

"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JULY 1, 1871.

No. 1.

CONVEYING COTTON DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI FOR SHIPMENT.

ALL aboard!" "Draw in the gang-plank!" Off down the river!" Hear the deck hands sing. All round the guards, away down in the hold, all over the deck and upon the roof, nothing but a huge pile of cotton bales. Hundreds upon hundreds—out of the fields—over the dusty roads, and now moving gently but swiftly down the mighty river—these loads on loads of bales are hunting the spindles.

dainty fashion, all over the tables and the people sitting round them. And how those people eat—they seem never to have eaten before. But the food is plentiful, and is very good. One by one, one after another, or by twos and threes, they are satisfied, and move back from the table to go out on the guards again, some to smoke, some to talk, and some to doze.

The whistle sounds,—there must be a town ahead at which to stop. There is; and the boat brings slowly to the shore. A great bustle ensues, more cotton is taken on, and away the

quite a number and variety of men.

Our picture represents a river boat on its way down the river.

UNCLE THOUGHTFUL.

DUTY OF YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS.

FIRST, It is our duty to obey God, and keep all his commandments. We must love him with all our hearts and strive to please him in all we do or say. We must pray to him night and morning. We must worship him in spirit and in truth, and in the beauty of holiness. The Lord in the Bible says, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." There is only one true God, who is the Father of all, and above all; who created all things, and gives us all we have.

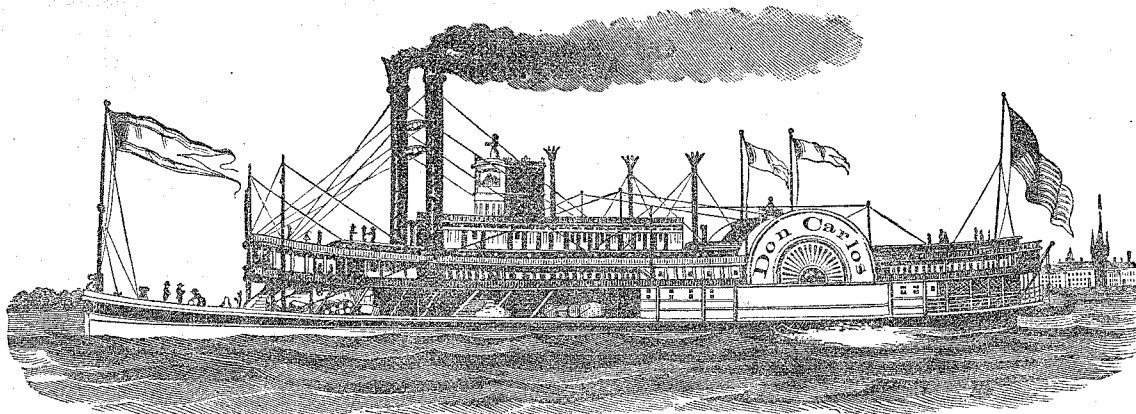
To please God, we must honor and obey our parents; for this is well-pleasing in the sight of God. We must be kind and affectionate to our fathers and mothers; and strive to please them by good morals, and good behavior. We must practice obedience.

We should be humble and meek, kind and charitable, for Paul teaches, If we have not charity we are as nothing. To be well-pleasing to God, and to our parents; we must also do the duties we owe to ourselves. We must be active and industrious; and always ready and willing to learn anything that is good and useful.

We must speak with our brethren and sisters when we meet in testimony meeting. We must love our brethren and sisters, and love our neighbor as ourselves.

We must not give an offence to any one, and if any one should do us an unkind act, we must do them a kind one back; for we are commanded to "overcome evil with good."

We must love our brothers and sisters at home, and set them good examples; examples worthy for any one to follow. We must strive



Listen to the heavy "chough!" "chough!" of the steam from the "escape pipes," and the monotonous swash of the water as it boils and foams from the stroke of the paddle-wheels.

Out on the open guards, the cool breeze fans the summer heat into pleasantness; the steady onward course exhilarates the mind, and a calm sense of enjoyment takes possession of the traveler. A ride upon the broad river a thousand miles long, will give one an idea of the vast extent of the land we inhabit, "a choice land above all other lands."

The bell rings for dinner, and the half hundred hungry humans rush into the long cabin, where the tables look like feasts set in fairy land. The drops of the chandeliers, hung over head, scatter the light which shines through the colored glass in the windows over the state rooms, on either side, into splinters and spots of gay colors and

boat goes again. And day after day, until the ocean is reached, does the boat plough her way through the water.

By and by the great wheels are still, the boat lies quietly waiting at the journey's end; the travelers are gone; the cotton is all unloaded, and the trip back up the river begins.

The boat now loads up with sugar, coffee, oranges, lemons, rice, figs, and a hundred other tropical productions, and speeds slowly back to her starting point.

There are on a steamboat, as officers, Captain, Mate, Second Mate, Pilot and Assistant, First Engineer, Second Engineer and Assistants, sometimes called Strikers, Clerk, Second Clerk, Carpenter, Steward, and employed as laborers and assistants on the boat from twenty to forty deck hands and roustabouts, cooks, cabin-boys, chambermaids and porters. A boat's crew is

to excel in all goodness, righteousness and truth.

We should covet earnestly the best gifts.

We must have no bad companions, nor fellowship with the unfruitful workers of darkness; but take upon us the armor of God, and stand fast, having our loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness.

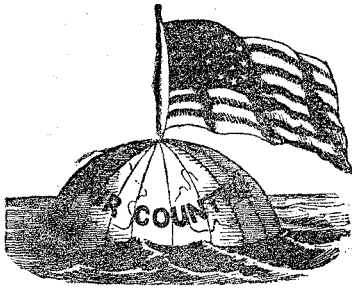
We must let our words, deeds, and actions be pure and holy, and then we shall not be ashamed or afraid to have our conduct known; but we will grow better as we grow older, and our parents will love us and look upon us with pleasure and hope. And above all, our Father in heaven will love us, and delight to make us happy.

We should try to become as bright and shining ornaments in the Church of Jesus Christ.

We must not follow after the world, with its wealth and fame, if we would be humble followers of Jesus Christ, for we cannot serve two masters; we cannot serve God and mammon. Besides, "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." And "what will it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" It will profit him nothing.

Then if young Latter Day Saints would live their religion, they must be watchful and prayerful, day by day.

JANE E. FRANCE,
A YOUNG SAINT.



OUR COUNTRY.

DO not the little readers of the *Hope* know that patriotism is a great virtue? In former times the man who was false to it was an object of horror. Who ever mentions the name of Arnold with respect? The picture represents a globe half submerged in the waves. This reminds one of the condition of our country during the rebellion. It was almost overwhelmed in the waves of civil strife. It was like a ship with waves of blood dashing over its deck; and it will always be a shame and disgrace that many who professed the name (though not rightfully) of Latter Day Saint, rejoiced in the disasters the nation was subject to. Boys and girls, the United States is your country; the land of your birth; the birthplace of freedom; and it is blessed above all lands; then honor it, love it, pray for it and defend it. Remember that God inspired the men who framed its laws, they made wise provisions in its constitution granting to all mankind religious freedom. It is true that the saints were once left defenceless; but that was the fault of the men in power. The institutions are good and glorious, and are intended to bless all mankind, and we must be true to them. The mighty revolutions of Europe are the effect of our example and teachings.

The thrones are falling and the burdens of the people are being cast off. Italy is reunited and free from popish usurpations. The best men of Spain are urging the necessity of copying after our institutions. All the nations feel our influence and seek the same good fortune; and surely soon the prophet's vision will be fulfilled and the thrones cast down. The people of the whole world have been down-trodden and oppressed for thousands of years, and our country offers them hope. Knowing this we should love it well, and prize it highly.

God bless our country, keep it one
From gulf to lake, from sea to sea,
Let patriots hail and traitors shun
The chosen land of liberty.

We know no South, we know no North,
One land our fathers died to gain,
And pledged their sons before their birth
That land unsevered to maintain.

Beneath that flag they fought and died,
And for us freedom dearly gained;
That banner was their boast and pride,
We will not see its glory stained.

Let the fair banner be unfurled,
Let millions hope beyond the sea,
Let tyrants from their thrones be hurled,
And all beneath its folds be free.

SIGMA PHI.

THE TESTIMONY OF ONE WHO SLEEPS IN JESUS.

PART I.

My dear little friends, I have cast in my mind
A story of pleasing instruction to find
For the children of Zion, and *one which is true*,
Then listen, I pray, while I tell it to you.
It was long years ago, in a state far away,
Where the old forest boughs with the wild breezes
play,
And the sun flecks the sod beneath their green shade,
By a cool winding streamlet a home had been made.

In this home the good house-wife from morn until
night,
With her various duties found quiet delight;
There were cows to be milked, and lambs to be fed,
Dear children to rouse from sweet sleep in their bed;
Their faces to wash, and to smooth their tossed hair,
Then to gather them round the blest altar of prayer;
And sweet were the anthems the wild forest heard
As they rose on the air with the songs of the bird.

The breakfast dispatched, there was much to demand
The thought of her brain, and the deft of her hand;
For husband and sons, there were clothes to prepare
From the field of blue flax ripening now in the air.
She must spin it, and weave it, then bleach it a span,
Ere the task of its shaping to garments began;
While the soft wool when sheared must be carded
and spun,
For those dear little feet now browned by the sun.

There too was the dairy, with milk pans so bright,
Each day to be cleansed and exposed to the light,
Then the wearisome process of churning the cream,
For the sweet rolls of butter in gold all a gleam.
But love lightens labor, and oft you might hear
An anthem of praise welling up soft and clear;
And if for a moment care darkened her mind,
In her husband she never failed comfort to find.

When night shadows lengthened, with tired little feet,
The children came round her their prayers to repeat,
Each head on its pillow sank sweetly to rest,
With brown dimpled hand beneath rosy cheek pressed.

Now the Bible was opened, and till late in the night,
By a dipped tallow candle which gave them its light,
The husband would read from its pages aloud,
While over her needle the wife's head was bowed.

God's word their one study—though strange it may
seem

In this age of learning, when lightning and steam
Scarce bring with the swiftness which mortals de-
mand,

The news of the day to the grasp of their hand.
Thus life glided smoothly, and day after day,
In quiet contentment passed swiftly away,—
One question alone ever broke the repose,
Or the peace of their minds—this I'll shortly disclose.

One day a strange vision appalled the wife's gaze,
As she looked at her husband in trembling amaze;
For he went with a slow, weary step to his bed,
And his face was as pale as the face of the dead.
But a halo of light crowned his brow with its glow,
Like the rippling of sunshine on streamlets which flow;
And a smile full of peace and perfect content,
Answered back her alarm as low o'er him she bent.

The children were all in the forest at play,
From afar came the sound of the watch-dog's deep bay;
The lowing of cattle fell soft on the ear,
The brown squirrel chirped from a bough swaying
near.

Such a soft, magic spell, was borne on the breeze,
As it rustled and crept through the bright maple
leaves;

While the lengthening shadows stole in at the door,
And played with the grains of white sand on the floor.

FRANCES.

THE OLIVE TREE.

THE olive tree appears to have been cultivated very early; for we read of oil in the time of Jacob. It grows better in Palestine than in any other country of the east where it is found. It flourishes with most advantage on land that is barren, mountainous, sandy and dry. Such a soil it finds on the hills, just over against Jerusalem, on the east, where it has been so common as to give a celebrated name to the whole tract, the "Mount of Olives."

It is a beautiful tree, with wide spreading branches, the leaves resembling those of the willow, which continue green all the year. Its trunk is somewhat knotty, with smooth bark, and wood of a yellowish color. It lives about two hundred years. The fruit, when it becomes ripe, is black and pleasant to the taste. Nearly all of it is thrown into the oil-press. The oil has always been highly esteemed.

The olive has been the emblem of peace among all nations; perhaps, because an olive branch, brought by the dove to Noah in the ark, was the first sign which he received of peace restored between heaven and earth, after the bursting forth of God's awful wrath in the water's of the flood. It was also the symbol of property of every kind.

The oil is also the emblem of gladness and joy, and more especially of the cheering grace of the Holy Spirit.

There are wild olives, of no value in themselves; but susceptible of ingraftation. Rom. 11:17-24.

M. P.

Books should to one of these four ends conduce—
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
LESSON 13.

AMERICA SINCE THE NEPHITES WERE SLAIN.

THE destruction of the Nephites occurred early in the fifth century of the christian era. A number of them had gone over to the Lamanites, and were amalgamated with them. Those who refused to deny that Jesus was the Christ were put to death, and the entire people became infidels to the "new" and better covenant, although it is probable that they retained some vestiges of the "old" or Mosaic Covenant. Gradually, however, they adopted the worship of the sun, and became heathens.



They divided into numerous tribes, or nations, and were often bitterly hostile to each other. Finally, discarding nearly all rule and law, and having no written code for their government, they abandoned themselves to such vices as inclined them only to crime, war and bloodshed.

Agriculture and industrial pursuits were almost entirely abandoned; and their food was obtained by hunting, fishing, and the gathering of fruits and vegetables. Some of them obtained a little clothing by very rude manufacture; others used leaves to hide their nakedness; and many went entirely naked. Mexico and Peru, however, contained races far more civilized than those of other portions of the continent.

The land designed for the habitation of the people of God, became the residence of those who neither knew nor feared the Lord, and whose lives were entirely unworthy the fathers from whom they descended.

For many hundreds of years this land was unknown to the rest of mankind, and inhabited only by the degenerate children of Lehi. It is thought that early in the eleventh century of the christian era, the Icelanders discovered a portion of the north-eastern coast, and made a settlement there; but there is not sufficient evidence to satisfactorily decide this matter.

About the year 1480, Christoval Colon, known more generally to us by the name of Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, became satisfied, notwithstanding the errors and imperfections of the geo-

graphy of that period, that there was another continent, although then undiscovered, and that by a properly arranged, equipped and careful voyage, he could succeed in discovering it. He laid the result of his study, and his conclusions, before the government of the Republican state of Genoa, and solicited aid to carry out his project. He thought however that this undiscovered continent was connected with India. The geography of the period in which he lived represented Asia as extending much farther eastward, than subsequent examinations and discoveries permit us to believe; and this error was doubtless the cause of his wrong conjecture.

The Genoese treated his views and application with scorn, and ridiculed him as an adventurous dreamer. He was silent for a short time only. His further studies served to confirm him in his theory; and he resolved to make another effort. Through his brother, Bartholomew, he presented his views and plans to Henry 7th, King of England. Henry though a powerful monarch, and inclined to encourage enterprises that seemed to possess a claim to merit, was yet a very cautious

one, and did not receive the application of Columbus with sufficient favor to induce him to furnish aid; Columbus was therefore again disappointed. Not willing to forego his designed voyage of discovery, and knowing of the aid that had been furnished by the Portuguese court to aid discoveries on the African coast, Columbus resolved, (and with him "to resolve" was to make an effort, at least to perform), on applying to the Portuguese. His project was not received unkindly, nor his scheme ridiculed; but instead of aiding him, they set on foot a plan to fit out an expedition and rob him of the fruits of his long and intense studies. Their plan failed, as all plans to gain honor and fame at the expense of the more worthy should do. Columbus learned of the perfidy of the Portuguese Court, and at last applied to the Court of Spain. This application met with favor. After eight years of earnest and anxious effort, he saw that his way was being prepared before him.

Let our young Hopes emulate the persistent courage of this great man. Like him, be assured you are right, and then persevere in the right, and if like him, you fail the third time, do not hesitate, do not slacken your zeal for a fourth effort.

Isabella, Queen of Spain, procured for him three small vessels, with the command of which he was intrusted, and on the 3rd day of August, 1492, he set sail from Port Palos, Andalusia, on his eventful voyage. His little "flotilla" was a

very poor one, and ill-appointed. He touched at the Canary Islands, made repairs and further provision for the probable difficulties of the voyage, and on the 6th day of September, he again set sail. He steered directly westward, full of faith in the success of his enterprise. After several days had passed without obtaining sight of land, his crew, less enthusiastic than himself, less confident of success, and fearful of dangers, became very much agitated on seeing the variations of the compass, and openly mutinied.

Columbus very effectively quelled this mutiny; but after another month had passed, there still being no signs of land, both officers and men joined in another revolt against his proceeding further. At this time, Columbus was reduced to great difficulty in his effort to restore order, and could not reconcile those under his command to the further pursuit of his voyage only by yielding measurably to their caprice. In this extremity, though still full of faith in his enterprise, he agreed with them that if they would still follow his advice for three days longer, and no indications of land should appear, he would consent to return. They then continued the voyage, though not without murmuring, Columbus experiencing both hope and fear, and his associates anxious concerning the result of the three day's observation.

On the 11th day of October, about two hours before midnight, Columbus was standing on the fore-castle of the vessel in which he was sailing, straining his eyes for the great object of his voyage, when he discovered a light ahead. His joy must have been unbounded then; but when morning dawned, the joy was communicated to the entire crew; for "land ahead" rung from bow to stern of each vessel of the little fleet. The stubborn and morose insubordination of the sailors' was changed, and a grateful acknowledgment was paid to the wisdom, foresight, and courage of their noble commander; and many and earnest were the expressions of repentance heard by Columbus for disaffection towards him, impatience and revolt.

The land was reached. It was one of those islands which are called the West Indies, and of the Bahama group, called then Guanahani. This island, named by Columbus, San Salvador, signifying in English, St. Savior, was the first soil of the great western continent, or its adjacent isles, trodden by the feet of Europeans. Spain was then, as now, a Catholic nation, and when islands or countries were discovered, the discoverers who belonged to, or were in the service of Spain, usually called the place of their discovery by a name pleasing to Catholic ears—hence the name San Salvador. It was indeed a discovery that saved the credit, and perhaps the life of Columbus. The same island is now among the immense British possessions, and is known by the inelegant name of "Cat Island," as well as *San Salvador*.

San Domingo, Ferdinand, Isabella, Cuba, and Hayti were next discovered, and the four last named received the name of Hispaniola. Columbus returned to the Spanish court, took some specimens of gold from the islands, and received marked attention from the court. A fleet con-

sisting of seventeen sail was fitted out for him, and he was appointed viceroy of all the countries he should discover. He made subsequently his third and fourth voyages, discovered a number of other islands and a considerable portion of the continent, and established for himself a name that will endure while the language of men shall remain. Enemies he had; intriguers against him too, but though he suffered from their unjust charges and wicked devices, his name and glory live, while theirs have perished. Children, learn a lesson from this, and never detract from another's worth, or defame another's good name. If another is more worthy or more successful than you; rather emulate them than seek to destroy them. Worth *deserves* reward; be not envious when the worthy receive honor.

UNCLE MARK.

Correspondence.

WILLIE H. DUTTON: I am twelve years old. I was baptized by Brother Joseph when eleven, and am trying to be a good boy. I like to read our *Hope*; for it instructs me much. I go to Sunday school every Sabbath, although our numbers are few, yet they are still increasing. Yours with much love.

E. M. ALLEN: I am a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I love to read the pieces in the *Hope*. We have a very nice Sabbath school here. My desire is to serve God, and keep his commandments. This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*.

L. A. GRIFFITHS: When I read the *Hope*, and my little brothers' and sisters' letters, it makes me wish that I was out of Utah, and with them. I always like to hear that the Lord is blessing the children. May the Lord bless us all, is my prayer.

S. J. BALLANTYNE: I have been trying to get up a club to subscribe for the *Hope*; but have not succeeded. But I mean to keep on trying, and I hope I may succeed at last. I have had the promise of three, who said they would send if they could get the money. I have been trying to be a better girl than I once was, and I mean to keep on trying, and I hope that I may at last overcome all my faults, and learn to do what is right. We have a nice Sunday school here now, and I hope that it may ever prosper. We are learning verses and questions, and I enjoy myself very well. I hope that all the children love to go to Sunday school, and to meetings also, and hear the elders preach God's holy word. I am going to do as near right as I can, and I hope all will do right, so that we may reach that far distant land that is awaiting us.

Always do what is right;
Then we will reach that distant land
Where all is peace, and joy, and light,—
Be ready at God's command.

Always do what is right;
Then when our Redeemer says "come,"
We will all be ready for flight
To our eternal home.

LIZZIE SCOTT: I will relate a dream that I had about two weeks before Brother Blair organized a branch of Latter Day Saints here.

I dreamed that I was walking along the road that leads to our meeting-house, well known by the name of Mount Eden, I looked up at the house and saw erected in the air stretching east and west a golden saw, and looking just below the saw, I observed a rail-road, apparently constructed of gold, or being constructed, for it was not yet finished. Both of these appeared to be on the eastern side of the house.

Again I thought I was standing on the side of a hill, looking for water to wash my hands. I thought I saw a stream flowing out of the foot of the hill, I accordingly went down and began washing my hands, when I discovered the water to be of a crimson color, tinged with blood. I continued to wash, when on a sudden I saw at my left, two limpid streams coming straight down, and as they continued to fall, the discolored pool began to clear, and continued until it became quite transparent. I looked to see where the streams came from; I saw that they were flowing from the sun, but the brightness of the streams far surpassed that of the sun.

J. W. WIGHT: As I have been reading *Zion's Hope*, I find it a very interesting paper to me, and I hope it is to all who read it. I was baptized by Brother Joseph when only eight years old. I am now fourteen, and my desire is to live more humble and faithful before the Lord than what I have done in days that are past and gone. The nearest meeting is about six miles from here, so that I don't go as often as I would like to go. As for Sunday school, I don't go at all; but still I receive *Zion's Hope*, and I always like to read the interesting pieces of Uncle Mark and Perla Wild, and I also like to read the Children's Column. Little brothers and sisters, I desire an interest in your prayers that I may hold out faithful to the end.

MARY A. RIGBY: I am trying to be a good girl, and follow in the footsteps of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I have not been baptized yet; but I want to be this summer. I love the *Hope*, and long for its coming. We have a good Sunday school here. The name of the school is, "Fall River Bethel Sabbath School." "Bethel," in the Hebrew tongue, signifies "house of God." The superintendent is very kind to the children. He teaches us to sing well, and with understanding. The teachers instruct us in the things of God, and to love each other. I have seen naughty boys chewing tobacco; I hope none of the readers of *Zion's Hope* do so. I think it is not right; so does Elder John Smith think so too; for he says those who use it are not temperance folks. He says it is not right for folks to spit their life away with tobacco.

MAGGIE KAY: I love the *Hope* very much and I am always glad when it comes. I love to work out the enigmas and anagrams, and to read the nice stories that are in it. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. This is my first trial to write to the *Hope*, and I hope my next will be better.

OLIVER T. SMITH: I am a member of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized on New Year's day. We have a little branch of sixteen members here in Beaver, Utah. I am striving to be a good boy. Although we have many trials to undergo here in this salt land; yet I hope to overcome them all. I am young in the cause as well as in years; but I hope to grow wiser and better as I grow older. I am a reader of the *Hope* and I like it very much, and I feel to thank you for it.

This glorious *Hope* revives
Our courage by the way,
It teaches children how to live
And bids them "watch and pray."

SONNIE JEMISON: I was much pleased with Uncle Thoughtful's essay upon cotton; but there is one thing he forgot to tell us, which I know would be interesting to all, and that is, what country cotton is a native. I have asked many of my friends where the Southern King was born, but cannot get a satisfactory answer. Please enlighten me on the subject. We also wish to know of what material the sails of ancient vessels were composed, particularly the one in which Americus and Columbus sailed. I am eight years old, and trust you won't think me too inquisitive.

We are thankful to see so enquiring a spirit among our little Hopes; and hope "Sonnie" will continue to investigate, and by learning only can any of us become wise.

Cotton grows in several nations of which it is a native. Both the plant and the shrub varieties have long been known in China, Egypt, India, and Arabia, and are also natives of America. The Chinese claim to have been well acquainted with the plant in the seventh century; and the Egyptians and Israelites manufactured it, but none save their nobility wore it. The plant is a native also of Persia and Asia Minor. When Columbus arrived in America, he found the natives dressed in rude cotton fabrics, manufactured by themselves from the cotton plant.

We do not know of what material the sails of the vessels were composed in which the Genoese, Christopher Columbus, or the Florentine, Americus Vesputius navigated the great waters when they made the discovery of our continent, called after them Columbia and America. UNCLE MARK.

MARY ANNIE HUTCHINGS: As I am a reader of the *Hope*, I felt as if I would say a few words in its favor. I think it is the most delightful little paper I ever read. I like to read the anagrams and pieces by Perla Wild and others, I feel very thankful for all the stories it contains.

Dear Uncle Mark and Perla Wild,
And every faithful friend;
Although I'm but a little child,
My love to you I send,

RELIGION IN YOUTH.

"Young and happy while thou art,
Not a furrow on thy brow;
Not a sorrow in thy heart,
Seek the Lord, thy Savior, now.
In its freshness bring the flower,
While the dew upon it lies;
In the cool and cloudless hour
Of the morning sacrifice.

It is not earthly pleasure,
That withers in a day;
It is not mortal treasure
That fieth soon away.
It is not friends that leave us,
Nor mortal sense nor sin,
That smile but to deceive us,
Can give us peace within.

But 'tis religion bringeth
Joy 'yond earth's control;
Rich from the throne it springeth,
A fountain to the soul.
He that is meek and lowly,
The Savior's face shall see,
To none but to the holy,
Heaven's gates shall opened be,"

DAVID SCOTT.

ANAGRAM No. 38.

Sti otn ni listet onr ni karn,
Tsi tno ni wlhtea klei Dnonol knob
Ot mkea su lurty lbise;
Fi pahpiessn ahev otn erh tesa
Dna tence ni bet reastb—
Ew yma eb wsie, ro icrb, ro targe
Ubt venre nac eb lestb.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 4.

A and B together bought eighty nuts for eighty cents, or a cent each. A paying for fifty and B for thirty. C joined them to eat the nuts when they all ate an equal share. When C left he gave them eighty cents; what share of the money should A and B each have.

ENIGMA No. 71.

I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 19, 21, 1, 16, 7, 8, is a city in Illinois.
My 3, 20, 2, 6, is a town in Penn.
My 19, 20, 8, 14, 17, is a river in New York.
My 14, 5, 21, 10, 6, 9, is a sound.
My 12, 8, 7, 17, 2, 22, 19, is a city in Michigan.
My 15, 11, 19, 21, 20, is an island.
My 3, 4, 19, 6, 9, 3, is a city.
My whole is the name of a great General, and his official rank during the Mexican war.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 68.

Bread, Salmon, Oil, Nurse, Blue, Boys, Samuel Bradbury Robinson.

Answered by five correspondents.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 34.

The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
The autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust
And to the rabbits tread.
The robin and the wren have flown,
And from the shrub the jay;
And from the wood-top caws the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

MARY RUDD.

Answered by eight correspondents.

ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

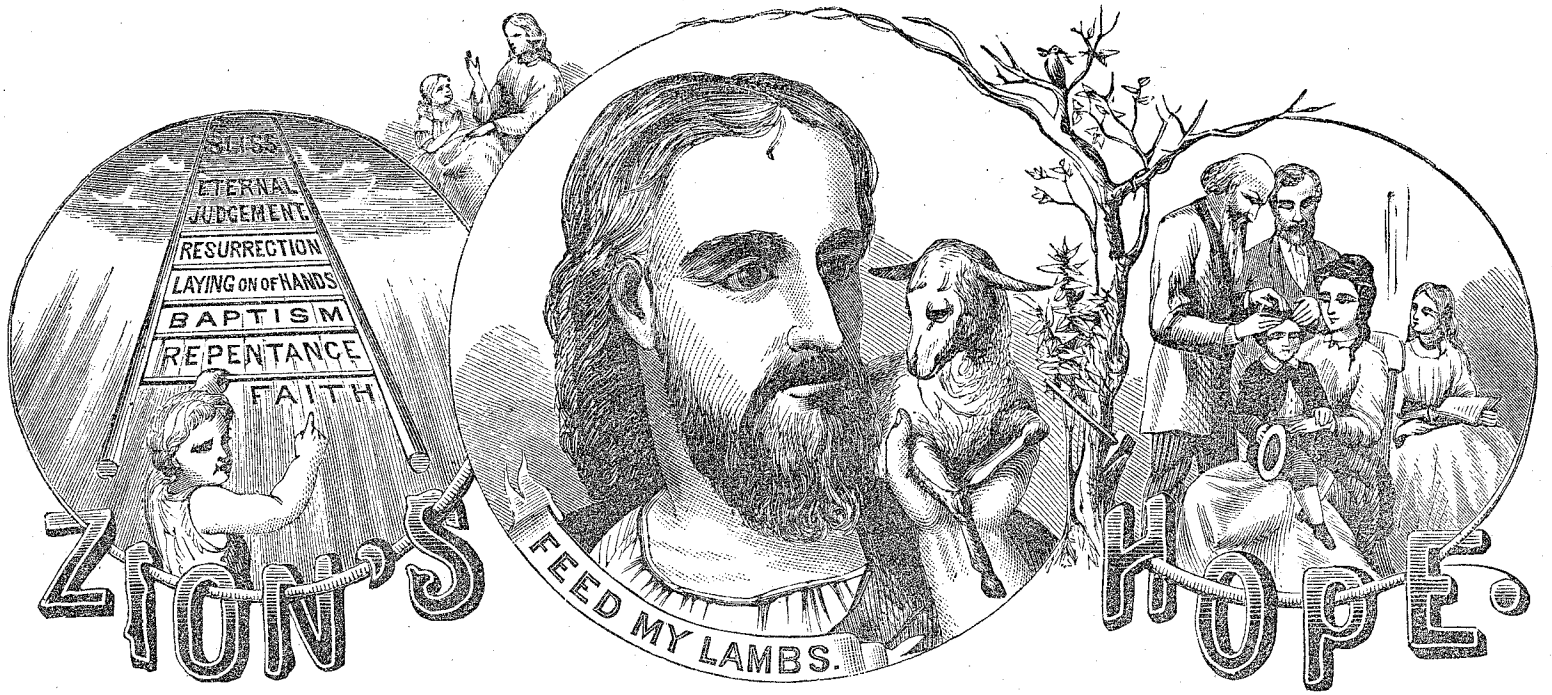
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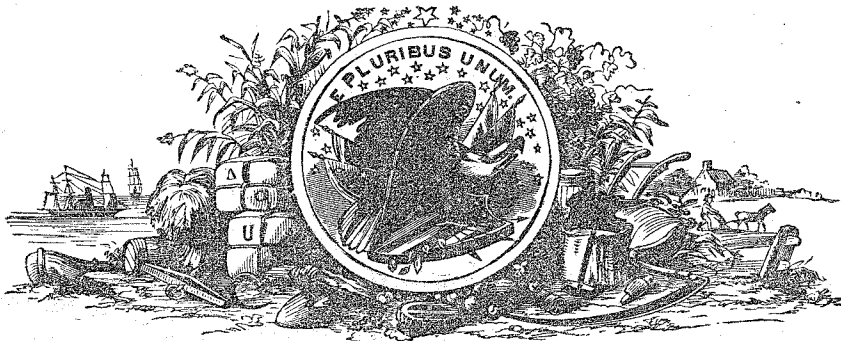


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JULY 15, 1871.

No. 2.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY. LESSON 14.

SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

NOTWITHSTANDING that Columbus was the first European discoverer, and his the great mind in which was devised the plan by which there could be demonstrated that this continent existed, the country is named not after him, but after a learned Florentine, named *Amerigo Vespucci*. We often speak of this continent as Columbia, after Columbus; but its proper name, as established, is America, after Amerigo. It is urged by some that the continent is rightly named, as it is claimed that Amerigo Vespucci discovered and visited the coasts of Guiana and Terra Firma a year before Columbus did—the evidence is thought to be insufficient however to establish this claim. That Vespucci visited this continent in 1499, is undisputed, but Columbus discovered South America in 1498; and it is probably owing to the fact that Vespucci published the first description of the new discoveries to the world, that his first name supplies the name for the continent.

The idea of America being a part of Asia, an idea held by Columbus and by the geographers of that period, was not disproven till the year 1513, seven years after the death of Columbus. The Pacific Ocean was then discovered from the mountains on the Isthmus of Darien, and the idea of the new Continent being part of Asia commenced to vanish.

The continent was not settled to any great

extent for a number of years, but new discoveries continued to be made.

In 1519, the governor of Cuba sent a force of some 600 men under Fernando Cortez on an expedition. Cortez heard of Mexico, then a powerful and rich empire, and resolved upon its conquest. He landed at Vera Cruz, proceeded to Mexico, and was received with great kindness by the Emperor Montezuma; but the wicked and brutal Cortez returned evil for good. He was not suspected of any improper design, and therefore accomplished what he designed, in part, at least, quite easily. He caused Montezuma to be seized in his palace. The Mexicans then awoke from their dream of security, resorted to arms, and expelled the ungrateful Spaniards from the capital. During the struggle Montezuma was slain.

The Governor of Cuba was grieved at the perfidy of Cortez, and sent an army against him; but Cortez was a skillful warrior, as well as an unprincipled man. By representing the wealth that might be secured in conquering Mexico, he induced quite a number of the army that came against him to join him, and subdued the rest. He then returned to the assault against the unoffending Mexicans; conquered the city of Mexico, the Golden Castillo, Darien, and other provinces, and became the unprincipled and self-appointed conqueror of the once mighty empire which was said to have within its confines some thirty princes, each of whom could command his 100,000 men. His daring manner overawed, and the success of his arms made him

and his army a terror to very superior numbers, whom he easily subjected.

The Empire of Peru was attacked about the same time that Cortez was pushing his victories in Mexico. Three wicked and corrupt adventurers, also Spaniards, named Francis Pizarro, Diego Almagro, and Ferdinand Lucques, landed in Peru in 1531, with about 300 men, of whom Pizarro was chief in command.

Like the Mexicans, the Peruvians were unable to stand against the arms and skill of the Europeans, and a large army of Peruvians, with their monarch, the Inca Ataliba, were attacked by the Spaniards and defeated. The Inca was taken prisoner, a heavy ransom was demanded for him, and paid. But after it was paid, the execrable wretches who had demanded and received the ransom, put the king to death in a cruel manner. Plunder and rapine, and deeds of blood and cruelty followed. The adventurers became wealthy, and soon commenced to dispute among themselves. Almagro was beheaded, and Pizarro assassinated. Finally, after many years of such deeds as the thought of makes us shudder while we refer to them, the Spanish government interfered, and sent out one Las Casas as Viceroy of Peru, which was made a province of Spain. Las Casas restored a degree of order, and the hand of justice followed the miserable and cruel conquerors, who nearly all perished under the hand of violence. The measure meted was returned.

In 1497, a Venetian, named Giovanni Gabota, was commissioned by Henry 7th, King of England, to discover, if possible, a shorter route to India. In pursuing his voyage he discovered the island of Newfoundland, and that portion of the coast of America lying between that island and Florida, the eastern coast of what is now the United States. Being in the employ of the English government, the name of Giovanni Gabota was reduced to English, and he is known to English and American history as plain "John Cabot."

In 1524, Francis 1st, King of France, commissioned another Venetian, named Verazano, to

undertake a voyage of discovery. And ten years afterwards, in 1534, the same king sent out a second expedition under Cartier. In the same year, and on the day dedicated by the Catholics to Lawrence, called St. Lawrence's day, Cartier discovered the gulf that separates Newfoundland from New Brunswick and Canada, and gave to it, and to the river that empties into it, the name of the Catholic saint, St. Lawrence. They are called still the gulf and river of St. Lawrence. In the following year, Cartier sailed up the river, and explored the coast of Lower Canada, giving the name of New France to the country.

Florida was discovered in the year 1512, or 1515, by Ponce DeLeon. In 1539, De Sota, a Spaniard, went from Cuba with the intention of conquering Florida from the American Indians. In 1562, the French attempted to form a settlement in Florida; but were expelled by the Spaniards. In 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert of England, having obtained a patent from the English government for colonization purposes, took possession of the harbor now called St. Johns. The first permanent settlement by the English on American soil was made at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1607.

From this time the number of emigrants and their descendants began to increase, until 1776, when, on July 4th, the States of Virginia, New York, Massachusetts, Delaware, Connecticut, Maryland, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Georgia, having joined in a confederacy the year previous, and become sufficiently strong to cope with the British power, as represented in America, issued a Declaration of Independence; but did not fully achieve their independence until after an eight years' war, hotly contested, had been fought. A treaty of peace was made between England, France, Spain, Holland, and the United States on the third day of September, 1783, by which the latter was recognized as a "Free, Sovereign, and Independent nation."

UNCLE MARK.

THE TESTIMONY OF ONE WHO SLEEPS IN JESUS.

PART II.

In the hush of this silence, his voice broke the spell,
"Dear mother, fear not, I have strange things to tell;
But bend low thine ear, and thy heart lift in prayer
To God for his mercy, his fatherly care.

You remember how often my soul has been led
To seasons of prayer, when the night dews are spread;
Or when from the east came the morning's first rays,
Awakening creation to anthems of praise.

"Not alone at these seasons, but many an hour
Have I sought the deep forest, and prayed for the
power

To conquer my doubts, and for faith to abide,
For the power of his Spirit to lead me, and guide
In the way of his truth—his name to declare,
As of old he revealed it in answer to prayer;
To show me his people—if on earth they abode—
To lead to the kingdom of Christ and his God.

"Thus kneeling in prayer on the earth's mossy breast,
There came o'er my spirit a sweet sense of rest
From the blue ether dome, low-bending, above
Me, heard I a voice, in the soft tones of love,
And clear as the sound of the bugle at morn,
Yet awful as crash of the wild thunder-storm;—

Through all of my being there crept a strange thrill,
My strength had departed, my pulses stood still.

"Thou hast asked," said the voice, "my people to know,

"The ways of their footsteps, and whither they go?
"There is not on the earth a fold which I own,
Not a people whose laws came forth from *my throne*;
"With my priesthood the blessings and gifts passed
away.

"The power of my gospel they know not to-day;
"Man proved all unfaithful, his own ways he trod,
"Stand thou still, and behold the salvation of God!

"Behold! I have chosen again to restore
"My priesthood, with blessings and gifts as before;
"I have chosen my servant these things to declare,
"And will give to him wisdom in answer to prayer.
"My church shall arise, and no power shall prevail,
"Though the powers of earth and of hell will assail;
"Though foes from without join foes from within,
"My redeemed I will save—will cleanse from all sin.

"Search my word, and behold how the prophets
foresaw,

"The changing mine ordinance, transgressing my law;
"The breaking my covenant, and following men,
"Whose cunning devices cause many to sin.
"Search my word, and my Spirit shall guide thee
aright,

"And bring thee at last from thy darkness to light;
"Be prayerful, be faithful, I will lead with my rod,
"Stand thou still, and behold the salvation of God!"

"Oh! the rapture I felt, as I laid with my face
Close pressed to the earth—thanking God for his
grace!

I had sighed for the days when the prophets of old,
The people had warned—God's judgments foretold—
For the gifts of the gospel Paul dwelt on so long,
Bestowed by his Spirit—to make his church one;
And now should I see them in this latter day—
O, God, 'tis enough—for thy guidance I pray!"

The soft breeze of evening stole in at the door,
A leaf rustled lightly, and fell to the floor;
The little birds chirped to their young in the nest,
The sun sought his bed in the bright, crimson west;
The leaves of the maple reflected his light,
And swayed in the breeze as they waved him "good
night;"

While the voice of their children, borne on the still
air,

Wafted lightly away with the voice of their prayer.
FRANCES.

THE ROBINS.

SPRING is here with its bright warm days,
and green grass, and flowers, and my
Robin has come back to build her nest
and spend the summer.

Welcome, dear Robin-red-breast, I love you
because you have spent so many summers with
us—and although you have been called a meddlesome mischief by some—it is a mistake; you were only industriously providing for your many wants. Being a very great eater, it is necessary for you to go to market very often—and like a sensible bird that you are, you always get the best the market affords. In getting your meat you rob no one—but instead, you do a great service by destroying worms and insects. Your fondness for berries and fruit, however, and your aptness in helping yourself, gains you many a hard name.

What a time you and I have, each to secure the first May cherries. What makes you so quiet

and sly when you come for them, and so gleeful after you secure them? And then when the nice red raspberries are ready to pick—before the dew is off the grass in the morning, you have them, and when I go for my share, you sit upon a tree close by and sing such a triumphant chorus.

'Tis said that Robins cannot sing—that also is a mistake. I know they are not good solo-singers, but I think their choruses are grand.

Let me tell you, wee little Hopes, what my mother Robin did one day when she was busily engaged hunting material to finish her nest. A piece of fine lace had been hung out to dry; it had been carefully hung on an apple tree bough—safe out of harm's way; but when the owner went out to bring it in, it was no where to be found.

A little white calf, with bright brown ears, was lying in the cool shade, chewing his cud, and the indignant owner of the lace said to him, "I believe you have eaten it up." The little calf shook his ears, as much as to say, "I did not do it. What would I want with a piece of dry lace to eat, when there is plenty of moist tender grass all around me.

Just then a twittering was heard overhead, and looking up, there was "mother robin" high up in the Lombardy-poplar—in her beak was one end of the missing lace, while the other part hung down outside of the nest. Shouts, threats, and flourish of brooms all failed to intimidate her. Diligently she worked away, weaving it into her nest for a soft lining.

Little Hopes; in two things I would have you imitate the Robins—in *industry* and *earnestness of purpose*. Learn to do with your might the things you ought to do.

AUNT JULIA.

HOME!

O, not the smile of other lands,
Though far and wide our feet may roam,
Can e'er untie the genial bands,
That knit our hearts to home.

NICES; no smile of other lands could take us from our home. What a true sentiment this stanza contains.

Our love is centered in a home where all is peace, and joy, and hope; a hope that the future may be as pleasant as the past. It matters not if our home be a mansion, a cottage, or a hut; it is as dear if those who dwell therein are kind and good.

Love is the most essential element of home. Without this, we have the form of a home, but not its spirit, its sunshine.

Our nature demands home. It is the first element of our social being. The whole social system rests upon it. Body, mind, and spirit, all demand the solace of home. There would be no proper equality of life and character without the home influence.

The heart disappointed naturally turns for shelter to home. No spot is so attractive to those who are weary of life and its burdens.

It is thus our nature longs for the deep love, and the true hearts of home. It has for our

life more bliss than all the honors, riches, and luxuries of this world. We soon grow tired of these, and wish for a home, however humble it may be. Its endearments are ever fresh. They remain unforgotten in our memories.

When friends become cold, when society becomes heartless, and when adversity frowns upon us heavily, it is then that we turn with fond love to home, where loved ones will weep and sympathize with us.

Oh! the blessing of home. There old and young mix kindly, the young beloved, the old revered; and each is kind to one another.

FRANKIE.



INDIAN TRADITIONS.

ACCORDING to tradition, there once lived a very good Indian, whom the Great Spirit, or Great Father, who lives above, told that there was going to be a great flood. The Indian believed the Great Spirit, and tried to make others believe Him also; but all in vain. None would believe except his sister, who said she was ready to help him prepare for the flood.

The Indian then procured a great amount of small roots of the spruce tree, which is very soft and pliable, the same kind which they now make water-tight baskets of. The squaw then began to make a large basket, and the Indian to gather pitch. When the basket was completed, it was round; and about eighteen feet in diameter, by ten feet high. It was then pitched all over to nearly the thickness of one foot. They then took in a great quantity of dried salmon and eels.

The Indian and his sister went into this large basket, and closed up the little door which they had made in the side, and pitched the door on the inside. The rains then descended, and the floods came. The basket was tossed to and fro for a great many days, at last the water subsided, and they knew that the basket had grounded—they could tell by its laying still.

After a few days the Indian went out with his bow and arrows to seek food; but oh! how desolate was the face of nature. The trees were all

dead, and the land was greatly changed. The hills were raised, and the vallies washed out. The sediment was knee deep. The Indian traveled all day, for he was hungry,—particularly for fresh meat. But in all his day's travel, he only saw one coon track. The squaw having on her long sea voyage made a very nice mat out of cat tail flag, such as they sleep upon. She had trimmed this mat with otter fur. While her brother was gone, she took it before the door of the basket or ark, and looking up to the Father above, waved this nice mat, when to their surprise the heavens were darkened, as though there would be a great storm. Her brother sought the ark in great haste, when, of a sudden,

the rabbits began to rain down from heaven, and continued until the face of the earth was covered.

While they were out catching rabbits, the Great Father above told them to replenish the earth, and that the earth should be no more destroyed by water; but that it would be destroyed by fire; that the fire should come like an avalanche of melted lava, sweeping everything before it; but that a few of their posterity should be behind a great rock, and the stream of lava would divide above the rock and pass them by.

UNCLE ROBERT.

THE RAINBOW.

THE Rainbow is one of the most beautiful of God's works. With what pleasure do we hail it, after a spring shower, when we stay in the house, until the rain is almost over, then run out. How often have we heard such sentences, as "O come look at the rainbow?" There are two of them; how beautiful they are. But while we admire them, we should not forget what purpose they serve.

A very long time ago, God destroyed everything from the face of the earth by a flood, except those that which wes in the ark which God had commanded Noah to build. The rain at this time lasted forty days and forty nights, and after the waters had passed away, God blessed Noah, and made a covenant with him, that he would never again visit the earth by a flood, and God said, "I will set my bow in the cloud; and

it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth."

Dear little brethren and sisters, let us strive to live so that we may be sayed with the righteous, and not be destroyed as the wicked will be.

WILLIAM STEWART.

DUTY.

THE duty of a saint is to live humble and faithful, and to forsake all that is evil, and cling to that which is good; to do good to all men, and love our neighbor as ourself; to be prayerful and watchful, charitable, wise, gentle, and kind; and to be not weary in well doing. As children we should be obedient to our parents, and to all who are set over us, and to have at all times an attentive ear to hear instruction from those who are better informed. We should have an instructive tongue and a faithful breast, be ever ready to give instruction to the young, and those not so well informed as ourselves. We should be careful, and never let slip a word that may be the cause of harm; withdraw ourselves from every one who walketh disorderly, work with quietness, and eat our own bread. Paul commanded that if any would not work, neither should he eat. We should be honest and upright in all our dealings, and, finally observe and obey the ten commandments and the doctrine taught by our Savior as given in the New Testament.

SARAH A. ATKINSON.

[Translated from the German.]
THE PUREST PEARL.

Beside the church door, as weary and lone,
A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
And a mocking voice in the fitful blast
Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
As she begged her alms of the passers-by;
"Have pity on me, have pity, I pray;
For my back is bent and my hair is gray."

The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
And many good people were gathered there,
But covered with furs and mantles warm,
They hurried past through the wintry storm.

Some were hoping their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave,
And, alas! they had no time to heed
The poor soul asking for charity's meed.
And some were blooming with beauty's grace,
But closely muffled in veils of lace,
They saw not the sorrow, they heard not the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.

At last came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung
She proudly there to the beggar flung.

Then followed a maiden young and fair,
Adorned with clusters of golden hair;
But her dress was thin, and scanty, and worn,
Not even the beggar seemed more forlorn.
With a tearful look and a pitying sigh,
She whispered soft, "No jewels have I—
But I give you my prayers, good friend," said she,
"And surely I know God listens to me."

On the poor, white hand so shrankened and small,
The blind woman felt a tear drop fall,
Then kissed it and said to the weeping girl,
"It is you who have given the purest pearl."

BE FAITHFUL.

DURING the month of August, seventy-nine years before the Savior was born, a large city named Herculaneum, near Mt. Beauvius, in Italy, was entirely buried under the matter thrown out by the mountain. The city was not overrun by burning lava, as many suppose, but was buried in cinders and ashes, mixed with vapor, to the depth of more than seventy feet. Had a hot stream of lava poured from the mountain into the city, everything in it would have burned up. But everything was preserved, houses, books, tools, and all works of art.

In the year 1713, while some men were digging a well, they discovered the place of the city, which had been buried about eighteen hundred years.

In the course of their digging through the streets of that underground city, they came to a soldier, as if on guard, who had been changed to stone. He was keeping his post faithfully when death came upon him. Perhaps he might have run away; or if he had been a coward, he could have tried to hide himself from the storm of ashes. He did neither; he was faithful to his duty, and calmly met his death.

Here we have illustrated the words of Jesus, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Such is the faithfulness he requires. A great many persons are faithful when there is no trouble; but when a little hardship or sacrifice comes, they are discouraged. Every good boy or girl should think, that one should be faithful unto death; not only till death comes, but even if faithfulness, as in the case of the soldier, leads to death.

TEMPTATION.

OUR Savior taught us to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." But if, when we use this prayer, we expect that God will answer it for us, we must try to keep ourselves out of the way of temptation. If we go to the river, and jump in, praying God to keep us from drowning, can we expect him to do it? No. If we put our hands in the fire, and pray God not to let it hurt us, have we any right to expect that God will answer our prayer? No. Somebody has well said, "If we want to keep out of harm, we must keep out of harm's way!" David's prayer was, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way;" and this is a good prayer for each of us to use.

THE GENEROUS LITTLE GIRL

The other day, while passing through the crowded street, I heard these words, "Why don't you take the biggest piece?" said in a very pleasant voice. I looked to see who was the speaker, and there stood three little girls in very ragged clothes, with no shoes on their feet. One of them held in her hand a stick of candy, broken in three pieces, which she was offering to

her companions, who modestly took the smaller pieces, leaving the largest for the giver, and their unselfishness called forth the exclamation which I heard, "Why don't you take the biggest piece?" Her tones were very loving, very kind, but they refused; and as I turned from them, each was enjoying her piece of candy. They did not notice me, but I can never forget the generous little girl who wanted to make her companions happy. Will not other children imitate this example, and willingly give up their own luxuries to do good to others?

TRY.

I have been thinking for a long time whether a letter from me would be worthy of a place in *Zion's Hope*; but I find that I shall never know unless I try. Try, this is my name; a good one is it not?

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
This is my motto too. Perhaps you would like to know where I live; well, I live away out in western Iowa, on the prairie you hear so much talked about. I think my home to be a pleasant one, and am quite happy in the enjoyment of kind friends. And then I have a little visitor twice a month, and O! with what joy we hail it? Then there is a struggle to see who will have the first perusal; but we finally compromise, seeing that we cannot all read it at once, and I read aloud to my aged parents and brothers three. When I glance from one to the other, I see their eyes sparkling with delight, and nodding assent to what is read. I fear that my long letter will be tiresome, so I must shortly bring it to a close. How thankful we ought to be to the kind editors! I am thankful for one, and should like to help raise the burden from off their shoulders, or make it lighter; but how shall I do it? "Get all the new subscribers you can." This will help some little I think. My love to all the little Hopes.

Correspondence.

CHARLES BISHOP: I love the *Hope* very much, and I love to read the letters from my brothers and sisters. We have good times here, and we have had a Sunday School here of the best kind, and I am very much pleased with its prosperity. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and I strive to keep in the narrow way that leadeth to life and salvation. I know that I can be saved in the kingdom of God if I keep the commandments; but I know that I do wrong many times, which is not pleasing in the sight of God. I will try to do better in the future, and I ask an interest in your prayers.

C. G. DYKES: I love the *Hope*, and can scarcely wait till its arrival. I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints two years. Let us resolve from this time to pray for each other, that we may grow up to do the will of our Father in heaven. I belong to the Salem branch, and we have a nice Sunday School. Br. Halliday president and superintendent. We live nearly five miles from our P. O., so I am not able to send the answers to the enigmas and anagrams as often as I would like. Dear Uncle Mark; I am proud to tell you that I have at last succeeded in getting a new subscriber to our valuable little paper, *Zion's Hope*. Please excuse all imperfections as this is the first letter I ever wrote.

JOHN H. HINDS: I am now fifteen years old. I was baptized last fall by Elder John D. Bennett. We have no Sunday School here; but I hope we will have one soon. We have preaching every other Sunday. Charles Sheen is our presiding elder here.

CARRIE CADAMY: I have wished and prayed many and many a time, and do yet, that there might be a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints here. How I would love to meet all of the *Hope's* little readers, and talk with them, and the *Hope's* writers too; but if we all will obey the Lord and keep his commandments, we will all meet in a better and brighter land than this.

GOMER I. REES: I feel very happy when I read the pieces that my little brothers and sisters write. I feel like doing all I can for the rolling forth of the kingdom of God, and I hope that all my little brothers and sisters feel the same.

SARAH A. PRETTYMAN: I was baptized by Br. Scott in Jesus' holy name; if I have sinned or done amiss, I ask to be forgiven. It is my whole desire to keep the commandments, and walk in the straight and narrow path that leadeth to life everlasting. Let us not forget one another, but try to build each other up in this holy cause; and let us try and make for ourselves a home in heaven, where all is peace and quietness.

JOHNNY GILMAN: I was baptized when I was eight years old. The other night, my mother and I were bowed down to pray. I was kneeling by the rocking chair, and my mother by my chair; and while we were bowed down, on the other side of the room I saw a man, and he had a book in his hands; and he was standing up straight looking at me.

SARAH JONES: I have pleasure in reading the *Hope*, and I thank God for such a noble and interesting paper. I was baptized two years ago, by W. W. Blair. I ask the prayers of all my young brothers and sisters, and hope in the future to do better, praying God to bless all my young brothers and sisters, that we may obey our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

M. L. MIDDLETON: I rejoice to see so many letters from my little brothers and sisters. We have meetings here in White Cloud, Kansas, every Sunday. We have a large branch here. I have been a member of the church five months. I am glad when the *Hope* comes.

ENIGMA No. 72.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 6, 7, 4, is a part of the head.
My 1, 6, 7, 10, is what we all should be able to do.
My 12, 11, 12, 12, 9 is a parent's name.
My 10, 5, 6, is what we will all have to do.
My 12 11, 8, 6, is a covering for a nut.
My 11, 3, 12, is a limb of the body.
My 10, 6, 1, 2, 13, 6, 10, is a verb.
My 1, 3, 13, is what children do when they hurt themselves.
My 12, 9, 13, is the name of a month of the year.
My whole is the name of a reader of *Zion's Hope*.

ANAGRAM No. 39.

"Het hingt si tomerh fo eth ayd,
Teh tinvre fo eth nipsrg;
Nad veen ndow of dol cedyd
Eth rseeegnt ossme gilnc.
Henidb het sudlco teh rattgilsh ruskl,
Rhhoutg hsswore het mussbean lafl;
Orf Dgo, how tevhol lal Ish rokw,
Athh felt Ish peoh tihw lal."
MILLWIA RATTUS.

ANAGRAM No. 40.

Hewe nkowegeld is a dytu,
Gniorance si a imrec.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 69.

Drays, Sun, School, Hope, Horse, Dress, House, Sand, Yard, Paradise, Sunday School.

Answered by two correspondents.

WORD-SQUARE No. 1.

Edwin, Drama, Waken, Imene, Nancy.

Answered by none.

ERRATUM.—Instead of "Uncle Mark" in letter of Mary F. Hilliard, in *Hope* of June 15th, read Father T. P. Green.

ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

JOSEPH H. SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

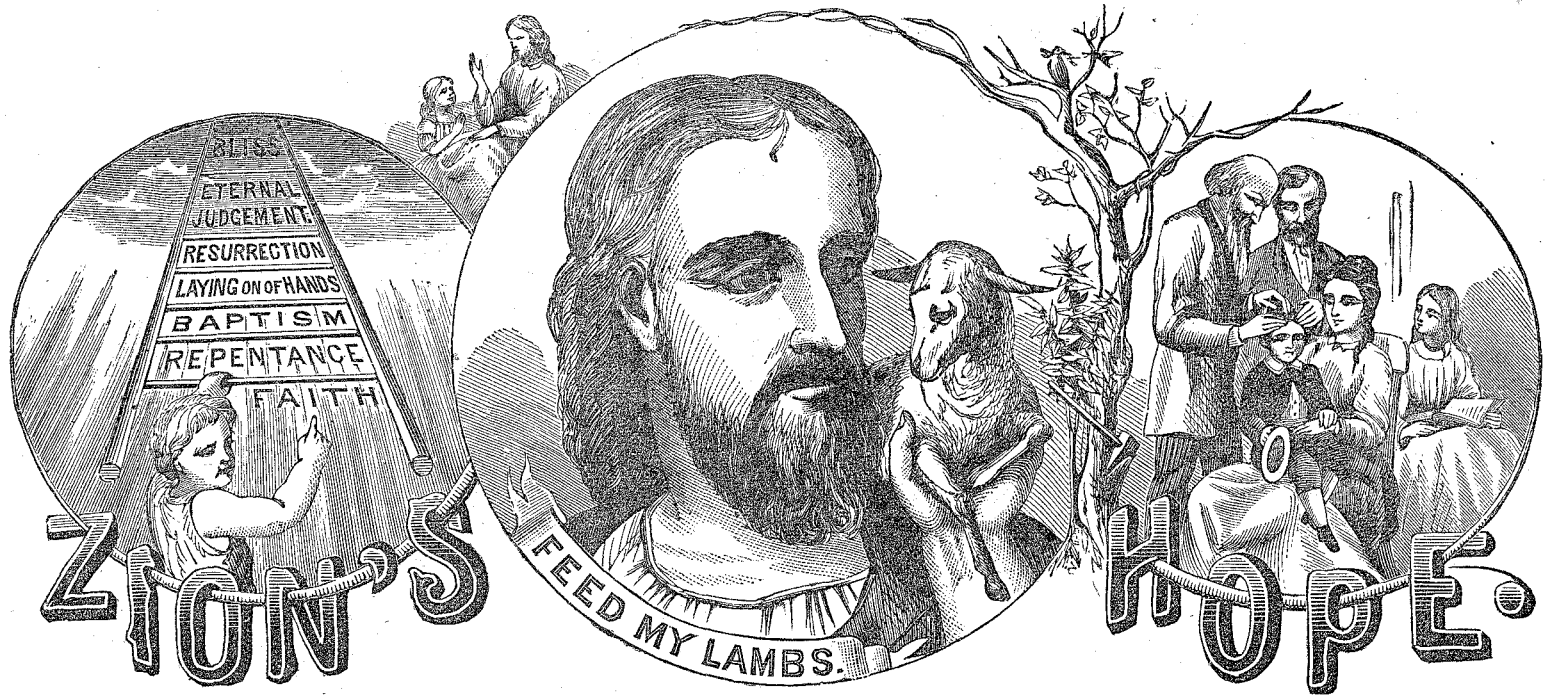
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PRICE:

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday
Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry,
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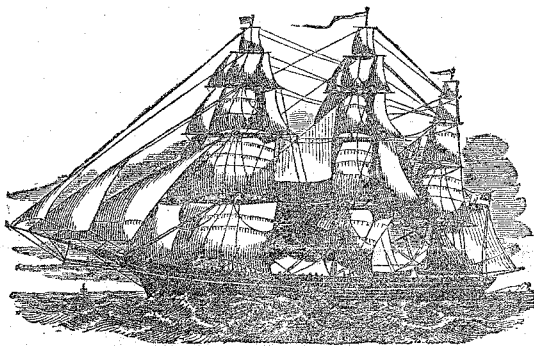


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., AUGUST 1, 1871.

No. 3.



ESSAY ON COTTON.

AFTER a long and tedious voyage over the great deep in ships, or over the wide land in cars, the huge bales of cotton are hoisted into the warehouses of the "Factories," or "Cotton Mills." Here, in these immense workshops, the busy work of reducing the crude, unshapely masses of white fleecy substance, now matted, and squeezed and pressed together, into useful shapes, beautiful and useful, at once goes on.

Perhaps I can take no better way of giving the Hopes an idea of how it is done, than by supposing that there are two cotton bolls, grown on two different stalks, and that we name them Jennie and Johnny Cotton, and then let each one tell his and her own story. So we begin our story called

THE STORY OF JENNIE AND JOHNNY COTTON.

"Isn't this pleasant now! Here I am, nice and tidy, clean and sweet. What a time I have had, to be sure! I shiver with fright when I think of it."

"There I was with all my relations and friends squeezed together so tight that we could hardly breathe, and shut up so long in the big ship, that I began to feel very damp and clammy, and to smell of the must and the dust, and the bilgewater that gathered in from the leak made in that terrible storm." I tell you I was glad to see the light again, when the big bale in which I was, came swinging up out of the dark hold of the ship. I thought I should fall, but I did not,

and soon we were all snug in such a big room, that I could hardly see across it.

By the time I had got used to the big room, and the buzzing and roaring noise I could hear from the outside, two stout men with hooks in their hands came up to the bale I was in. Without saying, 'by your leave,' they stuck their cruel hooks into the bale, and away we tumbled, over and over, out of the big room into another one all filled with people, and all sorts of curious buzzing and banging machines."

"All at once somebody cut away the cords which held us together, and pulling us apart so that we could see and breathe better, began separating and scattering us on a canvas table slowly moving towards a big open machine where great wheels armed with short, sharp, crooked teeth, kept whirling rapidly round. Presently I felt myself going into the jaws of that terrible machine. I tried to get away on a puff of wind that came in through an open door close by, but the man put his hand on me and held me down until it was too late.

"I remembered nothing more until tired and weary I found myself lying in a trough, or box, at the other end of the machine, with ever so many others. When I asked what they had done to me, I heard a strange voice answer, 'Why they have picked and cleaned and carded you, that's all.

As Jennie Cotton said this, she raised her voice a little, as if she felt indignant at the thought of what she had passed through, and she was not a little startled to hear a genuine, clear, hearty laugh, which sounded as though it came from a heavy pile of 'domestic' lying on the counter of the country store. She listened a moment, looking down from the shelf on which she lay, a roll of bright 'turkey red' calico, picked out with little flecks of white; but hearing nothing more, she went on.

"Well, it was not long till I was caught up by somebody else, and was pulled and twisted, and twisted and pulled, on a small, long, round steel rod, called a spindle. After a while, I was pull-

ed off from the spindle in a small bunch called a bobbin, and was thrown into a basket with many others like me. I was not left here long; but having been thrown into the basket on the top, I could see all round the room, and could hear much that was going on. There were thousands on thousands of spindles, all twirling their threads like lightning, spinning the cotton into long fine threads, these threads were made up of many fibres like the ones 'Uncle Thoughtful' told the Hopes about a long time ago; only these fibres were caught and twisted together, one upon another, till they were all joined fast, making a thread. There were in the room hundreds of girls and women, some tending the spindles, and others tending queer looking frames called looms. These looms, like the spindles, were all tended by careful persons, and these persons kept putting the bobbins into shuttles, the shuttles were put into the looms, and went flying back and forth among a net-work of threads running through reeds to keep them in their places, off a large cylinder called a windlass. The reed was hung in a frame, and kept moving forwards and backwards with a bang, beating the threads from the shuttles into the threads that hung over the beams, and making a long close web called cloth.

"I had no more time to look around me, for a bright-eyed girl took me up and clapped me into a shuttle, and away I went, in and out, and over and under, and through and through, the bright white threads; bewildered and dazed, and crazy and dizzy, with the noise and din; every now and then the heavy clang, clank, of the reed against the tight web where the threads were being woven into cloth, would stifle and bruise me; but worse, if possible was to come.

"A man came along and cut me out of the loom, and I was washed, and squeezed, and ironed by being rolled round large cylinders heated hot; and was finally colored, stamped, labeled and done up for sale—"

Just here a young lady came into the store and asked for turkey red calico. The clerk took Miss Jennie down from the shelf, cut off ten yards, for which the young lady paid seventeen

and one half cents per yard, as she said she was going to have a new red dress. As the young lady walked out of the store Miss Jennie heard the same voice she heard once before, and this time it said, "Good bye Jennie Cotton, who knows where we shall ever meet again."

UNCLE THOUGHTFUL.

THE TESTIMONY OF ONE WHO SLEEPS IN JESUS.

PART III.

The bright autumn days lingered long on the hills, Bedecking the trees, and enriching the rills With soft, gentle showers, while mist-clouds, so fair, Floated up from the earth, like the incense of prayer. Oh! how pensive such days, like a dream of delight, As if heaven hung a veil to screen from our sight The vision so holy, when nature in pride Decks herself for the grave—as for marriage the bride.

The winter days passed, and the summer came on, The husband and wife were yet waiting alone— Thus year followed year, till some three took their flight, When there stopped at their dwelling a stranger one night, Who, while eating his supper, had yet much to tell Of "one Joe Smith, the Mormon," and how it befell "A mighty impostor—a wonderful knave, Who ought to be sent to the galleys,—a slave."

"Why, what has he done?" said the host in surprise, While interest intense lighted up face and eyes— "Done," quoth the stranger, "Sir, he doth pretend To talk with the angels as friend talks with friend; And worse, if that can be, declares he has found A bible of gold hidden up in the ground; The sick he pretends with his magic to cure, He's in league with the powers of darkness, I'm sure."

They gave him his food and shelter that night, But early next morn with the dawning of light Their journey they took to the place they had heard, This deceiving, false prophet, was preaching the word. Like the voice of the angel to shepherds by night, This rumor had filled them with hopeful delight; They thought not of distance, nor staid they a span, But hastened to hear the good tidings to man.

The dwelling was humble, and frugal the fare Which the mother of Joseph for them did prepare; They were poor, but they gave with a bountiful hand To the hundreds who came from all parts of the land— But if simple their fare, oh! what shall I say Of the converse in which the swift hours passed away? 'Twas as dew to the flowers, as rain to the sod, As the manna which fell for the people of God.

Twelve, one, two, and three,—but no thought of sleep there, At near the day dawn they parted with prayer For a brief hour of rest, ere the morning light came, When they to the world should acknowledge Christ's name.

The bright Sabbath morning dawned fair on their sight As a morning of hope after sorrow's long night; Beneath the blue waves they were buried, then rose, In newness of life to walk on to life's close.

Years rolled their swift flight, and it need not be told, How hundreds and thousands flocked into the fold; To far distant climes, to the isles of the sea, The church spread her arms like a tall forest tree. So stately she rose in the strength of the Lord, His wisdom her guide, and her council His word: The lone and the suffering, the poor and the weak, Beneath her broad branches safe shelter did seek.

You have seen the proud oak standing out on the lawn, Whose boughs first was crimsoned by morning's fair dawn;

The last gleams of sunlight would shimmer her leaves, So far she o'er-topped all the tall forest trees.

In wild storms, when nature recoiled from the shock, She has stood as unmoved as the wave-beaten rock: But swift came a thunderbolt, laden with wrath, And the wreck of the oak-tree was strewn in your path.

You looked at it then, and beheld how decay, Had been eating the strength of its proud form away; So when sin wrought its work, and the wrath of the Lord

On his people in wild indignation was poured; The righteous in Zion beheld with dismay, How at heart the true church had commenced to decay—

Oh! then there was anguish most bitter to see, And the cry of God's people—"Oh! where shall we flee?"

FRANCES.

"DOWN IN DIXIE."

NUMBER II.

When passing over the Mobile and Ohio R. R., I traveled through a great deal of marshy ground or swamps, which were at that time covered with muddy looking water, which came from the neighboring creeks and branches. These creeks, in consequence of excessive rains, had overflowed their banks, and flooded miles of timber and other land.

In most places in Southern Mississippi, Alabama, Western Florida, and other parts, the land in the immediate proximity or that nearest to the streams is very low, and is very soon overflowed when there is much rain to occasion a freshet, or "fresh" as they call it here.

Just now through a superabundance of rain, the rivers and creeks are very high. The river Conecuh, pronounced here Kon-noo-kee, is now between two and three feet higher than it has been this year, and it has been so high that it was almost impossible to cross it in boats. Much corn has been submerged, and it is feared that it is destroyed. The track of the railroad was often laid through low, marshy ground, for a long distance; and it was evident to my mind that a large portion of the land would be useless for farming purposes. The timber grew very tall, and the trees quite numerous in these swamps. Some were clad in green at the time I passed through; indeed the holly, and pine, and cypress, and cedar, and some other trees, keep green all the year round. In these swamps and bayous that run inland from the rivers and bays, are fine places for alligators to flourish. And it is there as well as in the rivers and bays where they "use," as the people here call a place which birds, or animals, or fish, or reptiles, congregate upon and feed. These monsters of the water infest a great many of these places referred to, and boating and swimming in these streams, bayous, lakes and bays is sometimes a very dangerous pleasure or pastime. They often grow very large. One was killed at a place called Milton, about twelve miles from here, that was fifteen feet long. They often carry off hogs and dogs, the former as they may be sleeping near the bank of a stream or bayou, pronounced by-oo, when the alligator will slip up on them very quietly, and drag one into the water, and carry it under the water, where of course it soon drowns. They catch the dogs as they may be swimming across, or standing, or

playing in the water. No doubt but most of the readers of the *Hope* have seen pictures of these reptiles, and have read graphic accounts of their form and nature, so I will not describe them here. They are not at all handsome creatures, nor would they make very agreeable pets. You have all heard of their great, wide, and long jaws; and when wide open, they do not make one feel like putting his head between them. Some here are fond of telling how a Yankee, as they call the Northern people, saw one in Mississippi for the first time, and after gazing at it awhile, as it opened its great ugly jaws, remarked that "it ain't a very handsome critter, but it has a kind of openness about its countenance that I like." That "openness" in its countenance is what I would not like, especially if the openness would go shut on my arm.

The crocodile is a reptile of the same species, only they grow much larger it is said. I suppose you have often heard you parents and others speak of children when they wanted something, or thought they did; or when for any other object or purpose would pretend to cry, and would even shed tears when tears were really "forced out," and not because they were occasioned by real grief or vexation, but shed only to have an effect on their parents or friends, you have heard them call such tears "crocodile tears." You have often thought and wondered, I suppose, what that could mean.

As I understand it, the phrase originated from a "fable," or a story, not strictly true; but designed to teach some good principle. This fable represents that as a crocodile was one day coming out of the water, he spied a large and fat-looking snake asleep on the shore, basking in the sunshine, and he said to himself, "Now I'll have a fine dinner off that nice fat serpent." So he crept up very cautiously till he got almost within reach, when some how or other the snake awoke, and seeing his enemy so near, crawled off a distance further, at which movement the crocodile shed tears, large and copious, and in pitiful and apparently grieved tones, lamented this unbecoming conduct and act, in view of the evidence of good-will and friendship he was showing the snake in coming to visit him, and have a pleasant conversation with him, and declared that "he felt hurt at the slight he had received." But the snake informed him that he was aware of the nature of crocodiles and their feelings toward snakes; and that his tears were those of a hypocrite, for he cried not because his friendship was slighted; but because his blood-thirsty design of capturing him unawares, and of eating him, was not gratified.

So "crocodile tears" are hypocritical tears, or pretended tears. They don't express the true feeling of the heart. I trust that none of the dear little readers of the *Hope* whom not seeing yet I love, as well as those I have seen, will ever shed such tears, but let your weeping whether on account of grief or joy (for you may often weep on both grounds), be always genuine—never pretend to be sorry or glad when you are not, and try to show or make your pretension stronger by tears. Don't shed the tears of the hypocrite. But I must go back to my story or narrative of travel. Well after traveling on the

Mobile and Ohio railroad from Humboldt, Miss., to Mobile, Ala., from Thursday morning, Feb'y 2nd, and from 8:45 a. m., allowing twenty minutes for breakfast, I arrived at the city of Mobile at 9:25, or twenty-five minutes after nine o'clock on Friday morning. As soon as I alighted from the cars, I saw what would be to most of Zion's Hopes a funny sight—yet one that brought sad reflection, but I imagine our naturally good-natured and accommodating Uncle Mark preparing his mouth as if he was going to whistle, but instead, out comes that little word, "quit," so I will defer telling about the sight and its lesson till No. 3. And when I see the "orange groves" and "magnolia bowers," our friend Signor Phi writes about, I will let you know. They are about somewhere; but not where I have been yet. I wish I could get into them instead of under these great pine trees, and have the wind shake pine burrs larger than your father's fist down on my head.

T. W. SMITH.



INDIAN TRADITIONS.

NUMBER II.

HAVE been unable to gather the particulars in regard to the Indian's traditional idea of Christ's appearance among them. All that I can gather amounts to about this.

A great while ago, there was a man of beautiful form and handsome features, and very white, who came to them walking upon the waters of the Pacific Ocean. He came ashore, and eat and slept in their huts, and talked a great deal, and said a great many good things—but none that I have seen have been able to tell me anything that he said, except that after he had stayed with them for a short time, he left and went up among the mountain Indians, and that they would not hear his teaching, but got mad and killed him.

Another tradition is that there lived among them, not a great while before the first white men came here, a very eccentric Indian whom all thought to be crazy, for he was a good part of his time to be found alone, and was always up-

braiding the Indians for every evil they committed. He was frequently known to crawl two or three miles on his hands and knees to the Humboldt Bay, and then raise up, and walk over the water of the bay.

He frequently visited the Indians, and gave them advice, and warned them of danger to come. As an instance, he was one evening, between sunset and dark, or at twilight, near some Indian huts, where there was a lot of young Indian boys out playing hide and seek. In their play, they were whistling, which is a very uncommon thing among the Indians. He stepped out among them and rebuked them, and told them that the day was then near at hand, when there would be taaquaw, or white-faced men come off the ocean, who would whistle just as they were doing, and who would have large animals to ride on, like elk, and that they would carry these young Indians captive at their pleasure.

UNCLE ROBERT.

THE COMPASS.

WHEN I was a very little boy, I could read; and one day I entered a house in which I saw a picture which I have never forgotten, and on the picture was a maxim which I also remember. The picture was that of a Compass, a carpenter's compass set wide open; between its extreme points, the picture of a boy was seen, and around the outside of the compass this maxim,

"To avoid many troubles which others endure, Keep within compass and you shall be sure."

I shall not tell you how well I practised this maxim; but this much I will tell, that so far as I did observe it, I found it true. Will you remember it little ones? Will you young men and fair maidens? For I know you love to read these columns as well as the little ones do.

Perhaps you ask, "What do you mean by keeping within compass?" I will tell you. Our Great Father has endowed us with powers of body and mind, with passions and propensities, *i. e.*, he has given us power to think, reason, understand, and act for our good, and for the good of all

around us. He has given us power to love and hate. He has given us desires which if properly cultivated will reach out after those things which will tend to make us happy. And in order that these endowments may be a lasting benefit unto us, he has revealed unto us the true means of exercising or using them. This means is the expressed will of God—the Gospel—the plan of salvation—the truth—in fact the compass line which is drawn around us; and if we keep within that, we shall not only avoid many troubles which others endure in this life, but also in the world to come.

My little children, you are so constituted that you can misuse your powers and bring upon yourselves trouble and sorrow in this world, and in the world to come. Oh! what a dark, rough, troublesome path this life would be to your tender feet, and how your hearts would be pierced with sorrows in the future state, if you misapplied the powers God had in his love endowed you with.

Within the great compass of truth all is good.

If you love the truth, think of the truth, speak the truth, and practice the truth, you are within compass.

If you love God, your parents, your brothers and sisters, your playmates, your neighbors and all mankind, you are within compass.

If you love and bless those who injure you, you are within compass.

If you hate any of these, you are outside of the compass, and are in danger of great trouble.

If you love to cheer and bless the outcast, the orphan and the widow, you are within compass.

If you hate them, despise them, neglect them, and leave them to suffer when you could bless and comfort them, you are outside of the compass and in danger of destruction, when the Lord shall come to destroy those who have neglected and oppressed the fatherless and the widow.

If you hate lies and sin in every form, you are within compass.

If you keep your desires upon good and holy objects, you are within compass.

If you allow your desires to rest upon those things which belong to your neighbors, in other words, if you covet what is not your own, or if you allow them to be fixed upon unclean things, acts, or principles, you are outside of the compass and in great danger.

If you allow your passions to control you, instead of controlling your passions, you are outside of the compass, and in danger of being a life-long slave to the worst of evils.

If you think twice before you utter one angry word; if you cultivate meekness of temper, forbearance towards all, patience under all circumstances, with gentleness and lovingkindness you are safe within compass.

If you love obscene and filthy talk—if you love the trashy novels of the day, better than the word of God, better than chaste, sensible and holy conversation, you are outside of the compass, and are in danger of being foolish, degraded, filthy beings all your lives.

If you love bad company, or the company of the liar, swearer, stealer, Sabbath breaker, drunkard, adulterer, murderer, you are outside of the compass, and in danger of receiving their

awful fate; viz, to be cast into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

If you seek to associate with the good, keep the Sabbath holy, attend the Sabbath school, study the word of God, sing the praises of God, constantly pray before him, honor and obey your parents, reverence and love your teachers, and are constantly on your guard that you may shun every evil thing, then you are within compass, and shall receive the blessings God has promised unto all who do this.

If you think you are very wise, very smart, and better than those around you, depend upon it you are outside of the compass, and the evil one is puffing you up in your own greatness that he may destroy you. Only the fool is wise in his own conceit. The wise man knows himself too well to be proud of his acquirements. He knows that his gifts are from God, and to him he gives the praise.

Little children—youths and maidens—I have here drawn around you the compass. If you keep within this line, you are safe. It is marked out by your heavenly Father, in order that you may escape the great evils that are obstructing your pathway through life, and also the awful consequences of a life of sin. Will you not pray God to give you strength and wisdom to keep within compass?

Do not say you are able of yourselves—do not think that you are wise enough to know what is best, but keep the counsel of the Holy One, "Watch and pray lest you enter into temptation," and you will find that the path of life will be smoother.

The obstacles will vanish, the sorrows even will be the harbingers of greater joys. The troubles will only be fore-runners of a lasting peace. Your feet will crush the thorns and thistles with comparative ease, and the heart shall triumph over all its pangs of bitterness and woe.

That you may keep within compass is the earnest prayer of FATHER LOVE-CHILD.

SIMILITUDE.

THIS world that we have been born into is like unto a very large and gloomy building—gloomy because that there is so little light in it. Above the building is a great King in a region of light; below a prince in a region of darkness. Each one in the building has a lamp; some lamps are burning brightly; but most of them are very dim, and many have allowed their lamps to be put out by the dark agents from the prince below, who is striving to put all out, that he may have possession of the building. He cannot dwell in light; and he knows that if many lamps burn brightly, the whole building will be so lighted up that he will have no power to enter. The great King above sends messengers of light to aid those who are diligent to trim their lamps and keep them burning. Brethren and sisters, we are the children of light; let us labor to be watchful unto prayer, that soon our united light may dispel all darkness and evil from this earth, to make room for the eternal abode of our Lord and of all his saints.

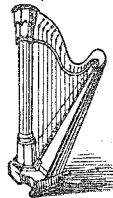
W. C. L.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

THE creations of God which we daily behold with our natural eyes, the food that grows on the trees, in the gardens, and in the fields, for the benefit of man and beast, are proof of the existence and goodness of God. 'He maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust.' What bright evidences are these of the mercy and lovingkindness of our Father in heaven. And above all these, He gave His only son a ransom for us fallen creatures, that we by believing in him, and observing to do as he taught, might in the end of our probation obtain a free pardon of our sins, and rejoice forevermore in his presence. Then let us prayerfully strive to the end of the race, that we may be of those who shall win the prize, that is celestial glory.

W. C. L.

Poetry.



VIRTUE.

Ye children of Columbia,
Attend unto my muse;
She points to lasting comfort,
Her counsels ne'er refuse.

While your sun is in its morning,
And sends his bright'ning rays,
The flowery plains adorning,
Close in with virtue's ways.

See comely, virgin virtue,
She hath ten thousand charms,
All, all do much admire her,
Though few her beauty warms.

She'll lead each into order,
Who to her counsel yields;
Not only to the border,
But in celestial fields.

Oh! embrace her, lovely youth,
While youth is in its prime;
And with so sweet a mistress,
Fail not to spend your time.

When age shall overtake you,
You'll then sit down and sing,
That virtue then hath brought you,
To praise your Heavenly King.
A. C. INMAN.

TO THE CHILDREN!

Stop a moment, little children,
As you journey on your way,
Think not too much of the future,
Use the moments of to-day.

