be amiss here to introduce as an interesting sidelight some correspondence from the pen of David H. Smith relative to his part in the mission, also some newspaper extracts.

Writing to the *Saints' Herald* at the time, he told of their notable visit to Brigham Young, at which time, after having been ushered "into the presence," as he expresses it, they were forced to listen to a savage attack upon the character of their mother. Of which he writes, "Why is it not better to talk of men and principles, and not attack the character of a mother in Israel, whose life is at home, and whose occupation the care of her family." David bore this attack with serenity, assuring Brigham, "You may as well try to rub silver off from the moon as to attempt to destroy the purity of my mother's character." This cool contempt and lack of anger only increased the fury of Mr. Young, while it clearly portrayed the futility of his attack.

About this time the *Utah Daily Reporter*, a "Gentile" publication, published an interesting little editorial, entitled, "The Son of Promise." The title is explained by the fact that many in Utah, while rejecting the claims of "Young Joseph," were ready, or professed to be ready, to accept David as the legal successor and "child of promise"; and it was freely intimated to him that if he would join their ranks he would be accepted as their leader and could have almost anything heart could wish. How general this sentiment was we do not profess to know. It had no power to lure him from his chosen path. The editorial follows:

"'THE SON OF PROMISE'.—Those of liberal sentiment—and we hope no others are among our readers—will peruse with curious interest the communication of David Hyrum Smith published in another column. The question will at once arise: How is it that 'the son of promise,' the successor and son of the Prophet, should use the *Reporter* as a medium to reach the public? Be it known that while no people talk so incessantly of 'persecution' as the Brighamites of Utah, none are so bitterly intolerant and proscriptive to the extent of their power. Alexander and David Hyrum have petitioned in vain for the right to meet their opponents in the public buildings at Salt Lake City; the sons of the Prophet are forbidden a hearing by the man who claims to be his successor, and though daily maligned and their mother villified by the men who

profess their father's faith, they are denied the space to reply in the columns of the Mormon papers. The Brighamite editors dare not let their people hear both sides. The young Smiths are driven to a Gentile paper to get a hearing. The *Reporter* alone in Utah dares to publish both sides of every question; this is the organ of free thought; its columns are open to the Josephites and equally open to the Brighamites to make reply. We war against no man's religion; to us Mormonism is nothing; we contend only against the theocratic despotism set up by Brigham Young. To all who



DAVID HYRUM SMITH.

raise a voice in favor of human liberty, Brighamite, Josephite, Morrisite, or *Nothingarian*, we will accord a patient hearing."—*Utah Daily Reporter*, August 15, 1869.

In view of the fact that the Utah elders sometimes accuse us of treating them harshly, it is interesting to note the treatment that was accorded these young representatives of the Reorganization in those early days. They were attacked in every ward meetinghouse, and were denied the right to reply in any of these buildings; while our policy has always been to offer an open pulpit and a fair division of time. Who is guilty of persecution? Follow is another extract from the *Reporter*:

"The *Corinne (Utah) Reporter* has further accounts of the difficulty in the Mormon camp. A meeting was held in Salt Lake City on August the 8th. We

give a portion of the account of the meeting:

"Brother Coray then gave way for the regular speaker, Joseph F. Smith. He is my favorite among their preachers, but I never remember seeing him so excited and nervous as he was on this occasion; and well he might be, for the case was on to try the son of Hyrum Smith, the nephew of Joseph and the cousin of young David. He had a heavy task to perform. Be it remembered that the date of this pretended revelation in favor of polygamy is as early as July 12, 1843, but that it was never published until September, 1852; that in February, 1844, Joseph and Hyrum published a card in the *Times and Seasons*, at Nauvoo, denying that they received any such revelation; that in April, 1844, Hyrum Smith made an address to the elders starting on a mission in which he emphatically denied the doctrine and forbade their preaching it; that about the same time he wrote a letter to the mission in

Lapier County, Michigan, again denying that such was a doctrine of the church, and that all these things were published in the church paper, and are not denied by the Brighamites, and it will be plain that if the latter prove polygamy did then exist, they only prove Joseph and Hyrum to be most inveterate liars. These denials have been made much of by the sons of Joseph, and in view of these facts, in presence of a large and excited audience, Joseph F. stood up to prove his own father a liar! And I must add that he succeeded in doing it. He began by announcing that many would run after the young Smiths simply because they were the sons of Joseph, who would treat with contempt any other person who preached the same doctrine. In view of this fact, it has been determined to hold a series of meetings in this and other wards, to answer the statement of David Hyrum, and before they were through the Brighamites purposed to present testimony to convince any honest mind who heard it, and damn any who rejected it.

“He stated that he had in his possession and would present the affidavits of twelve women, now living, that they were spiritual wives of Joseph Smith, and so continued to the time of his death; that he had the evidence of hundreds of men who had been taught the doctrine of Joseph and Hyrum, and that he knew to a certainty that his father, Hyrum Smith, had two other women while his mother was still alive. This seemed proof enough, but Joseph F. was powerfully wrought up, as well as the audience, and he went on at some length in an interesting account of affairs at Nauvoo: “I can not,” said he, “help the position this places my father and Joseph in as to their denials. I only know these facts. But everybody knows the people then were not prepared for these things, and it was necessary to be cautious. They were in the midst of enemies, and in a State where this doctrine would have sent them to the penitentiary. The brethren were not free as they are here; the Devil was raging about Nauvoo, and there were the traitors on every hand; yes, right in their council, the right-hand man of the Prophet, one Marks, was a traitor of the blackest dye. And when Joseph and Hyrum left Nauvoo, while the mob was after them, and crossed into Iowa, intending to come to the Rocky Mountains and pick out a ridge for the people as hundreds of persons now in this city know their intention was, that man Marks and Emma Smith joined in writing them a letter, in which they called them cowards, unfaithful shepherds who had left the sheep in danger and fled. And when Joseph read that letter, his great heart was overcome, and he said: “If that is all my best friends care for my life, then I don't care for it,” and he and Hyrum came back, gave themselves up, and were taken to Carthage and murdered. And the blame rests upon that woman, their mother, Emma Smith. This is hard, but I want these men to know that if they came here to raise their party, we will give them facts, and some of these facts will cut, and if they don't want them told, let them go away and keep their mouths shut. And I say in plain fact, that the blood of Joseph and Hyrum is upon the souls of Marks and Emma Smith, and there it will remain until burned out by the fires of hell!”

A third and last extract will be used in this connection, this time a letter from the pen of David Smith, referred to in a former extract, and published in the *Utah Daily Reporter*, Sunday, August 15, 1869:

“SALT LAKE CITY, August 13, 1869.

“*Editor Reporter; Dear Sir:* You have kindly granted us space in your columns, and as channels through which we might have reached the people that might be friendly to us are closed, we gladly avail ourselves of your goodness. My brother, Alexander, being otherwise occupied, the representation of our mission and views, principles, and idea devolves upon myself.



DAVID HYRUM SMITH.

From an early photograph.

“As a beginning, I was informed lately that, having heard both sides, I had become sick of ‘Josephitism.’ This is the greatest city for rumors that ever I have visited, though it were a useless task to contradict or attempt to notice one half of them; yet this one will serve as a text to what I may pen.

“My free, willing, independent, unfaltering service, faith, countenance, aid, and influence, I give to my brother Joseph, because, in the first place my knowledge of him finds him a man every way *worthy* such trust. Of great strength of mind, clearness of judgment, goodness, and purity of heart, remarkable for integrity, honesty, and charitableness, all who know him must own that his character is of sterling worth.

Without such qualifications *no man* should be upheld in the spiritual standing that he occupies even had he once been called of Christ *himself*. Another reason is, that in reading the books given us of God through the person of my father, of loving memory and respected position, over whose lowly grave I have prayed for the light that fadeth not, I find recorded, speaking of Joseph Smith, the Martyr—‘for this anointing have I put upon his head, that *his blessing* shall also be put upon THE HEAD of *his posterity* after him, and as I said unto Abraham concerning the kindreds of the earth, even so I say unto my servant Joseph, in thee and in *thy seed* shall the kindreds of the earth be blessed.’—Book of Covenants, section 103, paragraph 18.

“The third reason is, that I have been credibly informed by

many good persons, witness to the fact, some in this City of Saints, that in accordance with the above my father did anoint, appoint, and dedicate, by laying on of hands, his eldest son "head of his posterity" to stand in his place in God's own time as President and Prophet to the church. Again the spirit of God bears witness with my spirit to the words of truth, the principles of virtue and holiness that I have heard him expound, and when 'thus saith the Lord' emanated from him my soul bears testimony with God's Spirit that he stands in the office whereunto God has called him.

"Now, my friends and brethren, I have given you four sound reasons why I should stand hand in hand with my two brothers and give them all the support my unworthiness will admit; so with your patience I will give some of the reasons that many have endeavored to make me swallow to make me sick of 'Josephitism,' but, sir, my pipes are too small for such sized doses, and as to 'Josephitism' I am sound as silver, spry as a bird, and thankful as I well may be.

"They say to me, 'My dear young friend, your father taught polygamy and practiced it, and I know it.' Well, then in the name of all consistency, why did he in the *Times and Seasons*, a periodical of the church in his day, under date February 1, 1844, just prior to his death, pronounce it a 'false and corrupt doctrine,' and why did his brother, Hyrum Smith, in the same volume 5, page 475, declare that 'no such doctrine was taught here, (Nauvoo) neither is there any such thing practiced here.' This was in March, 1844, and the summer following he was killed. 'Why, my dear young man, his life was in danger, and he was *justifiable* in telling a *lie* that he might save it.' Christ says: 'Break not my commandments for to save your lives.'—Matthew 16: 27. In order to get me to swallow polygamy, you roll up another dose nearly as bad, about his lying; neither will down. Here is my father's testimony against yours; I believe his in preference to yours, with all due deference to yourself, so great is my respect and love for my father. Pluck away from him the mantle of truthfulness and he becomes a follower of the father of all lies.

"Furthermore, my father labored day after day, persecuted, hated and despised, to bring before men, the Book of Mormon, now you that love polygamy and have read that work, know just as well as I do, that it condemns polygamy time and again, utterly. Now, I believe that work, my father's work, consequently in harmony with its great truths, I can not believe in polygamy. Also the Book of Covenants, in more places than one, puts the thing utterly down. But just hear what they next advance to sicken me of 'Josephitism.' 'We live by the living oracles; those books were for time past and are of no value now—of no more value than the ashes of a rye straw.' See with what consistency they profess to teach me to respect my father, and yet ask me in the next breath to throw aside his valuable, dear bought, blood-sealed works, and testimony, for a thing utterly contrary to them in letter in spirit that they have given to the world long after he slumbers with the silent dead. I am sick, but not of Christ's gospel or sacred books,

that I should throw them away for that which is contrary and evil; but sick of seeing this people, many, many of them go about with that within they dare not declare, fearing for the sake of their bread and butter to speak the convictions of their souls, yielding to the stream of oppression, because they dare not stand upon their feet and be men free in the gospel and beneath the flag of our blessed land. Oh! Saints of God, arise, assert your rights; be men and women, free and pure; cease to bow submissively to the arm of flesh and the doctrine and commandments of men; open the word of God and read the doom of evil; shake the harp of Zion until its harmonies shall drive away the spirit of bondage for ever.

“DAVID H. SMITH.”



A Thanksgiving Day Sermon.

Synopsis of a sermon delivered by Elbert A. Smith, at Lamoni, Iowa, Thanksgiving Day, November 25, 1909, reported by Estella Wight.

Text: “Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the Most High.”—Psalm 50: 14.

Thanksgiving is one of the highest types of prayer. We go to God and ask him for something, and the motive that prompts the prayer may be selfish, but when we have received that for which we prayed, and come back to return thanks, it is because we are prompted by gratitude, one of the noblest traits of the human heart. This is a solemn and a sacred occasion if our thanksgiving is sincere and from the heart. If it is not sincere it is a hollow mockery. I trust to-day, while there may be many who will observe the day simply as an occasion of feasting and holiday, that all over this broad land there are many hearts that will be moved to count their blessings over and be truly grateful to their God.

THE LIFE UNDER THE FOUNDATION STONE.

This holding of an annual thanksgiving, or harvest home festival, has become a great institution in the land, and it is like all other institutions, if we trace it to its source we shall discover a certain important fact. It is said that the ancient Slavs had the custom that when they erected any important building they would place under the first foundation stone some living creature. It was their idea, I suppose, that by so doing they would impart life to the inanimate structure so that it would grow in majesty and vitality. One Russian painter has taken this for his theme. In his painting we see in the foreground a pit that has been prepared to receive an immense corner stone, while at a little distance there stands a woman, beautiful and instinct with life and vitality. She is struggling with several men who are forcing her towards the opening in the ground. She struggles and screams and pleads but there is no relenting in their stern faces. The lot has been cast and she is destined to be buried alive under the huge corner stone.

In a broader and better sense when we look under any human institution we find the life of one or more men or women; and the institution is perpetual and strong and enduring in proportion as they put into it vitality and force of character.

When we look under this institution of our annual Thanksgiving Day we find the stern, yet pious Pilgrim Fathers. We are told that the first Thanksgiving to be observed in America under the present civilization was in 1621. A certain man by the name of George Morton in writing a private letter from Plymouth used this language:

“Our harvest being gotten in, Governor Bradford sent four men on fowling, that we might after a special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor. They four in one day collected as much fowl as with a little help besides served the company almost a week.”

A STRIKING SCENE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

This was the first Thanksgiving Day, and we note that Chief Massasoit with about ninety of his Indian braves came in and met with the white men and feasted with them about three days. Now there is a picture in American history that is worthy of our consideration. Here we find these dusky Indian braves with Massasoit at their head, representing in a way the many, many tribes of red men then holding dominion over this broad continent, the Algonquins, the Iroquois, the Sioux, the Cherokees, the Seminoles, the Delawares. With them met these few white men, the first waves of the great deluge of civilization that was to sweep over this land and submerge and almost destroy the red men. Before the struggle for the possession of this great continent began they met together and feasted and gave thanks and then the red men faded away into the dusky forest and the white men went to their homes.

But think of the character of those Pilgrim Fathers, who hemmed in as they were between the savage red men and the deep sea, cut off from resources and comforts of their home land, could meet together and offer thanksgiving to God for the benefits that they had received. They had landed on this continent the year previous, one hundred and twenty of them, and during the winter one half of their number had died and they had suffered great hardship; but now, when Providence began to smile on them, the first thought that came into their minds was one of gratitude.

These were the men who “made the sounding aisles of the dim woods ring to the anthem of the free.”

The first colonies observed thanksgiving days at intervals. At the close of the Revolutionary War Congress appointed a day of thanksgiving. George Washington appointed a day of thanksgiving after the Constitution of the United States was adopted; and since the year 1863 the President has annually appointed a day to be observed throughout the entire land.

I want to present for your consideration two themes. You know those dry old preachers two or three generations ago had their firstly, their secondly, and their thirdly, and about when they

reached their thirdly the people went to sleep and the beadle had to go around and rap them on the head to arouse them in time for the benediction. But you will not go to sleep on thirdly this morning, because there is not going to be any thirdly. Simply firstly, What have we to be thankful for? and secondly, How shall we express our thanksgiving?

WHAT HAVE WE TO BE THANKFUL FOR? .

In regard to this question of being thankful there are various attitudes of mind, as there are on other questions. I go out onto the street to-day and meet various classes of men. I meet one man who is smiling and cheerful, and I say, "What have you to be thankful for?"

"Oh," he says, "I have so many things that I haven't time to tell you all."

I meet another man hastening to his work and stop him to say, "Brother, what have you to be thankful for?"

He says, "Well, I haven't really given it a thought. I haven't had time."

"Haven't you got a home?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you got your wife?"

"Yes."

"Haven't you got your children?"

"Yes."

And your work?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you have something to be thankful for, and you should take time to express your gratitude."

I meet a woman busy with her work, and I ask her, "Sister, have you anything to be thankful for?"

She says, "I don't know. I haven't given it a thought."

"Haven't you got your home and your husband and your children and your work? Hadn't you ought to take the time to be thankful?"

I meet another sister, and she possibly expresses the sincere feeling of some hearts not usually expressed in words. I say, "Sister, what have you to be thankful for?"

She answers, "I haven't got a thing in the world to be thankful for."

"Haven't you got a home?"

"Yes, and it keeps me drudging from morning till night. I simply have to bake and stew and boil and fry and sweep and dust and sew and knit and darn from morning till night." (I don't know whether the stenographer got all of that or not, but anyhow you sisters can tell that it is not the beginning of the work that a woman has to do.)

"Haven't you got your children?"

"Yes, and they pester the life almost out of me."

"Haven't you got your husband?"

"Yes, and he is the chief reason why I am not thankful to-day."

Now, I will tell you, you ought to have the experience, you and your husband, that they have had in Cherry, Illinois; your husband down in a burning mine three hundred feet and you tearing your hair out in the fear that he would never escape. At the end of seven days if he got out you would think more of each other than you do now.

Possibly it will do us a little good to think of the condition of those people that we have been reading about during the last few days. Not that I want to sanction the thought that our happiness should be more intense because of the thought that others are in misery. God knows that a realization of the sin and suffering there is in the world tends to subdue the hearts of thinking men on a day like this. I suppose that there will never be a day of perfect rejoicing until pain and death shall be driven from the world. But when we think about the things that those people suffered, it calls our attention to the blessings that we are enjoying, and we can be truly grateful to God for that which we have received.

If we may, we will picture the scene in that mining town in Illinois. It is Saturday. The miners are down in the earth at their work; the women are engaged in their work at home.

Suddenly the cry runs through the village, "The Saint Paul mine is on fire!"

Every woman and child rushes to the mine, and among them there is one we notice, Mrs. Eddy, who hastens to the scene of the accident. She runs here and there, asking this one and that one, "Have you seen my husband?"

Finally one answers, "Yes, at the first alarm he leaped into the cage and went down into the mine to help rescue the miners."

"And didn't he come back?"

"No, and he can't come back. The hoisting shaft is on fire."

And so for seven days and nights this woman, with others, suffers all the anguish that the human heart can picture. She hangs around the mine by day and by night. She sees them seal it over with timbers and sand, thus apparently cutting off the last hope. She asks the mining experts, and the geologists, "Is there not some hope?"

And they all say, "No, every man in the mine died during the first twenty-four hours. But she and the other women insist, "They are still alive."

That is the faith that is in the hearts of many, and faith knows more than science does sometimes. Science said that Lazarus could not come forth, but faith said he could. And so she pleads with God for his delivery. He is down there in the mine starving and she can not get bread to him. He is dying for the lack of air and she has millions of miles of it.

But when seven days have passed and they are bringing up the dead the cry comes up from the pit, "We are bringing up living men!"

They lead them forth one by one so wrapped in blankets that the crowd can not identify them.

But some man who can not keep a secret shouts, "We've got George Eddy here!" and the wife cries out, "George, is it you? I am here waiting for you."

I will guarantee that the sky looked blue to George Eddy and his wife. That dingy mining village looked like a paradise to them. She had time to leave her sewing and sweeping and baking to wait for him then.

One sister said to me, "I have always had the habit of running to the gate to meet my husband, and some have told me that I should be getting his dinner ready instead of running to meet him; that the way to a man's heart is by way of his stomach. What do you think about it?"

"Well," I said, "if your husband wants a wife you are all right. If he is simply thinking about his stomach, he had better get a hired girl or go to the cafe, or he might take the advice that was given by a waiter to a certain individual who was very fond of green corn, and kept ordering corn until he had cobs piled all around his plate. The waiter finally touched him on the shoulder and said, "Say, mister, it would be cheaper for you to board at a livery stable."

THE FIRST GREAT THANKSGIVING DAY.

What have we to be thankful for? I have had some people come to me with this idea. They say that the world is so full of wickedness, sorrow, and degradation that it is not right to be glad and thankful. "Why," they say, "I can not understand the condition of things. I do not see why God permits so much suffering to exist in the world."

Well, we can only understand the present in the light of the past and the future, and I go away back in the history of time to the dawn of creation and we are told in the book of Job (thirty-fifth chapter) that when God laid the foundation stones of the world the "morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." That was the first great Thanksgiving Day, and they never would have shouted for joy had they not known that the good that would come to humanity would overbalance the evil and the sorrow and the sin.

I look into the future to the time that John saw, to the next great Thanksgiving Day when the voice as of many waters shall be heard shouting "Hallelujah!" and when the new earth shall come and all sin and sorrow shall be banished, and God shall make his habitation with us and every tear shall be wiped from every eye. And so I say that we have cause to be thankful. We can be thankful.

We can not enumerate all the blessings we have to be thankful for,—shelter and clothing and food, human associates, the companionship of the Saints, and the blessed gospel that has been intrusted to our care. Nor must we forget the inalienable right that God has given us to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and that we live in an age and in a place where we have the best opportunity ever given to anyone to enjoy life, to have liberty,

and to engage in the pursuit of happiness. We can not enumerate our blessings.

HOW SHALL WE EXPRESS OUR GRATITUDE?

Now, how shall we express our gratitude? How shall we be thankful? "Well," some one says, "in the orthodox way. Make a feast and bake a turkey, load the table down and eat until you are almost dead." Yes, we might go to the table and ask the blessing that the little boy did who said, "Lord, have mercy on these victims," and we might add, "Have mercy on those who eat."

Now, we are to be thankful. That does not necessarily mean full of turkey. The man with the biggest turkey is not always the most thankful. While it is right to eat a good meal, because this is a day of feasting, that does not properly express our gratitude to God.

IN SONG AND PRAYER.

There are three ways that come to my mind in which we can express that thankfulness. The first of these we have already employed. It is mentioned in the ninety-fifth Psalm: "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms."

That is one way of returning thanks to God, in prayer and by the hymns that we sing, because the hymn sung in a proper way is a prayer to God.

We turn to Luke 17: 12-17 and we find a picture of the ten lepers. There they stood, outcasts from society, compelled to sound their warning cry, "Unclean! unclean!" whenever anyone came near, and as they saw the Master passing by they cried out to him. And he in his power and mercy reached forth his hand and told them they should be healed, to go and show themselves unto the priests and be cleansed. They went away healed, but only one of the ten ever came back to thank him. He said, "Were not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

I trust that the proportion is not that small among us. That having received the blessings that we have received this year, it shall not be said of us that only one in ten came to God with sincere thanks.

And so as the emblem of the first mode of expression I might hold in my hand the Saints' Hymnal from which we often sing these words of praise:

"Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise."

THE AMERICAN DOLLAR.

And second emblem is the great American dollar. If the shelves of the merchant are groaning with cloth, and the granaries of the farmer are bursting with grain, they can transform these material things by way of our currency and make them sound the praises of God.

The clink of these dollars when they fall in the tills of the church

to go towards feeding the poor and the preaching of the gospel and the purchasing of lands in Zion,—the clink of these dollars sounds sweet in the ears of God.

THE CUP OF COLD WATER.

And the third emblem that I might hold up before you would be a cup of cold water. The Master said that if we give even a cup of cold water in his name we shall not lose our reward.

This cup of cold water is simply a type of service rendered to humanity. We do not need to take it literally. If some individual comes to our door on a hot August day and we give him a cup of cold water, that is the literal fulfillment of that promise or statement, just as it was when following one of the great battles of our civil war the Union soldiers retreating from the battlefield went straggling through a village and the girls and women stood at gates and handed to them cups of cold water, bread and butter, and various other things they had in store.

But this cup of cold water is only a type of a thousand services that we can give to humanity, according to their needs at the time when we come in contact with them.

TWO FUNCTIONS OF RELIGION.

Sometime ago I was struck while reading a definition of religion, written by Professor Blackmar, of the University of Kansas. He says that religion is concerned first, in defining our relations to the spiritual powers above, and second, in defining our relations to man. Or, as he expresses it on another page, that religion is concerned first, in defining our belief along doctrinal lines, and second, in directing or controlling our conduct.

Religious people have made a mistake sometimes. They have thought that religion was concerned only, solely, and entirely with our relationship to God. Some ethical teachers make the mistake of thinking that the whole duty of man is to treat his fellows properly and leave all questions concerning God out of his consideration. But religion is concerned with our relationship towards God and towards man, and while it is pleasing to God that we shall offer to him vocal expressions of praise and thanksgiving, it is just as pleasing to him that we render service in deeds of kindness towards our fellows.

I turn back to the eighth chapter of Nehemiah, and I read about a certain thanksgiving that they had in those days, and at that time this truth was impressed upon the minds of the people. It was after the people had returned from the Babylonish captivity, and Ezra, the scribe, had brought forth the law and read it to the people and caused them "to understand the law." The people rejoiced to stand on holy ground and hear the word of God expounded by one of their own men, and so they appointed a day of thanksgiving, and Ezra said, "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not nor weep. For all the people wept when they heard the words of the law. Then he said unto them, Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared: for this day is holy unto our Lord."

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth."—Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Thoughts for Thanksgiving Time.

"Do not let the good things of life
Rob you of the best things."

"My soul, what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see.
Sum up what thou hast done for God,
And then what God has done for thee."

"Learn the luxury of doing good."

The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.—Whittier.

The Tempest.

He shall give his angels charge
 Over thee in all thy ways.
 Though the thunders roam at large,
 Though the lightning round me plays;
 Like a child I lay my head
 In sweet sleep upon my bed.

Though the terror come so close,
 It shall have no power to smite;
 It shall deepen my repose,
 Turn the darkness into light.
 Touch of angels' hands is sweet;
 Not a stone shall hurt thy feet.

All Thy waves and billows go
 Over me to press me down
 Into arms so strong I know
 They will never let me drown.
 Ah, my God, how good thy will!
 I will nestle and be still.

—Alice Freeman Palmer.



Those Who Fear.

Everybody is afraid!

If a canvass were made of all the people in the world, I doubt if there could be found one who had not some secret fear—some worry. For worry is only chronic fear, even though we seldom classify it rightly. It is fear so well established that it has become a habit. It is common to tell a person that he is worrying too much, and he will admit the accusation, but he would resent being told that he is afraid. What is the difference? If we analyze worry, we find it really is only one phase of fear. When we worry we are afraid of something, real or imaginary, usually the latter.

We worry about our finances because we are afraid of poverty. We worry about imaginary things because we are afraid of remote possibilities.

Some people are afraid of everything. They are afraid to live and afraid to die; afraid to ride on a street car because of a possible accident; to walk in winter on account of the danger of slipping; afraid to eat and afraid to fast; afraid to go to sleep at night and afraid to sit up alone; afraid of trouble and afraid to be happy. They are afraid of a draught, so go without sufficient air; afraid of getting chilled, so stay huddled up over a stove; afraid to eat heartily because of indigestion; afraid to drink water because of a possible typhoid germ. They are afraid to venture in any business, to take any risks, afraid of hard times, afraid the crops will fail, afraid of blight, afraid of pestilence, afraid of mosquitoes, afraid of grasshoppers, afraid of a mouse. Indeed, their entire

lives are filled with fear. They never take any pleasure in anything or any place, for they always find something to fear.

At a picnic, they are afraid of the ants, or afraid it will rain. On a pleasure ride, they are afraid of an accident, a runaway or a collision. On a boating trip, they are afraid of being tipped over, or because of a leak.

They even do not attend to their ordinary needs because they are afraid the dentist will hurt them. They neglect many of Nature's distress signals because they are afraid the doctor will tell them something about themselves that they do not want to know, or will insist upon them doing something that they do not want to do.

Fear paralyzes all the faculties. It paralyzes the thinking faculties and incapacitates a person for work. Enthusiasm, spontaneity, and self-confidence are necessary for success in any undertaking. They are all paralyzed by fear. No one ever achieved any great success who was afraid. Concentration of efforts is necessary for success. This is impossible when the mind is filled with fear. Worry utterly incapacitates a person for work.

No one can achieve success in any line if he allows his mind to dwell on the dangers connected with his work. Of course, this does not mean he should not observe caution and prudence. These are not fear. Peary, in his dash for the pole, observed caution when he prepared himself with clothing, food and a mode of conveyance. But he never would have succeeded in his undertaking if he had allowed his mind to dwell upon the possibilities of accidents that would hold him storm bound until frozen to death. The great chemists and inventors would never make a discovery if they allowed their minds to dwell upon the possibilities of accidents or explosions. The woman who allows her mind to dwell upon the possibilities of poverty and misfortune can not plan her daily work so as to make the most of her position.

Children are kept in inferior positions and do not develop their resources because of the fear that is thrust upon them from babyhood. Think of a child growing up with the idea constantly thrust upon him that he has inherited some grave disease, as cancer, which certainly will conquer him before he has finished his life work. Some men have had this bugaboo to fight their entire lives. It has kept them from achieving natural success, as they were afraid that about the time they began to reap the rewards of their labors, they would be afflicted with the disease, so the effort of accomplishment did not seem to be worth the while. Think what it means to children to be brought up in such an atmosphere!

Children are born without fear. It is developed by constant suggestions of their parents and associates. The parents claim they are trying to teach their child caution, but they exceed that. What does a child learn when he is told to be good or the bogie man will get him? If he is told to be good or the policeman will come for him, he is learning to be afraid of his natural protector.

The mother who tells her child to be good or she will call the doctor is making trouble for the future, for when the doctor is called when the child really is ill, he will be so frightened that it

will be almost impossible for the doctor to examine him properly. In fact, in some cases a child has been known almost to have convulsions if the doctor came near, and all because the parents had foolishly taught him to fear his natural friend.

Fear has even caused disease and death. Authentic cases of fear turning the hair white in a single night are on record. It also has caused paralysis. In other cases it has opened a way for the invasion of disease. We know fear blanches the face. It causes a contraction of the muscles of the blood vessels which does not allow the blood to flow freely. Fear has caused disease by this same contraction of the blood vessels. Whenever an epidemic of any disease appears in a town, there are many who contract the disease because they are afraid of it. When the blood vessels are contracted or paralyzed by fear, the blood is unable to do its work properly. It can not carry enough oxygen and food to the tissues. It can not carry away the waste products. As a result, the body becomes clogged with impurities and can not resist the attack of the invading army, disease. It is like a machine that has become rusty and, therefore, unable to perform its function.

Many people are incapacitated for work half their lives on account of being afraid of disease or accidents.

Whatever makes one happy relaxes the blood vessels and causes a more free current of blood. The old saying, "laugh and grow fat," has a foundation of fact. If we want to get well, forget to worry about ill health, think happy thoughts and allow your mind to dwell on the pleasant things of life. Never allow fear to gain an entrance.

Fear is an enemy to beauty. Worry is a rapid wrinkle maker. No one can be beautiful whose face is lined with worry wrinkles. The best remedy for smoothing out the wrinkles is to forget to worry, to think beautiful thoughts, and to look forward to happiness. This, with plenty of fresh air and cleanliness, will bring better results than all the cold creams and plasters on the market. Worry will form wrinkles faster than massage can iron them away. If you want to be beautiful put all worry and fear away. When you have done this, the first milestone has been passed.

"As a man thinketh, so he is." All your thoughts are scattered out upon the air like seeds thrown to the winds. Whatever you sow, that shall you reap. No one who continually thinks poverty ever became rich. No one who allows her mind to dwell continually upon her lack of beauty ever became passably good looking. No one who allows her mind to dwell upon her ill health or her feeble strength will achieve health or strength.

The woman who would make the most of her life, who would have happiness, joy, and contentment that should be her lot in life, should make it her aim to cast out fear and think the thoughts that will bring her that which she desires. Hold on your mind the thought of whatever you wish to be true. If you wish health, hold the thought that you are going to be better, that to-day you are a little stronger than yesterday, and that to-morrow you will be even more so. If you wish pleasant surroundings, picture them in your mind. Keep this mental picture always before you, and do not allow your

thoughts to dwell upon the sordid things of the present. If you wish a peaceful old age, keep that picture in your mind and do not worry about poverty. Do your best and allow the problems of time to be worked out. Whatever your wish, do not worry, do not fear, or you will draw unto yourself that which you do not wish, and will lose what you might have.

"Fear in all its different phases of expression, such as worry, anger or timidity, is the greatest enemy of the human race. It has robbed man of more happiness and efficiency, has committed suicide upon more years of his life, has made more men cowards, more people failures or forced them into mediocrity than anything else."—Marden.—Doctor Edith B. Lowry, in *Women's World*.



Three Rules for Being Happy.

While I was in Boston [writes Gertrude W. Fielder] I had the pleasure of meeting Alice Freeman Palmer. She was a doer of the word and not a hearer only; for almost every week through the hot summer she used to leave her peaceful, calm retreat in the country and go to Boston to talk to children of the slums at a vacation school. These schools are kept up through the summer in the poorest localities. The children are given a morning's session of music, reading, and pretty water color sketches, to look at. They can bring the babies with them; and indeed many could not come at all without the little ones. Here is the story as Mrs. Palmer told it:

One July morning I took an early train. It was a day that gave promise of being very, very hot, even in the country, and what of the city! When I reached my destination I found a great many girls in the room, but more babies than girls, it seemed. Each girl was holding one and there were a few to spare. "Now," I said, "what shall I talk to you about this morning, girls?" "Talk about life," said one girl. Imagine! "I am afraid that is too big a subject for such a short time," I said.

Then up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee, "Tell us how to be happy." The tears rushed to my eyes and a lump came in my throat. Happy in such surroundings as those in which, no doubt, she lived; perhaps dirty and foul-smelling! Happy, with burdens too heavy to be borne! All this flashed through my mind while the rest took up the word and echoed, "Yes, tell us how to be happy."

"Well," I said, "I will give you my three rules for being happy; but mind, you must all promise to keep them for a week, and not skip a single day, for they won't work if you skip one single day." So they all faithfully and solemnly promised that they wouldn't skip a single day.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much. Three or four words will do, just a pretty bit of poem or a Bible verse. Do you

understand?" I was so afraid they wouldn't, but one little girl with flashing black eyes jumped up from the corner of the room and cried, "I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if you went blind." "That's it, exactly," I said. "Something you would like to remember if you went blind." And they all promised they would and not skip a single day.

"The second rule is: Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day or it won't work. A leaf, a flower, a cloud,—you can all find something. Isn't there a park near here that you can all walk to?" (Yes, there was one.) "And stop long enough before the pretty thing that you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness all through—Can you do it?" They promised, to a girl.

"My third rule is—now, mind don't skip a day—Do something for somebody every day." "Oh, that's easy!" they said, though I thought it would be the hardest thing of all. Just think, that is what those children said, "Oh, that's easy! Didn't they have to tend babies and run errands every day, and wasn't that doing something for somebody?" "Yes," I answered them, "it was."

At the end of the week, the day being hotter than the last, if possible, I was wending my way along a very narrow street, when suddenly I was literally grabbed by the arm, and a little voice said, "I done it." "Did what?" I exclaimed, looking down and seeing at my side a tiny girl with the proverbial fat baby asleep in her arms. Now I will admit that it was awfully stupid of me not to know, but my thoughts were far away and I actually did not know what she was talking about. "What you told us to, and I never skipped a day, neither," replied the child in a rather hurt tone.

"Oh," I said, "now I know what you mean. Put down the baby and let's talk about it." So down on the sidewalk she deposited the sleeping infant, and she and I stood over it and talked.

"Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained and the baby had a cold, and I just couldn't go out, and I thought sure I was going to skip, and I was standin' at the window 'most cryin', and I saw"—here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow takin' a bath in the gutter that goes round the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie and he was handsome." It was the first time I had heard an English sparrow called handsome, but I tell you it wasn't laughable a bit—no, not a bit.

"And then, there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I should have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house. The baby was sick and I couldn't go out, and I was feelin' terrible, when"—here she caught me by both hands, and the most radiant look came to her face—"I saw the baby's hair!" "Saw the baby's hair!" I echoed. "Yes, a little bit of sun came in the window, and I saw her hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more." And catching up the baby from the sidewalk she said, "See!" and I too saw the baby's hair. "Isn't it beau-ti-ful?" she asked. "Yes, it is beautiful," I answered. You have heard of

artists raving over Titian hair. Well, as the sun played on this baby's hair, there were the browns, the reds, the golds, which make up the Titian hair. Yes, it was truly beautiful. "Now, shall we go on?" I said, taking the heavy burden from her.