Try some little good to do,
Selfish thoughts put far away;
As each moment comes to you,
Use the moments of to-day.

Wait a moment longer children,
A few more words I have to say;
As you grow to men and women,
Still pursue the narrow way.

JUNE.

Correspondence.

J. S. WEEKS: Although for a long time silent, I have not forgotten you, neither have I apostatized. I am still trying to do what is right, and hope that most of your readers are trying to do the same. I am glad to see so many letters from the little folks in the Correspondent's Column. Strive on, brothers and sisters, and show to the world that you are followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. Be meek, humble, careful and prayerful, and you will be blest like the people of old, and at last receive a crown of glory.

AMERICA I. SCOTT: I for the first time write a few lines for the columns of the *Hope*, as I have the happy privilege of reading it. I like it very much, and think it is a good paper, and a grateful help in the cause of Zion. I think too that one would do well to pay heed to its good advice. I am a member of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I have been a member for about one year. I was baptized by our dear brother W. W. Blair, and confirmed by him also. I love to read the Children's Column. Pa and Brother Kelly have gone on a short mission. I would love to see all of my brothers and sisters very much; but I hope to meet them in Zion. I desire your prayers in my behalf, that I may endure to the end, that we all may meet and reign with Christ a thousand years.

The little *Hope* is very good,
Its columns bright and fair;
I love to read the story of
Mark Nelson's Morning Prayer.

I love to read the letters, and
The poetry so grand;
I hope to meet with all God's saints,
In Zion's peaceful land.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 5.

A and B, together bought a cow. For the first half of her value A paid one dollar as often as B paid four, and for the remaining half of her value B paid two dollars as often as A paid three; if B had paid six dollars less, then the sum each paid would have been equal; what did each pay?

ENIGMA No. 73.

I am composed of ten letters,
My 1, 2, 4, is something we should not do.
My 5, 1, 2, 5, is the name of a continent.
My 1, 7, 4, 8, is what we should all try to do.
My 6, 9, 7, 10, 3, is the name of a color.
My whole is the name of one who composed this enigma.

ANSWER TO ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 2.

Henry caught 14 fish, and George caught 11.
Answered by one correspondent.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 70.

John, Dan, Ann, Door, Dull, Judah, Lord, Hall,
John Randall Rudd.
Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE No. 8.

Physiology.
Answered by one correspondent.

ANAGRAM No. 41.

Rveen asy I trvan ot og "eht sturo nekdi;" utb I loduw vrye chmu klie ot og.

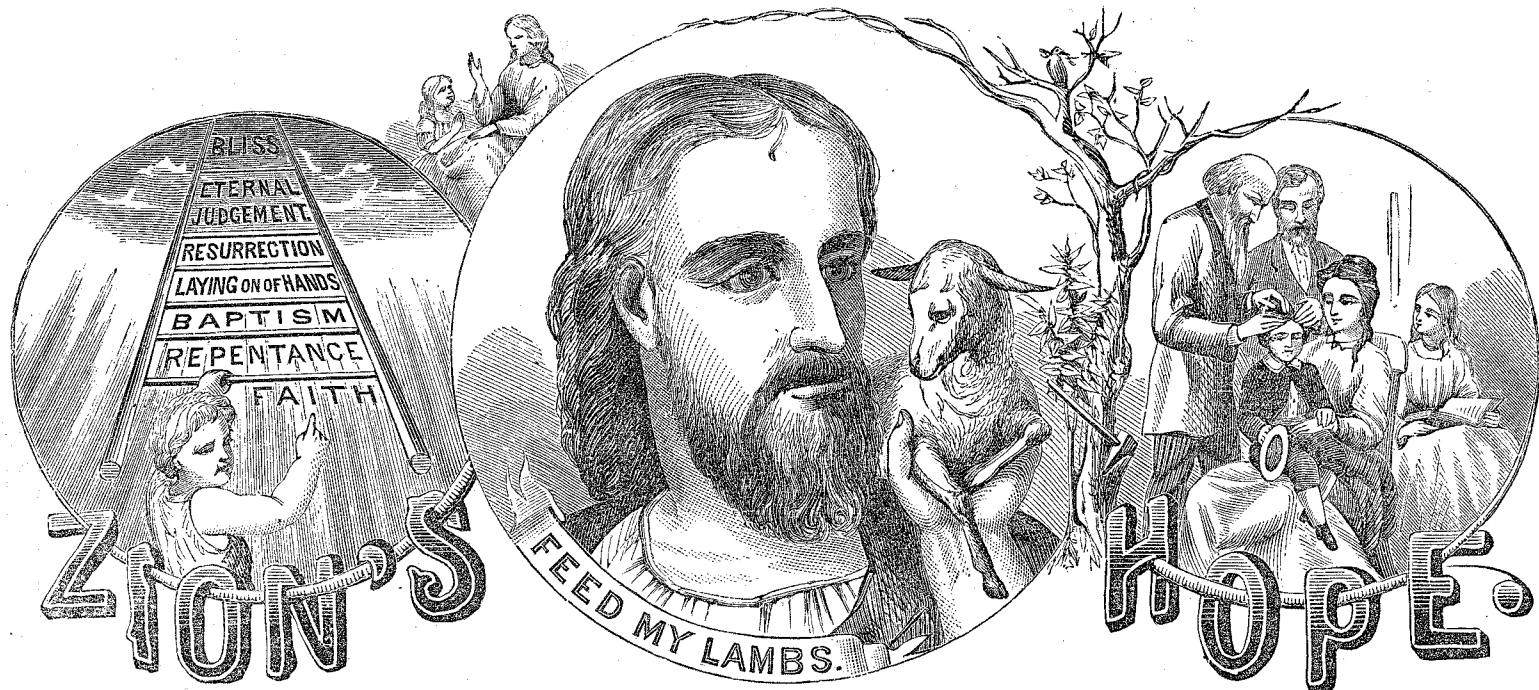
ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

JOSEPH SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.
Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies
and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER
CENT DISCOUNT.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence
with any number.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., AUGUST 15, 1871.

No. 4.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

WE had been preparing for our journey for some days, and as each day the heat seemed to increase, we looked toward the blue hazy mountains in the distance and longed to be on our way. At last the morning of departure came, and after stowing away numerous boxes, shawls, blankets, bedding, etc., etc.,—to say nothing of unpoetic cooking utensils,—we were soon all comfortably seated, and with light hearts and pleasant anticipations safely started toward the lofty goal our longing eyes had been so long surveying from a distance. During the past winter comparatively little snow fell on the mountains, and it was rarely that white robes could be seen upon any of the summits, and when seen they look but small specks upon the mountain's side. A ride of about twelve miles brought us to the entrance into Ophir Canyon. Through this canyon a well constructed road leads up the mountain side, winding over the summit and into the valley beyond.

Some little time before we entered the canyon, the rippling, mountain stream came out to meet us murmuring a pleasant song of shade and coolness we were so soon to find. Do you know boys and girls that when I look at one of these streams, so limpid, cool and sparkling, I think how joyous a place for base little feet to wade in they are, and I am sure if some of you had been with us that warm June day you would have had the same thoughts. It was a pleasant custom of the people in Eastern countries to bathe their feet when on a journey, but the water they used was not furnished by streams, but set forth for them by their entertainers in basons used for the purpose. Mary, you will remember, bathed our Savior's feet with her tears, and Br. David has compared these beautiful streams, as they trickle down the rough sides of the mountains, to "crystal tears in grieving," but no matter what they are like, they certainly are very tempting to bare feet in a warm summer's day.

Passing by a very nice house of entertainment a short distance up the canyon, we selected a suit-

able place for a noon rest, and lighting our camp fire, were soon in the midst of savory smells arising from steaming coffee, broiling beef, and various other culinary preparations. This was the first meal some of us had ever prepared by "camp-fire," and a little proud of the success of our operation, we partook of it with sharpened appetites. While the horses were feeding we clambered among the rocks piled high at the mountain's foot, gathering some rare and fragrant flowers, many of which we did not know the name. Presently the team being ready we are again upon the road.

Some mile and a half from the entrance into the canyon we came suddenly upon a lonely habitation, and could but recall the stories we had read of hermit life. Here attached to a most singular looking house was a fine garden of vegetables, looking very attractive in their dresses of green, while between every neatly kept row or bed wound a little stream of water which had been decoyed away from our mountain stream, and thus gave life and beauty to the garden of the lone old man. Perhaps on the hill-sides of sunny France Bowler had tended his vines in his youthful days. France is the land of his nativity, and we find ourselves wondering what would have drawn him to such a spot, when finding our notice suddenly drawn to a dark opening at the left of the garden, we ask what it is, and are told, a "silver mine." Ah! the secret is explained, and herein lies the attraction which has kept this old man here a patient toiler for so many years. He works his mine alone when not otherwise employed, and though once he very nearly lost his life in it, he still clings tenaciously to it and his dream of wealth. Did men but search for the kingdom of God as for the hid treasures of the earth, few indeed would fail to find it.

How the rocky sides of the mountains tower above us as we pass along! Sometimes the canyon becomes quite narrow, then again widens out as if to give man a foothold for tilling the soil. No other gardens however were passed, nor was any sign of life visible until we came in

sight of the now deserted mining camp of Ophir. Here in the midst of some thirty or forty houses (all deserted, lonely and falling to ruin) stands a fine large quartz mill, erected some years ago at a probable expense of some seven two hundred thousand dollars. It is now in charge of a man living in Ophir, and upon our return we will visit it. The principal mine is located some two hundred feet above the mill; the shaft has been sunk some two hundred feet; but the mine is now half filled with water, thus completely covering the precious metal. The mine is thought to be very rich, and will likely be worked again, but it requires a vast amount of money and labor to operate a silver mine successfully. The evening was drawing on, and after going some half a mile beyond Ophir, we selected a cool, grassy plot close to a favorite stream, and there after turning out the horses we made arrangements to pass the night. Two pretty blue birds flew in and out of a deserted cabin near by, attending to the wants of the young family which they were rearing in what had once been the cupboard of the miners, but which now save for their nest was empty, while upon the top branches of a tall willow growing near the stream, a beautiful, red-breasted humming bird rocked himself to and fro in the breeze; occasionally flying away, but returning again to his old position as if he was curious to discover the intentions of such strange intruders into his peaceful haunts. Here while mamma and auntie prepared the evening meal, Lucy and her papa went back to Ophir for our semi-weekly mail. They brought auntie two letters from home, together with papers from New York and Ohio, and after supper we sat down to learn what was going on in the great busy world apparently so far removed from us. Frances.

After a comfortably night's rest upon the green sward, we were up betimes in the morning, anxious to renew our journey towards the summit which we could easily see from the place where we were. The sun stole above the top of the mountains just as we gathered around the breakfast table, and in our elevated altitude we

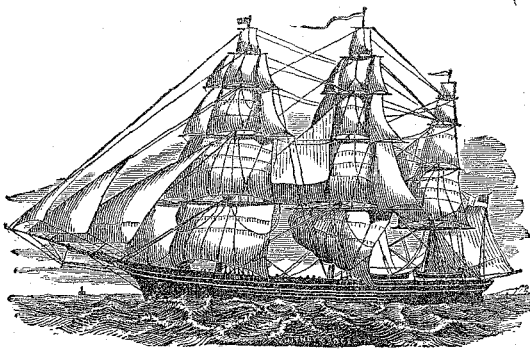
did not at all object to the warmth of his rays. Some time was consumed in looking for the horses, who had changed their course in the night, and passing by our camp had strayed some distance down the canyon. Soon, however, we were fairly started and toiling up the steep road along the mountain's side. About noon we neared the summit, when coming to a bank of snow which from a distance we had thought would be very easily passed, we were disappointed to find our way completely blocked up. The bank of snow was lying just across the road, and being some hundred feet in width and five or six in depth, was utterly impassible, as the surface took the conformation of the mountain slope, and but for its dizzy height would have been an excellent place for coasting. Here was a disappointment we had not anticipated as the snow from a distance had seemed but a mere speck upon the mountain, and we had no idea but we could readily pass it. With the team we could not proceed, so after holding a council we decided to camp and rest there until evening, and then go over the summit to see if the attractions were strong enough to keep us another day. After supper we walked up to the summit, and standing on a rocky peak 6,000 feet above the level of the valley, looked down upon a scene not soon to be forgotten. Towards the valley of the Reese river the mountains are far less abrupt, sloping down more gently, while their sides are covered with pines and mountain mahogany, and carpeted with soft green grass. Through the valley we could see the river winding like a thread of silver as it reflected the rays of the sun now low in the west. Here and there the valley was dotted by green fields of grain, while upon the foot-hills were flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. Away beyond the valley as far as the eye could reach, range after range of mountains lifted their towering heads towards the sky, until in the far distance their snow-capped summits seemed to lean against and mingle with the clouds.

Returning to our camp we passed the night, and early in the morning crossing the summit again we strolled down the opposite side of the mountains, and returning about noon prepared for our drive home. The steep descent of the mountain safely accomplished, we find ourselves once more at the mill, and now we are going through the vast building, for we want to tell the children something about the way in which silver is obtained from the rocks in which it is first found. These rocks are mined out of the mountains and taken to a quartz mill to be crushed that the silver which they contain may be gathered out. Before entering the mill we examined a large furnace, lately invented for roasting the pulverized ores. It is called the Stetefeldt furnace in honor of the inventor. It is claimed that it reduces the expenses of the process. The mill is a stone structure with abutments massive and strong. Entering a doorway on the lowest floor we found ourselves in the engine room, where the steam power is applied for the various work of the establishment. Going up to the first floor above, we saw the pans and settler in which the silver is collected. Still above we entered the room where the rocks

containing the silver are crushed. The first thing done with the rocks, after they are taken from the mine, is to crush them into fine powder. This is done by means of what they call stamps. These are large timbers placed in an upright position, the lower end being covered with strong iron and resting on heavy iron plates. They are raised by machinery and in falling crush the rocks placed beneath them. A fine screen prevents any but the finest particles of dust from escaping. This dust is then roasted or heated very hot in ovens, when it is placed in large iron pans with hot water, quicksilver and salt. Here it is stirred until every particle of the silver unites with the quicksilver, forming an amalgam, which is easily collected after the water and durt are run off. The amalgam is then put into a retort and heated until the quicksilver is separated from it, when the pure silver is melted and run into moulds, and takes the form of large bricks, and is ready for transportation to the mints where it is made into coin or otherwise used. These bricks or bars of silver are called bullion and are very heavy.

After some time spent in examining the mill, we accompanied the gentleman in charge up to the office of the company, which is a large, fine building of stone, very neatly finished. Here we obtained some fine specimens of quartz-rock, and were amusingly entertained by the antics of a large Newfoundland dog, which took off his master's hat at his bidding, jumped upon a chair and sitting on his hind legs sang an accompaniment to a tune played upon the accordeon. The gentleman told Lucy he would give her the dog when he left the country, but, providence permitting, she will leave it before he does, and I know many who read this will be glad to see her once more. A pleasant ride brought us home in time for tea the evening of the third day.

FRANCES.



ESSAY ON COTTON.

WHEN Jennie Cotton passed out of the store, the day she was purchased by that handsome young lady, she had no definite idea where the voice was, or to whom it belonged.

Some two weeks afterwards, however, when she was all tricked out in bows, and ruffles, and capes, and cuffs, in a dress for her buyer to attend a "calico ball" in, this young lady put her new dress on and went to the store to buy her gloves. As she went into the open door, she met a boy carrying a bundle of goods in his arms; the boy and girl were acquaintances, and as they met they stopped and began chatting together. This seemed to suit Johnny Cotton, who was in

the bundle being carried to the home of the boy to make into slips and sheets, and curtains, and other useful things about the house, for he leaned over close to Jennie and whispered his story to her as follows.

"Don't start, Miss Jennie, I am Johnny Cotton. The last time I saw you before I heard you speak the other day, when I startled you so, we were lying near to each other in that gloomy warehouse away down in Mobile. I went to Lowell, Massachusetts, while you went to England. I went by railroad, you went by water,

"On our way north, one dark night, the train of cars I was in ran off the track, and I in company with many others, was thrown into the water of a deep mountain stream. After lying in the water a day or two, we were taken out and laid open to dry.

"One night, about midnight, two men came very silently about us, tied up two or three bales, loaded them into a wagon and started off into the woods. By and by the wagon stopped and we were put into an old log hut in a very thick and dark part of the wood, where we remained some ten weeks. At the end of the ten weeks we heard voices outside the cabin talking about cotton-smuggling, and making money. The door of the cabin was broken in, and half a dozen men in blue pants, and coats, with bright brass buttons on them, came in. Very soon we were loaded into another wagon and taken to the railroad again.

"These men in blue were officers, and I learned by listening to their talk, that we had been stolen, and if we had not been discovered we would have been smuggled on board a vessel and taken to England on a smuggling cruiser.

"The man who had stolen us had been killed a day or two before in a fight with the officers sent to arrest him. He tried to get away from them, and they shot him dead.

"We were put on board the cars and did not stop again till we ran into Lowell.

"Here I was subjected to all sorts of torture, wetting and sousing, and wringing and squeezing, to get the rough stain off that I received in the river into which the car was thrown. When this was done, I was carded, spun, and wove into brown sheeting, cut into forty-one and one-third yards, folded up, packed in a box and sent to New York. I was bought and sent from there to Chicago, from there to this store, and now what will become of me I don't know."

Here the boy gave the bundle a toss and went off.

UNCLE THOUGHTFUL.

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXAMPLE.

A little girl about nine years old, the daughter of a minister, was visiting in a family where the father did not pray, but was in the habit of reading a chapter in the Bible with his family. At night when he had read the chapter, the little girl kneeled down as she had been in the habit of doing. The father saw the child on her knees, and kneeled himself. The rest of the family followed, and soon that father prayed for the first time in his family. That little girl was the means of the first family prayer.

THE TESTIMONY OF ONE WHO SLEEPS IN JESUS.

PART IV.

But how fared it then with the husband and wife?
Did they yield to the tempest, and sink 'mid the strife?
Not thus; but heart-broken they fled, far away,
In that hour of deep anguish, that dark cloudy day;
Like the captives of Judah, for Zion they wept,
And their hearts to few notes of gladness were swept;
They confessed they were pilgrims on life's chilling
shore,
Yet seeking a country where sin has no power.

The sad autumn days, Oh! so sad and so lone,
When the spirit too weeps life's bright visions frown,
Crept over the hills and the woodlands so fair,
Leaving traces of glory on earth, and in air.
The river swept by to the ocean of rest,
Upbearing the burdens of man on its breast;
Then dashing its waves lightly up to the shore,
Moved on its liberty free as before.

To the husband and father, the autumn days came
As a season of triumph, yet mingled with pain,
For he knew he would shortly from conflict depart,
He felt the cold fingers of death near his heart.
To go home to his Savior—how blessed the gain!
To leave wife and children—how bitter the pain!
But thanks be to Jesus, who gave him the power,
Through faith to lean on him in this trying hour.

The day had departed and soft twilight came
Creeping over the earth, and the West all a flame,
With the glow of the sunset; and in this strangeland,
There had met at his dwelling a small praying band.
They were pilgrims, as he, and their hearts bled with
pain,

To think they should never on earth meet again;
So few are the friends of adversities' hour,
And the love born in darkness, so strong is its power.

How precious that meeting! the Savior drew near,
By the power of his Spirit swift witness to bear;
And he who then stood by the dark rolling stream,
From the bright shores beyond caught a radiant
gleam!

He arose from his bed, and like Jacob of old,
He strengthened himself while the future unrolled
Before his wrapped vision, as on the bright day,
When he knelt, years ago in the forest to pray.

There is one who will read the sad truth that I now
write,
And recalling the words which were spoken that night,
Recalling the darkness of that cloudy day,
Thank God she has seen every cloud pass away.
In silence, a moment, the aged man stood,
While the radiance of heaven, as it had been a flood
Of light and of glory, illumined his face,
Resting there like a sweet benediction of peace.

"Beloved; my bowels have yearned over you,
My children and wife of my bosom so true;
Dear people of God, now so scattered and lone,
Fear not, you to Zion with songs shall return.
The harps you have hung by proud Babylon's streams,
Shall praise him again in the land of your dreams;
From this darkness his church, as fair as the moon,
In clouds, as the doves to their windows, shall come.

"I shall go to my fathers, but peace be to you
Companions and friends of the pilgrim, so true;
Stand ye firm in his truth, if your light still endures,
Fear not, 'tis his pleasure, the kingdom is yours.
To Zion the wicked shall never return,
Against them the anger of heaven doth burn;
The pure he will lead in the way he has trod,
Bring them to behold the salvation of God.

"He has caused you to walk through deep waters of
woe,
But the ways of your foot-steps he surely doth know;
He has marked every tear, he knows your distress—

My soul praise the Lord! oh! the Lord my soul bless!
All my life he has guided and led by his rod,
Oh! my soul thou hast seen the salvation of God!
Fare-ye-well, little flock, be ye faithful and brave,
He who Zion scattered, will redeem her, and save,
To her own land in triumph will bring her again,
He is faithful who speaketh;—Amen and Amen."

Long years he has slumbered; his body to dust
Has mouldered, his spirit abides with the just—
I shall meet him ere long in the land of the blest,
And pillow my head once more on his breast,
Where oft in the hours of sweet childhood it lay;
Meet the dear mother too, who has now passed away:
May the Lord grant his Spirit swift witness to bear,
To the truth of these words—bless you each in my
prayer.

FRANCES.

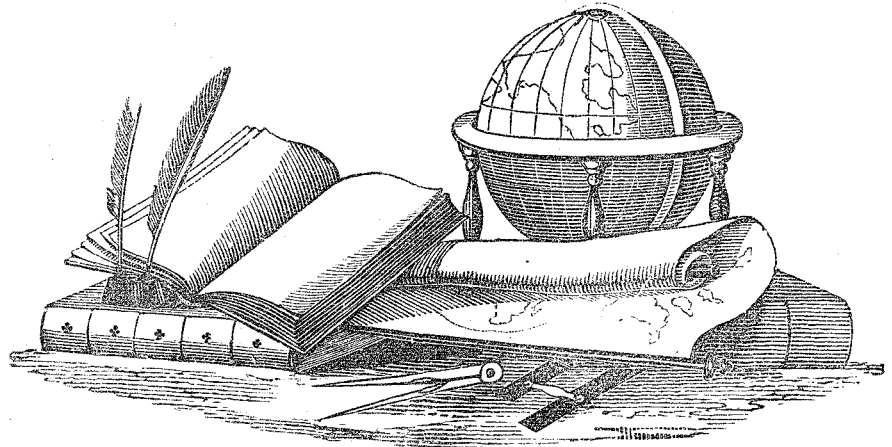
Holland; that of Patagonia, in the south, is occupied by different tribes of Indians in an uncivilized state.

The Western continent is of immense extent. Its length is estimated at from nine to ten thousand miles, and its width, in its broadest part, nearly four thousand miles.

UNCLE MARK.

Why do little birds in their nests agree. Because, if they did not, they would fall out.

Why does the eye resemble a schoolmaster in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.



GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.
LESSON 15.

THE WESTERN CONTINENT.

THE Western Continent is divided principally into North and South America. North America contains a greater variety of climate, and the productions of its soil are more varied than are those of any other portion of the known world. In the variety and extent of animals and minerals the Continent of America has no rival in the world.

The northern portions of the continent are owned by Great Britain, Russia, and Denmark; the central portion of North America is the territory of the United States; the southern portions, embracing Mexico and Guatemala, are independent republics.

The West Indies lie between North and South America, and include several groups of Islands, classified as the Bahamas Greater Antilles, the Lesser Antilles, the Caribbee Islands, and the Bermudas, Only one of these, Hayti, has an independent government, the others are under the dominion of Great Britian, France, Denmark, Holland, Spain, Sweeden, and Venezuela. Some of these islands are very beautiful, and produce the rich fruits of tropical climes. Josephine, the beautiful wife of Napoleon the 1st, was from one of the Caribbee islands, called Martinique.

South America is connected with North America by the Isthmus of Darien.

The government of the northern, the western, and northern boundary of Patagonia, in South America, is republican; that of the eastern, Brazil, is an empire; that of Guiana, in the northeast, is composed of three distinct colonies, and is subject to Great Britian, France, and

A WORD FROM FLORIDA.

FLORIDA, as you will see by the map, extends to a point farther south than any other of the states. Not very far from the southern point is situated the island of Cuba. The land is generally very poor. Though some portions of it are very good soil, producing cotton, sugar-cane and corn, quite plentiful. A field of sugar-cane is quite nice to see. The stalks are six to eight feet high; and have a heavy growth on the ground. The blades or leaves are three to four feet in length, standing in an upright position, with sharp pointed ends. The leaves shoot out at the joints of the stalk, which are six to eight inches apart. Some of the large stalks will produce over a quart of juice, when run through the cane mill. The juice is very sweet and makes a healthy and pleasant drink. Little children are very fond of being at the cane mills at sugar making. The cane is grown from the stalk. The farmers at the grinding of the cane select of the small-sized stalks sufficient for the next spring planting, and lay them by, covering them over with a thin coat of earth. When planting time arrives which is about the latter part of February, they prepare the ground with furrows, about four or five feet apart, and lay the stalks lengthwise in the furrows and cover with earth. The sprouts start from the joints, and little blades soon begin to shoot up out of the ground. Some plant their cane in the fall about the time of harvest; which is in the month of November. This is the most common way of planting I am told in the large sugar making districts. There is in East and South Florida orange orchards, where the orange is cultivated and grown. But there is but very few in culture in West Florida. I have been

here and in Southern Alabama over a year; but have not yet had the pleasing sight of seeing them grow on the trees. However I am told there are some few grown about Pensacola, a place about thirty-five miles south of here on the Escambia Bay. Though this is a poor and unproductive soil, in general, for making crops, still it is not entirely barren of attractions and loveliness.

There is a great variety of flowers of beautiful colors that are pleasing to sight. Among the variety, to our taste, is the crape myrtle when in full bloom, we would give the preference. They are pretty indeed. Many others also are pleasing to behold. Some are of sweet odors. Among those of exquisite fragrance is the honey suckle.

These are in bloom in April, and are indeed delightful. We would not be unmindful of the hand that has bestowed these pleasing gifts to cheer and gladden the heart, even in this poor soil, and this somewhat remote portion of earth. There are many rivers and streams of water in this State mostly passing in a southern direction, and finding their outlet into the gulf of Mexico.

However, one of the main and important rivers of the State, which is the St. Johns in the east part of Florida. The course of the St. John's is northward and emptying into the Atlantic ocean. The climate from June till November much of the time is extremely warm. The winter's season for the most part is agreeable and pleasant, though there are occasional times of very chilling and unpleasant weather. It very seldom snows here. The people are mostly quite attached to their Southern clime. They are as fearful of the cold weather of the North as those that live North are in fear of the extreme heat of the South. Well little readers, I have told you a little of some of the things in Florida and this Southern clime; but we think your home in the North is the most preferable. Try to make them lively, cheerful and pleasant. C. G. L.

DISOBEDIENCE.

NOW Lillie, go straight to school, and don't go in the woods;" said Mrs. Elson to her daughter one fine summer morning.

Lillie said nothing in return; but walked off. When she reached the woods, the green grass, the singing birds, and the flowing brook were irresistible, and Lillie forgot what her mother had said, and ran off in the woods exclaiming, "I won't go to school to-day; I'll play truant; nobody will know."

She had forgotten that the all-seeing eye of God was upon her, while she ran through the woods with her little dinner-basket upon her arm, trying to feel happy; but a feeling of impending evil came over her, which she tried to chase away but could not.

Something seemed to say, "You are doing wrong." She would not listen, but ran on and on till she felt hungry; then she sat down on a rock beside the brook and ate her lunch, and commenced to make a wreath of wild flowers. She soon grew restless, and began to chase the butterflies. Tiring of this, she lay down on the grass, and soon fell asleep.

The gray shadows of twilight had begun to

fall when she awoke. She felt stiff and cold from remaining so long on the cold ground. She looked around on every side, but saw nothing save dim shadows; heard nothing but the rustling leaves and the running brook—all else was silent.

Suddenly, a vivid flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the very trees to their roots and make them sway and totter to and fro.

Lillie knelt down and prayed, for her mamma had taught her to pray; but she had always been afraid of lightning, and when she rose to her feet another flash of lightning came; when she saw this she sprang up, gave a loud scream and fell senseless.

When she recovered, it was daylight, and she was in her own little bed at home with her mother watching over her, her eyes swollen with tears—how she came there I will now proceed to tell.

When the time came that she generally reached home from school, and she did not appear, her mother became alarmed, and started to meet her. Soon her husband returned from work, and on being told about his child, he also started in pursuit of his wife. He turned into the woods, and had searched until dark, when he heard a scream; he went in the direction it came from and there found his child.

When he reached the road with her, he saw his wife weeping and coming towards him. She saw the child pale, motionless, and thought she was dead. They took her home, and called a doctor, who told them she was not dead but had fainted.

Lillie was sick a long time, but she finally recovered; but the doctor said she never would be herself again.

She grew up to womanhood; but was always delicate. She teaches now in a Sunday school, and her scholars all love her, because being too weak to do any work, she has studied her Bible, and become a good woman. There is one sentence she always tries to instill in the young minds, namely, "never disobey your parents."

If you are tempted to do wrong though no mortal eye is upon you, God sees you, and when you do wrong he feels sorry; as also when you do a good action, he blesses you. E. A.

USE THE MOMENTS OF TO-DAY.

BY C. ACKERLY.

What is life, kind brother, friend,
What is time to call thine own?
Perchance before the day shall end,
All thy plans will be o'erthrown.
Hark! yonder sounds the funeral knell;
From earth the spirit wends its way,
In joy or sorrow hence to dwell,
Then use the moments of to-day.

Go, listen to the reckless one,
When death stands grimly by his side;
His heart was hard as marble stone,
And proud as is a fairy bride.
"O Lord, forgive, forgive," he cries,
Oh that I still could longer stay;
My voice should echo in thy praise—
Then use the moments of to day.

See yonder aged parents weep,
Weep o'er the grave of erring child;

Cut down in bloom of life so sweet,
Cut down—his parents frantic wild!
They failed to guide his childhood feet
In virtue's path, in wisdom's way;
How stand before the judgment seat—
Then use the moments of to-day.

The miser hoards his golden store,
And asks to have no happier lot;
He spurns to help the needy poor,
Nor visits he the widow's cot,
But when the veil is rent in twain,
And justice wields his boundless sway,
His treasures will no honor gain—
Then use the moments of to-day.

Time fades away in weal or woe,
Whate'er your lot in life may be,
Where'er you are, where'er you go,
You're journeying to eternity.
Life like a vapor soon will pass,
Time and death no man can stay;
But oh! the joy and lasting bliss—
If rightly used the time to-day.

AN AGE OF WARFARE.

HOPES have long been indulged by the Christian world that we are approaching that millennium when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the sword be beaten into a ploughshare. These fond anticipations were heightened by the spread of civilization, the developments of science, and the progress of the arts. So little is gained by war that might not be effected by diplomacy—the slaughter and sufferings are so appalling that one shudders to contemplate them, while condemning the false pride and rash proceedings which bring them about.

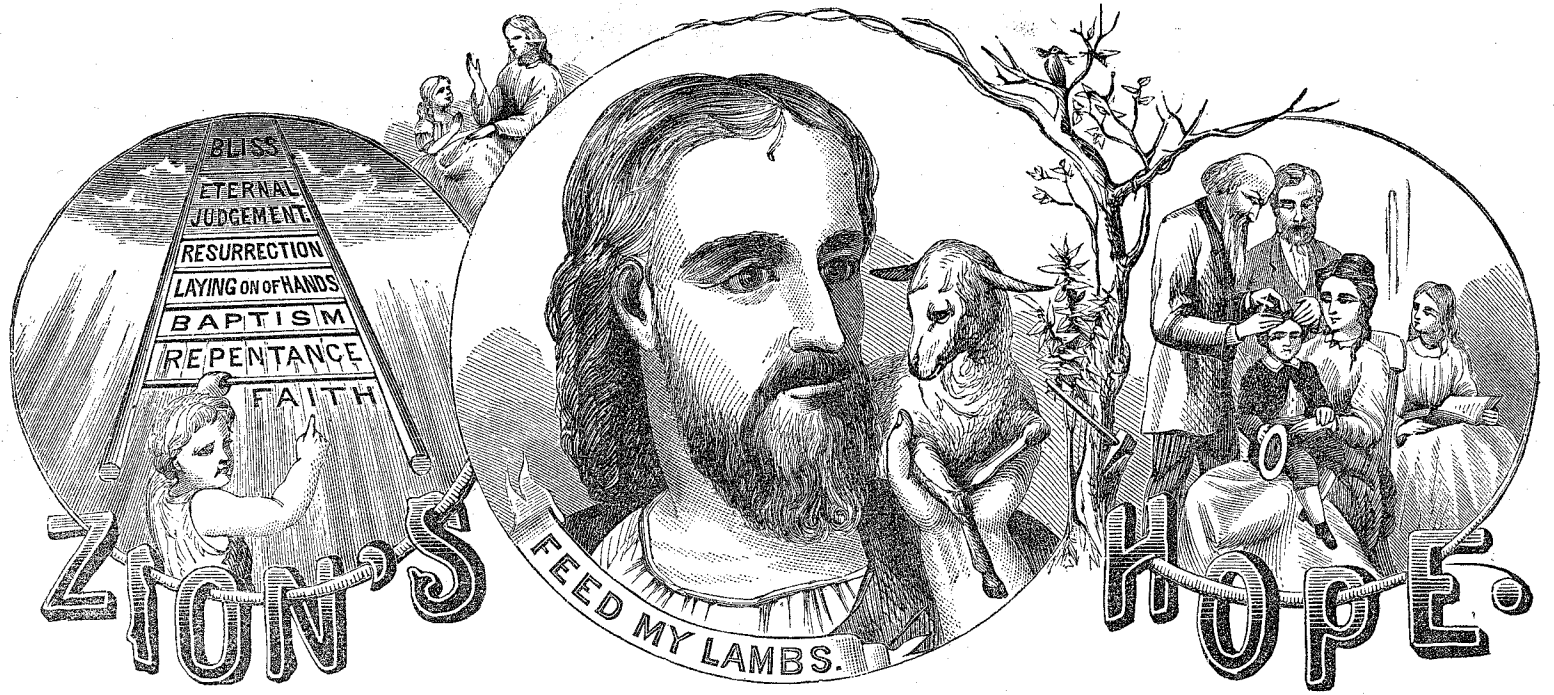
With every argument in favor of the cultivation of friendly national and international relations, it seems impossible to avert the calamities of war. The statement is made, which every reader's memory is capable of verifying, that since the beginning of the present century, there has not been a single year of peace in the world. For the first fifteen years, war extended pretty much into every part of Europe, and reached across to the American continent. In the next twenty-five years, the great European Powers carried on war in Africa and Asia, followed by the Crimean and other wars in various countries of Europe. Since the year 1800, England has waged forty-nine wars, France thirty-six, Russia twenty-one, Austria twelve, and Prussia seven. All this does not include the numerous revolutionary movements and intestine struggles in both hemispheres, our own Indian wars and civil war, all of which caused great misery and loss of life. Who will say that peace societies are not demanded in contemplation of the great work before them of regenerating the nations, and leading them into paths of fraternity and forbearance?—*Morning Call of July 17.*

ENIGMA No. 74.

I am composed of eighteen letters.
My 5, 1, 7, 18, is a girl's name.
My 3, 6, 9, 15, 18, is a specie.
My 3, 6, 8, 11, is a light in the heavens.
My 14, 12, 17, 7, 18, is the name of a fruit.
My 6, 11, 10, 8, 9, is a vegetable.
My 2, 10, 9, is a kind of wood.
My 13, 16, 15, 9, is a bird.
My 7, 4, 10, 9, is what we like to see in dry weather.
My whole is the name of one who composed this enigma.

ANAGRAM No. 42.

Hew uyo rae *syrrith*, od ino yas "I ma yrd"—
Hwen oyu pskae fo vignha nese emos neo, od ton asy
"I sede mih," ro "I nees mih;" tub I was hmi. Vadoi
lal grsamslvui.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1871.

No. 5.

NO COPY ON HAND.

IT does not often happen that the HOPE has to be made up by the editor, out of what may be called whole cloth; that is, it does not often occur that there is not a fair supply of contributed articles from which he may select such as are suitable for publication. It now happens that there is not this good supply on hand; and we suppose that the good folks who have been writing for the HOPE have grown tired of such work, and propose now to let the uncles here at Plano to look after their own articles.

Well, little Hopes, since we must talk it out together let us begin with a good understanding. You like the HOPE, and we love the "Hopes." You like the paper because it amuses, interests, and instructs you, we love you because we are looking for you to wear the crown of victory, won in the battle for the Good Shepherd against error and evil doing; and because you are in the image of God, children of our Father in heaven.

Both of the uncles, up here in Plano, love the children of the saints; and all the children of the kingdom of God. One of them, however, is not in the habit of showing this love to little children, by fondling and caressing them; not because he does not love them, but because he has not been used to associating with little children, has never taught them in school, neither Sunday nor day school, and has never acquired the habit. Besides, this uncle has been under the necessity of mingling with men in rough ways of life, and has become reserved in regard to manifesting his feelings.

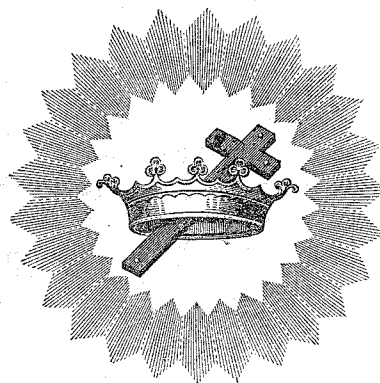
The other uncle is the children's friend indeed, one who loves them, and delights to show that love by caressing them; reserved with men he is frank and free with the children. The children have never deceived him, have never frowned upon him, have never misunderstood him, and he rejoices and is happy in their companionship. He has always been associated with them wherever he has been located, and has acquired the habit of expressing his love to the little Hopes;

may the blessed influence of their association always remain upon and around him, and his love for them continue to grow until it shall be as wide as the Master's and as great.

This uncle is now absent from Plano, preaching the word; and the little Hopes must show their love for him by remembering him in their prayers, that the good Lord will sustain and bless him. Should any of you meet him, greet him as your friend, love him more because he does more for you.

But, little Hopes, the Redeemer has done for you what none of your uncles can do,—died to redeem you. You must love him more than you do any of your uncles or aunts, and learn to do his bidding cheerfully, and faithfully.

UNCLE T. T.



THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

JAMES.

Ah, Richard, would you wish to wear
The glorious crown of faith,
Which all the upright men must share
Who walk the narrow path?

RICHARD.

Yes, James, I would, but do not care
To bear the irksome cross;
Which I am told they all must bear
Who make the mighty host.

JAMES.

Why Richard; do you mean to say
That you would seek to claim,
A right to have celestial pay
Without celestial name?

RICHARD.

No, no; I do not dare to ask,
So much from him who reigns,
But think the service bootless task
Where service brings such pains.

JAMES.

I never knew that pain ensued
To him who served his God,
Unless with bitterness imbued
He felt the chast'ning rod.

RICHARD.

I do not mean the pain of flesh
Though bitter that might be,
But pain of duty ever fresh
To serve acceptably.

JAMES.

Yes, yes, I see, you hope to gain
The prize without the race;
As well the plant without the rain
May show its ripened grace.

RICHARD.

You will not understand me, James,—
You seem so dull to-day;
'Tis very hard, that life's best aims
Are but to watch and pray;
For this the preacher told us, when
He taught the other night,
That God demanded of all men
To worship him aright.
I do not see why I should live
Austere, severe and good,
That I may have what he *must* give
Who gives my daily food.

JAMES.

But you forget my Richard bold,
That labor brings you food,
And if you're idle, you are told,
You'll ne'er be any good;
So if you strive for that which feeds
Your body, frail, and weak,
Why not for that which souls may need
Their heavenly land to seek.

RICHARD.

There must be difference, James, I think,
Between our daily bread,
And that of which our spirits drink
And eat when we are dead;
And if I get enough while here
To keep me sound and well,
Why—He must feed me when I'm there
And keep me out of Hell.

JAMES.

Richard, I'm pained to hear you speak
So careless of your fate,

For know you not, the good we seek
 Will scarcely for us wait;
 From out the plentuous world-wide store
 Whatever meed we gain,
 Is won by labor, care—and more,
 Is sometimes wrought in pain;
 Nor need we hope celestial peace,
 Is won by lighter toil,
 Than that which brings the earth's increase
 From out the stubborn soil.
 We sail the seas for golden gains,
 We delve the mines for ore,
 And count as honors toil won stains,
 If paid with harvest's store.
 The idler's name we spurn with scorn
 When earthly gauds we seek;
 Nor do we sow with idle corn
 The soil which here we break;
 Then how can you expect a crown
 To wait you in the skies,
 Which you reject with doubtful frown
 About the offered prize.
 If all we get of earthly wealth
 Is ours through sweat and toil,
 Shall we consent to have by stealth
 What others gain by toil;
 Oh, Richard, nobler aims than these
 Has God designed for man,
 Than just his selfish ends to please
 Regardless of his plan.
 If 'neath the cross a cheerful heart
 Beats free from sin's desire,
 The cross is light, the wound's a smart
 That leads man up—still higher;
 An active life gives loftier aim,
 And strife develops power;
 Resolve is sanctified by shame
 As earth by shade and shower;
 Then, Richard, nobly dare to bear
 The cross, which, others bearing,
 In patience wait the crown to wear
 Which you'll rejoice in wearing.

UNCLE T. T.

ORANGEMEN AND CATHOLICS.

WE give the following article, from "The Youth's Companion," for August 10th, 1871, an insertion, that the Hopes may see something of the nature of the difficulty in New York, July 12th:

"A society of men—popularly called Orangemen—celebrated the 12th of July last, by marching in procession in New York city. They did so at mortal peril. Catholic Irishmen had threatened to shoot them in the street if the celebration took place. Troops were called out to protect the society. The procession was hooted at, stoned, and at length fired upon by armed Irishmen. The soldiers returned the fire, and scores of persons were killed and wounded.

"It was a bloody defence of law and order, and a bloody retribution. The price was costly; but the right of peaceable citizens lawfully to appear in procession was vindicated, and unlawful interference emphatically condemned.

"We propose now to give the reasons for this interference, and also to show why such deadly hatred exists on the part of Catholic Irishmen towards the society called "The Loyal Orange Institution."

"The Irish Catholics sought to throw off the yoke of England in 1689. England had just made William, Prince of Orange-Nassau, and

Stadtholder of Holland, King; but Ireland adhered to James II., William's father-in-law.

"James was a Catholic, and had thought to establish Catholicism in England, most Englishmen being Protestants. The Irish sympathized with him because he was a Catholic, and joined him when he came to their country in 1689, from France. The war that followed lasted almost three years, and ended in the conquest of Ireland by the English.

"The most remarkable battle that was fought in course of the war was that of the Boyne,—so called because it was fought partly on the banks of the river Boyne, and partly in the very bed of that river. James was defeated, and to the Irish Catholics there are no sadder words than "the Boyne Water."

"The victors in the war considered the Boyne as their greatest success, and they and their descendants have celebrated the anniversary of the victory ever since 1690. That anniversary used to fall on the 1st of July; but when new style was substituted for old style, the months were carried forward *eleven* days, and so the 1st of July became the 12th of July. Hence the reason why the troubles in New York took place on the 12th of July, this year.

"The term *Orangemen* is generally applied to Protestant Irishmen, and to a certain extent this use of the word is correct, as most Irish Protestants hold in respect the name and memory of the great man from one of whose titles the word has been formed,—William III., King of England, and Prince of Orange, who commanded the army that was victorious at the batt of the Boyne.

"But there is another meaning of the word, and it is its legitimate meaning, though used in a limited sense.

"There exists in Great Britain and Ireland, and in their dependencies, an *Order of Orangemen*,—a secret, political society, called by itself, 'The Loyal Orange institution.' The members of this order, or institution, are the genuine Orangemen; and, technically, they are the only persons to whom the term is strictly applicable.

"This institution was founded almost a century after the death of that William of Orange who was King of England. It dates from 1795, and William died in 1702.

"Toward the close of the last century the British government began to treat the Irish Catholics with more liberality than they had experienced for several generations. This gave great offence to the ultra Protestants in Ireland.

"About the same time the Catholics became quite active in demanding better treatment, and their demands were supported by not a few Protestants, some of whom were men of great note. For these and other reasons the members of the 'Protestant Ascendancy' in Ireland became alarmed, and began to take measures to retain the power they had held for more than a century. One of these measures was the creation of 'The Loyal Orange Institution,' in the North of Ireland seventy-six years since.

"This order soon became a very powerful body, being joined by many men of all ranks in life. It had for its chief end the combatting of the Catholic fraternities; and many fights took place

between the Orangemen and their opponent, particularly on the anniversaries of the battle of the Boyne; and not a few persons were killed or wounded in those fights.

"The order is very extensively organized, and in this respect bears considerable resemblance to the Masonic order, having many degrees, five in all, beginning with orange and closing with scarlet. It is strictly Protestant. If a member marry a Catholic woman, he is instantly turned out. Every member must believe in the trinity.

"The members agree to support the present British reigning family so long as it is Protestants—which is a safe course, seeing that the sovereign of Great Britain must be of Protestant faith.

"During the thirty-four years that preceded the emancipation of the Catholics, in 1829, 'The Loyal Orange Institution' was very active in opposing all measures calculated to relieve the Catholics; but it had to submit when they were emancipated. Then, it is supposed, it began to conspire; for it was discovered that it had extended its lodges into no less than thirty-four regiments belonging to the British army. The Duke of Cumberland, brother of King William IV., was Imperial Grand Master; and it was believed that he meant to get possession of the throne through the order's aid, and so keep out the lawful heir, the Princess Victoria, (now Queen Victoria.)

"Government took the matter up, and the Duke of Cumberland was forced to dissolve the order in Ireland. Nine years later, in 1836, it was re-established there.

"It was introduced into British North America more than forty years since. There it is very numerous, and has great celebrations, with long processions; but in Great Britain and Ireland it cannot parade, as the processions are forbidden by law.

"From this very brief statement of important historical facts, it can be seen why Catholic Irishmen are hostile to Orangemen, and why, in men uneducated and brutal, this hostility should show itself, as in July last, in acts of lawless violence."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEAR children, I love to read your letters in *Zion's Hope*; for the bright spot in my life is when I was a Sunday school scholar; forty years ago, far away across the big waters. I feel to thank God for such good parents to send me to Sunday school; also for good, kind teachers which are ever dear to my memory. I have several books by me now that were given to me by them. I shall ever remember how sad I felt to leave the school, and my lot was cast amongst wicked people for awhile. I used to mourn while at my work, because I did not hear the kind voice of my teachers. Several months passed away when I received an invitation to attend the anniversary. O, how my heart was made glad to think my teacher still loved me, poor unworthy me. I went, and dear to me is the memory of that day's meeting with those who took an interest in

my soul's salvation. I parted with them, and carried home with me a beautiful present which will always be remembered by myself, and also my children. Farewell, hoping to meet you all and spend a thousand years with you face to face with the Savior. MARY LEE.

[From the New York Independent.]
**THE LITTLE LADY AND THE
 LITTLE GIRL.**

BY ALICE ROBBINS.

Kitty's a little lady,
 Lives in a brown-stone front,
 Dresses like some small princess,
 Says, "I will," and "I won't;"

Orders the burly footman,
 Prances before the glass,
 Drinks champagne with her luncheon,
 And at other times, alas!

Dotty is Mamma's darling,
 Lives in a cottage brown;
 Simple her plain attire,
 Only a gingham gown;

Only a little sun-bonnet,
 Stockings as white as snow;
 But darling Dotty Dimple
 Is the dearest child I know.

Kitty's lip is crimson;
 But many a pitiful speech
 Spoils the delicate tinting,
 So like a dainty peach.

Her eyes are like stars for brightness;
 Only an angry light
 Makes them look red and wicked,
 Sometimes, from morning till night.

Dotty has lips as pretty,
 But often a smile they wear,
 And the wind loves dearly to nestle
 In the curls of her yellow hair.

For the wind knows Dotty Dimple,
 And the little summer-birds;
 For out of her heart's pure temple
 Come only the kindest words.

Kitty dines off of silver,
 Orders her maid with a frown,
 Rides to the park in a carriage,
 Lined under satin with down.

Kitty wears silken laces,
Bon-bons are her delight;
 Her pockets are filled with candy,
 And that makes her cheeks so white.

Dotty's plate is a blue one,
 Quaint old grandmother-ware;
 She never rides in a carriage,
 Whether to park or fair.

Her bread is as brown as a berry,
 Her cheeks are as red as a rose;
 She sings, and she laughs, and she prattles,
 And that's all the fashion she knows.

Kitty goes out to parties,
 Does the "German" in style,
 Dances five hours of an evening,
 Though she never could walk a mile;

Wears her satin on Sunday,
 Blue, all panniered, and tight,
 For poor little Kitty in corsets
 Looks such a pitiful mite!

Dotty romps in the meadow,
 And holds levees in the shed;

The chickens all crowding about her,
 Clamorous to be fed.

No terrible strings confine her,
 Her lungs are as free as the light;
 She fills all the day with her gladness,
 And dreams sweet dreams all the night.

Kitty has playthings from Paris—
 A drawing-room set complete,
 A miniature silver service,
 A doll that could walk in the street;

A tiny gold watch and a bracelet,
 Diamonds rimmed with pearl;
 And thousands might say, as they see her,
 "A fortunate little girl!"

Dotty—her doll is a rag one,
 Her playthings are cornstalk chairs,
 With bits of Mamma's old china,
 All carefully kept up stairs.

She romps with the shaggy farm-dog,
 And climbs up the cherry trees,
 And plants small seeds in the garden,
 And watches the flitting bees.

But Kitty is never happy,
 Though little lady is she,
 With servants to do her bidding,
 Whatever it may be;

Though her garb is of the daintiest fashion,
 That daintiest form might wear,
 Though praised with unstinted praises
 For her grace and her golden hair.

Ah! Dotty, my fresh young flower,
 The light of a pure content
 Makes your bright face a picture—
 Beauty and sweetness blent.

Though Kitty's a little lady,
 She is spoiled by the city's whirl;
 I'd rather be Dotty Dimple,
 An innocent little girl.

I'd rather be Dotty Dimple,
 Up with the sunbeams red,
 Out where the maids are milking
 And the household pets are fed;

Picking the wild sweet roses
 "For Mamma and Dick and I,"
 Climbing for eggs to the hay-loft,
 And jumping "ever so high."

I'd rather be Dotty Dimple,
 Making believe to ride
 In the shaftless cart in the barnyard,
 Than Kitty in pomp and pride;

Finding the speckled feathers,
 Stringing strawberries ripe,
 Making wonderful castles
 With soap and a cornstalk pipe.

I'd rather be Dotty Dimple,
 Quick at her mother's call,
 Smiling, and helping, and happy,
 And round and plump as a ball,

With promise of health to-morrow,
 And Paradise by and by,
 (For Dotty has "talks" with Mamma,
 And isn't afraid to die.)

Yes, though Kitty's a little lady,
 She is spoiled by the city's whirl;
 I'd rather be Dotty Dimple,
 An innocent little girl.

NONE should despair; God can help them. None
 should presume; God can cross them.
 THE Pen is mightier than the Sword.

NOVEL READING!

OH how many precious moments are spent in reading something that will do us no good, that will learn us nothing, but destroy our taste for good sound reading. I have a little book that tells me that novel reading produces a morbid appetite for excitement.

The object of the novelist generally is to produce the highest possible degree of excitement of the mind. And the effect on the body is very similar to that of intoxicating liquor; hence the confirmed novel-reader becomes a kind of *literary* inebriate. And as intoxication enfeebles the body and engenders indolent habits, so this unnatural stimulus enfeebles the intellectual powers, engenders mental indolence, and unfits the mind for vigorous efforts—some of this I know by experience.

When I was fifteen and sixteen years old, I loved to read novels so well that I would neglect my work, my studies, and all good reading, and be deprived of my sleep for the sake of getting a chance to read a novel. And when I had read until late in the night, I would be so nervous and excited that I could not go to sleep. It seemed as though my brain was all in a whirl. I would imagine all kind of horrible things. I generally read very fast, not trying to remember what I read; and when I came to study history, and read something that I wished to remember, I found I could not do it. I had no taste for reading anything but a story with a beautiful heroine or a gallant hero in.

Oh! how many times I look back and regret those precious moments thrown away. At the age of sixteen, a friend that I was living with told me she would make me a very nice present if I would quit reading novels for six months. Partly in fun, I said I would do it, and true to my promise, I would not even look inside a novel, and I would not read the stories in the lady's Book; for I did not want any temptation.

In that six months, I learned to love my studies, and found that I learned much faster than I did before. Since then, I have never read a novel through. I cannot content myself to sit hour after hour and read what I know to a mere story.

Few will pretend that they read novels with any higher end in view than *mere amusement*; while by the strong excitement they produce, they impose a heavier tax on both mind and body than any other species of mental effort. If anything valuable is to be derived from them, it can be obtained with far less expense of time, and with safety to the morals, from other sources.

No person who feels the obligation of "redeeming the time because the days are evil," will fail to feel the force of this remark. I do not think we have any more right to squander our time and waste our energies in frivolous pursuits than we have to waste our money in extravagant expenditures. We are as much the stewards of God in respect to the one as the other. I hope I will never have to regret any more lost time in reading such books, and that I may learn still more to love to read the best books ever printed, even the Bible and the Book of Mormon. PAULINA.

THE LORD'S PRAYER ILLUSTRATED.

Selected and revised for the Hope.

Our Father.—Isa. 63: 16.
By right of creation.—Mal. 2: 10.
By bountiful provision.—Psal. 145: 16.
By gracious adoption.—Eph. 1: 5.

Who art in Heaven.—1 Kings 8: 43.
The throne of thy glory.—Isa. 66: 1.
The portion of thy children.—1 Pet. 1: 4.
The temple of thy angels.—Isa. 6: 1.

Hallowed be thy name.—Psal. 115: 1.
By the thoughts of our hearts.—Psal. 86: 11.
By the words of our lips.—Psal. 51: 15.
By the works of our hands.—1 Cor. 10: 31.

Thy kingdom come.—Luke 17: 20.
As the inheritance of thy saints.—James 2: 5.
As one universal empire.—Daniel 7: 27.
As ending the dominion of the wicked.—Rev. 11: 15.

Thy will be done on earth as 'tis done in heaven.
—Dan. 9: 21.
Toward us, without resistance.—1 Samuel 3: 18
By us, without compulsion.—Psal 119: 34.
Universally, without exception.—Rev. 5: 13.
Eternally, without declension. Psal. 119: 93.

Give us day by day our daily bread.—Luke 11: 3.
Of necessity for our bodies.—Matt. 16: 27.
Of thy words from thy mouth.—Matt. 4: 4.
Of eternal life for our spirits.—John 6: 35.

And forgive us our trespasses.—Psal. 25: 11.
Against the commands of thy law.—1 John 3: 4.
Against the principles of right.—James 4: 17.
Against the operations of thy Spirit.—Eph. 4: 30.

As we forgive those who trespass against us.—
Matt. 6: 13.
By defaming our characters.—Matt. 5: 13.
By taking our property.—Matt. 5: 42.
By abusing our persons.—Acts 7: 60.

And suffer us not to be led into temptation.—Mat.
6: 14.
To forsake thy testimonies.—Psal. 119: 36.
To neglect to watch and pray.—Mat. 26: 41.
To depart from the faith.—1 Tim. 4: 1.
To misjudge thee for our trials.—James 1: 13.

But deliver us from evil.
Of Wicked and unreasonable men.—2 Thess 3: 2.
Of the allurements of the world.—1 John 2: 15.
Of the devices of Satan.—2 Cor. 2: 11.
Of error's seduction.—2 Pet. 2: 1.
Of wealth's attraction.—1 Tim. 6: 10.
Of sinful affections.—Col. 3: 5.

For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory forever.
Thy kingdom governs all.—Zach. 14: 9.
Thy power subdues all.—Phil. 2: 10.
Thy glory is above all.—Psal. 148: 13.

Amen.
As it is in thy purposes.—Isa. 14: 26.
So it is in thy promises.—2 Cor. 1: 20.
So be it in our prayers.—Rev. 22: 20.
So be it in our praises.—Rev. 5: 13, 14.

THE LORD'S PRAYER VERSIFIED.

Our Father who in heaven art,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
In heaven and earth the same.

And on each day our daily bread,
Our needed portion give;
And our many trespasses,
We pray thee Lord forgive.

If others trespass on our rights,
Help us to pardon all;
Or else thou wilt not heed us when,
For pardon we shall call.

In temptation's way we ask,
O let us not be led;
And from the evil, Lord, protect
Each weak, defenceless head.

The kingdom's thine, and power too
O'er all the sons of men;
The glory will ascribe to thee,
Forever, and Amen.

T. W. SMITH.

HAPPINESS.

DEAR little Hopes, try to be happy, for this is one of the chief essentials in this life, but beware of false happiness; for we find that there are two kinds of happiness, true and false, and it is about true happiness that I wish to pen a few words at this time, praying that they may prove a benefit to the readers of *Zion's Hope*. There is a road to every city and town, there is a way or rule for every thing that is made and done, so is the path to true happiness, it is the path of duty and obedience, the way of right and truth, being honest, temperate, and doing whatsoever our parents and teachers instructs us to do, and doing everything that we learn is pleasing to God, then we will enjoy more happiness in this life; be blessed with more of that spirit of love and light sent down from heaven to enable us to do good works to greater happiness in the life to come; for in the Bible is written the great promise that we are all going to be rewarded according to our works. And our Savior said that he was the "way" to follow him, and that if our eye be single, our whole body "shall be full of light," and whatsoever is light is Spirit, even the Spirit of Jesus Christ," then we know that the more of this Spirit of light, love, and wisdom we have the more happy we are, and the more good we can do by kind words and actions to lay up treasures in heaven, for every good we speak or write, or good act we do is adding to our store in heaven, to the overbalancing our evil deeds. Then if our good works in the judgment day outweigh all our bad doings, then we will be happy forevermore, and never be tried and tempted any more. And as Jesus said he was the way, and as he counted himself nothing, and made it his meat and drink to do the will of his Father in heaven, then we must do the same way as much as we can, so we can share the same glory with him and always remember to give God all the praise for all the good we are the means of doing that we may gain eternal happiness.

W. C. L.

Correspondence.

Dear Uncle Mark:

NANCY MONTAGUE: I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I think it is a fine paper; and I am thankful to you and Uncle Joseph for printing such a nice, good paper for the little folks. I think it is doing good already, and hope it will continue to do good, till every child shall be induced to take it. I rejoice that we have such a nice, good paper, and hope we will strive and profit by it. Let us little brothers and sisters try to obey its teachings; let us strive to live to God's commandments as near as we can, till at length we will triumph over all. I intend to try and serve God and keep his commandments from this time on to the end of my life. I am a weak and frail creature; but I desire your prayers, little brothers and sisters, that I may live faithful, and finally come off conqueror in the end. I will pray for all my little brothers and sisters, that they may meet me in heaven, if I live so as to gain a home there where all is happiness and bliss.

HANNAH BUTLER: I felt so glad when I read the letters that my little brethren and sisters wrote you, that I thought I would like to add a testimony to the gospel I have embraced. I was baptized four weeks ago. My father baptized me, and Br. R. A. Adams confirmed me. I want to be a good girl and keep the commandments of God. I want my brethren and sisters of the *Hope* to pray for me. I hope the Lord will bless you and Uncle Mark in all your labors, and all in the gospel.

CURTIS WHITE: I feel thankful to God that I have this privilege of writing to you for the first time, and I can say for myself that I have heard the doctrine of Christ preached as it was in the days of his dwelling on earth. I was baptized last April 30th. Since then, I have enjoyed the blessing of God, time after time, and I can say to the readers of the *Hope*, that let us all live for the blessings which God has promised us.

We had a severe storm here about four weeks ago. It blew one church house down, and killed three people. In Newton it blew a brick foundry down, and a part of one store-house, and a great many other buildings. It was prophesied two weeks before it come to pass, in our church, by Elder I. N. White.

ENIGMA No. 75.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 4, 5, 7, is what we must not do.
My 6, 7, 12, is a small insect.
My 1, 11, 9, 13, is what this nation will be unless they repent.
My 7, 2, 11, 8, is the middle of the day.
My 9, 3, 8, is a light in the heavens.
My 4, 6, 5, 1, 9, is part of a ship.
My 10, 6, 13, is an animal.
My whole is the name of a reader of *Zion's Hope*.

ANAGRAM No. 43.

Veoldias the (bdg)nao dimwot girbu,
A deemfo yerarp dna seraip,
To mih, how lurgisaa gink
Hhta werpooru lousset aiser;
Morf velgroing ginhis to righthe stairs,
Foinellect alut woerp,
Mrof imh how sevrse, ot mih ohw singer
O're verey scared hour.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 39.

"The night is mother of the day.
The winter of the spring;
And even down to old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the clouds the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God who loveth all his work,
Hath left his hope with all."

Answered by one.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 40.

"Where knowledge is a duty,
Ignorance is a crime."

Answered by two.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 72.

Ear, Read, Die, Mace, Arm, Decayed, Cry, May,
Carrie A. Cadamy.

Answered by one.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A and B are on opposite sides of a circular island eighty-five rods in compass, and both start to travel round the island in the same direction at the same time, A at the rate of eleven rods in two minutes, and B at the rate of seventeen rods in three minutes; how many rounds must each travel before B overtakes A?

ZION'S HOPE

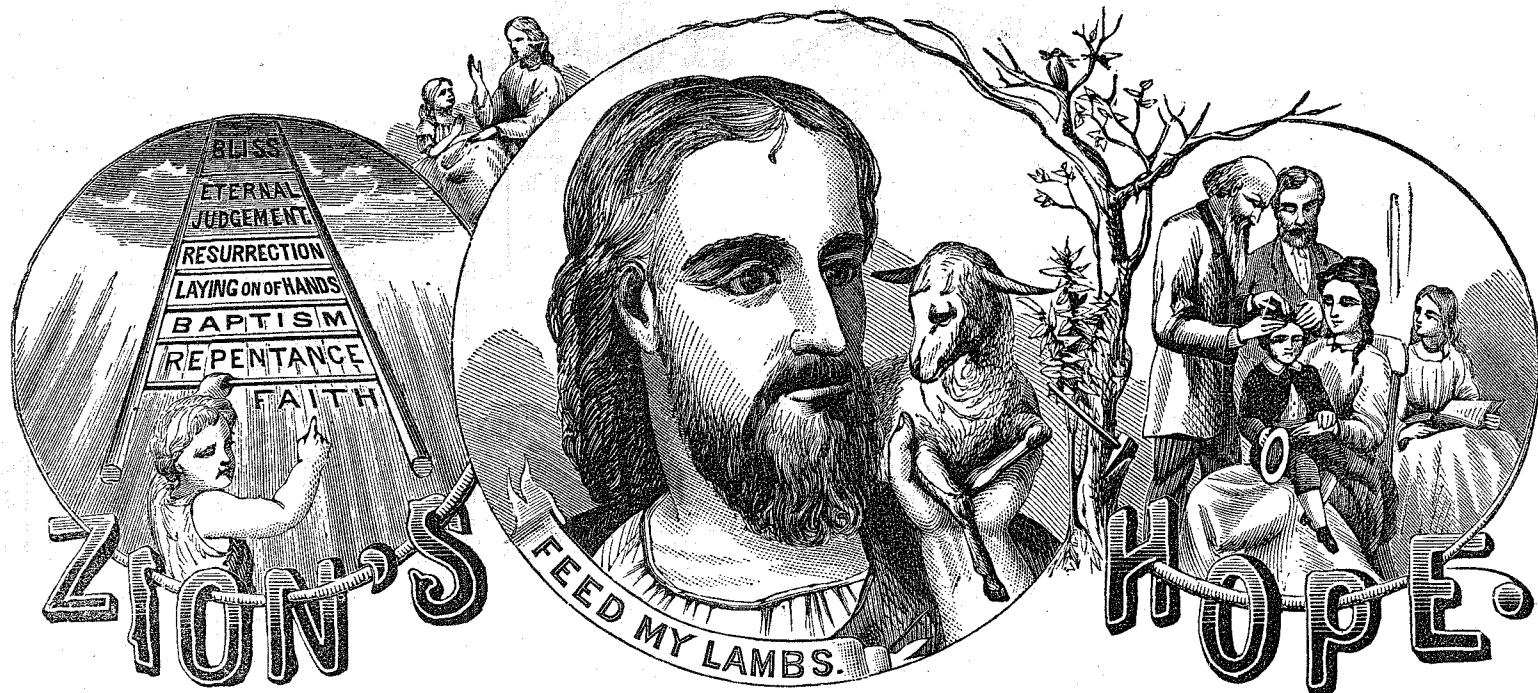
Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUIT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

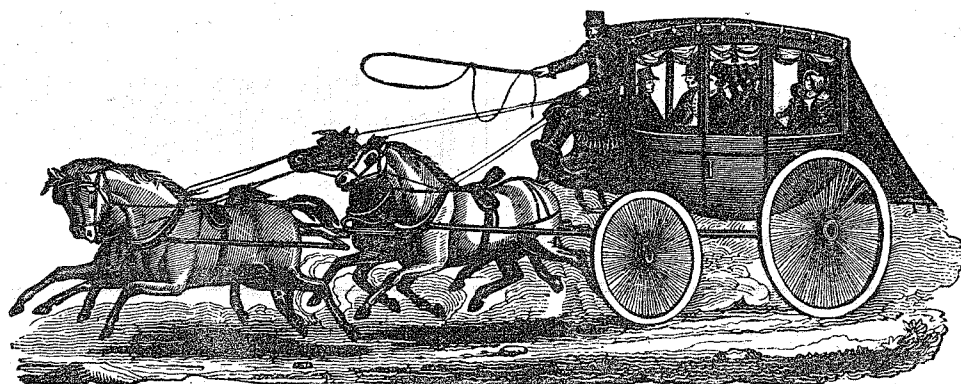
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."



A CHANGE IN THE TIMES.

TWO good friends, were talking one day about the signs of the times, when one of them noticed a wheezy old stage coach that was standing in the lumber yard of an old hotel or tavern across the street from where they stood.

"There," said he, "there is a good proof of what I have been telling you. See that old coach, twenty-five years ago, I rode in that very coach, old and broken as it now looks. I was then a young man of twenty-five starting west to seek my fortune. I had stayed at home working for my father until I was twenty-one; after that I hired out to work on a farm among the hills of New Hampshire, at eight dollars a month for the first year, ten dollars a month for the next year, and twelve dollars a month for the third year. I then went home to my father's, did chores for my board for one year, going to school in the meantime. I then resolved to hunt a fortune.

"The village through, which the stage then run, carrying the mail and what few travellers passed through our hilly country, was but a couple of miles away; and, though I had often seen the coaches pass when I was in the village, I had never been in or on one of them.

"The morning I left home, my father told me that I had better stay at home; that I was going too far away from the great business centres of the country, that I would get away among

the roving frontiers-men and would never have any chance to see or know what was going on in the world; nor would I have any opportunities to make my way up the hill to prosperity and a peaceful old age; but I had set my heart upon getting away from the dull old homestead, and so I cheerfully bade father good-by, mother had been gone to the better land nearly a year then, shouldered my sack of clothing and books and trudged to the village.

"It happened that day that this coach was running over the road for the first time, and the agent of the line was traveling in it to inspect the horses, harnesses, carriages, and coaches belonging to the company for which he worked, to see what would be needed to extend the line away out west, as he said there was to be a railroad built on that route which would make it necessary for them to stop the stage coaches. The 'Hope,' for that was the name of this coach then, though the name was changed twice after that, first to the 'Advance,' then to the 'Played Out,' because that it became too old and skaky to carry further west, and was put on a short route from this town to the end of the railroad since built away out beyond the rivers.

How did I keep track of that particular stage coach? That was easy enough. The same company has always owned it, and I have been just ahead of the railroad lines, and of course on the stage routes, ever since that bright morning when I handed my luggage to the driver of the 'Hope' and loaded myself on the seat by

his side, for I wanted to see the country.

"Johnny Carpenter drove the 'Hope' for the first sixty miles of the way, and we changed horses three times during that sixty miles' ride. The first team we had was one of four beautiful dapple gray horses, clean, strong and fast. You little folks may imagine how pleased I was to ride after those beautiful horses,—I who had never ridden behind anything faster, or more handsome, than old Cherry and Bright the light and deep red oxen, with which we used to haul the firewood in the winter and break up the stony land in the spring. And Johnny Carpenter, how proud he was of that splendid team; why, he did nothing but praise them all the way for the first thirty miles, I mean that was all he talked about; for of course he had to carry the whip with the hickory stock and long squirrel skin lash, which he told me he killed the squirrels, skinned and tanned the skins for, besides braiding it; it must have been eleven feet long, that lash must; at any rate, I saw Johnny kill a fly off the shining coat of one of his 'leaders' with the snapper of it, while we were going at the rate of twelve miles an hour; besides this, the mail was to be handed down, the horses watered at the springs by the roadside and the horses to be changed when we stopped. But I was so busy seeing new things, and thinking what I should do out west that I did not much care what was talked about, it was just as well about the 'dapples,' as Johnny called them, as anything else.

"Yes, yes, I know I am wandering, but never mind; I must tell my story in my own way, or I shall never get done with it.

"Well, I rode in that coach towards sundown for two days and nights, and that was then considered to be pretty well west, I tell you. When the end of the stage line was reached I shouldered my sack again and walked fifty miles further toward the still far west, and stopped at the house of a settler who had moved out a few months before from our neighborhood, among the hills.

UNCLE T. T.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NAMING THE BABY.

HERE was a happy, pleasant faced group in the sitting room of the Spencers. The room itself with its soft, bright carpet, its deep windows with their soft flowing curtains, its pretty shell-framed pictures, carved book case and tiny clock, was a picture of taste, comfort and happiness. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Lilly, and a pretty, sprightly six-month-old baby, who had no first name only "baby." Then there were visitors; Grandma, Uncle John, Aunt Sally, and Cousin Bob. They were talking about baby Spencer. All agreed it was time it had a name. A good many names were mentioned, and a good deal said, but no name decided upon. Finally Grandma proposed a plan. It was this. Each one present, (except baby, who, poor child, was the only one who had nothing to say in the matter), should write a name on a slip of paper, and put into a hat; and some one should draw out a name and that name should be given to the baby, together with a nice present if the proposer of the name were one of the visitors.

This was agreed to. Pencil and paper were soon brought into use. Lilly brought papa's hat. Grandma was requested to write first. She put on her 'specs,' and after thinking a moment wrote down *Amy*, the name of a dear little daughter that had gone to be an angel years and years ago when Grandma was only a few years married. She folded the paper and put it in the hat, and Lilly then took the pencil to Papa. And he wrote the name of the sweet, blue-eyed girl he had wedded twelve years ago, the dear, loved mother of Lilly and baby,—the name of *Permela*.

Mamma looked in baby's bright eyes a moment thoughtfully, and then indicted, the quaint, sober name of *Ruth*, which seemed sweet and good because it was Grandma's name. Uncle John wrote the name of *Emily*. Aunt Sally put down her favorite name, and a pretty one, *Stella*. Then it was Cousin Bob's turn to write one. And he couldn't think of a girl's name. Whenever he tried to do so a half a dozen merry, bright-faced girls would crowd into his mind and his ideas would all 'mix up in a jumble' as the little ones say.

He was a great lumbering good-natured fellow, who had no more idea of a fitting name for a little girl baby than he had of knitting a tidy, or writing a story. He scratched his head and rubbed his eyes, but it did no good. He couldn't think of one name without three or four. Just then his eyes fell on a newspaper near him, and the first thing he noticed was *Eugenia*. And he popped that down forthwith, never stopping to think whether it was pretty or not. Lilly wrote the name of a little girl friend, *Narcissa*. When the names were all placed in a hat, they were shook up well, and then Papa shut his eyes and drew out a name. "*Eugenia!*" he read. "Whose name is that?"

"Baby's, I suppose!" replied Bob with an odd bewildered smile. "But I had no idea you'd get hold of that first, I put it clear down under the rest."

"But we shook it up again!"

"And now Bob," says Uncle John, "you've got a nice present to buy for giving the child such a royal name."

"I'll get it something splendid, I will; but may be they don't fancy that name." Papa and Mamma said they did though and so it was decided to call her *Eugenia*. And Bob the next week brought the little one a pretty crimson wool dress and tiny gaiters, and then as he couldn't think of anything else to buy, he folded a five dollar 'greenback' and wrapped it up with little *Geny's* name on the outside, and sent the whole to Mr. Spencer's by a little boy for a dime, and that took the last cent his father had given him for his own use some time before. But he didn't begrudge it, and his father had plenty more.

PERLA WILD.

WEIGHING THE BABY.

How many pounds does the baby weigh,
Baby who came but a month ago;
How many pounds from the growing curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?

Grandfather ties the kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers,
To read the record, "only eight."

Softly the echo goes around,
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

And stooping above the precious thing,
Nestles a kiss within a prayer;
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath,
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful unto death.

Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth no weights there be
That could avail. God only knows
Its value in eternity.

Only eight pounds to hold a soul,
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in his human guise
Within so fair and small a thing.

Oh, mother, laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes look out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

[From The Youth's Companion.]

SEEING THE SUN AT MIDNIGHT.

OF several recent descriptions of that thrilling sight, "a midnight sun," this is one of the finest. It is from a letter dated at Hammerfest, Norway, July 12th, written to the *Evangelist*. The writer, Rev. Dr. Daniel March, says:

"It is midnight by my watch, midnight by the watches of my traveling companions, midnight by the ship's chronometer, midnight by our reckoning of time on our ship's voyage, and yet

the sun is shining directly in the north, full-orbed and as light as when within an hour of setting in a clear sky in America.

"I look down a beautiful fiord, between two walls of dark mountains and a calm, bright sea, and in the utmost limit of the view is the great orb of the day pouring a flood of gold light upon the water, kindling the fleeing clouds above him with all the hues of the rainbow, crowning the dark ridges of the mountains with rosy tints, and covering the whole face of land and sea with a calm, sacred, awful beauty, such as I have never beheld in any other region of the earth.

"It seems as if I had climbed so high up the ridge of the round world that I could see over into the secret chambers where the king of day retires to his golden rest. I feel almost afraid to look at the awful monarch while he is putting on his robes of righteousness and preparing to go forth and shine upon the subject world. It seems as if I had intruded with rude and impertinent curiosity into the secret place of the light, and that he might punish the intrusion by smiting me with blindness. Never could this strange sight of the midnight sun be seen to greater advantage.

"The ship entered this beautiful fiord just in time to give us the best possible position for beholding the two things which once seen are never to be forgotten—the sun at midnight, and the sun directly in the north."

TO THE "HOPES."

UNCLE T. T. sometimes receives funny letters, and he is often tempted to publish some of them in the *HOPE*. He has finally concluded to put one in, and to offer a prize to the little *Hopes* for a corrected copy of it.

The reader of *ZION'S HOPE*, not over fourteen years of age, who shall send to Uncle T. T., care of box 50, Plano, Kendall Co., Illinois, the best copy of the following letter, corrected in the following particulars; its form, properly dated, and properly begun; the sentences properly begun with capital letters and ending with periods; the pronouns you and I to be properly spelled and placed; punctuation marks to be placed where they belong; the letter divided into paragraphs properly; the words to be spelled rightly and the important ones capitalized. Three months is to be the time allotted for the trial, and Uncle Mark is appointed as judge. Now little *Hopes* put on your thinking caps, the matter for a good letter is all here, and the task not very hard if you only think. No one competing for the prize is to be helped.

"Hitown deleware, June 1, 18 seventy wun deere
brothr josef Smth i tak mi pen to let you se how i
improve in ritin the Last Tim i rote i Had Only bin
baptised to wekes i and john Jones ware baptized the
sam day he was

eight yeres old and i was leven. yeu
ma put mi nam Down for two hopes So I can give one
away to sum pore peepul who live clost to Our house
Tha like to rede the Hope but cannot take one them-
selves.

elder Johnson preached hear last Week
and such pleasant things as he told us wated for
the good children made me very glad. i asked ma if
i cudent rite to the hope and tell mi unkel's thare

about it. he said little folks should be good and kind because they were of the kingdom of heaven for Jesus said so, I learnt a nice new him not long ago it was one of uncle david Smith's it begins "We cum with Joy the truth To teach you" it is an awful pritty song and i mene to sing it at our next consirt if ma will let me I am tired now and will sa good by to awl my cozens, ants And Unkles for this time good by i mai rite agen soon Your fectionate nece arabella Smyth."

The Hope who sends the best copy according to the offer made, will be entitled to a nice, new neck tie, if it be a boy; or a new, fancy apron, if it be a girl. Uncle T. T. wants the boys and girls to be good letter writers. We receive some very queer ones here sometimes.

[From The Band of Hope Review.]

FOUR SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A CITY ARAB.

No. 1.—THE STREET.

The summer skies are bright and blue
O'er mighty London town,
And on its many roofs and spires
The summer sun shines down.

A little boy, half clad in rags,
Is running all alone,
Now 'mong the carriages and carts,
Now on the pavement stone.

Now head o'er heels he throws himself,
Now on his head he stands,
And for the very smallest coin,
He walks upon his hands.

Poor boy! he has no home, no friend,
Nowhere to lay his head,
And many a weary day he spends
With scarce a bit of bread.

None ever told him of the Friend
Who bore our sin and shame;
And only in the drunkard's curse
He hears God's holy name.

No 2.—THE REFUGE.

The scene is changed, the winter storm
Is howling o'er the town.
Through square and street the blinding sleet,
Is drifting fiercely down.

A little boy all clad in rags
Sits shivering on a stair,
And as the chilling blast sweeps by,
It lifts his unkempt hair.

A hand is on his shoulder laid,
A kind voice greets his ear,
"Arise, and go with me, my boy,
You must not tarry here."

The boy arose, and with the friend,
Whom God to him had sent,
Unto a "Home" for homeless boys
Right willingly he went.

A soft warm bed to him was given,
And wholesome food to eat,
Whose couch had been the cold hard stone,
Whose home the roofless street.

And he was taught to pray to God,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
And to the Savior through whose death
The sinner is forgiven.

No 3.—THE FARM-HOUSE.

The scene is changed, the summer sun
With golden splendor fills
The green and fruitful vales that lie
Among the Surrey hills.

The boy no longer clad in rags,
No longer thin and pale,
Leads forth the kine at early dawn
To browse along the vale.

With willing, well-trained hands, he wields
The spade, the rake, the hoe,
His eyes are bright with rosy health,
His cheeks are all a-glow.

Before his sweep in many a heap
The hay dew-sprinkled lies,
And in the barn in winter-time
The swinging flail he plies.

His heart is full of gratitude
To those, whose care and love
First placed his footsteps in the path
That leads to Heaven above.

No. 4.—CANADA.

The scene is changed. Where, broad and deep,
St. Lawrence rolls its tide,
Where prairies, waiting to be tilled,
Are spreading far and wide,

The once poor boy, a sturdy lad,
His axe and hammer swings,
While through the ancient forest's depths
His song of labor rings.

With steady toil he clears the soil,
Where soon the golden sheaves
Shall blithely wave when autumn brings
The time of falling leaves.

When sitting by his log-hut fire,
Before its sparkling blaze,
He oftentimes recalls with tears,
His early boyhood's days.

When a mere waif, a homeless thing,
He drifted up and down
Among the rags and wretchedness,
And horrors of the town.