The room was literally packed this time; ten times as many girls and as many babies as your mind will conceive of. I wish you could have listened with me to the experiences of those little ones. Laughter and tears were so commingled that I don't know which had the mastery.—George Herbert Palmer.



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Notice.

Eastern Michigan Religio and Sunday school members, the joint conventions will meet at Flint, November 8. We want the biggest and finest conventions ever had. How about you? Order of services are good and will help you much. The normal home department, and other lines will be presented. Come prepared to consider the many important questions before us this year.

WM. F. SAGE, *Religio President*.

CORA ANDERSON, *Secretary Sunday school*.

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Singing in the Rain.

Tell me, what's the use of fretting when we think that things go wrong?
 It never makes them better; but I've heard it said a song
 Makes the heavy load seem lighter, and will cheer the troubled heart
 Till it quite forgets its worries, and its vexing cares depart.
 As the wind that sweeps the marshes where the fog hangs, chill and gray,
 Moves the mists that mar the morning till it blows them all away,
 So, whenever storm clouds gather till they hide the sun from sight,
 And it's darker in the morning than it ought to be at night,
 Then let's sing about the sunshine that is on the other side
 Of the darkest cloud, my comrade. Let the song ring far and wide
 On the listening ear of others who climb the hill with you,
 Till the rifted clouds are scattered, and the gray old world seems new.

Sing of gladness and of beauty. Let the faith that can not fail
 In the great eternal Goodness over fear and doubt prevail.
 As the robin's song sounds sweetest when we hear it in the rain,
 So this song of ours, my comrade, in a time of tears and pain
 Will to those who grieve a message full of hope and comfort bring.
 So, look upward toward the sunshine, though it's out of sight, and sing.
 —Eben E. Rexford, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.



News from Societies.

Clitherall, Minnesota.—This is considered a difficult place to sustain a Religio on account of the members of the branch being quite widely scattered; but in response to the encouragement of Sister Deam, Brethren Wight, Lambkin, and others, at our June reunion we reorganized the Religio here which had been discontinued for some years. The reorganization resulted in the choice of Lester Whiting, president; Floyd Whiting, vice president; Genevieve Whiting, secretary and organist; Orson Tucker, treasurer; Edna Whiting, member of the library board, and Ralph Murdock, superintendent of the home department. By the use of the rural telephones recently installed we were able to make the necessary arrangements from week to week quite satisfactorily, the members responding encouragingly to calls to help on the program. Could we all have stayed by it we think we might have "grown and prospered," but the Dakota harvest called away six members and the public schools four more, and when ten members forsake a little society like Clitherall's it means that the remainder are left particularly enthusiastic and hopeful—over what can be accomplished when they all get back again. Consequently, we are writing to report the Clitherall Religio with bright prospects ahead, though perhaps quite a ways ahead. We hope next time to write of the present instead of the past and future.
 HALLIE M. GOULD, *Correspondent*.

Bay Minette, Alabama.—Some time has elapsed since our last letter appeared in your paper, but here comes another to remind the readers that our little Religio society is still in existence and moving on nicely. We haven't very many members, not nearly so many as we should have, considering our church membership, and I feel

sure, should the Saints in our branch take the interest in the work of our Master, which they should consider a duty as well as a pleasure, things would be quite different. Nevertheless our little band of Religions are moving on and receiving great help and knowledge from our meetings from time to time. We feel that our time is well spent in our study of the *Religio Quarterly*, and we wish so much that others would come and receive the benefit which is so freely given.

Praying for the success of the work, I am,

Your sister in Christ,

MRS. A. E. WARR, *Correspondent*.

Pittsburg, Kansas.—Having been appointed as correspondent for Pittsburg Religio society, I take pleasure in letting you know something of the work at this place. The Pittsburg local has not reported for some time, but it is still alive and interested in the work. Plans are being made, which we trust will prove of benefit to the members and friends. Will tell you some of them and how they came out later. It seems almost impossible to arouse very much of an interest among the people, just at this time of year, but we hope to soon have a nice little Religio. We are not going to give up, for as long "as there is life there is hope." By being faithful we will yet build up a Religio that would be a credit to any branch. Always hoping for the best, I am,

OLIVE RAY ROACH, *Correspondent*.

Ribstone, Alberta.—Our local here is moving along nicely, under the presidency of Brother William Osler, assisted by Brother William Clifford. The programs were not quite so interesting the past quarter as they were during the winter months, but the trouble was due to busy times instead of lack of interest.

The lessons are splendid, and enjoyed by all. We like learning about the noble men who were God's instruments in starting this work of the latter days, and when a question is brought up for discussion we are all quite wide awake. We hope to take up the work during the winter months with new zeal, as the evenings are much longer and more time is at our disposal.

With best wishes for the success of the Religio work everywhere,
M. SMITH, *Correspondent*.

Toronto, Canada.—Having the honor of being the scribe for our local, we desire to act in our office and endeavor to tell something of the Religio's work in the Land of the Maple.

Our local is in charge of Elder Ernest Oliver, who has proven to be a very worthy and capable leader. Brother George Ward, as vice president, though a new man at the position, is making wonderful progress; with Brother Sam Clark as secretary the office is well-filled; together with the regular staff of officers and committees, the society is in a good active condition and at a high standard of efficiency. Special mention could be made of the work of every department, as all seem to be busily engaged in the work they have undertaken.

The society's cooperation with the branch and sister societies to advance the cause is a well-established fact, and its presence is always felt in a financial way when the necessary help is needed. One of our signs of activity is shown in the fact that while in the churches of the world the young people are drifting from the church, we are retaining them, thus proving the blessing of Zion's Religious-Literary Society.

The work of the program committee is most noticeable at this writing, and perhaps will be interesting to other locals that may chance to see our article. We believe that great opportunities are offered to the young to develop their talents in Christian usefulness through this channel, and indeed it must be gratifying to those who have given their time and knowledge for the love of the work to see the results of their labors accomplish the desired end. Our programs have been of various characters and of a high order, interesting and educational. The oratorical contests and debates have caused a keen interest and are very popular among the young men. A series of speeches on the most prominent men of each nation was interesting. A Religion is sometimes called upon to select a book and read it, and then tell why he considers it to be a good book. Singing and elocutional contests have been had with good results, especially in gathering new material for the program committee. Together with our musical numbers, vocal and instrumental, papers, spelling matches, impromptu speeches, and an occasional banquet, we generally manage to have something for everybody to do.

Our society held a banner night recently, in the form of a silver medal oratorical contest, subjects—Temperance and Patriotism. This contest was the first of a series which will be held. Each winner of a silver medal will be eligible to compete for a gold medal, and if successful he may then try for the highest award of a diamond medal. The speakers, Harry Young, George Trickey, Charles Garrard, and Fred Long, all did splendidly and received loud applause from a very attentive audience. After some very flattering remarks from the judges, the silver medal was presented to Charles Garrard. The judges were our president, Elder Ernest Oliver, Ex-Alderman Hales, superintendent of oratorical contests for the Dominion of Canada, and F. W. Brigden, secretary of the Royal Templars of Temperance. Among the audience were some of the most prominent temperance workers of Canada, who spoke very highly of the evening's entertainment, and congratulated the society on having such valuable talent and promising young speakers.

FRANK GRAY, *Correspondent.*

AUTUMN LEAVES



Carmen

Blow, bugles of battle,
The marches of years:
East, west, north, and south
Let the long quarrel cease:

Sing the song of great joy
That the angels began,
Sing of glory to God
And of good will to man.

—Whittier.

JENNETTE STRAUSS
LAWSON

December, 1912

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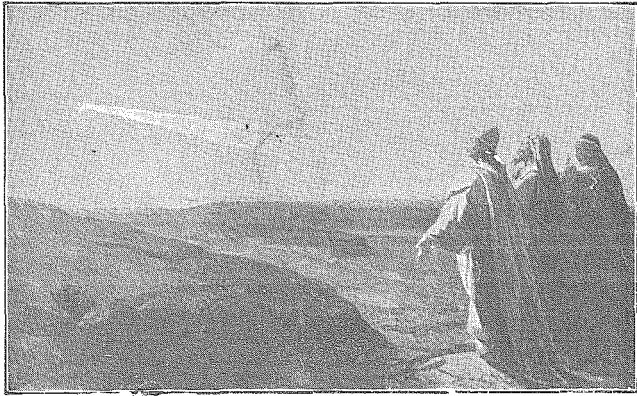
ELBERT A. SMITH, Editor

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CONTENTS

Illustrations:

Frontispiece: Winter Scene in Southern California.	
Exhibit at the National Orange Show	538
The Display from Rialto	539
Elder S. A. Burgess	546
The Ascension	551
Above These Ashes	557
The Site of Jacob's Well as it Appears To-day	559
The American Indian	563
To the Average Young Man	529
Brooks Cummins, Part 1	530
The Tale of the Tumble (poem)	536
A Visit to the National Orange Show	537
Among Our Poets (poems)	542
Jesus Foreshadowed	545
Man's Dominion	550
Above These Ashes (poem)	557
Editor's Corner	558
Woman's Auxiliary	566
Religio's Arena	569



DECEMBER, 1912

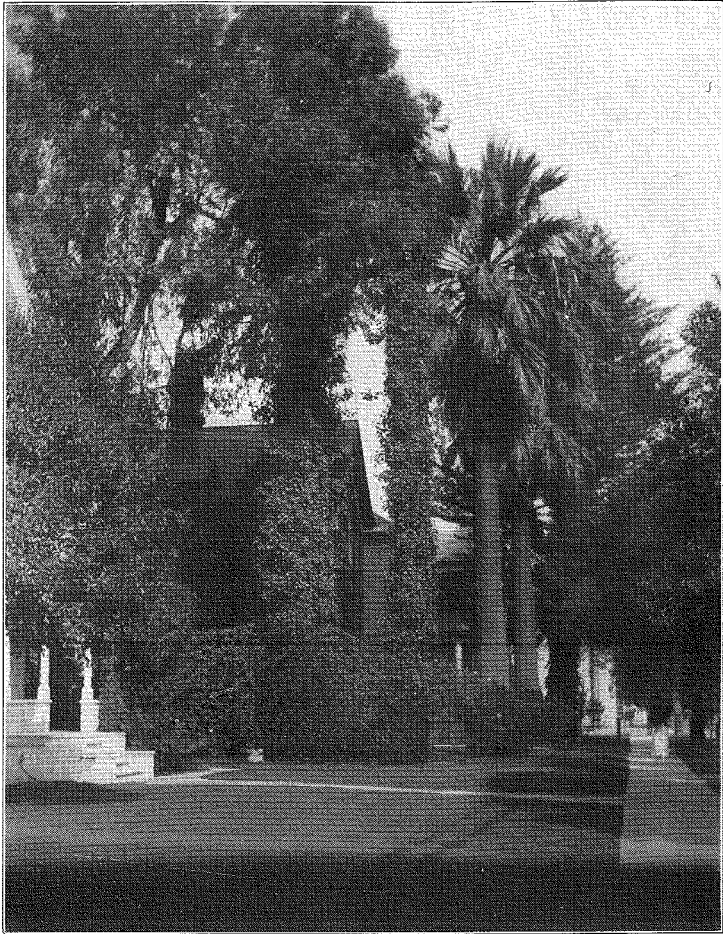


Photo by the Editor.

WINTER SCENE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

See "Travel Sketch" article, "A Visit to the National Orange Show," page 537.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Volume 25

DECEMBER, 1912

Number 12

To the Average Young Man.

By the Editor.

(The first page of each number of "Autumn Leaves" during 1913 will be given over to these short talks to "the average young man.")

AVERY normal young man has hidden within him a finer nature and tender sensibilities. If it were not so, the appeal of good to humanity would be hopeless.

You may conceal this better nature, and even deny it to your own self, but it is there.

It asserts itself when you feel tender affection for your mother. And when you feel reverence and honor for your father. And when you feel that you will be loyal and true to a friend. And when you think of some particular young woman as being all that is pure, lovely, and desirable.

It asserts itself when you flinch a little at the sound of profanity. And when you must harden your will a little before you can bring yourself to repeat a vulgar story. And when you shrink from physical contact with sin and corruption.

It asserts itself when you respond to a noble appeal. And when you help the weak and poor. And when you thrill to the sound of music or a great poem. And when you burn with patriotism. And when you think with awe of God and the universe.

You can not stifle these impulses without suffering. When you cut an artery or swallow carbolic acid you kill the body. But when you debauch and crucify the better nature within you, you kill the soul. There are no spiritual anæsthetics. The body can scarcely die without pain. The soul can not die without an eternity of agony. No fleeting counterfeit pleasure can recompense you. The price is too big.

These finer emotions are not something to be ashamed of. They are not an evidence of weakness. You should not attempt to crush them.

They have been most dominant in those men who have been biggest and best. They ally you with a notable company. They set you apart from the vile and the vulgar. They are the leaven of true manhood within you.

Never let them die. When they die you are dead. When they live you live.

Brooks Cummins.--Part I.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The author of this story prefers that his name shall not appear. He is a young and successful lawyer, and a member of the church. His story shows how one may be required to choose between principle and popularity; how at times he must stand alone, if he would stand for the right. It is an interesting revelation of character. Questions are suggested. Would Brooks Cummins have fared better had he "struck back" at times? Or was he just right in following the admonition to turn the other cheek, and resist not evil?*

"If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."

It was a long, difficult way that led up to this fine June morning. The obstacles that had so stubbornly withstood the lad from the time he entered his course, were slowly overcome. Perhaps he would gain one point, then a tide of months, perhaps years, would cover him till forgetfulness would set in, then he would appear again, and gain another point.

We do not gain victories every day, it takes long, tedious battling. There are only a few heroes, because there are only a few that will persist when hope is gone. Most people fly away to fields that are more promising when they come to a difficult place, but the strong man combats difficulty and abides in his own place.

Brooks Cummins had been taking the training prescribed for strong men, had struggled through college, working to meet part of his expenses and receiving some help from home, and now stood at the door of that which had engaged his dreams for so long, his own law office.

It was a very ordinary affair, was that law office, a wee thing off yonder in a town of some five thousand inhabitants, a people that were so nearly aristocrats as to have all their objectionable qualities, and so far from being aristocrats as to have few of their desirable traits. It was a proud, prosperous, and haughty people.

Nevertheless, there was a new law office in town, and the curious ones who peeped into it saw a kitchen table covered with oilcloth for a desk, a five-cent inkstand, two sections of bookcases with about thirty volumes of textbooks, two rows in the cases and another on top, three chairs, an office chair, and an old, dingy, scrappy code that was just fifteen years out of date lying on the desk.

The town to which the young jurist had come was not one of his acquaintance, so he had the advantages and the disadvantages of being a stranger in a strange land.

He arrived about five o'clock one Sunday evening, no advance agent having made arrangements for him, nothing having been prepared beforehand. Not being able to locate a desirable private boarding house, he was directed to a hotel, and from what occurred afterwards, it seems that he was fated for this place before he arrived.

If you should behold it for the first time at a little distance, you would say the hotel was a comfortable place. This was the young man's impression when he beheld it at the end of the street ahead

of him. It was old-fashioned, large, with great double porches, the very promise of rest; but, once entered, you felt there was some shadow about it. It did not seem clear and bright.

I wish I could show you the picture, but since the worthy pieces are never painted, or rarely, you will be content to look through fancy's optic-glass and see Brooks Cummins walking down street that Sunday evening, wearing a cheap suit of black, a slouch hat, and a sober face, which was now and then pleasant in spite of itself. He carried a large, ill-looking telescope valise in one hand, and under the other arm a bunch of collars wrapped in a newspaper.

As he approached the hotel and passed into the lobby, he noticed at the end of the porch to his right a crowd of fine looking, well-dressed young men. One was a lawyer, as he afterward learned, large, blonde, tall, young, and well-groomed, a cigarette finishing his appearance.

Another was a giant six-footer, a perfect athlete. He had a gold medal from the University for his athletics, and was well known for his great strength and political sagacity. He sat there in the midst smoking a prosperous looking cigar so indifferently as to at once give you the impression that he abhorred the grade of it as of some detestable cheap thing, but that it was all he could get in such a small town.

There were a number of other well-dressed traveling men in the crowd, and just apart from them, yet with them, sat a young man that was very large and corpulent, weighing perhaps between three and four hundred pounds. He might be very properly classed as a "bar-room jester," and they called him "Doby."

A few paces farther from the bunch sat an old man, eighty years old, hair and beard as white as snow. He was a large man, of commanding appearance, holding in one hand what he called a "Virginia-clay pipe," and in the other a "*Tip-Top Weekly*." A little white dog of exceeding ill temper sat close by his chair, showing impudent teeth if anyone moved too near.

Brooks waited in the lobby quite a while without anyone appearing, so he went out and asked Doby if he knew where the clerk was. "What d' ye want?" demanded the old man in grating tones that nearly made the hair stand. Brooks turned his face full upon him and answered:

"I'd like to have a room, if you please, sir."

Doby injected some of his wit at this point that did credit to his office and the old man gave him some very blistering curses for his trouble. The crowd laughed loudly and coarsely in response to this, and the old man took the guest to his room.

Brooks washed, brushed, rested a minute, and came down to supper. After supper he went into the lobby again, where he found the clerk, the old man's son, who was as careless of the business as was his father, but not quite so rough, and after a month's board had been agreed upon, the clerk asked him what his business was. Brooks simply said he was a lawyer and would open an office in town the next day.

At this time Brooks had not joined any church, but his family,

his parents and the other children, were Methodists and Presbyterians, and had taught him according to the best light they had. He had been thinking about man for some time, in an attempt to resolve, "What was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their vain life," and, having heard the true doctrine some years before, had determined to be baptized the first time an elder came through where he was.

The evening of his arrival was further occupied with a short rest on the porch by himself, till the church bells began to ring, about seven of them, and he found his way to the Presbyterian church on the corner. Here he went in, looked about for some one to give the stranger a seat, but no one giving himself the trouble, he sat down of his own motion.

After church he returned to his room. He sat down on the edge of the bed to reflect for the morrow, and made note that he had but twenty-seven dollars in the whole world; that it would take careful application of it to pay his board and office rent for the first month, and furnish the office and incidentals, since the board alone would take twenty of the twenty-seven.

After sitting on the bed several minutes and making poor headway with his plans for the next day, he walked over to the mirror for a comparison of himself with those of the crowd he had seen on the end of the porch, to see if this comparison would reflect any reason why clients should seek him in preference to them.

He had gazed only a moment when he called his image a "cheap article," and, turning away, went to bed with a heavy heart.

The next morning found him about his business early. It was a rainy, gloomy day, but he bought his little sample of furniture and office equipments and made all arrangements to move in the day following.

He made no attempt on the bunch where he boarded. They were gayer than he,—in fact he was not gay at all. He had no wish to mix with them. So, in the evening of this second day, he sat alone on the unoccupied end of the long porch, not realizing the others had gone up town, nor that there even were any others in this place.

He was reading a letter from his brother. In a few simple words it urged him to have courage, then said, "Remember Bryant's 'Lines to the water-fowl,' and you'll be all right."

There he sat holding the letter in his hand, thinking, thinking—he had been thinking all day, trying to think, and his face was more sober now than it had been. He could not remember the poem, and his mind was straining to gather a few words of it, hoping to set them together and catch their meaning. He remembered odd phrases from most every stanza, but could get nothing that was accurate yet; but presently he started and half aloud repeated with some variation the words:

"He who from zone to zone guides thy uncertain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone, will lead my steps aright."

Ah,—how he tasted those words! How sober and strong he felt, beyond all expression! Let us leave him where he is till the moon comes up, for it were a pity to disturb his sober thralldom.

Despite our wishes, however, this was the very thing that was to happen immediately. He was to be disturbed. Some one called him from the opposite end of the porch, and he turned as if starting from a dream, to behold a gentleman standing by the chair of a fine young lady, wishing to introduce him.

Of course he yielded to the inevitable, but he wished they had left him alone. He felt that he could meet girls, and talk to girls, at home, and that he was here for a very different purpose. What business had anyone introducing him to so fine a lady anyway?

They did not detain him long, however, for he said that he was very busy and withdrew.

During the ensuing week, Brooks met and was met by the crowd of revelers that made his hotel their headquarters. Of course they all wanted to see the new lawyer. It was their habit to begin an evening with the shadows of darkness and drink in every saloon from the far end of the street till they reached the hotel. Then they would go in and sing rowdy songs and conduct themselves as only such men do, till the whisky would begin to die in them, when they would repeat the same performance, always ending at the hotel. Their songs were chanted as they passed along the street, too, so that it was not a place fit for decent people to be. But they were rich, some of them millionaires, of a notorious millionaire family. Therefore the officers of the town were their officers, supported by their money and influence, and were to be found in the same crowd of drunks. The town in general seemed willing to endure their treatment for the remotest possibility of some financial or commercial advantage their friendship might give them.

There were some very cultured people in "the bunch," doctors, lawyers, politicians, bankers, merchants. With the exception of the big athlete they were all drinkers, and without any exception they were all gamblers, rowdies, and profane. Most of them were outspoken infidels, but the most pronounced infidel was the old man.

They that were learned were proud of their learning, for they had obtained it to be proud of, and not to put to any use, for they were gentlemen of leisure. They were read in all ancient mythology and the doctrine of the "Free Thinkers," and were skillful in argument, not to discover the truth, but to make their opponent look ridiculous and bring coarse laughter from men of their kind.

Brooks kept aloof. He had thoughts of his own that he wanted to think, and had nothing to say to any of them. They were simply astounded! They had seen his office and how poor he was; they were the masters and owners of all patronage and prosperity. And that he failed to fall at their feet and do homage as all the others had done; that he would ignore them and stand off there by himself, was beyond their understanding. Evidently they had never seen a sober man before, and "thought it strange that he ran not with them to the same excess of riot."

So they began to move toward him. They had a curiosity to satisfy. All of them were trying to become intimate, and none of them succeeding. There was food for their curiosity in these failures, and soon the whole crowd seemed *determined* to know more

about this quiet man, and almost forced him into the midst to get his opinions about some great argument they were having.

Brooks went in and told them in a very quiet way what he thought, and just as he was to the crowd, so was his opinion to their opinions, it stood by itself.

This they could not endure, and they called him all kinds of fools the dictionaries name. They began to move away to the last man, and likely the sentiments of the entire crowd were expressed when the big athlete said,

"You're too big a fool to talk to."

"I'm sorry," said Brooks, "that you find me so objectionable, but as a defense I can ask you to remember who sought the conversation."

He was as much surprised as they were, for he had never seen men act that way before. He seemed to be adverse to them in every sentiment, in every judgment. But he was not harsh about it. It was the most unpleasant conversation, and the queerest he had ever been a party to.

Business came into the little office very slowly. Everything that could discourage happened that could happen. The other lawyers were cozy in fine offices that were well furnished with good libraries. They were backed by influence, surrounded with friends, and were making thousands of dollars each year. Brooks had nothing, and was making nothing. Perhaps he could have justified the conclusion to close the office and labor for a living. But away across the mountains he had left two old folks that had set their hopes for his success in the law, and were waiting,—waiting to see them fulfilled. There also were two noble brothers and a faithful sister that would be dishonored if he failed. They all believed in him, and he was in duty bound to fill the measure of their belief. He could endure failure or anything so far as his single self was concerned, but he dare not let his lapse touch them that were waiting beyond the mountains.

Brooks had tried some little cases, winning some, losing some, but nothing had occurred that was worthy to report home for their encouragement. He wondered if his strength would hold out long enough to make such a report; for, under the disadvantages of inexperience and obscurity, he battled as it were to the death with gaunt poverty through the length of every day that passed. He would have worried, but thought it wiser to put the strength needful for the worry into study instead. If he looked tired and sober, it was due more to work than to worry, for he was driven to double efforts in his work in order to escape discouragement. He wished for one thing that he could write home, and it came.

It was campaign year. The country was alive with politicians of all degrees of importance. A certain man wished the nomination for sheriff of the county, and sent his son to Brooks to see if he would make the speech presenting his name to the convention. Brooks had never had any political experience, but he agreed to do as well as he could, and on the day of the convention he went, alone as usual, and sat in an obscure corner of the hall scarcely observed

by anyone but the young man who was looking after his father's interests.

Nominations for sheriff were called for, and as they were made by districts, two names were mentioned before Brooks had a chance. Then his district was called, and he came out of the corner in his unpressed clothes, and in easy control of himself, began to speak to the delegates. As they began to warm to his persuasion he became more earnest and was bringing them to their feet all over the hall. When he finished they set up a great shouting. One of the other men withdrew, and his man was nominated at once.

They that arose during the speech were still standing, and as their eyes ferreted out his obscure corner some one yelled, "Cummins!" and they gave a greater shout than before.

Brooks adjusted himself so that his face could not be seen fully, and his eyes moistened a little as he thought, "How the old folks would enjoy it."

This little victory for the new man affected "the bunch" in various ways. Some were envious, some indifferent. There were many outsiders that were well pleased with him; but they did not dare assert anything that would not set well with "the bunch." If he had been one of them, they would have talked loudly. But he did not wish to become one of them, and he said, "If they would have fellowship with me, let them join me, and adopt my way, instead of me joining them and adopting their way, for I am in the better way."

It was not so pleasant to find himself among a people all of whom were so different from him in every way, and perhaps there were times when he was weak enough to wish a friendly face would appear. But he would not sacrifice principle for it, and he learned to stand alone.

He enjoyed to wander over the mountain trails of evenings for rest and exercise, and to think good, wholesome thoughts, which, after all, are the best of society. Often he would find himself gazing at a mountain that was half indistinct in the gloom of the distance, and that showed one tree standing by itself, lonely, serene, and still. He said this helped him to be sober just the way he wished to be. He did not notice it at the time, but afterwards thought his appreciation of the distant mountain and the solitary tree grew out of its resemblance to him. They were in some way alike.

This was his society, and he often felt so strong when walking over the old bedimmed ways, so sufficient for the great load he was carrying, and it was a great load, many other things than the law and the church,—but as I said, he often felt so strong that he wished for a heavier burden to try his strength upon. But he hoped it would be of some different kind from those he now bore, something that wouldn't chafe him. For, "The darts of anguish fix not where the seat of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified," they always hit one in the weakest place.

He was to get his new burden soon, but most certainly it was not the kind he had been wishing for.

(To be continued.)

The Tale of the Tumble.

(Special dispatch.)

By Grace Baughman.

'Twas Sunday morn in Gossipville; the winter air was keen and frosty;
The sun came up and viewed the scene, and smiled on dwellings mean and
costly.

'Twas then that Mistress Perkins, watching from her post beside the window,
Looked out across the square and saw her newest neighbor, Miss Lucinda,
Slip on a glaring sheet of ice,
And tumble neatly, in a trice.

With terror painted on her face she ran and threw the front door open:
"Oh, Miss Lucinda Jones fell down! I'm sure that all her bones are broken!"
Old Deacon Bilkins, passing by, flew quickly to alarm the doctor;
And rushing madly down the street met his young friend, Augustus Proctor:
"You tell your pa to come!" he said,
"Miss Jones fell down and broke her head!"

Swift as an arrow down the street, upon his errand sped the youngster,
"I met the deacon on the street; an inquest must be held at once, sir!"
He shouted, dashing through the house, scarce waiting for the doors to open,
"It happened just a moment since, but Miss Lucinda's neck is broken!"
Quick through the door went Mr. Proctor,
And, on the run, o'ertook the doctor.

In going to the scene of action the two met Brown, the undertaker;
He wiped his eyes, and coughed, and said, "'Twas told to me by Mistress
Baker.
She thought I'd better come at once, and said Mis' Perkins sent the message—
I had a dreadful dream last night, I might have known some ill 'twould presage,
'Tis sad death always takes the best,
But all must go at its behest."

So up the brick walk went the trio, Proctor and Brown and Doctor Winkle,
Miss Jones herself threw wide the door, behind her specs her gray eyes twinkled.
"Come in, good sirs!" she said, "I've been receiving all my friends this morning.
To what am I indebted for these friendly visits without warning?"
Brown looked at Proctor, he at Brown,
And longed to kick him out of town.

So, seeing how the other two did nothing but their watchguards fumble,
The doctor then essayed to tell how it all started from her tumble.
"An accident!" she cried, her hands upheld in mild amaze and wonder,
"News travels fast these modern times; who could have started such a blunder?
I've heard that plans of men and mice——"
She paused and smiled, "I broke the ice!"

A Visit to the National Orange Show.

(Travel Sketch Series.)

By Elbert A. Smith.

(Illustrated by the author.)

WE HAD attended "corn palaces," poultry shows, cattle shows, and what not, but an orange show was something new in our experience. This particular orange show, the second of its kind, was held in San Bernardino, California, beginning February 19, 1912, lasting one week.

We made our first visit in the evening. Everywhere in the city were spangled myriads of colored lights. The distant stars by contrast seemed faded and second-class. After midnight, however, the brief glory of the town passed and the stars came back to their own, just as they were before men dreamed of cities.

As we walked down the street all manner of cheap gambling devices were in full blast—shooting galleries, wheels of fortune, ring throwing tables, and what not. Men spent dollars for the opportunity to toss a ring over a ten-cent knife.

More certain were the many eating stands that lined the way (men must gamble and men must eat, so they think, at least,) for at these one was sure to get something for his money, though perhaps the more he got the worse he fared, in some cases. The cries of men who were selling these viands were picturesque, and in some instances betokened a bounteous spirit of hospitality. One vender of sandwiches loudly announced: "A whole hog and a biscuit for five cents." At that rate the problem of feeding the poor should be easily solved.

Shop windows tell the story of sectional pride. In one window was a display of California attractions, a California landscape in miniature, with flowers, oranges, and happy children out-of-doors. A big thermometer bore the legend: "California in February, thermometer seventy-five degrees above zero." The adjoining window displayed a shimmering snow scene,—trees decked with frost, children wrapped in furs, a teddy bear peering around a snow bank, and a big thermometer in the center bearing the inscription: "The East in February, twenty below zero—nuff said."

We smiled, for being recently from the East, we sensed the contrast. Here we go out into the yard and pick a big red rose from its bush, and that in the middle of February. Peach trees are in full bloom. So summerlike is it that it seemed unnatural, and we told a friend: "I know that such things *can't be*—but they *are*."

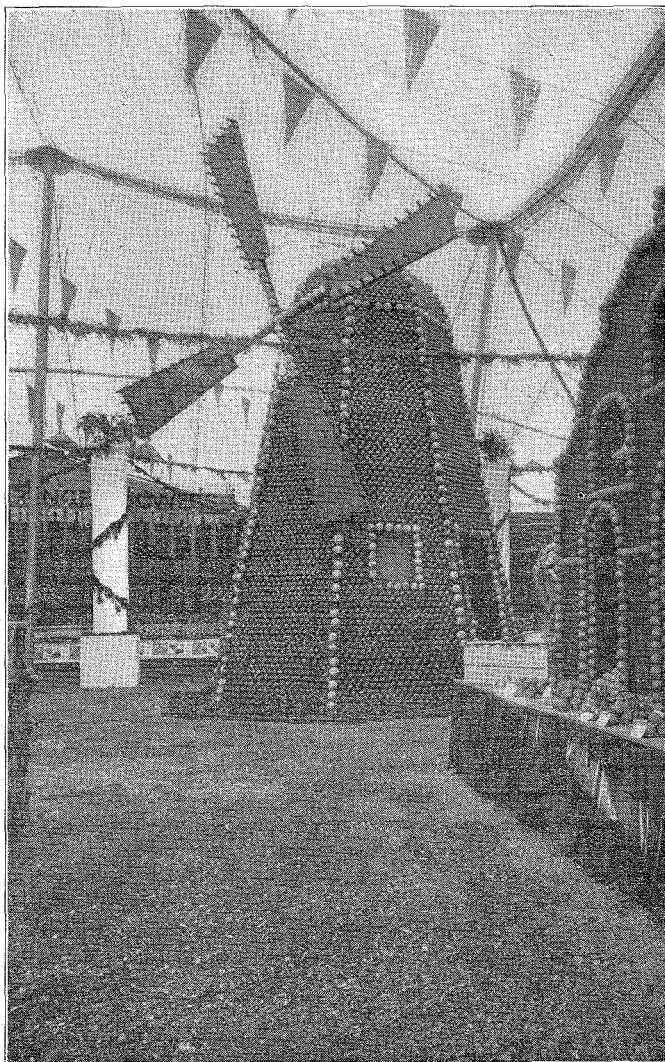
Entering the main exhibition tent we found eight carloads of oranges and lemons on display. These were not arranged in monotonous arrays of boxes, but were displayed in all sorts of artistic creations. The display from Rialto was in the form of an old



The Exhibit that won First Prize at the National Orange Show. Arranged by the people of Redlands.

Dutch windmill, whose broad wings, studded with brilliant electric lights, revolved slowly in an imaginary breeze.

The exhibit of the Santa Fe Railroad consisted of a railroad embankment of lemons, on which stood a model freight train and engine built of oranges. The genial crew posed on the front of the locomotive for their portrait before pulling out,—some way they were delayed, and never did get up steam enough to move.



"The display from Rialto was in the form of an old Dutch windmill, whose broad wings, studded with brilliant electric lights, revolved slowly in an imaginary breeze."

One of the most interesting displays represented the Panama Canal. The Isthmus was built of oranges. The canal, with its locks, the Pacific Ocean at one extremity, the Gulf of Mexico at the other, and Gatun Lake in the center, were all filled with real water on which floated ships of various form. The whole presentation was very real and gave one an idea of the general topographical features of the big ditch. This was the work of the San Bernardino high

school; and must have been educational to the young canal builders.

Adjoining the exhibition tent was the big industrial tent in which various industries connected with raising, harvesting, and shipping citrus fruits were demonstrated.

There was also in the neighborhood a "midway," such as is associated with all expositions of late years—it is always a "midway," since the great World's Fair at Chicago, even if it be, as in this case, at one side. Here were the usual attractions—the high dive, loop the gap, the fat lady, the trained horse, etc.

But why enter this midway to see curious things? Many of the spectators are themselves curiosities. Here all nations meet. One has termed California "humanity's sample room." Here are all colors—white, yellow, bronze, black, and tan, and mahogany. Besides the usual admixture of English, Germans, French, Spaniards, Jews, Italians, and Greeks, there are Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, Hindoos in costume, and Indians and negroes of all shades. These are not a part of the midway. They are not on exhibition. They are citizens. They have come to see the midway. They are here to view the curiosities.

An interesting feature of modern expositions is the modern street parade. In the very long ago when conquering heroes, attended by their followers, paraded through cities, with subjected kings tied behind their chariots, the spectacle must have been imposing. But those triumphal processions represented the conquest of man over man; while our modern processions typify the victory of man over the forces of nature.

On the second day of the national orange show one hundred and twenty-five gayly decorated automobiles from the neighboring town of Redlands, headed by mounted police and a band, swept through the streets of San Bernardino in double column formation. The effect of such a flight of big machines through the streets is thrilling, even to those who are accustomed to such spectacles. Fifty years ago one of these machines passing through the streets of London or New York would have created an indescribable furor. One striking fact in this event was that one hundred and twenty-five of these big and expensive machines should come from one small town, but a village, as compared with Chicago or New York or Los Angeles.

Eastern consumers of oranges have paid for those machines, in part, at least. For while these great masses of golden fruit spell pleasure to the consumer, they spell money to the growers and shippers. Charles S. Paine, author of a little pamphlet on orange growing, has this to say of the many varieties of this aristocratic fruit:

"There are said to be seventy varieties of oranges. Growers of the Washington navel orange in southern California know that the same tree will often have sub-varieties of the navel, varying from season to season in a way that is puzzling. However, careful observers, realizing that there is a permanency worth striving for in the high qualities of this noblest of the fruits of the tree, are noting with precision the characteristics of both tree and fruit, and selecting with care the particular trees that bear with marked uniformity,

quantities that are large and qualities that are high of this orange now so near perfect.

“Such trees will, in time, form a lineage from which new orchards will have origin, and make still more desirable a now well-nigh faultless product.

“But what is this navel orange that is resplendent in national orange shows, that is being planted far and wide wherever it is thought possible to produce it, that is being consumed with eagerness throughout our Continent and beyond the seas?