The tears he sheds are tears of joy,
And gratitude to think,
God sent him friends to lead his steps
From fell destruction's brink,

Who clothed and fed him, filled his mind
With knowledge, trained his hands,
And sent him forth to reap the wealth
Of Canada's broad lands.

Toil on, brave boy. What thou hast been,
Compared with what thou art,
Shall with mute eloquence appeal
To many a Christian heart.

Shall be the means, through God's dear grace,
Of rescuing *in time*
Our homeless girls and homeless boys
From want, and sin, and crime.

Oh, let us help these homeless ones
By every means we may;
Let us remember them in prayer
By night as well as day.

Give them our pity and our love;
But give them something more—
Some portion be it e'er so small,
From out our earthly store.

Upon the waters cast our bread,
And through God's hidden ways
It *shall* come back, though its return
Be after many days.

"FATHER, it tells here about illuminated MSS. What were they lighted with?" The father hesitated, and when the question was repeated, answered desparately, "With the light of other days, my son!"

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

IT had just struck three quarters past eleven o'clock when we walked up the flight of broad steps leading into the side aisle of Strasbourg Cathedral, where stands the celebrated clock. The aisle, or rather the small chapel leading from the aisle, was already crowded, and we could hardly find standing room: men and women, rich and poor, English and French, German and Swiss were there. Here stood the fair haired Saxon from our own island home, fresh and smooth-featured, and blooming, with her cool, pretty, English costume, forming a striking contrast to her neighbor—a fat, old, wrinkled German peasant, with a face bronzed by an almost tropical sun, and her features hard, sharp, and—shall we say it?—*ugly*: her dark dress relieved by its white, short sleeves and the white chemisette, which, though not as clean as it might be, set neatly round the bony, freckled, brown throat; her hair completely hidden by the broad ribbon fitting tight to her head like a skull-cap, and finishing off at the crown with an immense bow half a yard long, standing straight across the top.

The sound of various languages was to be heard, from the native dialect down to broken English, spoken by the foreign guides, but all concerning the wonderful clock which stood before us. This clock is sixty-five feet high, and surrounded by a railing, within which stands a globe showing the position of the sun towards the earth; behind this small globe rises the clock; it consists of a basement or first story, divided into three compartments; a centre-piece of three stories, surmounted by a gilded network roof; and two side-pieces, one serving as a series of landings for winding up the various machinery; the other as a pedestal for the wonderful clock, of which almost every one has heard.

Time, however, was going on; it wanted now only seven minutes to the magic hour of twelve, and we could not take in fast enough all that was told us, and were wondering how we were to have eyes in four different places at once. The three compartments on the base have to do with eclipses, calenders, and other astronomical movements; over the centre is a chariot, representing summer, which will move on to give place to autumn, and that, in turn, to winter and spring at the appointed time; there stands a dial, whose hands are even now close on twelve, with a tiny angel on either side; above that the signs of the zodiac; higher, the moon half bright, half dark; higher still, a figure of time, scythe in hand; and above all stands Christ.

But, now, it is twelve o'clock! Every eye is fixed on the same thing, every voice is still. Ah! the little angel on the left lifts up his stick and strikes his drum; like a sweet, distinct bell the sound rings through the air, and is immediately echoed by an old man, who walks slowly past—Time, knocking a bell in his passage; four times the angel strikes, for it is the fourth quarter; then his right companion takes up the measure, and deftly reverses the hour-glass he holds in his hand: instantly the clock strikes one, two, three, four. Look! look! the cock, who stands so high on his pedestal, moves! see,

he flaps his wings three times! he crows! and a murmur thrills through the assembly; the clock goes on, five, six, seven, eight; again the magic cock performs his part: nine, ten, eleven, twelve; for the last time the gold and crimson wings move, and 'cock-a-doodle-doo' rings down the majestic aisles of the grand old building. All is not over yet; slowly a figure walks from the upper story of all, and as he passes Christ, he turns to him and bows, then Christ spreads his hands and blesses him; another comes, the same manœuvre is gone through; another and another. Yes, there are twelve apostles. There they go!—that is the last. But look! Christ spreads his hands to us—in front, to the right, to the left; and with this the ceremony is ended. The little figures will be still for twenty-four hours; but the angels and Time perform every quarter of an hour during the day; and so, before long, a child will pass the ominous-looking scythe, then a youth, then a middle aged man, and in one hour the same old man we have seen not many minutes since.

Now that all is finished the spectators are on the move. With some pushing; some warnings from the guides to take care of our pockets, as even in Strasbourg, there are thieves; much talking, and little air, we at last get fairly through the crowd into the broad, glaring street, with a burning sun pouring his rays down upon us, and so make our way towards the railway station, thinking of the wonderful clock, and of how many little folks we may interest when we get back again to England with the story of what we have seen and heard.—*Chatterbox.*

[From The Band of Hope Review.]

A VERY ODD LADY.

THE Rev. B. Jacobs could, when necessary, administer reproof very forcibly; though the gentleness of his character was always seen in the manner in which it was done. Some young ladies at his house were one day talking about one of their female friends. As he entered the room, he heard the expressions, "odd," "singular," &c., applied to her. He asked and was told the name of the young lady in question, and then said, very gravely, "Yes, she is an odd young lady; she is a very odd young lady; I consider her extremely singular." He then added, very impressively, "*She was never heard to speak ill of an absent friend.*" The rebuke was not forgotten by those who heard it.

HOME MODELS.—A model husband—carries the baby.

A model wife—never asks for money.

A model son—has money in the bank.

A model daughter—looks the same age as her mother, if anything, a trifle older.

A model servant—runs to the post in less than half an hour.

A model cook—is not hysterical whenever there is company to dinner.

A model baby doesn't disturb its dear papa in the middle of the night.

A model friend is ready to oblige you at any moment.

Original Poetry.



THE OLD TRUNDLE BED.

Oh no! I'm not sleepy; its only my eyes,
They want to go shut all the time;
But see! I can open them when I tries,
As big and as round as a dime.

I'll open my eyes and I'll hold up my head,
And I'll not go to sleep again, sure,
For I don't want to sleep in that old trundle bed
I'm too big to do that any more.

I am quite a big boy, I am three years old past,
And I'm not a baby you see,
And Johnny is littler and he's not the last,
There's a baby and that makes out three.

One baby's enough to sleep in Ma's bed,
And one in the trundle bed there,
And I'd ought to sleep in another *big bed*;
I could climb up alone—with a chair.

I don't like to sleep in that little low bed,
With never a post to be seen;
And there isn't a round at the foot nor the head,
I'm not sleepy and *that's* what I mean.

PERLA WILD.

Correspondence.

ORACY A. LAKE: I have not forgotten you, little *Hope*, I love you as much as ever. We have a nice Sunday School here. We live on a farm. I have one mile to go to school. My father has gone on a mission to Canada to stay till next March. Good by.

LOUISIANN SCOTT: I was baptized into the church May 22nd, 1870, by beloved Br. Blair. I feel thankful that I have embraced the Latter Day Work for it is the work of God. I am a member of this church, and a reader of *Zion's Hope*, and am much delighted with it. I feel happy that I have heard the gospel and obeyed it. My desire is to do right, and I hope and pray that the Lord will give me wisdom to do so. Let us live so that Christ will own and bless us when he comes on earth to make up his jewels, that we may have a right to the tree of life, and enter into the gates of the city with all the redeemed and sanctified. Let us as becometh saints shun all evils, and evil speaking, living humble, prayerful day by day, walking in that straight and narrow path that leadeth to life everlasting. We have some good meetings here and the Spirit of Christ is in our midst.

THOMAS A. LAVARE: Please find enclosed fifty cents for *Zion's Hope*. I have the first number of July, I wish you to send me July 15th.

Elder John Smith was here last summer and my mother subscribed for me, I have neglected sending the money as I thought Elder Smith would be down again.

I like the paper very much, I think the stories are very interesting; one number is missing, June the 15th. Will you be so kind as to send it, for my mother wants to make me a book out of the papers?

They turned my mother, with some others, out of the church because they went to hear Elder John Smith; but my mother does not care, for she thinks that Elder John Smith of Fall River, Massachusetts, is a christian, and striving to serve God, and doing what he can to win souls for Jesus.

C. E. BLODGETT: I rejoice in the work in which I am engaged. It does me good when the *Hope* comes to hand. I like to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters. We should do all we can to forward the work of God. May God help us to keep his commandments. We know that we are as nothing ourselves.

A. S. HOLLOWAY: I was baptized last Sunday by

Elder D. H. Smith. I love the *Hope* and *Herald* both. I love to read the letters from the brothers and sisters. Good by.

ENIGMA No. 76.

- I am composed of twenty-three letters.
My 1, 4, 22, 6, is the name of an animal.
My 7, 2, 15, 22, 10, is the name of a dwelling in some parts of Russia.
My 2, 3, 18, is a bird of prey.
My 4, 22, 23, is the name of a scriptural vessel.
My 13, 5, 17, 1, is an architectural term.
My 20, 4, 22, 17, 1, is a month, a military term, a day's journey, and a division of music.
My 12, 22, 14, 3, 8, 5, 23, is what boys sometimes call the study of grammar.
My 5, 9, 16, is what scamps often do.
My 1, 2, 3, repeated is an Indian salutation,
My 5, 4, 22, 6, is a condition of the atmosphere, what it is said honest men are, signifies tender, scarce, and the condition of fruit not ripened on the trees.
My 14, 11, 7, is a personal pronoun of a complex character.
My 12, 4, 16, 23, is said of vapors rising from marshy places.
My 18, 21, 12, 7, is a name frequently misapplied to women.
My 1, 21, 5, 23, is an exclamation calling attention.
My 12, 9, 16, is a color; besides being what all dislike.
My 7, 4, 10, 17, 1, is what Jim Fisk and the Prince of Wales spend money on.
My 20, 13, 17, 19, is the name of a spice, an instrument of war, and an insignio of power; also the name of an English boxer.
My 1, 4, 5, 11, 9, 16, is an Arab proper name of the masculine gender.
My 4, 7, 21, 1, is an Arab proper name of the feminine gender.
My 18, 15, 16, 4, is a poetical name for the moon.
My 22, 13, 17, 23, is a kind of clouds, a term used by sailors, by farmers, by doctors, by coopers, and by wine merchants, the name of an instrument of torture of the Spanish inquisition, the gait of a horse, and the place for Uncle Mark's pen when it is not behind his ear.
My 22, 13, 17, 23, 6, 10, is what little Hopes like to make, which when they finish making does not exist, and old folks don't like while the young ones are making it.
My 17, 22, 4, 17, 23, is sometimes found in floors, doors, windows, walls, fences, dishes, tables, stands, and with my 19, and 5, what Young America burns up and eats the same day.
My 10, 8, 4, 12, is an animal with a fabled jewel in his head; but if you add my 7, is an animal with never a jewel nor good sense in his head.
My 1, 15, 16, 10, is the name of a poet, what many like to do, what some hate to do, but what the Hopes will have to do if they answer this enigma correctly.
My whole is what many of the Hopes will be sure to say to Uncle Mark when they see him.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 73.

Sin, Asai, Sing, White, Siena Wight.
Answered by one.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 41.

Never say I want to go "the worst kind;" but I would very much like to go.
Answered by two.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem No. 5.

Value of cow \$30, B paying \$18, A \$12.
Answered by author only.

ZION'S HOPE

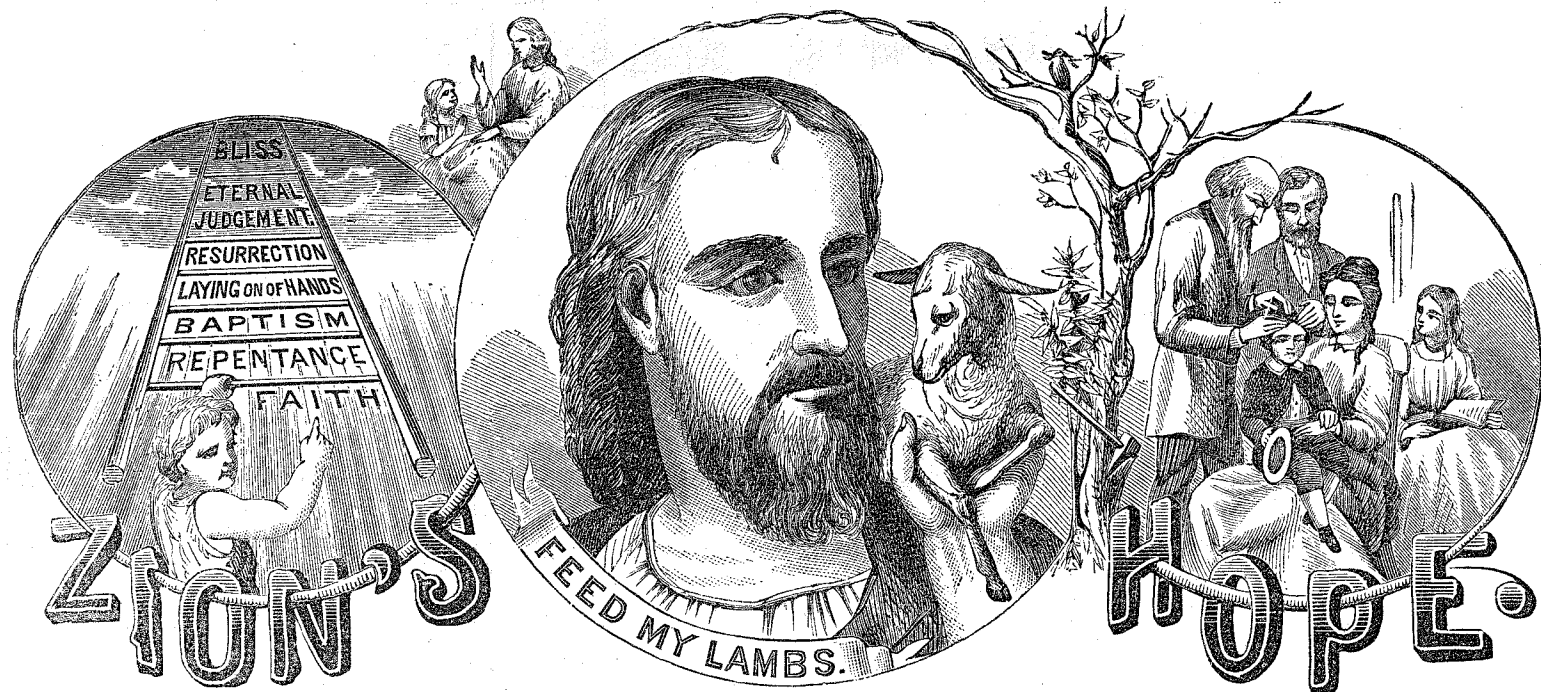
Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.
Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number.

POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1871.

No. 7.



"DOWN IN DIXIE."

NUMBER III.

WHEN I got off the cars at Mobile, I observed a number of Indian women with large deep baskets on their backs, being held by straps, which appeared to be fastened around their heads in some manner, causing the weight of the basket and its contents to rest on the fore part of the head, or on the upper part of the forehead.

I did not know the use of the baskets at the time, or what they carried in them, but afterwards I learned that they carried, or "packed" lightwood, or as it is here pronounced "light-ud." This "light-ud" is small splints of fat pine which the women get in the "piney woods," and split into small pieces, and bring into Mobile for sale. I think it would be as much as many of your mothers could do to lift such a load as they carry or "pack;" or as perhaps most people here would say, as they "tote," on their backs or heads rather. They bring this wood several miles and sell it for a small sum, what would be called here a "picayune," and it is used by their

city people to kindle fires with; the wood being very fat, or pitchy, burns quite awhile and throws out not only a good light but much heat.

Your parents would hardly venture to put into the stove as much of this kind of wood as they do oak, or beech, or hickory, at least they would not do it often, as they would get such a blaze and such a heat that they would be willing to use a smaller quantity the next time.

I thought of the expression, "Lo the poor Indian," when I saw these women with these baskets holding nearly if not quite two bushels. The women, as among the Indians in other places, are accustomed to do the drudgery while the men seem to despise anything like work, devote their time to hunting, fishing, eating, sleeping, and smoking their pipes.

The reflections that the sight of these women caused to come into my mind were something like these. These people were, not many years ago, possessors of all these piney woods, and the more fertile soil further north and east, and now they are confined to a small reservation or tract of land above Mobile, where game is exceedingly scarce. Before they were dispossessed of their

homes by the white man they had an almost unlimited range or field for hunting the deer, which are quite abundant in all that region. And they have been driven from their lands by the sword and bayonet; although, in some cases, a sum of money was paid their chiefs for the land.

The Indians at Mobile were a portion of the Choctaw nation or tribe, as I learned by a conversation that I had lately with General Morton, who was a General in the war that occurred not many years ago called the Seminole war. The general is a very intelligent old gentleman, having been a member of congress in the days of Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun, great statesmen who are now dead, as many of you perhaps have learned.

All of the information that I can give you about these people was told me by the General, who seems to take pleasure in giving light upon any subject that he is better informed upon than those whom he is talking to. He says that the Choctaws are a branch or offshoot of a large tribe who formerly lived in Northern and Central Alabama, and in Georgia, called Creeks, who now inhabit the central portion of Indian Territory, a tract of land lying south of Kansas, and north of Texas, and west of Arkansas, containing about sixty-eight thousand square miles. This land has been appropriated by Congress as the residence of the tribes of Indians who were removed from the Southern States. The Choctaws lived principally in the Southern part of Alabama, and in Western Florida. The Seminoles who also are a branch of the Creeks as well as some dissenters or runaways from other tribes, occupied the central and eastern portion of Florida. General Jackson was engaged in a war with the Creeks in 1838 and 1839; and there exists to-day what they call Jackson's "trails," or paths that were made through these immense pine forests as military roads. There was also trouble between the government of the United States and the Seminoles, but they finally agreed to remove to the Indian Territory.

It was no easy matter to capture these Indians in Florida, for they would run into marshy swamps of Central and Eastern Florida and hide, and the soldiers could not find them; nor would they venture after them as they would have been easily killed by the Indians, as they were hidden in the bush and could see a soldier with their keen eyes, before the soldiers could see them. They were finally hired to go to their new home. General Morton told me he was present when arrangements were being made with some of the Seminole Chiefs, particularly with Billy Bowlegs, (so called from his crooked legs), who was what is called a hereditary chief, or one who held the position of chief by right of lineage, or from the fact that his father was chief, and his grandfather also in his day. They had other chiefs who earned the title by their courage and success in war. The army officers at this meeting wanted Billy Bowlegs and his followers to emigrate west of the Mississippi, and offered them a large sum of money to do so; but Billy was not willing to trust to the promises of the "white men," or "pale face" as they call the whites. I suppose they had got good reason to be suspicious or distrustful, for the white people had so often before broken their promises made with the Indians; so Billy said, he must see the money every night—"I must see big heap money every night," said he, making a motion with his hands over a large table, "and if no see big heap we go no further, must see big heap of money every night. It must be poured out so I can see it," he remarked, when it was proposed that he could see the bag in which the gold was kept. He wanted to be sure it was money that was in the bag, and not something else, and he would not agree to remove until they promised he should see "big heap" every night, and I believe the General said, also "every morning."

There is I believe a few Seminoles in Florida, east of here yet. The main portion of the tribe are in the southern part of Indian Territory. The Cherokees who are in the northern part, I believe lived mainly in Mississippi. The Creeks and Cherokees and I believe also the Choctaws have made considerable progress toward civilization in the Territory, having churches, and school-houses, and carry on farming to some extent.

I suppose all of the readers of *Zion's Hope* pray that the time may hasten when all the children of Laman may become as their forefathers once were a "white and delightful people," and become converted unto the Lord, as the Book of Mormon declares they will be one day. While others rejoice in their destruction, and in their robbery, and persecution by the white people, let us pray that they may soon be saved by the preaching of the truth, and the coming of their Messiah.

T. W. SMITH.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Choose well the path in which you run,
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though the last, when once it's won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind:
"Tis better late than never!"

A DIALOGUE.—HARRIET AND MARY JANE.

HARRIET.—O dear, O dear, who would have thought so of you, Mary Jane. How shocking. How shocking. I hardly know how to express myself in so heart-rending a matter, my feelings are so badly wounded.

MARY JANE.—My dear friend Harriet, I sincerely intreat of you, not to startle me so, but tell me calmly what is the matter, or cause of your grief. Have I at any time slighted your company, or treated you otherwise in an unfriendly manner. If such are your views, I am very sorry indeed, but to the best of my recollection, I do not know of ever hurting your tender feelings.

H.—Slighting my company did you say? Too true my girl to be hid long; for if you have not done so, you surely will. I heard Mr. Foster, our minister, say last Monday evening, when at our house, that Mary Jane would no more accompany me to our Sabbath School, and divine services, there to sit and listen to the word of our blessed Lord, and chant hymns of praise to his holy name, because she had been baptized, or dipped over head and ears, by one of the followers of Smith, that most famous, wicked, and daring impostor, and founder of the Mormon church.

M. J.—Dear Harriet; if such should be the case, wherein would I have slighted you? Indeed my feelings must change considerably to what they are at present before I can do so, or act so unkindly. You know since my acquaintance with you, that I have always professed a belief in the Holy Bible, and especially the christian line of duty made plain in that sacred volume.

H.—Very true, Mary Jane, but if you have become a Mormon, you must have forsaken those holy precepts therein contained. For the Mormons do not believe in the Bible, but in the fictitious revelations of Joe Smith known as the Book of Mormon, or golden bible,—what nonsense.

M. J.—I am sorry, dear Harriet, that you and I, with all our folks, should have been so grossly deceived in regard to this inoffensive people, and their belief. But a few evenings ago, I entered into conversation with Mrs. Wildermuth, over the way, and she showed me the gospel plan of salvation from the Bible, so plain, that I was at a loss to gainsay or resist it. I thought at one time that she had swallowed the Bibe, she spoke with such a degree of light. O dear, I wish you had been there, for I am persuaded you would have endorsed it as well as I.

H.—And do you wish me to understand that the Mormons believe in the Bible?

M. J.—Most assuredly I do.

H.—Very strange, indeed; almost incredible; but I must confess I always found you truthful in your remarks. Will you be so kind as to tell me what Mrs. Wildermuth said to you? I know she is a very pleasant, affectionate woman, for she always speaks so kindly to me when passing each other on the side walk.

M. J.—I will with pleasure dear Hatty, as

nearly as I can recollect. After having accosted each other in the usual way, the pleasantness of the weather, and so forth, she requested me to come to the saints' Sabbath School, that they had erected a beautiful little meeting room on the west side of the Anawan road, and half a mile north of town. I replied that I could not with propriety do so, as I had to attend our Methodist Sabbath School. Then said she come and hear our elders preach. I promised I would, on condition that they would preach from the Bible alone, leaving the Book of Mormon aside. I then asked what were the fundamental principles of the Mormon religion. I had heard so many different reports about them, so contradictory in their nature, that I was at a loss what conclusion to come to. She commenced, (believe me Harriet I ever will remember it), proving faith in Christ to be the first principles in revealed religion. Secondly; repentance. Thirdly; baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins, citing me to third chapter of Luke's gospel, and third verse. Mark the first chapter and fourth verse; and cap the climax on baptism, the preaching of that holy apostle St. Peter on the day of Pentecost. Acts the second chapter and thirty-eighth verse.

H.—Excuse me, Mary Jane, interrupting you, let me turn to and read it.

M. J.—Do so, Harriet, please.

H.—"Then Peter said unto them, 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." This is very different from what Mr. Foster, our minister, preaches; nevertheless, go on.

M. J.—She then proved what she called the fourth principle of the gospel: the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, pointing me to the preaching of Philip to the Samaritans, Acts eighth chapter; and to Paul's manner of preaching Christ at Ephesus. Acts nineteenth chapter. Turn to it Harriet and mark it down, please.

H.—I have found it; go on with your remarks.

M. J.—She then enumerated the gifts of the Holy Spirit spoken of by Paul in the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians. Also, to that which is now clear to my mind, the necessity of there being living apostles and prophets in the church now as well as anciently. See the twenty-eighth verse of the same chapter; and again Ephesians fourth chapter, eleventh to the fourteenth verses, you can notice them when you get home.

H.—You almost make me shudder, for I feel my flesh creeping all over me. O dear, can it be possible; but proceed.

M. J.—And that the said Joseph Smith had been called by God through the ministration of an holy angel, to usher in the dispensation of the fullness of times, spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world began; and furthermore to prepare a righteous people for the second coming of the Savior.

H.—You almost persuade me to be a Mormon; I am indeed delighted with your talk.

M. J.—Thank the Lord for the influence of His Good Spirit, for I see it striving with you, dear Harriet. Do not quench it, I pray. I

then asked her if I could not obtain one of those cheering gifts spoken of if I obeyed. She replied, smilingly, that I could, and that to my soul's satisfaction of the truth of the work, for God is no respecter of persons. Could I resist it any longer, dear Harriet. O no. But I went that evening and was baptized, or dipped as you call it, and had hands laid on me by the elders for the gift of the Holy Ghost.

H.—And did you receive it? Do tell me, for I know you will tell me the truth.

M. J.—I did not perceive any particular change then, but two nights after, when our folks had retired for the night, I poured out my soul in tearful prayer to Almighty God for the promised blessing, and about midnight when the good Lord had made a sufficient trial of my faith, the Holy Spirit descended on me in prophecy, giving me to understand that the Lord was well pleased with me, my past sins he had remitted, and if I continued faithful in his cause, I should have eternal life in his celestial kingdom.

H.—Well, Mary Jane, I must come and hear the poor despised Mormons, and not only hear but obey, for I do desire to be with you in that goodly place. Do call for me when your services are held. Good by, and peace be with you, and please remember to pray for me.

M. J.—I will, dear Harriet. Good by; and may the Lord God bless you and all such when in pursuit of truth, is my prayer, Amen.

the timber was cut down; the stream was damned, two good mills ground wheat and corn; factories were built; stores, workshops, hotels, and everything necessary for a large town was going on.

Once more the stages had to move on. Railroads were being rapidly built; and now, instead of following up the stage route, the railway men surveyed away out beyond even the settlements.

I determined to leave the service of the stage company and set up for myself. I went with the transfer of stock, stages, harness and other material belonging to the company, in the change from the east to the far west again. The company spread their coaches and run their lines over Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, and other western states; but I left them at the Mississippi river, went into the interior of Iowa, bought me a half section of land, went back to New Hampshire, visited the home of my childhood, married Fanny Kreble, took my aged father and came back to Iowa to make me a home, thinking that I might be safe from the smoke and dust and noise of the railroad and the towns for the rest of my life.

Bless you what a dream that was! One sunny day in September two men came driving up to my gate and called me out to talk to them. When I went down the path to the gate, who should I see but my old friend Johnny Carpenter, now Mr. John Carpenter, Agent of the Western

I tell you I was bitter in feelings when I heard the first whistle. You see the road curved down yonder near the creek, ran across my meadow and cut through the hill just beyond my pasture bars. When the locomotive came thundering along, my young horses were feeding near the upper end of the pasture; the whistle started them, away they ran, but the fiery monster was too fast for them, and just as they crossed near the bars, two of them were caught and killed.

The company paid for them? Of course it did, but what of that! I had left the busy haunts of men to get a quiet home, had kept pushing ahead till I thought I had got away off where I would not be disturbed. And there I was, my land cut in two, my peace of mind destroyed, two of my likeliest colts killed, and all for the sake of the restless, uneasy enterprise of this untiring Yankee man, Anglo-American-Saxon.

UNCLE T. T.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

LITTLE Hopes, how careless and happy you all are, to be sure. Here, your uncles sit, day by day, getting items here and there, for the columns of the HOPE; while there you go happy and free, as though an idea never entered your young heads how your uncles shall fill up the paper.

Well, well, its all right, be happy while you may. Your young lives are full of brightness and joy. Your hearts are free from care; your brows bear yet no heavy load of thought; nor are your hands yet soiled with the contact with the things that wear and weary.

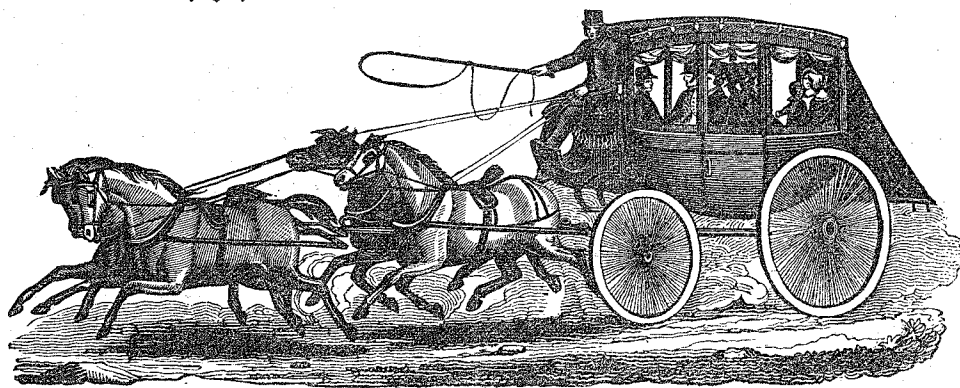
Lift your glad voices in praise to Him who gave you all your many good gifts; but ask him to still keep you free and happy. Thank him for mercies past, pray for and trust him for what is yet to come to you.

As Uncle T. T. looks out of the window to-day he sees the September skies dull and dark. The rain has soaked the air full of water, and hurried and hazy it gathers around. The little Hopes think, some of them do, that when the air is full of rain and it comes tumbling down out of the skies, that the air is heavy; but this is a mistake, the air becomes wet until it fills up like a sponge, and when the air becomes too full the moisture collects together and forms drops; which being too heavy to float in the air any longer, fall to the ground, making it rain.

Inside the office Uncle T. T. sits digging for ideas; but it is dull work. What is it that ails the Hopes? What ails the good uncles and aunts all the way from Maine to Alabama, from Pennsylvania to California.

No enigmas answered, no anagrams read, no questions solved. Are the Hopes all as dull as this dark September day? If they are, they need waking up.

The subscription list of the HOPE is falling off. Name after name is struck off the list. Instead of increasing, so that more and better illustrations can be put in, the little Hopes, the half grown Hopes, and the full grown men and women who form the Hopes of Zion, are letting



[Continued from page 21.]

A CHANGE IN THE TIMES.

HIS good neighbor needed a hand to work for him, and I began work for him at twelve dollars a month. He set me to clear off a small piece of land not far from his house, containing about ten acres. At this I worked till spring, when the man I was at work for died; his widow with her family went back east, and I was left to go at something else.

It so happened, that the stage company that spring extended their line some hundred and fifty miles further west, and had chosen the county road by the farm where I had been at work during the winter. The farm being at a proper distance from other stations, they sent east, purchased the widow's right and hired a family to keep the station. I then hired to the company to drive stage.

The "Hope," Johnny Carpenter and his dappled team, came on in a few days, and all settled down into the quiet little hum drum of a stage station. Not more than two years passed, however, before the farm was a thriving town;

Stage Co. He knew me at once, introduced his friend and stated their business; which was to establish stations for a stage line across from Burlington to some place on the Missouri river. After consulting my wife we agreed, and I was once more on the stage route.

That old coach was then called the "Advance," as it was the first one put on the line, and upon being rebuilt and refinished was still serviceable; it was sent over the line in a few days and everything succeeded admirably.

I had bought my land at one dollar and a quarter an acre; I was frequently offered, first two and a half, then three, then five dollars an acre for my farm, but did not care to sell. Well, the country filled up, and the citizens began to talk railroad again.

Town meetings were held, money was voted; and, in spite of all that I and some more of my neighbors could do, surveyors cut lines through our cornfields; contractors and their hordes of men, with their enginery of plows, scrapers, carts, wheelbarrows, picks and shovels, threw up embankments and cut through hills, till the road was built.

the little paper die for want of support.

This is all right, Uncle T. T. thinks; that is, it is so, and Mr. Pope wrote once that "whatever is, is right." Uncle T. T. and Uncle Mark would take great delight to work for the young Hopes; but it is hard work when the Hopes won't, or don't work for themselves.

The HOPE was begun as an experiment, and does not seem to meet proper support to make it a successful experiment, and we sometimes think that it may become necessary for these uncles up here in Plano, to put the heading of the little paper away on the shelf; pack up in their boxes the types, and rules; and lay down the busy pens that have so long worked so faithfully.

Let the little Hopes take warning not to subscribe for any longer time than June, 1872; because unless there shall be many more to take hold as subscribers and writers, than for the past six months, the ZION'S HOPE can hardly be issued any longer than then.

MY MOTHER.

My mother! 'tis the sweetest name
That mortal tongue can tell;
No title, no renown or fame
Sounds to the soul so well.
It thrills the heart with rapture sweet,
It makes the soul feel glad,
A thousand times though I repeat,
'Tis not too often said.

It fills the mind with memories sweet
Of childhood's happy days.
My God! what would I give to meet
My mother's smiling gaze.
But no, on earth I never can,
For now in heaven she dwells,
Yet her kind look and words return,
And ever, ever shall.

That gentle voice, I hear it yet,
It kindly guides my way,
And ever silently repeats
Be diligent and pray.
May he protect and strengthen me,
Who says love one another,
That her sweet face may smile on me,
My mother, oh, my mother.

A SPIDER AS ENGINEER.

SOME of the smaller insects are stronger in comparison than men, and others are quite as ingenious in mastering difficulties. A spider may do as hard work as the most skillful engineer.

In 1830, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stephenson, who had just made himself famous by perfecting the railway locomotive.

In fulfillment of the boast he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from the bush where it was growing. When brought into the house, it was placed on the mantel-piece and secured by placing a glass over it.

In a very short time, this wonderful little engineer contrive to accomplish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times greater than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly that, after forty years, it is still sus-

pending where it was hung by the spider.

In the Bible we read, "The spider layeth hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces;" but in its glass prison there was nothing for it to lay hold of—no peg, or nail, or beam on which to fasten its threads. Yet, in a short time the little insect had accomplished its task.

It is believed that this kind of spider always deposits its nest upon trees, and never upon the ground; and this may account for its wonderful effort to raise the branch to the upper part of the glass.

It may still be seen, dead and dry, hanging by one of its threads from the top of its prison-house, with its little nest upon a leaf of the laurustinus.

PURITY OF CHARACTER.

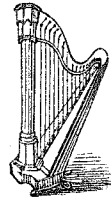
NEVER the beauty of the plum and apricot there grows bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman was ever arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads fall off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees—blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finger, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a purity and beauty of character, which, when touched and defiled, can never be restored, a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them in his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime.—*Selected.*

A KISS THAT MADE A PAINTER.—A little boy named Benjamin West, living in Pennsylvania, was set to watch a baby asleep in a cradle. He looked at it kindly, and felt pleased to see it smile in its sleep. He wished that he could draw a picture of the baby; and seeing a piece of paper on a table, with pen and ink he tried what he could do. When his mother came in, he begged her not to be angry with him for touching the pen, ink and paper; and then he showed her the picture he had made. His mother saw baby's likeness, and was so much pleased that she kissed her little boy. Then he said if she liked it he would make a picture of some flowers she held in her hand; and so he went on from that time, trying to do better and

better, until he became one of the best painters in the world.

In after life, he said that it was this kiss from his mother made him an artist.—*Selected.*

Original Poetry.



PAPA'S COME.

Mattie's blue eyes are all a twinkle with glee
As she sits between parlor and hall;
And Bobby sits still, with his hands on his knee,
To answer the expected bell call.

Staid Lucy, with mamma, is setting the tea
Where the fire light dances and glints;
And Henry, the rogue, who so sober as he,
Is as busily turning the pints.

E'en Stella, the little one nestling in sleep,
In the crib by the low sewing chair,
Seems to wait, too, in expectancy deep,
As the hush in the still evening air.

There's a step on the street, a clang of the gate,
And Bobby won't wait for the bell,
But dashes his hat o'er the bannister straight
And opens the door with a yell.

'Tis papa, cries Mattie! 'Tis papa, come home;
And mamma comes out with a smile,
And Pa has a kiss for each dear one at home,
E'en the kettle sings welcome the while.

'Tis a bright happy home, for love rules the breast
Of each member that makes up the band;
And each one is willing to bear a brave part,
In the battle which all have on hand.

T. T.

LESTER L. ODELL: Enclosed you will find fifty cents to pay for the *Hope* this year. I have two sisters younger than I am, and we cannot well do without our interesting paper. We are very much pleased with Sister Frances' story; and my sisters and myself have saved all our pennies to get the paper. We send you our thanks for your kindness, in sending the 1st of August number. Love to all the little Hopes out there, and a share for yourself and Uncle Mark.

ANAGRAM No. 44.

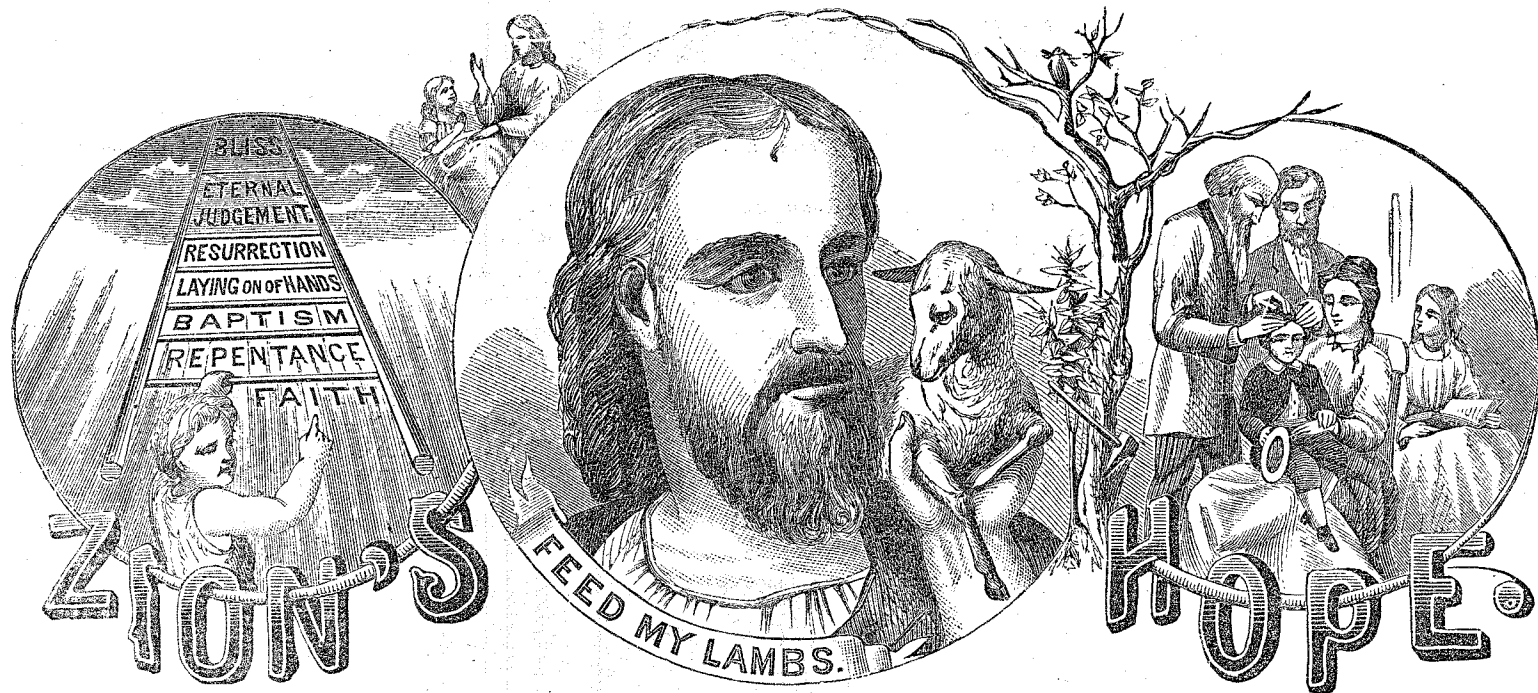
Vero the libls hte hingt low lifts,
"Utthiw, tu hoow;"
Towni hte sharm hte lubl grof tiss,
"Kene peed, erk gebu;"
Nowd nithe deamwo the frie slief owl,
Lscse thean het thareh notes the kickster lowb,
Rehenadhtree doeth thing kawhs og,
Lloeny dan lichi sithe ginh sniwd goush;
Sa ti gishs thewdin bearks charnbes ghrouth,
Lisent dan slitl the thing hassed rowg,
Vase orf het ghtin lows "hoow, ut wohe,
Ut thiw, tu owho,"
Dan the lubl gorfs "gluc, gule, ekr ghuc,
Keen pede, kre guch,"
Gaunth oulwd eb dearh eth howle thing through.

T. T.

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Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., OCTOBER 15, 1871.

No. 8.


HOLY BIBLE.

MY dear little friends: I trust a great many of you are well acquainted with me; I know some of you are.

I am a compact little body lying on Uncle Mark's table, where I have been for a long time, and I assure you that I am very proud of the assistance I render him. I do not think he is ashamed of me, although my clothes are not of the best. My coat, which is made of morocco, is a little worn from long use, and my face, though once very bright and shining, is now a little soiled.

Your Uncle Mark wished to be a great doctor, not a doctor to cure the ills of the body, but those greater ones, the ones that "war against the soul," and keep it always in a sickly and impure state. So he dragged me from the sepulchre of a book shelf, where I had lain dead,—as to all good I was doing,—for two or three years, and how do you think he used me? Well he opened me and examined my every part, and wholly dissected me.

I was willing to be sacrificed to the cause of religious science, and when I saw the look of calm satisfaction that beamed from his countenance, I was fully satisfied, and knew that he would not keep the knowledge which he gained from me shut up within his own mind, but would spread it forth for the interest of souls.

Please, dear friends, to consider me always as one of your dearest and best friends, a greater one, even, than your parents; they can point out the road to the grave, and leave you there, truly dead; but I can, and do show you the "straight and narrow path that leadeth to eternal life."

I do not wish you to think that I am egotistical, and am flattering myself, when I say, that I have been the cause of very, very much good being done, for I assure you that I am not a boaster, if I were I should practice what I do not teach, and thus ruin my influence; on the

contrary I am meek and lowly in my teaching, full of expressions of love and pity for the sorrowing. I promise much to the widow and the fatherless; I teach every man to be in perfect love and charity with all, to do unto others as he would they should do unto him; to keep all God's commandments, and for so doing, I promise unto them the full and certain reality of the promise that "they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

And now dear friends I will close, hoping you will become better acquainted with me, as you grow older, and I assure you that if you will strive earnestly to follow after the steps of one whom I will tell you so much about, that you will truly be counted as "jewels" in the kingdom of God.

THE SAILOR AND THE FUSCHIA.

BY J. C. M'CAE.

NEAR a seaport town, in the year 1871, there lived a poor woman and her only son, a lad of about sixteen years. By great industry in mending nets, patching sails, and doing all kinds of little odd jobs, they barely managed to make a poor living. Her husband had been a sailor, and, like some other sailors, after many years of going and returning safely, at last bade good-bye to his home, set sail, and was never heard of again. There was a long, weary time of expecting, hoping, and watching for some tidings of the missing ship—but in vain; none ever came.

It was natural the boy should turn for a livelihood to the life his father had chosen and loved; and it was natural that his mother, after one loss, should dissuade him from it.

"Do not tell me of the money you will bring me," said she. "What care I for money? Think of your poor father." However, his desire to try the ocean surmounted all obstacles, and one bright morning he stood before her to say good-bye.

What shall I bring you mother?" said he, cheerfully.

"Bring me yourself," she sobbed, through her tears; "it is all I want."

"But, mother, you must tell me something," said he; tell me something now."

The widow lifted her head; she thought of nothing, and cared for nothing in her great sorrow; she glanced at the open door, "Bring me, then," said she, "a flower for my garden."

So the sailor boy departed. It would be a long story to tell all his adventures; until, at last, from a port in Chili, the Captain resolved to sail for home. It was the last day on shore, when the lad remembered his mother's request.

"A flower, and the handsomest I can find, my mother shall have."

The plant was obtained, and carefully he tended it all the long voyage home; and when he stood with it in his hand, at the door of their small dwelling-place, and merrily sang out, "Here I am, mother, and here is your flower!" one can scarce imagine the happiness of that humble little home.

The widow hugged and kissed her boy, and planted her flower, which throve finely in its new home. Soon after, a gentleman, travelling that way, saw it, admired it, and paid her a large price for a slip from it. In richer soil it became still more beautiful. Its sprouts were sold for twenty guineas a plant, and this was the beginning of one of our most splendid fuschias. It is stated that a high offer was made for the entire plant, but the widow would only sell slips from it.—*The Peoples' Literary Companion.*

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT LAND-MARKS.

MANY, many years ago, a good and great king set up a kingdom, and in that kingdom, all the laws, and rules, and ordinances, were perfect in all things. This king had many servants and handmaids, and his orders were obeyed in all things.

The king was full of compassion, and wished every one to come and do his will and obey his commands that he might give them an inheri-

tance in his kingdom; for his kingdom was very great, and an inheritance there was very desirable.

He looked out upon the earth, and saw that there were many people who lived in sin, and in all manner of wickedness. He saw also that their oppression was very great, and he said, "Behold I have stretched out my hand all the day long to this stiff-necked and disobedient people, and they will not repent, and turn unto me and live. But if they will hear my voice, and obey my commands, I will not turn a deaf ear to their cries; but I will have compassion on them, and give them an inheritance in my good kingdom. I will be their king, and they shall be my people."

And the king said unto his son, "Behold now, this people, how they labor and are heavily laden, and their masters bind them down with burdens that are hard to be borne; burdens those masters will not touch with their finger. Behold, our laws are all perfect, and my word has gone forth; and though heaven and earth pass away, my word can never pass away, and my word is found in our laws and commandments. Concerning the inhabitants of the earth, I have sent many great men unto them, telling them, if they would repent and obey my commands, they should be saved, and be initiated into my kingdom. Thou art my beloved and only son; and now I send you to warn them, and to teach them the road, and to post up land-marks along the way. Besure that the way is made plain, and the land-marks so prominent, that a way-faring man, though a fool, may walk therein and not err.

"They have my law among them which I gave unto them by those whom I sent before; but they would not hear them. They have made themselves subject unto idols, and to all manner of uncleanness. Declare therefore unto them that if they will not now repent, I will drive them out of this land, and scatter them into many strange countries, and they shall become a hiss and a by-word in all countries where I will scatter them.

"I am king over all the earth, and as I shall always be the chief among all nations, I will make a decree, and it shall go forth to all kindreds, tongues, and people that dwell upon the face of the whole earth. Though heaven and earth pass away, my word shall never pass away until all be fulfilled.

"I will nevertheless bring this people together again, and will gather them out of all nations where I shall have scattered them, and they shall be my people, even as many as will obey my voice, and keep my laws. I promised one of my faithful servants, who was one of this nation, that I would give to him and to his seed this land, and I will fulfill this promise in my own good time."

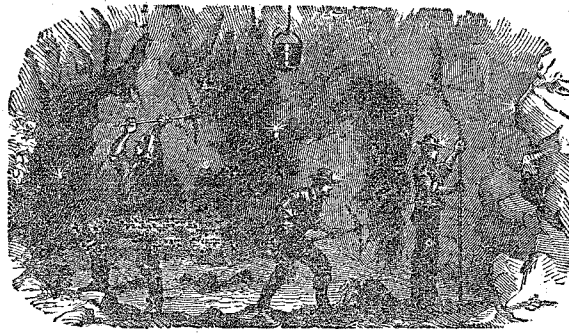
THE COAL-MINER.

WHEN reading the little *Hope* this afternoon, I thought that I would try also and say something to its bright-eyed little readers, especially if I knew they would be willing to listen to the tale of a poor coal-miner. But for fear there may be some of you who do

not know correctly what is meant by a coal-miner, I will explain.

If your dear parents are in the habit of using coal for fuel, to cook your food, and to make you warm and comfortable with, to keep you from the cold and chilling blasts of winter; remember that it is the hardy and industrious hand of the miner that has brought to light from the dark and dreary caverns of the earth, this precious substance that makes your bright and sparkling fire.

If you, little Hopes of Zion, only knew the toil and hardships the miners undergo, to bring



from its long silent bed this substance, that bids jack-frost keep at a distance from ma's little ones, you would always respect a poor coal-miner, and not as some do, look at him with an air of disdain, when by chance they see one coming home from his employ, tired and forlorn, with his little greasy lamp on his head, and his face black and sooty, smeared with perspiration, and the coal dust that flew from his pick.

You should bear in your minds when you see the coal-miner that there is a creature of God, who has risked his precious life many times, mid the falling of the roof; the sulphuric gas which is so apt to ignite, and which sweeps many of the poor slaves to an untimely grave; and the white and black damps. In the black damp the lamp will hardly burn at all; and often times the miner has to work in such places, in order to cause ventilation, that the air may pass from one air-way to another.

The writer, who is the father of a few little readers of the *Hope*, "Zion's little rose-buds," as all the scholars of our Sabbath School are named, has witnessed many times the poor miner carried home dead, through the effect of working in such places.

J. D. G.

INDUSTRY AND ECONOMY.

THERE was once a man by the name of William Vaughan, who lived in the town of Swansea, on the sea coast and border of Wales. He was a brick-maker by trade. He had a loving wife and four children, who always strove to be industrious and economical; they never lived above their income, except in case of sickness. Whatever might be the fashion of the day, they ever kept within the limits of the means the good man made in the brick-yard; putting some little by too against "a rainy day."

Thomas, the eldest boy, became a good common scholar. The rules of Arithmetic were his

delight, and he was not by any means in the shade as a penman.

In his fifteenth year, cruel death came and made havoc in the family, taking from their fond embrace their stay and support, the husband and father.

But there was one thing in the midst of this bereavement which brought solace and comfort. Mr. Vaughan had put on Christ at the waters of regeneration, or in the language of the blessed Savior, he had been "born again," "of water and of the Spirit," and had lived up to the line of his duty until the day of his death. It could therefore be truly said of him, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

The care of the family now devolved on little Thomas, who was also a member in Christ's latter-day church. Being in a deep study one evening, he burst out all of a sudden to his mother, and said, "Oh! mother, don't you think Mr. Phillips, at the corner store in Market Street will hire me to be his clerk. Mr. James has left him.

I do not know Thomas," replied his mother. "You can go and see. But we are strangers to him."

"Yes," said Thomas, "but poor father used to say, without a trial, there can be no denial, so if you are agreeable, I will go (God willing) to-morrow morning."

"I am satisfied," said his mother.

The morning came, and as Thomas had made it a practice since the death of his father, he read a portion of the inspired word, and all bowed in prayer before the Lord, and the most weighty part of Thomas' prayer was, that God by his good Spirit would accompany him that day, to which, all the rest of the family responded, "Amen, and Amen."

John, David, and Eliza were the names of the other three children.

Thomas was soon on his way to Mr. Phillips' store, (or shops they call them there). On entering, he drew up to the desk, where sat Mr. Phillips, having to attend to the books himself, and the following conversation ensued.

THOMAS.—"Good morning Mr. Phillips."

MR. PHILLIPS.—"Good morning my boy, want anything to-day?"

T.—"Yes, sir; I heard that your clerk had left you, and I thought I would call and see if you would hire me."

MR. P.—"Are you a good scholar?"

T.—"Tolerable, sir."

MR. P.—"You seem very young; how old are you?"

T.—"Fifteen, sir, last March."

MR. P.—"Have you a written character with you?"

T.—"No, sir; I have never been in business of any kind yet. My father died a few weeks ago, and I have since had to leave school, and help mother to maintain the family."

MR. P.—"I cannot hire you, my boy, without a written character."

Poor Thomas became crest-fallen, and with a

THE BLESSED WAY, HYMN 1415.

Words by D. H. Smith.

Music by N. W. Smith.

Earnestly.

We come with joy the truth to teach you, To sow the seed in ev - ry

heart; We hope the ev - i - dence may reach you, That from all er - ror you may part.

Re - ceive ye the word, As taught by the Lord, Who came to the world to save you.

The one bless - ed way, Which, if we obey, Will lead us to His throne.

We hope in every land God lightens,
True, honest hearted souls to find;
With such, the hope in Jesus brightens,
No tale of evil clouds their minds.
The gospel is sent;
Be faithful, repent,
Baptized and the Lord will save you;
God's own blessed plan
Revealed unto man,
To lead him to His throne.

Such principles as these we cherish,
The laying on of hands with the rest;
For not one single word shall perish
From the law designed to make men blest.
For even the dead,
Our Master has said,
Shall rise by the power that saves us,
To meet us again,
In the gathering when
We stand before His throne.

and therefore ought to be considered trustworthy.

Thomas has got such a good reputation now with his old master and with the merchants around, by his truthfulness, industry, and economy, as clerk in the store, that he purposes to avail himself of the opportunity to set up in business for himself, so soon as the building in course of erection shall be completed.

Readers of the *Hope*, will you pattern after Thomas as he patterned after his wise father, and his tender mother? Trusting you will, I bid you good-by, and may peace be with you continually.

UNCLE JOHN.

ALL FOR JESUS.

HERE once lived a man in the grand old city of Jerusalem known by the name of Saul, or Saul of Tarsus. He was a man of great expectations. Being of a good family, he had influence to help him along in the world. Being a graduate of the high school at Jerusalem, of which one Gamaliel, a most learned doctor, was the principal, he had the requisite education for filling any office in either church or state. He was a Jew by birth, and in favor with the council or city legislature, therefore he might reasonably expect promotion in the home government. He was also a Roman, being born in Tarsus, a free city of a mighty empire; and in consideration of his family connections, his political friends, his great learning and capacity, he might, without presumption, have looked forward to favor in the greatest nation of his day.

Did he become very rich?

He did in some things; but not in gold and silver.

Did he get a high office in the city?

No; he never became great in the city.

He became a consul, or governor, or something of that sort in the

empire?

No; though he was in Rome, it was not as an officer of the empire, but as a messenger to it.

Now you think you have it, *he became great in the church and filled some lucrative office?*

I must be careful how I answer this last query. He became great in the CHURCH, but not in the SYNAGOGUE; and although he filled a good paying office in the church, he did not fill a lucrative one. The boys look puzzled as though they do not understand the difference between "good paying and lucrative;" and between "church and synagogue." I must try and explain.

"Lucrative" means money making, while "good paying" means profitable.

"Synagogue" means a congregation of Jews met together for worship in the Jewish cere-

low tone of voice, said, "I am sorry, sir; but, good morning.

Turning to go towards the door, he saw a little pin upon the floor, he stooped down, picked it up and put it in his vest collar.

Mr. Phillips, who had been watching him with his keen gray eyes over his spectacles, called to him, "Aye, little stanger, come back here. Thomas returned and his countenance brightened up a little. "I think I will try you, come to my house this evening, after the close of the store.

Thomas went home with a joyful heart, told his mother, brothers and little sister what had happened, all of whom willingly consented that he should go to Mr. Phillips' that evening.

The evening came, and Thomas was soon found at Mr. Phillips', giving him an under-

standing more fully of the death of his father, and the state of the family, and agreeing to work on trial.

Ever true to his post of honor, nothing could draw the attention of Thomas from his books, until the business of the day had been properly posted in the ledger, and other necessary matters attended to.

Thomas has now been with Mr. Phillips some ten years; and Mr. Phillips was heard telling a gentleman one day, that after Thomas had been with him several months, and he had found him to be every thing desired, he told him that it was the stooping down to raise the little pin that caused him to be employed. Said he, "I thought that one who would take care of so small an article as a pin was economical indeed,

monies, while "Church" means a congregation of baptized believers in Christ Jesus.

Now Saul obtained no lucrative office in the synagogue, but he was promoted to a good paying office in the church.

The synagogue was very popular; and its members were wealthy, while on the other hand, very few but the poor joined the church, and those who were rich sold their goods and gave to the poor, in order that they might the better follow Christ.

Why did Saul join the church?

Because Jesus called him to become one of his disciples.

Could he not follow Jesus, and still be a great man in the world?

Not very well. "No man can serve two masters," and the word of the Lord was, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Could he not keep it to himself that he was a follower of Christ?

He might; but Saul was not a man to compromise, and do things by halves. Jesus had said: "No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel," &c. And again he had said, "Let your light shine as a city set on a hill;" and still again, "My kingdom is not of this world."

What did he give up his hope of promotion in the city for?

For Jesus!

What did he resign his hope of promotion in the empire for?

For Jesus!

What did he leave the synagogue for?

For Jesus!

What did he give up his hope of wealth for?

For Jesus!

He gave up all for Jesus—friends, wealth, popularity, and all that tendeth to puff a man up and draw the heart from God.

St. Paul, for it is he of whom I speak, did all for Jesus; and that same Jesus promised to make him a king, and to place him over one of the tribes of Israel.

Children, let this be your motto, "All for Jesus!" Do not forget it. Think of it when you are dressing in the morning, and when you return at night. Think of it when you awake on Sunday morning, and you will not be late at school. Think of it on your way to Sunday School, and you will be very likely to think of some little boy or girl on whom you can call and take with you to learn of Jesus.

Happy are they who live by this motto, "all for Jesus!" For he will not withhold from them the light of his countenance. His peace will be in their hearts, and he will be all in all unto them.

X. A.

A LITTLE four-year old remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark." "No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you." "But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went to the pantry in the dark to get a cookey." "What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma. "I was afraid I couldn't find the cookies."

DIALOGUE ON THE OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD

BETWEEN A MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

Mother.—"Edith, where is God?"

Edith.

"In the stars that shine so bright,
In the moon I see above,
In the sun that gives me light,
In the worlds that round him move.
In the ocean, in the seas,
In the dry and fruitful land,
In the green and lofty trees,
In the wind that makes them bend.
In the flowers that smell so sweet,
In the garden where they grow,
In the house and in the street,
In the school-room where I go.
In the dark where children sleep,
In the room to hear their prayer,
God will all good children keep,
God is here and everywhere."

Mother.

"Then love his holy word
And walk the narrow way,
So Jesus Christ the Lord
Will bless you every day."

Edith.

"Dear Mamma, so I'll try to do,
And please the God of Heaven, and you."

Together.

"O! may we in his presence dwell,
With angel-voice his praises tell;
Then love divine our hearts will swell."

W. G. WALKER.

LITTLE BETSY, QUEEN OF AUTUMN.

Little cottage half in shadow
Of the trees that skirt the meadow;—
Meadow stretching far behind it,
Charming view, but never mind it;—
'Tis a child that I will mention,
Worthy of our whole attention.
Sitting in the cottage door,
Bars of sunlight streaming o'er,
In her little rocking chair;
Little Bess with raven hair,
Bright black eyes and rosy cheeks,
Dimples playing hide and seek;
Neat pink dress and apron white,
Ruffled panties just in sight;
White and dimpled hands and feet,
Pretty little Bessy Sweet.
Clustered in her lap are seen
Berries red and foliage green.
Nature's colors gleaming bright
On her apron, snowy white.
Dimpled elbow curving often,
Taper fingers bend and soften,
Twining red and green together,
With a ribbon for a tether.
When the wreath is finished quite,
Bessy views it with delight;
Then the wreath of green and red
Binds around her shapely head,
Vivid colors, pure and clear,
Gleaming 'mid her bright black hair,
Child of beauty bright and rare,
Crowned with autumn's treasures fair.
Fairer picture ne'er is seen
Than our little rustic queen.
Framed within the open door,
Golden sunlight stealing o'er;
Make your bow and let us pass
From the sight of bright Queen Bess.

PERLA WILD.

ENIGMA No. 77.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.
My 21, 19, 7, 9, 25, is what we should be.
My 11, 7, 10, 2, 5, 9, is what Uncle Mark has been,
and what we all should be from our sins.
My 9, 12, 19, is what some people do in New York,
seven days out of the week, and what Uncle
Mark will have to do.
My 2, 5, 7, 21, 13, 25, is what the young hopes hope
Uncle Mark will be while he is with them.
My 1, 22, 3, 8, 9, is what Uncle Mark should do while
he is addressing the hopes.
My 17, 20, 9, is what some men are, and with my 5
added, what we all are.
My 4, 12, 22, 13, 5, 8, is an animal.
My 9, 19, 5, is a river in England.
My 17, 3, 9, 21, 12, 9, is a city in Spain.
My 1, 20, 8, 9, is what locomotive drivers use.
My 5, 3, 13, is what Uncle Mark should do the first
day he comes.
My 1, 5, 20, 22, 10, are what every church has, what
idle people like, and what Uncle Mark should not
see while he is addressing the hopes.
My 10, 19, 17, 12, is in the *Hope* every month.
My 21, 19, 3, 13, is what poor people have to do, and
what rich people like to have them do.
My 1, 3, 22, 20, 8, is a visitor we should never make
welcome.
My 2, 5, 19, 9, is what we ought to give and take
when Uncle Mark comes.
My 21, 19, 1, 13, is part of a machine, what we all
like, what is used in music, and what we could
not live without.
My 10, 4, 20, 13, 5, is what some men like to do, and
what some men are afraid to do.
My 24, 12, 8, 8, 5, 13, is a bird.
My 21, 19, 13, 3, 12, 24, is what grocers do.
My 4, 19, 25, is used in banks, and every piece of
music.
My 24, 12, 24, 25, is a flower.
My 17, 19, 22, is what Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark
have done at conference.
My 11, 21, 23, 13, 19, is what the Hopes will have to
do if they answer this enigma.
My whole is what the Hopes will do with Uncle Mark
when they meet him.

GEO. ALLEN.

WORD-SQUARE No. 2.

Here's another Word Square, children, and such
an easy one that you can some of you get the answer
if you try. Remember there are only three letters
in each word.

1. A head dress for a lady.
2. The name of the first woman.
3. Twice five.

PERLA WILD.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 74.

Mary, Money, Moon, Berry, Onion, Liu, Wren,
Rain, Alma Moroni Newberry.
Answered by S. J. Ballantyne.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 42.

When you are *thirsty*, do not say "I am *dry*."
When you speak of having seen some one, do not say,
"I *seed* him," or "I *seen* him;" but "I *saw* him."
Avoid all vulgarisms.
Answered by none.

NOTICE TO THE HOPES.—As few now take interest
enough in the Puzzle Department to answer the
puzzles, we shall close this department with the 15th
of December number, unless there be shown an
increased interest.

UNCLE MARK.

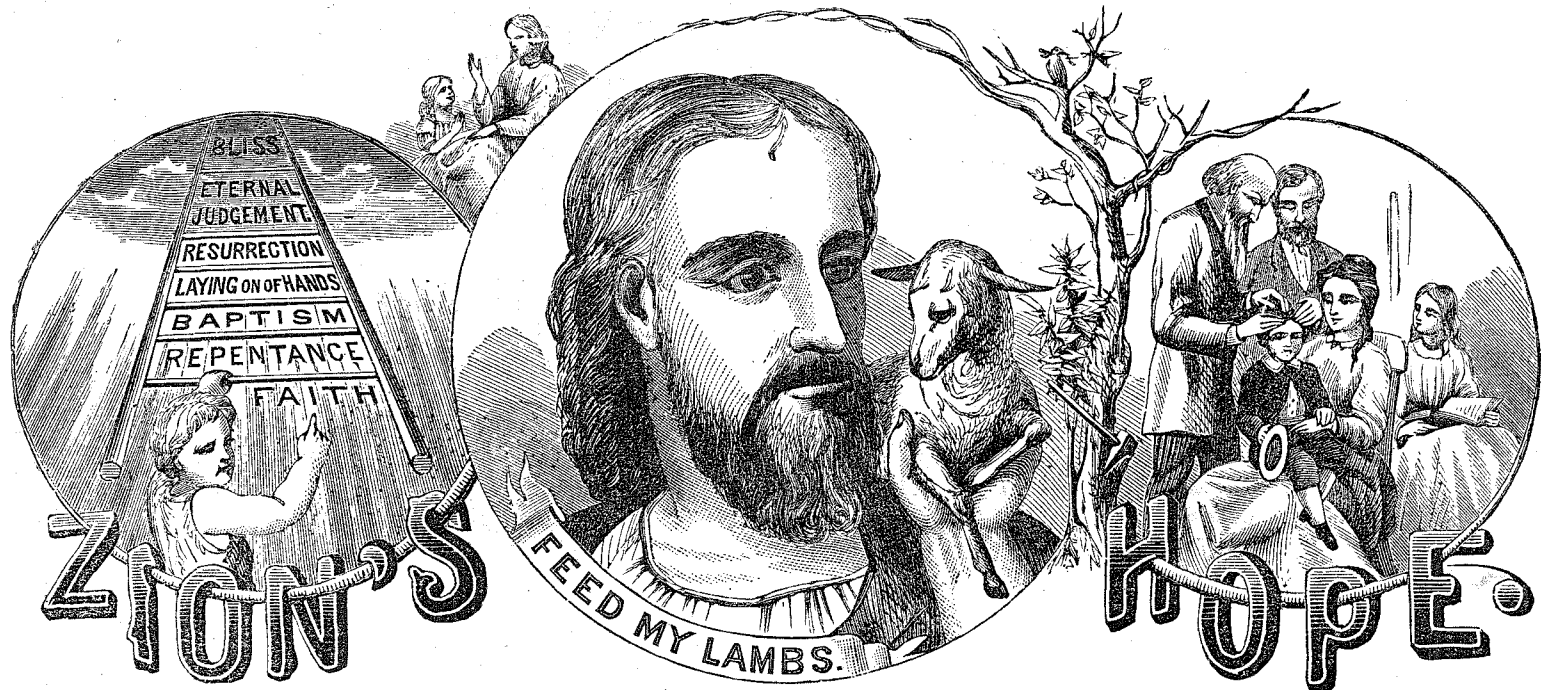
ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

PRICE:
SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.
Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies
and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER
CENT DISCOUNT.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FOESCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence
with any number.
POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at
the office of delivery.

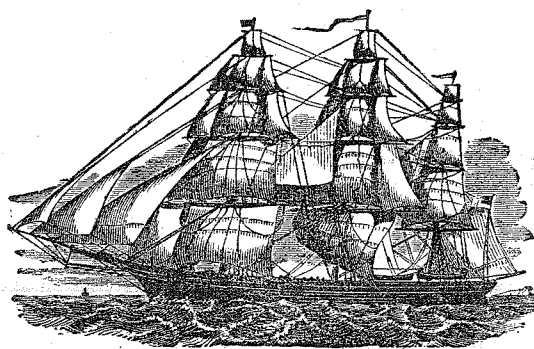


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., NOVEMBER 1, 1871.

No. 9.



WRECK OF THE BRIGNARDILLA.

ON the well washed and desolate beach of the western shores of the Pacific Ocean, at present might be seen the stranded wreck of the ship "Brignardilla," which misfortune overtook her whilst on a voyage bound to the port of San Francisco, from the sunny shores of Italy. She was laden with the products of Italy. Her cargo consisted of fruits in great variety, and many other natural productions, such as oil and marble, for which that land is so widely famed.

In every respect the ill-fated vessel was a perfect specimen of naval architecture, having fine water lines, and excellent sailing qualities. She was commanded by an experienced captain, and manned by a fearless crew. She had brought a pleasant and prosperous journey nearly to completion, the short distance of only ten miles intervening between the place where she then lay and her intended anchorage; but, strange as it may appear she was not destined to reach it. On the night previous to her expected entry into port, as she had her canvas spread before the wind, and her captain and crew at their post, anxiously watching through the dark shades that had gathered around them for the signs that should guide them correctly into their port of safety, she suddenly beached upon the sandy shore. The reason of this fatal digression from her proper course, was a false light which had been seen flitting through the dense fog and prevailing darkness, from an adjacent cliff, which was mistaken by her commander for the true

beacon light that shone from the light-house at the entrance of the harbor.

When day light dawned upon the scene, it revealed her position as one of extreme danger, and although sitting as erect and easy upon her newly found sandy couch, and looking as stately as though she was safely riding upon the ocean's bosom, to the experienced eye it only made the danger more apparent. To watch her thus from a distance, as the writer did, but few would have surmised the fate that was so soon to accomplish the ruin of the noble ship.

For the benefit of the underwriters, the ship, as she then stood with her valuable cargo yet unbroken, was sold, and the purchaser furnished her with another captain and crew, who, with all the energy that inspires men to prompt action, in the hour of extreme danger, lacked not effort to relieve her from her perilous position. Every nautical remedy, and every available modern appliance known to the marine world in the region of San Francisco, was brought into requisition for that purpose. Situated as she was so conveniently to the dry land, a connection or highway between it and the vessel was soon effected, and in an incredibly short time the vessel was relieved of her cargo, which as quickly lost its identity, and found its way into the many merchandise depots open and waiting to receive it.

This done, all efforts were now directed to save the ship, which being lightened, now gave signs of hopeful promise, by her heavy surgings, that she would soon easily glide into her proper element. Her movements were eagerly watched and noted; but there was an enemy operating against her which no human power nor foresight could overcome nor resist, for what distance was gained by the ebbing tide was lost again by the subsequent flowing one. Every article that could now be dispensed with was removed from the deck; every top mast and yard, every stay and block, with all its paraphernalia of ropes and chains, were carried away, until her dismantlement became complete, and she, instead of ap-

pearing as a proud denizen of the deep, arrayed in all her habiliments of beauty and service, had nothing remaining but her long, dark, and straight-lined hull stretched upon the shining sand.

Day after day did the ever ready capstan, turned by as ever ready hands, perform its laborious task in endeavoring to hold her back from the ruin into which she was rushing by every returning tide; but in vain. Higher and higher she heaved upon the beach, until at last neither ebbing nor flowing tide effected a movement, for she had passed the crisis, and the fact was apparent that she was a completely stranded and lost ship; then she was abandoned.

Subsequent to the scenes narrated, the writer revisited the scene of the wreck, and what a change. Instead of appearing as a thing of life, as the noble ship when first seen, she was now lying upon her "beam ends," her keel partially exposed to view, and here and there a fragment of bright shining copper appeared to tell how fearful had been the buffetings of the angry storm. A portion of one side of her deck was hidden from view, and buried in the mellow shifting sand and brine. The raging surf, which at high tide roared and rolled furiously over her, had left its unmistakable impressions; for every piece of light ornament which had once added to her beauty and comfort, and perhaps gladdened the heart and sight of those who had once made her their home, had been ruthlessly torn from their fastenings, and swept away. Nothing seemingly remained but the uncovered and peering massive timbers, with here and there a small portion of her white-scrubbed deck, upon which her living companions had walked and whiled away their solitary night-watches. These even looked unpleasant to the eye, covered as they were with the ocean's green slime.

How forbidding and desolate the scene looked! Not a sign of life appeared upon her to gladden the eyes, save the ever-appearing, little, wandering ocean snipe, with its long, slender, lightning moving legs, and equally long slender looking beak, diving with rapidity and instinct into the

bed of slime for some delicate morsel which misfortune to man had fortunately placed there for it, from the ocean's depths. Even the perforated beam where the ocean grub had entered and made deep its home and bed, was visited by the little tiny restless hero of the deck, whose still more restless percolator entered swiftly to disturb its solitary inhabitant, and rob it of both life and home.

This one pleasant feature was sufficient to relieve the monotony of the scene for a moment, but only to increase it more intensely at the next; for looking down into the dark abyss of the ship's interior, how dreadful it looked! How uninviting and cheerful the habitation, perhaps the prison of some unfortunate member of the finny tribe, waiting for relief by the returning tide and surf which had brought him there. Those horrid, reverberating sounds, which sent echoes from stem to stern, and above all the stench and foul miasma emitted therefrom bade one begone, and seek other localities to breathe the pure untainted fragrant air.

We left the glancing deck, and stood again upon the shore, and contemplated the destruction which time and elements had worked. There lay the once proud looking ship, a helpless storm beaten mass of ruins, forsaken and alone, and almost forgotten by the busy world—a sad relic of a former greatness—every plank appearing to be ready to spring from its fastenings, and every timber gnawing in its frame, and as each successive roll of briny blue surf was thrown with fearful force against it by the crowding sea, she was brought nearer to that inevitable end, when her identity will be gone, and the fragments that compose her shall have sunk deep into the sea, or become scattered on the desolate beach where they will remain as silent monuments of misfortune occasioned by the fatal error, the mistaken light.

EASTER AND WHITSUNTIDE.

YOU have been talking to us about Easter, Whitsunday, the Passover and Pentecost, but you have not told us what the words mean; will you not do so? came from one of my Bible class.

I promised to do so, as well as my time and knowledge would permit; and perchance that some of the class should be absent at the time of my explanation, I take this opportunity of giving it to them at home.

WHITSUNDAY, as you know, occurs about the close of May; and is a feast-day with some churches.

It derives its name from a custom which obtained in the church in the early days of christianity.

Those who had recently been baptized into the church were in the habit of dressing in white at Whitsuntide, or as it was then called, "The feast of Pentecost;" and so it came to be called White-Sunday.

This custom was a public declaration of one's intention to be numbered with the people of God; and it was thought that it would render the young christian more guarded in habit and conversation, as he would well know that the eyes of former companions would be wide open to detect

a fault whereby they might find food for scandal, and an excuse for persecution. It was designed also as an emblem of the soul within, "From guilt and sin set free." The white was an emblem of the new life, into which the christian had entered, having been "Born again."

WHITSUNDAY is considered sacred from the supposition that it is the Sunday on which Pentecost fell, the Sunday very precious to Christians, because on this memorable day, as we find recorded in the book of the Acts of the Apostles, Almighty God converted so many souls from their sins, and from the errors of their former religion. God, on this day, gave an endowment of grace and power to his saints, so great and so full as few since have been favored with. He came with a loud noise, and with a positive demonstration, to the terrifying of the ungodly, but to the joy of his saints. The Holy Ghost rested upon the heads of the apostles in lambent flames of celestial fire.

EASTER SUNDAY is supposed to be the day on which our blessed Lord arose from the tomb. It occurs, as you know, in April. Easter is a feast-time with both Christians and Jews. Christians celebrate it in commemoration of the all-atoning sacrifice of the Lamb of God, without which we would have no hope of salvation; and in still further honor of the Son of God bursting the bands of death. What day can be more holy than this? For had Jesus not risen from the dead, what hope could we have of a resurrection?

Easter is revered by the Jews, and is known among them as the Feast of the Passover. They derive pleasure in this feast from two very opposite sources.

First.—It reminds them of God's goodness to their forefathers, in delivering them from bondage.

We read in Exodus that Israel was a long time in Egypt as slaves, oppressed by hard task-masters. After trying earnestly and long to get away from under this oppression, Almighty God gave the prophet Moses power to work miracles, and even to bring plagues upon the land. But still the Egyptians would not let Israel go. Finally the Lord determined to slay one of every family in Egypt, except of the families of his people.

The angel of death who was to do this mighty deed, was to know by a certain sign, namely, by blood sprinkled on the door-posts of the houses wherein the people of God dwelt, and were to pass over them, and slay not an inmate thereof. Herein it is called the feast of the Passover. You may rest assured that the Egyptians were glad enough to let Israel go after this.

How can the Jews do otherwise than keep this time as sacred, in gratitude to Almighty God for his great power, love and mercy displayed in their behalf?

Second.—But this is not all the gratification which they derive from this time of Easter. The Jews are said to be fully as revengeful as other nations, if not more so, and this time reminds them, firstly, of the death of so many of their enemies in Egypt, and secondly, of the ignominious death of JESUS of NAZARETH, whom they have always regarded as their enemy. Jesus loved them, but they hardened their

hearts—they put him to death, and the Jews of to-day are also guilty because they approve the deed.

Fifty days after the miracle in Egypt, when Almighty God spared the lives of his people, and gave liberty to them, he appeared unto his servant Moses, on Mount Sinai, amid thunderings and lightnings, and while the multitude remained in the plain, filled with fear and trembling, Moses was in the presence of his Creator, from whom he received two tables of stone, on which God, with his own hand, had written the moral law for the government of his people.

The day on which Moses conversed with Jehovah on Mount Sinai is called PENTECOST, meaning fifty, because it occurred fifty days after the Passover.

REMARKS.

At the feast of the Passover, each family was to prepare a lamb to be eaten; firstly, in commemoration of their being spared by the angel of death in Egypt; and secondly, as a type of the sacrifice of the Lamb of God, who should redeem and set free their souls, as the angel had set free their bodies. Fifty days after the Passover, God manifested himself to his people, and gave them the law on tables of stone.

Christ, the immaculate Son of God, was slain at the feast of the Passover, and fifty days after, at the feast of Pentecost, God manifested himself in a miraculous manner to his people again, and gave them the CELESTIAL LAW written with his own finger, not on tables of stone, this time; but in their hearts, so that each one who receives it could read it for himself, and could carry it with him wherever he might go. Blessed thought! The MORAL LAW is written on stone, on parchment; but the HIGHER LAW, being far more holy, is written by the finger of Jehovah on the living tablets of REGENERATED HEARTS.

X. A.

BY-WORDS.

DEAR little readers of the *Hope*; I want to ask you a question. Do you ever use bad words? I don't mean, do you swear? Oh! no; I cannot think that one of you would be guilty of doing any thing so bad as that; but I am very sorry to say that little boys and girls, and big ones too sometimes use bad words. Perhaps I had ought to say idle words; but you know they are bad; for the Bible says, "We must give an account for every idle word." What a solemn thought. Let us always bear it in mind, whenever we frame our lips to utter a by-word.

There are several reasons why we should never indulge in this habit. One I have already mentioned, because it is expressly forbidden in God's word.

Another reason is that children who learn to use such words are very apt to take the name of God in vain, even before they are aware of it themselves. I don't say it is always so; but I think there is danger. "One bad habit often brings on another.

The using of by-words may be termed a kind of stepping stone to profanity. Then again, it

gives a person a course and unrefined appearance, and shows a lack of culture, to say the least.

I think I have given reasons sufficient why we should avoid the use of by-words. I trust all my little readers expect one day to enter into the celestial city; but if we would do so, we must strive to imitate the example of our blessed Savior while here on earth, or we need not expect to live and reign with him hereafter. Do you suppose he used idle words? Then let us endeavor to make a good use of our lips, of our time, and of all that we have, that it may be said unto us, "Well done, good and faithful servants." L.

MY CHERRY-TREE SERMON.

ALBERT," said my neighbor, as I was trimming my orchard, "why don't you cut out that hateful snag?"

Let me tell you about that "snag." Not very many years ago, when our Michigan was young, the hardy oaks held the ground. Many a hard day's work did the settler do before the oaks "went out," (as the school-boys say when they play ball), and the fruit-trees had their "ins." At that time some one hung the crooked root of an oak stump up in the branches of this cherry-tree. Soon the bark grew over it. Now I can't get it out of the tree. I must leave it there, or else cut the branch almost all to pieces. Now that ugly root reminds me of "roots of bitterness" that deform my life—bad habits that were hitched on me in youth. I let them grow into my character. My very nature seems to have formed around them. Now they are a part of me, just as that root is now a part of the cherry-tree. So I keep "that hateful snag" to preach that little sermon I have here tried to preach to you.

Beware, then, my children, of letting bad habits grow into your characters.—*The Myrtle.*

OUR GREAT TEACHER.

WE too frequently think that God is very distant, and a very severe teacher.

But when we contemplate the following passages, "I and my Father are one;" "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end;" "Whosoever two or three are met in my name, there am I in the midst;" "Come unto me and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls;" we are led to exclaim, how near and how kind! And if our desires are fervent enough, he will break down the partition of sin that hides him from our view, and we may behold him in all his beauty, majesty and glory.

This cannot be by sight, but by faith, while we dwell in the flesh; but when we are stripped of the mortal, and are robed in immortality, we shall behold him in all the beauty and splendor of holiness; and hear him say, "Come my beloved, and dwell at my right hand, where there are pleasures forever more." It is beyond the power of pen to portray, and of language to express the splendors and bliss of that celestial mansion—and yet it is offered to us!