“It is such as it is in this land, because having innate superior traits in its inception, in its original environment, it has here, throughout the growing season, its development in unhindered sunshine, and, when its growing period is ended in early winter, it has obtained the hue of a glowing sunset outwardly, and the color of gold within; it is because it is so compact with lusciousness that its solid substance, unlike the flesh of other oranges, ‘may be cut like a cake.’

“This was the comparison made when the navel orange first appeared in this region between it and the seedling of looser tissue.

“The seedling orange grows on a magnificent tree thirty feet or more in height. The fruit is of a smaller average size than the navels, globular in shape and has a more juicy pulp; a fruit to be enjoyed when spring is passing into summer. It was the original orange grown for domestic use and for shipping purposes in California. Though rarely planted now, it maintains its reputation in the markets.

“The Saint Michael is also a round orange; its skin a pale yellow, and of fine texture; in size it is seldom as large as the seedling, but it is a very pretty fruit.

“The Mediterranean Sweet is indeed a sweet orange, having a fine pulp, with skin and color somewhat like the seedling, but oblong in shape. It is a good shipper.

“Prominent among desirable varieties is the Late Valencia. A vertical section from stem to base of a typical Valencia is an oblong; its skin is smooth and yellow and its flesh still more yellow, with rich citrous qualities, its sweetness being fully developed only near the end of the season in late autumn. A wonderful property of the fruit is that, while it has sufficient firmness of fiber to adhere to the tree longer than any other orange, affording, through this feature, superior shipping qualities, it has, when fully mature, a tender, delicate flesh.

“Among all the named and unnamed varieties of the orange we can not forget the little kid-gloved varieties—the tangerine and mandarin sorts—as they grow here.”

Among Our Poets.

By George W. Robley.

THE NAZARITE SEER.

All day, from early morn, the Christ had taught
 The changing multitude of human souls;
 And he had tried by all the art of truth
 And grace to plant anew the living vine
 Of God's great love, in hearts grown cold and dead,
 Because of evil deeds and thoughts of wrong.
 His gracious, loving words were wonderful,
 But dull of hearing were the moving throngs,
 And scarce could comprehend the truth he taught.
 The morning hours had quickly passed away,
 And noonday's glaring heat still found the Lord
 Surrounded by a pushing, anxious crowd.
 Men of silver locks and halting gait,
 With careworn faces lined and seared with grief,
 Were side by side with youth and raven locks,
 And eyes like stars, that fearlessly looked out
 Upon the world so fair and beautiful.
 Women, old and gray, wayworn and tired,
 With lives well spent in nature's crowning gift,
 Served as a hallowed shade to make the light
 Of youth and grace, as seen in maidens fair,
 Shine out more wonderful, like opening buds
 Upon a sun-kissed hill. Cynical
 And keen, a man of thirty-five or more,
 Talked with another of like tongue and age,
 And speculated on the teachings heard.

The noon had passed, and down the western slope,
 The burning orb of day was sinking fast;
 Small clouds that floated o'er the heavens' vault,
 Shut out the brightness of the sun's full light,
 And cast a shadow where the people stood,
 As quietly they waited, and watched the Lord.
 A hush now rested on the moving mass;
 The child, close-pressed, had fallen fast asleep,
 Lulled to its rest by love's soft, cooing note.
 The sun sank lower yet, and still the clouds
 Arose, until the dome of heaven's blue,
 Was closed by clouds of darker, grayer hue.

They had reached the Sea of Galilee.
 The Savior stood, where dancing, rippling waves,
 With cool, alluring touch, crept to the shore,
 And looked upon the multitude.
 His calm, sad face was wonderfully sweet;
 But as he stood a trembling of his limbs,
 Showed how, in healing, virtue had gone out,
 And left the human weak; and need of rest
 Could now be seen in speech as well as act.
 The freshening breeze was cool, and as it stirred
 The robe of coarse brown cloth the Savior wore,
 A form of slender mold was brought to view,—
 Scarce fitted by his earthly strength to bear,
 The ills and griefs of such a multitude.

It was night:
 The Savior lay in deep, refreshing sleep,
 The rocking of the boat did not disturb,
 His peaceful rest; fiercely blew the wind,
 And higher grew the waves, until it seemed
 That bark so frail could never live until
 The voyage was ended on the other shore.
 The Twelve had watched, in fear and nameless dread,
 The storm, until it broke in fury on
 The black and angry waters of the lake,
 And lashed its surface to a frothing white.
 A huge wave broke upon the weather bow,
 And sent the frightened sailors to the stern.
 The Twelve were in a group, and awful fear
 Made them bold to wake the sleeping Lord
 And ask him for his help. He heard their cry,
 As slowly rising from his couch he said,
 "Oh, ye of little faith and fearful hearts,
 Why do ye doubt? for God can rule the storm."
 And now the Savior calmly raised his hand,
 And in a voice of concentrated power,
 Heard above the shrieking of the gale,
 Commanded that the raging storm should cease.
 Suddenly, as though a wall of force was raised to meet
 The storm, and push it back upon itself,
 And sent it reeling, growling to its source,
 The wind died down, the waves refused to break;
 And Galilee, the center of the storm,
 Slumbered peacefully in the summer night.

IN THE ARMS OF HIS LOVE.

By J. E. Thomas.

In the morning of life, when the skies are the clearest,
 When the birds sing the sweetest, and heaven seems nearest,
 When the flowers of beauty by the pathway are growing,
 When blessings unnumbered the Lord is bestowing,
 When with Nature's sweet carols our souls are attuned,
 When the glad day is over, and with God we've communed,
 How sweet to look up to the Father above,
 And to know we're secure in the arms of his love.

In the noonday of life, when grave cares may beset us,
 When fortune may frown, and our friends may forget us,
 When the steel of the scoffer in our armor sinks deep,
 Or, a harvest, perchance, of past follies we reap,
 When temptations abound as the leaves on the trees,
 When the world, as a whole, seems the hardest to please,
 It is blessed to know, if by men we're rejected,
 In the arms of his love we are wholly protected.

In the evening of life, when the fast sinking sun
 Casts heaven's approval on the course we have run,
 When the world has forgotten our human mistakes,
 When our life of the life of the Master partakes,
 Then our thoughts turn to God in unceasing prayer
 That our friends and our loved ones may meet with us there,
 In those mansions celestial,—in the city above,
 For ever to rest in the arms of his love.

AUTUMN LEAVES

THE BRIGHTEST STAR.

By John T. Currie.

On Christmas Eve I heavenward gazed,
 And lo! the brightest beam
 Directly overheard was placed,
 A light-diffusing stream.

And close beside the gleaming ray
 An astral cradle shone,
 (A token of that Christmas Day,
 The Guiding Star we own);

Within a manger, cradled lay;
 And wise men when they came
 Gave gifts, and blessed, and passed away.
 While shepherds praised The Name.

Which angel hosts proclaimed in song,
 In hymns of priceless worth,
 The chant of Love by Heaven's throng,
 The promise, "Peace on Earth."

THE HARDEST PLACE.

By Emma Erwin.

The loneliest place on earth is a place where nobody understands you;
 And the place that is sometimes the hardest to fill is the very one that
 demands you.

Then steady your nerve, and clear your brow, and quietly muster your forces;
 Make ready, and watch, lest the demons of earth cut off all your cherished
 resources.

You've wished for a chance to be useful and brave, and show your desire is
 goodly.
 We all would be noble and great, so we say, but still I must question, oh,
 would we?
 Now if we would prove that our hearts are sincere, and that we are really
 workers,
 And fit for the work God wants us to do, we must prove that we're not
 shirkers.

Yes, we must commence with the tattering ends of the work we thought we'd
 finished;
 And we'll still find there is work to do: nor our toil and care diminished.
 So often we tire, our work looks so mean, it scarcely seems worth doing.
 But that is because we lack in zeal, while our humble task pursuing.

A talented hand could have made it to shine, while we only muddle and tumble;
 So why were we given such work to perform, we groan, with our powers so
 humble?
 But listen awhile. 'Tis those who take heed, and trouble themselves to be
 careful,
 'Tis those who exert their uttermost skill, and keep their poor souls prayerful

Whose work shines out to the world about as the work of a talented, brave one;
 And whose would tread in a path that is praised must go bravely forth and
 pave one.
 For who shall say where the hero is, until his brave deeds show him?
 His heart is brave, but unless he acts, how shall the great world know him?

This world is the place we learn to live by lessons often tedious;
 And where the tasks that we would leave for ever do besiege us.
 We live to learn, and would learn to live, then why forsake a duty?
 Oh, let us try with all our strength: for in trying lies the beauty.
 There is a time and a way for all to show the best that's in them.
 So don't wish talents and renown, but buckle in and win them.



Jesus Foreshadowed.

By S. A. Burgess.

(Extracts from a Christmas Sermon.)

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, To the unknown God. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if they are willing to find him, for he is not far from every one of us; for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also, of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring."

THE TOPIC we have selected this morning, if it could be placed in a few words would be *Ecce Deus*—"Behold the God." It has been said that since he has been here all the world looks back to him as the Savior of the world. So also before he came he was the one for whom they were looking. These are by no means idle words, for if we take up such works as the Eddas, Zend Avesta, the Veda, the Puranas, the Book of the Dead, and other ancient writings, we find that not only in Chaldea, not only in India, not only in Egypt, not only in Greece, not only in Italy, not only in Norway, not only in Peru, but even in China on the breast of the great Buddha himself there is a cross. And what does that cross signify? It signifies very much as Doctor Oliver in his work on freemasonry writes: "The system of salvation through the atonement of a crucified Mediator was the main pillar of freemasonry ever since the fall." That cross in China, on the breast of the great image they have placed there to represent the man Siddartha Cuautama Sakyamuni, better known as the Buddha, that cross signifies the hope of salvation through the Son of God who is to come forth and arise in the West. If you take up the writings of Confucius you will not find direct teaching of God or immortality, but you will find there it is written, I do not write of immortality or of God, for the true prophet shall arise in the West, (and it is the west from China) and he shall teach you of the life to come and of the eternal God.

When the first missionaries went to Ireland to preach the Holy Cross, what was their astonishment to find the cross there already

on every hand. And it signified something a little too large for the people to understand. Something a little too large perhaps for most of us to grasp. "The Son of God." It signified a Mediator, and under the Druid worship they took the sun in the heaven as a type of that Mediator.

We read of a time when Israel was taken in bondage, and Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego refused to bow down to the image of gold King Nebuchadnezzar had set up, and in accordance with the laws of the Assyrians, they were taken and bound and cast into the fiery furnace. And when the king in his anger looked in upon them



ELDER S. A. BURGESS.

he said, "What is this? How many men did you cast in? Did you not cast in three? I see four men walking about unhurt in the midst of the fire, and the fourth one is like unto the Son of God."

What did he know about the Son of God?

When Jesus was on the cross, and the great manifestations of nature took place, the Roman soldiers that had gathered about him said, "Surely this man was the Son of God." What did they know about the Son of God, if we are to take the views that were held in some places in days that are past?

We note in our reading in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles how Paul calls attention to this sign, "To the unknown God." We have heard some explain it, that they had so many gods, which is true, a god to the little finger, a god to the

second finger, a god to the middle finger, a god to get up by, and a god to go to bed by, and a god for everything; and they say, that this was put up for fear they might have missed some god, and so they put up an image to the unknown God. To your speaker at one time this seemed the best explanation, but after further investigation we were caused to believe that it was rather a reaching after the one true God, because whether it was in Egypt, in India, in Chaldea, among the Jews at Rome, or whether in the wilds of Norway or Britain the priesthood had the idea of the one true, eternal God. The priesthood never bowed down and worshiped these images, because they were clearly taught that there is one eternal God in the heavens. But the people could not understand such beautiful thoughts as that; therefore they must make them images, they must give them something they could grasp hold of; and I am sorry to say that there is an element of truth about that idea. The children of Israel, when Moses went up into the mountain, wanted something practicable, that they could get hold of, and when Moses was taken away, they had Aaron make them a golden calf. Now notice, they did not kneel down and say, "Oh, Golden Calf! Great Golden Calf!" They recognized the Power that had brought them up out of Egypt, but they had to have something to grasp hold of, that they could see with the physical eye, something they could touch and feel. They were not able to grasp the idea of a Father and a God eternal in the heavens.

This was doubtless the result of bad teaching. But the thing we notice particularly is that to the priesthood and to the educated, to those who were initiated into the mysteries it was no secret; they never for a moment worshiped anything else but the one eternal Father. So to your speaker it seems, that this sign "to the unknown God" referred to the one of the "Ineffable Name." Paul said, "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. The God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshiped with men's hands as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life and breath and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation." We think that Paul understood that he preached a God, who was not a God of the Jews alone, but a God of all living.

And now it being so near the Christmas time, let us take up another feature of the celebration, the mistletoe. We will not waste much time on that. But the mistletoe was sacred to Baldur, which is but another name for the Son of God, who is manifested in the flesh. This is not the proper place to explain the significance of its being hung up and given the privilege of kissing, but that has a significance in the bringing forth of life, and that was the significance it had. This rite was part of the sacred rite, that is, the saluting of the opposite sex under the mistletoe.

And then there is the holly. Did you ever hear a boy say, "I am it"? Did you ever hear him say or speak of a man as "it"? There

was a time when that had a tremendous significance, and the last thing on earth a man wanted to be was "it." What was "it"? It was the type of the eternal. At the Yuletide they did not only offer gifts, but there was one, that was selected by vote, and for two or three weeks he could have everything and anything he wanted to eat. He was "it." He was the king. His least word was law in the Yuletide. Every wish he had was gratified. He was king of the season. But when the period ended, he was taken to the temple of their heathen deities, and was offered a living sacrifice to appease the powers of nature and of life, that spring might again come and the green thing again grow, and the earth put off her barrenness and mantle of snow. Just another type you see of the Master, a living sacrifice, one for all.

And in another country it is part of the Christmas celebration, that in each settlement annual atonement was made for sin. Every man must leave his door unlocked the night before Christmas that the priest might come; but in one house when the morning sun arose, there would be one child whose throat had been cut. There would be one child wearing the holly around its neck. There would be one home in which there was made atonement for the sins of the people. There would be one home, where the red berries of human blood glistened upon the snow. Of course we only have the holly left, but we mention this in connection with our first reading, that it is simply a matter of the sacrifice under the law in first one way and then another, but all with the idea of the Son of God.

They had the cross; they had the cross with the idea of the crucifixion, and of life eternal. They had his walking upon the water; they had the teaching in perverted form. In fact a great part of the New Testament can be reproduced from the writings that are called heathen, and though the teachings therein are perverted in some conditions, yet a large part of the truth is contained in them. And they had the idea that he descended down beneath all things; this Son of God, overcame the power of death and of hell, and ascended on high to sit down upon the right hand of the Father. All of these ideas were held before He came.

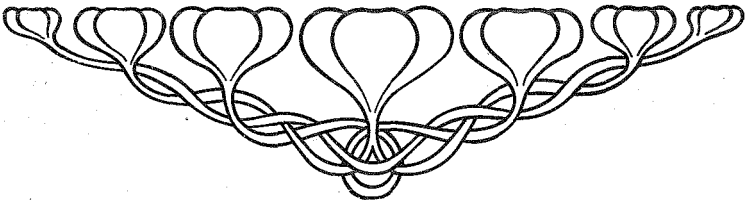
What then did his coming signify to men? I know we sometimes hear a good deal about a God, who so loved the world that he could not be satisfied without seeing somebody killed. To your speaker at least we love to look at it rather from the other view. We love to think that He saw that mankind would corrupt the doctrine, and go astray. He saw it would be necessary for one to come from the courts of glory to show man the way back home again, and when he asked for volunteers, one stood up and said, "I will go; give me your glory." But there was another One. Another One spoke, and he said, "Father, I will go and do the work, but the power and the glory be thine for ever." One who when he sat with the Father, and saw mankind suffering, groping in the darkness, having lost the way, was willing to say, "Father, I will put aside the glory, that I had with thee before the world was, and I will go and become as a little child, suffer all that man suffers and descend even to the lowest depth, that I may open the way for man, even from the prison

house back to God." And it was the power of love. It was not any desire to even up with the other fellow; it was not with any desire to straighten them up and compel them; but it was the power of love trying to draw them onward and upward. He was willing to lay aside the glory with the Father, and come down, and suffer, in order that he might divide up with us the glory and power that he had. Now some will say, "Oh, you can find this in pagan literature." But there is this difference about it.

When this man came it was the end of the bloody sacrifice. When this man's work was finished there was no longer necessity for the offering for sin, and wherever his doctrine went, his atonement was complete between man and the one eternal God.

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me."—John 17: 20-23.

And when he came forth, no longer did the mother on Christmas morning go with fear and trembling to count her children o'er. No longer did the Father tremble for fear that his first born, his best beloved, might that day have to be laid upon the altar. Because there had come a truer gospel, a grander way, and One had come who had paid the price once and for all; and to those who would receive it he told frankly, "My Father does not delight in burnt offering; he does not delight in bloody sacrifice." Why that pagan idea that God was pleased with burnt offering, with bloody sacrifice, with the smell of burning animals, why it is horrifying when we come to think of it! Not only have I fulfilled all necessity, he said, until it is no longer necessary, but my Father does not delight in bloody sacrifices, but he does delight in *obedience*. "He that loveth me, let him keep my commandments."



Man's Dominion.

From a Sermon by Elder Heman C. Smith.

PART II. DOMINION RESTORED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

THE TALK sometimes of men dying a natural death. There is no natural death; that is the unnatural, the abnormal condition. The normal condition is life; and when the normal condition of things has obtained, and the abnormal is taken away, there will be no death, no sorrow, and man will be restored to his primeval condition as the ruler among the creatures of God. He will not only get back to where he was, but he will occupy higher ground, and progress far above what he was first created to do.

This condition of things, in our opinion, and I believe that all Christians favor that opinion with us, is brought about through the atonement of Jesus Christ. When man found himself in this lost and lowly condition, unable to help himself, God sent his Son into the world, and instructed us through him, that if we would be obedient we would gain through obedience what we lost by disobedience. That seems to be a practical proposition to man. If man lost it by disobedience, he could gain it by obedience; and the most encouraging thing in connection with it is that when Christ came upon the earth and commenced this work of human redemption, restoring man to the condition from whence he had fallen, he restored it in part. You will see, if you will follow me closely, that in the experiences of life men were taken from their low condition and upheld and led higher. Partial dominion was restored to them; not full dominion, mark you. Let me read to you from the tenth chapter of Matthew. When the Lord had entered on his mission work, he selected men to represent him. As representatives of Christ who came to redeem men, it was necessary that they should have some power given to them, with the promise of a full restoration upon condition of their continuing in the line of obedience. We read:

“And when he had called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power over unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease.”