If this should attract the attention of any of the Hopes who have not the assurance that it will be yours, will you not come to Christ and be taught, that you may enter therein? You are enjoying health and many of the lesser enjoyments of this life, and have you no thoughts for the future? The time will come when you must meet the future, and what then? Why you must give an account to that All-Wise Being, who bestows all your blessings, and condescends to offer you a more perfect state of existence, and a more permanent abiding place. And as he is so willing to confer earthly blessings, why do you hesitate to ask for spiritual blessings?

You say, "I know not how to approach the Great Being, neither do I know what to say to him."

If a wealthy person, who is renowned for knowledge and wisdom, should visit your town, and advertise for all to come to him and receive such goods as they needed, and as much knowledge and wisdom as they desired, would not you know how to approach him, and could not you tell him all your wants? Most certainly you could. First, you would make your toilet; you would call into practice your good manners, and then hasten to this stranger and seek the object most desired.

Why not then approach the great Benefactor, and Great Source of all knowledge, with the same zeal and reverence that you would an earthly benefactor and teacher? "I fear he will not receive me," you say.

He takes pupils of all ages and conditions for the same low tuition fee, the oblation of the heart! He is ready to take the beggar, and the king on the throne; the feeble invalid writhing in pain, and the man with robust form who has dared to blaspheme his holy name; the staggering inebriate, and the man who is upright in all his ways; the friend forsaken prostitute, and her sister who is as fair and pure as she who roamed in Eden's bower, and he will strip off their filthy garments and robe them all in spotless purity. He will quicken their eyesight, and they will see beauty and splendor where before all was darkness. The impaired organs of hearing will quickly catch the sound of music in all the tones of nature. The frown of envy, the dark scowl of discontent and despondency, he will quickly take away, and instead, he will cause the whole countenance to assume a sweet smile of joy and goodness. It will not merely gleam on the surface, but it will have a strong root running down deep into the heart's core; and its branches will shoot forth, and cast their fruit at the feet of both friend and foe. What dressing maid can make us so complete a toilet? She may apply cosmetics—but how disgusting the effect!

"But if this Great Teacher can change one's heart and appearance so much, he cannot teach me in the various branches of study," I hear you say.

Why not? Is not his knowledge sufficient? Were not the first letters, of which we have any account, formed by his unerring hand? And when we have attained all the knowledge that mankind are capable of attaining, how little do we know in comparison to our Teacher? We

may study geography from childhood to old age; but we shall not know half that is known by him who divided the water from the land, and formed the remote cave and stupendous mountain.

Who gave the greatest arithmetician the power of obtaining his knowledge, if it was not this same Great Teacher? And how insipid are the knowledge and power of our earthly teachers when compared with his!

"What a great astronomer was Herschel!" exclaims the scholar who is aspiring to follow in the footsteps of the mighty man of learning; but how insignificant, when compared with him who molded the planets, hurled them into space, and bade them roll on, and on forever!

If we meet a person who is conversant with many languages, we bow before him with the respect that is due; but who merits the higher respect, the linguist, or he who caused so many languages to spring out of one, and who will condense them into one again on the other side of the river?

An artist may merit commendation; but where are the fragrance and the nice soft texture of the rose; where is vegetation; where is the voice of nature, but in Nature's paintings?

An ornithologist may describe the beautiful plumage of this bird and that bird, but had he the wealth of a nation, and the skill of all the wise men combined, he could not make one tiny feather to grow.

A geologist may describe the structure and material of the earth till he is mad; but his eye cannot penetrate its surface, neither can his ear hear the beating of its mysterious bosom, until it speaks in the earthquake's thunder, and the volcano's wrath; but to his eye that fashioned it, it is as transparent as glass; and his ear catches the faintest sound, as a mother's ear catches the soft breathing of her sleeping child.

Myriads of intelligent men have devoted their time, talent, and money to the study of Physiology and medicine; but not one of the vast number can prolong life beyond the bounds that are set. Men of all ages and grades have revered the theologian, and they should; but they should not bow more reverently before the instrument than the workman; and they should bear in mind that they too, might wear as serene a countenance, and enjoy as holy thoughts and aspirations, if they would be taught by the Great Teacher.

A lifetime is not enough in which to explain the vastness of his knowledge and wisdom, and then his loving kindness and tender mercy, in opening for us a way of life and salvation, has not been mentioned.

Come then to this Great Teacher, and be taught of him. Come, for he will give to you to know the mysteries of the kingdom. Come, for he will give to you strength, wisdom and life eternal.

A LITTLE little three-year old child fell out of a second-story window in Bloomfield, Iowa, the other day, alighting on its hands and knees. The child was on its feet again before the frightened mother could reach it.

NATURE.

HERE, on the side of yonder mountain, is a beautiful grave, whose trees seem to be bowing in obedience and love to their Maker. Their green leaves flutter in the breeze, and their long boughs seem to be spread out for the express purpose of inviting us to their cool and shady repose. The back-ground is furnished by a long line of thick, dark woods, stretching far away in the distance, whose tall giant trees seem striving to reach the skies. Then under one's feet is spread a rich green carpet, more beautiful than ever graced the parlor of a queen. A little beyond is heard the murmuring waters of a beautiful lake, the banks of which are covered with wild flowers of almost every description.

A small boat, containing a merry party, are out rowing on the lake. Their merry peals of laughter come floating back on the breeze, which is just powerful enough to ripple the surface of the lake. All is bright and lovely.

But the little party have landed. See how merrily they leap up over the bank, and run hither and thither in search of more lovely flowers than they have yet found.

Ah! we notice a change. A slight cloud rises above the tall majestic mountain, which towers to meet the clouds, and spreads its proud heights hundreds of feet above our heads. Now we see that the mountain is entirely covered, not one little patch of sunshine is left on its summit. Swiftly and stealthily, like a wolf approaching its prey, the cloud comes on, till low hoarse mutterings of distant thunder echo around. Lightning flashes frequently and vividly. The thunder increases until its crashes are fearful. The big drops of rain commence to fall with a splash on the surface of the lake. The scene is too sublime, too grand for us to lose. "Steadily the wonderful transfiguration goes on; hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shift the scenery of the heavens." The rain comes down in torrents; the wind increases till the waves of the lake seem to lash its banks in their fury.

The storm continues for about one hour; and then, when we least expect it, the rain ceases, the wind subsides, and in its full splendor, the sun, the glorious sun breaks forth. It covers everything with a golden hue. The rain drops hanging from the leaves and branches of the trees, seem turned to diamonds fit for the crown of a king. The birds twitter; the grasshoppers chirp. The bees seem busy with sucking honey from the lately refreshed flowers, and all nature once more presents a smiling countenance before our astonished gaze.

How great! How glorious! How grand are the works of our Maker! And yet some will sit and look on this wonderful display of omnipotence, and still say, "There is no God." But we know there must be a God to make all these beautiful things, and we thank him for placing us in this lovely world. How can we admire it too much? It is a world full of pictures! And still "we pass by unnoticed in nature what most we admire in art."

PHOEBE A. SNOW.

He that goes borrowing goes a sorrowing.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL,

TUNE.—Auld Lang Syne.

The Sabbath School, I love it well;
Its happy hours enjoy;
Among its pleasant scenes to dwell,
No worldly thoughts annoy.
'Tis there I learn from sin to turn;
And errors ways to shun;
And to discern the truth, I yearn,
And in its pathway run.

'Tis there I read of joys to come,
When saints are free from care;
When from afar they gather home,
And heavenly glories share;
With joyful feet, I haste to meet,
With those who love the Lord;
Whose smiles so sweet, 'tis joy to greet,
And there we read God's word.

Let others roam in field and wood,
And idle time away;
I'd rather join the pure and good,
Who meet to sing and pray;
'Tis there I'm taught that Jesus bought
Me with a ransom price;
And that I ought, not count as nought,
That precious sacrifice.

Why should I not obey his word,
And keep his precepts pure;
For this to me does joy afford,
And heavenly grace secure?
To school I'll go, for there I know,
I learn the truth to prize,
And blessings flow to all below
The far outspreading skies.

T. W. S.

Correspondence.

BROTHER HENRY: Your little readers may not be aware that we have a large Sunday School here; but such is the case. It was organized last spring, in accordance with the rules previously published in the *Hope*, and has been attended by seventy-five scholars, many of whom have been baptized.

To encourage the scholars, the reward card was valued at twenty-five cents, and I am happy to say that they have done so well as fully to merit the reward. To raise the means necessary to purchase the books, the teachers and scholars united in getting up an exhibition, consisting of dialogues, music, tableaux, &c. It took place in the church a few evenings since, and the proceeds amounted to \$67 75, which is sufficient to purchase the rewards, and also to make an addition to our library. In a few days there will be a festival, or pic-nic, at which the distribution of rewards will take place.

I think the scholars deserve much credit for the alacrity and zeal with which they prepared for the exhibition. There are a few here who think it is wrong to have exhibitions, especially in a church; but I do not see that our exhibition was improper, because we engaged in it for a good purpose. We mingled with no bad company; we went to no bad places; we had no quarreling, disagreeing, or evil speaking; and I am sure the scholars love one another, and the Sunday School, as well as ever. Perhaps Uncle Mark will tell us what he thinks about exhibitions.

I believe the scholars here have not yet written anything for the *Hope*, but I will endeavor to get them to write occasionally, and perhaps some of them will try to win the prize offered in the 6th number.

This is my first contribution to the *Hope*; but I trust it will not be my last.

Uncle Mark congratulates Brother Henry on the success of the school, and thinks that Sunday School Exhibitions, and Sunday School Concerts, rightly conducted, are both an encouragement to good endeavors, and an antidote to evil. Give the children a sufficiency of legitimate enjoyment, and they will not crave any other. Mirthfulness, under proper restraint, is a virtue in childhood.

MARY ELLEN S.: After a long silence, I again take my pen in hand to write a few lines to the *Hope*. I see that you had complained of the *Hope* being neglected by its readers, and as you remarked, it is time we woke up. I am trying to serve the Lord and obey my parents better all the time. I have been very bad and wicked; but I am trying to be better, and with God's help I shall be, if I keep on trying, I hope I shall. There is no Sunday School here belonging to us yet; but I hope there will be soon. I will do all I can towards writing to the *Hope*, so as to keep it on, and I hope that my little brothers and sisters will do the same. I should be so sorry if it stopped coming. I hope you will remember me in your prayers, as I do all of you.

CALEB E. BLODGETT: I rejoice in the gospel of Christ, knowing that outside of this there is no salvation. We ought to thank God our Heavenly Father that we have seen the light, and enjoyed the gifts and blessings, the same in these days, as in the days of the apostles. The same God that gave to them the Holy Ghost will give it to us, if we will do as he has commanded us; and unless we do this, we need not expect to receive it. We need not expect to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. We have to suffer persecution and all manner of things that may be heaped upon us for the name of Christ. I pray God to help us to withstand all the trials and temptations that may be thrown around us. Pray for me that I may keep faithful even unto the end, and be saved with all his saints.

ENIGMA No. 78.

I am composed of thirty-seven letters.
My 5, 13, 12, 17, is a great prophet who lived among the herdsmen.
My 35, 7, 5, 16 is a preacher of righteousness.
My 17, 19, 34, 23, 28, is a name given to God's people.
My 37, 12, 20, 7, 13, 12, 23, is a great king.
My 35, 25, 26, is the father of Abner.
My 17, 19, 21, 15, is what the people of God are compared to.
My 37, 14, 28, 33, is a son of Adam.
My 13, 29, 30, 29, 11, 1, 27, is a name given to a prophet signifying messenger.
My 3, 2, 5, 11, 33, 25, 10, is an officer in the church.
My 18, 5, 13, is a son of Noah.
My 14, 30, 22, 37, 4, 19, is a bald headed man.
My 8, 34, 19, 20, is a golden vessel filled with wrath.
My 20, 27, 7, 37, 33, is what stood beside the throne in Solomon's temple.
My 6, 9, 32, 26, 19, 10, 11, 24, is the office of Herod.
My 4, 2, 31, 20, is where Pharaoh went.
My 36, 26, 19, 8, 14, 37, is what was in the side of his habitation.
My whole is a blessed promise.

L. O.

ANAGRAM No. 45.

Ot ghif orf eht guik dna eth tonuyer si ldbo,
Fi ni het grhti; tbu fi nogrw oyu stum og;
Dan nwhe otthe ngik ry'o'eu sdbeci voy'ue ldso,
Eh sidb ouy tdaper, dan oyu read ton ays on.
Utb tawh foeht desoib henw likied orfeht nlg,
Dna ridueb gerothte ni rakd, olsmhateo lesho?
Eth gkin siere "gibrn orem," dna rome yeth slitl grbni,
Tab eht gkin reacs tnoa nip rfo rehti losus.

CHARADE No. 1.

My first is pretty and cunning and sweet,
And grows larger as it grows older;
My second the girls wear when out on the street,
Or they will as the weather grows colder.
My whole is merriest part of our life
When we are not pestered with sorrow and strife.
PERLA WILD.

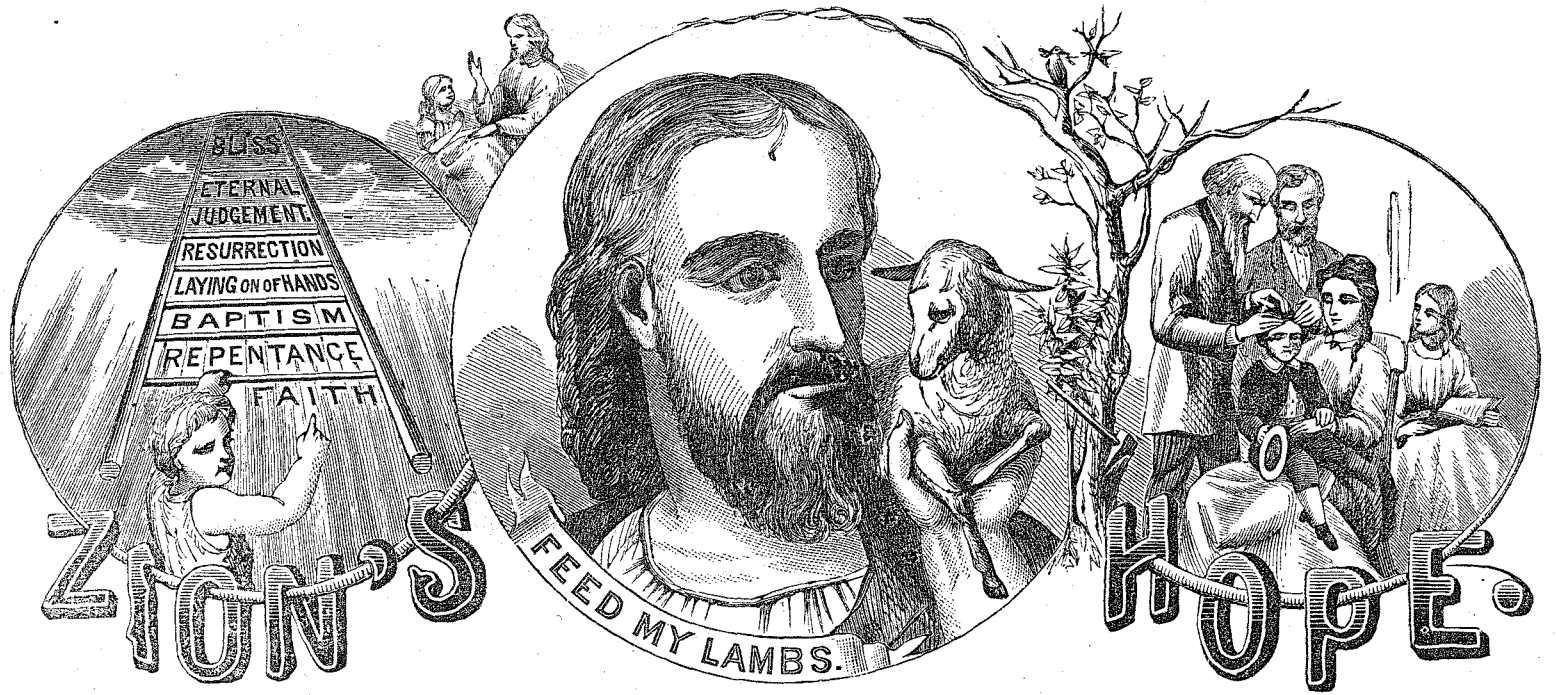
ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

PRICE:
SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.
Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies
and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER
CENT DISCOUNT.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number.
POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., NOVEMBER 15, 1871.

No. 10.

"DOWN IN DIXIE."

NUMBER IV.

THERE is a saying I believe, like this, "From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh." I feel it to be true in my case to-day, dear children, for I can think of nothing else to write about while the sad and unwelcome thought is fresh before me, that our dear little paper *may* not live another year through scarcity of subscribers.

I say that I can think of nothing else just now, but this, to me, painful announcement. "It will be too bad for it to stop," said a subscriber to me yesterday. Of course I could say only that "It would be indeed." "Not enough subscribers," says Uncle Thoughtful; but why are there not enough, Uncle T. T.? Why, he will answer, "The Uncles, and Aunts, and Cousins, do not take as much interest in getting new subscribers as they did, and failing to renew their own subscriptions when they expire, our list decreases."

I am afraid that Uncle T. T. thinks that many have been delinquent in this matter, through an indifference to the welfare of ZION'S HOPE. I trust he is in every case mistaken, and that forgetfulness, and ignorance of the true condition of ZION'S HOPE's pocket book, is what they should be charged with. It can hardly be true that any one of the parents of the little Hopes are indifferent, or unconcerned, about the life or death of the paper that has brought so much sunshine into the countenances of their little ones, so much joy to their hearts, and instruction to their mind. It must be that they care for their children's moral, and intellectual, and spiritual welfare too much, to let the paper expire.

I am inclined to believe that the dread of such a sad and mortifying result will operate on hundreds of minds as it does on mine, causing or creating a determination to prevent such an event, if possible. And it is possible—for there are enough families of saints who do not take the paper now, who if they would take but one copy in the family, would, with those who now take it, continuing to take it, place the paper on a sub-

stantial and safe foundation. There are families, many of them, who could take a copy for each child, to help swell the list, if for nothing else. There are many brethren and sisters who have not children of their own, who yet have nieces and nephews, or cousins, or little friends, for whom they could subscribe, if their parents are too poor, and for those whose parents are not in the church, who might not object to their children reading the paper, although they might not be willing to subscribe.

And are there not plenty of saints who are willing to donate a dollar, or even fifty cents to the Zion's Hope fund, in addition to their subscriptions? Of course there are. Well, let them not wait for somebody to take the lead; but send it right off to the office. If not enough is contributed to save the paper, the "Publication Board" will give satisfactory account for the money sent, no doubt. It is a downright pity and a shame to let the paper die, and the hundreds of dear little Hopes be compelled to do without its instructive and cheering lessons.

All the stigma that attaches to the name of "Joseph Smith," and "Mormonism;" all the persecution endured, the slander bestowed, and the pecuniary disadvantages suffered, have not yet made me ashamed of being a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints; but to tell the whole truth of the matter, I am considerably troubled with that unpleasant feeling called shame to-day, when I reflect that a little and cheap paper, (and little because cheap), designed for our children's benefit, is in danger of being stopped through lack of adequate support. If there is not enough money in the entire church that can be spared, and easily too, for that purpose, I am much mistaken. Every saint who has children, or those who are guardians of the little ones, are under most positive obligations to train up these little ones in the way of life and salvation, to instruct them in the things pertaining to the kingdom of God—and where is there a saint who has read the paper from its beginning, who can deny that it has been a great help in this duty, that it has been a source of light, of

comfort, of strength, and of amusement to the little darlings. My little one shall have the HOPE as long as it is possible to publish it, if it costs five dollars instead of fifty cents. It appears to me a waste of time and paper to argue in favor of the paper.

It is a wrong to our children to let it stop, it ought not to stop, and *who* will say—how *many* will say, that it *shall not* stop; and as a preventive renew their subscriptions, get twice as many more new ones as the number that already take it in your neighborhood, and to make sure send an extra fifty cents or a dollar?

Quite a number of the readers of the HOPE are sick just now with chills and fever, in this part of the land. I hope their little brothers and sisters will pray for them.

T. W. SMITH.

LOVING KINDNESS.

ONCE knew two little children, a boy and a girl, of different parents, who were remarkable instances of progressive natures. When they were first brought into contact with each other, nothing would do but they must fight, sometimes they would each gather a stick and fight as though they had been taught to do so.

They had not been neighbors very long before quite a change took place, and instead of fightings, the tenderest feelings pervaded their little breasts.

One day, little Jimmy, as Lula called him, was taken sick, and was not able to take his part in their regular plays; this made Lula feel bad. All she could talk about was Jimmy, and would cry if she could not prevail on "Ma" to take her to him. Finally little James recovered, and Lula took sick. The poor little fellow would then go many times a day to see her, and try and coax her to go out and play with him.

When both got well, nothing was more pleasant than to see those little children toss and tumble around so agreeably with each other, and

if one went for a "piece," the other must have a share. How different? How much better it is for them to pass their time away in healthful play.

Let us try to become like these two "Hopes," on the ladder of perfection, until we shall be what God desires us to be. P. T.

CHRISTMAS DIALOGUE.

FOR OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL CHRISTMAS FESTIVALS.

LILY enters, followed by LUELLA.

LILY. Oh! Luella; just look at that beautiful Christmas Tree.

LUELLA. Yes, indeed; it looks very encouraging to see so great an interest shown for us by the Officers and Teachers, and Friends of our Sunday School.

LILY. Look at these pretty lights, and dolls, and books, and playthings, and I declare if there isn't a chest of drawers for the doll's clothing. Oh! dear; I should like to know who they are for—I wonder if I shall get anything there.

LUELLA. I do not wonder at your anxiety, Lily; I feel anxious myself, and if it were right, I should be almost tempted to go and read the names.

LILY. Do, Luella; go and look. I'll go too. It will be such fun to know what everybody is going to get. Let us go, Luella.

LUELLA. No, Lily; I was tempted for a moment; but it would be unfair to others. I think too, it would only make us unhappy if we should examine things we wish for, and find they were not designed for us. It is better to wait till we can learn properly, and then whatever comes will be a treat to us.

LILY. I think you're right; but I declare I can hardly wait. Oh! Luella, I must just go and look at that pretty doll, with its bright blue eyes. (She starts to go, and at the same time TEACHER enters from the opposite side.)

TEACHER. Lily, Lily! You must not touch the things on the tree. It would not be right, my child.

(Enter AMY and CARRIE.)

BOTH. Good evening.

AMY. Oh! Carrie, just look at the Christmas tree. I think it's splendid, don't you?

CARRIE. Yes; but I wonder if the people are all as anxious about what is on the tree as I am.

LILY. Would'nt you like to know who the things on the tree are for, Amy?

AMY. Yes; indeed I should; but then it would'nt be right to try and find out till the proper time.

LILY. That's just what Luella and Teacher said.

CARRIE. I wish Teacher would tell us why we have this celebration on Christmas day, and why nearly everybody seems to keep this day as a sort of holiday.

TEACHER. The wish is a proper one, and if the rest of you would like to hear repeated what you doubtless know, I will try and repeat it. If anything is not clear to you, and you will question me, I will endeavor to make it clear. But first in response to Carrie's wish. A great many thousands honor the day, the 25th of December,

as the anniversary of the Savior's birth; and as the birth of Christ was said by the angel to be an occasion of great joy to all people, it is kept as a holiday. Amy, can you tell me where Jesus was born?

AMY. In Bethlehem of Judea, a small village about six miles south of Jerusalem.

TEACHER. Why do you call it "Bethlehem of Judea?"

AMY. Because the New Testament so speaks of it.

TEACHER. A very good reason, Amy; but I wish to know why it is called Bethlehem of Judea in the Scriptures. Perhaps Luella will tell us.

LUELLA. Because there are two Bethlehems spoken of in the scriptures, one in the land of Zebulon, and one in the land of Judea, and the Bethlehem where Jesus was born, being the one in the land of Judah, is called Bethlehem of Judea.

TEACHER. A correct answer, Luella. Can Lily inform us of any prophecy concerning the place of Christ's birth?

LILY. Micah, in the second verse of his fifth chapter, prophesied of it, saying, "But thou, Bethlehem Euphratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel."

TEACHER. Can Carrie or Amy inform me whether the wise men and people of Israel understood this prophecy to refer to Christ?

BOTH. Yes, teacher.

TEACHER. Will Carrie tell me why she believes the wise men so understood?

CARRIE. Because I read in the second chapter of Matthew that Herod the King called the wise men and enquired of them where Christ should be born, and they answered, "In Bethlehem of Judea."

TEACHER. Right. Will Amy tell me why she believes the people so understood it?

AMY. Because I read in John 7:41st, and 42nd verses, that some of the people refused to believe on Christ on account of his coming out of Galilee, giving as a reason this, "Hath not the scripture said, that Christ cometh of the seed of David, and out of the town of Bethlehem, where David was?"

TEACHER. Can Lily tell me how long it is since Christ was born?

LILY. Eighteen hundred and seventy-one years.

TEACHER. Is that right, Luella?

LUELLA. It is commonly thought so; but some of our ablest ministers dispute the date, and show both by chronology and prophesy that he was born about four years before what is called the Christian Era commenced, or about eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago.

TEACHER. How long was it from the time that the world was peopled by Adam and his descendants till the time of Christ's coming, Carrie?

CARRIE. About four thousand and four years.

TEACHER. Is this correct, Luella?

LUELLA. If Christ was born in the year one of the Christian Era, it is; but if in the year four, then Christ came about four thousand years after Adam.

AMY. Was it on the 25th day of December that Christ was born, Teacher?

TEACHER. There is a difference of opinion on this subject, Amy. But as it would be difficult to determine which is really the day of his birth, we keep this day in commemoration of the event. It is not the day we wish to honor; but the Lord. And as from time immemorial, birthdays have been regarded as festive days, we have this day our festival. When you look upon these many friends who come to give you kindly greetings at your Sunday School festivities, you feel thankful for their presence, and the tokens of their love hung upon yonder Christmas Tree; but I trust you will look still further, and remember that on this day we commemorate the great gift of God in his Son, who will conduct us to the Tree of Life, on which hangs in ripened clusters the rich fruit of Everlasting Life.

UNCLE MARK.

HOW A LAD WHEELED HIMSELF INTO FORTUNE AND INFLUENCE.

AT a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of the old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends, and told a pleasant little story, which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. We use his own language:

"Nearly half a century ago, gentleman, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing and able, considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do all sorts of chores required. I was paid seventy-five dollars per year for my services. One day, after I had been to work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, sad-irons and pans, buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he was to be married next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the groom's custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow, and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow. I got on remarkably well till I struck the mud road, now Seventh avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house. There I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled; and could not budge the load up the hill, the wheel going its full half diameter in the mud every time I would try to propel forward. Finally a good natured Irishman passing by with a dray took my barrow, self and all on his vehicle, and in consideration of my promise to pay him a 'bit,' landed me at my destination.

"I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and with my empty barrow trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after I paid the Irishman the 'bit,' and never got it back from my employers. (Mr. B., I am sure would have remunerated me, but he never before heard this

story; so if he is inclined he can compromise the debt by sending me a bushel of his rareripe peaches next fall.) But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles, and how zealously I labored to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house and saw me count each piece as I landed it in the doorway. He sent for me the next day, asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty, in the shape of a five-hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping-stone to fortune."

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart. Boys, take a moral from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you to discover whether you are sluggish and careless, or industrious and willing, or how many there are who, if you are moral and worthy, will give you a stepping-stone to wealth and position.

LOSS OF MIND IN OLD AGE.

MENTAL weakness from old age cannot be cured, but it may be prevented by employing the mind constantly in reading and conversation while in the evening of life. Dr. Johnson ascribes the mental decline of Dean Swift to two causes: first, to a resolution he made in his youth that he would never wear spectacles, from the want of which he was unable to read as he advanced in years; and, secondly, to his avarice, which led him to abscond from visitors, or deny himself company, by which means he deprived himself of the only two methods by which new ideas are acquired or old ones renovated. His mind, from these causes, languished for the want of exercise, and gradually collapsed into idiocy, in which state he spent the close of his life in a hospital founded by himself for persons afflicted with the same disorder of which he finally died.

Country people, when they have no relish for books, when they lose their ability to work or go abroad from age or infirmity, are very apt to become weak-minded, especially as they are too often deserted in their old age by the younger branches of their families, in consequence of which their intellects become torpid from the want of society and conversation. This sort of mental weakness is more rare in cities than in country places, only because society and conversation can be had in them upon more easy terms; and it is less common among women than men, only because their employments are of such nature as to admit of their being carried on by their firesides, in a sedentary posture.

THE FIRST GLASS.

DR. Patton met a fast youth on shipboard, who said gayly, "I care for nothing but the first glass, but when the first glass gets down, it feels so lonely that I send down a

second to keep it company, when they begin quarrelling with each other, and I send down a third to put things right, when they turn and ask the new comer what he has to do with their family matters; then goes down a fourth and fifth, and they all enter into a base conspiracy to make me drunk." The way of complete safety is so plain that he who never lets the first drop "get down," will never be drunk. But letting the first glass down ruins more than one-fifth of the boys of our State. To-day I came across the Connecticut river in a skiff; now if it was so perilous to cross that one in every five was lost, I never should have ventured. No one in his senses would venture. Equally unwise is it to venture upon the perilous flood of moderate drinking. Nobody means to be a drunkard. The tipler says: "I am safe;" the drunkard repels you with, "I can drink or I can let it alone," and the dying inebriate totters to the grave under the delusion that he can control his appetite.

WILLIE AND THE APPLE.

[We don't know in what paper or magazine this story of "Willie and the apple" was first published, and so we cannot give the right credit. Get it by heart, little readers.]

Little Willie stood under an apple tree old—
The fruit was all shining with crimson and gold,
Hanging temptingly low; how he longed for a bite,
Though he knew if he took one it wouldn't be right.

Said he, "I don't see why my father should say,
'Don't touch the old apple tree, Willie, to-day.'
I shouldn't have thought, now they're hanging so low,
When I asked for just one he would answer me 'No.'

"He would never find out if I took but just one,
And they do look so good, shining out in the sun;
There are hundreds and hundreds, and he wouldn't
miss
So paltry a little red apple as this."

He stretched forth his hand, but a low, mourning
strain

Came wandering dreamily over his brain;
In his bosom a beautiful harp had long laid,
That the angel of conscience quite frequently played;

And he sang, "Little Willie, beware, oh beware!
Your father is gone, but your Maker is there;
How sad you would feel if you heard the Lord say,
'This dear little boy stole an apple to-day!'"

Then Willie turned round, and as still as a mouse
Crept slowly and carefully into the house;
In his own little chamber he knelt down to pray
That the Lord would forgive him, and please not to
say,
Willie almost stole an apple to-day."

A SINGULAR WITNESS.

HERE is a true story showing how the perfectness with which the bulfinch learns its lessons was the means of bringing a man's theft to light:—

A poor musician had an ebony flute with silver keys. The flute, however, like many other things, had more beauty than use to boast of, for there being a defect in one of the upper keys, the note always had to be skipped.

The musician had for a friend a tailor, who, having some taste for music, often came to the musician's room to sing; and when he came, he liked to try his skill on the flute with silver keys. One night when the musician was out, the flute was stolen. The tailor seemed very sorry indeed for his friend's loss, and tried to help him ferret out the thief. They suspected an old woman who was around the house; but there being no

actual proof against her, she was let off, and the real thief, whoever he or she was, escaped detection.

In a few months the tailor went to live in another town. After a year or so the musician paid him a visit, and he found his friend had for company a beautiful bird, a bulfinch, who could whistle several tunes very correctly. This, of course, delighted the musician, and he liked to hear it; but what was very curious, he soon found that the bulfinch, whenever it came to a certain high note, always skipped it and went on to the next. How did that happen? It at last struck him that the note which the bird skipped was the very same note which his flute skipped, and he came to the conclusion in his own mind that the bulfinch must have been taught in some way from his stolen flute.

He put it to the tailor, when the tailor, pale and trembling, confessed the theft. Ah, how was his pleasure suddenly turned into shame! Little did he dream that the bird which he had spent hours and hours in teaching could be a witness against him. Indeed, it was the very perfectness with which the little creature learned its lessons that brought to light its master's guilt.

If we break God's laws, the most innocent things will testify against us. It is not necessary to hunt up witnesses; they come of themselves, often when we least expect it; making good, in one way or another, the warning of the Bible, "Be sure your sin will find you out."—*The Myrtle*.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

TWO boys were apprentices in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other 'didn't care.' One read and studied, and got books that would help him to understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home reading. His companion liked to go with other boys to have a 'good game.' 'Come,' he often said to his shopmate, 'leave your old books, come with us. What's the use of all this reading?'

'If I waste these golden moments,' answered the boy, 'I shall lose what I shall never make up.'

While the boys were still apprentices, an offer of two thousand dollars appeared in the newspapers for the best plan for a State-house, to be built in one of the Eastern States. The studious boy determined to try for it. After a careful study he drew out his plans, and sent them to the committee.

In about a week afterwards a gentleman arrived at the carpenter's shop, and inquired if an architect by the name of Washington Wilberforce lived there.

'No,' said the carpenter, 'no architect; but I've got an apprentice by that name.'

'I should wish to see him,' said the gentleman.

The young man was summoned, and informed that his plan had been accepted, and that the two thousand dollars were his. The gentleman then said that the boy must put up the building; and his employer was so proud of his success that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

The studious young carpenter became one of the finest architects in the country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the estimation of everybody; while his fellow apprentice can hardly earn food for himself and family by his daily labor.—*Children's Paper.*

UNCLE T. T.'S PRIZE.

The "Prize" offered by Uncle T. T. in September 15th *Hope* will have to be awarded to some one; who will secure it? Only one answer has yet been sent. All answers must be in this office by the 15th of December. Uncle T. T. published a very imperfect letter in the *Hope* of September 15th, and offered a prize to the one who shall send the best corrected copy of that letter. Children under fifteen are to compete.

WHAT THE BOYS WOULD BE.

ONE evening, four or five good little boys were talking, as boys often do, of the future. One asked the tallest of the group,—

'What are you going to be when you are a man, Willie?'

'A lawyer,' answered Willie. It is very important to have justice done in courts.'

'Yes, but lawyers don't always look out for justice. I have heard that some of them will plead a case on either side, right or wrong, for money,' replied Charles.

'Well, that may be so; but that's not the kind of a lawyer I'm going to be. I'll always take the right side whether I get paid or not. I'll look out for all the widows and orphans, to see that nobody cheats them,' said Willie. 'What will you be, Charlie?'

'Oh, I am going to be a doctor, so that I can ride day and night. I'll keep four horses and change them often, and always have a fresh one. I'll not go poking along with a worn-out horse and a spattered gig, like Dr. Grey.'

At this, Little Jimmy sprang up, and cried very earnestly, as if already in the business,— 'Please, brother Charlie, let me shoe all your horses, for I'm going to be a blacksmith.'

His brothers laughed, and Willie said, 'I shall never be ashamed of you Jimmy, if you're a good, honest blacksmith; but you must always wash your face and hands before you come to my office.'

'Yes, I will, and put on my Sunday clothes,' replied the good-natured little fellow.

'Well, that is settled, then, that father is to have a lawyer, a doctor, and a blacksmith in his family,' said Willie.'

Grandmama sat all this time in her arm-chair, knitting away a striped stocking very fast. At her feet sat the family pet, Harry, sticking pins into grandmama's ball of yarn. Ah! it was for his tiny plump feet that the yarn was flying over the dear old lady's needles.

'Boys,' said grandma, 'here is one who has not told what he is going to be when a man.'

'Oh, no!' cried Willie, stooping down, and taking Harry in his arms. 'What are you going to be when your'e a big man?'

Harry put his little arms around Willie's neck and said, 'When I am a great, high man, I'll be—I'll be—kind to my mother.'

'You darling boy,' cried grandma, 'that is a sweet little vision of your future! I would far rather have you a humble working man with this same affectionate heart, than see you cold and selfish in the seat of a judge. Willie and Charlie might be great and wise men in their professions, and yet be no comfort to their parents in old age, unless they were at the same time loving and kind.'

'Greatness alone makes one happy; but goodness, like the sun, sheds light and joy everywhere. Whenever, after this, dear boys, you are laying plans for future life, always add to your plans and promises sweet Harry's words, "when I'm a man, I'll be kind to my mother."'
—*Children's Paper.*

AS BEST YOU CAN.

If storms be fierce with angry strife,
As on you drive your caravan
O'er hilly steeps, through dales of life,
Then shield yourselves as best you can.

If streams be wide, and currents deep
Or shoal, and but in width a span,
Still clear of rocks your vessels keep,
And ride the waves as best you can.

If legal claims your powers engage,
To judge the cause of erring man,
Be blinded not by fear or rage,
But kindness use as best you can.

If friends be few and foes be strong,
Be no illiberal partisan;
The right and true will rule, ere long,
Defend the right as best you can.

If falsehood marks you for her prey,
And Rumor's blasts Hate's embers fan,
Still be this thought your prop and stay,
"I'll try and bear as best I can."

If Jealousy and Passion's pride
Conspire with all their wicked clan,
To prate your faults, your virtues hide,
Be meek and brave, as best you can.

If fickle Fortune hides her smile,
And dame Misfortune's visage wan
O'er-cloud your prospects, still, the while,
Trust bravely on as best you can.

If means are small and clothing scant,
And all your credit near out-ran,
Let hope be still predominant,
And bravely bear, as best you can.

If funds be flush, or wealth be great,
Contribute freely to each plan
Adapted to compassionate
The suffering poor, as best you can.

In fine, adopt the golden rule,
And bless yourself, your fellow-man;
Yet ne'er forget the Sunday School,
But give it help, as best you can.

UNCLE MARK.

ADVANTAGES OF PATIENCE.—It is but reasonable to bear that accident patiently which God sends, since impatience does but entangle us, like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble or prevent the accident: it must be run through, and therefore it were better we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

DROP WORD PUZZLE No. 1.

Every other letter is dropped from the following puzzle, and must be supplied by our little Hopes. To illustrate this, let us take the words drop word puzzle, and make a drop word puzzle out of them. We may commence by dropping either the first or second letter, as we choose; but we will drop the second. We then write this sentence thus: d o w r p z l. We now supply the dropped letters: r p o d u z e, d o w r p z l,

and have the answer.

A l i t e h l r w e u l v s,
N w s n a s f l;
H s e r w t t n e f e i g o e,
F r a h n i t e o d;
W r h o e r h i a m w u d o,
E t i e a h e r o m o n;
S c j y s a h w e c i d h u d n w,
C u d o h r e s b f u d.

T. W. SMITH.

WORD-SQUARE No. 3.

- 1 My first is a part of the body,
- 2 My second a girl's name,
- 3 My third signifies be it so,
- 4 My fourth a native of Denmark.

ANAGRAM No. 46.

O Vneka ti si aliblsuf lceap,
Nad amy ti eb ym moeh;
Dan yam I antds feroeb Odg's aefe,
Dna lenek rfeobe ihs honrte.

Ni ryerpa nadppsucitaino
Ho! yma I reve be
A larep fo rdmaiatoni,
Htoruhgton Treecinyt.

S. J. B.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 43.

Love aids the doubting mind to bring
A need of prayer and praise,
To him who, ruling as a king,
Hath power our souls to save,
From grovelling things to higher strains
Of intellectual power,
From him who serves to him who reigns
O'er every sacred hour.

Answered by none.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 75.

Sin, Ant, Lost, Noon, Sun, Sails, Cat, Louisann
Scott.

Answered by two correspondents.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem No. 6.

A must travel 16½ rounds, and B 17 rounds.

Answered by none.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 76.

"How are you to-day, Uncle Mark?"

Answered by three correspondents.

ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

PRICE:

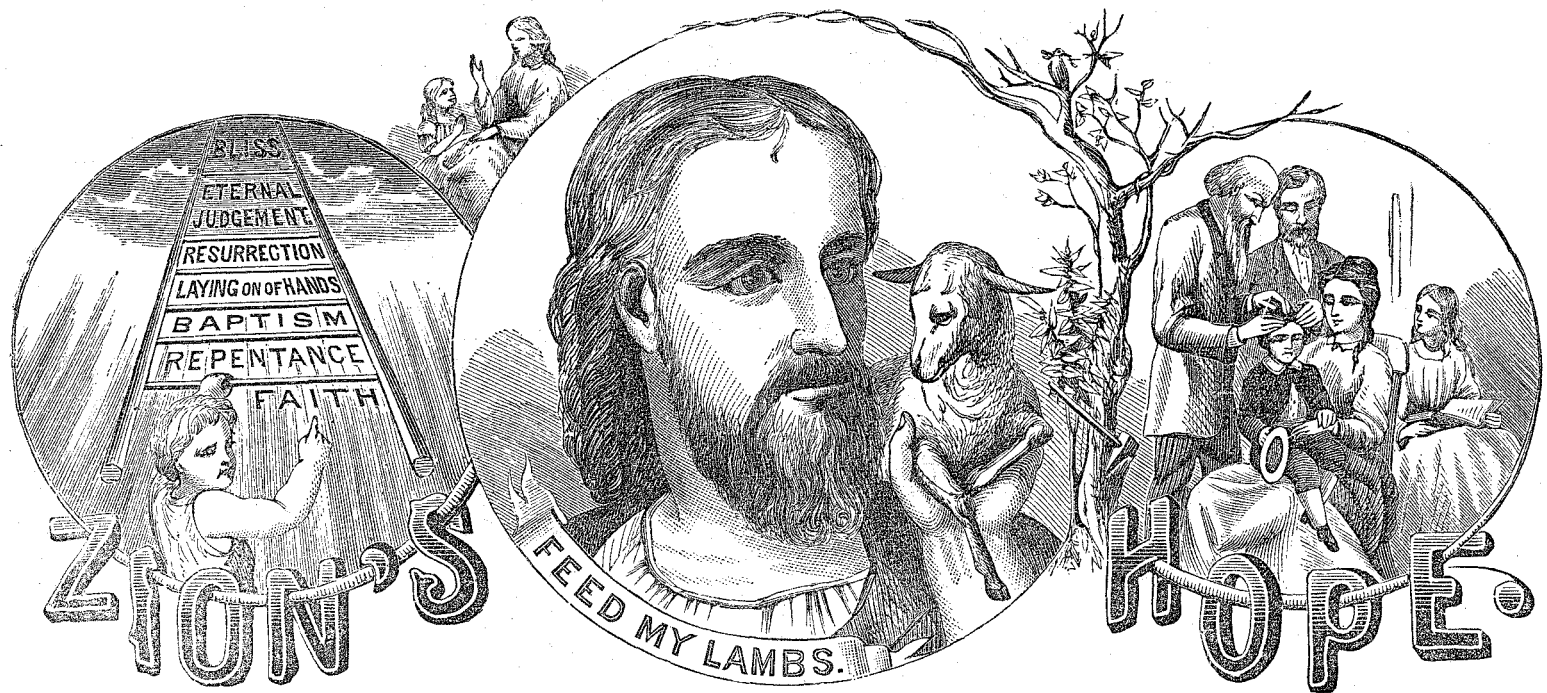
SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies
and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER
CENT DISCOUNT.

JOSEPH SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence
with any number.
POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at
the office of delivery.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday
Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry,
are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 1, 1871.

No. 11.

MAGGIE AND MARY;

—OR—

THE SLANDERER EXPOSED.

A Composition for Sunday School Festivals, to be represented by twelve Scholars, ten girls and two boys.

Characters.—MAGGIE, MARY, JULIA, SARAH, LIZZIE, RUBY, ESTHER, JANE, REBECCA, RUTH, JAMES, and HARRY.

(JAMES enters with **ZION'S HOPE** in his hand.)

JAMES. I wish I could find this charade out. (reads.)

"My first is pretty and cunning and sweet,
And grows larger as it grows older."

Well, now, lots of things are pretty. I used to think when I was less than I now am, that nearly everything I saw was pretty the first time I saw it; but this, whatever it may be, is *cunning* and *sweet* too, as well as *pretty*. Let me see; flowers and fruits are pretty and sometimes sweet; but they are not cunning. Young animals, puppies, and kittens, and lambs are pretty, I think, and cunning too; but then they are not sweet. What can it be. I wonder if it isn't a baby. I've heard the ladies say when they've seen a baby, "Isn't it pretty?" "Isn't it cunning?" "Isn't it sweet?" I'm sure I've sometimes thought it wasn't. Let me see who wrote this charade. (Looks at the *Hope*.) Why, its Perla Wild; and she's a woman. I believe she means a baby. All right,—baby. (Writes with a pencil opposite to charade.)

"My second the girls wear out on the street,
Or they will as the weather grows colder."

Its cold enough now for them to wear a good many curious things out on the street. Let me see; bonnets, hats, feathers, chignons, false-hair, cloaks, capes, furbelows, and I don't know what else. What can it be. I declare it is hard to tell what girls don't wear nowadays; if it can be worn. Yonder comes Mary; I'll try and find out.

(Enter MARY.)

MARY. Good evening, James. Have you been reading *Zion's Hope*?

JAMES. I have been trying to find out a charade, Mary.

MARY. Have you succeeded?

JAMES. Not exactly, Mary, what do the girls wear out on the street?

MARY. That's a curious question, James.

JAMES. I know. But see here, Mary, Perla Wild's charade requires for an answer something

the girls wear when out on the street.

MARY. If you wish to have my assistance that you may send an answer to the Editors of the *Hope*, I cannot assist you, James.

JAMES. Why, Mary? Would it be wrong?

MARY. Certainly, James, and for this reason. The readers of the *Hope* would suppose you had solved the puzzle yourself, and would therefore be deceived, and I should be a party to the deception.

JAMES crosses over to MARY, their backs to the place of entrance, and MAGGIE peeps in at the door.

MAGGIE. (In a loud whisper, beckoning back into the room.) Julia, come here, quick.

JAMES. You are right, Mary, but I would like to find out for my own information, and if you'll assist me, I will give you two candy kisses—and I'll promise not to send it to the *Hope* either.

MARY. I like candy very well, James; but I prefer honor. If you had not promised that you would not send the answer to the *Hope*, I could not have aided you; but now I will with pleasure.

JAMES. I'll pay before hand. (He hands her the two candy kisses.)

MAGGIE. (In a loud whisper.) There now; we'll make 'em smart. (MAGGIE and JULIA withdraw.)

MARY. What is the charade, James? Let me see it. (He hands it to her, and she reads it aloud.) Oh! that's quite easy; I have solved that, and sent the answer to the Editor.

JAMES. I can make the first out—its a baby, isn't it?

MARY. Not exactly; but it is child. The charade says "my first is *pretty* and *cunning* and *sweet*." I think a baby is sometimes pretty; but I think a child out of babyhood, if clean, is prettier than a baby. It can talk and do many things a baby cannot, and is therefore more cunning. It does not cry so much, and is therefore sweeter in temper.

JAMES. That's so, Mary. You examine each point like a lawyer. It's a pity you're not a boy; you would make a fine lawyer some day.

MARY. You must not flatter, James. But, by the way, why can't I be a lawyer now? Schools of learning are opening for ladies as well as gentlemen. You know we had a lady here some time since, lecturing on woman's rights; and the woman's right's party have succeeded in getting the name of Victoria Woodhull on the banner of the Spiritualist *Crucible*, as candidate for the Presidency of the United States; and if we get a woman for President, why we'll have

lady professors, and, perhaps, I will be lawyer. Who knows?

JAMES. Ha! Ha! I fancy I hear the men singing:

We'll rock the babes and cook the food,
And do the work up right;
We'll now enjoy domestic life,
While women work and fight.

Only fancy, Mary, seeing Mrs. Woodhull commander-in-chief of the army and navy, wearing epaulettes, uniform, and a sword. When I'm a man, I intend to defend the ladies, if necessary.

MARY. I like your spirit, James; but how about the charade?

JAMES. Well I declare if you didn't drive it out of my head with the woman's right's question. Let me see, it is what do the girls wear?

MARY. The girls wear a number of things when on the street; but what our good Perla Wild has reference to is a *hood*. (MAGGIE and JULIA open the door, peep in and listen.) The first part of the answer is *CHILD*, the second is *HOOD*, and the whole is *CHILDHOOD*. I will now read the charade as answered.

"A child is pretty and cunning and sweet,
And grows larger as it grows older;
A hood the girls wear when out on the street,
Or they will as the weather grows colder.
Childhood is the merriest part of our life,
When we are not pestered with sorrow and strife."

(JAMES and MARY retire.)

(Enter MAGGIE and JULIA.)

MAGGIE. There now, that's how they get the best prizes. They help each other, and each claims the prize, while neither of them ought to have it, because neither one gets the lesson alone;—the deceitful things.

JULIA. You're right, Maggie. I knew there was something underhanded. Everybody almost praises Mary and James, as though nobody else could do anything so well as them. I'm not envious; neither are you; but how can we help feeling bad when the superintendent and the preacher both talk about *envy*, and yet praise them. They're no better than the rest, nor so good—they are deceitful things.

(Enter HARRY during the last sentence.)

HARRY. Good evening, girls. Why Julia, who were you calling deceitful things? You know the law of God is very strict against those who backbite with their tongue.

MAGGIE. Yes indeed; I'm just as good as you are, Harry. I'd like to know how we are going to have justice done unless we talk up matters together. It is only backbiting when you tell lies about people. There is nothing in

the law of either God or man to condemn a proper canvassing of people's wrongs and weaknesses.

HARRY. We have all weaknesses, in each other's estimation, Maggie, and if we privately canvass them, instead of doing what Jesus commands, and what reason approves, go to the erring brother or sister alone, and in the spirit of meekness and prayer reclaim them, I cannot see how they can have justice done; for by this private canvassing, as you call it, their character is destroyed, and they have no chance of defending themselves.

MAGGIE. Those we were speaking about when you came in we know to be guilty. Everything that's good is credited to Mary and James; but they'll be found out yet. I'll expose them myself.

HARRY. Mary and James! I'm astonished. Can your tongues never leave any body's character unscathed. When they first came among us, you, Maggie, were jealous if they went with any one beside you, and now you are secretly seeking to destroy their influence;—shame!

MAGGIE. Oh! yes, shame! I'll let you know, and let everybody know too. It was only this evening, a few minutes ago, that Julia and I came in here together and caught them at their deceitful work. But, Oh, yes! James and Mary are good, and Julia and Maggie are backbiters.

HARRY. Have you seen them since; or did you then tell them of the wrong you say you caught them in?

MAGGIE. No indeed; I felt too indignant.

HARRY. I shall try and find them, and discover if possible their error, that I may reclaim them. Their long continued faithfulness demands this of me.

MAGGIE. You can save yourself that trouble; for they would cloak up and hide their "error" as you mildly call it. But I'll tell you what it was, and then you can see them if you like, and see if they'll deny what Julia and I saw. James offered Mary two kisses to show and help him with his lesson; she consented, and he gave them to her.

JULIA. That's so; for I saw it too.

HARRY. I shall not condemn them till I see them, and I beg of you not to repeat this story; if they are as guilty as you say, I will assure you they will not be slow to repent, if I can go to them with the right spirit. For the present, adieu. (Exit HARRY.)

(Enter SARAH and LIZZIE.)

MAGGIE. Oh! girls, I am so glad you've come. I've got such news for you. There are a good many who encourage evil; but I know you're too good to do that. We've found James and Mary out, and now we know how they manage to get ahead of the rest of the school. They don't do it fairly; I've always told you so.

SARAH. You have always charged them with deceit, Maggie, it is true; but you condemn every body else so much, that I did not believe your statement against them; but if you have found them out—got the proof of it—I must acquiesce.

LIZZIE. And I, too, Maggie.

MAGGIE. Well, girls, listen. Julia and I caught them together to-night, right here, palavering about the lesson. Mary had found it out, partly, it seems, but James hadn't. Well; he wanted her to show him; and what terms do you think she consented on?

SARAH. It would be difficult to tell; but on honorable ones, I hope.

MAGGIE. "Honorable," indeed, the bold thing! She wouldn't do it unless he gave her two kisses.

LIZZIE. I can't believe it. You must have misunderstood her.

JULIA. We did not misunderstand, whether you believe it or not; for we heard her make the bargain, and saw him give her the kisses.

SARAH. Did she kiss him in return?

MAGGIE. I don't know about that; but I guess likely.

LIZZIE. Did you hear the kisses, Julia?

JULIA. No; but both Maggie and I saw them.

SARAH. Saw the kisses! What color, shape, size, were they?

JULIA. Find out!

SARAH. A not very polite answer, Julia. Perhaps Maggie will tell us. You say she saw them too.

MAGGIE. I shan't do it neither. One would think that Julia and I told nothing but lies, the way you two and Harry always treat us. Here we have been trying to find out and stop evil, and all we get for our pains is unbelief and mocking. But, I'll tell you what it is, if this kind of work isn't stopped, the school will go down, and no mistake.

SARAH. Really, Maggie, you amuse, and grieve me too. But will you answer me one more question. Did he really kiss her with his lips?

MAGGIE. What I've said is enough. You wouldn't believe anything against your favorite if an angel were to tell you.

SARAH. It would depend on what kind of an angel it was, Maggie. We read that some angels fell from their first estate, and their sin was envy against Jesus and his success, resulting first in evil plottings against him, and then in rebellion. I wouldn't believe such. And what you have said, Maggie, about this case, is not enough. You refuse to answer questions which your own statements and those of Julia called forth. To be plain and truthful with you, I cannot believe either of you without evidence. As to yourself, there is not an individual that has made your acquaintance, but has been either grieved by your slanders, or drank into your spirit, and like poor Julia there, become your accomplice. You seldom speak truthfully of those who befriend you; and you can find nothing too hard to say against those who disagree with you. If Mary and James had not been successful, they might have been spared by you; but no sooner did they commence to gain the affections of the good, than you commenced an effort to ruin them. People who know you and who know them,—yes, even your accomplices in your wicked slanders, themselves,—know that Mary and James are as far above you as is honor above dishonor, truth above falsehood.

JULIA. I'd never speak to her again.

MAGGIE. I don't want your friendship, Sarah; nor that of those like you. You pretend to be good; but you always defend the wrong, and condemn those who are trying to put down wrong.

SARAH. When Lizzie and I first came in, you approved of us as those whom you knew to be too good to encourage evil; that statement and the one you have just made don't agree, Maggie. But good-by girls, I must leave you to your reflections; and hope you will repent before it be too late. (LIZZIE and SARAH start to go; MAGGIE calls LIZZIE back.)

MAGGIE. Lizzie, I want you a minute.

LIZZIE. What is it, Maggie?

MAGGIE. I want to know what you think of such abuse. I have been your friend; but though that mean thing was talking so ugly to me, you never said a word; but seemed to agree with her.

LIZZIE. I could not say anything to defend you, Maggie; nor can I now hear you thus speak of her in her absence. I have never found her mean; and even her lecture to you shows she is not mean. I have been her friend a long time; but though she has suffered much from you, she never spoke evil of you; never did anything more than defend herself when I told her of what you said about her; yet now, to your face she talks openly, while you can hardly let her be gone, before you abuse her to me.

MAGGIE. I don't want her friendship, nor yours either, if you will take her part.

LIZZIE. Nor can you have it, unless you will strive to become good, like she is. You are

older than I; but I do hope you will forsake your evil practice of backbiting, or you will soon have not a single friend worth having left. (Exit LIZZIE.)

JULIA. If I were you, Maggie, I should never speak to them again.

MAGGIE. You're not so smart as I thought you was. Why, Julia, I shall speak to them, make free with them, visit them, and learn all I can about them, and thus prepare the way to ruin the proud, stuck-up things. But see, there'll be a lot of the young folks at Esther's to-night. They didn't invite us; but let us go and turn their minds against all these who undertake to teach us. (Exit MAGGIE and JULIA.)

(Enter ESTHER, REBECCA, RUBY, RUTH, and JANE.)

ESTHER. Well, girls, I'm glad you have come. We ought to be happy together as members of one school, and enjoy a pleasant, social time.

JANE. I have no doubt but we shall, especially when the rest of our class, and James and Harry come. We will have some singing then.

REBECCA. If we are permitted to enjoy each other's company without some one stepping in who makes mischief of everything, I anticipate a pleasant evening.

ESTHER. I only invited those who are always sociable, even at the risk of giving offence to others. (A knock at the door.) Come in.

(Enter MAGGIE and JULIA.)

REBECCA. (Aside.) Well, I declare this is annoying.

MAGGIE. Hallo! You've a party here, haven't you? Quite a fine time! Well, Esther, I'm much obliged for the invitation. I've done enough for the class and so has Julia; but we are left out in the cold. That's the way with some people.

ESTHER. I will be frank, Maggie; I only invited those whom I especially wished; but as you and Julia have stepped in, I hope you will be happy with us.

MAGGIE. Have you seen Miss Perfection and her devoted followers this evening?

ESTHER. To whom have you reference, Maggie?

JULIA. I should think you would know without asking. There is nobody perfect in our school, but Mary.

REBECCA. Mary is a pattern to us all, it is true, but I do not regard her as perfect; she confesses her faults herself more than any of us do our faults.

MAGGIE. Yes; I mean Mary. I'm glad somebody doesn't worship her; and I guess if all her faults were known, she would be no better thought of than the rest of us. I got her awfully mad one day. She wouldn't speak to me for some time.

RUBY. Did you speak to her?

MAGGIE. Not I, indeed; nor ever would have done.

RUTH. You speak to each other now, don't you?

MAGGIE. She never speaks to me unless she has some sort of business with me—she speaks then, and I answer her.

JANE. She doubtless made restitution to you for her offence; and not having the disposition to make a companion of you, she lets it rest there. Perhaps you never confessed your wrongs to her.

MAGGIE. No, nor ever shall, though she made overtures to me. I hate her; and if you all knew what Julia and I know, you would hate her too.

RUBY. You need not wonder at her not speaking, if those are your feelings towards her, for she is very sensitive; and by that peculiar sympathy which God has established between soul and soul, she is no doubt oppressed with the influence of your hatred. But who do you call her followers?

MAGGIE. I meant those other prudes, Sarah

and Lizzie—Oh! yes, and James, and I don't know but I might now add Ruby too.

JANE. They have not been here this evening, Maggie; but why is it you can never speak well of those who are trying to do good? I have listened to you a great many times, have joined in conversation with you about different individuals, and even about Mary, and I am sorry to say, have in the past drunk into your spirit of raillery. I confess my wrong, and I will forsake it—I hope you will too; but if you do not I cannot be your friend.

MAGGIE. Another tea-kettle upset. I tell you what it is, Jane, if you try to throw blame on me, I'll expose you for what you have said, as sure as my name is Maggie.

ESTHER. If you wish to quarrel with Jane, I must request you to withdraw, Maggie. This circle was unbroken till you came; I beg you to desist.

MAGGIE. I've no more to say to her. She had better go and join the prude perfection company.

RUBY. Maggie, I don't like to hear your insinuations against Mary and her good companions; for you have already told us you mean them. Mary is beloved by us all, I hope, as she deserves to be. It was but a few weeks ago that she secured the first prize.

MAGGIE. Yes; and Julia and I have found out how she got it—a sneaking thing.

REBECCA. I presume we all know how she got it. It was by dint of close study and attention.

JULIA. Oh! yes; of course, with somebody else to help her.

REBECCA. I do not think, Julia, that either you or Maggie can influence any of us against Mary. We pity you both, especially you, Julia; for we are satisfied that Maggie has led you astray. And as to you, Maggie, you remind me of the thorn, while Mary reminds me of the rose. You make everybody smart with your cruel stabs at their reputation, while Mary, ever pleasant, is continually exhaling the fragrance of kind words and good deeds, making everybody but the envious happy in the sweetness of her influence.

MAGGIE. You're a nasty, mean, con——

ESTHER. I cannot permit it, Maggie.

ALL. (*Rising.*) We'll not hear it.

MAGGIE. Bless me; I guess the world is growing crazy.

ESTHER. The fact is, Maggie, we are all tired of your evil-speaking and mischief-making; and, for one, I am determined never to stay in your company again when you indulge in this wicked practice. (*Party take their seats.*)

MAGGIE. (*Aside.*) I guess Lizzie was right. However I'll pay Mary off. (*Aloud.*) I am glad you're so opposed to wicked practices—what would you think if I were to make a bargain with some youth, that we would assist each other in our lessons that we might get the prize at Sunday School?

ALL. It would be wrong.

RUTH. Our rules require that the one obtaining the prize, shall merit it by individual effort.

MAGGIE. Precisely so. Well, suppose that he should fail, and I, being older, should meet this youth on the sly, and accept of him two kisses to show him and assist him in his lesson. Wouldn't you think me both dishonorable and immodest?

REBECCA. I presume we all should; but what mean you?

MAGGIE. I mean this, that that is just what Mary and James have done this very night, and Julia and I caught them at it.

RUTH. I can't believe it.

EACH. (*Following one another.*) Nor I.

JULIA. Maggie, yonder comes Mary and her party, let us go, and leave these unbelieving ones together.

MAGGIE. We'll call again, soon. (*Exit MAGGIE and JULIA.*)

RUBY. I'm glad they're gone.

(*Enter MARY, SARAH, LIZZIE, JAMES, and HARRY.*)

ALL (*rise and bid the visitors*) Good evening.

MARY. We are glad to meet you, dear fellow-scholars. It makes me cheerful to meet those who are good. Do you know friends, I think so much of that pretty little song of a cheerful spirit, by T. W. Smith, that I am inclined to ask Esther if we had not better sing it.

ESTHER. I think sometimes, when I see Mary's cheerfulness, of the wise man's words, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance." What say you, friends, shall we sing the song Mary wishes for?

HARRY. Yes; let us stand around in order and sing it.

ALL. Agreed.

SONG OF A CHEERFUL SPIRIT.

I love the pleasant valleys.
I love the verdant hills;
When walking by the seaside,
My soul with pleasure thrills.
I love the forest, still and grand,
I love the blooming flower,
I love the wide-spread prairies too,
And love to roam them o'er.

I love the merry sunshine,
I love the fresh'ning rain;
That cheers the fainting brooklet,
That cools the parching plain;
I love the happy birds that sing,
In sunshine and in shade;
I love the rivers, lakes, and seas,
I love what God has made.

I love to think of Zion,
The Saint's celestial home;
I love to think that Jesus,
Again to earth will come;
I love to tread the narrow path,
That leads to endless day;
I love to meet with fellow-saints,
Who love to sing and pray.

I love the pleasant school-room,
Where happy children meet;
Where cheerful notes are sounding,
From voices young and sweet;
O yes, I love the Sabbath School,
I love its teachers dear;
And when its happy hours come,
I would be always there.

(*Enter MAGGIE and JULIA at close of singing.*)

MAGGIE. Hallo! I thought you were going to have a party, and you have been having a meeting.

LIZZIE. We have been singing the beautiful "Song of a Cheerful Spirit." Don't you think it very nice, Maggie?

MAGGIE. Its very nice for some, no doubt; but I haven't a cheerful spirit, and cannot be cheerful while I see such doings among you as I have seen, and the worst girl thought most of. (*Turning to Mary.*) Why, Mary; I didn't expect to meet you here. I supposed you was too busy with James.

MARY. I trust, Maggie, you'll not try to make the rest of us unhappy because you are so. You had better explain yourself.

MAGGIE. I should think that was unnecessary. You're own conscience ought to tell you; but if it don't, I shan't.

SARAH. I am glad, Mary, that Maggie has met with you here, and before us all has hinted at a subject that I think it right to bring out openly, and have cleared up.

REBECCA. There has been so much evil speaking going on, and we are all so well acquainted with it, that I think the best thing we can do is to broach the subject now.

JANE. There will be no revealing of secrets, anyhow; for we have all learned these secrets by the private efforts of others.

MARY. I would like to know what all this preface means.

JAMES. So would I.

JANE. I fear, Mary, that you and James will be troubled; but I believe you are both innocent.

MAGGIE. Oh! yes, some people are very innocent!

JULIA. Very, till they are found out; especially those very modest young people who are so prudish in public, and do their kissing in private for improper motives.

JAMES. Friends, I beg of you either to stop these vile insinuations, or else tell the parties against whom you are hinting what you mean.

RUBY. I think we ought to come to the point.

LIZZIE. I am in favor of it.

HARRY. I will keep it back no longer. If the party charged are guilty, they shall be so proven; if innocent, let the slanderer be known, and henceforth shunned. James; it is about you and Mary. Did you meet with Mary this evening?

JAMES. I did.

HARRY. Did you ask her to show you your lesson to help you to win another prize at Sunday School?

JAMES. I did not.

HARRY. Didn't you try to persuade her to show you, and finally give her two kisses in private, or on the sly, for so doing.

JAMES. I gave her two kisses, it is true; but not to show me my Sunday School lesson. I have never received a reward at Sunday School without meriting it; I hope I never shall.

JULIA. There now, Harry, what more do you want? He says he gave her two kisses.

SARAH. Did James give you two kisses this evening, Mary, on the sly?

MARY. He gave me two kisses, but not on the sly; and the kind of kisses he gave me then, I shouldn't mind to receive more of now before you all.

MAGGIE. Hear that, the bold thing!

MARY. I trust too that there is enough of honor in both James and myself to refuse either to ask or to give aid in those lessons for which prizes are awarded, seeing that the prizes are to be given only to those whose own studies merit them.

JANE. Maggie has told all of us, excepting Harry, that she saw James give you two kisses to assist him with his Sunday School lesson, and that you assisted him. She further says that you and he assisted each other to win the prizes you secured.

MARY. I can afford to bear the envy of Maggie. I learned long since that those who believed her most were most deceived.

MAGGIE. That's all very fine for you, who let James kiss you twice on the sly to show him a lesson you pretend you are both *too honorable* for, and then deny it.

MARY. Did you see James kiss me twice?

MAGGIE. I saw him give you two kisses.

MARY. Where were you if he did this "on the sly?"

MAGGIE. Peeping in at the door. Now what can you say?

MARY. Nothing, but this, that they who watch for iniquity, and they who speak evil of their neighbor without a cause, are alike condemned in the word of God, and by good society.

ESTHER. I would like to hear James offer a reason; it is too hard on Mary.

JAMES. Yes, permit me, Mary, to answer these peeping slanderers.

MARY. I am willing, James; but do not get angry if you can avoid it.

JAMES. It is *true*, friends, that I gave Mary two kisses; but it is *false* that I kissed her twice. It is *true* that I did this for Mary to show me something; but it is *false* that I did it to have her show me my Sunday School lesson. It is *true* that no one was very near us when this occurred; but it is *false* that we did it "on the sly."

ESTHER. Your answer puzzles me, James; please explain fully.

JAMES. I will Esther. It happened on this wise, (*pulling out the Hope*). I was trying to find out this Charade of Perla Wild; when Mary chanced to come along, and I asked her to show

me. She, noble-hearted girl, refused to do so unless I would assure her that I did not intend the answer to be published. I so assured her, and gave her two *candy kisses*. It seems that one or both of these persons who have had some evil to speak about almost everybody, were watching for iniquity, and even descending so low as to be eaves-droppers, that they might be what is still worse, slanderers and tale-bearers,—it seems that they peeped in, and came to the rest of you with a story that had a true basis, but they gave it so false a coloring as to make it virtually a falsehood. Mary, have I represented the case truly?

MARY. You have, (*pulling the candies out of her pocket*). And as a proof, you hold the *Hope* in your hand with my pencillings upon it, and I hold the kisses in my hand that you gave me. (*James shows the Hope to the whole party. JULIA and MAGGIE cover their faces.*)

HARRY! What say you, friends; are Mary and James innocent or guilty?

All (*except JULIA and MAGGIE*) Innocent.

REBECCA. Yes, innocent and noble.

SARAH. As to Maggie and Julia, their guilt is too plain to be hidden.

RUTH. Their sin will bring its punishment.

HARRY. Let us hope they will repent and reform; and that we may escape the like evil, let us follow the wise instructions of the poet:—

"If e'er you feel inclined to do,
Or say a thing that's wrong,
Oh! ponder well before you act,—
Oh! ponder well and long;
Appeal unto your better part,
Scan well your conduct o'er,
Remember this—that one false step
Will ever lead to more.

"Oh! never spread an ill report
To injure foe or friend;
We all have sins to answer for—
Grave faults without an end;
And evil speaking is a wrong,
Unholy at the core;
Remember this—that one false step
Will ever lead to more.

"E'er seek some friendly thing to say,
Some kindly act to do;
Utter no word, perform no deed
You may hereafter rue.
On sin's deep sea we may be wrecked,
Though in full sight of shore;
Remember this—that one false step
Will ever lead to more."

UNCLE MARK.

A RECITATION ON BEES.

(For a little girl.)

HERE are a great variety of bees. Some of our friends here are very anxious about their bees; they will take the honey from them in summer, and feed them on sugar in winter. Some think the common bee a very good variety, and praise it very highly when they have a swarm to sell; but think it decidedly a poor variety if people want them to buy. Some who have taken great pains to raise Italian bees, and are well supplied, declare that no other kind should be kept. Isn't that so, Mr. S—? Others assure us that there is more said in praise of the Italian bee than it merits. Mr. B— knows that is true. Some people kill the bees in order to obtain the honey they have made. Some people stupify their bees with chloroform, and others with smoke, in order to steal the honey. Well; I like honey very well, and I like bees too; but I don't like their stings. I set to work therefore to find a kind that would not sting. I heard of the South American bees; but they were too far away. Being but a little girl, I could not go after them. And at last I discovered a splendid swarm. They had settled down in the *Herald* office; and Uncle Mark presented them to me. They are a curious but pretty swarm, and the honey they produce you may eat of all the time, and yet it never grows less. In-

stead of stinging you, they make you feel very pleasant. They can neither be bought nor sold, and whoever possesses them, will be happier, wiser, and better; yet they are free to all. And that you may not be mistaken, if you wish to start an aviary, I will give you the names of the bees, as each bee in the swarm has its own name. Be active; Be affable; Be adverse to the wrong; Be affectionate; Be earnest, in defending right, Be strong.

Be agreeable; Be faithful; Be merciful; Be just; Be firm, and Be devoted; in honor Be your trust. Be respectful to the aged; Be patterns to the youth; Be liberal to the poor; Be votaries of truth. Be dutiful; Be temperate; Be virtuous; Be wise; Be honest, and Be chary of temptation in disguise. Be cheerful; Be meek; Be commendable in life; Be first to heal a breach; Be first to cease from strife. Be companions of the good; Be considerate; Be kind; Be controllers of your passions; Be studious in mind. Be courageous; Be deserving; true charity Bestow; Be frugal; Be generous; Be forgiving to a foe. Be ingenuous; Be innocent; Be peaceful; Be devout; Be unassuming, and Be social in your intercourse throughout.

Be solemn; Be straight-forward; Be constant to the Lord;

Be unwavering; Be holy; and peace Be your reward.

H. HOPEFUL.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

We'll see if you love the Sunday School cause,
By passing the plates around;
And if you give freely, you'll do it because
You wish it success, I'll be bound.

If you're rich, you should give with a liberal hand,
That your riches be blest while in store;
If riches and wealth are yours to command,
Than your neighbor less wealthy, give more.

If not rich, but increasing in wealth, freely give,
For just as you sow you will reap;
Help the Sunday School cause that it also may live,
And pace with your own increase keep.

If able just merely to plod on your way,
Remember the school must plod too;
Withhold not your aid, nor its forward march stay,
But help all you're able to do.

If you're poor, *really* poor, and cannot bestow
Other aid than kind wishes and prayers,
These I earnestly ask, your approval to show,
They will lighten our burdens and cares.

A word to you all, though rich or though poor,
If you give, give ungrudging and free;
And do not complain as you go from the door,
"The plate was presented to me."

"Presented to you"—of course it will be,
Unless as it comes you retire,—
"There is something at home to which I must see,"
Perhaps you're "afraid of the fire."

But should you remain, and decide from your store
To our excellent cause to impart;
Just a little advice I would give, and implore
You'll not take it unkindly to heart.

You've a counterfeit nickel, a quarter that's good,
The counterfeit please to retain,
And the quarter donate in your pleasantest mood;—
But still I would further explain,

If dimes you have two, one torn and one whole,
And keep one to take with you home,
Keep the torn and defaced one within your control;
By the fruits you shall bear you'll be known.

A S. S. TEACHER.

JAMES X. ALLEN: I visited Zion's Hope Sunday School this morning, and the sweet singing and the pretty recitations by the little Hopes reminded me of you; and also of my neglect in not writing to you oftener.

What a contrast between the present and a few years ago, when yours were the only fingers among us that could elicit harmony from the organ to cheer

the hearts of the young Hopes in Sunday School, or of the more aged worshippers in church.

Through your bright example and gentle encouragement, we have several competent organists, two of whom are regular pupils at the Beethoven Conservatory of music, in this city; and, judging from their progress, they promise fair to become ornaments to the Sunday School, and nieces of which their "Dear Uncle Mark" will have no need to be ashamed.

Hoping we shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon, I remain as ever, Your brother in Christ

NOTICE.—Pursuant to the notice in *Hope* of October 15th, that unless there should be shown an increased interest in the Puzzle Department, this department would be closed in the fifteenth of December number. Of two puzzles that should have been answered in that number, only one answer for the two was given. In the last number, four puzzles were responded to, of which two only had been answered at all. In this number, we publish answers to six puzzles of which one has not been answered at all. We therefore close the insertion of puzzles in this number. Occasionally we may give one if so led; but do not deem it wise to keep the Puzzle Department open.

ANAGRAM No. 46.

O atht eosm werop het iftg lduwo ieg su,
Ot ese rosuel's sa srtohe ees su,
Ti dulow fare ynom a rbnlufe refe su,
Dna hsiolof oitnon.

J. L. GIRTON.

WORD-SQUARE No. 4.

My *first* comes from thought.
My *second* is a simpleton.
My *third* is a name.
My *fourth* is a small particle.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 44.

Over the hills the night-owl flits,
"Tu whit, tu whoo;"
Out in the marsh the bull-frog sits,
"Knee deep," "Ker chug."
Down in the meadows, the fire-flies glow,
Close 'neath the hearth-stone the crickets blow,
Here and there do the night hawks go.
Lonely and chill is the night-winds sough,
As it sighs the wind-breaks, branches through,
Silent and still the night shades grow,
Save for the night-owl's "whoo tu whoo."
"Tu whit, tu whoo,"
And the bull-frog's "clug, clug, kerchug,"
"Knee deep," "ker chug,"
Naught would be heard the whole night
through.

Answered by three correspondents.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM No. 45.

To fight for the king and the country is bold,
If in the right; but if wrong you must go;
And when to the king your bodies you've sold,
He bids you depart and you dare not say no.
But what of the bodies when killed for the king,
And buried together in dark, loathsome holes?
The king cries, "Bring more," and more they still
bring,
But the King cares not a pin for their souls.
Answered by one correspondent.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 77.

Shake hands with him heartily.
Answered by two correspondents.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA No. 78.

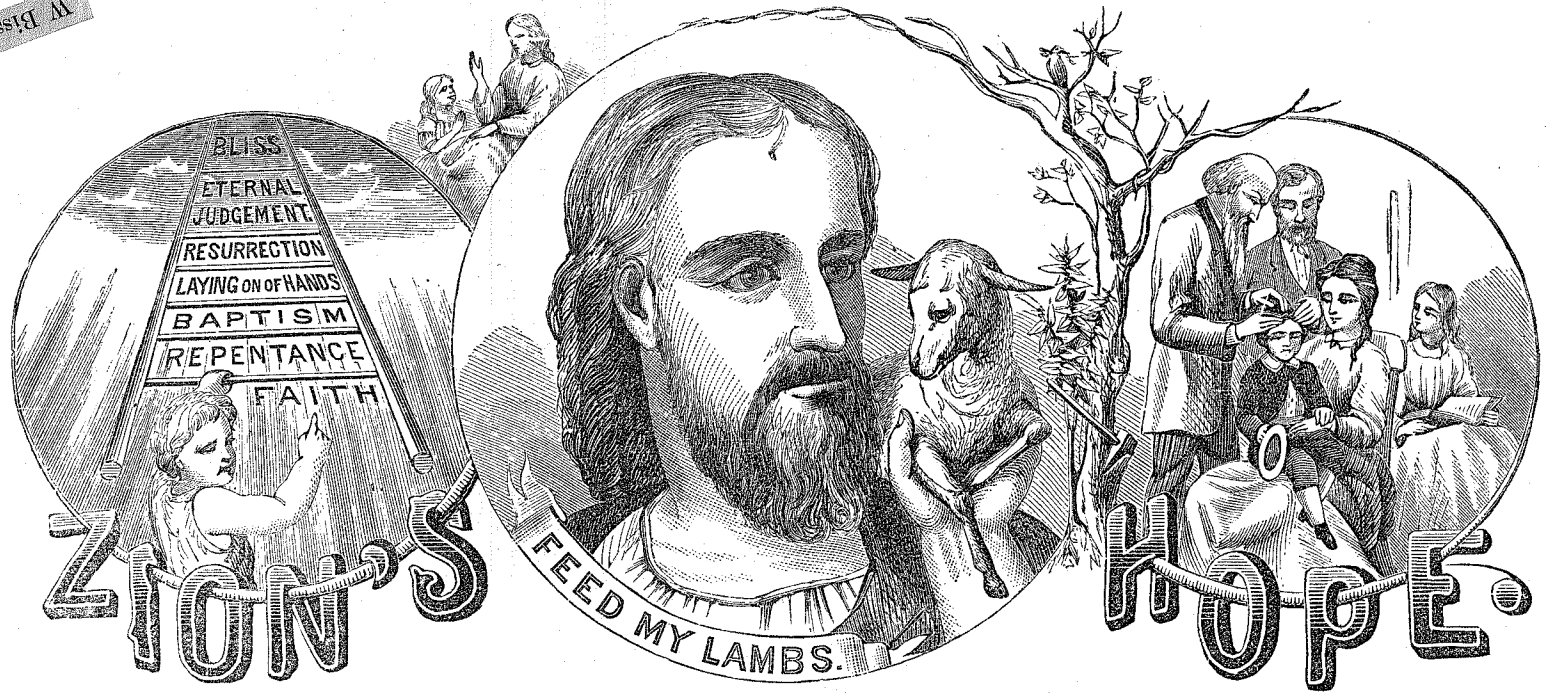
He that overcometh shall inherit all things.
Answered by one correspondent.

ANSWER TO WORD-SQUARE No. 2.

Net, Eve, Ten.
Answered by four correspondents.

ANSWER TO CHARADE No. 1.

First, Child; second, Hood; whole, Childhood.
Answered by none.

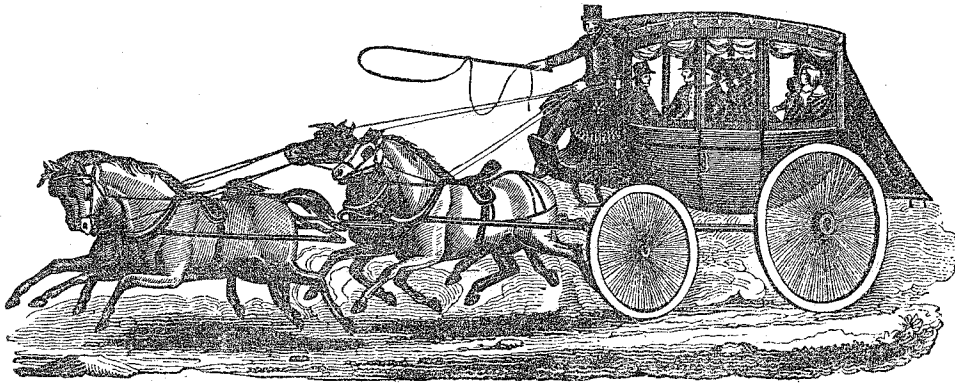


"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., DECEMBER 15, 1871.