He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases. Mark you, these men chosen to be apostles of Jesus Christ had partial dominion restored to them—the necessary thing, it seems to me, to accomplish the work which Christ had undertaken to do. He gave them power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and heal all manner of sickness and all manner of diseases, so that the unclean spirits that would have destroyed man's spiritual good would be under the control of these men of authority. Men whose bodies were sick, and thus were not permitted by reason of affliction to do the work required of them were relieved. These two things were necessary for the full restoration of dominion and power unto men, so it was given to these men as a partial restoration, that they might



protect those who desired to do God's will in spirit and in body, while they worked out their salvation. You will notice how nicely the evangelists all agree upon this point. I read in Mark 3:13: "And he goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom he would: and they came unto him. And he ordained twelve, that they should be with him, and that he might send them forth to preach, and to have power to heal sicknesses and to cast out devils."

Mark and Matthew agree as to what portion of dominion was restored; that which would protect the spirits and bodies of men. Then Luke's testimony is in harmony with that, for he informs us, as you will find recorded in the ninth chapter of his writings:

"Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases."

He adds another word not used by the other evangelists, that of authority. What the other evangelists said, he said, but he goes farther into the history of it, and not only speaks of the twelve having this power and authority bestowed upon them, but, as you will find recorded in the tenth chapter of what is called his gospel: "After these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face into every city and place, whither he himself would come." I will not read in full the directions that are given to these seventy, for want of time, but I invite your attention to the seventeenth verse of this same chapter: "And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name."

They had partial dominion restored unto them as well as to the twelve, then went out upon their mission and came back rejoicing, saying, "Even the devils are subject to us through thy name." What a difference between these men authorized of God, and men who take it upon themselves to undertake to cast out devils. You will find an instance of that kind in the nineteenth chapter of Acts, where it is said one was possessed of a devil, and there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew, and chief of the priests, which undertook to cast out these devils, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth. The devils did not recognize their authority. They said, Paul we know, Jesus we know, but who are ye? They did not recognize their authority and they leaped on them, and they fled out of the house naked and wounded. They could not control these devils, the dominion had not been restored to them thus far, but through these twelve and seventy the Lord gave power over unclean spirits and over all manner of sickness and all manner of disease, for the protection of these people. Being given this much, they could be able to overcome the adversary, notwithstanding their temptations and trials, and thus reclaim what they had lost. He helped them this far, and when they said, "Even the devils are subject unto us through thy name," Christ said unto them:

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you." When do you think that was? When men were trying to overcome the enemy and reclaim the ground that had been lost by transgression: "I give unto you power to tread on the serpents and scorpions." Right here is where the enmity began between the woman and the serpent, and between her seed and his seed, but now God gives man power to tread on these. But that was not all. He gave him power over the enemy.

I want to submit for your consideration before we pass this point this thought, that if Christ in the restoration, or in the beginning of his work among men, found it necessary in order to cope with the enemy to give these men certain power expressed in the word, viz: to cast out devils, heal all manner of diseases, tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy, and if, after eighteen hundred years and more in conflict with Satan, man has not the same power he had then, if the servants of God are

not clothed with the same authority, this power, this partial restoration of dominion that man has lost, are we advancing or are we retrograding? Christ's mission is a failure, or our judgment is wrong, if these signs were only to be enjoyed for a season and then they were taken away. If so, man is farther from God now than he was then, and instead of rising higher he is in danger of falling below what he was eighteen hundred years ago; if man does not occupy higher ground by virtue of his obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ, it is his own fault. The people who do not occupy higher ground have slept upon their rights and privileges, or they are traveling the wrong road. It is just as necessary to-day to exercise dominion in part, and to gain more and more if we expect to go back to our former condition to which man was appointed in the beginning, just as necessary for us to be advancing along that line as it was for the people eighteen hundred years ago. Not only to that place where he can have dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, reptiles, etc., but he will exercise dominion, if he is faithful, over many who are not faithful. If I understand the scriptures aright, because of his faithfulness he will be selected, and because of his devotion to the right he will rule under God among the nations of the earth. I refer you to a statement or question asked by the Apostle Peter, found recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Matthew. Peter no doubt became discouraged like some of us do sometimes when we are meeting the foe, feeling we are in his power and he is about to overcome us after having made sacrifice of many things, and said, "Behold, we have forsaken all, and followed thee; what shall we have therefore?" What is going to be the result of this sacrifice, of this forsaking of things we love? What shall we have therefor? "And Jesus said unto them, Verily I say unto you, That ye which have followed me, in the regeneration when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." You shall have the power under God that you shall partake of the authority of Jesus Christ in ruling over the nations of the earth.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

How are we to exercise it, or how are those who may be selected because of their preparation, and their having overcome themselves, how shall they exercise this dominion or this right to rule among the nations of the earth? I want to present to you two different renderings of the scripture found in the second chapter of Revelation. You can take your choice; I have taken mine.

The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses in the common version read: "And he that overcometh, and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations; and he shall rule them with a rod of iron; as the vessels of a potter shall they be broken to shivers: even as I received of my Father."

There is a promise made to him that overcometh and keepeth

“my works unto the end.” He that is obedient shall be a ruler. You will note the thought in that translation, the rendering of it grates upon my feelings, that is that when man has been an obedient, humble Christian by following the meek and lowly One, and manifests a spirit of kindness and love, which is the spirit taught by the Master himself, that when power is given into his hands, he will break these nations into shivers. It makes me shiver to think of these things. So I was glad when I read in the other rendering of the Scriptures something I thought more in harmony with the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ:

“And to him that overcometh, and keepeth my commandments unto the end, will I give power over many kingdoms; and he shall rule them with the word of God; and they shall be in his hands as the vessels of clay in the hands of the potter; and he shall govern them by faith, with equity and justice, even as I received of my Father.”

I like that better than I do this breaking-to-shivers business; and if there are any here to-night who believe that the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ in its power, its love, depends upon war and bloodshed for its increase, I pity them. I do not believe that the interest of Christ's truth is ever made better by force. We have had enough of force in this world. Men have used force, and what has been the result? We have had our Hannibals and Cæsars, Napoleons and Alexanders, and the world has been brought into subjection to them by force of arms. Everywhere men trembled before them. Empires fell and cities crumbled to ruin. The result was not lasting; and when they died all the influence they had in the world died with them. It was fear by which they controlled, not love. Jesus Christ alone founded his kingdom upon love. Though he has passed from the earth and centuries have elapsed, thousands of men would die for him to-day; but not a soul would die for Alexander, not a soul for Napoleon, not a soul for Hannibal or Cæsar; no affection for them. The kingdom founded upon love, that is the kingdom we lost; and the army of the Lord never was known, never will be known by the roar of cannon, by the crack of musketry, the clashing of saber, or the tramp of the war-steed. We will never by force regain what was lost, or govern it through fear. He that overcometh and is given power will, according to this last translation we read, which I believe to be the proper one, govern by faith, with equity and justice.

Of course I could explain this other translation, but I do not need to. This is the proper translation to my opinion, and in harmony with this we can understand some of the prophets of olden times, some of the things that were given to those that God raised up in the ages that are past. I refer to one statement made here by the prophet Isaiah, as recorded in the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, speaking of the Christ:

“And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots: and the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit

of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.”

All the comment I want to make is to invite your attention to the manifestation that is to come through his rod of Jesse: “And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice’ den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign of the people; to it shall the Gentiles seek: and his rest shall be glorious.”

Did you notice the result that shall obtain by and by? What will it be, and by what power will it be brought about? No enmity among the beasts of the field, or fowls of the air. Will it not be because man shall be living himself worthy and true, and shall have the right to hold dominion and he will control them? We read here, “The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a *little child* shall lead them.”

Not only shall the strong man have physical strength for the control and dominion of these beasts hitherto preying upon each other, they shall lie down together in peace because a little child shall lead them. Dominion shall be restored; man will occupy where he belongs. He fell from his high estate through transgression; through obedience he will come back. A little child shall govern and control, the calf and the young lion and the fatling shall eat together. That will be a glorious time, will it not?

I want in conclusion, to invite your attention to some statements made by the Prophet Daniel along this line, where he speaks of the good influence that should be exercised in the world through the Son of God, and how it should be exercised. From the seventh chapter of Daniel, thirteenth and fourteenth verses:

“I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve him: his dominion is an everlasting kingdom, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.”

Why, as I told you before, every kingdom founded upon force and fear has in it the element of decay; nothing in it that will live. But Christ’s kingdom founded upon love; meek and lowly as he was, rejected because of his meekness, he will not come as a mighty general marshaling the hosts of Israel as he was expected to do by the Jews, but he will come preaching the peaceable things of the

kingdom of God. He will rule by love, not fear, and you will never behold him compelling men to do right. They did not understand him, and they rejected him as being powerless, and yet by his crucified hands he has caused nations to rise and fall, and his dominion will grow and expand, and it shall never be destroyed, and when the result shall have finally been worked out we are told: "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him."

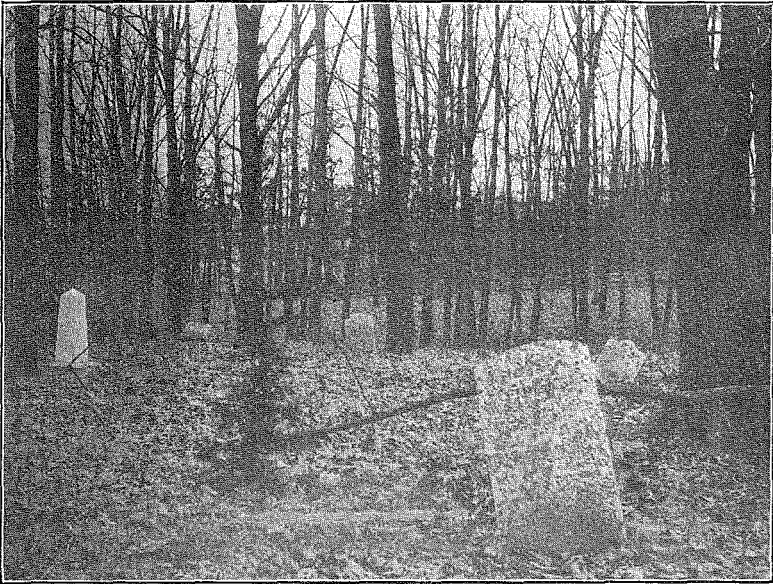
That is the possibility that has been preserved for us; that is the prospect we have of inheritance. We shall regain what we have lost, and climb still higher upon the line of eternal glory, until we shall possess the kingdom as seen in vision given to the saints of the Most High God. I do not mean given to these Latter Day Saints alone, the word *saint* meaning those in the past, present, and future who are obedient to the will of God. The kingdom is for those who become like him and subject to him, and they shall have dominion, and exercise all the rights and prerogatives that belong to them by virtue of their creation.

It is a great thing to be a man. We possibly have not measured it as we ought, nor been able to recognize the possibilities that are before him, if he crucify the lusts of the flesh. Like the psalmist David, I stand in awe when I think of the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast made; and when I stand upon some high eminence, and look out over the fields of nature, and see the grandeur and the beauty that is around me, the production of color and sound, when I see the flowers growing upon the plain, and the beautiful river flowing toward the ocean, I admire all this, but I say within myself, I am greater than all these, because I am a man. God created me a man, and shall I fall into such a condition, form such habits, as to degrade myself with that which is low and groveling, to satisfy the propensities of selfish desires?

Let us rise in our majesty, and strike against the foe, until we shall wrest from him, by the power of God, the power he has in the world. We can with Christ's favor, and through the redeeming blood of Jesus Christ. It is possible. Look to him and live. And may God's peace and blessing abide with you. I may never see you again; and ere we shall meet again we may try the realities of another world; but we shall meet by and by before the throne of a great God, when it shall be known whether we have proved faithful or not. We have delivered the truth in harmony with our belief. We leave the result in the hands of God! and we pray that we may all gain what we have lost.

Above These Ashes.

By Vida E. Smith.



*“What though the drifting winter snow,
Or the beautiful, thick, green grasses grow,
Where my dust shall lie, so still, so low.”*

What though the drifting winter snow,
Or the beautiful, thick, green grasses grow,
Where my dust shall lie, so still, so low,
'Neath the steps of those who in gladness go.

Or if sands of the desert shall softly creep
'Fore the moaning wind, when *this* shall sleep,—
This bone and flesh that I may not keep,
After the time when old Death shall reap.

If when my spirit shall be well gone,
And the burden of flesh no longer borne,
The ashes of this I so long have worn
On the fragrant wind shall be lightly strown;

If my earthly casket; 'mid moss and shell,
Shall lie in state where the funeral knell,
Of a thousand kindred sweep with the swell
Of ocean billows, dear heart, please tell,

If he shall give me a form to wear,
And work without weariness, friends may share,
And roses to bloom in a love-blest air,
Do you think, if He loves me, I need to care?

EDITOR'S CORNER

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Jesus at the Well's Side.

ON A CERTAIN occasion many years ago a little group of men might have been seen plodding its way from Judea to Galilee. One man in the group attracted the instant attention of careful observers because of his striking personality and method of discourse. It could hardly be otherwise, because that personality was such that it was destined in time to affect a great portion of the world; in fact, it was to affect every portion of the world, and that discourse was to be repeated to strange peoples then unborn,—the African slave, the Anglo-Saxon, the Eskimo, the Chinaman, all were to hear it, or a portion of it.

Of this little journey by a great man we read, "Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. Then cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink. (For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat. Then saith the woman of Samaria unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, which am a woman of Samaria? for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.) Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink; thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

In this land where every home has its well or cistern, or perhaps water piped into the house from the city reservoir, we can not appreciate the force of that comparison so readily as could the dwellers in Palestine. Sandy wastes, barren, limestone ridges, heat and drouth made the word *water* pleasant to the ear. They knew what it meant to toil all day on foot over a dusty road and at night halt at some historic well; it meant comfort, at the least, and at the most it meant life.

In that land a man who developed a spring of water or dug a well was regarded as a public benefactor, and his well passed to his children as a priceless inheritance. This very well at Sychar, digged by the Patriarch Jacob so long ago, is still in existence and an object of interest to tourists.

One well supplied an entire community, and thither at night came the shepherds and herdsmen from miles around with their flocks, or if the well were in a city, there gathered all the women of the village to fill their pitchers and there halted all travelers to drink, and water their camels, if camels they had.

The gathering place of the community was not at the saloon or the library or the park; but at the well's side. It was the heart and life of the community. The most stirring and romantic scenes in Hebrew history were enacted there.

There are the stories of Isaac and Rebekah, and Jacob and Rachel, for instance. We read that when Abraham was growing old he was tormented with the thought that perhaps his son Isaac might marry among the women of Canaan. So he took a peculiar method to secure a wife from the land of his kindred and the home of his fathers.



Photo by Sister F. G. Pitt.

THE SITE OF JACOB'S WELL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

He called his eldest and most trusted servant and commissioned him to return to that land and select a wife for Jacob; yet not he but an angel was to go before and select. They had a peculiar belief in those days that God was somehow concerned in the marriage covenant and the perpetuation of the race, and they trusted him somewhat for guidance,—a custom that has been largely outgrown in these days of matrimonial agencies.

So the servant took ten camels and departed. By and by he came to the city of Nahor in the land of Mesopotamia and there he made all of his camels kneel down by the side of the well at the hour when the women came to draw water. He seemed to know that his journey was ended; and here he prayed to God and covenanted with him that at a certain sign he would know the maiden that was to be the wife of his young master Isaac.

Soon Rebekah came down to the well and filled her pitcher, and

to her the servant said, "Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher." She took the pitcher down from her shoulder and gave him water, then she emptied the pitcher into the trough and hastened to draw water for the thirsty camels. This was the sign that the servant had asked of God; and it was a good sign, because the woman who was hospitable to the traveler and thoughtful of the comfort of his dumb brutes certainly would be a good wife.

When the object of the mission was explained to Rebekah and her family, the same God who guided the servant guided them and she went willingly with him to be the wife of Isaac.

Years went by and Isaac and Rebekah grew old and then we find that they too became troubled with the fear that had troubled Abraham,—they feared that their son Jacob would marry among the children of Canaan. And Isaac called Jacob and blessed him and charged him that he should not do so. Having blessed him he advised him to depart to Padan-ar-am and seek him a wife in the family of Laban.

So Jacob set his face toward the land of his fathers. It was upon this journey that he dreamed that remarkable dream in which he saw a ladder, the top of which reached to heaven, with angels of God ascending and descending. More than one young man going to meet his love has dreamed heavenly dreams; but not everyone has made the vow that Jacob made. He vowed that if the Lord would prosper him in his journey he would serve him and of all his wealth that came into his hands he would give him a tenth.

Jacob continued his journey until he reached the land he sought and halted by the side of a well in a certain field. Although it was not yet evening, three flocks waited and the shepherds waited until all the flocks should be gathered there, when the stone would be rolled from the well's mouth and the flocks all be watered.

While Jacob waited, Rachel came with her father's flock to water them. Jacob did not stand on ceremony but immediately rolled the stone away and watered her sheep. It was a case of love at first sight, such true love that Jacob served for Rachel seven years, and we are told that it seemed but a few days to him.

These were household stories in every Hebrew home, so we see that when Jesus compared himself to a well and his spiritual life to water he used a powerful illustration that appealed to the people because of associated ideas suggesting refreshment and love and life. It still appeals to all who have ever toiled in dust and heat and been tormented with weariness and thirst.

We might spend some time talking about how blessed that well was on which he sat, but it will be more profitable to us to consider just what he said as he talked with the Samaritan woman. She was surprised that he talked with her at all, because the Jews and the Samaritans had long cherished mutual antipathy, the Jews having refused the Samaritans permission to engage with them in building the temple after the Babylonian captivity. Christ did not recognize these class distinctions. Here was a human being to listen and be taught, and that was enough. We may learn a lesson of toleration from that.