No. 12.



A CHANGE IN THE TIMES.

[Continued from page 27.]

WELL, was not your land worth several dollars more for an acre than before the road was built?"

"What if it was? Do you think that I ought not to have something for all the worry and fret I was in. I wished for quiet, not for noise and bustle; for room to hunt in, and for my horses and cattle to run at large in. Now I am hemmed in on almost every side; will have to build fences to keep my stock from trespassing on other's fields, and to keep other's stock from trespassing on mine. Do you see that notice on that post over there?"

"No."

"Well, that was put up there last week, and notified the voters of this town that there are certain county officers to be chosen;—after that comes taxes, school houses, and everything else to annoy and to cut the enjoyment of this new-country-life. Move out, do you say? What if I do? The same thing will happen right over again. Besides where will I go? Way up up north as far as Puget's Sound, down south far enough to roast a northern man? They have run, or are running these never endless miles of iron rails, and that pesky *chough, chough*, that you hear from that smoky monster coming through the cut yonder, is echoing from Alaska to the straits of Magellan, and from St. John's to San Francisco.

"I don't wonder that the Stage Company named that old coach 'Played Out.' If ever there was a good business spoiled, it was when that coach was turned over to the hands of Tommy Tippler. He used to drive for the company, but having taken to drink, they swapped him off, that is, put him up here to drive that coach from here to the end of the railroad; then about twenty-five miles, up one day and back the next but one. This only lasted about a year, when Tommy took to feeling bad, because that 'everything was going to the dogs,' as he said about the country after the roads were finished to the stage towns, and getting very drunk, his team ran away with the coach, upset it, killed him, and tore the running gears of the coach pretty well to pieces. It was never repaired. They gathered the remains together, piled them up as you see them there, and there they are still.

"There are other things which trouble me. You see that woman going down the lane there?" "Yes," "Well that is my wife. She used to be the best tempered, steadiest, most comfortable house-keeper ever raised in New England. When we first came out here, she spun, and wove, and knit the wool raised on our own sheep; making good stockings, mittens,—and cloth good enough for anybody's wear. That *civilizer*, as they call the railroad, came, and now—do you think she will wear homespun? Not she. None of my girls can spin and weave, but the oldest one; and the others and their mother have bundled the loom

and wheel up into the garret out of sight. And such things as they buy. Shoes that will last till they are worn or get wet. Bonnets,—faugh! it is enough to make a man mad almost. Get twenty-five dollars per acre for my land! Yes, and spend fifty dollars where I did not need to spend one before. What with a new house, with gingerbread corrawassles all around it, and a jiggermaree chicken-coop on top of it; carpets, fancy blinds, curtains, spare rooms, and new fangled furniture—get out with your improvements.

"Children smart, eh! Yes, too smart. Bob runs the place—I live with Bob—Mr. Robert Sawyer, I should say. Why, last week, Mr. Robert Sawyer came to me, and said, 'I think we had better sell the farm.' Sell the farm! What for? What do you think he told me? You cannot guess! I should think not.

"Well, 'Lon and I have made up our minds that it ain't genteel to work out of doors. She wants to hire a place in town, and do milliner work, and teach the art of flower making; you know she learned last winter. And I, well I want to take our best colt, buy a mate to it, get a fine carriage, and make some money trotting at the county fairs.' Isn't that a change of times?

"The kinds of labor that made this farm, that lifted me out of poverty and hard times, have become disreputable. The young people have gone out of the ways of their fathers."

"There are some things, however to offset this state of affairs."

"Yes; I know there are. We have better schools, better cities, better roads; more luxury, more ease, more elegance; but by no means more happiness and contentment.

"I guess I shall have to be contented and abide where I am, make the best of the railroad. My father was wrong, though, when he said that I was going beyond the great business centres,—am more likely right among them.

"What a lesson that old coach is to be sure. In it I see the 'Hope' of my youthful days; the 'Advance' of my manhood's prime; and now I see the admonishing finger of time warning me that soon, very soon will I be at the end of my life-lives, with the days of my usefulness 'Played Out.'"

SHALL THE HOPE BE CONTINUED?

A WORD TO THE CHILDREN.

DEAR boys and girls:—Frances has read with pain the warning of Uncle T. T. in a late No. of the *Hope*, and now she wants to speak just a few words to you. Uncle T. T. is not one to sound a vain or unnecessary alarm, and when he said, "The *Hope* must be discontinued unless better sustained," he meant just what he said; and he had the best of reasons for saying it. Must the bright, beautiful *Hope* be discontinued? The type laid away upon the shelf—the banner folded and put away also, and the little paper we love visit us no more?

Frances asks you this, and wants each boy and girl to answer. If you should ask her why she claims a right to question you; she will tell you that when no one in Zion felt the need of a publication for the children, she felt it most deeply, and begged for you a column in the *Herald*. And when the church awoke to the necessity of having a paper for the children, her heart rejoiced in the prospect, and she hailed *Zion's Hope* as the harbinger of a brighter day, and she will not, cannot believe that it will prove a failure.

And yet it must prove such, if every boy and girl does not awake to the necessity of doing something in its behalf. Do you take it for yourself, and pay for it? Then try to get as many others as you can to take it, and if you fail in this, try to get money enough to take it for some one, and give it to them. They will read it, be sure of that. Can you compose well enough? Then send to the editors some good articles for it, and you will thus be aiding.

Zion's Hope! It is your paper, boys and girls, and I have too much faith in you to believe you will suffer it to die. If necessary, can't we do without cuts? They are very nice to have, and I have no doubt you love to see them; but the *Hope* is printed in such beautiful type, and upon such excellent paper, and is altogether so worthy of being sustained, that we could well dispense with its illustrations. If you think so too, just write and tell the editors. Many an utterly worthless paper is filled with engravings. Far better a good paper without any, than a poor paper with them.

How anxiously I shall wait to hear from you, and know what you are determined to do. How large the houses constructed by the little ants! How vast the reefs made by the tiny corals! How is it that they do such great things? Every boy and girl will answer me. *They work constantly, and unitedly, to accomplish the same end.* If every child in Zion will do this, it will be many a year before they lay the type of *Zion's Hope* on the shelf; but instead, they will be compelled to buy more type, and enlarge the beautiful little sheet.

Pass by the toy, the cake and candy shops, and put away the pennies to send to Br. Joseph and Uncle Mark. If Frances or any other good friend had fifty or even a hundred dollars to send them, it would be a very small matter compared to each boy and girl sending twenty-five cents or even ten cents. Remember this little friends, it won't do for one of you to depend upon another; but *each one, every one*, must work just

as diligently as though you expected every one else to be idle.

Who will do this? Who will send for the coming year the most help to *Zion's Hope*? Let Uncle Mark know your name, and he will have for you a beautiful premium worth five dollars and better far than this, you shall have the blessing of God. FRANCIS.



GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

WERE a happy, frolicsome little company that met at grandfather's, one Christmas, to pull taffy and to play blind man's bluff, and all that sort of thing. Life had been seen by us on one side only—the sunny side. The year might have its spring and fall, its summer and winter, in welcome; but the year of our lives thus far had been all joyous spring.

Grandfather was always pleased to see us, and looked himself so free from care that we were won't to forget his age and press him into our games; and while the good patriarch's presence was a check to reckless levity, it did not detract from our enjoyment, while on the other hand, our bubbling spirits revived his waning life.

"There, now, let us stop awhile; we have tired grandfather too much," said George Thorp, who was always more thoughtful than the rest of us. "Let us pull candy awhile;" and with this, he took the handkerchief from grandfather's eyes, and led him puffing to a chair.

"Why, what's Emma crying for?" said Tom B., whose vigilant eyes had missed her from the circle, and then detected her sobbing in a corner of the large room.

"I—I—I am not crying, I'm not," replied Emma, sobbing fit to break her heart.

Then there was a general laugh, at which Miss Emma just cried right out.

I think it is a pity but what you had something to laugh at," said Tom, angrily, and he went to Emma and offered to give her his new pocket knife, if she would not cry.

At this display of special interest in Miss Emma by little Tom, both boys and girls nearly split their sides with laughter, and but for the timely interference of grandfather, who by this time was beginning to recover his breath after playing blindman's bluff, the party might have broken up very unpleasantly.

"There! there! there children; now that will do;" and turning to Miss Emma, he said, "Come to me dear and tell me what has grieved you so."

"Som—som—somebody has cr—cr—crushed m—m—my new hat, they have;" and again she sobbed aloud.

"Well, well. There now, don't cry, and grandfather will buy you a new one for a Christmas gift."

"I—I—don't want a new one, I don't."

"Well then, you shall have this one fixed up, and I will buy you a feather to put on it."

At this the pointing lips were wreathed with smiles, and all was sunshine again.

"Now that all is right again, let us play trencher;" said Samuel Burt.

"Agreed," said nearly every one present, except thoughtful George, who replied:

"No, no; let us hear one of grandfather's stories instead. He has not told us one to-night."

"A story from grandfather;" came from each one present.

"Children," said grandfather, "I don't know what to tell you about, or I should be pleased to oblige you,—I'm sure."

"Tell us the story about the king, that you told to us last winter," said one.

"Well, Alexander the King; or Alexander the Great, as he is usually called, was the son of Philip, King of Macedon, and through the death of his father, he ascended the throne, when quite a young man. But Macedon was not a very large kingdom, and the ambitious youth was not satisfied with the simple name of King; nor was he content to wear a plain crown.

"From childhood he had manifested great ambition and indomitable courage. He had conquered and ridden Bucephalus in the presence of the king and his court. Bucephalus was a magnificent and spirited horse, which no other man could guide, nor other boy or man could ride.

"The mere name of King could not satisfy the great spirit of Alexander. He longed for a kingdom as vast as the earth; for a throne the highest in the world; and for a crown all ablaze with precious gems.

"So he sent forth with his army, and subdued city after city, state after state, and nation after nation. Wherever he went, he conquered. Kings paid him homage, and laid their riches at his feet.

Being, at one time, told that the stars were so many worlds, it is said that he shed tears because he could not conquer them also.

"It is said that 'time, patience, and perseverance accomplished all things,' and so this young man, by dint of perseverance, did greatly extend his dominions, exalt high his throne, and stud his crown with the brightest gems of earth."

"Was he very happy, grandfather?"

"No, my child, he was very miserable."

"Why was he not happy, grandfather?"

"Because he gave not God the glory, nor put his trust in the HOLY ONE OF ISRAEL; but he hungered after praise. He was bloated with wine and puffed up with pride, and put his trust in armies. Whereas the prophet declares, 'Cursed be every one that putteth his trust in the arm of flesh.'"

"I wish I could be a king, and wear good clothes, and a golden crown, and live in a large house, and have chariots and horses, and all those sorts of things," said Tom looking at Emma, "And then I would buy you a fine hat, with feathers, and flowers, and the nicest jewels that could be bought."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, my boy. Ambition is good, if it be but properly trained," said grandfather.

"But do you think I could get all those things?"

"Certainly; why not? Others have won them, and so may you."

"How? Do tell me how?"

"The King of kings—do you know whom I mean?"

"Yes, you mean Alexander the Great," said several.

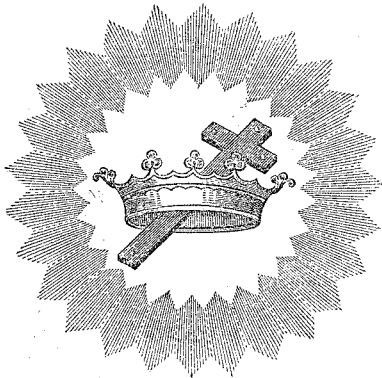
"No; guess again."

"I know whom grandfather means," spoke up George. "He means JESUS, the King of heaven and earth."

"True, George, my boy. I mean Jesus who makes kingdoms, and places kings over them. He promises a crown to any that shall overcome,—not a world of men and women, as did Alexander,—but who shall overcome a world of sin within himself. None but brave hearts can do this. But Jesus by his death has made it possible; and, rest assured, he is more anxious to crown you than you are to be crowned."

"Grandfather, will the crowns be full of gems, as you say was Alexander's?"

"That, my boy, depends upon the wearer. The crown which Jesus will give you, is obtained only through the cross."



"Therefore is the CROSS AND THE CROWN one of the most beautiful emblems of our holy religion. To him who bears the impress of the cross in his heart, and overcomes sin within himself, will be given a crown. But Alexander did not acquire new gems, and add fresh lustre to his crown by simply subduing the enemies within his own household, but he went abroad and sought conquest after conquest, amid the greatest dangers and privations. So must those who aspire to wear a many-gemmed crown in heaven take up the cross, and go boldly forth to dislodge the enemy of souls in others, fighting manfully unto death; and as every fresh conquest added glory to the crown of Alexander, so will every soul saved from sin and made alive in Christ, through your instrumentality, add a gem to your crown in heaven."

"Grandfather, can all have beautiful crowns in heaven?"

"All, my child; the prize is for all."

"What must I do to become a great king in heaven?"

"Be humble, be prayerful, be faithful, and God will exalt you, and make you great. 'He that is faithful over a few things, I will make

him ruler over many things,' says the Savior.

"If God has given you a good voice use it for his glory; for he does not bestow talents to be buried in the earth. If you love the Sunday School, take all the children you can with you, for the gospel feast is free to all.

"If you know a boy who goes not to school because he has no jacket, and you have two, lend or give him one, for God has made you the steward of his bounty to use for his glory.

"So in all things live for your neighbors and for God, conquering selfishness and sin, and resting content, and Almighty God will take you to his bosom, and put rings on your fingers, and shoes on your feet; will clothe you with royal robes, and give you a crown of rejoicing forevermore." X. A.

BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

ALREADY the sun was up shining so brightly, that he seemed to have put on his holiday garments, in which to usher in the most joyous morning of all the year.

Jack Frost had been very busy the night before, and while Santa-Claus had been industriously driving his rein-deer team from house to house, loaded with such wonderful parcels for good little boys and girls, Jack had been following very closely behind the little, old man, and while he erected his wonderful castles and caused enchanted forests to spring up at the magic of his touch; he was not above doing many a naughty thing, which indeed he should not have done.

You have all read how, upon a time, "he hit the basket of fruit, and broke the costly pitcher and glass?" Well, it was work very similar to this which Jack had been doing the night before. He loved his old tricks and found opportunities abundant for practising them. This was especially the case on the charmed "night before Christmas," for then the entire household were so busy in preparing for the visit of Santa-Claus, as often to forget that the Frost King might follow in his train, and so Jack, upon Christmas eve, bit baskets of fruit and drank out of costly pitchers to his heart's content.

Christmas morning! Through the frost-work Jack had woven upon the panes, the bright, glad sunshine crept in, and nestled lovingly down beside the rosy cheeks of Bessie Lee, the little girl of whom I am going to tell you. Bessie was not usually in bed when the sun came up; but though, like all children she had been looking forward to Christmas, and wondering what Santa-Claus would bring her on that day, the sun, as he nestled down by her this bright Christmas morning, found her eyes closed, and her breath coming softly as in sweet, dreamless slumber. Much of the night before Bessie had passed in sleepless anxiety, and it was not until near morning, that she fell into the sweet sleep which now held her in its refreshing embrace, and from which she started up very quickly at the sound of her father's voice calling softly, "Bessie!" In a moment the bright eyes were wide open, and "Yes, father," was answered in a sweet, low tone.

Come down darling, and help get breakfast, said her father, and Bessie, who was already out of bed, hastened to put on her clothes, bathe her face in clear, cold water, and brush her hair. Her simple toilet completed, she knelt for a moment beside her bed in trustful prayer, and then with a light step descended to the room below.

"How is Mamma this morning?" asked Bessie, as she kissed her father who had been waiting for her to come down before going back to the room of his sick wife?

"No better, darling;" said her father. "Nancy will help you to get breakfast, and I must go to Mamma's room. She is too ill to see you now; but she sent her little Bessie a Christmas morning kiss, and wants her to be a good and happy little girl all day."

Bessie clung tightly to her father's neck, while he kissed her for her sick mother, and then turning hastily away, wiped the tears from her eyes, and prepared to attend to the task assigned her.

The fire was burning brightly in the stove, and the kettle was already boiling. Bessie had often assisted her mother in preparing their frugal meals, for her parents were poor and never employed servants, but she had never before been left quite alone to prepare a meal, and her little heart was very sad this bright Christmas morning.

But Bessie was a brave little girl, and forcing back the tears, she busied herself in arranging the room, and preparing everything for the morning meal, as nearly as possible after the way her mother was accustomed to prepare it. Presently, Nancy, the daughter of a neighbor, came in to help her, and when the snowy cloth had been laid, the hot breakfast was taken up, and Bessie went to call her father. At any other time she would have felt proud of her success—for the breakfast table looked very inviting—but this morning her thoughts were with her suffering Mamma, and her face was sad, her step very quiet and subdued.

Breakfast was eaten almost in silence. After breakfast Bessie heard the doctor's carriage drive up to the front door, and saw the doctor go into her mother's room. The little girl was then left alone, and having put everything in place, washed up the dishes and swept up the kitchen, she went up to her own little room to put it in order.

While Bessie was busy, the time did not seem long; but when all her work was done, even to the watering of her favorite plants, and feeding of her pet canary, she sat down in a sunny nook near to her window, and leaning her fair, young brow upon her hands, gave herself up to her busy thoughts.

FRANCES.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AZUBAH AND THEODOSIA.

IT may have been years ago—it may not have been long since, I shall leave my readers to judge for themselves after they have heard my story.

Two children were born in the same country, and in villages very near to each other. Both were girls.

One of the little girls was named by her

parents, Azubah. They gave her this name because it pleased them, not dreaming that its meaning would ever be typified in her life. Azubah grew to be a maiden of ten summers, with dark, pensive eyes, and soft brown hair combed smoothly back from her fair white brow, and braided in heavy braids at the back of her head.

The parents of Azubah, were good, honest people, charitable to the poor, kind to their neighbors, and they loved their little girl very fondly, but they had never taught her to love God, for they themselves did not know him nor love him. It is true they believed there was a God, but he was not to them an object of love or worship—only a great First Cause to be thought of with awe and reverence—not the familiar Friend and Father to whom they could go with their cares, from whom they were sure to obtain comfort; or to whom they could pour out their gratitude in prayer and praise, for the rich blessings of their life.

The other little girl was named by her parents Theodosia, not only because the name pleased them, but because they both knew and loved the Lord and accepted their little daughter as "The gift of God," which the name implies. They were poor in the riches of this world, but they had treasure laid up in heaven, which I am sure you will agree with me, was far better. At ten years of age Theodosia too was a maiden fair to look upon, though her beauty was different from the beauty of Azubah. Her eyes were bright and sparkling with glee, blue as the violets of her native hills, and her hair fell upon her white shoulders a mass of golden ringlets for the breezes to sport with. She was mild and gentle in her disposition, yet I am sorry to say, not always so thoughtful as she should have been of the comfort and welfare of others. She was inclined to seek her own comfort and amusement first, and give to duty what might afterwards remain. Like many other good people, her parents did not realize what a serious fault this was; nor how much it would destroy her usefulness and happiness in time to come.

Azubah, in the lovely days of spring and summer, used to wander in the fields and woods near her father's house; and being naturally a thoughtful child, she used often to sit for hours together deeply absorbed in studying the works of God. The mossy violets she found beside the brook, the beautiful wild roses blooming in the cool woods, or even the tender blades of grass, so soft and green, would cause the little girl to think of him who had made all the lovely things upon this beautiful earth; and she longed to know more of God, whose loving kindness and wisdom even a child can see in all his works. Often when Azubah would have spoken of these things to her father or mother, the feeling would come over her that if they loved God they would surely talk to her of him, and she could not speak to them the many strange and tender thoughts which filled her young heart, in hours when they thought their little girl was happy with her doll or playmates, as they loved to see her.

How very different the fate of Theodosia, who not only had a kind father and mother to talk to

her of God; but had also many kind friends to instruct her, and teach her of his goodness and mercy, to tell her of Jesus, and how great was his love for little children, and, best of all, what it was necessary for her to do in order that she might live with him upon the earth when he comes to banish all sin and misery, and to live here with his people.

Into the heart of these kind friends of Theodosia, the Lord put it to send out into the world a messenger, not only to bear tidings of good to the little friends they loved; but also to seek out and comfort such lonely little ones as Azubah. This messenger I will call Evangeline, for so she was named by hundreds whom she visited, not only because of the glad news she brought them, but she was always so bright and cheerful, and upon the banner she always carried were such beautiful inscriptions as made the heart glad to see.

Among the many children whom Evangeline sought out to bless and comfort, was the little Azubah; and the joy which beamed on the little girl's face every time the messenger came, was lovely to behold. She would glide quietly away with her into the field or woods, and sit for hours, while Evangeline talked to her of God and his goodness, and the great love of the dear Redeemer for little children like herself. From Evangeline, she learned that Jesus would come again to live upon the earth; and oh! how she longed to be worthy to live with him and his dear saints. Do my little readers wonder how Evangeline found little Azubah? Just be patient if you do, and Cora will tell you in her next, and tell to each one of you what she wants to sink deep into your hearts. *Will you each one read and remember?* CORA.

TO BE CONTINUED.

APPEAL TO THE HOPES.

COME children, don't be backward in responding to the call for aid in behalf of the *Hope*!

In the late war, when the national president called for aid, the brave loyal men came flocking round the starry banner, enlisted as regular soldiers, or had their names enrolled as volunteers. Now who will volunteer to aid our editor president? He doesn't want you to leave your happy homes and go to war as the soldiers did; he only wants you to subscribe for your little paper, or persuade some one else to do so, if you are already a subscriber.

Now Uncle T. T., a word to you in regard to the little ones.

I propose that you devote one little corner of the *Hope*, to be filled with names of those who send you a quarter, or half a dollar or more, in aid of the *Hope's* publication, and call it the ROLL OF HONOR.

I think it would please the little people amazingly to see their name on a list of honor, and it would be a token of honor and goodly zeal to aid the cause of Zion.

Uncle T. T. and Uncle Mark are the devoted friends of all the good little Hopes; and the little ones regard them as such; and to show

their regard now, let them come forward and respond promptly to the call by at least a twenty-five cent currency piece from each home in the land.

Haven't you a quarter or half a dollar of your own? If you haven't, ask your parents or friends, in the prettiest and politest way you can, and may be they will give you one. If it be that you are unable to get it otherwise, ask some able brother or sister in the church politely and respectfully, and I think you will be successful.

Tell the one you ask that there is a company of little christians forming, called the Roll of Honor, and you wish to put down your name on the list, but it requires twenty-five cents to get your name enrolled and become a member. And each additional twenty-five cents adds a star to your name, another degree to your honorable membership. Won't you be pleased to see your name on the list of honor, and still more with one or two stars attached. I am beating up for volunteers. Here is one. Aurilla S. Wildermuth, Inland, Iowa, twenty-five cents.

Come along, children, don't wait. Now is the appointed time. Send in your currency, pay for a new subscriber for six months, and secure your entree. Is there only one little soldier going to enlist under the banner of the *Hope*, Uncle T. T. as our leader? You're not afraid to trust him, I know. Every one of you who has seen his noble, kindly face and mildly beaming eye, are on his side, and now don't be afraid of owning it by stepping up to the rescue. The *Hope must be saved!* It can be, if the little ones only work vigorously, and I believe they will awake to a knowledge of their duty.

PERLA WILD.

Roll of Honor.	
Amelia S. Wildermuth.....	\$0 25
E. Amy Forscutt.....	0 25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	0 25
H. Schofield * * *.....	1 00
Mary E. Kyte * * * * *.....	1 75

Children! Notice the Premium!

"Frances" offers a premium to be of the value of \$5.00 for the largest list of new subscribers for the *Hope*. Who will win it? Read her letter, entitled, "Shall the *Hope* be continued?"

ZION'S HOPE

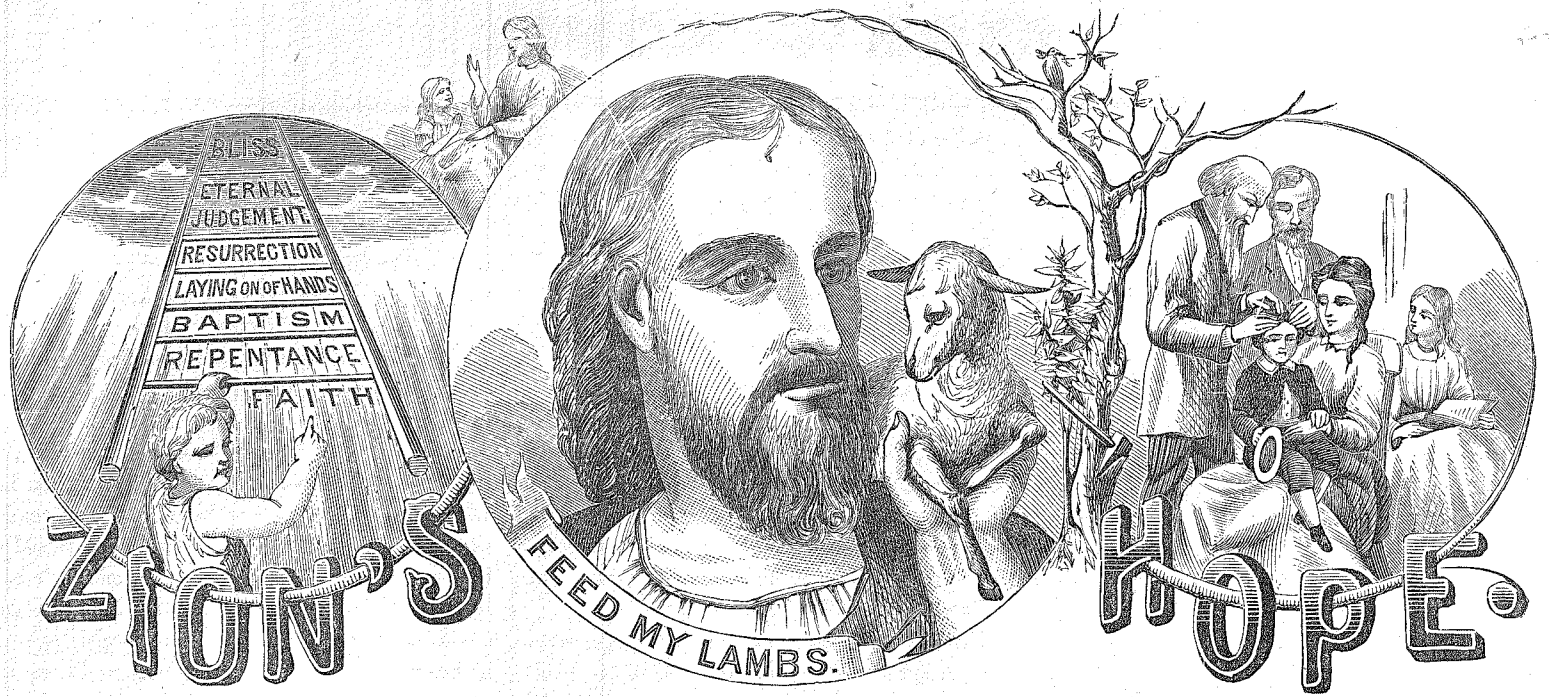
Is Published Semi-monthly by the
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS,
At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

PRICE:

SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.
Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies
and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER
CENT DISCOUNT.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 1, 1872.

No. 13.

AZUBAH AND THEODOSIA.

[Continued from page 47.]

HAVE told you that the friends of Theodosia were moved upon by the Spirit of God to send Evangeline out with glad news into the world; but every visit which she made cost them much money, time and labor, all of which they would have given most willingly, but they were poor and had not the money to give, and having to work for their living, and to feed and clothe their own little children, you will see how necessary it was that they should have help, and my little readers, upon whom do you think they ought to have called for this help, if not upon the children to whom they were sending Evangeline? To these children they did go for help; and very willingly and cheerfully the children responded, and some even, not content with paying for the visit she had made to them, sent her to visit some of their little friends, paying for that also, thus aiding the good friends who cheerfully gave all they could to help her on her way, and who worked for her many an hour when the children she was to visit were at play, or sweetly sleeping in their comfortable beds.

Theodosia was one who hailed the coming of Evangeline with gladness, and being so much pleased, she sent her also to her little friend, Azubah, and thus it was that Evangeline found her, and as I have before told you, made her so very happy that she scarcely knew how to wait for her coming from time to time. There were many others who loved Evangeline, and who hailed her coming as one of the greatest pleasures of their lives, for with her they spent sweet hours of converse, and learned lessons of truth and wisdom to guide their feet away from the snares and pitfalls of life.

But I come now, my little readers, to a part of my story I would gladly leave untold; but I must deal truthfully with you, both for my own sake and yours. Time passed on, and many of the little boys and girls who had hailed the coming of Evangeline with so much pleasure, forgot to rejoice in her visits as they once had done.

Alas! the bright, beautiful, truth-bearing messenger was neglected for gilded toys and sweet meats, and when the time came for the little boys and girls to pay for her visits to them, they found that the money they should have saved was all gone. Some had been spent for candy, some for toys, some for cakes and apples, and thus Evangeline was neglected, and with sorrowful countenance went her way to the dear friends who yet hailed her coming with gladness.

Among the number who had forgotten her was the little Theodosia, and as she had forgotten to pay for her visit to herself, of course she forgot also to send her to her friend Azubah. For a few days Azubah waited the coming of Evangeline as before, but when she did not appear, the little girl, learning the reason, paid for her visits to herself, and in return for the kindness of Theodosia, sent her also to that little girl. At first Theodosia's neglect troubled her somewhat; but she was, as I before told you, often in the habit of neglecting her duty, and preferring her own pleasure, so that she soon ceased to feel badly, and instead of hailing the coming of Evangeline, neglected her when she came, and failed altogether to listen to many of her words of sweet counsel and advice.

At last, the friends of Evangeline found it necessary to warn the children that if they did not do more to sustain or help her in her visits, that they would have to cease, and her bright face would meet them no more. They would have to fold and lay away upon the shelf her beautiful banner, and let the dust stain her lovely garments. Many besides the children, heard this message with dismay; for they loved the little ones, and loved the beautiful Evangeline as the sweet messenger of good news to the lambs of Christ's fold; but upon none did this announcement fall more heavily than upon the gentle Azubah. With dismay she pressed Evangeline to her bosom, and shed tears of bitter sorrow. The meaning of her name dawned upon her, and she felt that when Evangeline should cease to come, she would indeed be "deserted." Her parents saw the sorrow of their child, but were not able to comfort her.

Strange as it may seem, so careless had Theodosia become that she never heard the warning Evangeline brought, nor knew of the grief which was filling the hearts of many who loved her. From this indifference, she was awakened most effectually by a dream which I will try and tell you.

She saw upon the banks of a lovely river, whose water was cool and clear as crystal, a personage of divine beauty. His robes were white and pure as new fallen snow, while his face beamed with such kindly radiance and love as cast a halo of love and glory upon all things around him. He stood with his hands outstretched towards a dark and gloomy forest, and as Theodosia looked towards the forest, her heart grew faint and sick with terrible fear. She saw there venomous serpents of all kinds, whose fangs were filled with deadly poison, and wild beasts howling in terrible rage, tearing each other in their fury, and yet amid these terrible monsters walked group after group of young children, perfectly unconscious of danger, laughing and singing as they came along. Now one of them would stop to pluck a flower around the stem of which a poisonous reptile was coiled, and anon others would fall to sleep by the side of a bush which concealed some terrible beast, just ready to spring upon them. Some she saw bitten by these serpents, and expiring in anguish, while others were torn and devoured by the lurking beasts of prey. Beautiful little girls were borne away to hideous dens by fierce monsters, and bright, lovely boys yielded themselves to the embraces of slimy, coiling serpents, who crushed them without pity in their terrible folds. CORA.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

CHRISTMAS MORNING!

BUT how lonely I am, thought the little girl. Mamma's sick, and father looking so worn and pale. Oh! if I only had a dear aunt or uncle to wish me a merry Christmas—to run in bringing sunshine with them. A

little brother or sister to play with me; we would be very quiet up here, and not disturb Mamma. Then her thoughts wandered away, and there came before her mind visions of the beautiful presents which other little girls had received that day, and how happy they must be with father, mother, and playmates, and the memory for a moment came back of how she had longed to possess a doll, one with pink cheeks and flaxen curls, such as Hattie Smith's mother had given her last Christmas; but Bessie quickly put this last thought from her, bravely determined to forget she had ever cherished it.

Bessie was but a little girl, only nine years old, and yet a very thoughtful one; for being an only child, she had been her mother's almost constant companion, and the many calculations which the poor have to make in order that their small incomes may meet their various wants, soon teach their children lessons of thoughtfulness which the rich seldom learn. Bessie's little white kitten had followed her up stairs, and now came rubbing against her little mistress' dress as if to attract her attention, or it may be that she felt that Bessie was sad, and wished to comfort her. Dumb animals often show sympathy by their actions, as plainly as words could express it, and children who are always kind to them, will find in their unspoken affection a rich reward.

Bessie lifted her little pet into her lap, and stroked her gently until she fell asleep—then leaning her head against the low window sill, she too was soon lost to all thought of trouble and care—fast locked in the gentle embrace of slumber, and wandering in dream land.

The rays of the sun gradually stole out of the little room, lingering last on the rich hues of Bessie's favorite pansies, whose soft, velvet leaves almost touched her cheek, as she slept against the window sill. A little brown mouse peeped out of his hiding place, and finding all so quiet, sallied forth to get his Christmas dinner, and so lightly did his cunning little feet skip over the floor, that neither the little girl nor her kitten was aware of his presence. The notes of the canary's song stole faintly up through the closed doors, and once Bessie's father came softly in, but seeing the little girl sleeping so quietly, he laid a soft, warm shawl over her shoulders, and left her again alone.

Bessie was dreaming, and in her dream she had wandered far away from her native land—far in the East where even at Christmas time the fields are green, and the birds sing in the wild wood. She was wandering in the fields, filling her apron with wild flowers, when a bright, beautiful angel came to her, and taking her by the hand, bade her come with him. She felt no fear, and with a light step walked quietly along by his side.

The stars shone brightly, and the air was filled with melody, coming from the harps of unseen angels hovering near, and the whole frame of the little girl trembled with joy as she heard them sing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

She walked by the side of her guide until, leaving the fields, they drew near to a village, where here and there a faint light glimmered.

Stopping at last before the entrance to a rude building, the angel withdrew his hand from the little girl's, and pointing to the doorway, said to her, "Go in Bessie, you will find the Christmas gift of all poor children in there." Still wondering, but without fear, the little girl entered the gloomy looking place. Passing by some animals which were quietly feeding, she went towards a dim light burning at the other end of the room, when lo! what a strange vision of beauty met her sight, for here in this cheerless place, Bessie saw a beautiful young woman holding an infant in her arms. The mother was pale, and her bed of straw seemed very comfortless, but Bessie forgot everything else in gazing upon the lovely infant nestling so sweetly by her side.

While she looked and wondered, the angel who had led her there, again stood by her side, and turning to her, said: "This babe is your Christmas gift. Is he not beautiful?"

"My Christmas gift," said Bessie! "Oh! sir, you are jesting with me, I have no right to this beautiful child;" and unable longer to control her feelings, Bessie put her hands to her face and wept.

The angel gently removed her hands, and laying his own upon her head, as if in benediction, said to her:

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believed on him might not perish, but have everlasting life. This then is your Christmas gift, for you are a lamb of his fold. Is it not enough? The rich may bestow costly presents upon this day, but what earthly father ever gave a gift so costly to his children?"

"You will return now to your home, Bessie, but never forget the great love of God for you, and tell all poor children who feel their loneliness upon this day to come with you to Bethlehem, and learn how their heavenly Father cares for them. Look and see what beautiful mansions he is preparing for those who love him!"

Bessie raised her eyes, but so intense were her emotions of joy and surprise at the vision which opened before her, that she awoke. At first she could not realize where she was, nor what had taken place; but she soon recognized her own room, and her little kitten purring in her lap, and then remembering all she had seen and felt, she knew she had been dreaming. And yet it was not a dream to Bessie, but a living truth; and the sweet lesson sunk deep into the heart of the little girl, never in after years to be forgotten.

She was lonely no longer, nor thought once again of an ungratified wish upon Christmas day. Her face, as she rose up quickly to go down stairs, was radiant with a calm, sweet joy, and she felt that if her Mamma were only well, the earth held nothing more she could desire.

Bessie had just reached the door when it was opened from the outside by her father. Looking up into his face, the little girl divined at once that her Mamma was better, for the look of anxiety was all gone, and a very tender light beamed from his eyes as he stooped down to kiss his little girl.

"Is Mamma better?" said Bessie.

"Yes, darling, and you may go in now and see her."

"Oh! thank you father;" and the little girl once more threw her arms around his neck, and then hastened down stairs.

At her mother's door she paused for a moment, for her breath came very fast and thick. It was such a joy to be permitted to see her mother once more. While her hand was on the door, it was opened by the lady who had been taking care of her mother, and almost walking on tip-toes, Bessie entered.

At first it was so dark Bessie could hardly see, and she stood for a moment hesitating, when her mother called her to her bedside. How tender and full of love were the brown eyes raised to Bessie's face, as she stood by her mother's bed, almost holding her breath lest she should worry her dear Mamma who lay there so pale and yet so beautiful. Beautiful, Bessie thought, as the pale, young mother she had seen in her dream, and softly she bent over and kissed her brow.

"Would little Bessie like a Christmas gift from Mamma to-day?"

"Oh! I am so happy to be with you once more, dear Mamma, I do not want anything only for you to be well again," said Bessie earnestly. This is your mother's Christmas gift to you Bessie," said Mrs. Lee, as she folded back the covers, discovering to Bessie's wondering eyes, a little rosy-cheeked, dimpled baby brother, nestling on her mother's bosom. For a few moments Bessie stood unable to utter a word, and then burying her face in the bed covers, she shed tears of joy, such as seldom fall from the eyes of little girls.

Her mother who understood her feelings better than any one else, could not comprehend what affected her little girl so deeply, and it was not until she was stronger and able to sit up, that Bessie told her the history of her Christmas morning, to which her mother listened with moist eyes.

Bessie's little brother grew, and many happy hours were spent by his sister in taking care of him; but to the little girl he was ever an object of sacred love—her Christmas gift—and for hours together she would hold him in her arms, recalling her beautiful dream, and wondering if indeed the angel who led her through the beautiful green fields to the stable of Bethlehem, had not brought him to her.

As the strong love grew in Bessie's heart for her little brother, she would look at his dimpled hands or rosy feet, and her cheek would pale at the thought of their ever being pierced by cruel nails, and it was at times like this, the little girl could realize how great was the love of God in giving his Son to die upon the cross for her.

May the dear children who read this story, remember the great love of God for them, and grow up to be useful men and women; and finally go to inhabit the mansions the dear Savior has gone to prepare for all who love him.

FRANCES.

SAVED BY A TEAR.

WHAT is my little pet crying about?
"O, Uncle! look at my little kitten!
that naughty boy next door threw a
rock at it. Now see, Uncle, it can walk only on
three legs."

"Yes, darling, its leg is broken. My little pet doesn't know how glad I am to see her cry."

"Why, Uncle, what do you mean? The other day you were not pleased with me when I cried, because Mamma would not let me wear my new hat."

"Because, darling, you cried then from anger, and not from sympathy. You were angry because you could not have your own way. Now you are crying from sympathy with suffering, because you see your little kitten suffer. My little pet will not wonder about my saying that I am glad to see her cry, when I tell her that a very dear friend of mine was saved by a tear."

"Saved by a tear, Uncle?"

"Yes, darling, saved by a tear."

"O, Uncle dear, please do tell me the story."

"Sit on my knee, little pet, and I will tell you. My friend, when a little boy, was left an orphan. A distant relation gave him a home, for which he was to do what little chores he could do. When not employed, he was allowed to run around and do as he liked. In consequence of this, he soon became a very bad boy. One Sunday, as usual, he was in the street, playing with other bad boys, one of whom threw a rock which struck him on the foot, cutting it so that it bled very much."

"Why, Uncle, was he barefoot?"

"Yes, pet; and very ragged and dirty. Well, as I was about to tell you, his feet hurt him very much, which made him cry and say bad words. While lying on the pavement, his feet in the gutter, he felt a little hand, and heard a bird-like voice saying, 'I am sorry to see you hurt; but you must not say naughty words. My teacher said that Jesus does not love children that say naughty, bad words. My name is Maggie; tell me your name.' He had not looked up to see who was speaking to him, nor even answered. Just then he felt a drop of wet on his foot. Then he looked up, and saw a sweet little girl in white dress, and blue ribbons; but above all, tears of sympathy dripping from her heavenly blue eyes upon his sore foot. He felt rebuked, and stood up, looking the picture of shame. 'Show me where you live,' said little Maggie, as she called herself, 'and promise me that you will go to school with me next Sunday, and my little brother and I will call for you.'"

"But did he go, Uncle?"

"Yes darling, he went, and finally became a teacher. In course of time, he took a mission to preach about that same Jesus that this little girl told him about. His friends say—"

"Stop, Uncle; not another word—till I tell you that I believe you were that same bad boy, and that now you are the good man, and the best Uncle that ever lived."

"Stop, you little tyrant; are you going to smother me with kisses. Just allow me to say one or two words more. Never be ashamed, my little pet, to shed a tear of sympathy with the distressed. It will never do any harm; but it may do much good. You remember the beautiful lines in our Hymn Book:

'By acts of mercy let us show
We have not heard in vain:
But kindly feel another's woe,
And long to ease his pain.'

CORAL.

CORAL is one of the beautiful products of the sea. It resembles in form the branches of trees, with their numerous smaller branches and stems, and seems to grow from the rocks in the ocean as trees do from the earth in the air.

Though coral is commonly said to grow, it does not. It is formed by small animals; and the tiny cells you see upon the surface of the stems of coral were each a separate house for a coral insect.

There are three kinds of coral; the red, the white, and the black. Red coral is the most valuable, and also the most beautiful. It is found principally in the Mediterranean sea, and is most abundant along the coast of Algeria and Tunis.

Hundreds of small vessels go every year from France, and Italy, to fish for coral in these waters. It is gathered with nets, by placing a heavy wooden cross in the net, and dragging the net along where the coral is supposed to be. The arms of the cross break the coral loose, and its rough branches getting entangled in the net, it is easily brought to the surface. The coral found in this sea is the finest in the world. It is sold to the manufacturers of jewelry in the cities of Europe, and there made up into ornaments of different kinds.

We have coral fisheries upon the coast of Florida, and geologists tell us that all the State of Florida was built by coral insects, and that they are still extending its borders into the sea. They are also building many islands near the coast.

Geologists tell us something more that is very wonderful. They say that this country, from the Alleghany mountains to the Rocky mountains was once a coral-growing sea.

A coral-reef crosses the Ohio river, near Louisville, and makes the falls of the Ohio. Large limbs of coral have been found there, and at Niagara Falls there are also evidences of the same fact.

About the Fejee islands, there are more than two hundred varieties of coral. It grows there in almost every shape that vegetation does upon the earth. There are trees six and eight feet high, and also imitations of flowers and shrubs, of ferns and mosses, and vases have been found there three and four feet in diameter. These are of the white coral formation, and not much valued.

The red coral has been highly esteemed in all ages, and in all ages has been classed with the most precious gems. You will find it spoken of as far back in the world's history as when the book of Job was written. The writer of that wonderful book speaks of it in chapter 28, and 18th verse, in connection with pearls and rubies. Think what a small creature forms this beautiful and durable substance; but remember it is the work of each day of its life, and is continued during its lifetime. So if we would leave bright and lasting memorials behind us when we pass away, we must do our very best each day; working diligently; working upward like the coral.

AUNT JULIA.

FORBEARANCE.

FORBEAR, dear little Hopes, with your brothers and sisters and playmates when you see them overcome with temptations.

Forbear from cruelty, from abusing them with epithets or with a cruel cross examination of their weaknesses. Remember that we all have our peculiar frailties and failings, and if we neglect to adopt the "golden rule," "to do unto others as we would have others do to us," we may at some time feel very sorry; for some of our acquaintances may do to us *as we do* to others.

Forbearance is a virtue, and one possessing great christian properties. It helps us on to the goal of happiness we so much wish to attain to.

In the Bible, Book of Mormon, and in the histories of great and good men and women we find many very excellent examples of this trait of a christian. Joseph of Egypt, gives us a very good idea of the blessings attending those who are ever willing to overlook the faults of those around them. See how he was abused and even sold as a slave by his brothers to satisfy a mere whim; and yet he was able to forgive their barbarities, and to remember not against them his sufferings through them, when he was in affluence and wealth. He was well able, (did he feel so inclined), to have visited their sins upon them with severity; but he had a nobler and a holier feeling pervading his bosom. This feeling was, "Forbearance with the weaknesses of others." And oh! how happy he was when they fell on each others necks and wept for joy!

How great the forbearance of our blessed Savior while here upon earth, may be judged by his words, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." These words were uttered with a heart filled with compassion towards those who were abusing him continually. Men who were ever on their watch to entrap him in the Roman vice at a moment's warning, and who were, seemingly, less worthy of those beautiful words, were considered by Jesus Christ of sufficient notice to call for his long-suffering.

Many, very many instances could be gathered of the beauty of this virtue.

Let us ever remember the saying, "I have faults as well as others." P. T.

CARELESSNESS.

CARELESSNESS is seldom excusable, and there are times when it is a serious fault. Many hold such positions that the lives, the fortunes, and the happiness of others depend upon them, and for such men to carelessly risk all entrusted to them is very wrong.

The safety of a ship at sea, together with all it contains, depends upon the carefulness of those in charge, and a little carelessness on the part of the commander may occasion the loss of all. Most of the accidents that happen on railroads are the result of carelessness. And to the same cause may be attributed many conflagrations, which have resulted in the destruction of many lives, and of vast amounts of property, besides the rendering of thousands of people homeless

and destitute. All these disasters, and many more, may be ascribed to carelessness, which is ever productive of evil, and never accomplishes any good.

My readers may think that this is all true, but that as they are not captains of vessels, nor conductors of railroad trains, very little harm can happen through their carelessness. But they must remember that they will not always be young, and that careless boys and girls are apt to make careless men and women, for carelessness is a bad habit which, if not checked, will cling to them as they grow older. A careless man is not a suitable person to be entrusted with a responsible position, and as he cannot be depended upon, no one would wish to engage him for any important service. In whatever business or occupation he may engage, his carelessness is an impediment to his success, and may, at any time, completely blast his prospects. Thus a person's carelessness may not only occasion injury to others; but is always a hindrance to his own prosperity, and a drawback to his happiness.

But, my little readers, you have duties to perform now, one of the principal of which is, to prepare yourselves for the more important duties that will devolve upon you after you reach maturity. You should try now to form such habits as will be to your advantage in after life. Habits are formed through practice; therefore be careful to practice only such as are good. And one of the best habits you can form is to be careful. In your play be careful not to hurt one another; at home be careful to obey your parents, and to give them no trouble; be careful to speak the truth, and to use no unkind nor improper words; be careful to do all the good you can, and to do right, and God will bless you and receive you into his kingdom as his children.

BROTHER HENRY.

DOVES.

THE dove is the emblem of gentleness, affection and innocence. We love it, and its name suggests pleasant thoughts.

We are all alike in this respect. Little folks love doves because it is natural, and old folks love them because they are associated with pleasant memories of the days of youthful delights, and they are dear to all good people, because of the part they have in holy record.

There are different kinds of doves, and they and pigeons are of the same species.

The common pigeons are very beautiful; but we cannot take them into our affections, for they are quarrelsome little folks; they fight and do many things that would lessen them in your estimation if I should tell you all I know about them, so I will not.

We had two of them; and though they were entirely dependent upon each other for companionship, they fought till one died, and a hawk caught the other. That is a lesson to children. They ought not to quarrel; they never know how soon either may die, or disease, like a hawk fasten upon their vitals; and grief and remorse fasten upon those that are spared. It is a lesson for older people too. Oh! the most silly, the most foolish of all things, is unkindness.

But the turtle doves redeem the whole pigeon family from this disgrace; and we will talk of them before long.

The dove that Noah sent out of the ark is the most famous fellow of all. I don't know what kind he was of; but he came back to the ark because he found no place of rest for the soles of his feet—he was like some of the scattered saints during the cloudy and dark day.

I think he could not have been of the kind called carrier pigeons; for they always fly straight home whether they have a place for the soles of their feet or not. Men take advantage of this disposition and use them to carry messages. During the late war in Europe, the French generals on the field of battle had pigeons that had been raised in Paris; they would tie small letters close under their wings and let them go, and they would fly straight to their cages at home, and the people in Paris could get news in that way, while the German soldiers prevented any other kind of communication.

It may be that the prophet Isaiah had this kind of doves in mind when he told about the gathering of the saints to Zion in these last days. He says, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, as doves to their windows?"

I know very well what kind of doves he meant when he said, "We mourn sore like doves." Have you ever been in the woods alone, and heard the solemn stillness broken by the melancholy coo-coo-oo-ah. There is no sound so plaintive as that.

The Savior must have heard it, or he would not have thought of saying, "Be ye harmless as doves."

Children ought to learn to listen and to observe, for that is the best way to become wise.

How could Brother David interest us so, if he had not watched the ants and listened to the birds when a boy?

Now, hear what a pretty sentiment Solomon expresses, "For, lo the winter is past, the rain is over and gone: the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land."

One more thought; when the Lord was baptized, and the Spirit of God descended upon him, it was in the form of a dove.

SIGMA PHI.

Correspondence.

16. John Street, LIMEHOUSE, London, England.

Dear Uncle Mark: I take my pen to tell you of a vision which I had on the evening of the 22nd day of October, while in the meeting at our house, about 8 o'clock. My papa was preaching, when all at once, I saw the room change, when my parents, my brother and sister and I were in a place I supposed to be a part of America. There were a number of saints standing in a circle, dressed in long robes of pure white, in which we were also clothed. I noticed in particular three gentlemen standing on the right of us. Their faces looked very bright and heavenly. I asked papa who they were; and he told me they were the two Joseph's, the father and son, and you. I saw then in the heavens a large host of angels with silver trumpets, with Jesus in the centre of them. They were also clothed in pure white garments, but the garments of Jesus was brighter than the noon-day sun, so bright I could scarcely look upon him, because it dazzled my eyes. He appeared to be descending

gently to the earth. I saw among those standing to receive him several whom I knew; among whom was Mr. Josiah Ells, and Mr. C. H. Brown, of Providence, also Mr. Joel Barns, of London, England, and several others whom I knew. We were all singing a hymn, the words of which were:

"O! happy land,
Where we shall stand,
When Jesus Christ shall come in clouds,
With Enoch's band."

At a distance I could see a large space of water. Then the vision disappeared; we sung the doxology, and the meeting was dismissed.

Dear Uncle, I write this, because I thought the little Hopes would like to read it. I am now eleven years of age; but in the vision I appeared to be many years older. Yours truly,

EMILY BRADSHAW.

DECATUR, Mich., Oct., 21, 1871.

Dear Uncle Mark: This is my first attempt to write to the little *Hope*, and I write this because I am sorry to see the little *Hope* so short of letters. My father and uncle and aunt were baptized by Br. H. C. Smith. We have some good meetings here; but there is not enough of us to have a Sunday School. I hope you will keep on printing the little *Hope*; for I think it is a very interesting little paper.

F. M. BOOTWOMAN.

South St. Louis, Dec. 16, 1871.

Dear Uncle Joseph: The two dollars you will find enclosed is for *Zion's Hope*. One for myself for the next six months, seven for such as you think worthy, and cant very well pay for them. I subscribe in this way, for the reason that I read in the *Hope* that subscribers were getting rather delinquent, and that will make up for seven. I do hope and pray that my little brothers and sisters will wake up to their duty, and subscribe for the *Hope*. I don't know how it is with others, I would like it published every week.

M. E. KYTE.

ALPINE, Mich., Nov. 16, 1871.

I am not baptized yet, but I hope soon to be. My mother belongs to the church, and with God's help, I hope to be a member soon. Little Hopes, pray for me.

HARRIET M. NORTON.

Roll of Honor.	
Amelia S. Wildermuth.....	\$0 25
E. Amy Forscutt.....	0 25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	0 25
H. Schofield * * *	1 00
Mary E. Kyte * * * * *	1 75
L. Newman *	0 50
Lillie S. Hudson * * *	1 00
Horace H. Hudson.....	0 25
Louisa E. Hudson.....	0 25
Sarah E. Hudson.....	0 25
Mabel Hudson.....	0 25
Ella M. Hudson.....	0 25
Evaline R. Hudson *	0 50
Uncle Jethro*****	5 00
Lavern E. Stiles *	0 50
Nellie Hougas.....	0 25
Willie Hougas.....	0 25
F. P. Russell *	0 50

ZION'S HOPE

Is Published Semi-monthly by the CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS, At Plano, Kendall Co., Ill.

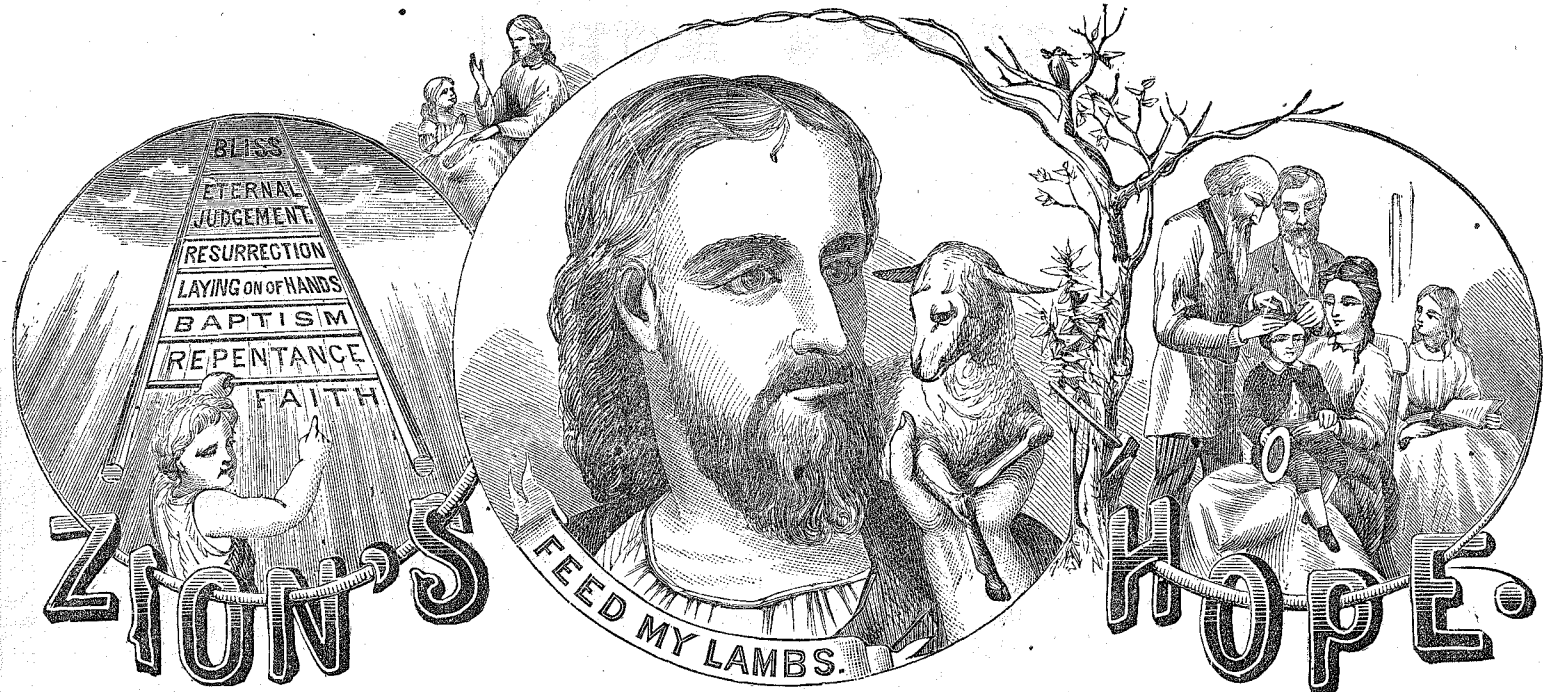
PRICE: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.

Ten Copies and upwards to one address, or Fifteen Copies and upwards to separate addresses, TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT.

JOSEPH SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.

The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. POSTAGE is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Travelling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JANUARY 15, 1872.

No. 14.



A story in one syllable.

RUTH'S WISH;
OR,
THE CHILD OF THE STORM.

The night was dark, the snow fell fast,
And fierce, and loud, and cold, the blast;
But in the house the scene was bright,
And fraught with peace, and love, and light.

The group was small; a dame and sire
And one small child sat by the fire;
The good man talked of grain and stocks,
The good wife smiled and darned his socks.

The child was fair, yes, bright and fair,
Just tinged with gold her bright, brown hair,
Her eyes were blue and spoke the truth,
A dear good child, whose name was Ruth.

The child bent low her soft, pink cheek,
And stroked a gray cat, fat and sleek,
That purred and dozed there on her knee,
As free from toil and care as she.

"Dear puss, I love you," quoth the child,
Her voice was soft, and low, and mild;
"I love you more than all my pets,
For you're the best of all good cats.

"My dolls, I know, are nice and neat,
But they can't walk, nor stand, nor eat;
And you can do all this, old Gray,
And you can mew, and purr, and play.

"You're just as good as cat can be,
But if you were a child like me,
I'd be so glad, so glad I say,
If you were but a babe, old Gray!

"I wish you were a babe, I do;—
A live, meat babe, old cat, don't you?
'T would be so nice, and you'd be mine,
And I would dress you up so fine.

"Then you'd not live on tough, raw mice,
I'd give you cream, sweet cream so nice;
You'd drink rich milk, and eat nice food,—
You'd like it, oh! I know you would!

"You'd sleep with me, right on my arm,
I'd hug you up so close and warm;
And I would love you just the same,
And more,—and give you some sweet name.

"What would I call you? let me see!
Some nice girl's name, what would it be?—
But if you were a boy, what then?
Well, if you were, I'd call you Ben!"

The old folks smiled, but did not speak
Till Ruth had paused and leaned her cheek
On one soft, plump, white hand, and sat
As mute and still as did the cat.

They looked at Ruth and sad they smiled,
Their one ewe lamb, their last sweet child;
The rest were dead, there had been eight,—
But Ruth was left; she had no mate.

No one to play with Ruth was here,
The great old house was lone and drear;
Though oft her moods were sad and grave,
Yet still her heart was young and brave.

O! how the storm does rage and shriek!
'Till one can scarce be heard to speak,
But hark! there's some one at the door;
The raps fall fast, one, two, three, four!

The good man ope's the door, but lo!
No one comes in but wind and snow.
He scans the night and no one spies,
But on the step a great heap lies!

He grasps it with a firm, strong arm,
And peers once more out in the storm;
Then shuts the door and sits him down,
To look and see what he has found.

A great plaid shawl laid fold on fold,—
And next a cloak to keep out cold,—
And then a soft, warm, knit, wool wrap;—
And lo! a babe lay on his lap!

The child was fair, and sweet, and bright;
And cooed and smiled to see the light.
'Twas neat and clean, and quite well dressed,
And had a note pinned on its breast.

The note with speed was ope'd and spread,
And through her specs the good dame read:—
"Good folks I pray you keep my boy,
The sweet pure child, my one sole joy.

"Down in my grave I soon must lie,
But oh my child! he must not die!—
'Tis said that you are good and kind,
And here, I hope, a home he'll find."

And that was all; there was no name.
"How strange! how strange!" quoth sire and dame,
Ruth clapped her hands, and danced for joy
And hugged and kissed the fair, wee boy.

"I've got my wish and I'm so glad!
Now I'll no more be lone and sad!
We've got a babe, and old Gray too;—
Please keep the babe, I want you to!"

"Yes, yes, my child, we'll keep the boy,
He'll be to us a source of joy;—
We'll keep him, yes of course we will,
And care for him and love him well!

"But we must name him now in sooth;
What shall we call him, wife, and Ruth?"
The good wife did not speak, and then
Says Ruth, "Please let us call him Ben."

They named him Ben, and nought would do,
Ruth begged that they would give him two;
Son of the storm, he was you see,
They said Ben Storm his name should be.

"I've got my wish!" cries Ruth in glee;
"And I'm as glad as I can be!
I think he is so nice and sweet,
With such white hands, and small pink feet!"

"His hair is fine and shines like silk;
His brow is just as white as milk;—
But oh! he has not got a tooth!—
Why then how can he eat?" says Ruth.

"Well, we can feed him cream and rice,
For I am sure I think that nice;
We'll dress him fine, and keep him warm,
For he is ours,—our dear Ben Storm!

"Please wunt you buy him some new clothes,
There! look! he hit his wee pug nose!—
I'll give him some of mine, I guess,—
Yes, he shall have my new red dress!"

The clock struck eight, and then Ruth said,
"It's time for me to go to bed,—
And, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.'"

You know the rest, my dears, I guess,
And pray the Lord to love and bless;
He'll guard us all, both great and small,
If on His name in faith we call.

PERLA WILD.

Do what conscience says is right;
Do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might;
Do your duty, and be blest.

ESTHER'S SIXPENCE.

"OH! if I only had a sixpence," sighed Esther Mann, as she slowly turned down the lane leading to her home; and there she stopped and looked after the peddler who had just passed with his pack, and had told Esther he had got some of the most elegant diamond brooches, at only sixpence each.

"Only sixpence," she repeated. I wish I was a lady, and I would have a new diamond brooch every week, or at least every time the peddler came around, and then she sighed again.

"Come, Esther, make haste," called her mother, as she reached the garden gate, "how late you are home from school, I want you to take baby while I get dinner ready."

Esther did not look very pleased when she heard this. "What a bother babies are," she murmured. "I wish I was Minnie Long, she has'n't any brothers and sisters to bother her."

"I wish you were like Minnie, with all my heart," said her mother; "I should not hear so much grumbling as I do when I ask you to do anything. Mrs. Long says that Minnie never grumbles or complains, whatever she may have to do."

Esther gave her head a little toss at this.

"Teacher says I am a much better scholar than Minnie, and can learn a great deal faster," she said, rather scornfully.

"It is not so much what you learn, as what you practice," said her mother quietly, as she put the baby into Esther's arms.

Esther could learn quickly, and with very little pains, she contrived to keep up her character as the best scholar in school.

After dinner, it being a half-holiday, while the baby was asleep, Esther sat down to learn her lessons for the next day, one of which was some verses of scripture: "In like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness, and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." This was her lesson, and after repeating it over two or three times, she knew it perfectly.

A day or two afterwards, some visitors came into the school, and one of them spoke of the vanity and folly of an inordinate love of dress, and turning to the class where Esther was standing, asked if any one of them knew a text upon this subject. In a moment Esther repeated her lesson of the day before, and the gentleman was so pleased with her promptitude, and the way in which she said the verse, that he gave her sixpence.

It is doubtful whether Esther ever gave a second thought to the words that had been said, or those she had learned. Certainly they could have made but very little impression upon her mind; for her first thought was, after receiving the sixpence, "Now I can buy a brooch of the peddler when he comes round."

It seemed a long time to wait until the following Wednesday, but there was no help for it, and so Esther had to put her money away, and content herself with thinking of her intended purchase.

Wednesday came at last, and Esther hurried out of school for fear the peddler should be around earlier than usual; she stationed herself at the top of the lane, just where she had met him before, in hopes of seeing him again; but although she waited for nearly an hour—waited until her mother came to look for her—the packman did not appear.

"Esther, how thoughtless you are to stay gossiping with your school-fellows when you know I want to go out, and you have to mind the baby and Harry," said her Mother, as Esther ran down the lane in answer to her call.

There was another exclamation of "Bother the baby!" when Esther took it in her arms; and Mrs. Mann wished she were not compelled to go out and leave the children in her care; for the baby did not seem quite well.

She told Esther this, adding, "Now, mind you take good care of her, and don't leave her in the cradle to cry."

"Cross little thing, I don't believe there's any thing the matter with her," said Esther, when her mother was gone.

"I wonder whether the peddler has gone past yet;" she added, stepping out to the garden gate, and looking up the lane. Baby seemed inclined to go to sleep now, and Esther thought it would not hurt, if she placed her in the cradle at once, and ran to the top of the lane. "I must take Harry with me," she said, "or he will, perhaps, pull the cradle over before I get back;" and taking the fat, chubby hand of her brother in hers, as she spoke, she shut the cottage door, and ran out into the lane.

"Now, Harry, you must run fast, she said, pulling him along." But in spite of the pulling, Harry lagged behind, until at last she left him sitting on the ground, crying lustily, while she ran on by herself. What a lucky girl she thought herself when she reached the top of the lane. There was the peddler, not half a dozen yards off, and before Esther could well recover her breath, his pack was taken down, and its contents spread before her. What a dazzling sight it was, and how Esther's eyes glistened as she looked at the bright, gaudy trinkets! There were crimson neckties, scarf pins, rings and brooches, necklaces and earrings, so that Esther was almost puzzled what to get; but at last she decided upon the diamond brooch she had heard of the week before, and slipping the sixpence into the peddler's hand, she turned down the lane to examine her treasure more closely, as she retraced her steps homeward.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GOING HOME--A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE Mattie awakened on Thursday morning with a sore throat. Friday the disease had so increased that the doctor was sent for. Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, she grew worse rather than better. Tuesday the doctors held counsel together upon her case, but there was nothing to be done, and after a day of much suffering and restlessness, at half past ten that night she died. She was eleven years and six months old.

About an hour before she died, she became more quiet, as she lay with her arms around her mother's neck. Presently rising on one elbow, the other arm remaining as it was, she said—

"I want you to pray, mother."

All immediately knelt and offered the Lord's prayer, Mattie joining in a clear, distinct voice, although previously she had spoken and had been understood with great difficulty. After this was repeated another little prayer in verse, with which she had been familiar—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity her simplicity,
Take her, Lord, to dwell with thee."

"Mattie," said her mother, "you are very sick. Have you thought that you may die?"

"I don't know, mother," she replied quickly, "I am not afraid to die. You know that if I do I shall go to Heaven, and Heaven is so beautiful. Jesus is there, and it is so nice, so nice there."

"But what shall I do without my little Mattie?"

"Oh, mother, you will come too. I shall be waiting for you—waiting by the river; and father will be there, and Walter will be there, and we will all be so happy. Emma, sister Emma," continued the dying child, "where are you?"

Emma heard the feeble but earnest call, and was instantly at her side.

"Here I am, Mattie," said she.

"Emma, I want you to come to Heaven, too. Give my love to Mrs. Leach, and to all my Sunday-school class, and tell all the children how much I love them, and want them to come to Heaven to meet me. Goodbye, grandpa, she continued, taking his hand, "you will come, won't you, and grandma, too;" and then turning to Mrs. L., a lady who had come to spend the night, she added, "you must come too; and give my love to Hannah and Walter, (Mrs. L.'s children), and tell them to love Jesus and come to heaven." When these words of affectionate remembrance were finished she began to sing, "I love Jesus, I love Jesus."

Then came other messages of love to other friends and neighbors and playmates, with similar wishes for their welfare, and after these some expressions of desire about her burial, for she fully and calmly realized that her end was near.

"Mother," said she, "I don't care where you put me."

"Is there no place," rejoined her mother, "where you would like to be buried?"

"No, mother, for it is only my body which will be there; my soul will be in heaven with Jesus."

The grief of the little circle around her bed grew greater and greater. But she patted her mother's cheek fondly and soothingly, saying—

"Don't cry, mother! Don't cry, Emma! I am not going to leave you just yet. I will stay just a little while longer with you."

She then gave some directions concerning the distribution of a few little keepsakes, but as the moments passed, she was evidently failing.

"Mattie," said her mother, "you are tired now. Perhaps you had better rest."

"Oh, no, mother," she replied, "I am not tired. I have wanted to tell you of this so long,

and I am glad to get a chance to tell you now. I love to talk about it. It is so nice, so nice there."

"Mattie," said her mother, "it gives me a great deal of comfort to have you talk so, and I cannot grieve as I should if you had not said this. It would be wrong. I know you will be happy."

After resting a few moments, the sick girl spoke again.

"Now, mother," said she, "I would like to be put at the head of the bed—I would like to sleep."

Her mother immediately complied with her request, commencing at the same time to sing. "Shall we gather at the river?" prompted to do so by the little sufferer's remark that she would soon be "waiting at the river."

Mattie joined her mother in singing one verse of the sweet hymn, and then losing her arms from her mother's neck, around which they had been lovingly resting, turned over upon her pillow, and for a few moments lay very still.

Presently she broke the silence by attempting to sing "Jesus loves me," but her strength was only equal to two lines.

"Mother," she said, "are we almost home?"

"I think so, Mattie," was the answer. "Mother wishes she was as near home as you are."

"There's Jesus!" she exclaimed, in a moment, very joyously.

"Mattie," asked her mother, "do you see Jesus?"

"Yes, I do," was her quick reply.

"How does he look to you?"

"Beautifully! Beautifully!" she exclaimed—adding in an instant, "And there's father and Walter, too! Where is mother?"

"Here is mother, Mattie," the mother answered, raising the child so that she could see her whom her eyes sought for in vain in the group that hovered before her. "Can't you see me, my child?"

"No," was her faint reply. Her earthly sight was failing as the spiritual vision came. And in a moment more, without a struggle, happy in the presence of the heavenly ones she recognized—Jesus and the loved ones gone to him before—she passed away, to be at rest forever with the Lord.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Congregationalist*.

LEGEND OF DIANA'S WASH-BASIN.

NUMBER I.

NO any of my little readers ask, "Who was Diana?" She was the virgin goddess who presided over hunting, chastity, and marriage, the daughter of Jupiter and Latonia.

You have all of you doubtless heard the word, "Mythology," but it may be that many of you do not know its meaning, and to what system it was applied. I will try, very briefly, to explain it to you, before giving you the sad legend which I very lately learned concerning a very great natural curiosity, some thirty-five miles from Blue Spring Rancho, my present home.

Mythology is a Greek word, the literal meaning of which is, "a fabulous account."

Among the Greeks and Romans it constituted a system of religion, in which the people devoutly believed, and to which they were much attached. To their favorite gods and goddesses, they erected costly temples, in which the statue of the divinity was placed, and to these temples the people who came to worship these gods and goddesses, brought the most costly offerings.

If you will turn to the nineteenth chapter of Acts and read it carefully, you will find confirmation of what I have told you. Paul had gone into Asia, and in his travels came to Ephesus, one of the largest and most flourishing cities of that country. Here was a magnificent temple erected to the goddess Diana, and many persons in the city obtained great wealth by making silver shrines for her, which they sold to her worshippers. When therefore Paul came to Ephesus, and preached Christ to the people teaching them the only way of life and salvation; these men, seeing how many believed the words of Paul and not only forsook but destroyed their idols, feared they would be left without any employment. Demetrius, who appears to have been a leader among them, called them together and addressed them. After telling them that throughout all Asia, Paul had turned many away from their worship of idols, he said, "So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at nought; but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshipeth."

But, little friends, as each of you have the history in your Bible, I will leave you to read it for yourselves, and see how indignant the people became towards Paul.

They were strongly attached to their idols, in Greece, especially, and so fearful were they that there might be some god of whom they had not heard, and did not know, whom they might offend by not worshiping, that in their capital city, Athens, they erected an altar and dedicated it TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. When Paul saw this altar and inscription, he told them of God, who was indeed unknown to them, and of Jesus Christ, by whom God would judge the world. Few however believed the words of Paul, for time will teach each one of you that truth never was and never will be so well received as error, until the kingdom of Christ is established on the earth, and all know the Lord, from the least to the greatest. The prophets assure us that this time will come. It will be a glorious day for the friends of Christ; but a day of confusion to his enemies. Can each little reader of the *Hope* truly say, "I love the Lord Jesus?"

But now, little friends, to our legend, which is no fable, if we may trust the veracity of the Indian, but a sad truth.

On the eastern side of Monitor Valley, rises a small mountain of peculiar formation. It lies in the valley, entirely detached from even the foothills of the mountain range which bound the valley on the east, and some two or three miles from those of the range on the west. Some persons, from its fancied resemblance to a monitor,

which you know is an iron-clad ship of war lying almost entirely below the water, called the valley, by that name. From the top of this mountain, on a cold morning, the warm steam from Diana's basin may be seen rising up in quite a dense column, which might easily be fancied to be the smoke from the monitor's chimney.

Climbing to the top, you stand with awe beside one of God's mysterious works. Occupying the centre of the mountain, and opening upon your startled view, as if by magic, you see the basin from which the smoke ascends, and drawing near you look over the brink, with breath suspended, at the almost boiling water, bubbling and surging some twenty eight feet below the rim of the rocky basin enclosing it. This basin is some seventy-five yards in circumference, and twenty-five in diameter. The walls are not perfectly smooth, nor are they rough or jagged, but have the appearance of different layers—in some places we counted as high as twelve—which might have been formed by the water standing at different heights at various times. The seams between these layers are not deep, but more like heavy lines, while the edges of the layers are rounded towards the centre of each one. The gentlemen of our party had brought ropes with them, and letting down a bucket, drew up sufficient of the hot water for preparing tea, which herb we had with us. The exact temperature we could not ascertain; but parties who had visited the place before us, had boiled eggs by letting them down into the water in a tin vessel, and as some give to the basin the unpoetic name of the "devil's punch bowl," it may be they have manufactured the beverage called punch there also. But I have written all Uncle Mark will give me room for in one paper, and must finish in the next number.

FRANCES.

AZUBAH AND THEODOSIA.

[Continued from page 49.]

THROUGHOUT all this forest, the most terrible sights met the eye of Theodosia.

Some of the children, in their alarm, stretched forth their hands imploringly to the personage standing upon the river's brink; but most of them seemed unconscious of danger, and went laughingly upon their way, until they were beset and slain.

Through the forest, Theodosia saw one pleasant path which was protected from serpents and wild beasts by watchmen who guarded the walls enclosing it. The children who walked along this path carried lamps in their hands, and sang beautiful songs whose melody was borne to the river flowing so brightly by the forest's edge. Among these children, Theodosia started to behold herself, and a painful blush crept over her face as she saw how dim was the lamp in her hand.

While she stood thus spell-bound, looking towards the miserable, suffering children in the forest, she heard the personage upon the banks of the river, say to one by his side, "Feed my lambs;" and soon she saw a swift messenger hastening toward the forest, but her cheek grew very pale and her limbs trembled, when she recognized that messenger to be the gentle, lovely Evangeline, whose visits she had so slighted.

She gazed fixedly upon Evangeline, and saw with what joy the helpless children in the forest who felt their danger, stretched forth their hands to her, and were conducted into the pleasantly protected path, and given bright lamps by which their way was guided, and they joined with the others in their sweet songs of praise. She saw Evangeline go forth to the forest, time and again, stopping now to shield a lovely girl from destruction, now to rescue a noble boy; here to awaken one sleeping just within the grasp of some terrible wild beast, there to snatch from the hand of another the temptingly beautiful flower, concealing a deadly serpent; and while she thus watched the lovely, heaven-sent messenger, tears of joy coursed each other in quick succession down her still pale cheeks, and she was just about to cast herself before the divine personage to thank him for having sent her to their rescue, when a voice commanded her to "look and wait!"

Again she looked toward the forest, and beheld Evangeline walking among the children in the pleasant path. Some hailed her coming with joy, and held long and pleasant converse with her, and Theodosia observed that the lamps of these were burning brightly. Some turned away indifferently, and did not regard her, while others stooped down and bound fetters upon her limbs, causing her to walk more slowly, until it was with difficulty and by means of great effort upon the part of her friends that she could go out into the forest at all. And now Theodosia would fain have withdrawn her eyes, and all the blood seemed freezing about her heart and crushing it, as she saw Evangeline approaching her, and knew that she was compelled to stand there and witness against herself, how she had treated her. She saw herself turn coldly away and suffer Evangeline to go by unheeded, while her lamp grew more dim, and when Evangeline returned to her, she stooped down with perfect indifference and bound a double cord around her already fettered limbs, and then turned to some trivial enjoyment as Evangeline went sorrowfully on her way.

Theodosia saw all this, saw the *guilt* of what she had done, saw how selfish and sinful she had been, and feeling as though her heart would break, she raised her eyes to the divine being upon whose face, as he watched his messenger, was written deepest pity and sorrow, and then fell helpless at his feet.

Gently, he stooped and raised her up, and as he placed one hand upon her head, his voice sweet and low, but penetrating as the perfume of flowers, he spoke to her.

"Daughter, behold thy lamp! Bequeathed to thee as a heritage from thy parents, who taught thee to walk in the way of truth, through thy neglect its light is almost gone. The oil is well nigh burned out, and take heed that you *seek* to replenish it, lest you be left in total darkness, and be devoured of evil spirits who roam the earth. It was not appointed unto you to come up through the wilderness; but you were guided in *the way* from earliest youth. Go in peace, but bear ever in your heart the solemn warning, "*Where much is given much will be required.*"

When Theodosia awoke, her pillow was wet with tears, and springing from her bed, she knelt and prayed God to forgive her sin. Oh! how

thankful she was that she yet had time to repent, for though it was a relief to her heart to feel it all a dream, she yet knew that it was none the less a solemn reality, and that she had regarded her own pleasure more than the will of God, until the lamp had almost ceased to burn; and her soul had been lost. She prayed God to hear and help her, when she promised to be faithful in the future, and the next day she sought out Azubah, to comfort her with the hope that Evangeline would still visit them as before, and they would together spend many happy hours in her company.

Together, the little girls resolved to do all in their power to aid the sweet messenger of truth, and that each dear boy and girl who reads this may do the same, is the earnest prayer of

CORA.

A FANCY.

I suppose if all the children
Who have lived through ages long,
Were collected and inspected,
They would make a wondrous throng.
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter of the fuss:
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us.

Think of all the men and women
Who are now and who have been,
Every nation since creation,
That this world of ours has seen:
And of all of them, not any
But was once a baby small,
While of children, oh! how many
Never have grown up at all!

Some have never laughed or spoken,
Never used their rosy feet:
Some have even flown to heaven
Ere they knew that earth was sweet;
And indeed I wonder whether,
If we reckon every birth,
And bring such a flock together,
There is room for them on earth.

Who will wash their smiling faces?
Who their saucy ears will box?
Who will dress them and caress them?
Who will darn their little socks?
Whre are arms enough to hold them?
Hands to pat each shining head?
Who will praise them? who will scold them?
Who will pack them off to bed?

Little children, Christian children,
Little savage children, too,
In all stages, of all ages,
That our planet ever knew!
Little princes and princesses,
Little beggars wan and faint,
Some in very handsome dresses,
Naked some, bedaubed with paint.

Only think of the confusion
Such a motly crowd would make!
And the clatter of their chatter,
And the things that they would break!
O the babble of the Babel!
O the flutter of the fuss!
To begin with Cain and Abel,
And to finish up with us!

—Good Words for the Young.

Correspondence.

SAN BERNARDINO, Oct. 21, 1871.