Jesus told her that he would give her living water, and she replied by telling him the well was deep and he had nothing with which to draw. What a contrast! Here is a child of earth and a child of the kingdom. Christ was thinking about heavenly things and trying to lead her mind to dwell upon them; while she is concerned with a rope and bucket. She can not grasp his meaning because she has not had intercourse with those whose minds rise habitually to spiritual heights. It is so now. Christ calls us to a heavenly estate; and all the time we are wondering how we will pay for the farm we have purchased. He urges us to lay up treasure in heaven, while all the time we are wondering how we may increase our salary. He converses with us about heavenly things while we speculate on the size of our winter's coal bill. It is the old story,—one has bought land, another a pair of oxen, another has married a wife,—all are taken up, and satisfied to have it so. Jesus went on to say, "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

He shall be *satisfied*, and it is the only thing in all the wide world that *will* satisfy the human heart. Sin and pleasure will not satisfy the heart, not for long. How often, when some good man is borne to his grave, do we hear one who has spent his life seeking pleasure say, "I wish my chances were as good as his." He is not satisfied. Doubt and skepticism will not satisfy. How often does the hardened skeptic in the hour of his extremity cry out, "O God, if there is a God, save my soul, if I have a soul!" He is not satisfied. But in joy or sorrow, in prosperity or adversity, the soul that relies on Jesus shall be satisfied.

That old well of Jacob's was about as near eternal as anything made with hands, yet to-day it is rapidly filling up and can not be relied upon to supply water during the dry months; but the water that Christ gives flows from a perennial spring and we may draw it as freely as did the men who talked with him.

He went on to say, "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." This suggests the thought that it shall be for the refreshing of others equally with the individual. The wise man tells us "the liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself." And again, "The mouth of the righteous man is a well of life." By way of contrast Peter tells us of the wicked, that "these are wells without water." They are a delusion to all who rely on them.

There is great need now that we should have this water springing up within us, to the extent that those who come into our presence, either as individuals, or as a body in branch meetings or district conference or General Conference, may feel themselves in the presence of those endowed with power,—the people of God.

It dawned upon the woman at last that here was no ordinary man, and she said, "Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet." Then she went on to speak of the Messiah. Jesus interrupted her with the statement, "I that speak unto thee am he."

This was the first time that we are aware of that he had made

that announcement. She was indeed blessed to be the one who heard it. Yet not more than we, because he yet makes it to those who listen and to each it is always new. The promise is still valid, "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me; and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him."

Oh reader, there is the most pressing need that you shall hear the Holy Spirit whisper to you that this man was the Son of God. You must strive for the testimony of Jesus. The fact that he is the Son of God is the rock on which the church rests. Nothing will prevail against it. Do not depend alone upon argument to sustain your faith. Doubts will assail and there will come times when all your arguments will be turned against you, when your reason is weary and your heart broken; then you can fall back upon the knowledge that Jesus is the living Son of God and that he is your Savior.

While he talked with the woman his disciples returned and pressed him to eat of the meat they brought, but he answered, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." They marveled at that and debated whether any man had brought him food. Like the woman they were slow to understand the mood of one who could forget earthly things. Their thoughts were centered upon the approaching meal. But here was one earnest soul who could forget hunger and weariness in the contemplation of his Father's work. He lived not by bread alone, but by every word that proceeded forth from the mouth of God.

Now let us likewise contemplate earnestly the words of this gentle and loving man who paused for a little while by the side of Jacob's well and talked with this woman of the world.

"There are some hearts like wells, green-mossed and deep
 As ever summer saw;
 And cool their water is,—yea, cool and sweet;—
 But you must come to draw.
 They hoard not, yet they rest in calm content,
 And not unsought will give;
 They can be quiet with their wealth unspent,
 So self-contained they live.

"And there are some like springs, that bubbling burst
 To follow dusty ways,
 And run with offered cup to quench his thirst
 Where the tired traveler strays;
 That never ask the meadows if they want
 What is their joy to give;—
 Unasked, their lives to other lives they grant,
 So self-bestowed they live!

"And One is like the ocean, deep and wide,
 Wherein all waters fall,
 That girdles the broad earth, and draws the tide,
 Feeding and bearing all;
 That broods the mists, that sends the clouds abroad,
 That takes, again to give;—
 Even the great and loving heart of God,
 Whereby all love doth live."

Announcement for 1913.

AUTUMN LEAVES will still continue to furnish its readers with "Latter Day Saint literature at its best." AUTUMN LEAVES is published for the young people, but interests all classes of church members. A special feature of the coming year will be

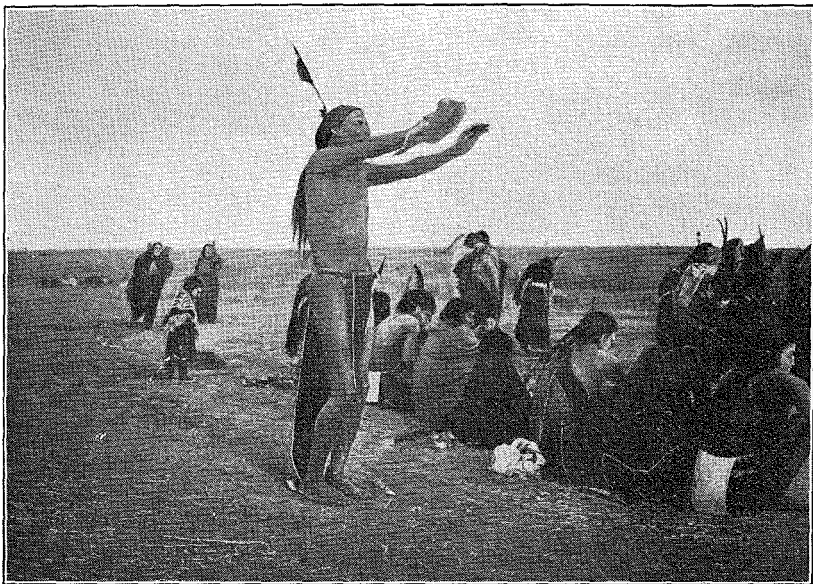


Photo secured from Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.
Cut to be used with "Religion of the American Indian," by H. A. Stebbins.

TRAVEL SKETCHES.

Who does not delight to read well-illustrated stories of travel? Come with us for the year. In spirit you can travel with Latter Day Saints in all lands. Here are a few of the Travel Sketch articles already in sight, most of them now in the editor's desk:

"A pleasant outing in Australia," by Elder E. F. Robertson, illustrated with original photos of Australian scenery.

"The log of the pikers," by "The Judge." Being "the only true and authentic history of a three weeks' canoe trip." The story of an outing on the beautiful and historic Delaware River, illustrated with beautiful views from this famous river.

"Reminiscences of Egypt," by Sister F. G. Pitt, with illustrations of the pyramids and the Sphinx.

"The stop at Makatea," by Elder J. W. Gilbert. A story of the South Sea Islands.

"A camping trip in the mountains of southern California," by Elbert A. Smith. Illustrated with original pencil drawings.

"Scenes in London, England," by Bishop Roderick May. Illustrated with views from the great English capital.

"In the Philippines," by George Briggs, instructor in the Philippines.

"A visit to Bluff Park and Nauvoo," by Elbert A. Smith. Illustrated with original photographs.

"A tour of Europe," by Sister Belle Robinson James. With illustrations of interesting European scenes.

STRAIGHT TALKS TO THE AVERAGE YOUNG MAN.

The average young man has in him a finer nature that responds to every appeal of the good and noble and pure. He may conceal this better nature,—even deny it,—but it is there.

The first page of every number of AUTUMN LEAVES during 1913 will bear a "Straight talk to the average young man," by the editor of AUTUMN LEAVES, Elbert A. Smith.

Here are some of the topics: "The square peg in the round hole"; "Difficulties in the way of faith"; "The folly of pig-headedness"; "Building the home"; "Answering the Devil's advertisements"; "The two John Barclays"; "Three keys to power"; "Getting an education"; "Those finer emotions."

These are not long, dry sermons. They are pointed, one-page appeals to the better nature of men, young men,—and older ones, too, if they will read them.

FROM THE APOSTLES.

In the days of old the apostles addressed themselves to the young people of the church. Paul gave timely and loving counsel to his younger brother Timothy. Peter admonished "those who are younger."

The apostles of to-day have no less keen an interest in the welfare of the young—those who to-morrow must solve the problems of Zion. During the year 1913 each number of AUTUMN LEAVES will contain a direct appeal to the young from some member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles. Those contributing are:

William H. Kelley.	U. W. Greene.
John W. Wight.	R. C. Russell.
Gomer T. Griffiths.	F. M. Sheehy.
J. F. Curtis.	John W. Rushton.
Peter Anderson.	Frederick A. Smith.
C. A. Butterworth.	I. N. White.

GETTING A START IN LIFE.

If you were a young man, member of the church, just starting out in life, with a capital of good health and fifty or one hundred dollars in cash, where would you go and what would you do to get a start? What habits would you cultivate? How would you conduct yourself?

These questions will be answered in AUTUMN LEAVES for the benefit of our young men, by Bishop John Zimmermann, Bishop Ellis Short, Elder W. R. Pickering, Judge A. B. Kirkendall, and Elder G. J. Waller. All experienced business men.

SPECIAL ARTICLES.

Here are a few of the special articles listed for the year:

"Government," in three numbers, "Monarchy," "Democracy,"

"Theocracy," by Elder S. A. Burgess. Brother Burgess is well known to the church as an all-around student, and writer of ability.

"The religion of the American Indian," by Elder H. A. Stebbins, author of the Book of Mormon Lectures. This will be illustrated with photos of Indians at worship, secured from the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute.

"Among the Indians of New Mexico," by R. B. Brown, employed by the Department of the Interior, United States Indian Service.

"Patriotism of the Smith family and their progenitors," by Herbert S. Salisbury, former president of Graceland College, grandson of Catherine Salisbury, who was a sister of Joseph Smith the Martyr. This author has been to great trouble and research to trace the Smith and Salisbury families during those early days.

"They that have overcome." Short stories of obstacles overcome. Written by Professor R. V. Hopkins, of Graceland College.

"Education," by Professor J. A. Gunsolley, president of Graceland College.

"The fool," from an address before The Cumnock School of Expression, Los Angeles, by Elder R. T. Cooper. A rational examination of the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

FROM THE OLD FAMILY ALBUM.

It is proposed to run in each issue for the year some one old picture of especial interest because of its connection with church history. These pictures alone will be worth the price of the magazine.

The first of these to appear will be, "The birthplace of President Joseph Smith, Kirtland, Ohio."

THE USUAL FEATURES.

Besides the special articles named, there will be the usual features that have made AUTUMN LEAVES so popular. There will be interesting stories, biographies, autobiographies, poems, articles, essays, editorials, and a great variety of illustrations.

The great range of topics treated upon in AUTUMN LEAVES gives the magazine spice and variety. We are not confined to one line of subjects.

THE DEPARTMENTS.

Zion's Religio-Literary Society is represented in the Arena Department, edited by Elbert A. Smith and Estella Wight. All Religio workers should be subscribers to AUTUMN LEAVES and at work in its interests.

The Woman's Auxiliary for Social Service is represented in a regular department edited by Sister Callie B. Stebbins. This department is of interest to social workers and home builders.

AUTUMN LEAVES is published monthly. The subscription price is only \$1.00 per year. Send all orders to the Herald Publishing House, Lamoni, Iowa.

Department of The Woman's Auxiliary of the Church.

Organized for Social Service.

CALLIE B. STEBBINS, Editor.

"A partnership with God is parenthood;
What strength, what purity, what self-control,
What love, what wisdom, should belong to them
Who help God fashion an immortal soul."

"I am among you as he that serveth."—Jesus.
"Ye shall succor men: 'tis nobleness to serve."

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Serving and Being Served.

PEACE ON EARTH, good will to men. This was the song of rejoicing over the Babe of Bethlehem. Helpless, at first, and receiving as unconsciously as any other baby, the care and adoration accorded him, how soon we find him about his Father's business, devoting his life to others and by his death completing the sacrifice that made him the Savior of the world.

In him we are given the perfect example of unselfishness, without which peace can not come to the world.

The Christian religion carries with it the highest conception of the worth of childhood, and the birth of the Holy Child sanctifies the advent of every other soul into the world he came to redeem.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure." A plaything?

Oh, no! A soul to lead in the footsteps of our Elder Brother. But the burden of responsibility has great compensation of joy, of deep happiness, the more lasting as the great purpose of parenthood is the more perfectly fulfilled. Will the child continue to be a source of happiness when babyhood is past, on through the years of self-expression that follow? How much the answer to this depends on the small beginnings of the early years.

"Oh, mother," writes the fond possessor of a home glorified by the presence of a few-months old baby, "we can't tell you how glad and thankful we are for our baby!" And from how many hearts there wells up like rejoicing. Nothing is too good, nothing too hard to endure for the darling of the house. And in the very self-effacement of the parents may lie a serious danger to the object of their love.

A mother mourning the loss of her little girl said, "Well, we have one comfort; she had everything a child could have to make her happy; there was never anything she wanted that we did not get or do if possible." Friends of the family had observed that this unvarying course of gratifying every wish was making a selfish, willful child of one that would otherwise have been most lovable. And yet it was love that caused the mistake—blind love that would lead away from the happiness desired; that would rob the child of the birthright of self-control and contentment and the joy of self-denial in making others happy.

The example of unselfishness in the parent is not enough. To make their child's life a success, they must lead him in the way of unselfishness also. Jesus, in his life of self-sacrifice, did not disclaim all attention to himself. He said of Mary when she anointed his feet with the costly ointment, "Let her alone; . . . me ye have not always."

Children will not always have their parents, and it is for the beautifying of their characters that they should be led to return full measure of love and attention for all that has been bestowed upon them. The most beautiful devotion of the mother is misapplied if it does not swing the balance in the child from the attitude of leaning to that of giving support, from the receiving of thought and love and care to the giving of these same precious gifts that make rich the one who gives them. The parent may shrink from what may seem a lack of the perfect love that "seeketh not her own," and if mother and father are united for the good of the child, each may help in the case of the other, as is very sweetly shown in an incident told in the *Golden Now*.

"Loving and being loved, serving and being served, is the right idea; there can be no doubt of it. . . ."

"Dorothy was just old enough to want to help in all her mother did. She particularly loved to assist in getting meals. To be sure her tiny hands could do no more than carry in one dish at a time, but she was quite sure she was helping.

"She was observant and liked to do her little tasks just right. She had noticed that if there chanced to be a portion of anything not quite so desirable as the rest, mamma said, 'Put that at my

plate.' She watched the serving of the dessert one day, and pointing to one slice, said, 'That's mamma's 'cause it's broken.'

"There was no thought of selfishness. She was simply carrying out the lesson she had been taught.

"What was the puzzled mother to do? Unconsciously, by her own unselfishness, she had taught Dorothy that, as a matter of course, the undesirable things in life belonged to mother. It was the small beginning of that deplorable condition, a selfish, exacting child, and a slaving, unappreciated mother.

"The correction of the evil required thought. She could hardly turn about and demand the best for herself without defeating her object.

"She took her perplexity to Dorothy's father in one of their quiet evening talks. 'I see,' he said. 'That is where you need me. I'll try what I can do.'

"Next time a broken portion came to mamma's plate, papa whispered to Dorothy: 'I'm going to take that. Let's give mamma the very best to show her we love her.'

"It needed only a little rivalry in generosity, and a prompt recognition from mamma of the love that was behind it, and the threatened character defect was overcome by the child's naturally loving and generous spirit."



What's Mother's is Mine.

The other day a most interesting thing happened,—the expressman left a mysterious, suggestive-looking package for mother. She was not expecting it, that was plain, and had no clue to what it contained, but the girls knew—for it bore a printed legend to the effect that this box was shipped from a celebrated confectioner.

Of course there was no end of excitement. "Open it, open it!" everyone exclaimed, and mother could only laugh and feebly resist when the whole family fell on her, relieved her of the box and opened it with the fierce haste of ravening wolves.

No one asked her if she were willing, no one thought she might perhaps prefer waiting until father's careful fingers could aid her when they two were alone; the wildly delighted thought was only this, five pounds of delicious candy were in the house and the eager palate longed for it.

So the box was torn open with the aid of a nail cleaner and a buttonhook, and there lay the beautiful feast; only for a second, however, for four sets of fingers plucked and picked at the delicious dainties, mouths were filled, and everyone was laughing and jolly. The one boy, spoiled, of course, threw chocolates into his merry mouth two at a time, so great was his merry greediness.

And what was dear little mother doing? Holding the heavy box with both her frail hands while her youngsters ate their fill, wondering if a *marron glace* would be left so she might have one, for she loved them dearly. At last she sat down on the nearest sofa, put the box on her lap, and she too picked and chose with the others,

as merry as the rest, while she took from its envelope a little card reading, "From brother Bob." "Hurrah for Uncle Bob," shouted everybody.

But I should say, "Hurrah for mother," who thus gave so freely of her own private treat. In all her life she had never been able to live down a childish passion for sweets, nor a very human love of kind attention, so the receipt of this box was really an event to her. Strange, the girls did not think of this as they ruthlessly devoured all her favorite candies exactly as though they had a right to keep on until the box was empty. Mother would never say a word. If her children were gratified, she sacrificed without thought of self.

But it was not right, all the same, and would one of the girls have done likewise? No, indeed, when Grace or Elsie get a box of candy they—well, they do not do as mother did that day. At least they keep for themselves the privilege of offering.—Selected.



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Good Literature.

WHAT TO READ.

SOME of our people still discourage, at least to some extent, the work of the auxiliaries on the ground that it is too worldly—not spiritual enough, and therefore, has a tendency to lead the young away from a profound study of the gospel, the greatest discouragement usually coming in the form of faint praise or a lack of interest.

Notwithstanding the command of God to “seek ye out of the *best* books words of wisdom,” and to “become acquainted with all good books,” these good people are fearful that we are becoming worldly if we seek learning by study instead of wholly by faith. We are also told that the best books being the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants, if we read them and the church papers we will not have time for anything else—we will get everything we need.

Let us see what God says about it. In Doctrine and Covenants 90: 12 he says, “Obtain a knowledge of history, and of countries, and of kingdoms, of laws of God and man, and all this for the salvation of Zion.”