The officers of the school promised the children if they would be good and studious, we would have a festival for their enjoyment. So at the end of the quarter, we had the pleasure of fulfilling our promise. And as I have been requested to write a description for the *Hope*, I will try and do so. Early on the morning of October 14th, we met in the beautiful grove of Mr. Faburn, who kindly gave us the privilege, and for which we return our heartfelt thanks. The first on the programme was prayer by A. D. Boren. The school then sang, "We come with songs to greet you." The next was the address, which was

to have been delivered by A. Whitlock; but he not being present, A. D. Boren was selected. His remarks were very instructive to both pupils and teachers. After the address, the prizes were awarded, H. Goodcell, Grenell I. E. Miller, being the distributing committee. The children were formed in procession, and marched to the tables; the boys filing down the right side, and the girls the left. After a blessing by Superintendent H. Goodcell, the children were allowed to partake of the repast, and indeed it was a bountiful one. After this, we had amusements, some were swinging, others were playing ball. I could not tell what was being done by all; but all were busy engaged some way or other. It was one of the most pleasant times that I ever enjoyed, everything passed off harmoniously, and all seemed pleased and satisfied. It does my soul good to see children enjoy themselves; and may God grant that we may meet again in such pleasant meeting. May God bless all who love him, is my prayer.

J. E. MILLER.

INDEPENDENCE, Iowa, Nov. 19, 1871.

On Sunday, the 19th of November, being left at home with two of my little sisters, while my father and mother were gone to meeting, I read *Zion's Hope*. In the night I had the following dream:

I thought that my father and mother, and our neighbor, Mr. L. and myself were standing a little distance from the house, and I saw that the sky was white. I gazed with astonishment, and there appeared a man on a white horse, clothed in white, with a crown upon his head that shone so bright that it hurt my eyes. As he descended and drew near unto us, he looked Mr. L. in the face, and said to him:

"Hark! hark! the word to you is given;
Make haste to Zion, gather in!"

and I awoke.

Beloved little brothers and sisters, let us all try and serve the Lord with full purpose of heart. Let us obey our parents, that we may live long in the land that the Lord our God will give us. I know the work is of God. The Lord in His mercy has raised me from a bed of sickness, through the ordinance of the house of the Lord.

HENRY NIRK.

I was baptized May 27, 1871, into the Church of Christ by our beloved Br. Thomas W. Smith. I am thankful to God that I have heard the gospel and obeyed it. It makes my heart rejoice to think that I have lived to obey the latter day work; for I know that it is the work of God. I am a reader of the *Herald*, and the sweet little *Hope*. I love to read the little *Hope*, and the letters from my little brothers and sisters. My desire is to do right. I hope that the Lord will give me wisdom to do so. My beloved little saints, let us live faithful, and pray to God that we may have a part in the first resurrection, with all the redeemed and sanctified; for blessed is the one that has a part in the first resurrection. My dear little brothers and sisters; let us pray for each other, and do all that we can to forward the great and glorious cause. Let us work, while the day lasts, and cleanse our garments of the blood of this world, that when we have done our work on this, God's footstool, we may lay our bodies down in peace, beneath the silent tomb, in hope of having a part in the first resurrection of Christ, to live a thousand years.

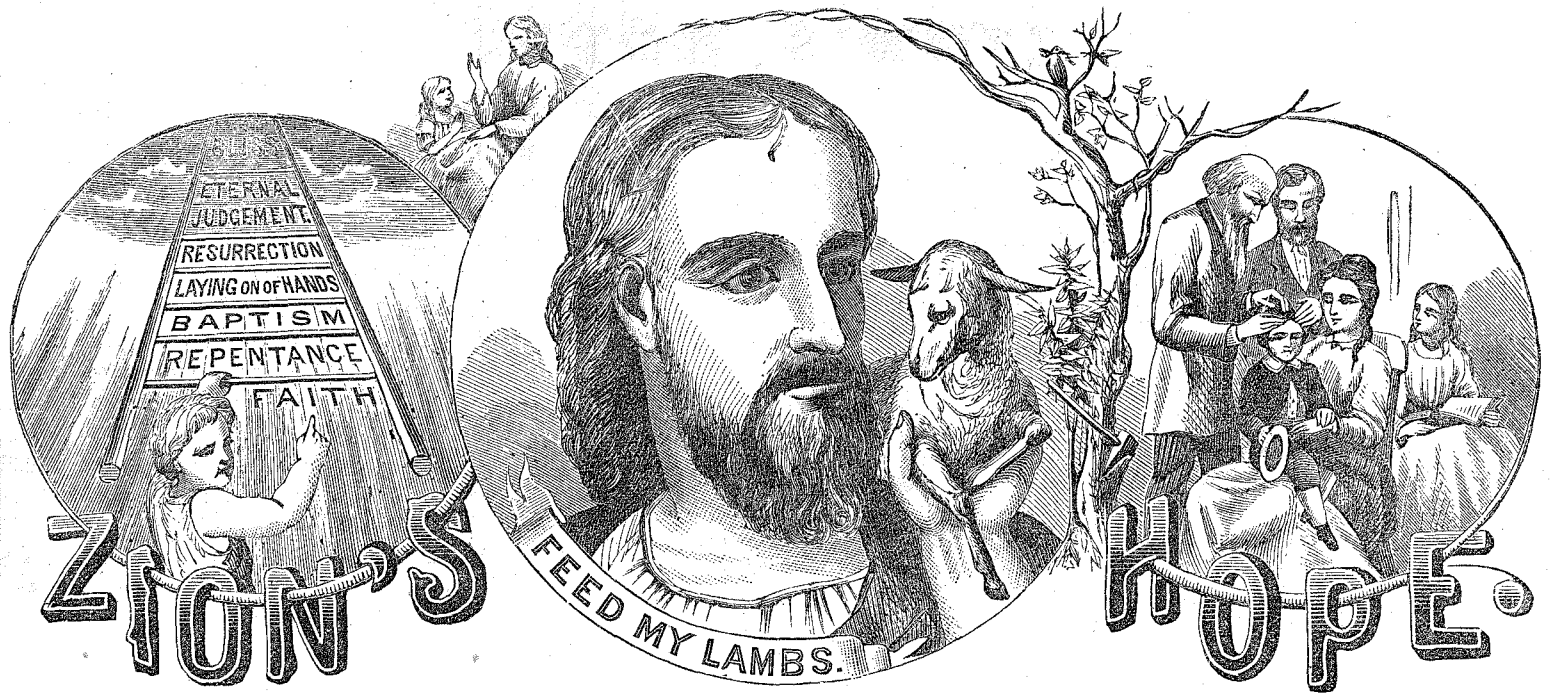
GREEN H. SHELL.

Roll of Honor.

Amelia S. Wildermuth.....	\$ 25	E. Amy Forscutt.....	\$ 25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	25	H. Schofield.....	1
Mary E. Kyte.....	1	L. Newman.....	50
Lillie S. Hudson.....	1	Horace H. Hudson.....	25
Louisa B. Hudson.....	25	Sarah E. Hudson.....	25
Mabel Hudson.....	25	Ella M. Hudson.....	25
Evaline R. Hudson.....	50	Uncle Jethro.....	5
Lavern E. Stiles.....	50	Nellie Houtgas.....	25
Willie Houtgas.....	25	E. P. Russel.....	50
Joseph A. Onthouse.....	25	Katie B. Macaulay.....	1
Silas Heyener.....	25	Hampton J. Ladner.....	25
James Walton.....	25	Jane Walton.....	25
P., C., G., R., & J. Walton } (10 cents each).....	50	Maggie Kay.....	50
Annie Caffal.....	50	Emma Beebe.....	25
Kate Davis.....	25	William Stuart.....	50
Walter Beebe.....	25	James Stuart.....	50
A. Friend.....	25	A. Friend.....	50
Jennie Beebe.....	25	John Brackenbury.....	25
Lillian Howell.....	50	Julian S. Anderson.....	50
Derias Thompson.....	25	John S. Weeks.....	25
Maria Wilson.....	25	Mary Ann Wilson.....	25
William F. Wilson.....	25	Jane Williams.....	25
Angie Beckstead.....	50	William W. Fletcher.....	25
Arthur W. Fletcher.....	25		

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. *The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number.* Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

JOSEPH SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 1, 1872.

No. 15.



THE SNOW.

BY PERLA WILD.

The pretty flakes of pure white snow,
Like blessings, fall on all below;
Such tiny, graceful, airy things,
They seem like down from angel's wings.

And now the wintry breezes blow,
And thicker, faster falls the snow;
The downy clusters eddy round,
And dance and whirl upon the ground.

The children laugh and clap their hands,
And sally forth in eager bands
To greet with joy the new-born snow,
And eat a little of it, too.

Now mamma, please don't scold the dears,
Don't dim their joys, nor wake their fears,
The innocent, the clean snow-flake
Won't make the children's stomachs ache.

'Twill make their fingers ache I know;
But how they love the dear white snow!
Let them go out and eat their fill,
Although the day be cold and chill.

Put on their caps and mittens too,
And let them out into the snow,
And let them play and eat at will,
It hurts the darlings to be still.

Yes, girls and all; don't keep them in,
For I am certain 'tis a sin
To house them like a dainty doll,
And scarcely let them out at all.

The reason's very quickly told,
You fear the dears will catch a cold;
Just dress them warmly as the boys,
And they'll not be such fragile toys.

For they have senses, feet and eyes,
And they need air and exercise;
Do dress them warm, and let them go,
And see, and feel, and eat the snow.

With limbs protected, mits and hood,
A little while will do them good;

A very little while you know,
Is long enough to play with snow.
Just let them out, yes; every one
That's old enough to talk and run;
Five minutes time will quite suffice,
And how 'twill deck their cheeks and eyes.

A WINTER'S STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE HOPES.

NUMBER I.

IT was such a cozy, bright, cheerful room in which little Margaret was sitting, one chilly evening in December, that the brightness, warmth and gladness seemed reflected from every feature of her contented face, and even to linger in the waves of her soft brown hair, and peep from among the folds of her flannel dress. And yet in the quiet little room there was no costly furniture, no rich carpet, nor even damask curtains before the window. Upon the floor was a bright, clean carpet woven of rags, which the busy little fingers of Margaret had helped to sew together, and before the fire lay a rug of red flannel and black cloth, with tufted border, upon which the feet of the little girl rested, as she sat in her low rocking chair nursing her spotted kitten upon one knee, and her doll upon the other, ever and anon singing to them, in a sweet childish voice, snatches of a song she had heard her father often repeating when the chill winds of December moaned around their little house, stopping at every casement to beg an entrance.

But Margaret's father had taken good care that the storm king should find no "open sesame" to the home of his loved ones. Every casement was tightly fitted in its place; and where there was the least possible chance for Jack Frost to slip in on a cold breath of air, before the cold winter came, he had tacked the soft list which the careful mother of Margaret had saved for that purpose when preparing their winter garments; so let the wind moan and complain as he might, and Jack Frost weave his beautiful painting on the outside of the window as he

pleased; they would both of them have to search further than the little cottage home of Margaret Graham, before they gained admittance to sit down by the fire-side, as chilly and unwelcome guests.

The bright, clean carpet, and soft rug, were not all which made the little room so pleasant and cheerful; and we must not pass too hastily on before we tell our little readers something more of its adornments. It was almost sunset, and as the last bright rays of the day-god stole in at the window, they lingered among the bright crimson flowers of a beautiful geranium, and kissed the fragrant leaves of a lemon verbena, which vied with the blooming creamy rose standing by it, in sending out through the room its delicate odor, so penetrating and grateful to the senses. A white curtain was looped back from the window, revealing a clinging vine which spread its tendrils almost to the top of the highest pane of glass, supported by a tiny trellis-work which Mr. Graham had made for it, but which its crimson and green leaves almost entirely concealed from view. These flowers had been removed from the little garden spot in front of the cottage, before the cold frosts of autumn came, and now it was Margaret's delight to watch and take care of them from day to day, and when she did not know just how to tend them, her mother came to her aid, and patiently instructed her what was necessary to make them grow and thrive.

Can the little girls who read this, imagine how much pleasure these flowers gave, not only to the child who cared for them, but to every member of the little family? Father and mother would bend over them every day to inhale their fragrance; and if a look of care or weariness lingered on their faces, it was sure to vanish before they turned away from the beautiful flowers; while Freddie, the little baby-brother of Margaret, who was now asleep in his crib, would be sure to turn his bright, blue eyes towards the window, the first moment they were opened, and when Margaret would take him near to the flowers he would stretch out his hand, and crow in glee as his baby eyes rested on their bright

colors. Little Margaret loved to see all this, and loved her flowers all the more for the pleasure they gave to others. Is there one little girl who reads this, that might not do as much as Margaret did? We think not, *if they would try*. The flowers had all been given to her when they were only small slips, and by carefully tending them, they had grown to be thrifty plants, and now with their fragrance and bloom they rewarded her care. Every day they taught the little girl some sweet or useful lesson—their fragrance and brightness made the family happier almost every hour, while many a passer by stopped before the cottage window to catch a glimpse of their summer beauty, when the keen winds of winter were blowing, and all the flowers with which God decks the earth in summer time were dead.

Yet this was the work of a little girl, and took but a few moments of her time each day. Ah! how we wish that each little girl who reads this, would take care of *just one flower* every winter, if she cannot get or care for more. Try it, little girls, and see how rich and sweet your reward will be. See how your flower will comfort you if your little heart is troubled—see how it will plead silently with you to banish from your young heart every feeling of passion or pride, and how hard you will find it to cherish unkind or wicked thoughts, while bending above your flower. You will not be able to care for it, and watch over it without sometimes thinking of the loving Father who gave it life, and causes it to grow from day to day, and when you think of this, you will very naturally want to know, "Why God made the beautiful flowers?" When this question arises in your mind, keep it there till you have answered it. Think how you have often felt when looking at the flowers in some beautiful garden, or when you have been gathering them in the woods in spring and summer time; and we venture among your thoughts you will find some worthy to write down and send to the *Hope* in answer to the question:

"Why did God make the beautiful flowers?"

L I F E .

BY LOUISA BURNAM.

ALTHOUGH we may be permitted to enjoy a long life upon this earth, the time allotted to us is short, when compared with the eternity which is to follow the dissolution of this mortal body.

Knowing that the happiness or sorrow of our future life depends upon the manner in which we spend the present time, should we not be careful to improve that time, to employ each moment as it passes in doing good.

Let each one of us be engaged in doing something that will elevate the mind, and fit us for the enjoyment of a blessed future. Wallace, in speaking of life has said, "This world is not a place to live in, but to die in."

"It is a house, that has but two chambers,—a lazar and a charnal,—room only for the dying and the dead. There is not a spot on the broad earth where man can plant his foot, and affirm with confidence no mortal sleeps below."

Seeing that we shall soon pass from this stage of action, and go beyond the vale to reap the rewards of this life, let us strive to do our duty to-day, and not defer it till to-morrow, for to-morrow we cannot call our own, so that when our time of action here shall have passed, we can say our life has not been in vain.

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO.

O, what can little hands do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery:—
Such grace to mine be given!

O, what can little lips do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say:—
Such grace to mine be given!

O, what can little eyes do,
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book:—
Such grace to mine be given!

INDISPOSITION.

DEAR Hope:—I have made up my mind to write you a few lines. Uncle T. T. said that full grown Hopes may do so. I am a full grown Hope in body; but very small in mind. But still I can't believe that you are going to die next June.

I think I know why you are so unwell. It is an awful disease that plagues you nearly to death; a disease that is causing untold trouble in this world. A dreadful deceiver that is robbing thousands of their happiness here, and their hope in the world to come. Yes, I fear it will cause many to lose celestial glory. I mean that foul disease called *indisposition*. It is this that is keeping the saints from sending what would make you healthy and strong. Poor *Hope*, your dying groans will stir up some to try and keep you alive, at the same time some will have more sympathy for their pipe or the dram shop.

Dear Hopes of Zion, shall we help Zion on her way? We, in Sacramento, intend to increase our subscription four or five fold. Let us all try to get rid of that degrading disease, indisposition.

See what it did to our dear governor when I was in Africa, about twenty years ago. I will relate the circumstance. It came under my own observation.

A ship containing pardoned convicts came to Africa, and the inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope would not have them land there. England should not make it a penal settlement. They called a committee and cited the governor to attend, which made him dangerously ill so that he could not respond to their wishes. Upon inquiry, it was found that he was prostrated with that awful *indisposition*. Then we had the whole place in mourning for our governor. Black crape hung out in all directions. Dead marches, and mock funerals; processions through the streets, with all the shops closed, and no government officers allowed anything to eat until the ship with the convicts was sent away; and I, being

in the government service, had to suffer with the rest. All this fasting and mourning was in honor of our governor so dangerously ill with *indisposition*.

Shall we put the *Herald* and the *Hope* in mourning for every brother and sister that is plagued with this ailment to such an extent that it prevents them taking a church publication? When should we hope to get them out of mourning? Where there is a will, there is a way, so says the old adage. Then let us all do good the while we can. Let our candy, strong drink, and tobacco money go for *Heralds*, *Hopes*, *Tracts*, &c., then God will bless us four fold. So let us lay aside every hindrance, and especially get rid of indisposition. J. W. V.

ESTHER'S SIXPENCE.

[Continued from page 56.]

ALL thought of Harry and the baby had left her mind until she reached the gate of the little garden, and then to her horror, she saw her mother standing at the door with the baby lying in her arms.

"Esther, Esther, how could you have left baby?" she said in a sorrowfully reproachful tone. "If I had not come back for a parcel I had forgotten, she would have died in her cradle."

"What is the matter with her, mother?" asked Esther, turning pale with fright as she saw how white baby looked, and how strangely the sweet little mouth worked about.

"She is in a fit, and is getting worse I am afraid; said her mother in an agitated voice. She was too deeply grieved at the sight of her baby's suffering, to think of scolding Esther, or to ask where Harry was, or where she had been.

"You must run for the doctor, Esther," she said in a minute or two, finding baby did not get better. "Go as fast as you can," she added, as Esther reached the gate."

There was little need to urge her to make haste. The fright she was in lest she should have caused her little sister's death through her careless inattention, made her run with all possible speed; but still an hour had elapsed before she could get back again, and then it was to find that baby was no better.

The doctor arrived a few minutes afterward, bringing some medicine with him, and then for the first time, Esther thought of Harry." "Minnie has taken him home with her, I dare say, she said to herself, after looking round the garden for him. She remembered seeing Minnie run in just before she went for the doctor.

"Where is Harry," asked her mother, after the doctor had gone.

"Minnie has taken him home, I expect," answered Esther. "What does the doctor say?" she asked.

"He thinks there is hope; but she must not be left a moment. O, Esther! how could you have left her, poor little thing?"

But, seeing Esther's tears, and thinking that she had already suffered enough, she told her to go and fetch Harry from Mrs. Long's, and get the tea ready.

A fresh trouble awaited Esther here. Neither Mrs. Long nor Minnie had seen the child. Esther stood aghast as she heard it. More than an hour and a half had elapsed since she left him in the lane, and where might he not have wandered in that time?

"He has gone to the meadow, I dare say," said Mrs. Long. "Minnie shall go there and find him, while you go and get your mother some tea."

But Esther almost dreaded seeing her mother now.

"Will you go in to mother, while I go with Minnie?" she said. And, almost before Mrs. Long could assent, Esther had run off.

Harry was not in the meadow. They searched every corner of it, and walked all around the dry ditch that skirted it on three sides, for fear he should have slipped in, calling him loudly by name; but no one answered. Leaving the meadow at last, they parted, to search both ends of the lane, and call at one or two cottages where they thought it likely he might have been taken; but no one had seen him.

Meanwhile a terrible thought had crossed the minds of both girls, and made them hasten to the same spot,—the well. When Esther reached it, Minnie was looking down into its black depths.

"Oh! Minnie, can you see him?" she gasped, with a look of horror in her face as she thought how easily her little brother might have tripped over the edge.

"He might be down there," said Minnie, slowly, as though she was thinking of some plan by which this could be ascertained.

"Oh! how could we find out?" exclaimed Esther.

Minnie looked at her companion, and then down the well again. "God would take me straight to heaven, I know, if I should slip," she said, softly, to herself. Then looking at Esther, she said, "You are bigger and stronger than I, could you let me down and wind me up again?"

"Oh! Minnie, could you go down that horrid dark well?"

But while she was speaking, Minnie had seized the bucket and was preparing to get into it.

"All the men are in the fields at work; she said. It would take nearly an hour for any of them to come here, and if he should have slipped over the edge—"

A faint cry was heard as she spoke, and Esther screamed, "Oh! make haste, Minnie, make haste! He is down there," she said; but, at the same time taking the handle firmly in her hands, to let her companion down.

"You must let me down slowly;" said Minnie, turning pale as she looked down into the awful depth.

But she had not descended far when her eyes, growing accustomed to the gloom, saw something white at the side of the well. "Gently, Esther," she called. "You must stop it a minute." Another minute, and she was on a level with the white bundle. It was Harry! His clothes had been caught by a long, projecting hook; and he hung suspended some distance above the water.

"It was a perilous task to disengage the little fellow; and Minnie might not have succeeded so

well as she did, but for a blow that he had received in his fall, which had rendered him almost senseless. Minnie would have thought him lifeless, but for the faint moaning cry that he occasionally uttered.

A few minutes afterward, they were both safely wound up to the top.

Esther's screams had attracted a boy to the spot, or she would not have been able to raise them; for it was as much as she could do to keep the chain from running down with the added weight of Harry in the bucket. What her feelings were, when she saw her little brother and his deliverer lifted out and laid safely on the grass, my readers may imagine; but this we can assure them, that never again did she despise her less gifted school fellow, and the pain and anxiety she had suffered that day were a lesson to her for life.

Whenever she was tempted afterwards to neglect any duty, or yield to her too great love for dress, she thought of little Harry's fall, and the baby's dangerous illness, which were all caused through her sixpence.

UNCLE T. T's PRIZE.

THE following named children have sent in corrections of Miss Arabella Snyth's letter: Emily Bradshaw, William Goodcell, Nancy E. Montague, Laura Wilkinson, Ida B. Southwick, Hester E. Cobb, Letitia Stivers, No name, Oliver F. Utt.

The most correct and best written answer is by Emily Bradshaw, of London, England; to her the prize is therefore awarded. William Goodcell, of San Bernardino, California, has done well, and we forward him a New Testament as a second prize. Laura Wilkinson, Nancy E. Montague, and Letitia Stivers deserve credit; but scarcely merit a prize this time. Persevere, children, and you will become useful. Your friend,
UNCLE MARK.

BETHEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

DEAR Hope:—It having been a long time since you heard from the Fall River Sabbath School, and having some news to communicate, I take the present opportunity of writing to you.

Last February this Sabbath School was reorganized, and named the *Bethel* Sabbath School, under the superintendency of Br. John Potts, who has labored with unabated zeal and energy for the young Hopes.

The school organization consists of a superintendent, secretary, treasurer, teachers, and assistant teachers, which constitute the board of management. They hold monthly meetings to consult together for the interest of the school.

On Christmas day we had a Sunday School concert, at which was a Christmas tree, which was hung with presents for the young Hopes.

The superintendent was taken by surprise, as the young Hopes had bought a writing desk, as a present, for their superintendent, to show their appreciation of his services.

At the concert, Mary J. Hacking received the

presentation of a Bible, for reciting the most verses in a given time.

To stimulate and encourage the young, the teachers at their last meeting voted to have a Sunday School concert every three months, at which time presents are to be distributed for lessons learned, attendance, good behavior, &c.

Dear editors, I think it a pity that the *Hope* should fail for want of support, but I hope that such will not be the case. I will use my utmost endeavors to obtain subscribers.

Who is too poor to take the *Hope*, when one cent a week will bring it to their homes for a year? It will make glad the hearts of your children by its pleasant pictures, and wise instruction. Parents, let us see to this, that as we love the *Herald*, so let us teach our children to love the *Hope*, which in plainness and simplicity teaches the children the love of Christ, that they may learn to fear the Lord. Praying and hoping that the *Hope* may continue to live, while printing is needed for the propagation of truth. I remain yours truly,
JOHN SMITH.

THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKER.

A GENTLEMAN, at a Bible Society meeting, stated that he once called at one of the Sunday-schools in Southwark, and as he was looking over one of the classes, the teacher took him aside and said, "Sir, Lucy, whom you have just noticed, is one of the most extraordinary children I ever knew."

"How so?" said he.

"Why, sir, she is remarkably diligent, gentle, and, above all, remarkably humble. She is very forgiving to those who have injured her; and there is never a quarrel in the school but she interferes, and is not satisfied until she has reconciled the parties. I am almost afraid of loving her too much."

After the school services had closed, the gentleman addressed her thus: "Lucy, I am pleased to hear you give great satisfaction to your teacher. What is it that makes you so desirous to oblige your school-fellows, and settle their disputes?"

She blushed, and hesitated some time, but at last said in a meek voice.

"Sir, it is because our Savior has said, '*Blessed are the peace-makers.*'"

LOOK
AT THESE FIGURES!!

15 Feb 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE
WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.

Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

Correspondence.

LOWER LAKE, Lake Co., Cal.

Dear brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—I love to read the *Hope*. It is very dear to me. I know that I do not live aright; but my prayer is that we may all live aright and gain the victory in the end. My desire is to meet all my little brothers and sisters in Zion. I desire an interest in the prayers of all my brothers and sisters. I solve many of the Enigmas, Puzzles and Anagrams, but I live so far from you, that I cannot very well send them in time for publication. We have no branch here; but we are going to move to Healdsburg, where I hope we will have preaching, and a Sabbath school also. I am going to strive for the prize offered by Uncle T. Thoughtful.

HESTER E. COBB.

ST. LOUIS, Missouri.

Dear brother Joseph:—I am glad I am a saint of God. I was baptized when I was eight years old; I am still trying to do right; I am now twelve. I hope you will still continue the *Hope*. I am willing to pay all I can. I hope the Lord will bless you and all the saints.

GEORGE HOLDSWORTH.

UNION FORT, Utah, November 24th, 1871.

Dear brother Joseph:—God is still blessing us when we do right. The members in our branch number twelve, and we have meetings every other Sunday in our house. I love the *Hope* very much, and I would be very lonesome without it. I hope the day will come when I can come out of Utah, for I am very tired of this place. I hope you will remember me in your prayers. I hope God will bless you. Goodby.

LUCY ANN GRIFFITHS.

BARABOO, Wis., Nov. 7, 1871.

Dear editors of the *Hope*:—I thought I would try and do a little for the *Hope* to keep it up. I like that paper very much, and I mean to try to live more closely to the laws and commandments of God. I have lived in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for some time; yet I feel my weakness very much; but in my weak and feeble way, I am bound, determined to serve the Lord to the best of my ability. I realize that if I hold out to the end, and prove faithful, I shall obtain the prize that I am seeking for, and I hope that all of the readers of the *Hope* will try to serve the Lord. Pray for me. Good-by. Your brother in Christ,

O. S. HACKETT.

DARLINGTON, Wis., Nov., 17, 1871.

Dear brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—I am a member of the Reorganized Church of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized when twelve years old, by Br. Zenos H. Gurley, senior, on June 6th, 1870. I am glad that I ever became a member of this church. I feel to rejoice with the saints, and my little sisters and brothers. We often wish that we were where there are meetings held regularly. I hope that our little paper won't stop. We will do all that we can in our neighborhood to help it. I think it is a very interesting little paper, and all the rest who read it here think so too. Your sister in the church.

REBECCA WALTON.

GENOA, Nevada, November 13, 1871.

Uncle Mark:—I have not forgotten the *Zion's Hope*, I like it very much. I am very glad to have embraced the Latter Day Work, for it is the work of God. I have been a member of this church one year and a half; and I pray the Lord to keep me in the faith. I pray too that he may give me wisdom, and knowledge, and charity, so that I may grow in grace and stature before him. I hope that all my little brothers and sisters will do the same, and at last be saved in the kingdom of God. I remain your brother

JOHNNY GILMAN.

ANAMOSA, Iowa, Oct. 26, 1871.

Uncle Mark and Uncle Joseph:—I see by the reading of our little *Hope* that you almost feel as though you must discontinue it, and this is why I stir up my weak energy to urge you against stopping it. We have no Sunday School nor church here, only when Br. Patterson comes. We have little branch meetings to enjoy ourselves; but I feel as though I could not give up the *Hope*, and I hope the little brothers and sisters will not stop writing for the *Hope*. Yours in Jesus.

JOHN H. HINDS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, Dec. 19, 1871.

Dear editors of the *Hope*:—Again I thought that I would write a few lines for the Correspondent's Column. In my last I promised that I would live a better life than I had done in the past; I have tried, and but partly succeeded, still doing many things that I ought not to do, and leaving undone many

things that I ought to have done. I know that when I do wrong I have only myself to blame, and that when that wrong has been committed that I ought to ask and seek forgiveness—this I have been very slow to do.

I hope that all my little brothers and sisters will join me in saying, that we will ever try to keep in view the crown of glory awaiting those that live faithful unto the end, to the covenant they made at the waters of baptism.

I am trying to gain Frances' premium. Yours in Christ.

WM. STUART.

SCOTTSVILLE, Floyd Co., Indiana.

December 4th, 1871.

Uncle Mark:—Not having written to the *Hope* for some time past, and having a desire to correspond, I improve this opportunity that you may understand that I have neither forgotten nor abandoned what I profess. I am still striving to do my duty as best I can; for the best I can do is of but little importance. Nevertheless, by the help of our Great Helper I will try to overcome.

Brethren and sisters, do we who have been brought into covenant relation with Christ, realize where we stand? Can we appreciate the goodness and the greatness of him who said, "Draw nigh unto me, and I will draw nigh unto you?" Is it possible that God is near us? Does he indeed watch over us? Yes; for he says the very hairs of our heads are numbered. If this be the case, then let us strive more earnestly to honor and glorify the Great God who created the heavens and the earth, and the fountains of water. Let us live so that we may be accounted worthy to escape the judgments that are sweeping over and making desolate the earth, and that we may stand with joy before Jesus when he shall come to make up his jewels among the children of men, and hear his blessed voice saying, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of thy Lord."

I do not expect to take the *Hope* next year, on account of not having the means.

LIZZIE SCOTT.

Kind friends have paid for the *Hope*, Lizzie, and you will receive it for 1872.

UNCLE MARK.

NUMBER OF ANSWERS SENT.

THE following is a list of names of those who have answered in the Puzzle Department of the *Hope* since we last published a similar list.

Sarah Jane Ballantyne has merited the first prize, which will consist of a Bible to be forwarded to her on receipt of her address.

Julia M. Powers, the second prize, which will be sent to her in care of her father, Br. Samuel Powers.

The list of answers does not include the answers to Br. Nathan Lindsey's Geographical Puzzles, nor the responses to Uncle T. T's letter, for both of which separate prizes are issued.

A.—Harriet H. Ackerly 12, Sarah J. Ackerly 11, J. L. Avondet 2, George Allen 2, Caroline Atkinson 1.

B.—SARAH J. BALLANTYNE 42, Sarah N. Brown 8, E. M. Balmforth 2, F. F. Bennett 2, A. H. Burroughs 1, C. Bishop 1, J. J. Bradshaw 1, J. R. Bennett 1, E. F. Benedict 1, F. E. Brown 1, F. M. Bootman 1.

C.—C. A. Cadamy 6, M. E. Conyers 5, E. T. Conyers 5, Mary Carrington 3, Cousin Sue 3, W. T. Cadamy 2, C. S. Cadamy 2, — Cook 2, Alta Corless 1, A. S. Craven 1, E. E. Cobb 1.

D.—George Derry 3, Willie H. Dutton 3, E. T. Dobbson 2, C. G. Dykes 1, J. E. Davis 1.

E.—Rachel Evans 2, Willie G. Eccles 1.

F.—Sylvia I. Fuller 3, E. Amy Forscutt 2, William Fowles 2, F. L. C. 1.

G.—M. I. Gonsolley 2, L. A. Griffith 1.

H.—Della Hall 13, Mary F. Hilliard 5, George F. Holdsworth 2, John H. Hines 2, C. Howard 1, Ella C. Harvey 1, R. I. Hunter 1, O. S. Hackett 1.

J.—Abigail Jones 7, Mary Jones 7, Nathan Jones 4.

K.—Maggie A. Kay 6.

L.—Oracy A. Lake 4, L. M. T. 1, F. Lavinia 1, H. D. Leonard 1, A. H. Leonard 1, C. Leonard 1, John H. Lee 1.

M.—Nancy E. Montague 11, M. L. Middleton 10, J. E. Montague 6, Alice Moore 4, Anema Montague 3, Eldridge Montague 2, Ellen J. Maloney 1, A. L. Munns 1, M. F. Middleton 1, Jas. F. Mintun 1, H. Masters 1.

N.—A. M. Newberry 5, No Name 4, Aletta Navaro 2, Carry Norman 1, Ellen T. Newell 1, H. M. Noiton 1, N. A. C. 1, Sarah Nirk 1.

O.—Lucy A. Ordway 1.

P.—JULIA M. POWERS 22, R. J. Philips 1, Ida Putnam 1.

R.—Hyrum A. Rudd 17, Alvin Z. Rudd 10, Mary A. Rudd 10, A. H. Rudd 8, Harrison Rudd 7, John F. Rudd 6, Mary S. Rudd 6, E. H. Robinson 4, Otis Russel 3, M. E. Rudd 2, Roselle Rinker 2, Gomer I. Rees 2, T. Redfield 1, D. Rudd 1, A. Rudd 1, Mary Rinker 1, S. J. Rowley 1.

S.—Wm. Stuart 16, Dora R. Shupe 7, H. O. Smith 4, Lillie R. Seaman 3, H. Smith 3, Lizzie Scott 2, H. E. Smith 2, M. E. Spencer 2, Maggie Shupe 1, Nancy M. Sunderland 1, M. E. Simmons 1, Estella Seaman 1, Nancy A. Scott 1, F. M. Smith 1, W. Sheen 1, Sarah Skarf 1.

T.—F. O. Thomasson 4, G. L. Tempest 3, Hiram A. Thomas 3, Wm. W. Thornton 3, Alfred Tempest 2, Wm. R. Thornton 2, Mary K. Thornton 2.

W.—R. Wight 10, Sienna Wight 8, Lyman Wight 6, J. W. Wight 3, R. M. Wight 3, M. White 2, Emma L. Wakefield 1, Wallace Wight 1, L. Wight 1.

ANSWER TO FIRST ANAGRAM No. 46.

O Heaven! it is a blissful place,
And may it be my home;
And may I stand before God's face,
And kneel before his throne.
In prayer and supplication
Oh! may I ever be
A pearl of admiration,
Throughout eternity.

Answered by ten correspondents.

ANSWER TO WORD-SQUARE No. 3.

Head, Elma, Amen, Dane.

Answered by three correspondents.

Drop word puzzle No. 1 not answered.

ANSWER TO SECOND ANAGRAM No. 46.

O that some power the gift would give us,
To see ourselves as others see us,
It would frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Answered by S. J. Ballantyne.

WORD-SQUARE No. 4 not answered.

THE Arithmetical Problems for answers to which Br. Nathan Lindsey offered a prize of a new Hymn Book to be given to the one who shall "most correctly and most intelligently solve the greatest number of them before the 1st of July," 1872, will remain open till the time specified.

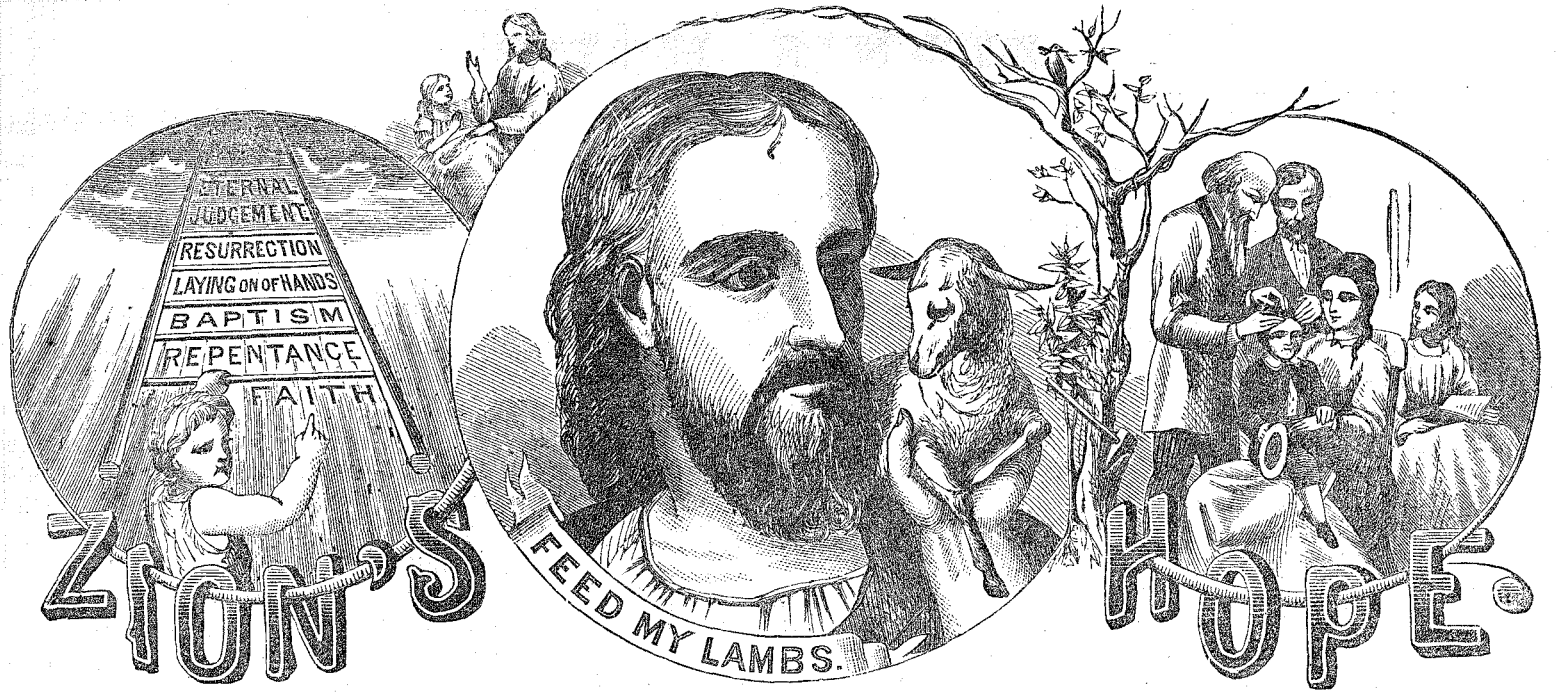
BEING out of paper, our last two issues were behind time.

Roll of Honor.

Amelia S. Wildermuth.....\$	25	E. Amy Forscutt.....\$	25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	25	H. Schofield.....	1
Mary E. Kyte.....	1	75 L. Newman.....	50
Lillie S. Hudson.....	1	Horace H. Hudson.....	25
Louisa E. Hudson.....	25	Sarah E. Hudson.....	25
Mabal Hudson.....	25	Ella M. Hudson.....	25
Eveline R. Hudson.....	50	Uncle Jethro.....	5
Lavern E. Stiles.....	50	Nellie Hougas.....	25
Willie Hougas.....	25	E. P. Russel.....	50
Joseph A. Outhouse.....	25	Katie B. Macaulay.....	1
Silas Hevener.....	25	Hampton J. Ladner.....	25
James Walton.....	25	Jane Walton.....	25
P., C., G., R., & J. Walton } (10 cents each).....	50	Jane E. France.....	25
Annie Caffal.....	50	Maggie Kay.....	50
Kate Davis.....	25	William Stuart.....	50
Walter Beebe.....	25	Jas. Stuart.....	50
A. Friend.....	25	A. Friend.....	50
Jennie Beebe.....	25	John Brackenbury.....	25
Lillian Howell.....	50	John S. Anderson.....	50
Derias Thompson.....	25	John S. Weeks.....	25
Maria Wilson.....	25	Mary Ann Wilson.....	25
William F. Wilson.....	25	Jane Williams.....	25
Angie Beckstead.....	50	William W. Fletcher.....	25
Arthur W. Fletcher.....	25	David M. Mantle.....	25
Maria Mantle.....	25	William Walter.....	25
One who loves the Hopes.....	1	00	

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

JOSEPH SMITH - - - - - EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR.
Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., FEBRUARY 15, 1872.

No. 16.

SCHOOL.

THE pleasures and profit which may be obtained in the school-room, should not be undervalued by the readers of the *Hope*.

There is nothing that will bring peace of conscience more than to meditate upon time wisely spent in the days of our youth.

Children should love the school-room, because the labor to be performed is a duty, as much so as the performance of manual exercise. God requires us to make a judicious use of our time, and certainly the mind should not be neglected.

All duties should be made a pleasure, rather than an irksome task. Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly, and ye shall find rest to your souls; for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." It is wrong, decidedly wrong, to say we hate to go to school, when we know it is our duty.

Some children go to school simply because they are sent there by their parents. This is wrong. God is pleased with us, when we do his will from the heart, because we feel it to be our duty, because we *love* to obey; not because we *must* obey.

Others go, because the path of duty to them is the way which leads to happiness. These are sure to succeed in their duties. They make it a point to be in good time, if possible—go directly, and quietly to their seats at the tap of the bell—and immediately engage in the pleasant task of study.

Such children are happy, because industrious, and because they pay earnest heed to the instructions of their teachers and parents. They are loved by all the wise and good, because they are obliging and dutiful.

A proper system of study will never fail to improve our manners, and modify the desires of the heart. It will create within us a thirst for knowledge, and as we drink from its crystal fountain, we cannot fail to desire to rid ourselves of sin in every shape. A proper education, moral and religious, will point out the true means to be employed.

Hopes, emulate the example of the last named class, and you will be a blessing to your parents and to the world. And if, in a more mature age, you should chance to pass by the humble school house where you received your first instruction, you will lift up your hearts and rejoice.

O! the blessed spot where the old school house stands. There I first acquired a taste for study, which, through the blessing of God, has led me to that which is useful. There it stands, like a fertile spot in a desert, furnishing the true elements of life.

A WINTER'S STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE HOPES.

NUMBER II.

THE beautiful flowers growing in the window, were not the last objects of beauty the sunlight rested upon, before it faded from the little room, for just opposite to the window, upon the neatly papered wall hung two beautiful pictures, just where the last rays of the sun played over them, as if throwing them a good night kiss before going to his sleep behind the curtains of the western hills. These were not costly oil paintings hung in gilded frames, but simply chromos, which Margaret had earned by getting new subscribers for a weekly paper, and which she had framed very neatly with pine cones and burs of the acorn, assisted by a friend older than herself; for our little girl was only ten years old, and though very helpful to her mother in their little home, it often happened that her loving ambition to be more so, led her to desire to do many things requiring more experience than her years gave her, and in cases like this she never found any trouble to get help, for there are very few persons who are not glad to help a child when they see them trying to help their parents. And this, little girls and boys, is because it is so pleasant to see children loving and kind to father and mother.

The shadows lengthened, and the sunlight at last faded out of the room. It was Saturday

evening, and Margaret had been left to watch the slumbers of little Freddie, while her mother prepared supper in the kitchen which was the room next to the one where she was sitting.

Through the half open door the little girl saw her mother, busy at a side table slicing the loaf of white bread, and placing it beside the plate of golden butter, and another already heaped up with brown, crisp dough-nuts, and glancing hastily towards the crib to see that Freddie was still sleeping, she put her kitten and dolly down, and stepping lightly into the kitchen, asked leave of her mother to set the table ready for supper.

"Yes, darling, you may," said Mrs. Graham, "and I will have the steak and tea ready by the time father gets here." So while the mother busied herself at the stove, Margaret spread the snowy cloth upon the table, and after carefully wiping each dish, put them in their places, and then added the bread, butter and cakes her mother had arranged all ready to be put on; and when, in addition, a plate of honey, in its light golden comb stood beside the butter, the table looked very neat and inviting. Margaret placed the chairs at the table, each one at its proper place, with little Freddie's high one next to his father's, where a shining bit of oil cloth was placed under the bright tin plate to protect the white cloth from being soiled; then glancing her eye over the table once more to see that nothing was wanting, she went back to the little sitting room, and stationed herself by the window to watch for her father's coming.

Margaret could hear the wind sobbing and moaning without, and as the dull, gray twilight deepened, it looked so cold and cheerless on the village street, that the little girl wished that her father would come, so that he might be sheltered from the cold. Just then the sound of feet was heard on the pavement, but they were too light for her father's, and as they paused by the fence, Margaret saw the pale face and tangled curls of little Ruth Deam, as she stopped for a moment to look into the bright, warm room, and feast her eyes on the lovely flowers in the window which quite concealed Margaret from her view, but did

not prevent Margaret from seeing Ruth and noticing the longing wistful look in her sad brown eyes, and the shiver that crept over her frame as the rude wind lifted her thin shawl, and blew her curls in wild confusion about her face. Ruth had been standing but a few moments by the gate, when hearing approaching footsteps, she turned away and drawing her shawl more closely about her, walked quickly up the street to the poor house which she called home, and which was all the shelter she and her mother had from the storms of winter, let them blow fierce as they might.

"Have you no wants this December night?
It is cold and the winds are high."

Margaret heard the cheery voice of her father, singing as he came in at the kitchen door, and closed it quickly after him, as if to shut out from his pleasant home the thought of cold and darkness. Mrs. Graham paused in placing the hot supper on the table to smile a welcome to her husband, and answer him in the words of the song, as she had often done before.

"Your house is so light, and close, and warm,
And your fire is so glowing and bright,
That you smile at the thought of want or harm,
On this bleak December night."

"It is true, dear wife, said Mr. Graham, and for all my blessings I hope I am grateful to God who bestows them. "But where is my sunbeam?" he added, as he missed Margaret from the room, for she was usually the first to meet him at the door, and claim a kiss as her reward.

"She went into the sitting room a few minutes since, and perhaps Freddie has awoke from his nap and is keeping her;" said Mrs. Graham.

Margaret had been standing by the window since her father's voice first fell on her ear, unable to forget the wistful look in the sad, brown eyes of little Ruth, and thinking what a contrast there was between her own bright, warm home, and the cold and cheerless one to which she knew the little girl was going, and the question of her father's song, which she had heard many times before, had a new meaning for her to-night. Ah! yes; this bleak December night, while she was so loved, so warm and happy, she felt that little Ruth and her mother must have many a want, which there was no one to notice—no one to gratify, and the thought made her little heart so sad that she had forgotten her father's coming, until she heard him ask for her, and little Freddie awaking just at this moment, she took him in her arms, and went into the kitchen to welcome her father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANGER.

BY LOUISA BURNAM.

ANGER is one of the most fierce and deadly passions that agitate the human breast. Let anger once gain the ascendancy, and all the better feelings are trampled under foot. Anger often exists without any real cause. A man's own evil temper is reflected on all surrounding objects. He imagines he is being injured, when all around are calm and quiet. Anger is sinful; and there is a degree of mad-

ness connected with it. It is evident that when a person is laboring under the influence of this passion, he loses all reason, and becomes in reality a brute.

When any person feels himself inclined to angry passion, let him only reflect for a moment, call to his aid all the powers of his will, and strive to conquer it, and though he may not always succeed, yet if he will persevere, he will finally gain the victory.

A MORNING WALK.

I love at dawn of dewy morn to rise,
And through the fields and verdant meadows stray,
Behold the light o'erspread the glowing skies
With rainbow hues, in rich and rare display.
While mounting upward on his shining way,
And shedding floods of golden glory round,
Appears the sun, glad harbinger of day,
Above the eastern hills; O! where is found
A scene more bright than this, or more with beauty
crowned?

I wander on, I cross the rippling rill,
From grass and flowers I brush the sparkling dew,
And feel my heart with growing rapture thrill,
As beauties burst upon th' enchanting view.
At ev'ry step my willing feet pursue,
Till all the world seems glorious and bright,
And all is good, and beautiful, and true;
While all around, below, above, unite
To fill my soul with love, and rapturous delight.

Transported thus, my soul is raised above;
In pray'r and praise, my grateful thoughts ascend
To God, the source of happiness and love,
My great Creator, and most faithful Friend,
On whom all blessings and all joys depend.
With thankful heart I wend my homeward way,
Resolved to love and serve him to the end,
That I may view the brightly beaming ray
That ushers in the dawn of th' Resurrection Day.

BROTHER HENRY.

DUSTELLA BROWN'S LETTERS.

BY AN ANT.

MRS. Moth having been heard with interest by some, if not all the dear Hopes, in her pleasant descriptions of the life of a Moth, I feel encouraged to think that perhaps there may be subjects connected with the Ant family, if not with myself, (being but an humble laborer in that respected community or society), that will interest some of the friends of our valuable little paper; subjects that, if they do not seem so delicately beautiful as others, they are at least curious and instructing, showing the care of the good and wise Father of all in providing for the humble and plain, as well as the beautiful and elegant.

Although a community of *little* folks, and small, yet by our industrious and family-like habits, we have attracted so much attention, that I was surprised one day when *running over* the leaves of the Bible, to read in Prov. 6:6, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest."

Since then I have entertained more respect for my calling, and been happier in my station.

You, my young friends, may learn from us in many respects; since we have been noticed by so wise a man as Solomon, and in so good a book as the Bible, in a recommendatory light. But perhaps the good lessons of my life may be best understood by its changes and progress, so I will with this much of an introduction begin my simple story.

Although too busy generally for telling stories, yet you know it is now the winter time, and we have not much to do; so I will dip my shiniest little claw in the juice of a berry, and write out the history of my life for your inspection.

Although I have not much recollection of my early life, from what I have since been told by my kind nurse, I learn that I was at first a very little egg, placed in a cunning little round cell, dug in one side of our underground home. It was the especial business of this nurse, and a number of others like her, old working ants who had grown too feeble to dig or hunt for food, and to whom was given charge to watch over the young ants.

The nurse who took care of me, was very faithful and kind to her helpless little trouble. She came every now and then to examine the cell, and to see if all went well with her charge.

Every insect is at first an egg, then a worm or caterpillar, than a chrysalis;—or, instead, a cocoon of silk is spun in which they lie dormant or asleep, until their final change comes, when they hatch out to their full form, which is always very different from what they were at first, so that during their worm-life they crawl along sluggishly, and often repulsively, and you would hardly guess what beautiful, swift, and strong little creatures would arise from such ugly objects. Even so I am sure it is with man. First, wicked creatures, then an opportunity to be changed into a good saint, with the promise of immortal life as a resurrected being in a heaven of happiness. But I digress.

This nurse was not my mother, my mother I am told was a queen ant, a very beautiful winged creature, unlike my wingless nurse, who was an ant without wings, a worker selected to be a nurse over the young ants.

My mother placed me in the little cell made by the workers, or common ants, and then left me in the charge of this kind nurse. There were several of us placed in the same cell, and I am told that shortly afterward my mother died, being a very delicate, short-lived, as well as beautiful being.

I will now give you a better description of the one who cared for me. Her name was Nimble, and a spryer little body never run on six legs. She was about a quarter of an inch long; (we were a small tribe, or a tribe of small ants); her head was heart-shaped; she had two black bead-like eyes, two long antennæ, or feelers, sprang out of the fore part of her head, with which she touched and examined all things she came across.

These antennæ are very delicate and useful members of our body; for we live under ground, you know, and have little or no light, so we need these to feel our way. They are very wonderful; for when we touch anything with them, we instantly know what it is. By them we tell our

friends and foes, our food or our enemies, so delicately are they made, they are like our light legs with joints, but they are not strong to walk upon; yet I would rather lose two legs than one of them. It is hard to tell you about them so that you will understand, for you have none, as it would be hard for you to tell a blind person what it is to see.

But to return to my nurse. Her head was dust colored; her waist was neat and slender and also dust colored; and to it was attached six slender, active-jointed legs. The other part of her bright shining black, with a golden tinge, as if it had been polished and varnished. So you see she was a very neat, natty sort of a little body, and she was always running out and in, now counting over the little pearl-like eggs left in her keeping to see if they were all right; now examining if any were hatched; now posting out to see to the storing of grain and game of all sorts for the hatching time; now making our cell larger; and now hovering over us anxiously, as if to give us the warmth of her electric life.

She was not our mother; but she wanted to be an active worker in her community, to be good and brave. To work was her life and delight; to be an idle coward her scorn. How much can you learn of her, little Hopes, and big ones too for that matter? She was brave to a fault; and would have laid hold of the hind leg of anything, from a gnat to an elephant, diminutive as she was, if it should have invaded our quiet home of thrift. She loved the young lives dependent on her care, and never gave herself a minute's rest while they needed anything.

One day she entered the cell, and her antennæ struck the head of an earwig just coming through the walk of the cell. A little more, and he would have eaten every one of us. She quietly took him by the back of the neck with her mandible, and drew him out into the corridor, where a soldier ant took him in charge, and marched him to the store-house, where instead of eating, he was eaten; Nurse Nimble bringing a joint to our cell to enjoy at her leisure.

She that very day removed us all to a cell deeper down, and plugged up the hole with clay where the earwig came through; but they captured six more young earwigs who bored into the same cell in search of ant's eggs, all of the same brood. So you see her care was not in vain, we should have been destroyed if it had not been for her goodness.

One day she came to our cell, and found one of the little pearls had hatched out to a little white helpless worm, with only a head and body. I need not say that it was I. What followed I will write in my next.

DUSTELLA BROWN.

LEGEND OF DIANA'S WASH-BASIN.
NUMBER II.

WE did not dare to trust ourselves to stand upright very near to the margin of the goddess' basin; but getting on our knees we placed our hands on the edge of the solid rock, and feeling secure in our position, contemplated the waters lying in such an awe-

inspiring stillness so far beneath us. It is claimed that the waters are unfathomable. Through their clear depths, we watched the white pebbles, one after another, as they sank lower and lower until they disappeared entirely from sight, still sinking beneath the element during the last glimpse our straining vision could catch of them. We observed, however, that as they kept sinking lower and lower, they seemed to be drawn, as by the flowing of a current from the point where they touched the water in falling, towards the eastern side of the basin, until lost to sight. This led us to suppose that upon that side, far beneath the point which human gaze could penetrate, there might exist a subterranean opening through which these waters found an outlet, and perhaps a similar one on the side opposite, by which they entered.

How terrible it would be to fall into such a place, we mused; and what a torture Indians would here have ready prepared for their victims. Perhaps they have used it for that purpose in years gone by! Who knows, or who can tell? These waters are, and ever will remain, silent in regard to what they have witnessed. If they were cool, they would not strike such a nameless terror through us this melting, summer day, and to one who could swim, a bath even at that depth would have its charms. But of what avail would the skill of the best swimmer be, with his flesh being literally cooked upon his bones?

It was surely a strange fancy prompting the person who named it, to suppose it a fit basin for the Ephesian Goddess to perform her ablutions in, for we think even for a goddess the temperature of the water would be extremely uncomfortable.

Upon the return of our party, some questions were put to the Indians in regard to the place. They evidently understood what was said to them, but seemed inclined to avoid the subject, only shaking their heads, and when asked if the Indian had made it, answering,—

"Indian no make him—white man no make him—Great Spirit heap make him."

Thus much they would communicate, but no more; and they showed little inclination to talk on the subject.

This fall, however, there came to the house of the friends we had visited, an old Indian, who related, in his broken way of talking, the story which we will tell you in our own way, and the truth of which is attested by the fact of the Indians never going near the singular basin, nor even passing it, when possible for them to avoid doing so. Thirty senows ago, he said it seemed. The Indian "senow" means one year. It is the nearest approach he can make to speaking snow.

Thirty years ago, when the snow lay white and cold upon the mountains, and spread a thin covering over the valley—long before the white man inhabited it, or delved in its mountains for the precious silver, two Indians were passing down the valley alone. One was a squaw, the other her husband, and as they came near to the monitor, they paused a few moments, seeming undecided—then together went up to the top and stood looking over the edge of the basin. The day was cold, and the warm steam coming

up from the waters was grateful to their chilled limbs, and they stood for some time enjoying it, and gazed down upon the waters with that stolidity of countenance so habitual to their race, which perfectly conceals all traces of deep emotion from the eye of any one observing them.

But alas! either the melting snow around the edge of the basin had made the rocks slippery, or else a slight drift had concealed a treacherous cavity too near the brink for safety. By one false step the Indian's footing became insecure, and struggling frantically to save himself, he was precipitated over the side, grasping at the rocks on the edge in his fall. Horror struck, his faithful squaw saw his danger, and springing to the spot fell upon her knees and grasped his clinging hands, thus helping him to sustain his weight. They were far from all hope of help, and she, but a slender girl, could not long hold her loved one back from the jaws of death. And what a terrible death! With life and health surging in every vein, to sink into those hissing, unfathomed waters, and be slowly cooked until life was gone!

As long as a vestige of her strength availed to hold him back, his squaw clung to him with the desperation of despair, uttering the most pitiful moans, and heart-rending shrieks. At last her strength gave way—her arms relaxed and dropped down powerless, and she fell prostrate just upon the brink, more dead than alive. She heard the sullen plunge of his form in the water, and knew that all hope was over. The Indian had met a terrible fate; and from that time to this it is shunned by the tribe, and they never willingly speak of the place. Whether the body was ever recovered or not, the old Indian did not tell, but we think most likely it was not, as it would have been a dangerous and difficult undertaking. We did not know this legend when we visited the spot, but without it there was enough to inspire awe in our minds, while gazing upon the strangely mysterious waters of Diana's Wash-Basin. FRANCIS.

INFLUENCE OF HOME.

BY LOUISA BURNAM.

NOW great is the influence of home. Home gives a serenity to the mind, and though we have to combat with the wrongs of the world, we can there put them aside without anger. We may be surrounded by the vices and temptations of the world; but they seldom have the power to draw our minds from the pleasures of a true home. They may remind us of the frailty of all human beings, and serve to keep down our pride; but a good home is endeared to us by the contrast. The changes of the world have but little influence on our lives, as long as we are surrounded by love and kindness at home.

The influences that are cast around the home fire side, have a great deal to do in forming our character. The lessons of forbearance and kindness at home are never forgotten. It is so natural for all of us to excuse the failings of those at home, that we soon forget any unkindness

caused by thoughtlessness. It is in truth a happy family where charity begins at home. Each one there is striving to keep harmony and peace.

The knowledge that all at home are so much interested in our welfare, gives us strength to meet the difficulties that arise during the day, and urges us to make greater exertions to fit ourselves for the coming changes of life. Home associations not only strengthen our virtues; but give us a sound judgment, and enable us to see things in their proper light.

Home and its many pleasant memories cannot be too highly prized by any of us.

THE PARSON AND THE INDIANS.

NEAR our place lives good old Parson —, who thought that the apostles' calling was a sufficient warrant for him to teach.

This good old parson thought that he would convert the Indians to the United Brethren faith, accordingly he gave out an appointment in a central place, and when the time had fully come, the Indians with one accord congregated in great numbers. Encircling the parson, they seated themselves on the ground, with mouths open and heads thrown back; their sparkling eyes resembling very much those of a crowd of juveniles on the outside of their first circus.

Very few of the Indians being able to understand the English language, and the parson not having the gift of tongues, notwithstanding his high calling, they were dependent on two or three squaws who lived with white men to interpret for them. Owing to this unfortunate delay, the parson could not get warmed up to a converting heat. After sundry trials, and failures, he gradually cooled off, and was invited to partake of the hospitality of one of his hearers, which, he being somewhat singular in that respect, he did not refuse to do. The day was far spent; and after an arduous ride of some miles over a rough road, on the hurricane deck, or on the back of a grizzly grey mule, as one would naturally suppose, the parson's appetite was sharp, and visions of yellow-legged chickens, eggs, preserves, and coffee with cream in it, flitted across his mind as he approached the house. When the time arrived for dinner, there was spread before the parson a beautiful supply of salmon and roasted potatoes, without wine or water. His paper collar gave way, and he was permitted to finish his meal in peace; which being done, his pipe lighted, and his small pieces of tobacco divided among his friends, he beat a hasty retreat, or rather beat the mule to the nearest brook, and from brook to brook, like the toper, from grocery to grocery. And passers by did solemnly affirm that until the next rainfall, there could be seen the print of two large hands and knees on the margin of all the little brooks that crossed the good old parson's way.

Now little Hopes, if you will follow me through, I will teach you how novel writers, and those that write for hire make a living. The one that can make the longest story out of the smallest amount of truth, makes the most money,

and the world says, "Good fellow." Ministers work somewhat on the same principle. Now the truth in the above story to my knowledge is about as follows. The good old parson does live near here, he did preach to the Indians, but did not convert any.

THE SISTERS.

Two sisters passing from their cottage door,
Clad in neat raiment, though cheap and poor,
Talking their humble state and station o'er.

"Sister," said one, "how poor and plain our lot,
How small our income, how old and mean our cot
Placed by sad fate in so obscure a spot?"

"I do not think our humble cottage mean,
The grassy yard in front is freshly green,
Roses are round its door, its rooms are clean."

"How hard unto our ceaseless toil to go,
To send the tireless shuttle to and fro,
Weaving the endless yards that grow, and grow?"

"Ah! but I love to watch the vine increase,
To count the gains when the long day shall cease,
To earn one's bread brings so much rest and peace."

"See the fair daughters of the rich go by—
How white each hand, and face, how clear each eye.
They dress in glowing robes, why should not I?"

"I like to see them, truly they are fair,
Their robes are beautiful, let us beware—
They never knew our toil, nor we their care."

"You like to see them—well, I can't see why,
They will not speak to such as you or I;
Behold how scornfully they hasten by!"

"If silken robes bring so much bitter pride
As not to speak to those for whom Christ died,
Lord, let me in my poverty abide."

"Our lot is lonely; father, he is gone,
And mother too, those whom we leaned upon,
Leaving us here alone to labor on!"

We have a friend on high; above each grave"
How peacefully the golden lilies wave,—
Embitter not the life they kindly gave."

"What hope have we of station or of state?
What will the hard years bring us if we wait?
Is not our future sadly desolate?"

A well spent life must be a happy one;
All costly bliss is short and soon is gone;
How wide the fields celestial spread beyond.

AORUIL.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 Mar 72

Any one finding me above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.

Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

A DREAM.

On the tenth night of January, 1872, I thought I was in a narrow path of about one foot wide, which led from the south west towards the north east, and was straight as a die. This path appeared to be clear and level, as far as my eyes could penetrate. I had got a considerable distance along the path and had stopped. Sat down and was engaged in doing something, when all at once I heard some persons back where I entered from calling me to come back to them, telling me that there was a storm coming. I thought that I arose to my feet, and saw that on each side of the path was a body of water so large that I could not see land, only back at the end of the path where I had started from. The storm which those persons said was coming, I then could see also. It seemed as if it would take everything before it. I began to run back along the path to those persons, who appeared to be friends of mine, when it came into my mind that I would not run, for I need not fear the storm; for the Lord would be with me. My fear then ceased, and the storm passed over. I went leisurely on to those persons who had called me, and went with them to a house not far off. We entered the house, where there were other people, and I awoke.

CURTIS WHITE.

Correspondence.

EUREKA, Humboldt Co.,

Nov. 29, 1871.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am only twelve years old, and I have been to school only about one year. I have studied my lessons at home. The schools here are so bad, that mother would not let me go to them. I learned more evil than good. You can see how much I have improved at home, under my mother's care. Mother was baptized over two years ago. My father does not belong to the church, neither do I; but I believe the doctrine is right. I want you to pray for the conversion of my father. I have heard Elder Rogers preach here, and so has my father. He thinks a great deal of him. Elder Rogers left here on the 27th of this month; we hope he will come back and bring his family. I must now close. I bid you and Uncle Mark farewell for the present.

SARAH M. J. SCHMIDT.

COAL BANK, Cherokee, Kansas,

Nov. 4, 1871.

Dear Uncle T. T.:—I am ten years old. I cannot write very good; but I am trying to write as good as I can, so that I can get the apron you promised the little girl that sent you the best written correction of Arabella's letter. When I found a word that I was not certain of, I went to the dictionary. Uncle Mark preached in our school house one time, and took supper with us. I think he has a cause to remember my Pa's coal bank. I think Arabella ought to have said very pretty instead of awful.

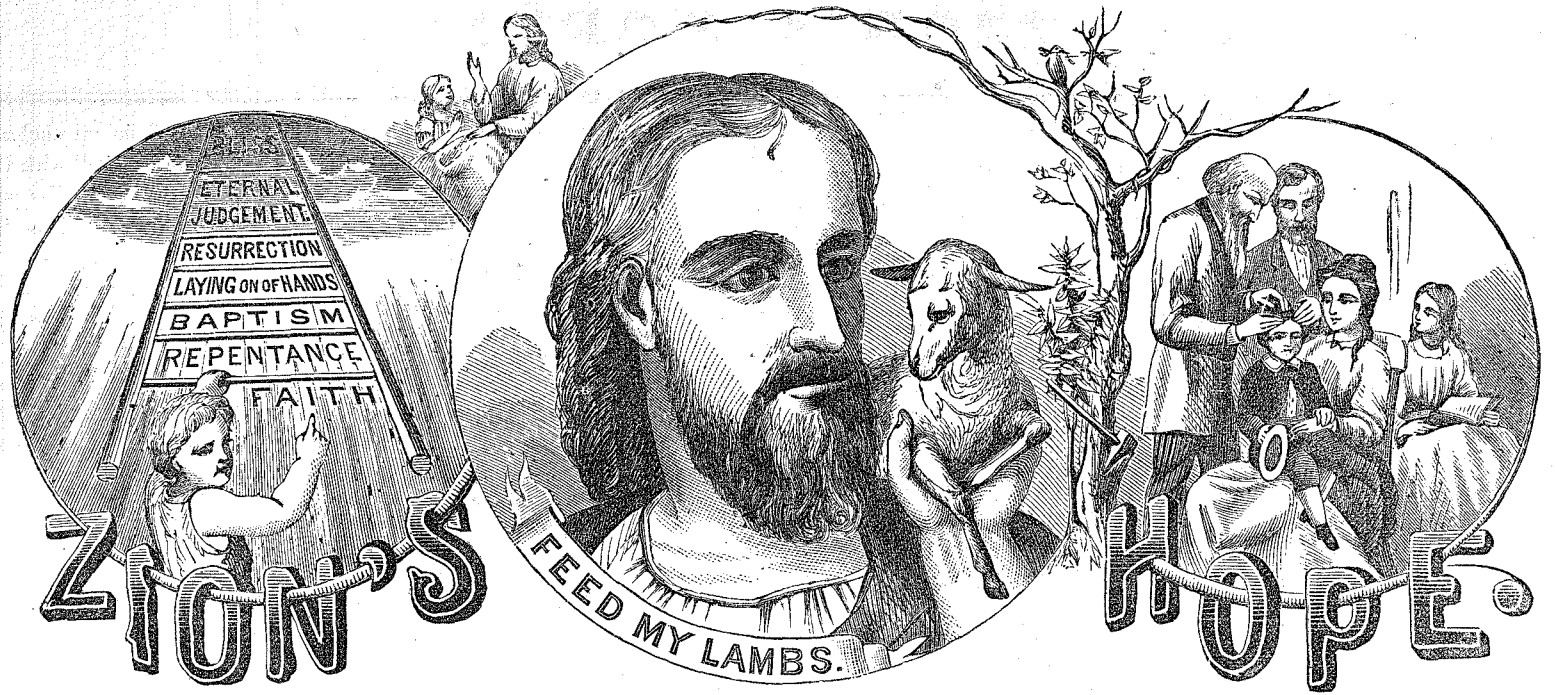
LAURA WILKINSON.

Uncle Mark remembers getting his shirt nicely blacked in your Pa's coal bank, Laura, and is very much pleased to learn that you have remembered his wish, and have written to the Hope. You did well, Laura; but you did not equal some others. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Roll of Honor.

Amelia S. Wildermuth.....\$	25 E. Amy Forscutt.....\$	25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	25 H. Schofield.....	1
Mary E. Kyte.....	75 L. Newman.....	50
Lillie S. Hudson.....	1 Horace H. Hudson.....	25
Louisa E. Hudson.....	25 Sarah E. Hudson.....	25
Mabal Hudson.....	25 Ella M. Hudson.....	25
Evaline K. Hudson.....	50 Uncle Jethro.....	5
Lavern E. Stiles.....	50 Nellie Hougas.....	25
Willie Hougas.....	25 E. P. Russel.....	50
Joseph A. Outhouse.....	25 Katie B. Macauley.....	1
Silas Hevener.....	25 Hampton J. Ladner.....	25
James Walton.....	25 Jane Walton.....	25
P., C., G., R., & J. Walton } (10 cents each).....	50 Jane E. France.....	25
Annie Caffal.....	50 Maggie Kay.....	50
Kate Davis.....	25 Emma Beebe.....	25
Walter Beebe.....	25 William Stuart.....	50
A. Friend.....	25 James Stuart.....	50
Jennie Beebe.....	25 A. Friend.....	50
Lilian Howell.....	25 John Brackenbury.....	25
Derias Thompson.....	50 Julian S. Anderson.....	50
Maria Wilson.....	25 John S. Weeks.....	25
William F. Wilson.....	25 Mary Ann Wilson.....	25
Angie Beckstead.....	25 Jane Williams.....	25
Arthur W. Fletcher.....	50 William W. Fletcher.....	25
Maria Mantle.....	25 David M. Mantle.....	25
One who loves the Hopes.....	25 William Walter.....	25
	100	

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, Fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 1, 1872.

No. 17.

A WINTER'S STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE HOPES.

NUMBER III.

THE little family were soon seated around the neatly spread table, and when Mr. Graham had reverently invoked the blessing of God, and rendered thanks for his bounty, he entered into cheerful conversation with his wife relating to various occurrences of the day; but neither of them observed the unusual silence and thoughtfulness of their little girl. When the meal was finished, and Margaret had helped her mother to wash up the dishes and put everything in its proper place, she went into the sitting room where her father was holding little Freddie upon his knee, and leaning upon his shoulder she said,—

"Father, don't you think there are many poor little children who want for very much this December night, while the wind blows so cold and pitiless out of doors?"

"Yes, indeed there are, little sun-beam; but what has put that thought into your busy little brain to-night?"

And then Margaret told her father how little Ruth Deam had stopped in front of the gate just before he came home, looking into their bright little room so wistfully, and how her little form had shivered in the cold wind as she turned her pale face towards her cheerless home. "Oh! I wish her home was as bright and warm as mine," said the impulsive child, as a tear stole down her cheek, and fell upon her father's shoulder.

"I am glad to know that my little girl has such a warm heart," said Mr. Graham, "and I hope she will ever be kind to the poor. If God had taken your father from you as he has little Ruth's, your home might be as lonely and cheerless as hers is. It is God whom we are to thank for every blessing."

"Yes, father," said Margaret softly, "and I have often heard you say that we could not show our thankfulness in any way so pleasing to him, as by doing good to those who need it, and I do wish I could do something for little Ruth Deam."

"Perhaps you can, my child, Mr. Graham answered, with a soft tender light in his eyes as they rested on his little girl. "We will talk with mother, and see what she will suggest to us."

So when Mrs. Graham was quietly seated in her low rocking chair, with little Freddie nestled to her bosom, Margaret's father told her what they had been talking about, and asked her what could be done for Mrs. Deam and her little girl?

"We will go up and see them, Margaret," said her mother, "and then we will know better what they need, and whether there is anything we can do for them."

"When will we go mother?" said Margaret, her little heart impatient of delay. "Aunt Jane will be here next Monday, and if the day is at all pleasant, when you come home from school in the evening, we will leave Freddie with her, while we call on Mrs. Deam."

"Oh! thank you, mother, for going so soon. I will hurry home from school as fast as I can, and I am sure we can find out something to do for them."

The next day was very pleasant, and many times, both at home and in the Sunday School, little Margaret thought of the visit she was to make, and hoped the day would be fine so that her mother could go; for the little girl knew that her mother was not very strong, and impatient as she was to make the life of little Ruth brighter, she loved her mother too well to want her to expose her health to gratify any wish of hers, however dear to her it might be.

On Monday morning a light snow fell; but the sun shone brightly in the afternoon, and with the sunshine came Aunt Jane, so that when Margaret came from school, she found her mother with her wrappings on waiting for her.

It was but a short walk from Mr. Graham's cottage to the place where Mrs. Deam lived. The house stood a little back from the street and was a large unfinished building of frame, with many of the windows broken, and most of the outside doors entirely gone, or having fallen from their hinges, standing loosely propped up with many an opening to admit the wind and

snow. The fence around the house had mostly fallen down, and been carried away by the boys, or by Mrs. Deam herself to light her own fires with, and the whole place had a look of desolation painful to see.

Pushing open the hall door which stood ajar, Margaret and her mother passed in, and going to one on the right knocked for admittance. Mrs. Graham had been here many times before, and knew this to be the room in which Mrs. Deam lived. It was but a moment before Ruth opened the door, yet the chill wind swept in through many an opening, making the visitors shiver as they waited to be admitted.

Ruth's face brightened when Mrs. Graham took her little hand in hers, and stooping down kissed her pale cheek, and then while she entered into conversation with Mrs. Deam, the two little girls sat close together on an empty box, and chatted pleasantly about their books and play things, though Ruth had very few of either herself, yet she loved to hear Margaret tell of hers, and gladly promised, if her mother could spare her, to visit Margaret the next Saturday, and see her books as well as pictures and flowers.

But while Mrs. Graham talked cheerfully and pleasantly with the pale, dispirited mother of Ruth, her quick eye was searching out what might be done to render her home more comfortable and cheerful, and she left the widow, not only brighter and happier for her visit, but assured, as her little girl had before been, that they could do much for her. The rooms in which they lived could be made comfortable by a little skillful labor, and she had no doubt but by energy and perseverance together, with the aid they could get from others, she and Margaret could do much to make the cheerless home of the poor widow attractive, and thus open the windows of hope in her soul, and let the sweet sunshine of love enter in. Yet with all her kindness of heart, Mrs. Graham knew that but for her little girl, she would not have thought of this labor of love, and she held the hand of Margaret in a close grasp, as they hurried home through the gathering twilight of the cold December evening.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER I.

FROM far above the beautiful clouds of blue, gold, and softly-blending gray; far above where the bright rain drops gather before falling to the earth, two gentle children wandered hand in hand. They were not earth-children like the little boys and girls who will read this; had they been, they could not have been walking far up there in cloud-land with nothing more substantial beneath their feet than wreaths of vapor, so pure, transparent, and delicate, that we feel very sure if girls could but obtain it for their bridal veils, the milliners would never be able to sell them any more lace, and many a poor girl who has lost her sight by working on the delicate meshes, would be wandering in the green fields beholding with joy the works of God.

They were not earth-children, we said, but they were pure and gentle spirits who inhabit that land, which is unseen by mortal eye, and where they obey with joy and gladness the will of the Great King who rules the land.

But to-day as they walked forth arm in arm, they seemed not perfectly content; but bending their faces downwards, their gaze sought to penetrate the wreaths of mist and cloud, and fix itself upon the earth.

They stood thus silently for a long time, never lifting, never removing their eyes from the dimly seen plane below; where trees were waving above meandering streams on the banks of which flowers were blooming, and where cattle came to quench their thirst, and crop the green grass which looked so rich and soft by the edge of the water. All this looked very mist-like and lovely to the wondering eyes of Celestine and Sereno. Presently, a cloud more dense than the others sailed beneath their feet, and hid from them entirely all the earth-scene upon which they had been so intently gazing. Then they lifted their eyes, and for a moment looked at each other in a silence which Sereno was the first to break.

"Celestine," he said, while an eager light shone in his blue eyes, "Celestine, I want to go to the earth. Will you go with me?"

Celestine turned her face from his earnest gaze, for she could not answer him just then. Through her own mind such a thought had been wandering, but only in a vague way; it had not shaped itself into a desire, and she said softly,—

"We have been very happy in our spirit-home, why do you wish to leave it?"

"I cannot tell you all my reasons," said he, "only as I looked upon the earth just now it seemed to possess a charm, drawing my whole soul towards its misty realms. And you know we can go there if we so wish."

"Yes; I know we can go if we earnestly desire to go; but have you forgotten that it is a sinful place? It was there wicked persons put to death the Son of our King, and many go there who return here no more."

"I remember all you tell me, Celestine; but then if we go there and remain faithful to the Son of God, you know that our glory will be like that of the angels. We shall be like the Son of

our King, and reign with him on the earth when it is made anew and purified from all sin."

"But if we are not faithful," said Celestine, as her cheek grew a shade paler, and her voice slightly trembled as she spoke?

"That is true," said Sereno. "If we are not faithful, the anger of our King will be kindled against us, and we will be banished forever from his presence."

"Oh! then, why not be content to remain as we are? Why risk so much—give up so much, when we may lose all?"

Sereno bent his head thoughtfully for a moment, then fixing his eyes upon his companion, who saw in their depths a light never seen there before, he said:

"Do you remember Celestine, that long ages ago one called Lucifer, who dwelt with us here, rebelled against our King and was cast down to hell?"

"Yes," she answered very softly."

"Do you remember also, that there went with him many of the angels whom he had beguiled, and who were willing to resign their home of purity here and take up their abode in darkness with him, rather than be obedient to our King?"

"Yes, I remember this too; but what has it to do with our going to the earth?"

"I will tell you," said Sereno. "This morning, while I looked upon the earth, I saw contending armies there. They are drawn up in battle array, and as the clouds parted above them, I saw the colors of our King waving above a small band, who though surrounded on all sides by powerful foes, yet fought valiantly beneath the folds of their flag, and slept only upon their armor, ever ready to spring up at the word of command."

"Who was it that opposed them?" said Celestine.

"Ah! that is what makes my soul burn and long for the conflict," answered Sereno. "It was the host of our old enemy, Lucifer. Those he had taken with him, and those he has since beguiled from their allegiance to our King. When I think of that faithful little band, contending so gallantly for the King I love, my soul burns to be with them and join in the strife. I cannot remain here any longer, but must go."

"But supposing we are overcome by temptation and join against him? You know we cannot take with us the knowledge we now have, and it terrifies me to think we might fall," said Celestine.

"What you say is true," he answered. "But if in my soul which I shall take with me there burns a purer love for our King, will it not burn there still, despite I shall not know that this was once my home? If the pure love is not here, then I am not worthy to be called his child. How shall I know if I am not placed where I can be tried—be tempted? The children of earth are both tried and tempted, but God aids them by his Spirit to overcome, when they look to him. Beside this, Celestine, there is a joy, a glory, of which my soul caught a faint glimpse this morning, to be given to the faithful ones of earth; of which we cannot partake, unless we are willing to partake of their trials and temptations also. The earth is to be

cleansed from sin and purified from all uncleanness, and there the faithful are to dwell with the Son of God. It is an inheritance he has purchased for them, and his Holy Spirit is the pledge he gives them that they shall possess it when it is redeemed from sin. I want to dwell there with the Son of God. Will you go with me?"

"Yes; Sereno, I will go; but first let us see the King and obtain his consent and blessing. It is a solemn thing to undertake, and we may fail."

"We will not trust in our own strength, Celestine, but in the strength of God."

BE GENTLE.

READER; are you a father or a mother? If so, be gentle to your children, that you may infuse the same disposition into them. Children are sure to follow the example set them by their parents; and if they observe a morose and boisterous disposition in them, they will of course feel themselves inclined to abuse each other. Some parents speak very roughly to each other, and sometimes quarrel with one another; and always speak unkindly, or in the fault finding manner. This has a very deleterious effect upon the minds of the children; a tendency to injure the moral feelings; to harden and destroy the natural affections of the heart, and leads them to become careless and unconcerned, and reprobate to every correct feeling and idea.

Be gentle then, not only to them, but to each other. If you have your little misconceptions, do not permit them to grow up into lasting perplexities to exasperate you and render your advanced age unpleasant and miserable. In all these things you should be governed by reason. Bear in mind what the Scripture teaches, "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them." "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it."

Study each other's disposition, and make it a point to promote each other's happiness. Let no unkind words escape your lips.