What he really wants, then, as he says in section 85, paragraph 21, is, that we “shall teach one another the doctrine of the kingdom” first, that we may be “instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel,” and then in connection with this and in support of it, “a knowledge also of countries, and of kingdoms, that ye may be prepared in all things.”

God does not want us to have a one-sided development. We must develop our mind as well as our emotions. Wisdom is not in the heart, but in the head. Unless we exercise all the faculties of our mind we will not be able to control and direct the forces of life as we should.

A well-trained mind is the safety of the soul, without which, in our ignorance, we are constantly wasting the energy with which God has endowed us, and for which he holds us strictly accountable.

The best books then, are the ones which will give us the most reliable information concerning, “things both in heaven, and in earth, and under the earth; things which have been; things which are; things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home; things which are abroad; the wars and perplexities of the nations; and the judgments which are on the land.”

I have quoted from Doctrine and Covenants again, 85th section, just to show you that this good literature question is one upon which God has repeatedly spoken, and if we will comply with the instructions he has given we will be a pretty well-educated people. Why, in section 87, he even tells us to become acquainted with “languages, tongues, and people.”

NO TIME TO READ.

One of the greatest obstacles good literature workers have to meet is the plea: "Oh, I don't have any time to read." A man (and a Latter Day Saint) once told me that, and then took up a whole hour of my time, and his too, in telling me about some other Saint who had gone wrong. I only listened because I saw an opportunity of teaching him a lesson. When he got through I asked him how many times he had told that story. After recovering to some extent, he said, "Oh, five or six times; why?" "Well," I said, "you have occupied just one hour's time in telling me something that has been a positive injury to you and to me and the one about whom you have been talking. There is six hours of your time gone; I do not wonder you have no time to read."

Rather a drastic remedy, but it proved very effective in that case. Some of you good literature workers may have occasion to use it, but if you do, handle it with extreme care, because if your patient has the chronic habit of gossip he may become offended.

SOME RESULTS.

Do you know that some of our missionaries are actually a little jealous of one feature of the work the good literature committees are doing?—I refer to that of distributing gospel literature. I have heard two of them question whether there was any good could come of the distribution of tracts and papers by those not of the priesthood. But *results* are the best evidence. There is no argument that can meet *them*. *They* at once put an end to all controversy. Let me give you just a few of the results that have been reported to me.

A good literature committee woman of Kansas City, Kansas, without any previous experience, very diffident and fearful, started the distribution of gospel literature. She did not know just how to go about it, so in her simplicity she told God that if he wanted her to do this work, to manifest himself in some way that she might know it was his will.

The Spirit rested upon her and told her to go and the Lord would be with her, so she gathered up her tracts, papers, and books, and started. Not knowing where to go she walked aimlessly down the street until suddenly a voice spoke to her and told her to go into the next house. She went in, left her literature and again started down the street. She had been received so cordially at the first place that she thought she would try the next house, but the Spirit told her not to go in there. Thus she continued her work all that day, being directed by the Spirit just what houses to enter and what ones not to, everywhere being received most cordially and with seeming interest in the gospel.

The next trip she made the Spirit was still with her, directing where and where not to go, but in one case when she was told not to go into a house she went anyway and a woman slammed the door in her face. After that she was satisfied that God knew best, and as a result of her work thirty-four were baptized, a branch was organized, and a church has been built.

Can you produce any evidence from God against the good literature work?

In another case a good literature worker was talking to a very staunch Methodist lady, answering various questions that were asked, the answers being satisfactory until the question of baptism was raised. She said: "Why, I have been baptized." The answer was, "No, you mean you have been sprinkled; that it not baptism." "But our church," she said, "teaches that one form of baptism is as good as another." Our worker said, "The Bible teaches that immersion is the only accepted method. Now, who are you going to believe, God or the Methodists?"

About three months afterwards this woman came to one of our prayer meetings and related the above conversation and said that when this last question was asked, some power rested upon her and thrilled her whole being and that she had been trying to convince herself ever since that it was nothing more than personal magnetism, but she had not been able to do so and wanted them to pray for her. The following Saturday she was baptized.

Another of our workers left some tracts at the home of a very devout Baptist family, consisting of a man and his wife and three grown daughters. The woman received the tracts very kindly and promised to read them, but when her husband came home that evening he said: "No, no, you must not have anything to do with those people; they are Mormons. We can not allow anything of that kind in our family."

Our worker heard about this and said, "I must go and tell those people that we are not Mormons, at least, and as much more as they will receive." After praying over the matter she went in the evening so she would find the man at home. He met her at the door and she told him that we were not Mormons and explained the difference, and he invited her in.

After talking with him about fifteen minutes the Spirit told her that he and all of his family would come into the church; but upon leaving he told her that he had been a Baptist for fifteen years and if he lived to be fifty years older he would still be a Baptist. But man proposes and God disposes. In three weeks he and all his family were baptized and are now active workers in the church.

These are but a few of the *results* and I am using them not only to show that God is approving the work of the good literature committees, but to inspire you to greater effort. Just think of the wonderful work that is yet to be accomplished in warning our neighbors, and how few there are really qualified and willing to do it; but unless we do, we are told that their blood shall be upon our heads. What a grave responsibility it is to be a Latter Day Saint! Yet, what a great joy is promised if we save but one soul.

"Seek diligently from the best books words of wisdom."—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 36.

<p>Books relating to the theory, principle, and doctrine of the law of the gospel and that pertain to the kingdom of God—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 21.</p>	<p>Bible. Book of Mormon. Doctrine and Covenants. Sunday school and Religio <i>Quartlies</i>. Religious tracts and books. Church, Sunday school, and Religious publications.</p>
<p>“Things which have been; things which are; things which must shortly come to pass.”—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 21.</p>	<p>Bible, Book of Mormon, and Church History. Histories of nations, ancient and modern. Current events—newspapers and magazines. Prophecies in Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants.</p>
<p>“Things which are at home; things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land.”—Doctrine and Covenants 85: 21.</p>	<p>Political economy. Legislation. Capital and labor. Calamities—causes and effects in all the world. Political changes favorable to the introduction of the gospel in foreign countries.</p>
<p>“Knowledge of laws of God and man.”—Doctrine and Covenants 90: 1</p>	<p>Doctrine and laws of the church. Laws of the land. Laws of Nature—physical and mental; anatomy and physiology. “Languages, tongues, and people.” Mathematics, grammar, engineering—civil, mechanical, electrical, hydraulic, and locomotive. Architecture.</p>

J. F. RUDD, *Superintendent gospel literature bureau, Independence Stake.*



Welcome Joy.

Take joy home and make a place in thy great heart for her, and give her time to grow, and cherish her; there will she come and oft will sing to thee, when thou are working in the furrows, aye, or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn. It is a comely fashion to be glad. Joy is the grace we say to God.

News from Societies.

Lamoni, Iowa.—The lookout committee of our local has been especially busy the past months. Quite a number of names have been dropped and many new members have been added to our number, thus making the membership list much more accurate. Of course those we have dropped are those who have moved away or for some reason can not come. The social committee has promised us a social sometime in the near future. All our committees are active and doing what they can and our society seems to be slowly gaining, both in numbers and interest.

RUBY E. BAGULEY, *Correspondent.*



Index to Volume 25.

ARTICLES.

- Abbie A. Horton, Biographical sketch of Sister, 260.
 Alexander Hale Smith, Biography of, 199, 307, 351, 402, 449, 501.
 An interesting sight in Europe; Switzerland and the Alps, 391.
 Bicycle tour in Australia, A, 211.
 Biographical sketch of Sister Abbie A. Horton, 260.
 Biography of Alexander Hale Smith, 199, 307, 351, 402, 449, 501.
 Brooks Cummins, part 1, 530.
 Christmas and New Year's in the South Sea Islands, 10.
 Church history, 1830-1844, A short sketch of, 441, 495.
 Church work, The girl in, 115.
 Church work, The young man in, 49, 434, 481.
 Church work, The young woman in, 1, 241.
 College education, Some advantages of, 337.
 "Cultivate the gift of music and song," 389.
 Dominion, Man's 490, 550.
 Eight weeks in a tent, 54.
 Failed, The story of one who has, 97.
 Girl in church work, The, 115.
 Glimpses of Mexico, 102, 157.
 Institute work, 6.
Jenny Barto, Wreck of the, or some of my experiences as a sailor, 63, 107.
 Jesus foreshadowed, 545.
 London the beautiful, 249.
 Man's dominion, 490, 550.
 Message to the young man who must make his own way in the world, A, 145.
 Mexico, Glimpses of, 102, 157.
 Montana, A trip through, 296.
 Mormon girl, The, 21.
 National Orange Show, A visit to the, 537.
 Only my wife, 163.
 Plano to Independence, via Boston, 260.
 Practical papers, 1, 49, 115, 145, 194, 241, 291, 344, 385, 434, 481.
 Round table, Our, 97.
 Short sketch of church history, A, 1830-1844, 441, 495.
 Some advantages of a college education, 337.
 Some of my experiences as a sailor, or the wreck of the *Jenny Barto*, 63, 107.
 South Sea Islands, Christmas and New Year's in, 10.
 Smiley Heights, southern California, A viist to, 487.
 Switzerland and the Alps, An interesting sight in Europe, 391.
 Story of one who has failed, The, 97.
 Tent, Eight weeks in a, 54.
 The young man who must make his own way in the world, 344.
 The young woman in church work, 241.
 The young woman who must make her own way in the world, 385.
 "Those that seek me early and diligently shall find me," 393.
 Thought power, 303.
 Through Syria, Galilee, Cana, Nazareth, and Haifa, 16, 58.
 To the average young man 529.
 Travel sketches, 16, 58, 102, 157, 211, 249, 296, 348, 391, 487.
 Trip through Montana, A, 296.
 Trip to the Orient, Japan, China, Manila, A, 348.
 Visit to Smiley Heights, southern California, A, 487.
 Visit to the National Orange Show, 537.
 Wife, Only my, 163.
 Wreck of the *Jenny Barto*, some of my experiences as a sailor, and the, 63, 107.

Young man in church work, The, 49, 434, 481.
 Young man, To the average, 529.
 Young man who must make his own way in the world, A message to the, 145.
 Young man who must make his own way in the world, The, 194, 344.
 Young woman in church work, The, 1, 241.
 Young woman who must make her own way in the world, The, 291, 385.

POETRY.

Above the ashes, 557.
 Among our poets, 355, 542.
 "An old, old path," 385.
 Apostrophe to the ocean, 209.
 At last, 155.
 A wish, 409.
 Ballad to the shop girl, 305.
 Break, break, break, 210.
 Brightest star, The, 544.
 Childhood, 113.
 Child slave, The, 305.
 Cumorah, Hill, 162.
 Cumorah, The Hill, as it is to-day, 161.
 Crossing the bar, 155.
 Day dreams of youth, 356.
 Dreamer, The, 259.
 Evening, 433.
 Farewell, Three poems of, 155.
 Four poems of the sea, 207.
 Four poems of the times, 257.
 God is calling. 260.
 Hardest place, The, 544.
 Hill Cumorah as it is to-day, The, 161.
 In the arms of His love, 543.
 Invocation, 193, 447.
 Just drifting, 114.
 Land of dreams, The, 448.
 Lights on the other shore, 156.
 Meditation, 15.
 Morning, 433.
 Nazarite Seer, The, 542.
 Ninety and nine The, 305.
 October's call, 448.
 Poems of poverty, 305.
 Power, 487.
 Prayer, A, 289.
 Progress and science and the poor, 305.
 Reveries of home, 355.
 Sandpiper, The, 208.
 Secret of the sea, The, 207.
 Song of the shirt, 305.
 Tale of the tumble, The, 536.
 The Hill Cumorah as it is to-day, 161.
 Thunderstorm, A, 357.
 Three poems of farewell, 155.
 Two pictures, 433.
 Vision, A, 306.
 Voice of the people, The, 257.
 Way, The, 290.
 When wilt thou save thy people, 258.
 Wish, A, 409.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

A little humor now and then 123, 168, 218, 269, 317, 361.
 AUTUMN LEAVES announcement for 1913, 563.
 Awakening of a pastor, The, 265.
 Bible school work, Daily vacation, 413.
 Case of Warner versus Brewer settled out of court, The, 165.
 Correction, 124, 269.
 Daily vacation bible school work, 413.
 David H. Smith in Utah, 507.
 Driving versus leading, 216.
 Entering wedge of Christian charity, The, 410.
 Homesickness of Elder John Howard, The, 35, 71.
 Humor now and then, A little, 123, 168, 218, 269, 317, 361.
 Idealizing the real, 358.
 Jesus at the well side, 558.
 John Howard stories, 35, 71, 120, 165, 216, 265, 314, 358, 410, 455.
 Minister who "found himself," A, 120.
 Missionary experience "done into verse," A, 459.
 New aid to missionary work, A, 413.
 Notice, 73, 123.
 Quarrel in the choir; "Who are you workin' for," 314.
 Sermon, A Thanksgiving Day, 512.
 Stories of John Howard, 35, 71, 120, 165, 216, 265, 314, 358, 410, 455.
 Stories told on Halloween, 455.
 Thanksgiving Day sermon, A, 512.
 Utah, David H. Smith in, 507.

POETRY.

Hill Cumorah, 162.
 Hill Cumorah as it is to-day, The 161.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY.

A letter for our girls, 125.
 An appeal to mothers, 128.
 An experiment station in race improvement, 81.
 Boy Scouts, 169.
 Boy Scouts of America, The, 170.
 Children, A new menace to, 224.
 Children's Home, Christmas at the, 74.
 Convention notes, 271.
 Evolution of woman, The, 273.
 Experiment station in race improvement, An, 81.
 For mothers, 321.
 Girls, A letter for our, 125.
 Good enough to hold the baby, 362.
 Happy, Three rules for being, 523.
 Letter for our girls, A, 125.
 Literary and educational department, 319.
 Making character, A new method of, 76.
 Mothers, An appeal to, 128.
 New menace to children, A, 224.
 www.LatterDayTruth.org

- New method of making character, A, 76.
 News from California, 225.
 New titles, 130.
 Night when there was no meeting, The, 461.
 Patience, 366.
 Race improvement, An experiment station in, 81.
 Reading for July, 320.
 Scouts, Boy, 169.
 Scouts of America, The Boy, 170.
 Serving and being served, 566.
 Social betterment, 40.
 Story for a year old baby, A, 365.
 Titles, New, 130.
 Too much organization, 460.
 Those who fear, 520.
 Three rules for being happy, 523.
 Truth telling, 364.
 Woman, Evolution of, 273.
 Woman's auxiliary program, 270.
 Young woman's department, The, 463.

POETRY.

- Because of her, 368.
 Good of good reading, The, 219.
 Life, 124.
 Race as we find it, The, 321.
 Tempest, The, 520.
 Thanksgiving time, Thoughts for, 519.
 The good of good reading, 219.
 Thoughts for Thanksgiving time, 519.
 What's mother's is mine, 568.

RELIGIO'S ARENA.

- Aborigine, The; a retrospect, 88.
 Amendments, Proposed, to the Religio constitution and by-laws, 139.
 Annual Convention, Our seventeenth, 228.
 Amendments to Religio constitution and by-laws, Resolutions and proposed, 139.
 Ancient Americans, The religion of the, 425.
 Bible, Transmission of the, 473.
 Book of Mormon study in the home, Necessity of, 138.
 Book of Mormon, What does the, teach, 334.
 Buzzard's Roost folks, Doin's of the, 133.
 Buzzard's Roost folks again, 180.
 Color spots in reunion work, 420.
 Convention, Second day of, 237.
 Doin's of the Buzzard's Roost folks, 133.
 Dream, A Religio president's, 92.
 Error, 288.
 Family, Improving the, 42.
 General Convention, Zion's Religio-Literary Society, 185.
 Good literature, 570.
 Good shepherd, The, 94.
 Going to reunion, 284.

- Gospel literature superintendents, To, 137.
 Gossio, 379.
 Government has been doing for the Indian, What the, 140.
 Home department, 279, 325.
 How to cultivate faith, 381.
 Improving the family, 42.
 Indians, What the Government has been doing and is doing for the, 140.
 Jacob's message, 326.
 Necessity of Book of Mormon study in the home, 138.
 News from societies, 46, 142, 186, 286, 336, 383, 429, 478, 526, 574.
 Notice, 144, 525.
 Order in the Sunday school and Religio, 472.
 Our daily bread, 280.
 Our seventeenth annual convention, 228.
 Picnic at Hiteman, Iowa, 377.
 Power and limitations of Satan, The, 282.
 Price we pay, The, 374.
 Proposed amendments to the Religio constitution and by-laws, 139.
 Records and record keeping, 371.
 Religion of the ancient Americans, The, 425.
 Religio president's dream, A, 92.
 Resolution and proposed amendments to Religio constitution and by-laws, 139.
 Resolutions of condolence, 335.
 Retrospect, A; the aborigine, 88.
 Satan, The power and limitations of, 282.
 Second day of convention, 237.
 Shepherd, The good, 94.
 The aborigine; a retrospect, 88.
 The good shepherd, 94.
 To gospel literature superintendents, 137.
 Topics of the times, 131, 178, 226, 276, 323, 369, 418, 466.
 Translation fund, 476.
 Transmission of the Bible, 473.
 Welcome joy, 573.
 What constitutes evidence that the gospel is true, 477.
 What does the Book of Mormon teach, 334.
 What do we owe to society, 421.
 What the Government has been doing and is doing for the Indians, 140.
 When "Jimmie" comes, 335.
 Zion's Religio-Literary Society, General Convention, 185.

POETRY.

- American Indian, The, 469.
 My view, 380.
 Onward and upward, 192.
 Singing in the rain, 526.
 The American Indian, 469.
 www.LatterDay.org

Christmas Eve.

Peace in thy snowy breast,
Oh cloud, from storms at rest!
Peace in the winds that sleep
Upon the deep.

Peace in the starry height:
Peace infinite
Through all the worlds that move
Within his love.

Oh all sad hearts, that be,
On land or on the sea,
God's peace with you rest light
This Christmas night!

And with the souls that stand
In that dear land
Where pain and all tears cease,
Most perfect peace!

—Anna Coolbrith.