Children, let us be gentle and kind to one another, and also to our parents. Remember, we owe everything to them. They watched over our helpless infancy, and guided our erring feet when we were small. Let us be gentle to them and respect them, and suffer them not to go down in sorrow to the tomb. "Children obey your parents in the Lord for this is right." "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest live long on the earth."

There is not a more pleasing sight than to see a family circle where parents are gentle and kind to each other, gentle to their children, ruling them according to the principles of reason, and where the children reciprocate the kindness of their parents, obedient to them, and gentle to each other. It is a spectacle pleasing to the angels.

Be gentle to strangers. Remember our Savior was a stranger upon earth. Abraham was a stranger sojourning in a strange land, not know-

ing whither he went. Let us "be careful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

Be gentle to the widow and orphan. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the vices of the world."

Be gentle to the brethren and sisters, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one for another." "By this shall you know that you have passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren." "See that ye love one another fervently with pure hearts." Be gentle, that peace and joy may abound in all the borders of Zion.

Be gentle to all.

LIZZIE SCOTT.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

A CHILD of four years thoughtfully watching the sun as it sank behind a high hill, glowing with October's brightest tints, and as the last rays gilded its summit, said, eagerly, "Mamma, if I was on the top of that hill, I could reach heaven."

Not there, my boy, though autumn throws
Over the woods her robe of splendor;
And though above it bends a sky—
Like June's, so deep, and blue, and tender.

Not there, though sunset's arrows fall
Thick on it from his golden quiver,
Suggesting highlands that o'erlook
The banks of life's transparent river.

My boy there is a path marked out
For you, and me, and every mortal,
That must be trodden to the end
Before we reach the pearly portal.

It may be long, it may be short—
Or rough, or smooth as God shall order—
And we must tread it patiently,
If we would ever cross the border,

Of the far land, for whose dear rest
We are prepared by life's tuition—
Where sorrow changes into joy—
Faith blossoms into glad fruition.

Ask for no softly shaded path,
But tread the one by God appointed,
It *can not be as dark* as one
Trodden for us by HIS ANOINTED.

All who in his baptism share—
Who help to bear his cross of trial—
Counting it joy with him to climb
The Calvary of self-denial;—

Will find—when cometh eventide
To end this life's short mournful story,
Eternal rest, eternal peace,
With him upon the hills of glory.

LANDMARK.

INDIAN PARTY.

THE Indians here have their dances for rejoicing. All are invited, and a general good time is anticipated by all; and they are not deceived, according to their idea of enjoyment.

"The virgin rejoices in the dance, both the young men and the old together."—Jer. 31 : 13.

Their huts vary in size from twelve to eighteen

feet; for they make all their slabs or boards, and their canoes too either two or three times as far as they can reach with their arms stretched out at full length, making about six feet at each stretch. Their slabs are made by chopping into the side of the large redwood logs, and splitting them off by driving a row of wooden wedges as thick as they can insert them side by side, and by tapping first on one, and then on another, until they have gone across the entire length. They then commence and go back again until the slab splits off.

May be it would be interesting to some of the little Hopes to know what kind of tools these Indians used before the whites came among them. For an axe, they used a piece of an elk's horn, ground sharp like a wedge by whetting it on a sand stone. This they pounded into our soft redwood with a stone made like a hand mortar. They often make slabs from eight to ten feet wide by twelve or eighteen feet long; but these wide boards are often not more than ten feet long.

Now let us go back to the dance. Into one of these small huts the Indians crowd as long as it will hold them. They build a large fire in the center, and warm up the hut to about 125°. While the house is warming, it sounds as though they all talk at the same time. They greet each one as he arrives, by speaking the word that signifies the relationship that exists between the two speaking, and the longer period that has elapsed since they greeted each other, the longer they will sit and either keep silent or cry, casting an occasional glance at each other. Sometimes those that would be called aristocracy among the whites, do not speak for two or three days.

Now, look; an old squaw walks up close to the fire; pushes one end of a stick down in the sand, so that it stands solidly, to steady herself by. The stick is about six feet long, and is notched and painted to suit their notion of fancy. She has on a head dress of deer-skin, trimmed with otter fur, and vulture feathers. She also holds in her hand a large bunch of the wing feathers of the vulture, and has also some about her neck and shoulders.

Hark! she begins to sing a solo, and swings herself back and forth for a while, until some of the Indians begin to dance and sing, "Ho-ho-ho-oh-oh-ah!" repeated so rapidly that it sounds like a quiver in the voice. Then she dashes off at about an octave above, and raising herself on her toes she falls back on her heels as gracefully as a sack of potatoes. The chords in the music are very large, and one would think from the sound, if they were not to see them, that some Donkeys were trying to sing bases for a band of coyotes.

The virgins take their place in the line of dancers, and dance the same step that the Indians do. They raise on their toes also, and fall back on their heels; the left leg stiff, and the right knee springing forward, though they do not sing. Then the dark-eyed young men cast wishful eyes to that side of the house, and each party has to make some impression on the other. The one that can dance the longest, the nearest to the fire is accounted the best man.

After the dance, then comes a feast made out

of live oak acorns, which are about as bitter as your common black oak acorns. The acorns have first been prepared as follows. They are put in hot ashes until the hull bursts off; then the kernel, in halves, are laid up on a scaffold suspended from the top of the hut, there to lie in the heat and smoke until they are dry and hard as a bone. They are then put into a small, light, and very strongly built basket without any bottom, which is set on to a flat rock with a roll of grass on the top of the rock, and around the bottom of the basket. They are then ready to be ground. In this way they grind their acorns, wheat, or anything they want to pulverize fine, like meal or flour.

A squaw then seats herself on the ground before the mortar, places her legs on the two sides of the basket, takes a stone worked out smooth and round, about one foot long and weighing five or six pounds. With this she pounds with all her might, first with one hand and then with the other, until the acorns are sufficiently fine. A hole is then dug in the coarse, loose sand, into which they put this acorn meal. They then put water on it, mix it and leach it for a day or two. They then heat a lot of round smooth rocks, which they throw in, which cooks it like mush or pudding. It is now ready to serve up in large clam or muscle shells, with small ones to eat with. Of this they eat and are satisfied. These Indians do not use whiskey; but all smoke tobacco.

UNCLE ROBERT.

FORGIVENESS THE NOBLEST REVENGE.

CHRIST commanded us to forgive our enemies, and love those that hate us. Some may say this is a very hard thing to do. Without the spirit of meekness it is. To have this spirit, we must be very humble and pray often to our Father in heaven to guard us in the hour of temptation. When one does us an injury, our first impulse is to be revenged. This is decidedly wrong, and not the fruit of the right spirit.

We read that Jesus suffered many wrong and cruel things from the people; that when they led him to be crucified, they made a crown of thorns and put it upon his head; they spat upon him, and did many other cruel things; still he prayed, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

If Christ is our pattern and guide, we should try to be like him as much as we can. We know that it is difficult for us to obtain so much of the spirit of love as dwelt in him; he loved us so much that he gave himself a ransom for our sins that we might enjoy life eternal in the presence of his father and himself, yet our love should be great.

It is noble to forgive. We all have faults, and some of us very bad ones.

There are many families in which there is not one word spoken that is rough or unkind; but in which they all love one another, and would not for anything hurt the feelings of each other. This is the way we should all do, and if, when

tempted to be harsh, we would think before we speak, it would be the wisest way. There are other families in which the older children will do the most trifling thing imaginable to vex the little ones. How very wrong this is. The elder ought to be a pattern for the younger. If we do not forgive our friends any little injury they do us, how can we expect our Father in heaven to forgive us?

Dear readers of *Zion's Hope*, let us pray each for the other that we may forgive as we hope to be forgiven. LIZZIE E.

THE CHILDREN'S KING.

Little children, shout hosanna,
And your loving tribute bring;
Write his name upon your banner,
Jesus is the children's King.

Little children, hear the story,
Oft it hath to you been told;
How the blessed King of glory,
Would have all your names enrolled.

None can be too poor and lowly,
For the soldiers of this King;
Though he is so great and holy,
He will hear you when you sing.

Little children, ever cherish,
Love for him who for you died;
Then when earthly treasures perish,
Near his throne you will abide.

Correspondence.

SAN BARNARDINO, Cal.,
November 29, 1871.

My dear young friends:—As I very seldom see anything in the *Hope* from this part of sunny California, I thought a few lines might be of interest to you. We are getting along nicely with our Sunday School. Last Sabbath we had our first rain for this season, but notwithstanding the rain there was a good attendance, to the agreeable surprise of both superintendent and teachers. This shows that the children are interested. Some thought it best to suspend the school for the winter season, but that was ruled down by others who thought it best to continue it. Owing to the exertions of some we now have a very good library.

I am much pleased to hear that a Sunday School has been organized at Sacramento. I wish them success, with all my heart, and would be delighted to read communications from them to the *Hope*.

Now, dear little ones, let me say to you in conclusion, be diligent and give heed to the instructions of those who are appointed to teach you; be orderly in time of worship, and endeavor to become ornaments in the kingdom of God.

AUNT MARY.

BELVIDERE, MONONA Co., Iowa,
December 28, 1871.

Uncle Mark:—I have been a subscriber for the *Hope*, and my time had run out. I wished to renew my subscription; but not having any money, I did not know how I would get the money to resubscribe for my paper, which I would not be without for I cannot tell how much, on account of the good advice it gives to little children like me.

Well, I will tell you and all my good uncles and aunts, and little brothers and sisters, how I managed to get money to pay for *Zion's Hope*.

My father is a farmer, and he raises corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, onions, pumpkins, and lots of such good things of the land, which the Lord has promised that the willing and obedient should eat. One day, when I was wishing that I had fifty cents to send for the *Hope*, one of our neighbors came along and said, "Alma, if you will get me out a gallon of pumpkin seed I will give you twenty-five cents." So I went at it, mother helped a little and I got them out, and I carried them over a mile one cold day in December, and the neighbor gave me the twenty-five cents. I wanted father to send it; but he did not then. This evening, I took the pitchfork and went into the shed, or stable, and banked up the loose hay and rubbish good around the mules, to keep them warm. When I told father what I had done, he said I had done well, and he would give me twenty-five cents more to

send for the *Hope*. Where there is a will, the Lord always prepares a way. Children, let us all try to please our fathers and mothers, and when we want little things, they never will forget our wants. So also is it with our Heavenly Father. If we will do his will, he has promised us all we will ever need, salvation in his kingdom.

I will send twenty-five cents for my paper for six months, and twenty-five more for my cousin, in San Louis, Obispo Co, California. His name is John William Outhouse. Send his *Hope* to the above place and office.

Little brothers and sisters, let us not be selfish, but divide our fifties into twenty-fives with some one, and thus for every one hundred subscribers there will be two hundred, and though it be only for six months, we will induce them to become yearly subscribers. We will be lending to the Lord, by giving to those who are poor; or who were like we were before we ever saw the *Hope*, knowing nothing of the good lessons which it teaches. Let us try to do this, one and all of us, and do it heartily as unto the Lord, and let us ask all who are thus helped to go and do likewise, if they can; not to us, but to some one that they know does not take *Zion's Hope*. We will not then hear our uncles talking of stopping the *Hope*, for by so doing, we can increase the subscription list to thousands in a few years.

My faith is, that all who will do this, before the six month's is ended, we will each and all have fifty cents more to renew our subscriptions with. I am only eight years old, and want to be baptized before long, so that I may be saved in heaven.

Here is fifty cents more from my cousin, George Riley Outhouse. Please send his *Hope* with mine.

Now Uncle Mark, if you don't think this is a good plan, don't show this letter to any of the Hopes of Zion, as you call us boys.

Your little friend,

JOSEPH ALMA OUTHOUSE.

[Brave boy, Alma; such faith and works as yours are worthy and certain of success.]—UNCLE MARK.

BLAIR, Nebraska, Jan. 29, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—*Zion's Hope* I love to read. When I have read one number, I long for the next. We live in a place where there are not any others who belong to the church of Christ, and we have to go from eight to ten miles out on the prairie to meeting. I read in the *Hope*, that you might have to stop the paper for want of support. I send fifty cents for me, and my little brother sends fifty cents. My father says we can give the papers to our school-mates who like to read them. I send the following lines for the *Hope*.

"YOUTH."

"Sweet is the opening flower
Which just begins to bloom,
Which every day, and every hour,
Fresh beauties will assume.

But sweeter that young heart,
When faith, and love, and peace,
Blossom and bloom in every part,
With sweet and varied grace.

O! may life's early spring,
And morning, ere they flee,
Youth's flower and its fair blossoming,
Be given my God to thee."

JOSEPHINE FYRANDO.

WAUBECK, Pepin Co., Wis.,

Dear editors of the *Hope*:—I love the little *Hope*, and pray it may be continued. Will not all the little Hopes try to do something to keep it going? Please do with the enclosed dollar as you think best. If there is any poor saint's family, that is not able to send for the *Hope*, please send to them a copy. Dear editors, there are a good many neighbors here; but they will not read the *Hope*, nor let their children read it either. A little girl at our house asked me to let her take the little paper called the "Young Reaper. I told her that she might take *Zion's Hope* if she wished; but she told me she didn't want to see it. That is the way with all that ask. They make some excuse or other. I have tried to get subscribers real hard, but can't get any yet; but I say, "Never give up, I will try, try, and try again."

CROTON, Lee Co., Iowa,

December 14, 1871.

Br. Joseph:—We feel that God planted a branch of his church in this place when Br. R. Warnock, in company with Br. John McIntosh organized this branch a year ago last February. There were then but twelve members; but since that time we have numbered twenty-nine. Some have removed; yet we do not feel discouraged. We have passed through some severe trials; yet I know if we live humble and

faithful, and hold fast to the rod of iron, that the Lord will bring us off conquerors through him that has died that we might live. I love the gospel and all its principles, and am willing with the rest of the saints of this place to do all I can for the support and spread of the gospel. I do feel thankful to Br. Joseph for printing a paper for the children; for I know it has done good already, and hope it will continue till every child of God shall take it, obey its teachings and keep God's commandments. I do not feel willing to give the paper up; so I have tried to get as many subscribers as I could. I have succeeded in getting ten to send for it, with myself. I ask an interest in the prayers of the brethren and sisters that I may live faithful to the end. I hope God will bless you and Br. Forscutt in all your labors, and all in the gospel.

HATTIE M. McKIERNAN.

SANDUSKY, Sauk Co., Wis.,

January 9, 1872.

Dear brethren and sisters of Zion's hope:—As I thought you would like to hear from this part of the world, I thought I would write a few lines. I belong to the church. Br. Gurley baptized me a year ago last fall, I have not lived as I ought to have lived, but I hope you will pray for me that I may do better. I love the *Hope*, and I love to make out the anagrams and enigmas, and was sorry to have them stopped. We always made them out, but was not able to send them.

JANE E. LEE.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

15 Mar 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

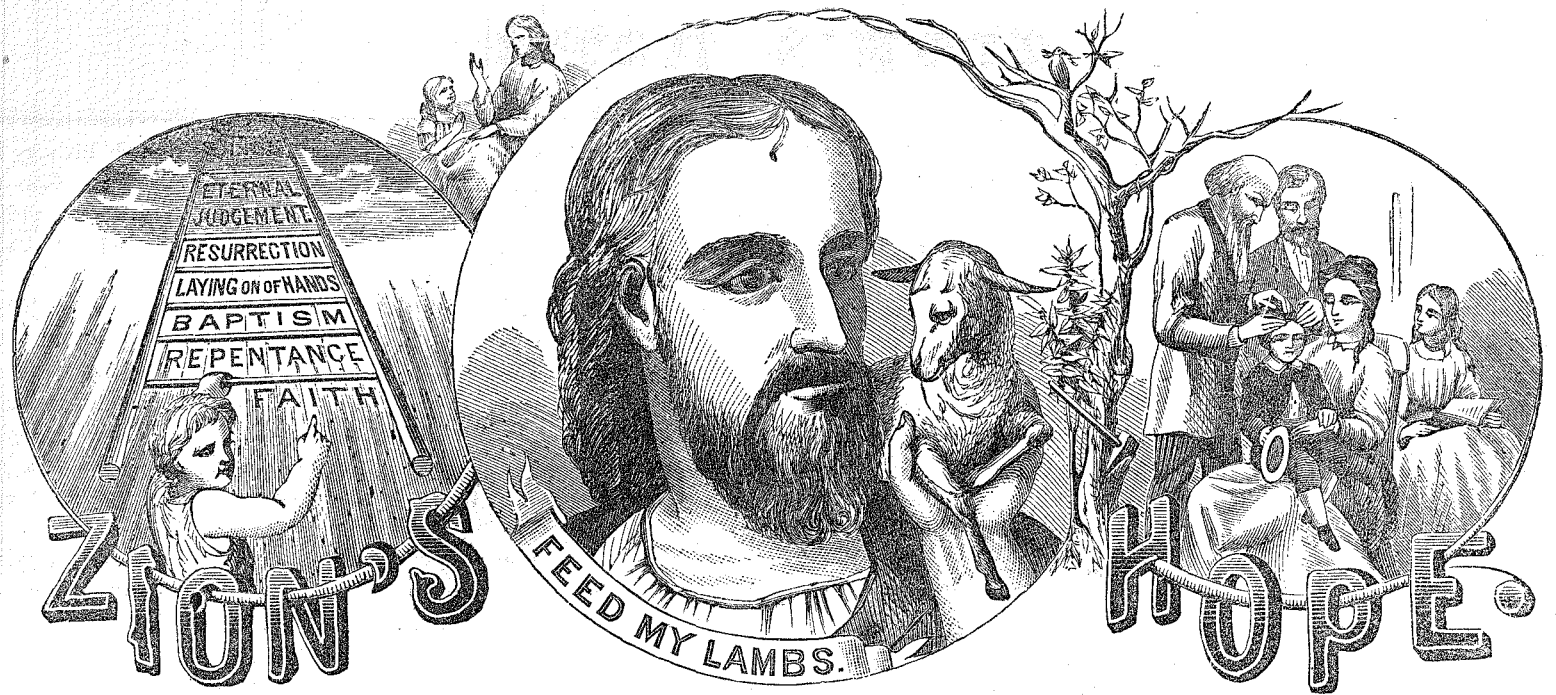
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Roll of Honor.

Aurilla S. Wildermuth.....	\$ 25	E. Amy Forscutt.....	\$ 25
Ruby C. Forscutt.....	25	H. Schofield.....	1
Mary E. Kyte.....	1	75 L. Newman.....	50
Lillie S. Hudson.....	1	Horace H. Hudson.....	25
Louisa E. Hudson.....	25	Sarah E. Hudson.....	25
Mabal Hudson.....	25	Ella M. Hudson.....	25
Eveline R. Hudson.....	50	Uncle Jethro.....	5
Lavern E. Stiles.....	50	Nellie Hougas.....	25
Willie Hougas.....	25	F. P. Russel.....	50
Joseph A. Outhouse.....	25	Katie B. Macauley.....	1
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Jennie Beebe.....	25	John Brackenbury.....	25
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Frank Dutton.....	25	Francis Peglar.....	25
Harriet Stow.....	25	J. Wash Peglar.....	25
Henry A. Brown.....	25	J. Wallace Peglar.....	25
George H. Brown.....	25	Geo. F. Holdsworth.....	25
Ruth Edson.....	50	Samuel Hilderbrant.....	25
David Davis.....	1	William Holdsworth.....	25
William O. Thomas.....	1	O. M. H. Ballantyne.....	25
William Gettings.....	50	S. J. Ballantyne.....	25
Daniel Evans.....	40	Jane Wilson.....	25
Mary Williams.....	25	Ida R. Doty.....	25
Anna Thomas.....	25		

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, Fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., MARCH 15, 1872.

No. 18.

A WINTER'S STORY.

FOR THE LITTLE HOPES.

NUMBER IV.

AUNT Jane remained with them to tea, and at the table they discussed their plans in full; Mr. Graham promising his hearty co-operation in carrying them out. There was nothing wonderful or very expensive in all of them, for Mr. Graham was not rich by any means, though he had managed to save from his earnings, as a carpenter, enough to build his little cottage home, and a small shop down town, where his skill and faithfulness always secured him all the work he could do; and beside this, he had in the bank a few hundred dollars only to be used in case of sickness or accident; but his heart was ever ready, and his hand open to respond to the plea of the poor and needy for hopes.

The little friends of Margaret were to be invited every Saturday afternoon, to come and help her sew rags for a carpet which Aunt Jane would weave to cover the rough floor of Mrs. Deam's room. They were not to know who the carpet was for, so that although little Ruth was among the number, she never suspected that it was to cover her mother's floor. The little girls had happy times in Mrs. Graham's bright sitting room, and were always provided with some nice refreshments before going home. They worked very industriously, and with the help of Aunt Jane, in a few weeks had the rags all ready to be woven. Mrs. Graham gave the chain, and soon Aunt Jane's busy hands and feet brought out of the loom a carpet as bright and well woven as the one on Mrs. Graham's own room, and it would have done your heart good to see how happy the sight of it made the little girls who had worked on it, and who knew it was to be given to a poor widow, though as yet they did not know who she was.

Mrs. Graham had enlisted some good workmen in behalf of Mrs. Deam, who would repair the two rooms of the house in which she lived, furnishing the material and dividing the work and cost between them, the only difficulty being

to get an opportunity of doing the work without her knowledge. This difficulty Mrs. Graham took upon herself to overcome, and pleading the need of help to do her family sewing, prevailed upon Mrs. Deam to bring little Ruth and spend a week with her, so that her machine might be useful in doing the work. The widow seemed happy to exchange her poor, unfurnished rooms, so cold and cheerless, for the bright, warm home of Mrs. Graham; and now the workmen had it all their own way, and in a few days the rooms were repaired and newly painted and papered, and presented as cheerful an appearance as any one could wish. The unused doors and windows were securely boarded up, and the hall leading to the furnished rooms, repaired and secured from the sweep of the fierce winter winds.

Then came Aunt Jane, with a few other ladies whose kind hearts had been interested, and after the bright new carpet had been neatly tacked down, they put shades up to the windows, and added various small articles of furniture from their own homes, which they could conveniently spare, until no one would ever have known the two cheerful, comfortable rooms to be the same which but a few days ago were too cheerless for the habitation of human beings. But none were happier in contemplating the share they had taken in the good work, than were the little girls, when Aunt Jane brought them to see where the carpet had been bestowed. Nor were flowers and pictures wanting to complete the adornment; for one of the ladies having given Margaret some engravings, she had worked most industriously to complete the frames, and they now hung on the wall, "things of beauty to be a joy forever." In the south window, were scarlet and white geraniums blooming beside a monthly rose, which kind Mr. Watson, the village nursery man, had given to the little girls. And now it was all completed, a bright fire kindled on the hearth, and the ladies took their leave, after filling the pantry with the provisions they had brought in their baskets. Aunt Jane locked the door and walked briskly down to Mrs. Graham's to let her know that all was ready, as this was the evening Mrs. Deam was to return home.

It was with feelings of regret, and not without some silent tears that the lonely widow prepared to leave the home of her kind friend. She had been so happy there for the past week, and she shivered involuntarily at the thought of her lonely cheerless rooms, and the strong contrast between them and the ones she was leaving made the heart sink. Yet she must go, and poor as they were, they were all the home she had, and even in their poverty she felt that it was better than being homeless.

And now little readers, you must go home with Mrs. Deam, that is I mean you must imagine you do, and witness her complete astonishment, and see the tears of gratitude which fill her eyes to overflowing, and run down her pale cheeks, when she is able to comprehend the great change that has been wrought, as by magic, in her home since she left it. I say you must *imagine* you see it all, for there are some things which words cannot describe, and the sincere gratitude of a thankful heart is one of them. The astonishment of little Ruth was no less great; but her delight found expression in endless explanations of joyful wonder, as she flew from one new object of use or beauty to another, and strove to identify the source from whence it came. "Mamma, I am sure this is the carpet I helped to make. Mrs. Graham did not tell us who it was for, but said we should know in time. Ain't it beautiful? And just look at those lovely pictures! I am sure Margaret made those frames, they are so very much like hers. And oh! mamma, just see these beautiful flowers;" and little Ruth bent over them, kissing their leaves in her unbounded joy. "Oh! I don't know my home at all, it is so changed," she said. "Won't we be happy here now mamma?"

Mrs. Deam did not reply to her little girl for some moments. Her heart was lifted to God in silent prayer. From that hour she took new interest in life, and became not only hopeful but cheerful, and often helping to others. Through the window which the hand of little Margaret had opened in her soul, the blessed sunlight of God's love poured in, and though she seldom had much to bestow from her little store of

worldly goods, there was not a case of sickness or suffering in the village, which her ever willing hands and tender sympathy did not alleviate, and there was not a home into which she entered, where she was not a welcome guest.

Nor did the good which little Margaret had been so instrumental in causing stop here. The Bible says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and the truth of this has been proven to every person who ever did good to another. Not only did those who had interested themselves in Mrs. Deam, feel a new interest in her, because they had done her good, but their interest extended to others equally as worthy and as needy as she was.

I know not one of my little readers will question as to the happiness Margaret felt, when she saw how changed were the sad looks of Mrs. Deam and little Ruth. Happiness and a sense of being loved by their neighbors, brought the soft color of the rose to their pale cheeks, and brightness to their sad eyes.

One evening, when the bright spring-time had come again to the earth, little Ruth tripped away from the gate, just as Mr. Graham came home from his day's work, and found Margaret bending over a bunch of early spring flowers. She held them up for her father to admire, and then throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed:

"Ruth brought me these, father. She is so bright and happy now. Oh! I am so glad I ever learned the meaning of the words of your song,

"Have you no wants this December night,
It is cold and the winds are high?"

Will not the little girls and boys who read this, strive to learn it too? Ah! dear children, there is much, very much in this great world for *little hands* to do. If you will read the sixth verse of the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, you will see what great things the prophet declares even "A little child shall do."

FRANCES.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER II.

HAND in hand the two spirit-children bent their steps towards the palace of their King, there to make known their request, and receive his sanction to their wishes. A new purpose had entered their souls and it cast upon their faces a look of solemnity never seen there before.

They drew near to the gate of the royal palace; but did not enter, for an angel in shining robes received their message, and bore it to the King. They remained perfectly silent, occupied with their thoughts until his return.

"You have the consent and blessing of the King," he said, "but must tarry here until an abode is prepared for you there, into which you may enter and begin your earth-life. Moreover, the King will cause to go with each of you a gentle dove. It will never forsake you, and if you do not grieve it, it will guide you safely by all the snares and pitfalls with which your path will abound. When you fall into sin, it will not only plead with you to repent; but it will plead with the King to have mercy upon you

and forgive your transgressions; and if you repent he will grant the request. But beware, and do not grieve it so sorely that it ever forsakes you; for you will then become an easy prey to Lucifer and his angels, and be lost to your King forever.

The children bowed their heads, and the angel placed his hands on them and blessed them in the name of the King. Then they departed to await their summons to the earth; for the angel told them when all was prepared they would be called. Many times they wandered out among the clouds, striving to catch a glimpse of the earth; and long were the conversations they held together of their strange journey. At last the summons came, and bidding farewell to the friends and companions of their spirit-life, they each entered into the tabernacle prepared for them.

It was a bleak December day, and through the many openings in the rude prairie cabin standing upon the western plain, the chilling wind and biting frost entered. In vain the logs were piled in the broad open chimney, and the flames leaped in bright tongues of fire around and above them, for the day was bitterly cold, and the frosty air found so many places of entrance, that the fire seemed to melt and warm it only within a small radius.

Upon a rudely constructed couch in one corner of the room, a pale, gentle woman pressed to her heart a new-born babe, her first child, and as the mother-love swelled up from the deep fountains of her heart, it warmed her whole being, and she lay there, while the rude storm swept without, shaking the giant trees by the frozen stream—sweeping with unresisted fury over the broad prairie, and moaning like a weary, sad, unhappy spirit, around the poor tenement which sheltered her, with as calm and sweet content in her soul, as if the walls of a palace had enclosed her. Ever and anon as some ruder blast shook the cabin, she would press her babe closer to her heart, and murmur a prayer to God that its life might be shielded from storms as severe, and its young feet guided in the paths of virtue and truth.

This prairie cabin was the temporary home of Albert and Helen Lovegood. Coming from a distant state late in the fall, Albert had barely time to cut the logs and put up his cabin before his wife was taken sick, and unable to obtain help to complete it, he was fain to take care of the sufferer, and do the best he could at rare intervals to better their situation, which, however, as we have seen, was far from being comfortable when the cry of the first-born mingled its feeble wail with the blast howling without, and Christine, the gentle spirit-child, opened her wondering eyes upon the scenes of earth.

Never was helpless infancy welcomed with fonder love, than that which flowed from the parents' hearts towards the little one who had come in the midst of the wild December storm. And now that some kindly disposed neighbors had come in to stay with his wife, Albert laughed at the rude winds as he set himself to work to bar them from his dwelling. Occasionally he would steal gently within and up to the bedside to speak a word of comfort and cheer to his pale wife, and catch just a glimpse of the little one by her side; then bending himself anew

to his task, would work as though his very life depended on each blow he struck. Soon the cabin was rendered proof against the pitiless winds, and the triumphant fire sent its genial warmth to the most remote corner.

But a short distance from the prairie cabin, in the midst of a flourishing village, stood the comfortable, well-constructed mansion of George and Mary Reed. Mr. Reed was a prosperous merchant, doing a large business in the rapidly growing town, and every thing both in and around his home betokened ease and plenty, combined with taste.

Here too, the December blast was howling, but it only wailed without. Within was warmth and comfort. Bright fires sparkled and burned behind shining fenders—soft rich carpets covered the floors, and heavy damask curtains hung before the windows, subduing the light to a mild and pensive shade. Fine paintings adorned the walls, and a few handsomely bound volumes lay upon the table, by which Mr. Reed sat. Through the open door of the room adjoining, you caught sight of a rosewood piano, and by its side a guitar. One side of the room was entirely filled with book shelves, containing quite a library of neatly arranged volumes, while large bay windows opening towards the south, was filled with thrifty plants, many of them in beautiful bloom.

In a chamber above the room where Mr. Reed was sitting, his wife was lying in a peaceful slumber. The blinds were closed, admitting only sufficient light to render objects in the room discernible; but through a crevice in one of them, a stray sunbeam, which had broken through a rent in the clouds, entered and nestled lovingly down by the sleeper's pale cheek. Partly aroused to consciousness by its light and brightness, she moved in her slumber, and as she did so placed her arm over her sleeping babe, whose velvet cheek, nestled down close by her side, the sunbeam was kissing. Let the rude blast wail without, it could not enter here; and the atmosphere was like that of Spring.

The attentive nurse rose to shut out the intruding sunlight, just as Mr. Reed stole carefully in to bend above his sleeping wife, and smile at the sweet picture before him. A sense of the pleasant warmth and comfort of his home stole into his heart; but no spirit of thanksgiving mingled with it. He looked with all a father's pride upon his first-born son, but the dreams of his future were only ambitious ones. He did not feel the solemn responsibility of the trust committed to his care; nor think of the snares from which he should guard those tender feet.

While Mr. Reed stood thus regarding his son, the infant opened its eyes and seemed for a moment to notice the father looking so silently at him. Only for a moment, however, when he closed them again, and fell into gentle slumber by his mother's side. And this was the home into which Sereno had entered. How strong the contrast between this one, and that of the gentle Celestine! Strange it may seem and yet not strange; but wonderful in its hidden wisdom, and gracious in its blessings to both.

Oh! the *Hope*, I love it well;
And may it never cease,
Until its editors and friends
All rest in joy and peace.

G. B. MORRIL.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY.

A LITTLE blind boy was asked what forgiveness was. He replied, "It is the odour that flowers breathe when trampled upon." Did not this sweet youth, to whom the world was dark, who could never more see the pleasant light of the sun, give the true idea of forgiveness? It is not difficult to feel kindly towards those that love you and confer favors upon you; but to have a store of good wishes and kind deeds for those that abuse and treat you ill—to be like the cinnamon-tree, that sheds a sweet perfume around the axe-man that wounds it, this is hard! But it is what the meek and lowly Jesus did, and what his true children do. This, dear children, is a test to know if you love Jesus. "If ye love them" only "that love you, what thank have ye?" How do you feel when your playmates treat you ill? Can you return good for evil? Can you pray for those that injure you? If so, you are "the children of your Father which is in heaven, who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good." Remember, now, that one way to manifest the spirit of forgiveness is by kind words. A missionary in Jamaica was questioning the little black boys on Matt. v., and asked, "Who are the meek?" A boy answered, "Those who give soft answers to rough questions." This accords with what Solomon says: "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger."

"Then deem it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

DEAL GENTLY WITH A LITTLE CHILD.

[A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."]

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit;
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever—
Better teach it where to go.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

NUMBER II.

THE FLOOD.

ACCORDING to tradition, there once lived a very good Indian whom the great Spirit, (or being more properly interpreted the great Father that lives above), told that there was going to be a great flood, which he believed, and which he tried to make other Indians believe also; but all in vain. None would believe except his sister, who said she was ready to help him prepare for the flood. The Indian then procured a large quantity of the small roots of the spruce tree, which are very soft and pliable, and of which they now make water tight baskets. The squaw then began to make a large basket, and the Indian to gather pitch, so when the basket was completed, it was round, and

about eighteen feet in diameter by ten feet high; it was then pitched all over to near one foot in thickness. There was a door or port hole in the side, through which they took a great quantity of dried salmon, and eels. The Indian and his sister went into this large basket, and closed up the little door, and pitched it on the inside.

The rains then descended, and the flood came. The basket was tossed to and fro for a great many days. At last, the waters subsided, the basket rested on the ground, and all without was quiet. A few more days they remained in their basket, to be sure that the water had left; then the Indian went out with his bow and arrow to seek food. But oh! how changed the face of nature! The trees were all dead, and the land was greatly changed. The hills were exalted and the valleys were made low. The sediment was knee deep. The Indian traveled all day; for he was hungry, particularly for fresh meat. In all his days travel, he only saw one coon track, which had been preserved by some agency.

The squaw, having on her long sea-voyage made a very nice mat out of cat tail flag, (such as they sleep upon), and had embroidered it nicely with otter fur. While her brother was gone, she took the mat out before the door of the ark, or basket, and looking up to the Father above, waved this nice mat, when, all on a sudden, darkness spread over the sky. The Indian sought the ark in great haste; when, to their surprise and great joy, rabbits began to fall from heaven like rain, until the face of the earth was covered with them.

Now while they were gathering the rabbits, the voice of the great Father above told them that they might replenish the earth, and dwell in peace for a season. But again, in the last days, troublous times should come upon their seed; but that the earth should no more be destroyed by water; but that when iniquity should wax full, it should be destroyed by fire; and that the fire should come like an avalanche of melted lava, sweeping everything before it. But a few of their posterity should be behind a great rock, and the stream of lava would divide above the rock, and pass them by.

UNCLE ROBERT.

TRUE COURAGE.

SPEAK of true courage, because many and especially among the young, often make a great mistake and call that courage which is really cowardice. It is this mistake, this confounding of true courage, and false courage, or cowardice, that very often leads to quarrels and fightings among the young, duels among men and wars among nations.

Some will call a boy for a certain action a coward, when that very action showed that he is truly a brave and courageous boy. On the other hand some will call some act of a boy evidence of courage when, in fact, it is the strongest evidence of cowardice. Cowardice, quite as often as courage, leads to quarrels and fightings. Children, men and nations often fight because they are afraid not to—because they have not courage to refuse.

A good definition of courage is, NOT TO BE

AFRAID TO DO WHAT IS RIGHT, AND TO BE AFRAID TO DO WHAT IS WRONG.

But we must be quite certain that the thing we do is under the circumstances right, and the thing we refuse to do is wrong. The Bible says, "Children obey your parents in all things." But a boy was once hung for obeying his mother. She sent him out to steal and that led him from theft to murder. So even this precept of the scriptures has its conditions. Children are to obey their parents in all things that are right, or that will not lead them to break some other command of the Bible.

Now let us look at courage, according to the above definition. A boy, who was in company with other boys, had a pitcher which he was carrying home. As they stood talking he began thoughtlessly to hit it lightly against a post. One of the boys said to him, "Dick, you don't dare to hit that any harder."

Dick didn't like to be dared, so he began to hit it harder. Another boy then said, "You don't dare do it any harder than that," and others continued to dare him, and he continued to strike harder and harder, till he struck a blow so hard that the pitcher was shattered into atoms.

Was it true courage that led Dick on to that sad result? No, it was cowardice. He was afraid not to do it. He was afraid the boys would laugh at him and call him a coward, which indeed he proved himself to be.

George came into the house one day, all dripping wet. His mother exclaimed, on seeing him, "Why, George! how came you so wet?"

"Why, mother," said he, as if it were a justification of his conduct, "One of the boys said I daresn't jump into the creek, and I tell you I'm not to be dared!" Was that true courage? No, George was a coward. He knew it was wrong to jump into the creek with his clothes on, but he was afraid the boys would laugh at him if he didn't.

Suppose Jim should come strutting along up to you knowing you were a peace-boy, and would never fight, and should make a speech in ridicule of your peace-principles and then putting his fist into your face should say:

"Fred, think that if you dare," just to see if he couldn't get you into a quarrel. Which would show the most real courage in you; to give him a blow and have a fight, and both of you get bloody noses, or to say to him, in a calm but decided manner:

"Jim, if you want to quarrel you have come to the wrong boy. I never fight, you may call me a coward and the boys may laugh at me, but I will show you that I have courage enough not to be tempted by your ridicule to do what I know is wrong.

"You may laugh at me," said a noble boy, "if you want to, but I have made up my mind never to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother." Isn't that true courage?

A great man, Mr. A.—a member of Congress, said something that offended another great man, Mr. B. Mr. B. to obtain satisfaction sent him a note and dared him to fight, he challenged him to fight a duel. Mr. A. accepted the challenge and they met with deadly weapons, and, in violation of the laws of the land and of God,

sought each other's life. Some would say that Mr. A. was a man of courage because, like the foolish boy who jumped into the creek, he wouldn't be dared. But, by our definition Mr. A. was a coward. He knew the deed was wrong, but had not the moral courage to do right.

The "noble boy" was a hero.

Let the readers of the "Hope" imitate his example, by always doing right whatever the temptation to do wrong, and ever walk in "pleasant paths of peace."—*Selected.*

LOVE AND SONG AT HOME.

HOME requires something more than four square walls with costly pictures on them, with carpeted floors, and other material luxuries, to constitute a home. The mansion may be gilded and palatial, and plenty may surround and beauty dwell within it, but if love, unity, and song find no place therein, it is no longer a home, but a prison where one but stays and endures. To make home attractive, affection must lighten every load, and sweeten every bitter cup; the music of a child's laugh should be there; hand must be clasped in hand; forbearance, fidelity, and truth must guard every avenue, and love share every toil and pain. Prayer and song should resound within the walls, and saints be welcome guests beneath the roof. So that the live-long day be radiant with gladness, in the darkest hour sunshine will irradiate the gloom, and life itself will be a sweet holy psalm, sung in a wilderness of conflict and of toil.

"I send out my children to their daily tasks surrounded by the hallowed breath of prayer," said a good father. So doing he aided them in the struggle against evil. "If my children get angry with each other," said another, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn or song: its soothing effect is magical. They forget their little quarrels and go kindly to their sports again."

Grown people might profit by this recipe for healing family bickerings. It mutually helps to lift the clouds and bear the burdens. When the loved ones lie down with white hands crossed over a still heart and answer us at home on earth no more, we shall be sorry for the unkind words rashly uttered, and wish we had never spoken them. Anger and strife will die before the breath of prayer, and song, and love, at home.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1
Apr 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.

Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

Another Sabbath day has come,
Which we delight to see,
No pleasure of our earthly home
Is half so dear to me.

When here we meet to sing and pray,
And read God's holy word,
Its righteous precepts to obey
Alone can joy afford.

No corals hang around our neck,
Nor feathers deck our hair;
'Tis not the glittering toys of earth
That we now crave to share.

Each day by day we strive to learn,
And know God's righteous will;
Though weak and frail our spirits yearn,
Each covenant to fulfill.

And should we grow to riper years,
To men and women too;
May we press on, through all our fears,
The path we now pursue.

O Lord, extend thy arm of love,
Thy guardian angels send;
Make me as harmless as the dove,
And all thy truth defend.

Though young and childish as I am,
Thy child I wish to be;
And through the merits of the Lamb,
Wilt thou not care for me.

Methinks I hear thy Spirit's voice.
Breathe softly in my ear,
Since thou hast made me all thy choice,
My child, thou need not fear.

C. ACKERLY.

"NO NIGHT THERE."—A little boy named Knight who recently entered the mission school at New London, was told by the teachers that he must be a good boy, and when he died he would go to heaven. The little boy was well pleased with the prospect, and promised to be the best kind of a boy. The next Sunday he appeared in his place, looking sorrowful; and the teacher asked him if he had been a good boy. "Yes, I've tried to be good; but it's no use. The boys say I can't go to heaven if I'm ever so good." "Why do the boys say that?" asked the teacher. "They say there'll be no night there," replied the boy.

A RIDDLE.

"I am a living creature, and named in the scriptures. I am neither a wandering Jew, nor the son of Levi. I am neither Jew nor Gentile; but was before them. I was seen of Adam in the garden, and dwelt with Noah in the ark; was near Christ at his crucifixion. As to my appearance, I go bare-headed like an old friar; my beard is of vermilion red; my coat is not costly, but warm and lasting,—neither cotton, hair, silk, wool, nor flax, neither carded, knit, spun, nor woven, but yet of beautiful colors, and by long wearing grows brighter. I choose the meanest place before the richest palace. I drink neither wine nor strong drink, but cold water. I eat whatever is given me. I take nothing for my labor. Am neither a conformist nor a non-conformist. My courage is undoubted. When I speak, all nations know my language. When I prophesy, the doors and windows fly open. I once preached a sermon to a great man, and drew a flood of tears from his eyes. Tell me my name if you can."

Correspondence.

SANDUSKY, Wisconsin,
January 9, 1872.

Dear Brethren and sisters:—We take the *Hope*, and like it very much, and would be very sorry to have it stop. We have just got over conference. We had a glorious time. Some of the brethren came fifty miles, and one brother named Bronson walked forty miles, and others with him, through the snow. He is sixty-five years old. When he stood up to preach, his mouth was so filled with the word of God, and his teaching was such it seemed as if no one could doubt it. I am sorry to say that there are many who do; but I trust and pray that God in his mercy will open their understanding, so that they too may belong to our happy band, and be saved in the kingdom of God. I also pray that I may meet my dear young brethren and sisters in Zion's city, where we can sing praises unto him who has called us to repentance. I hope soon to meet you all where partings will be no more. Your sister,
LAURA A. LEE.

INLAND, Iowa, Christmas eve,

Dear Uncle Mark:—I wish you and all the little Hopes a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year. I hope that all you little Hopes, have all been good children, and have had something nice for a Christmas present, or a New Year's gift. I hope all the little ones will enjoy themselves finely.

We meet together every Sunday, and have a little prayer-meeting. I like to read the *Hope*. I am glad when it comes. I like to read the letters of the little *Hope* when there are any. I hope that our little paper will not be given up, and that all the little folks will write nice little letters. We have no Sunday School here in the winter; but we have one in the summer time.

I have seen the Roll of Honor, and I think that is pretty nice. How good it was for Aunt Perly to think of the little folks. I expect there will be many bright faces around the fire sides to-night, and on New Year's eve. We ought to be thankful that we are alive and enjoying good health, that we have been spared through another year. There are a great many things which we ought to be thankful for. Little folks, I hope we shall not think of ourselves, and forget the smaller ones to-night. If we hang up our stockings, let us hang up the baby's stockings too. The little dears want something nice for a present as well as we; they are nice themselves.

Perhaps there will be a great many go to the Christmas tree to-morrow night, and receive a great many presents. I am going to send the *Hope* to a little cousin for my present, and enclose the money. I think that it will be quite a nice present.

FLORENCE P. RUSSELL.

THE WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.

Farewell! farewell to all below;
The Savior calls and I must go;
I launch my boat into the sea,
This world is not the land for me.

CHORUS.

This world is not my home,
This world is not my home,
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

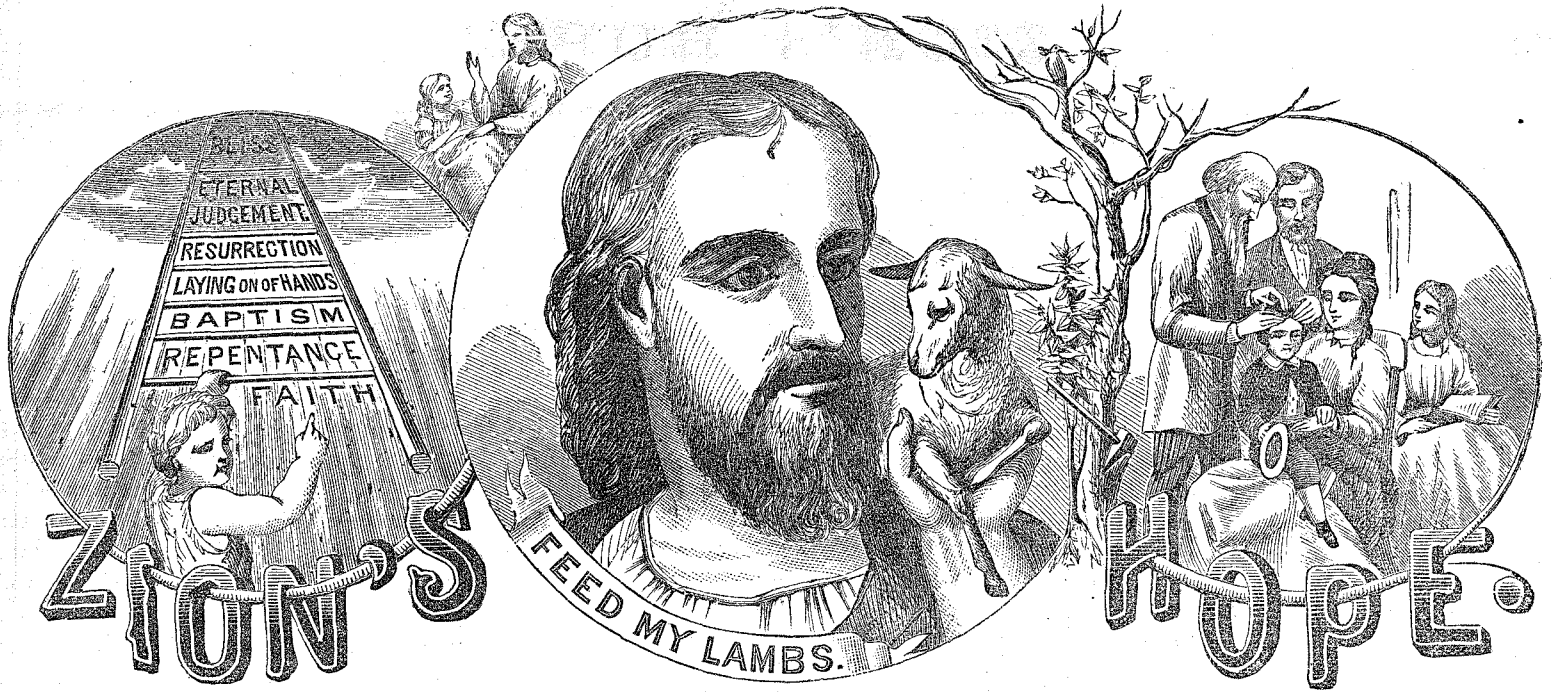
I found the winding paths of sin
A rugged road to travel in;
Beyond the suffering waves I see
The land the Savior bought for me.

O sinner, why will you not go?
There's room enough for you I know;
Our boat is sound, her passage free,
And there's a better land for thee.

Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay,
The land I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not I cannot be,
This land is not the land for me.

Praise be to God, my home's on high,
The angels sing and so will I;
The seraphs bow and bend the knee
In that bright land, the land for me.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 1, 1872.

No. 19.

AID WANTED.

Our *Zion's Hope!* O, can it be
That we no more thy face shall see
At Sunday School, or mingling 'mong
The sweet young faces at each home?

They tell me thou hast need of more
Of Mammon's wealth, to give thee power
To keep thy young and tender life
With vigor, health, and beauty rife.

Come fathers, mothers, teachers, all,—
Both old and young; both great and small;
Your dollars, dimes, and nickles send
To Uncle Mark, the children's friend.

He whose warm heart doth ever yearn,
Whose love for *Zion's Hope* doth burn;
Who strives to make our paper neat,
And give our Hopes a constant treat.

And if but meagre is your store,
Give all you can,—and none give more;
Send up your offerings and you 'll find
A rich return in peace of mind.

JUNE.

"HOW THEY ARE MADE."

AXES.

WHEN the cold days of winter, when the earth is clothed, hills, valleys, and plains, in a dress of pure white, and the grand old trees of the forest hang heavy with snow;—when the winds whistle keenly through the woods, and over the broad prairies, it is pleasant to gather around the fireside, and watch the flames, as they crackle and roar so merrily in the great fire place, almost seeming to melt the great logs; throwing out their cheering rays of light and warmth; they cause the heart to contemplate with gratitude the mercy and kindness of a wise Creator, in providing means to protect us from the cold, by making the trees to grow, that man might build houses to live in, and obtain fuel to warm him, when the cold blasts of winter come.

God has given wisdom to man to form tools to prepare the wood for the many and various uses to which it is put. In almost every article that is made, wood bears a part, and as we think of the many kinds of tools that are required to

make the wood into the different shapes necessary for each article, our minds are drawn back to the one that is required first of all, that is, the axe. With it, the tree is cut down and the branches trimmed off, ere it is sawed into logs, and taken to the saw mill to make boards.

I suppose many a bright-eyed little Hope has thought as he or she stood at the window or in the door way, watching father or brother cutting up wood, and catching the gleam of the bright axe, as with swift and strong strokes it sweeps the air, and sinks deep into the log, bringing out great chips, "I wonder how they make axes," so I propose to tell you, and to do so, it will perhaps be necessary to tell you something about *iron*.

Any of the little Hopes that have studied Geography, know that iron ore is taken from the earth, generally from the mountains, where it has been formed by the action of the laws of nature, given by God to govern it. The ore is then taken to what is called a *smelting* or *blasting furnace*, where it is purified in the following manner. A wheelbarrowful of coal is put into the furnace, then one of ore, then coal and ore alternately until the furnace is full. A fire is then started under it, and it is burned to a white heat. In a couple of hours or so, the iron settles to the bottom, and is let out into channels, made in sand, (because sand will not stick to iron,) and is run away from the furnace, into pools, also made of sand, where it is left to cool. It is then in blocks about three feet long, six inches wide and six inches thick, and is called "Pig Iron," so called, because it is a large heavy lump of iron.

The "Forge Pig Iron" is the best quality, and is bought by men who own rolling mills for from \$41 to \$43 per ton. These men heat it again, and hammer it with hammers run by steam, weighing several hundred pounds. It is then rolled into bars, some round and some flat, fifteen or twenty feet long, of different widths and thicknesses, which is called "Bar Iron." In this shape it is purchased by manufacturers of different articles, who by again heating it, form it into the shape of the article they design to make.

The axe, then, is first of all a piece of iron, cut off from one of these long bars, and measures seven and one half inches long, three inches wide, and about three quarters of an inch thick. This is the largest size of axes. The smaller size does not require quite so large a piece of iron.

Just think! A piece of rough looking iron, to be made into a bright, beautiful axe, an article useful and necessary to the convenience of men—it is truly wonderful. But you will be surprised, when I tell you how many different hands it passes through, before it is finished. One set of men can only do a certain part on it, then another set of men take it, and do another part, and so on until it reaches the men that finish it.

After the bar is cut into pieces, like I have described above, they are put into a furnace, and heated almost to a white heat, they are then taken out, and each piece rolled wider, and in the middle made thinner. The ends are then bent together, and the eye or place for the handle is formed. This is done by one set of men who do nothing else. It is very rough, and no handle would fit it, if left that way; but we will show you by-and-by how it is made smooth and finished.

SANCO PANZA.

TRUE RICHES.

WHAT is true riches? Surely they are not to be found in the things of this world. It is not riches that makes a rich man truly rich; it is not in the possession of this world's goods, but in the right application of the blessings of heaven.

The rich man can by right management relieve a great many of the wants of the poor and oppressed. He can comfort the widow, by showing kindness unto her; he can adopt the orphan into his family, and make him happy as his own. He can, by using rightly the means that God has blest him with, strew flowers of kindness in the path of many whose road is rough and unpleasant. He can chase dull care away, and very often bring consolation to the sufferer. He can, by love and kindness, distribute happiness around

him; and by so doing "lay up treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

It is true that some people think too much of riches. They are like the miser, all they think about is to hoard up their riches. They do not reflect that God has blest them that they, by their good works, might make others happy. If they would visit the poor, and help to relieve their wants, they would be blest in this world with the consciousness of doing good, and they surely would have their reward in the next. It too often happens that he who lays up treasures in this world, forgets to lay them up in heaven.

Let us do all we can, although it be nothing but a kind word that we can give; a kind sympathetic word is never in vain. Think that if you can cheer one by a kind word, you may many. Let us speak kind words, for we all like to receive them.

If I possessed wealth enough, I would make every one happy if it were possible; for I know that I would be rewarded by my Father in heaven.

LIZZIE.

INDIAN TRADITIONS.

NUMBER IV.

[ERRATUM.—The last number of this series should read No. 3, instead of No. 2.]

HAVE been unable to gather the particulars in regard to their traditional idea of Christ's appearance among them; for he had other sheep which he had to visit.

All that I can gather amounts to about this. A great while ago, there was a man of beautiful form and handsome features, and very white,—who came to them walking on the waters of the Pacific Ocean. He came into their huts, eat, drank, and slept with them, and talked a great deal, and said a great many good things, but none that I have seen have been able to tell me any thing that he said. Their tradition teaches that after he had stayed with them for a short time, he left and went up among the mountain Indians. But they would not hear his teachings—they rejected him, cast him out, and killed him.

Another tradition is that there lived among them, not a great while before the first white man came here, a very eccentric Indian whom all thought to be crazy; for he was, a good portion of his time, to be found alone, and was always upbraiding the Indians for every evil they committed. He was frequently known to crawl on his hands and knees to Humboldt Bay, a distance of five or six miles, and then raise up and walk over the bay on the water, a distance of two or three miles. His mission seemed to be to visit from house to house, and from village to village, giving them advice and counsel, warning them of danger to come. As an instance, he was, one evening at twilight, near some Indian hut, where there was a lot of young Indian boys playing some game like hide and seek. In this play, they were whistling, which is a very uncommon thing among Indians, for you seldom hear them try to whistle. He stepped out among them, and rebuked them, and told them that the day was then near at hand when there would be Ta-

aquaw, or "white-faced-men" that would come off the ocean in large canoes, and come over the mountains riding large animals like elk, and they would whistle just like they did. They would also build large houses with two doors in them, (the Indians only have one door in their houses), and they would carry these young Indians captive at their pleasure.

UNCLE ROBERT.

GIVE TO THE POOR.

Though but a trifle, something give,

To help the poor along;

'Tis not how much, it is the will

That makes the virtue strong.

You have but little? Never say

"'Tis of no use to give;"

A penny, if you give to-day,

May make the dying live.

It is the motive, not the gold,

Upon the water cast,

That will return a hundred fold,

To cheer and bless at last.

Then give a trifle cheerfully,

From out thy little store,

And it will all return to thee

When thou will need it more.

C. BISHOP.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING traced the advent of the children from their cloud-land home to the earth they had so dimly seen from that distant region, we will pass briefly over a period of twelve years, only giving sufficient of the history of their childhood to enable our little readers to understand what follows.

Of course we must now drop their old names, for they had no recollection either of them or the distant home they had left when they came to earth.

Mrs. Lovegood called her daughter "Grace," in memory of the dear mother she had left in her girlhood's home, and each day as some new grace of mind or person was developed in the little girl, the name seemed to have been most appropriately chosen.

The affairs of Mr. Lovegood were rather prosperous than otherwise; but as they had come to the country almost entirely destitute of capital, save what they possessed in brave hearts and willing hands, they found it necessary to labor hard and practice economy in various ways, in order to meet the demands made upon them by a young and increasing family. Thus it was that Grace very early learned to be thoughtful and careful; for she saw with how much ease her mother sought to manage the affairs of their household, that she might by all available means lighten the burden of toil her husband so cheerfully assumed for the sake of his loved ones.

The rude cabin around which the blasts of chill December had howled so fiercely, was still standing, though now used as a granary, the family having removed to a comfortable cottage not far from the spot where the cabin stood. Here neatness and order reigned supreme, and the sunshine of love brightened every nook of

the little house. Vines clustered around the windows and hung in festoons from the low porch over the door, while the small garden plot in front of the house was rich in the beautiful wild flowers which Grace and her mother had transplanted from the prairies, as well as from the wood-bordered stream near by.

Grace was not alone in her home, but younger brothers and sisters made her life glad with their innocent mirth; and the love they bestowed upon her was as grateful to her gentle nature, as sunshine to flowers. Many a little sacrifice she made for their sakes, and she seemed never to grow weary of trying to instruct or amuse them. It was a lovely sight to see Grace, after returning from the village school, take the baby in her arms, and followed eagerly by little Bennie, Bessie and May, hie away to the shade of the grand old trees down by the stream, and there search out amusement for them, as a mother-bird would search food for her young. Here they would remain until the shadows lengthened, and began to grow faint in the evening twilight, when they would return to the cottage, and each having eaten their bowl of bread and milk, Grace would undress them, and having heard their prayers, lay them in their little beds to sleep. Is it surprising that they loved sister Grace so fondly, or that her mother used often to say, "What could I do without her?"

In the evening, Grace would employ her time in sewing, or studying her lessons for the coming day, and she never left home in the morning until she had assisted her mother to prepare their frugal breakfast, and put the little house in perfect order. When her white sun-bonnet was tied on, and her little satchel was hung on her arm, she always sought her mother for a parting kiss, and then humming the words of some sweet hymn, went out of the house like a departing sunbeam.

It was not in her home only that the sweet influence of Grace was felt. With the scholars of the village school she was a favorite, and her teacher was both fond and proud of her. Many a time Grace had visited her little friends when sickness kept them from school, always carrying with her wild flowers, or some delicate fruit, when such could be had; and when she could not find either in the fields, she would select some pretty book, and sit down by the bed-side to while away the the weary hours of pain in reading a pleasant story, or some entertaining scrap of history.

Thus little Grace grew up in her humble sphere like the sweet violet which, growing near to the earth, yet sheds its fragrance upon all the air around. No room for selfishness was found in her heart, and the love she gave to others returned to bless her own life, as the moisture taken up from the earth falls upon it again in life-giving showers.

But how was it with Sereno, whom we must now call Walter? When he had looked down upon the earth, and had seen the conflict between good and evil being waged, his soul had burned to join in the strife and help on the cause of right. Now that he had left his home of purity and love, and was walking the earth not knowing that he had had an existence before he came to it, how fared it with him? Was he a valiant soldier

for the Master he had so loved? We shall presently see.

My little readers already know how widely different were the homes into which Grace and Walter had entered, and perhaps some of you even pitied Grace that her lot was so humble, her fate apparently so hard, while Walter was born in the midst of every comfort and comparative luxury. The prosperity of Mr. Reed did not abate in the least, but as the village and country around it prospered more and increased in wealth, so did his wealth increase. Walter was an only child, and he grew up not to know what it was to have a wish ungranted. His mother, gentle and indulgent by nature, never sought to restrain him in the least, or teach him the wrong of selfish indulgence; while his father, naturally proud and overbearing towards all whom he considered socially beneath him, encouraged the same feeling in his son, taking pride in its development from day to day.

The sewing of every kind of seed, (if carefully cultivated), will produce fruit, and such seed as fell into the young heart and mind of Walter, was not likely to produce very good fruit. The generous, warm impulses of a naturally noble nature, were choked in their growth by the evil deeds of pride, passion and self-indulgence, until it became very apparent to the friends and acquaintances of Mr. Reed, that his son was likely to become a vain, cruel and selfish man.

Grace and Walter had never met. They attended school and church in the same village; but while Grace pursued her studies in the village school, Walter was sent to the Academy, as Mr. Reed could not think for a moment of his child associating with the "poor children of the common people, and the plain, unpretending church where the parents of Grace worshiped, and to which Grace always went with them, was no more acceptable to him. And thus it happened that although living near to each other, and every day walking the same streets, these two children, once fond and loving companions and friends, never met; but each walked in their separate ways, unknowing and unknown to the other.

This was not however, always to be so; and if my little friends will be patient in following me, we shall shortly see how it happened that they became acquainted, one of them at least, with the other.

DON'T GET ANGRY.

DON'T get angry if you are ill-used by your associates, annoyed by your enemies, or deserted by your friends, don't get angry. If anything happen contrary to your wishes and expectations, and you meet disappointment after disappointment, still don't get angry.

"But," asks one of my little friends, "Why should I bear all these things without once getting angry?" "Because it is *right* and *best* that you should do so. If you get angry with another, you are very likely to do him an injustice. In proportion as you let your anger rise, you permit yourself to be controlled by passion, instead of

reason, and that one of the worst passions, the very opposite of the love and meekness that should characterize the follower of Jesus. In this condition you are not qualified to judge righteously; much less, to execute righteous judgment.

Who ever saw an angry person that was reasonable? It is only after his passion has subsided that he can exercise reason, or listen to it from others. Indeed, anger is a species of insanity, which urges on to rashness, violence, and injustice; but never to love, kindness, or righteousness. It stirs up strife, creates dissensions, produces discord and war; but never causes peace, harmony, or happiness.

The first crime perpetrated by man was the result of angry passions, and from that day to this, mankind has sorrowed and suffered through deeds of violence. Even the first angry man, Cain, was filled with sorrow and remorse for the murder of his brother, Abel. One can never be angry with harboring an unholy and unrighteous spirit; he can seldom be angry without doing a wrong; and if he do wrong he not only injures a fellow being, but he himself suffers, for "the way of the transgressor is hard."

I hope, then, that my young friends will try not to get angry. Commence now, while young, to govern your temper, remembering that the more you give way to your passions the stronger they will become, until you will be their slave, instead of their master. Anger banishes friends, creates enemies, and destroys your own peace of mind. Cultivate a spirit of love, of meekness, and forbearance, and you will not only increase your own happiness, but add greatly to the happiness of others. You will never be sorry for a kind word or action, and you will never regret that you have observed my friendly injunction, "*Don't get angry.*"

BROTHER HENRY.

DUSTELLA BROWN'S LETTERS.

NUMBER II.

YOU can not imagine the animation of Nimble when she found that I was out of the shell. She ran back and forth between the store-room and our cell eight times before she found out what she really had gone for; this attracted the attention of several of the workers who came running in to see what the matter was. When they found out that it was only the advent of a young ant, they were very much amused; they have only one way to express this, by walking off with their mouth wide open, their antennæ straight up before them, and their last pair of legs stuck up into the air behind them. This gives them an uncommonly ridiculous expression.

Nimble, thereupon, brought honey (for ants have a sort of honey sometimes, and in another letter I will tell you where they get it) to feed me with. This she accomplished by taking me between her fore feet, and dropping honey in my open mouth. Very tender and gentle was she always to her little charges, as they came forth from their shells one by one; by and by there were so many of them, and they grew so large, that she was obliged to call to her aid one or two more workers to become nurses to the greedy young ants.

One day, an old hen scratched open the home we had dug for our dwelling, and tore open the cell in which we were; the ants gathered us up and ran out and down into the lower galleries, but the little chickens ate up about half that were in my cell. I was saved by Nimble. We were placed in a new cell dug after the old hen went away. It took the whole community several hours to repair what mischief our enemy worked in as many moments.

At last I grew larger than Nimble; very fat and round was I, white and with no resemblance at all to an ant. If you had seen me away from home, you could not have told that this white worm was a young ant. The time drew near for my change. I refused to eat any more, and lost my appetite.

Nurse Nimble placed me in a cell by myself, and after a time I began to spin a cocoon. I cannot tell you how this is done exactly, only when it was done, it encased my whole body like a shell; indeed so closely was it spun of fine silk such as the silk worms spin, similar to a spider web, that I looked like a white shell.

You have no doubt seen ants' nests in wood; and when the wood was split open, have seen the ants gather up the young ants in their white shells or cases, a great deal larger than themselves and run off in great haste, for an ant will carry a load four times his own size.

So Nimble said that she used to carry me about when I was larger than herself. As for me I knew little about what was going on, and cared less; I needed no food inside my silken shell, I lived on my fat and improved my mind by sleeping all the time, nearly.

But changes were being made constantly in myself while in this sleepy state. Even so, man sleeps in the grave, his spirit in paradise awaiting a glorious resurrection; who may tell the development necessary to the spirit-form in the field of that fair land. What lessons of power in subtle laws hidden from our grosser senses, afterward of use in sustaining immortal life, when man shall possess that life in and of himself!

Who can tell "what *white robes*" are given unto them, or how it is said unto them to rest yet a little season, or how the peaceful summons comes saying, "Let us go unto the earth and revisit the home of our choice, and take upon ourselves a purer life in the earth our inheritance, for the Lord shall come with ten thousand of his saints with him.

At last my first change came, I did not come forth as yet from the shell, but cast off my coat, rolling it down around me and pushed it under me at the lower end of the shell. I was more like an ant now, having short, rude limbs, and a body divided soomewhat like an ant; but not perfect. Strange to say, I was less than I was at first entering into the case. How long I remained in this shape I know not, having scarce consciousness enough to note the time.

Finally, I passed through another change. This time I acquired my perfect change, pushing the cast off coat down into the lower end of the case as before. Here was I, an ant of the working class, antennæ, mandibles, six legs, head, waist and body; but I was white as snow, and inside the case as yet. By mandibles I mean my

jaws, which do not open like yours up and down, but from side to side like a pair of pincers; with these we cut and nip or hold whatever we wish to carry.

So after sufficient time, I cut my way out of the cocoon, and crawled forth into this world bound for a life of industrious happiness, afraid of nothing when in a just cause, strong of foot and swift of limb, light of body and stout of jaw. It was a strange sight to see the antics of Nimble; then some of the ants made strange fun of my white appearance, and for a good while I was a privileged character in the home, free to eat and roam about the place, my color growing daily darker, until I at last was the proper color of our tribe, or community. The result of my observations and experiences I will tell you in my next.

Meanwhile, may peace attend the little Hopes, and success their valuable paper.

DUSTELLA BROWN.

LOOK

AT THESE FIGURES!!

15 Apr 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name. Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents. Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

Correspondence.

We have good meetings in this branch. The gifts of God are given to us very often.

Brother Joseph, please excuse me for this awkward letter; for I have never written such a one before, though I am now seventeen years old. Yet I hope to serve God the rest of my days.

ELNORA HALL.

WHITE CLOUD, Kansas, December 22, 1871.

Uncle Mark: I was baptized when eight years old, and now I am past nine. I like to read the Hope. I wish every boy and girl would take the Hope, and help to spread the gospel. I want to be a good boy and keep the commandments of God.

J. ARTHUR BRACKENBURY.

ROCK CREEK, Illinois, February 16, 1872.

Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—I think the Hope is a very nice little paper and very edifying. I have been taking it about two months, and I think a great deal of it. I was baptized into the Church of Christ about one year and three months ago, and I am so thankful to my Heavenly Father for sparing my unfaithful life to come to this place to hear the word of God, and I hope that I may be able to hold fast to the rod of iron that leads to the tree of life, where sorrow and strife will be no more.

I have nothing in this world to call me back into the fellowship of the world any more.

It seems to me since I was baptized that I was taken out of the sinful world into a bright world of hope; for I have a bright hope of meeting my Heavenly Father, and I desire to meet all my brothers and sisters at the right hand of God, where we shall wear the crown of glory and be with God forever.

Brethren and sisters; let us keep the covenant we have made with God unbroken. If we could only realize what a blessing it is that we have a hope in the first resurrection, we would try and do our duties as becometh the children of God.

REFLECTIONS.

Oft times my mind inclines to roam On earlier scenes of earlier days; In thoughts of those I once have joined In pleasures, pastimes, sports and plays. But now the scene it seems so changed, Those once I loved I see no more; And when I meet with those I've known, They seem not what they were before. And thus it is with time that's past, Events which seem but like a dream; Events which never come to pass, In fancy wrought but never seen.

W. F.

St. JOSEPH, Buchanan Co., Mo., February 14, 1872.

I rejoice in the gospel of Christ, and feel to go on and do all the good I can. When we look around and see so many who have not obeyed the gospel, but have obeyed the doctrines of men, had not we ought to thank God that we have seen the light of the everlasting gospel, obeyed the same, and enjoy the gifts and blessings that are spoken of in the Holy Scriptures, if we live for them. Many times we are cut short of the blessings, on account of not living as we should. Let us try and live so as to obtain the blessings of God; for without these, we cannot become perfect in Christ. May God help us to keep faithful unto the end. Your well wisher in Christ,

CALEB E. BLODGETT.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Jan. 24, 1872.

Dear Editors of the Hope:—For some, to me unknown reasons, our Zion's Hope has not come this year. I am satisfied that there are good reasons why we have not received them; but I speak of it because of the impression made upon my mind last Sunday week while seated in the Pioneer Sunday School of Pittsburgh.

It was the regular day for receiving our Zion's Hopes, and the bright, eager, childish faces were turned with looks of glad anticipation toward the book-case, where the Librarian gets them for distribution. What! no papers to-day? What disappointment was written on youthful faces, and also upon some of the older faces present. I for one felt that it would be one of the greatest losses which could occur to the Sunday Schools of the Latter Day Saints to lose that paper.

I fear the schools would not flourish and prosper as they have done, if we were deprived of our own little paper. It pains my heart to think it possible. Would that I could do more for its support than I can at present. I have long been a participant in the blessings and unspeakable benefits of the Sabbath School of the saints, and wish them continued prosperity.

Enclosed I send you two dollars, and the names of two members for the Roll of Honor. JUNE.

NEW PROVIDENCE, Indiana, March 4, 1872.

Dear Brother Joseph and Brother Mark: I have been striving to keep the commandments of God, and to do right to the best of my abilities; but I must say that at the very best I can do but poorly. We all have our faults—I have mine I know.

Dear brethren and sisters, you who have parents in the church, how happy you must be. None of my near relatives belong to this church; though a few of them believe in the doctrine; but believing is not sufficient. "Faith without works is dead." Pray for them, that they may be brought into the everlasting covenant, and be saved in the Kingdom of God. I am satisfied that this is the true church of Christ. I have been healed of a severe sun pain which I had had for five or six days, and which grew worse every day. Some may laugh at us and scorn us; but it will all do no good. Their laughing will be turned

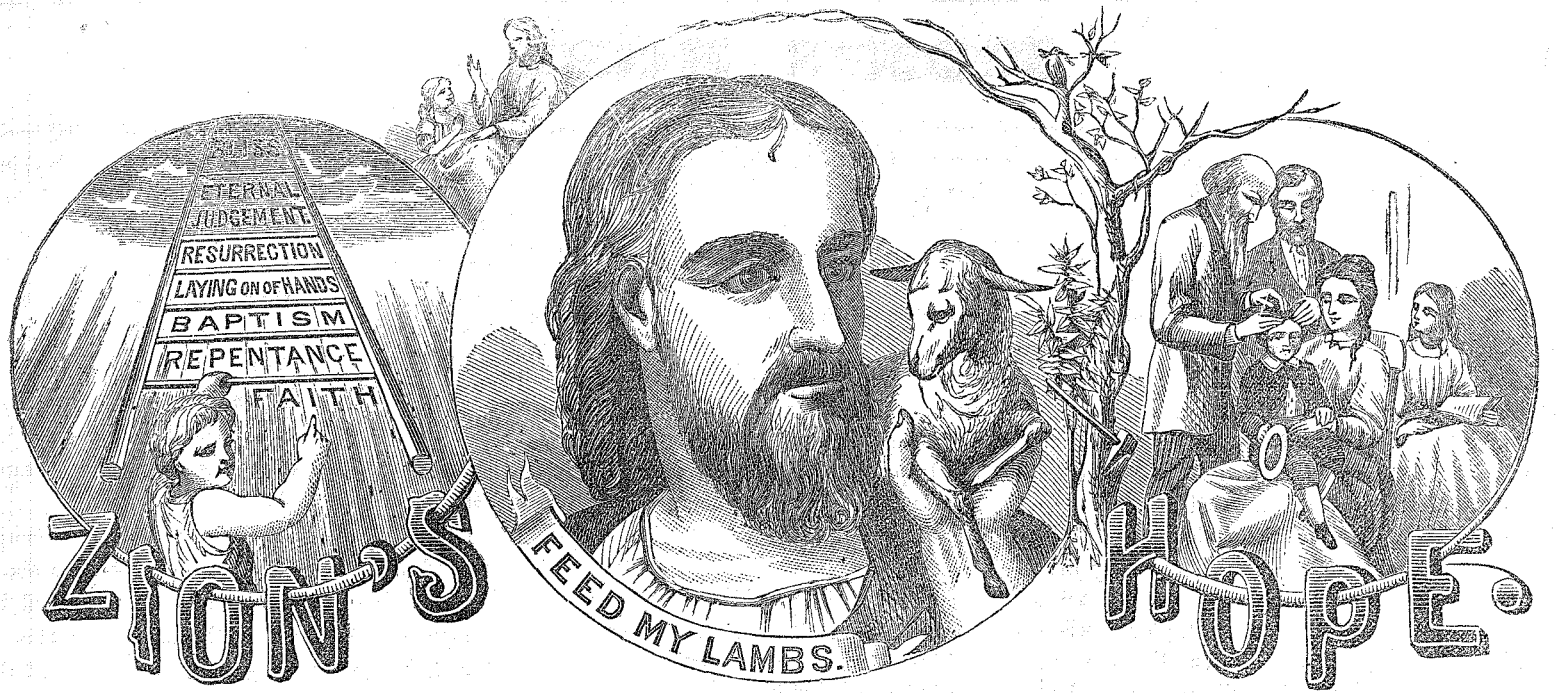
into mourning I fear. Let us remember the words of our Savior, "The disciple is not above his master;" "Marvel not if the world hate you; * * * it hated me before it hated you." What is this short life, which is but for a few days, and full of trouble, to a life of eternal happiness in the kingdom of God, where pleasures will never end. Let us press forward, forgetting the things which are behind, and reach forward to the things which are before, remembering that the prize lies at the end of the race. I will relate two little dreams which I had a while back. First, I thought that Brother Joseph came to our house, and washed our clothes. Second, before I came into the church I seemed to be in a very grand looking ship with a great many others, when some one told us there was going to be a great storm, and if we did not come out we would all be lost, for the ship would sink. A few of us gladly left it, myself with them; they still called on the rest, but they sat still, and seemed to pay but very little attention to them. I looked at last and saw my mother coming towards me.

May we all stand firm and unwavering in the everlasting gospel, and receive the crown of celestial glory that is laid up for all who love the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, is the prayer of your unworthy sister. SARAH A. GOSS.

Roll of Honor.

Table listing names and amounts for the Roll of Honor, including Aurilla S. Wildermuth, Ruby C. Forscutt, Mary E. Kytte, Lillie S. Hudson, Louisa E. Hudson, Mabel Hudson, Evaline R. Hudson, Lavern E. Stiles, Willie Hougas, Joseph A. Onthouse, Silas Hevener, James Walton, P. C. G., R., & J. Walton, Annie Caffal, Kate Davis, Walter Beebe, A. Friend, Jennie Beebe, Lillian Howell, Derias Thompson, Maria Wilson, William F. Wilson, Angie Beckstead, Arthur W. Fletcher, Maria Mantle, One who loves the Hopes, Annie Marmoy, Harriet M. Norton, Phoebe E. Norton, Eldridge Stow, Frank Dutton, Harriet Stow, Henry A. Brown, George H. Brown, Ruth Edson, David Davis, William O. Thomas, William Gettings, Daniel Evans, Mary Williams, Anna Thomas, Robert McFarland, Mary J. Hacking, Elizabeth A. Isherwood, Henry Duell, Rebecca Butler, Mary Ann Butler, Viola Stafford, Cisleth Chathburn, Arimatheas Cook, Charles Bird, Joseph Moore, Fanny Pett, Ellen J. Newell, Mary J. Grenell, A. Whitlock, A friend, John Jones, Mary James, Hannah Lytle, A. D. Boren, Rachel Brooks, Elizabeth Miller, John Wood, Sarah Bell, William Williamson, Francis Williamson, Eleanor James, Sybilla Allen, David W. Davis, Mary E. Hulmes, Sarah J. Ballantyne, Sarah Varley, Richard J. Varley, Sarah J. Varley, Harriet Smith, Hyrum A. Rudd, Alvin C. Rudd, David M. Rudd, Amy E. Rudd, E. Amy Forscutt, H. Schofield, L. Newman, Horace H. Hudson, Sarah E. Hudson, Ella M. Hudson, Uncie Jethro, Nellie Hongas, F. P. Russel, Katie B. Macauley, Hampton J. Ladner, Jane Walton, Jane E. France, Maggie Kay, Emma Beebe, William Stuart, James Stuart, A. Friend, John Brackenburg, Julian S. Anderson, John S. Weeks, Mary Ann Wilson, Jane Williams, William W. Fletcher, David M. Mantle, William Walter, Ellen Baul, Mary Cook, Annie Flowers, John Cook, Junior, Charles Cook, Francis Peglar, Wash Peglar, Wallace Peglar, J. Holdsworth, Samuel Hilderbrand, William Holdsworth, H. Ballantyne, S. J. Ballantyne, Jane Wilson, Ida R. Doty, Nancy Sutherland, Jane McKee, Caroline Hacking, Joseph Nephi Parsons, Sarah A. Stafford, Hannah Butler, Elizabeth M. Butler, Mary Angel, George Chathburn, Alfred Christian, Zilla Moore, Ellen Pett, Franklin Rollis, Emily J. Newell, Sydney Aee, Emma Ames, M. McKenzie, Mercy A. Meginess, Elizabeth Wilschier, William Garner, John Garner, James Baldwin, John Ward, Thomas J. Hilliard, Emma Williamson, Charles Williamson, Williamson, John Miller, Franklin Allen, Mary E. Jamison, Silas Hevener, Richard Varley, Eliza Varley, Thomas B. Varley, D. W. Thomas, Anna Smith, Abel H. Rudd, John F. Rudd, Mary A. Rudd, Emma L. Rudd.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery. JOSEPH SMITH - EDITOR. MARK H. FORSCUTT - ASSISTANT EDITOR. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agent for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., APRIL 15, 1872.

No. 20.

SPRING TIME.

MARCH, April and May are the spring season. The spring time is indeed a beautiful season. Winter has removed his robe of white. Oh! how beautifully the Great Creator has clothed it in green, and made it beautiful for the eye to look upon. He clothes the tall pine, the lofty oak, the apple, and peach trees, and trees of every kind. In spring time, the beautiful flowers too spring up and bloom.

The spring showers are useful, though they cause the farmer to seek shelter under the shady trees, or under his wagon. Though the wind blows from the north, and the heavens are dark and lowering, and sometimes threaten great storms, there appears the rainbow in the sky, the rain ceases, and the clouds are gone. And Oh! how beautiful then do the green leaves look with the shining rain drops sparkling on them, as the dew on the green leaves of a bright moonlight night. How pleasant does everything look, even though there are storms and many things to make it unpleasant. Yet there is good in the storms.

In the spring time, God sends the cool refreshing rain to make the beautiful flowers, and vegetables, and fruit of every kind to grow. How thankful we ought to be that we have a Father in heaven to give us every thing we need, and in spring to make everything so pleasant to our eyes. The natural flowers outvie the artificial flowers in excellency.

It is a pretty sight too to see the little bees busy at their work, gathering the honey from the sweet smelling flowers of the flower garden, or the wild flowers of the beautiful landscape. The ants too, and other small insects, each in their different degree of employment, are busy. The little birds sing and make the woods ring with their lively melodies. They flew to a warmer climate in winter; but it is spring, and they have come again, and will sing for us till the winter returns. Dear Hopes, we are in the spring times of our lives, and it is our duty to lay by a store of knowledge, such as we may need

in our old age, or as it may be called the winter time of our lives. And we must not let this store of knowledge depart. Here is a pretty verse. I often think of it on a spring day.

"Lessons sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet and lengthening spring-day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea."

May we all improve the spring time of our lives, and with that improvement, add love for Christ the friend of all.

LIZZIE E.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER IV.

GRACE came into the cottage one bright morning in June, her face radiant with innocent pleasure, and hastening to find her mother, she uncovered a small basket she had in her hand, and displayed, nestling among green leaves and starry-white blossoms, the first ripe strawberries of the season.

"See, mother," she exclaimed, "ain't they lovely? I found them on the south side of the hill almost hidden in the tall grass. These are for you and the children; but to-morrow I shall gather some for little Alfred Wood, who is sick and has been longing for some fruit. How glad I am they are ripe at last."

"You need not wait until to-morrow, Grace," said her mother. "Take these to him, and we will have ours another time. The gift will be like the first fruits which the Jews used to bring as an offering to the Lord. I love to have my little girl thoughtful of her mother, but I should be very sorry to set her as poor an example, as to selfishly eat this tempting fruit to-day, and leave the poor little sick boy to wait until to-morrow for his.

Grace thanked her mother for the kind permission, and kissing her fondly, hurried to cover the berries again with leaves and was soon upon

the way to Alfred's home. Her heart was so filled with gladness and the sunshine of love, that she sang as she went, even as the little birds sing while they cleave the air with their wings. She was not long in reaching the house of Mr. Wood, which stood just at the edge of the village, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted by the mother of Alfred.

Grace set her little basket down on the table, and lifting the leaves, said, "I brought these to Alfred, Mrs. Wood. They are the first ones I have found, and I hope he will enjoy them. How is he to-day?"

"He is better to-day, and these will be such a treat to him," said the mother, while her eyes brightened as she saw the rich, red berries her little boy had been craving so long. "You are a dear, good girl, Grace, and the Lord will bless you."

"Is that you Grace?" called a feeble voice from the next room. "Come in please, I have been wanting you so much."

"Go in," said Mrs. Wood, "and give them to him yourself. He will be as glad to see you as to have the berries."

Grace took up her basket, and went into the room where the little boy lay; but as it was much darker than the other room, she did not notice that any one beside Alfred was there, and Alfred in his gladness at the visit of Grace, and his childish joy over the berries he had wanted so long, entirely forgot that Walter Reed was sitting at the foot of his bed; so he talked on eagerly to Grace, asking her all about the school, and what they had been doing since they had been away.

Grace answered all his questions; but fearing that he was talking too much, and becoming too much excited, she told him she must go, and he must try to sleep, and then he would get strong, and she would come to see him another day and stay longer.

"Sing me one of your sweet hymns, Grace, and I will sleep now," said the little boy; folding his hands and closing his eyes.

Grace sung, in a sweet, low voice, a hymn she knew to be one of his favorites, and while the

melody still sounded in his ears, a gentle smile settled upon his features, and the pale, little sufferer slept.

Grace remained silently regarding him for a few moments, and then gently disengaging her hand from his clasping fingers, stole noiselessly out of the room, not knowing that she left any one but the sleeping boy there. She found Mrs. Wood in the kitchen, busily preparing supper, and telling her that Alfred was asleep, she promised to come again, and as it was getting late, put on her bonnet and hurried home.

When Walter Reed heard the door close, and saw her pass out of the gate, he too took up his hat, and seeing no one in the next room, went quietly out upon the street unnoticed; even Mrs. Wood having forgotten that she had left him in the room. He walked a short distance from the house in the direction Grace had gone, and then stopping he watched her as long as she remained in sight. When distance and the coming shades of evening hid her from his view, he turned and walked very slowly toward his home.

Mr. Wood was employed in the store of Mr. Reed, and was at the time of Alfred's sickness, absent on business. So it happened that Walter had been sent by his father with some letters which had come to the store for Alfred's mother; and as he had often met the little boy at the store, he went into his sick room to see him, and was still there when Grace came in with her berries.

As Walter walked slowly along through the gathering twilight, strange thoughts occupied his mind—thoughts which he himself could not understand, and yet which he could not put away from him. The lovely face of Grace took shape in the twilight before his eyes, and he felt as though that face had been known for years, while her sweet, low voice still sounded in his ears, and he even repeated the words of the hymn she had sung, lingering over them, as if striving more fully to catch their meaning—

"The saints shall wear robes as the lilies,
When Jesus returning again,
Shall bring back the rose to the vallies,
And plant the fruit trees on the plain."

It was a hymn he had never heard before, he felt very sure of that, and yet how familiar it seemed. Was it the voice which caused it? He could not tell.

Upon his heart, however, there had been a deeper impression made by the unselfish conduct of Grace, than by either her youthful beauty or the sweetness of her gentle voice. All at once, as it were, there rose before him a view of his own life, and in colors which it never had appeared in before. He tried to remember a pure, unselfish action which he had ever done; but could not recall a single one. How Alfred loved Grace! And this was not strange; for she was worthy of his love—even Walter felt this, and could not help feeling that it was because she was so very different from himself; that she was worthy. There was no pride nor scorn in her looks, but gentleness and love breathed in every tone of her voice, and was manifested in every action. All at once, there arose in the heart of Walter a desire to be loved. The pride which had before taught him to stand aloof from others who were socially below him, seemed to be losing

its power, and he thought it was better to be loved, as he saw Grace was loved, than to be rich and haughty, because he was a rich man's son.

My little readers must not think that he fully comprehended all these thoughts and feelings at the time, for such was not the case. They came to him in plainness afterwards; but then they were more like a dream than a reality. All the evening he kept thinking of what he had seen and heard, and when he had gone to bed and fallen asleep, he dreamed a strange dream, which we will tell you in our next.

ARTHUR EARNEST.

He's gone; we shall never behold him,
Till we little Arthur shall meet
In heaven, where Jesus awaiteth
The good and the righteous to greet.
O yes! we shall meet with the dear ones
We've kissed and caressed o'er and o'er,
Where Jesus our Savior has promised,
No parting shall be, evermore.

He's gone; yet we would not recall him,
Though he strove so in earnest to stay,
Earnest in life while he tarried,
Yet angels have borne him away.
With arms raised he pointed his finger,
As if he was seeming inclined
To leave, with his sister to linger,
Whose arms now with his are entwined.

Yes, he's gone; we have parted forever,
No more in this life to delight,
No more will those sweet tiny fingers
Take hold of the horse or the kite.
The playthings are lying around us
That once pleased his bright eyes before,
He left all to join little sister,
And his playthings will please him no more.

WILLIAM WORWOOD.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.—No. 1.

LOVE is power among children. The return of anger for anger, bad words for bad words, a blow for a blow, is usually the first impulse. Children being extremely liable to follow their first impulses, it follows that enmities and fightings are very apt to arise among them. It is too common to see brothers in one family, or boys attending the same school, or young persons generally at their play, fall into quarrels, or come to blows. Fortunately, youthful feelings of any kind being very transient, these hatreds and hostilities are seldom kept up for any length of time. Yet there can be no doubt that great harm often ensues from them, and that they take much from the happiness which the young might enjoy. With boys and girls, it is just as true as with their elders—that all angry passion produces wretchedness, while kind feelings, and a mild and forgiving behavior, tend to make life pass agreeably.

We shall illustrate this by a few anecdotes, taken from an American book, written for children, entitled, "A Kiss for a Blow, by Henry C. Wright," but we are sure that everybody must remember scores of facts of a similar kind.

Two boys named Abel and George were at the same school in New York. Each was about ten years old; they were not brothers, but school-mates and classmates. Both of them had

irritable tempers, and had been taught to think that they must resent injuries, and defend their rights at all hazards. Playing pin was a common amusement in the school. They played in this way:—Two boys would take a hat, and set it down between them, crown upward. Each boy would lay a pin on the crown of the hat, and push it; first one boy would push the pin, and then the other. He who could push the pins so as to make them lie across each other, became entitled to them both.

One day, during play hour, Abel and George were playing pin. They pushed the pins about for some time. Both became much excited by the game. At least Abel pushed the pins so that, as he said, one lay across the point of the other. George denied it. Abel declared they did, and snatched up both pins. George's anger broke forth in a moment, and he struck Abel in the face with his fist. This excited Abel's wrath. They began to fight—the other boys clustering around, not to part them, but to urge them on. Some cried, "Hit him, Abel!" and some, "Give it to him, George!" thus stimulating them to quarrel. The boys seized each other, and finally came tumbling to the ground, Abel uppermost. Then Abel, in his fury, beat George till the blood spouted from his nose and mouth, and he lay like one dead. Then the boys pulled Abel off. But George could not get up. The boys began to be alarmed. They were afraid Abel had killed him. The teacher was called. He carried George in, and washed the blood from his face and head, which he found bruised in a shocking manner. One of his eyes were so hurt and swollen that he could not open it; and from that day the sight of it grew more and more dim, till it became blind.

Here was a dreadful mischief produced by the angry style of conduct. Now hear, in contrast with this, an anecdote in which the opposite plan was pursued.

Thomas and Gerald lived in Rhode Island, and were brothers. One cold day, when the ground was frozen, they were out driving hoops. Both boys were following and driving the same hoop. This is rather dangerous, as the boy who is behind is in danger of throwing the other down. As they were driving their hoop down the street, running as fast as they could, Thomas, who was foremost, struck his foot against a stone, and fell headlong upon the frozen ground, coming down with violence upon his bare hands and face. Gerald, being close behind, and running fast, could not stop, but came down with his whole weight on Thomas. This hurt Thomas still more, and he was angry with Gerald for falling on him.

They both arose. Thomas began to scold and beat his brother. What did Gerald do? Did he cry out and strike in return? No. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a stick of candy, which he thrust into his brother's mouth, as he was scolding and beating him. Thomas instantly stopped scolding and beating Gerald, and looked confused and ashamed. His brother urged him to take the candy. He took it and began to eat—evidently feeling very sorry that he had struck his generous brother.

DUSTELLA BROWN'S LETTERS.

NUMBER III.

THE main entrance to our home was in the center of quite a little mound, built up by the earth carried out by our busy little band. This mound sloped every way toward the opening in the center to the highest places; from thence down again until it was lost in the grasses and weeds that grew about it. A few thrifty cherry sprouts grew near it, and it was dug near a large cherry tree that hung over it.

I was much taken aback the first time I ventured out, with a piece of gravel, in the train of busy workers who were excavating a new set of cells, to find the upper world so large, and gathered therefrom an idea of my own diminutive form. There was a hall, or shaft, going straight down through the middle of our works, with galleries and cells branching off every way around. I soon learned the whole of these; so that I could go into any part of the whole nest and back, laboring away without ceasing, only to eat and sleep, all day carrying out clay and gravel, or helping to drag down the body of some fly or insect that our hunters had captured.

I promised in one of my letters to tell you about the soldier ants. One day, a party of workers captured a lame spider that fell out of a tree on the hill of sand. He was very furious in his resistance, but they threw themselves upon him determinedly, and brought him to the door; but the place was a little too narrow, and they could not pull him in. There was a consultation held, and one of them went below, quickly returning, followed by a soldier ant. He was just like myself, all save his head, which was at least four times as large as mine, with strong jaws and wide mouth. I was so astonished that I ran away in fright.

These soldiers are ants the same as the rest, only God has so ordered it that some shall have small heads and jaws for common work, while these are developed differently for harder work and fiercer battle. How this is done, we know not; only when one is hatched, it is a worker, another comes forth a soldier with great mandibles, another is a drone, or king, while the fourth is a queen, or the mother of us all.

This may seem strange to you; but such is the case, as you will see by consulting the description of the white ants of Africa by any thorough writer. It is the same with us as with the bees, who have a queen and drones, besides working bees. We possess different bodies and gifts; but we all labor together for the common good of the community. (How ought the members of families, and of the church, to dwell together in unity, and exercise their various gifts and callings in harmony and peace, building up and establishing the courts of the better community.)

To return to my narrative. The soldier advanced, and laid hold without ceremony of master spider, and took him down stairs in a hurry, by means of his powerful mandibles. These soldiers also dig the hardest of the excavations, while we carry away the loosened soil, and remove it above ground away from the nest. Time went rapidly with me now. I had so very many cares and so

much work to do, that my mind was always occupied, and busy; so I had little time to fret or be unhappy. May you be led to enjoy life by reason of your industrious habits also.

DUSTELLA BROWN.

FAREWELL.

BY A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD HOPE.

Farewell, farewell, Oh! can it be
That we so soon must part;
To speak these farewell words to thee,
Stirs the depths of this lone heart.

Oh, will the past be e'er forgot?
Will memory ever die?
My heart and feelings answer not,
But still I breathe a lonely sigh.

Oh, will thy heart be like the flower
That blossomed in the dell?—
It bloomed, but withered in an hour,
When the snow flakes gently fell.

Oh, will thy friendship die and fade,
When youth's dear hopes have fled?
This form perhaps will be decayed,
And all that is without be dead.

But in dear memory's silent cell,
Will you forget the past?
Can you forget this lone farewell,
Forget this form though fading fast?

UNDERGROUND.

I WILL give an account of my underground trip. Br. H. gave each of us a change of coats for the occasion, and so tricked out in brown linen to the coal bed, we wended our way. The road lay down the hill from the little town across the ravine, and up the hill again. Br. H. pointed out to us where the mines were beneath us, where the ground had settled and made long cracks in the earth, and by the withdrawal of moisture, the tunnels had killed the trees on the surface.

At length we came to the mouth of the shaft, where by a car load at a time the coal is hauled up by steam by a great chain, holding a square platform on which the car, (not a railroad car, but a short mine car), came up, or the men went down.

He said there were some mules to go down, so when the platform was empty, we stepped upon it, and hanging to the chain bid daylight farewell and began to descend. The shaft was square, lined with planking, and about six or eight feet wide. The light grew fainter and fainter as we went down. It was a strange experience to me, and when at last we stopped at the bottom, I could not see, so dark appeared the surroundings. All was black, save where the little lamps worn on the miner's caps made a star-like light surmounting a black forehead, strange eyes and a nose, all the rest blackness, like spirits just appearing in some infernal pit.

By and by, it grew a little lighter. We were off the platform, and each was provided with a lamp, and so made our way out of this room along a tunnel-like hall on the floor of which was the truck on which the mule cars ran. We got into a car. "Heads down," was the cry, the boy driver

sat on the front of the car and drove the mule. I felt like some black imp in an infernal car, headed by a long eared dragon that was bearing us away under the everlasting hills. After a time we alighted from the car, and proceeded on foot to examine the mine. In some places we could stand upright, in others we were obliged to stoop, and proceed in this uncomfortable manner.

The vast mass of rock above our heads was upheld by staunch pillars of wood, resembling railroad ties. Some of these were broken in two by the weight of the stone, others had been consumed by a sort of dry rot, and strange looking, fungus-like lichens were growing over them. I noticed the absence of fossil plants, bones, or shells, save the evident vegetable origin of the coal itself. It evidently had been subject to a great deal of heat and pressure, more so than common in coal, so that these interesting relics of former times were obliterated.

We saw the miners drill in behind a projecting corner, fill the hole with powder, and then we retired out of reach of harm to hear the dull thunder of the blast. Returned to see the great heap of coal thrown down, and converse more with the miners. After being shown a large portion of the mine where the rocks had fallen down, where the pillars were broken, and chaotic heaps of rocks, slate and clay were lying, we were impressed with a sense of some of the dangers that miners must encounter in order to wrest a living from the grim coal beds.

We visited the place where the mules were kept and fed, stabled in their dark stalls, feeding and living by the sense of touch, and the feeble lights of lamps and of lanterns.

We saw the miners in groups with their mining implements, baskets of provisions, etc. Our eyes were so accustomed now to the feeble, yellow light of the lamps, that the daylight shining down the shaft seemed fairly of a sulphury blue.

Stepping upon the platform, we began to ascend, and were in a few moments above ground, where, with God's blessing, I had rather live.

D. H. S.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

IF we wish to be happy, and to make others happy, we must cultivate a cheerful and kind disposition. It is impossible for us to be happy without friends, and if we wish to gain friends, we must be kind to all with whom we meet. We can enjoy no greater happiness than in making others happy. We should not be so selfish as to live for ourselves only. We must be willing to sacrifice our own pleasures, to promote the happiness of others. We cannot expect others to be kind to us, unless we treat them with kindness. We must remember that it is natural for us to appreciate the kindness of others, and if we wish to be esteemed by them, we must treat them as we would wish them to treat us. If we will but set out with a firm resolution to live for the happiness of others, and to overcome all selfishness, we will not only be happy ourselves, but we will make others so. Our happiness depends a great deal upon our

disposition, and we can cultivate a good, obliging disposition or an unamiable one. If we cultivate a noble disposition, we will have plenty of friends. We will live happy, and feel that we are doing all we can to make those around us happy also.

LOUISA BURNAM.

TIME.

THE value of time is not realized by the young. If we could only remember that there is but one moment of time in the world at once, and as one moment succeeds another, they all glide into the past, never to be recalled, we would be more apt to employ them in doing something that would be of use to us in the future. When not engaged in any other duties, we should improve our minds by reading good books. If we once get interested in reading useful books, many of our leisure hours that would otherwise seem dull and tedious, will be passed with pleasure in the cultivation of our minds. A taste for useful reading will inspire us with a love for that which is right, and teach us to shun evil. The amount of knowledge that we acquire, depends a great deal upon the manner in which we spend our time and means. Knowledge is power. It is very necessary that we should acquire knowledge, when young. God has given us minds, and time to cultivate them; and it is a duty we owe to him, to gain knowledge, and make use of the time and powers he has endowed us with.

ANOTHER WORD OF THE SOUTH.

DEAR little readers of the Hope: I thought I would try and tell you a little more of Florida, and the things down south. I am going to tell you of a Bayou or Byo, as it is spoken. Some of you may wonder what a Bayou is, and ask, "What does it mean?"

It is a body of water that sets back from the rivers and streams connected therewith, near or not very far away from the ocean. Some of these Bayous are a mile or more across them; and look like a lake. I suppose you would like to take a ride in a boat on one of them. You would see the trees standing around that have grown up through the water. You would see on these trees something hanging all over the top and limbs, that looks like great quantities of snarled or tangled thread thrown promiscuously over them, and left hanging, dangling on the limbs. This is what they call "hanging moss." It is a living substance, and a natural growth of the southern climate.

While taking your ride, it might be that you would hear something make a great splash in the water. You would enquire what that was. Perhaps your eye might have caught a glance at something too at the time. This is a great fish they call sturgeon, and it seems to be their amusement to jump their whole length out of the water and fall in again. Some of them it is said are as long as a man. You would be surprised and frightened a little, if one should happen to

jump in your boat as you were taking your pleasant ride.

The waters in these Bayous rises and falls a few feet every day, caused by the moving of the tides of the great ocean that ebb and flow in their usual manner from day to day.

Sometimes large alligators are in the Bayous; but I suppose you would rather hear something of pretty singing birds than these huge, rough looking fellows. Perhaps you would like to hear about the mocking bird. They are such wide awake, and lively singers, active and smart, and I don't know but they love little children, for they love to get on the trees near by to some one's house, and there sit and sing both by day and by night. The reason they are called mocking birds is because in their song they seem to want to imitate the song and music of other birds, as nearly as they can. Would you not like to go to bed after saying your little prayers at night, and have one sing you to sleep? Maybe too when you would wake up in the night, you would hear him with his "Chirp, chirp, chirp; puret, puret; twinkle, twinkle, twinkle;" with a variety of other lively notes and sounds; then as you awake in the morning, find him not yet tired, but sending forth his music as lively and cheering as ever.

As this little bird is lively, active and cheering in its song; so may we ever be alive and active to every good word and work; so may we please the Lord, by ever being actively striving day by day to make each other happy.

C. G. L.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 May '72

Any one finding me above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents. Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

Correspondence.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 26, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—We have a nice church here, and, as you know, a very nice Sunday School. Of course it has improved since you were here; but not so much as it would have done, had it not been for the sickness of Br. Bellamy, our superintendent; but it is thought that if he is kept very quiet for a few days, that he will recover.

We would all be very sorry to lose him, as he has been for a long time such a good superintendent of our Sunday School.

I, and I think all the Sunday School scholars, would be glad to see you in St. Louis again.

On Sunday evening of the 18th, we had a Sunday School concert, and four little girls dressed in white to represent pilgrims. My little brother Franklin sung one of the Sunday School hymns.

I like to read the Sunday school paper very much. I thought I should like to have my name put on the Roll of Honor, so mother has given me fifty cents, and Franklin fifty cents for that purpose, which is enclosed.

But now I must close by sending my love to all, and remaining still one of your little nieces,

SYBILIA ALLEN.

GARTSIDES, Ills., March 11, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I am now fifteen years old. I have not been to school much. I have not been a very good boy; but I am going to do better from this time out, and I hope that I may stand fast in God's church, and that God will give me his Spirit to lead and direct me aright. I hope that little friends, when they pray, will pray for me, and I will pray for them. We have a Sunday School here. I like to go to school. I think that I learn more at Sunday School than at any other place.

I think the Hope is a very nice paper, and I am glad every time it comes. I like to read the pretty letters that I see in the Hope.

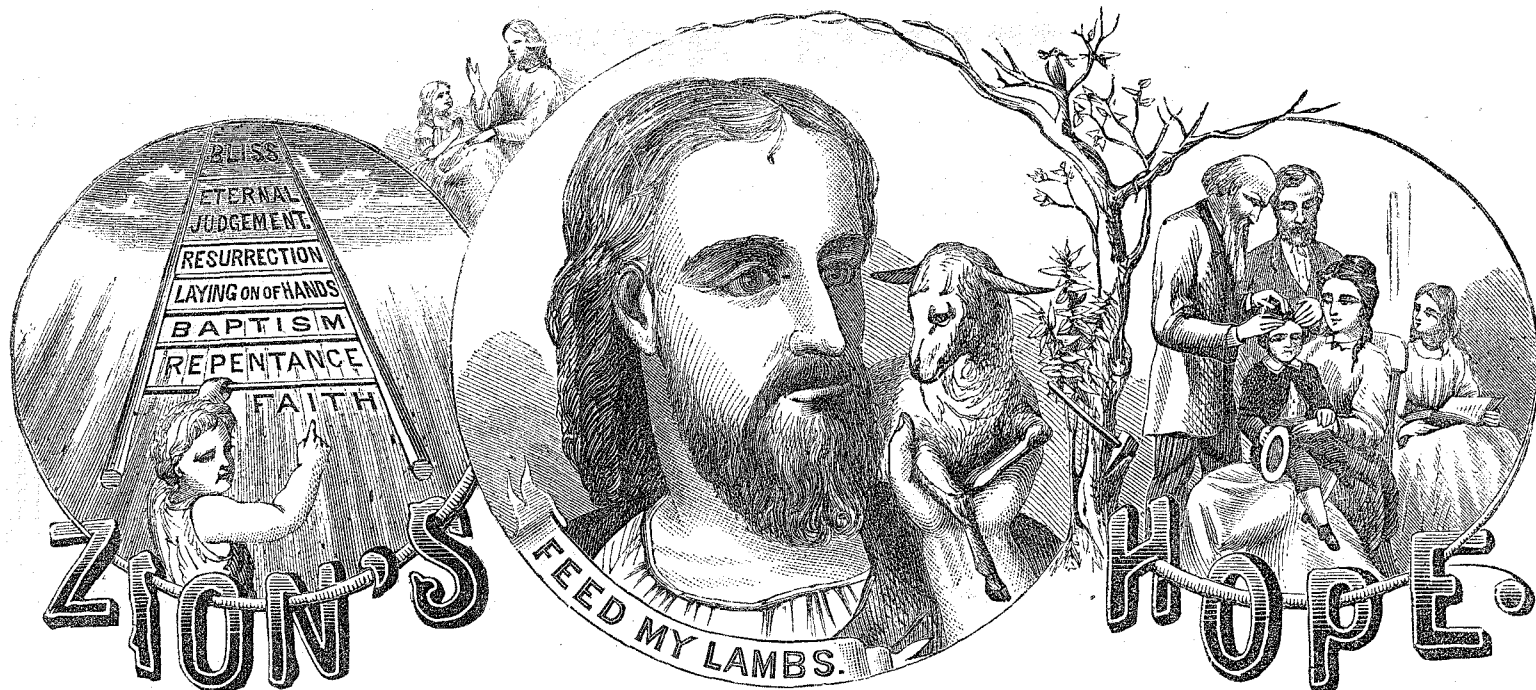
JOSEPH HICKLIN.

Roll of Honor.

Table listing names and amounts for the Roll of Honor, including Aurilla S. Wildermuth, Ruby C. Forscutt, Mary E. Kyte, Lillie S. Hudson, Louisa E. Hudson, Mabal Hudson, Evaline R. Hudson, Lavern E. Stiles, Willie Hougas, Joseph A. Outhouse, Silas Hevener, James Walton, P. C., G., R., & J. Walton, Annie Caffal, Kate Davis, Walter Beebe, A. Friend, Jennie Beebe, Lillian Howell, Derias Thompson, Maria Wilson, William F. Wilson, Angie Beckstead, Arthur W. Fletcher, Maria Mantle, One who loves the Hopes, Annie Marmoy, Harriet M. Norton, Phoebe E. Norton, Eldridge Stow, Frank Dutton, Harriet Stow, Henry A. Brown, George H. Brown, Ruth Edson, David Davis, William O. Thomas, William Gettings, Daniel Evans, Mary Williams, Anna Thomas, Robert McFarland, Mary J. Hacking, Elizabeth A. Isherwood, Henry Duell, Rebecca Butler, Mary Ann Butler, Viola Stafford, Cisle Chatburn, Arimatheia Cook, Charles Bird, Joseph Moore, Fanny Pett, Ellen J. Newell, Mary J. Grenell, A. Whitlock, A friend, John Jones, Mary James, Hannah Lytle, A. D. Boren, Rachel Brooks, Elizabeth Miller, John Wood, Sarah Bell, William Williamson, Francis Williamson, Eleanor James, Sybilia Allen, David W. Davis, Mary E. Hulmes, Sarah J. Ballantyne, Sarah Varley, Richard J. Varley, Sarah J. Varley, Harriet Smith, Hyrum A. Rudd, Alvin C. Rudd, David M. Rudd, Amy E. Rudd, K. H. Hanson, C. Scott, M. Mantle, Gomer Lewis, H. O. Smith, E. Amy Forscutt, H. Schofield, L. Newman, Horace H. Hudson, Sarah E. Hudson, Ella M. Hudson, Uncle Jethro, Nellie Hougas, F. P. Russel, Katie B. Macauley, Hampton J. Ladner, Jane Walton, Jane E. France, Maggie Kay, Emma Beebe, William Stuart, James Stuart, A Friend, John Brackenbury, Julian S. Anderson, John S. Weeks, Mary Ann Wilson, Jane Williams, William W. Fletcher, David M. Mantle, William Walter, Ellen Baul, Mary Cook, Annie Flowers, John Cook, Junior, Charles Cook, Francis Peglar, Wash Peglar, Wallace Peglar, J. Holdsworth, Samuel Hilderbrant, M. H. Ballantyne, S. J. Ballantyne, Jane Wilson, Ida R. Doty, Nancy Sutherland, Jane McKee, Caroline Hacking, Joseph Nepht Parsons, Sarah A. Stafford, Hannah Butler, Elizabeth M. Butler, Mary Angel, George Chatburn, Alfred Christian, Zilla Moore, Ellen Pett, Franklin Rolls, Emily J. Newell, Sydney Mee, Emma Ames, M. McKenzie, Mercy A. Meginess, Elizabeth Wilsler, William Garner, John Garner, James Baldwin, John Ward, Thomas J. Hilliard, Emma Williamson, Charles Williamson, Williamson, John Miller, Franklin Allen, Mary E. Jamison, Silas Hevener, Richard Varley, Eliza Varley, Thomas B. Varley, D. W. Thomas, Anna Smith, Abel H. Rudd, John F. Rudd, Mary A. Rudd, Emma L. Rudd, Anna E. Ebeling, W. H. Munroe, W. H. Bradley, Lucy A. Griffiths, Rebecca Maloney.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR. MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agent for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., MAY 1, 1872.

No. 21.

HABITS.

REW of my little readers perhaps, realize what a power habits wield over us.

Good habits will cause all who become acquainted with us to love, honor, and respect us; bad habits destroy all opportunities we might have of doing good, and if not abandoned, will reproach and stain our character as long as we live. So easily too do habits take possession of us, that we ourselves do not notice their effect, until it is shown to us by those who see our actions plainer than we do.

I was forcibly reminded of this by reading, a short time since, in the "Big Hopes" paper, our dear "Herald" for December 15th, 1871, the stage driver's story of his crooked fingers, which had become bent from the constant "habit" of holding the check lines while driving the horses over fifty years. I was also reminded by this story of another which I once read of two boys, and which I will give you.

We will call these boys Henry Manly and James Tracey. They were both about the same age, and were intimate friends and playmates. Both went to the same school, and were in the same class. They were apt at learning, and learned fast. Examination day drew near, and a beautiful book was to be given as a reward of merit to the best scholar, or the one most perfect in his studies. The contest for the prize lay between Henry and James; for both were ahead of the rest of the scholars. Both studied very hard to obtain the prize, and it appeared very doubtful which would win it.

Henry had a habit of twisting the third button on his coat when reciting his lessons, and his Aunt with whom he lived, for his parents were dead, used to wonder why that button had to be sewed on so often.

James was very eager to obtain the prize, and to stimulate him, his father had promised to give him a present if he should win the prize, so that he would be gratified and obtain two presents. You may be sure that he worked hard to obtain them.

As they were reciting their lessons in the class one day, James happened to notice Henry working with the button, and the thought crossed his mind, perhaps if that button was off, Henry would not recite his lessons so perfectly, and so would miss the prize, and he obtain it. So he began to think of a plan to get the button off without Henry knowing anything about it.

The Saturday before examination day, James invited Henry to his house to play with him, and while there, James showed him a coat which his mother made for him. He desired Henry to put it on, to see how he would look in it. Henry pulled off his coat and tried on James', then James wanted him to come and let his mother look at it on him. Henry complied, and while James' mother was talking to him, James quietly slipped out, and hurrying to the room where Henry had left his coat, he took his knife and cut the button off, then went back to the room where his mother and Henry were. After he was through talking to Mrs. Tracey, Henry took off James' coat and put on his own, without noticing the loss of the button, and presently went home.

James' conscience reproved him, but he was so anxious to obtain the prize, that he excused himself, and tried to quiet it, thinking he would in some way recompense Henry for the loss of the prize.

Monday morning, examination day, came. Both Henry and James were in their seats early, preparing for the recitations. When the class was called up to recite, Henry was head, and James next; both well prepared. A question was given Henry, which he had answered before on another occasion, and with which he was perfectly well acquainted. His fingers sought the button, but it was gone. His mind became confused, for all eyes were upon him, and he could not answer the question. It was passed to James, who answered promptly, and took Henry's place at the head of the class. Another question was given Henry, but he could not answer it. The teacher was surprised. He knew that Henry had not missed before, and he could not think how it was that he failed now. However, at the close

of the examination, the prize was awarded to James.

Poor Henry was overwhelmed with grief. He was confident before he went into the class that he could answer all the questions, and to think that after all he had failed, and had not obtained the prize, was too much, and he wept sorely over the disappointment. You see, the *habit* of twisting the button had come upon him, and he was not aware of it.

James obtained his presents; but he was far from being happy. He knew that the prize rightly belonged to Henry, and that he had obtained it unfairly, and so unhappy was he that his father noticed it, and inquired the cause. James could no longer restrain himself. He burst into tears, and confessed all to his father. Mr. Tracey looked very grave, and told him he had acted very wrong. He showed him that although he might deceive his parent and playmates, the watchful eye of God was upon him; he could not deceive Him, and He was displeased with his actions, and punished him by his conscience.

James was very penitent, and asked his father if he might not give the book to Henry. Mr. Tracey answered that it was only right that he should do so, adding that it would be a lesson to him for the future.

James took the book, and started to the house where Henry lived. He found Henry in his own little room grieving over his failure. This caused James to feel very badly, and with tears he laid the book before Henry, and told him all, begging that Henry would forgive him, and not be angry with him.

Henry was amazed; and at first was inclined to be angry; but when he saw the sorrow and penitence of James, he could not be angry. He did not want to take the book; but James insisted that he should take it, or he could not be happy. He begged Henry to forgive him, which Henry freely did, and thus both were made content again.

Henry learned a valuable lesson. He resolutely broke the habit which had cost him so much grief and disappointment. It was difficult

at first, and greatly embarrassed him at times; but he conquered it, and was watchful never to contract a bad habit again. Both Henry and James were fast friends through life, and became useful men.

What a power there is in *habit!* Let us see that all our habits are good. Speak kindly and respectfully to all. If father or mother calls you to come to them, do not acquire the habit of saying peevishly, "what for?" but go immediately and answer the summons; for they would not call you if your services were not required.

Never use *any* by-words, and always say what you mean. You know that Jesus says, "Let your communication be Yea, Yea, and Nay, Nay; for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil." Let your answers be a plain yes or no, as the case may be; or if to an older person, add sir, if a man; or madam, if a woman. Never acquire the habit of using slang words. They do not become the "Hopes of Zion," those who will share in the blessings of Zion when it is redeemed, and who will perform an important part before it is redeemed.

Do not acquire the habit of speaking angrily or hastily; but remember the adage, "Think twice before you speak once." The Savior said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Think of it, little Hopes. Do we love our Savior? If we do, we will keep His commandments, and be made perfect like him. Will it not be glorious? Let us try to conquer all our bad habits, by keeping his commandments.

One thing more, do not acquire the habit when you go to church of looking all around you; but look straight at the speaker, and pay the strictest attention to what he says, and strive to profit thereby. He speaks for your good, and desires to see you become perfect, and made fit to dwell in the presence of God; and when he sees you all looking at him, and giving good attention, it encourages him greatly.

Remember, we are to be "judged for the deeds done in the body." SANCO PANZA.

MUSINGS.

When the shades of evening lengthen,
And appear the stars of night,
Musings oft the spirit strengthen,
With a calm and pure delight.

Who out of the multitude of human beings has not sat and mused; and do they our "spirit strengthen?" Yes, indeed.

We muse of the past with its sorrow and its happiness. Our sorrow looming up before us as a dark cloud, and our happiness as after an April shower, everything is beautiful to us.

When we turn to the present, are we happy and satisfied with what *is*? Each can answer better for himself. The future is before us; but who knows what it will bring forth? Perhaps joy; perhaps much sorrow; let us wish that it may bring more joy than sorrow.

We all want our lives to be filled with happiness, and not a shadow appear to mar them. But our wishes are not always to be gratified; a little sorrow is needed to mix with our joy.

I muse of the future, and think how some live

entirely for themselves, caring only if they be satisfied; others, more liberal, wish good to their friends, and yet there is another class, who wish good to all, friends and enemies.

How many are there of this last class? Very few.

If we look around us, we see on every side persons whose aspirations are but for the future. "Let the past as nothing be," they say. Let the present be improved, that the future may be more bright.

Let our musings be that we will watch every moment that passes, that none may be spent in idleness, and always wishing good to all mankind.

If we do not want our sorrows to be great, let us live, hoping, loving, kind and good, and we may yet be happy. FRANKIE.

PLOUGHBOY'S DREAM.

I am a ploughboy stout and strong,
As ever drove a team,
And three years since, asleep in bed,
I had a dreadful dream.

And as that dream has done me good,
I've got it put in rhyme,
That other boys may read and sing
My dream, when they have time.

Methought I drove my master's team,
With Dobbin, Ball and Star,
Before a stiff and handy plough,
As all my master's are.

But found the ground was baked so hard,
And more like brick than clay,
I could not cut my furrow clean,
Nor would my beasts obey.

The more I whipped, and lashed, and swore,
The less my cattle stirred;
Dobbin lay down, and Ball and Star,
They kicked and snorted hard.

When lo! above me, a bright youth
Did seem to hang in air,
With purple wings and golden wand,
As angels painted are.

"Give over, cruel wretch," he cried,
"Nor thus thy beasts abuse;
Think, if the ground was not too hard,
Would they their work refuse?"

"Besides, I heard thee curse and swear,
As if dumb beasts could know
What all thy oaths and curses meant,
To make them better go.

"But though they know not, there is One,
Who knows thy sins full well;
And what shall be thy after-doom,
Another shall thee tell."

No more he said, but light as air,
He vanished from my sight;
And with him went the sun's bright beams,
And all was dark midnight.

The thunder roared from under ground,
The earth it seemed to gape;
Blue flames broke forth, and in those flames,
A dire gigantic shape,

"Soon shall I call thee mine," it cried,
With voice so dread and deep,
That quiv'ring like an aspen leaf,
I wakened from my sleep.

And though I found it but a dream,
It left upon my mind
That dread of sin, that fear of God,
Which all should wish to find.

For since that hour, I've never dared
To use my cattle ill,
And ever feared to curse and swear,
And hope to do so still.

Now ponder well, ye ploughboys all,
The dream that I have told;
And if it works such change in you,
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

For should you think it false or true,
It matters not one pin,
If you but deeds of mercy show,
And keep your souls from sin.

C. B.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER V.

IN his dream Walter was walking in a beautiful garden filled with lovely flowers, and trees loaded with tempting fruits of every kind. Among their branches the little birds were singing while they built their nests, or fed their young ones. The air was full of sweet perfume and the humming of insects, and over all a dreamy haze seemed to rest, wooing the spirit to repose. Walter wandered about the garden for some time, going first up one walk then down another, plucking the fruit and flowers at his will. He would listen to the birds for a time, and then break forth into carols with them, causing them to cease their song and listen to him. But at last he grew weary of all the charms and beauties around him, and began to look beyond the high wall which surrounded the garden, to try and discover what lay beyond. He could see only a vast forest, and hear the murmuring of running waters as they wound in and out among the forest trees. A beautiful blue sky spread over all, and Walter longed to leave the garden and wander out in the forest.

While he thus thought, and as he was looking around for a door or gate in the wall by which he might go out, he caught sight of a great, brown spider, spinning a silver chain, and following the beautiful thread he came near to an opening in the wall through which the spider passed out, and still weaving his thread as he went, disappeared in the forest. Walter was just going to follow, when a gentle dove brushed past him, and lighting on a bush near by, said to him in sweet, cooing tones.

"Do not follow the silver thread the spider is spinning, for it is the thread of temptation, and will lead you away from the golden path of truth."

"Where is this path?" said Walter. "I want to go into the forest; but I see no path only that beautiful thread which leads there, and why should it lead me into evil?"

"If you will follow me, I will lead you to the path you cannot see now, but if you follow the tempting lustre of that silver thread, harm will come to you."

"Show me the path," said Walter, "and I will follow you into it."

"You must not only follow me into it," said the dove, "but you must be careful not to turn out of it. If you go into the forest, you will often see the gleaming of this lovely silver thread, but if once you turn aside and follow it, when it is bound around you, it will change to

iron fetters, and you will find yourself very miserable."

Walter could not realize how this could be, but even while he followed the dove towards the golden path, he cast many a wistful look towards where he could see the bright gleaming thread as it wound in and out among the green leaves, and at last, forgetting entirely the path he was seeking, and the gentle dove which was so patiently trying to lead him into it, he turned his steps towards the glitter of the spider's thread, and as he eagerly followed it, he thought only of his anxiety to reach it, and the happiness he would find in following it deep into the cool forest, where he now heard not only the murmuring of waters, but also soft strains of sweet music swelling gently on the air.

Its guidance thus rejected, the little dove, with a sad moan, followed still the footsteps of the wandering boy; but Walter did not see her, although he now and then paused, as if her grieved moan smote his heart; and for a moment he felt that he would have turned back from his pursuit. It was but for a moment however; for his feet soon passed cagerly on, and presently he stood beside a grotto in the forest into which the silver thread wound, gleaming and sparkling until it disappeared in the distant halo. Just as he was about to follow it, the dove flew before him with a warning note, begging him not to enter, for evil was there. Walter hesitated for a few moments; but as soft strains of music fell upon his ear, and sweet perfume floated upon the air around him, he again forgot all but his eager desire for pleasure, and turning, entered the grotto.

At first he was charmed with all which he heard and saw. Beautiful birds of gay plumage sang among orange groves, where cool sparkling fountains played, and lovely nymphs glided in and out—some playing upon sweet-toned instruments, while others joined in the mazy dance. The air was laden with subtle perfume which seemed stealing his senses away, and he said to himself, "I am glad I came here, and did not follow the leading of that foolish dove."

Just as he said this, one of the beautiful nymphs came up to him, and stretching out her hand filled with most tempting fruit, pressed him to partake of it, and join her in the dance. Walter was in the act of reaching for the fruit, when suddenly there fell upon it a ray of light, revealing it to be filled with poison which was pouring into it in a steady stream from the hand of the nymph who held it. As this light fell upon her, she was no longer a nymph clothed in beautiful robes; but a haggard old woman, with filthy rags hanging in tatters around her shrunken limbs, and the smile upon her face was changed to a most malicious grin, as she saw the look of horror upon the face of Walter.

Nor was this all; for as the light fell upon him he saw the silver thread coiling about his feet and limbs; but as the dove had warned him, it was a silver thread no longer, but changed to heavy burdensome chains, the weight of which was becoming extremely painful.

Walter was now in deep distress. All the beauties of the grotto which had so charmed

him, were changed to horrid deformities. Even the beautiful birds had become serpents, and instead of singing to charm him from every branch of the now withered trees, they hissed at him with their forked tongues, and when he would have quenched his thirst at the fountain, he found its waters filled with slimy reptiles hideous to look upon, and spitting from their mouths all manner of impurities into the stream.

In his distress, the thought occurred to him to discover whence the light came which had so opened his eyes to the terrible nature of the place he had entered, when, upon turning towards the entrance to the grotto, he saw a fair young girl holding a lamp in her hands, and beckoning him to come away. For a moment he stood spell bound, looking at her. It was Grace and yet not Grace, but Celestine who held the lamp and motioned him to leave the grotto of sin with all its horrors. For one brief moment memory held her sway, and Sereno realized all. For that brief moment he knew what he had been—how he had fallen—surely he had failed in what he had resolved to do—who Grace really was—all, all for a brief moment he knew—even the gentle dove which had been sent with him, and whose pleadings he had rejected; but when he fled from the place, following the steady light of the lamp which Celestine carried, this memory faded away, and she was to him only the Grace he had met but once, yet was never to forget in life.

When Walter awoke, the early June morning was vocal with the song of birds, and sweet with perfume from dewy grass and clover. His dream was fresh in his memory, except the closing scene, which was to him an undefined something that he could only *feel*, but not recall.

But although it was was Walter Reed who awoke in his father's house this bright morning, it was not the Walter who for some dozen years had opened his eyes beneath the same roof to the light of successive mornings. Twenty-four hours had wrought in him a great change, which time and near events would deepen for eternity. How great this change, we shall shortly see.

THE WISHES.

LUCETTA.—I wish I were a humming bird,
I'd sip the sweets of flowers;
In honey cells and honey bells,
The long, bright, rosy hours.

ANN.—A blue bird I would rather be;
And in the dewy dell,
I'd sing away so bright and gay,
'Till evening shadows fell.

ELLA.—I wish I were a turtle dove;
I'd dwell in shady bowers;
My low sweet voice I would prolong,
Through all the balmy hours.

CYNTHIA.—A robin with his cheery song,
O, I would rather be,
And eve and morn I'd still sing on,
So wild, and glad, and free.

JULIA.—I wish I were a busy bee,
To play the green fields o'er,
From honey cell and honey bell,
I'd bring each golden store.

ALICE.—I wish I were an eagle bold,—
I'd live on mountains high;

No bird so noble or so free,
No bird so free as I.

NANCY.—Dear sisters with the eye so blue,
And voice so sweet with song,
For us there's nobler work to do,—
New joys to us belong.
Be gentle, loving, good, and kind,
Work with a brave, "I'll try;"
The angel band shall clasp your hand,
And welcome you on high.

DUSTELLA BROWN'S LETTERS.

NUMBER IV.

IN one of my letters, I mentioned that the ants have a species or kind of honey, I will now tell you how this is obtained.

I mentioned the fact that we were near a cherry tree. The sprouts springing up from the roots of this tree were covered with tender green leaves, upon the under side of which a tribe of insects known as aphids were colonized. They are quite green when young, but grow darker as they grow larger, until they become quite black. The full grown insect has four delicate, lace-like wings. They have a proboscis, or tube, through which they draw the tender juices of the young leaves. They are always on the under side of the leaves. Now you will perhaps think we would make a fine dinner on these little tender aphids, but such is not the case. That would destroy the very good these little insects do for us. They have two horns, or tubes, on their backs, from which they drop upon the leaves a clear honey-like substance, called honey-dew. So you see they are to us what bees are to you. We gather this honey from the leaves, and take good care of the valuable little aphids who deposit it.

Alas! all insects are not so kind to them. They have their enemies. The lace-winged fly, when young, a horrid alligator looking thing, goes nimbly about on the leaves, snapping up poor little aphid; taking him up full of life and cherry juice, and holds him up on the ends of his two suckers, and sets him down empty as an old kid glove, very much the worse for wear;—in fact, it leaves nothing of him but the shell.

But it is our business to watch our little friends, and take care of them; to drive their many enemies away, and to gather the honey from the leaves to feed the young ants with. If you could have been acquainted with me, you would often have found me going to and fro from the cherry leaves and our underground home, laden with honey, or returning without.

How did I carry it? Oh! now that's a queer question. It will have a queer answer. You would have, I suppose, a tin bucket, or a pitcher of porcelain; but when a squirrel goes to the corn field, he fills his hollow cheeks with grains of corn, and comes out with two great bunches, one on each side of his face, looking mighty fat, and empties in his store house. We have pouches or sacks in our bodies, like the bees and the doves, these we fill with honey, or whatever we wish to carry that is liquid, and trudge away home.

It is no uncommon thing to see two ants step up to each other and one give to the other a drink out of his mouth. We think this very friendly and polite, among our own tribe, of

course. Among you it would not be polite, or natural. You would laugh and blow the water all about, like a "heathen Chinee" sprinkling clothes with his mouth.

You have knives and forks, and plates, very foolish, unnatural things to us; and you spend so much time picking, fussing, and cooking;— why can't you snap up a chicken, pull off a walker, and begin without so much ceremony? Ridiculous! I walk off on two legs at you. The beautiful doves feed their young from their mouths or bills, and so do we.

It is my delight to return from the cherry tree, laden with honey, and feed the little young ants, the weary workers, or the stately winged queens and drones of whom we think so much, because they continue our race and tribe. So work we all in our separate calling, blessed by one Great Creator even God.

Roll of Honor.

Table listing names and amounts under 'Roll of Honor'. Includes names like Aurilla S. Wildermuth, Ruby C. Forscutt, Mary E. Kyte, Lillie S. Hudson, Louisa E. Hudson, Mabal Hudson, Evaline R. Hudson, Lavern E. Stiles, Willie Hougas, Joseph A. Outhouse, Silas Hevener, James Walton, P. C., G., R., & J. Walton, Annie Caffal, Kate Davis, Walter Beebe, A. Friend, Jennie Beebe, Lillian Howell, Dorias Thompson, Maria Wilson, William E. Wilson, Angie Beckstead, Arthur W. Fletcher, Maria Mantle, One who loves the Hopes, Annie Marmoy, Harriet M. Norton, Phoebe E. Norton, Eldridge Stow, Frank Dutton, Harriet Stow, Henry A. Brown, George H. Brown, Ruth Edson, David Davis, William O. Thomas, William Gettings, Daniel Evans, Mary Thomas, Anna Thomas, Robert McFarland, Mary J. Hacking, Elizabeth A. Isherwood, Henry Duell, Rebecca Butler, Mary Ann Butler, Viola Stafford, Cisley Chatburn, Arimathia Cook, Charles Bird, Joseph Moore, Fanny Pett, Ellen J. Newell, Mary J. Grenell, A. Whitlock, A. Friend, John Jones, Mary James, Hannah Lytle, A. D. Boren, Rachel Brooks, Elizabeth Miller, John Wood, Sarah Bell, William Williamson, Francis Williamson, Eleanor James, Sybilla Allen, David W. Davis, Mary E. Hulmes, Sarah J. Ballantyne, Sarah Varley, Richard J. Varley, Sarah J. Varley, Harriet Smith, Hyrum A. Rudd, Alvin C. Rudd, David M. Rudd, Amy E. Rudd, K. H. Hanson, C. Scott, M. Mantle, Gomer Lewis, H. O. Smith, Ella Dudley, Ida M. Robinson.

Correspondence.

TWIN GROVE, Antelope Co., Neb., March 9, 1872.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I still remember the Hope, and am very sorry there is a prospect of its going down. I would willingly help it with money if I had it. I have not seen any thing of Uncle T. T.'s, prize for the best composition composed by any boy or girl under sixteen years of age.

Your affectionate nephew, HYRUM O. SMITH.

See page 64, present volume of HOPE, Hyrum, and you will find the prize is awarded to Emily Bradshaw, England.—UNCLE MARK.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I feel sorry to think that we are going to lose our little paper; so I will write a few lines to it. This is the first letter I have written to the Hope; but if the Hope continues to be published, I may have the privilege of writing to you again, which I hope I will.

Your affectionate niece, HATTIE E. SMITH.

GLENEASTON, Marshall Co., West Virginia, March 25, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I have been trying to get subscribers for the Hope; but have not succeeded. Some said that they "would see about it," others, "may be they would some time." I have lent my papers out in order to get their intention to send for it, and have got them torn. They said they were very nice; but would not promise to sign for it. The anagrams, enigmas, riddles, etc., were stopped just as I was beginning to learn to make them out, and I was sorry for it.

Yours in truth, ANNA E. EBERLING.

UNION FORT, Utah, March 20, 1872.

Dear Zion's Hope:—I have not forgotten you; I hope I never shall, for I would be very lonesome without you. The Lord still blesses me when I am good, and I want you to pray for me that I may do the will of the Lord, and come to Zion to reign with him. I send twenty-five cents to help the Hope. It is but little; but I suppose every little helps. I want to do something to keep the Hope from stopping; for it is my choice companion. Dear children, I love you all. Though I do not know you, I would like to see you. Let us do God's will and keep his commandments, and we will be saved in his kingdom.

LUCY ANN GRIFFITHS.

KANSAS, February 16, 1872.

Brother Mark:—I will write you a few lines, by request of a little girl five years old. She likes the Hope, and loves to hear it read. She has learned several pieces of poetry by hearing it read. I told her there was a probability of the Hope failing; she said, "The little Hope must not say fail." I told her that like her most of the little children spent their money for candy and toys, instead of sending it for the Hope. This caused her to reflect awhile, then she said she had rather have the Hope than candy, and that she would send Uncle Mark all her money that she had on her charm string, which is thirty cents. Since writing the above, she has got ten cents more, and I will tell you how she got it. Two men staid all night with us, and she was singing "This world will be blessed by and by." One of the men told her if she would sing that again for him, he would give her five cents, and she sang it. The other man then asked her if she would sing one for him, and she sang, "Let us pray for one another," then he gave her five cents, so she sends forty cents for the roll of honor.

Written for REBECCA MALONEY.

STRING PRAIRIE, Iowa, March 16, 1872.

Dear Little Hopes:—As this is my first attempt, I will not write a great deal. We take the Hope, and think it a very interesting paper. I like the Winter Story very much. I did not like the thoughts of having the Hope stop, so I did the best I could in getting subscribers. I have succeeded in getting a club of seven, including myself. My father and mother, and all of my sisters, excepting one, belong to the church. I hope I shall live so that I can meet all of the little Hopes where parting shall be no more.

Good by, DORA HILLS.

DARLINGTON, Wis., March 21, 1872

Editors Zion's Hope, Dear Sirs:—I take this method, if you will give this an insertion in your paper, of thanking an unknown friend for their kindness and generosity manifested in sending me the paper, (the Hope.) I think it an excellent paper to disseminate knowledge and truth to the young, which I

think of vital importance in this day and age of the world. Claiming to be a friend of the young, and feeling an interest in their welfare, I wish to say to all the readers of Zion's Hope, heed the advise it contains to seek the Savior whilst young, so as to escape the many snares and temptations to which the young out of Christ are subject in this world. Let us, dear friends, labor faithfully for the prosperity of Zion, and the salvation of the souls of the dear children.

I have, as superintendent of a Sunday school, received great encouragement and assistance from a family whose names I find on the "Roll of Honor," by their presence punctually, and by giving of their substance to aid in running the school.

I subscribe myself, a friend of the young. Many thanks to the donor of the Hope. J. HAMSTREET.

WHITE CLOUD, Kansas, March 29, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark and Brother Joseph:—I send my love to all Zion's children. I am going to be baptized on Easter Sunday into the Church of Christ. I am going to be a better boy. I like to read Zion's Hope. I think it is a very nice little paper. I like to read it very much. I am in my tenth year. I will write again. May God bless all his saints.

JOHN BRACKENBURY.

BELLVILLE, St. Clair Co., Ills., Feb. 6, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. I was baptized when I was twelve years old, on the 23rd of October, 1871. My mother and father stand back from this true work; but it is my earnest desire that they may come forth and be baptized, and run the race with righteousness, and gain the reward which is laid up for the righteous. Little brothers and sisters; let us pray for one and all, that we may at last be counted worthy of receiving that reward which the Lord has offered for his people. You will find fifty cents in this letter for the support of our dear little paper, Zion's Hope. Yours in Christ Jesus.

MARY ANGELL.

ALLEGHENY CITY, Pa., Jan. 22, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I was baptized a year ago. I belong to the Pittsburgh branch. I am now twelve years old. I have been going to the Latter Day Saints' Sunday School six years, and I intend to go as long as I am able. We have begun another year, and I hope if we live to see another that we can look back and think that we have kept the Lord's commandments, and done our duty. I am sending a dollar down towards the Hope. God bless you all, is my prayer.

MARY E. HULMES.

ALPINE, Kent Co., Mich.,

March 31st, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I love to read the Hope. I for one wish it would come weekly, or be enlarged. When one number comes, I long for the other to come. I am not a member of the Church yet. There is no branch of the Church here. Little Hopes, pray for me. Ever yours.

PHEBE E. NORTON.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

15 May 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

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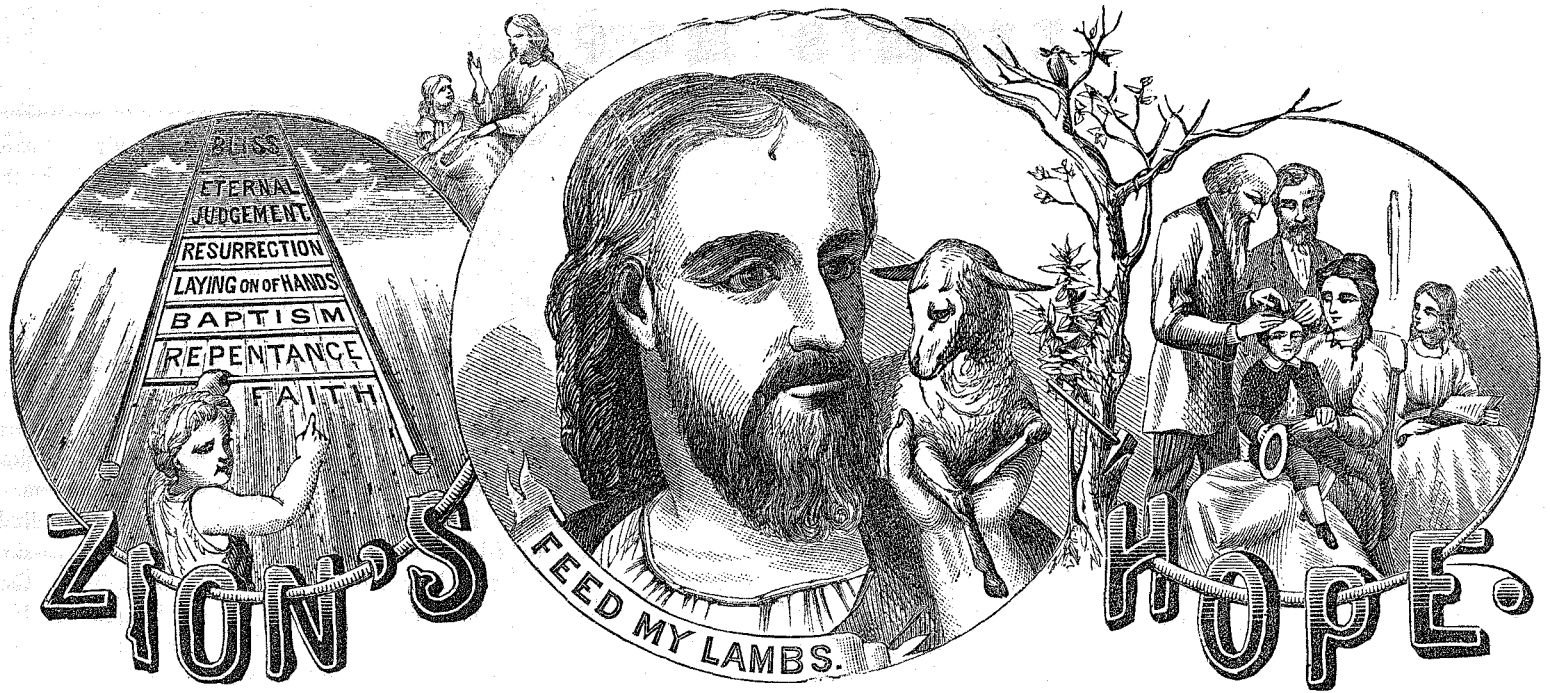
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JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR. MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agent for Zion's Hope.

"THOUGH I walk in the midst of trouble thou wilt revive me; thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of my enemies, thy right hand shall save me."



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

[Selected.]
AN OLD LEGEND.

FOR THE YOUNG.

The snow came falling fast and fair
Down through the wintry night;
The Christmas lights shone everywhere,
The city streets were bright;
And loud the sweet cathedral bells
Chimed praises and delight.

But out amid the falling snow,
Forsaken and alone,
A little child went wandering slow
And making piteous moan;
For his father and his mother dear
Up into heaven were gone.

He saw the fruitful Christmas-trees
Spread out their gracious boughs:
He saw between the curtains red
The children's shining brows,
And the little Christ-child sitting high
To hear their thankful vows.

Then loud he cried, and sobbed full sore:
No mother dear had he
To fill his apron from her store,
And take him on her knee.
He cried till a rich woman heard,
And came outside to see.

"O lady! give me fire and food,
I am so starved and cold,
Please do the little orphan good,
For God has sent you gold!"
But she said, "Begone, thou beggar boy!
My house no more can hold."

She shut him out into the night,
And went among her own;
She sat upon a cushion bright,
He on the stepping-stone,
And his tears made little drops of ice
As he sat there alone.

But down the wide and snowy street
He saw another child,
With silver sandals on his feet,
Float through the tempest wild,
His snow-white garments shining fair,
As if a sunbeam smiled.

Right onward to the orphan lad
Down the wide street he came,
And in a voice full sweet and glad
He called him by his name,
And the little weary child grew warm,
Forgetting pain and shame.

"Thou hast no home, thou little one,
But thou shalt go with me:
I saw thee sitting all alone,
And I came after thee.
Now look up to the heavens above,
Behold thy Christmas tree!"

The boy looked up to heaven above,
His tears forgot to flow;
For the Christ-child with his looks of love
Had charmed away the snow,
And on a tree all set with stars
Angels went to and fro.

"Come up! come up, thou little boy!
Come up to heaven on high!
Thy Christmas-tide shall dawn in joy."
He clasped him lovingly,
And the Christ-child and the orphan lad
Kept Christmas in the sky.

ROSE TERRY.

THE QUAKER'S GIFT.

"Levi, can you make up your mind to live at home and be a farmer?"

"I would rather be a tanner than a farmer?"

"Very well," answered his father, who was willing to let Levi follow his own tastes, as he was now seventeen years old;—"Very well, my son, I will try and find a place for you."

Very shortly a place was found for Master Levi with a good Quaker. When the youth presented himself at the tannery, the honest Quaker said,— "Levi, if thou art a good lad, I will do well by thee; if not, I will send thee home again. All the bargain I will make with thee is, that thou shalt do as well by me as I do by thee."

"Very well, sir," said Levi; "I will do my best."

Levi now went to work with hearty good will. He worked hard, read his Bible, said his prayers, and was honest, steady, and good natured. The Quaker liked him. He liked the Quaker. The Quaker was satisfied, and Levi was happy; and the years of his apprenticeship passed pleasantly away.

One day, Levi's master said to him,— "Levi, I think of making thee a present when thy time is out."

Levi smiled at this pleasant piece of news, and said, "I shall be very happy to receive any gift you may be pleased to make me, sir."

Then the Quaker looked knowingly at Levi, and added, "I cannot tell thee now what the present is to be, but it shall be worth more than a thousand pounds to thee!"

"More than a thousand pounds;" said Levi to himself, his eyes sparkling at the bare thought of such a costly gift. "What can it be?" That was the puzzling question which buzzed about in Levi's brain from that time until the day before he was out of his apprenticeship.

On that day the Quaker said to him,— "Levi, thy time is up to-morrow; but I will take thee and thy present home to-day."

Levi breathed freely on hearing these words. Dressing himself in his best suit, he soon joined the Quaker; but could see nothing that looked like a gift worth over a thousand pounds. He puzzled himself about it all the way, and said to himself, "Perhaps my master has forgotten it."

At last they reached Levi's home. After he had been greeted by his friends, the Quaker said, "Levi, I will give thy present to thy father."

"As you please, sir," replied Levi, now on the very tiptoe of expectation.

"Well," said the Quaker, speaking to Levi's father, "thy son is the best boy I have ever had." Then turning to Levi, he said, "This is thy present, Levi, a good name!"

Levi blushed, and certainly felt disappointed when his golden dreams so suddenly vanished away. But his sensible father was delighted, and said to the Quaker, who was smiling waggishly,— "I would rather hear you say that of my son, sir, than to see you give him all the money you are worth, for 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.'"

Levi's father was right, and the young man's good name did more for him in after years than could have been done by any sum of money.

W. C.

If you know how to spend less than you earn, you have the philosopher's stone.
When flatterer's meet, Satan goes to dinner.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

Year after year the seasons roll;
Change after change comes o'er the soul;
Life's brilliant dream
Becomes a shadow of the past,
And death unfolds his shroud at last,
To close the scene.

Time was when the house of Mr. Wingate was an antique looking domicile. Voices many,—voices which had been hushed in death for years had echoed through those sombre rooms, and up and down the garden walks. The oldest inhabitant remembered Mr. Wingate's grandfather. Others less advanced in life's journey remembered his father, and himself as a little boy; but with his youth and manhood many were acquainted.

His first marriage was well remembered; nor had the memory of that amiable woman whose smiles were once the sunshine of that old mansion faded from the minds even of the young. But she was dead. Dead! Ah! how much of earthly sorrow is garnered up in that one little word! The wife, the mother, the friend,—dead!

What a world is ours. Thanks for a light upon its darkness—a light from that world where changes find no pathway—memory no dark trace.

Such was the language of many a heart as the loving and beloved form of Mrs. Wingate was laid in her narrow grave. "How kind she was," said her neighbors. "How good," responded the poor. "How true," whispered the hearts of all, "true to her family, true to her friends, true to her Christian profession and to her God." Well may it be said of her, of such, "How can I give thee up?" But let selfish grief be silent. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Who turns from his farm, or his merchandise at the voice of death? Man pauses a moment till he is assured that he is not the target of the unerring archer, and then he plunges into the life-tide anew, to float with its hurrying current, or struggle for the pebbles on the shore.

So was it at the time of Mrs. Wingate's death. A few months passed on, and even the husband forgot in a measure that he had been a prey to the spoiler. But there was one heart that grieved as it is not good to grieve; one little heart that night after night beat upon the cold sod, and poured out its grief-like notes—it was the daughter's heart.

Poor Laura Wingate. The neighbors feared that the child would die, and good Mrs. Page, the Pastor's wife, prevailed on the father, who, though it would be lonely for him, at last consented that Laura should go for a time to the Pastor's home, and she bid her father adieu for the expected visit.

The warm sympathy of a heart that loved the mother was now poured upon the child. Hour after hour would the kind woman hold the little girl in her arms, talking to her of the path, rough and uneven, full of thorns whose stings must be borne, watered with tears which mortals must ever have occasion to shed, but leading the true of heart to the better country.

With a motherly tenderness she would watch the child, who was bent on a nightly visit to the churchyard, sometimes allowing her to go, but

following her soon, weeping with her awhile. Then with hymn of praise or hallowed tones of prayer, she would soothe the heart's agony, and thus succeed in leading little Laura home.

The beautiful summer months thus spent with her kind friend, brought to Laura's heart, if not the careless gladness of other days, at least the gift of peace.

Not that the memory of her mother became less precious, but with that memory now chastened and made holy, these were sweet and pleasant associations. What that mother had been on earth, that she was now in heaven. These thoughts became to her like the rustling of angel's wings; and we love to think as Laura bowed her young head in prayer, that this was more than a fanciful dream; for "are they not all ministering spirits?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE "HOPE" TO BE CONTINUED.

THANKS are due to "Perla Wild" for suggesting the Roll of Honor, by which new life has been given to the finances; to "Frances" for suggesting that we purchase no more cuts, to use the money for paper, ink and other expenses of issuing the HOPE; to the dear children for their efforts to obtain new subscribers; to the parents, and friends, and children, whose donations have been so willingly given to sustain the HOPE; and our thanks are hereby given, coupled with the announcement from the senior editor that THE HOPE WILL BE CONTINUED. We are now printing eighteen hundred HOPES, semi-monthly; will you not all strive to do something to make the list still larger? Let every subscriber try and secure at least one more subscriber.

CELESTINE AND SERENO.

CHAPTER VI.

AS the light of the bright June morning had awakened Walter from his sleep and the strange dream which had troubled it, so the sight of Grace and the dream of the night seemed to have wakened him from the life of sin and selfishness he had been living, and his eyes once opened to see its deformity, he could not close them again. His father noticed the change which had taken place in his son with feelings of surprise, and sometimes of anger; but these gradually gave place to gentler emotions, as love and kindness will always win the heart of the most stubborn, if gently and prayerfully persisted in.

Walter naturally sought the acquaintance of Grace, and the two became firm friends. Her influence and example strengthened in him every good resolution, and from her he imbibed a love of nature and of nature's God. Together they studied the word of God, and it was during the brief season of their earthly association that Walter learned from her those views and principles which, in after years, shaped the whole course of his life.

It is often said, "The fairest flowers soonest

wither;" and many times it is truly the case. Grace, who had been for a few brief months the companion and friend of Walter, no longer joined him in his walks over the prairies, or by the side of the wood-bordered stream. Her little brothers and sisters gathered around her sick bed; but she was not able to take them out for a ramble in the fields, as she had so often done before,—at many times she was not even able to tell them the stories they so dearly loved to hear from her. At last they could only stay with her a short time each day, and be very quiet while in her room.

No eyes, but the fond eyes of love, were blinded to the fact that Grace Lovegood was passing gently away from the earth. Often her mother looked upon her pale cheek through blinding tears, and the cry of her heart was, "I cannot give her up!" "Oh! what can I do without my Grace, my first-born, darling child!" Grace felt this feeling of her sorrow-stricken mother, and in many ways sought to reconcile her mind to the will of God.

"God gave me to you, mother," she said. "You have often told me so, and now He is taking me away from you, but only for a little time. Do not hold me back from Him, for I might then become sinful, and we be forever separated. You have taught me that he never calls those who are faithful until their work on earth is done, and although I am young to die, and life looks very bright and fair, God is far wiser than I am, and knows best when to take me from the temptations of this world. Give me back to Him with all your heart, dear mother, and then I shall die happy."

Thus Grace would talk to her mother, for the near approach of eternity seemed to have added years to her brief life, and she could scarcely be longer called a child, but seemed as one matured in thought far beyond her years.

Not a day passed which did not bring Walter to inquire for the sick girl, and when Grace was strong enough to see him, he always remained for some time to talk with and read for her. There was upon the part of each a silent acknowledgement of an unnamed tie, binding them with bands stronger than death. They seemed to understand the wishes and feelings of each other before they were mentioned; and although Grace had never spoken to Walter of her death, she felt that he knew it was near, and was striving to be reconciled.

The parting from all the loved ones of earth at last came. Grace had come to her father's house, when the bleak, chill winds of December swept around it, and the earth was robed in a pure garment of snow. She closed her eyes upon all familiar things of earth, when the loving breezes of June were abroad in the land, and the air was laden with the perfume of her flowers. So gently her spirit passed away, that those nearest her scarce knew when the great change came, and she was no longer a child of earth.

A short time before her death, she opened her eyes and looked earnestly upon the faces surrounding her, until they rested upon Walter, who stood at the foot of her bed. A sweet smile of peace and content then settled upon her face, which remained even in death. Did she know him then? Her pale lips slightly moved as if

she might have spoken the name never breathed by them on earth; but they gave forth no sound, and when her eyes ceased to linger upon him, they closed forever.

In that brief moment however, there again swept over the soul of Walter a knowledge of who and what they were. For a single instant he knew that Celestine was going home before him, and a sharp pain ran through his heart at the thought. The moment was very, very brief however, and faded like a drop of dew before the rays of the sun. When he looked upon her again, she was to him only the Grace he knew and loved for her gentle goodness—the dear friend death was robbing him of, and whom he felt none on earth could ever replace.

Kind, gentle, and loving hands dressed her cold form for its slumber in the grave. A few white buds upon her breast, and the starry flowers of the wild strawberry in her hair, were all the ornaments they placed upon her, and as the shades of the Sabbath evening were gathering into longer shadows, they laid her to rest in the village church yard, beneath the shades of a spreading maple rich in its June robe of delicate green.

Thus was her brief life on earth ended; but not the influence of that life. A tiny hand, once playing beneath the shade of a lofty oak tree, carried away an acorn and buried it in the sand by the dusty roadside. Years afterwards, when the hand which hid the acorn in the ground had mouldered to dust, the noble tree which sprang from the germ of life hidden within the acorn's shell, spread aloft and abroad its shady arms, beneath which many a weary traveller stopped to rest, gaining new strength and courage for his unfinished journey. Could the shade have been a greater blessing to them, had they known by whose hand the acorn was planted?

Years after the quiet Sabbath evening when they had laid Grace away in the church yard, was the voice of Walter Reed heard in valley and upon hill tops, declaring to the poor of the earth "Glad tidings of great joy." In the little army, which he had seen surrounded on all sides by hostile foes, no soldier more valiant could be found. How many grateful hearts rose up to call him blessed! Into how many stricken and bleeding ones he had poured the oil of consolation, only his heavenly Father knew. And yet my little friends will remember how very different from all this was the promise of his boyhood. Then pride, folly and selfishness ruled his life. He was following the glittering thread of temptation, and would have been bound in the snares of vice and sin, but for the mercy of God which arrested him in his sinful career.

And yet, God does not work without agents. The word of God asks this beautiful question concerning the angels, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" In the hour of trial and temptation, when the self-willed boy refused to listen to the pleadings of God's Holy Spirit, (the gentle dove which the Great King had sent to the earth to guide him), then the sweet influence of the gentle Grace was the means the Father used to lead the wandering boy into the path of truth.

Did Celestine then come to the earth for nought, or did her influence end with her brief span of life here?

Dear children who read *Zion's Hope*, how many acorns are your little hands planting by the dusty highway of life? From a bright world of spirits you surely came to this. Are you fighting under the banner of King Emanuel, or are you with the great host which Lucifer, the enemy of God, has marshalled in the world?

Take your Bibles and read, in the Book of Revelations, the description of the Beautiful City in which the saints of God shall dwell. You will find it in the 21st chapter; and in the last verse you will read this solemn declaration,

"And there shall in no wise enter into it (this holy city) any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Is your name in that book? FRANCES.

HEREAFTER.

Sweet children, flowers of Eden,

Let me speak a word to you,

Would you like to enter heaven

When this life is journey'd through:

Would you like to live for ever,

And be happy every day?

Sorrow, pain, and sadness never

There, may cross your joyous way:

Would you like to be so lovely,

That all people must admire

Grace so sweet, and hearts so lowly?

Of your virtue never tire.

Who'd like to be a king or queen,

Or rule with noble sway,

Or realize the brightest dream

You have dreamed by night or day?

Little children, buds of Zion

This you all may be and do,

Yes, you all may enter heaven,

And be crown'd as monarchs too.

T. MANWARING.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.—No. 2.

RUTH AND AMY.

RUTH and Amy were sisters, and lived in Pennsylvania. In early spring, as the violets began to bloom, they were playing in a meadow near their father's house. They both happened at the same time to see a violet before them. Both ran to it. Ruth, the elder sister, came to it first, and plucked it. Amy was angry, and cried out, "I saw it first, and it belongs to me."

"No, it is not yours; it is mine," said Ruth; "for I saw it as soon as you did, and got to it first, and plucked it; so I have got it, and you shall not have it."

Amy was quite furious, snatched at the flower, and struck her sister. Then Ruth became angry, and struck Amy. So they fought about it, and screamed, and beat each other. Their mother heard them, and came to see what was the matter. She found her little daughters tearing and beating each other.

"What does this mean?" asked the mother.

"Ruth got my flower," said Amy.

"No, I did not, mother," said Ruth, "it was mine, I saw it first, and plucked it."

"But where is the flower?" asked the mother.

Lo! it had been torn to pieces in the fight! Thus, each claimed the flower by right of discovery; and in fighting to decide who saw it first, and who should have it, both lost it!

How this fight could have been prevented, and the sweet violet, and the sweeter spirit of sisterly love and affection, been preserved! Ruth said she saw it first, and claimed it. Amy said she saw it first, and claimed it. Now, though Ruth had the violet in her hand, if, when Amy said, "It is mine—I saw it first—I will have it," Ruth had said to her, "Sister, if you think the pretty flower is yours, you may have it; I should rather let you have it than keep it myself; I would rather have your love than all the flowers that grow," would there have been any fight—any coldness or unkindness between the sisters? None. They would have saved their sisterly affection from so rude a shock, and the sweet violet too; and Amy would not have cared whether the flower had been in her sister's hand or in her own. She would have enjoyed it just as much—nay more, had it been in her sister's. The sweet and pretty flower belonged to Him who made it. God made it to delight the two sisters. How wicked in them to get angry and to fight about it! Our Heavenly Father made the earth, and all the beautiful things that adorn it. They are all His. He invites all His children to come and enjoy them. We admire them; we see that there is more than enough for all; and it would seem that, as children of a common Father, we might look at them, and use and enjoy them, in love and peace. Yet as soon as we see the beautiful things our Father has laid before us, to please us and make us happy in His love, and in each other's love, we begin to fight for them, as Ruth and Amy did for that beautiful violet. One says, "This land is mine—I found it first." Another says, "No, it is mine—I found it first." "This gold and silver are mine—let none dare touch them without my leave." "They are mine," angrily responds another; "I will kill all who touch them without consulting me."

One obtains possession of the treasure first. The other comes up, and tries to snatch it away. The first struggles to keep it—the other to take it. One strikes the other. The other strikes in return. Both get enraged. Blows follow. Love goes out—wrath comes in. Blood flows, limbs are broken, and bodies torn to pieces. Thus these brothers and sisters—children of the same family—fight about the sweet and pleasant things their kind and loving Father has given them! Can it be? It would be far better for them to say in such a case, "If you think this land, grove, spring, river, ocean, mountain, or valley is yours, take it and keep it; only love me, and give me a brother's love. I would rather have the affection of one kind and loving heart, than all the gold and silver of earth."

Selfishness is the prolific source of every vice; giving birth to oppression, falsehood, injustice, and covetousness; producing out-breaks of the basest passions, such as envy, wrath, malice, pride, revenge, which end in crimes of deepest guilt.

On the other hand, love and kindness are

boundlessly benevolent, they embrace God, and His perfect law of liberty. The gospel of Christ, the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth, obeyeth, and who endureth to the end. It is the righteousness of God revealed in the gospel, by which we may advance from faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance and patience, to that bond of perfectness, charity, which suffers long and is kind.

[Selected.]

PARAPHRASE ON PROVERBS 12:10.

The man of kindness, to his beast is kind, But brutal actions show a brutal mind; Remember he who made thee made the brute, Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute. He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye Beholds thy cruelty, he hears his cry; He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge, And know that his Creator is thy judge.

TEMPERANCE.

THE general definition of Temperance is moderation, restraint, or moderate indulgence of passion, joy, or hatred.

Temperance fortifies and purifies the heart. Temperance fortifies the heart against sudden calamities, against that which is sinful, by enabling its possessor to consider moderately, and calmly, that which is presented to his mind, till reflection calls a more mature judgment to his aid, thus giving time for second thought, and enabling him to shun the evil arising from too much haste, from rashness.

Temperance purifies the heart, by causing it to reason, and enquire into the motive which prompts it to act; and by reasoning, the good gains the ascendancy over the evil motives, thus crowding out all sinful desires.

It requires a great effort on the part of man to be temperate in all things. We are so apt to speak, or act, without taking time to think of the consequences, and often regret our rashness when too late to recall it.

If we would only school ourselves to reflect before speaking, or acting, we would relieve ourselves of much embarrassment and degradation.

LOUISA.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Take earnestly hold of life, as capacitated for and destined to a high and noble purpose. Study closely the mind's bent for labor or a profession. Adopt it early and pursue it steadily, never looking back to the turning furrow, but forward to the ground that ever remains to be broken. Means and ways are abundant to every man's success, if will and actions are rightly adapted to them. Our rich men and our great men have carved their paths to fortune, and by this internal principle—a principle that cannot fail to reward him who resolutely pursues it. To sigh or repine over the lack of inheritance is unmanly. Every man should strive to be creator instead of inheritor. He should bequeath instead of borrow. He should be conscious of the power in him, and fight his own battles with his own lance. He should feel that it is better to earn a crust than to inherit coffers of gold. When once this spirit of self-reliance is learned,

every man will discover within himself the elements and capacities of wealth. He will be rich, inestimably rich in self resources, and can lift his head proudly to meet the noblest among men.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 June 72

Any one finding the above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents. Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM No. 7.

If $\frac{1}{3}$ of a certain number be diminished by 11 the remainder will be 14; what is the number?

Correspondence.

SCOTTSVILLE, Indiana, March 24, 72.

Dear Sirs:—I have concluded to ask you to accept the small mite, \$1, as an aid to the publication of Zion's Hope, which you can send to any four of the little Hopes who are not able to take them, if any such there are, for the period of six months, and perhaps by the time the subscription expires, we shall be able to renew the same. Tell the little Hopes that this is the department of the Lord's work that we can labor in, and that as such, we must strive to hold it up, and not let it go down; but we must renew our energy and do our part. Yours,

C. SCOTT.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa, March 23, 1872.

Dear little brothers and sisters:—I was baptized May 8th, 1870. I believe that this work is true. Let us be faithful in keeping the commandments of God. Pray to him for the forgiveness of sin, for he hath promised that "Those who seek me early shall find me." We have meetings here, but no Sunday School. Yours truly,

KENNEDY H. HANSON.

GREEN BAY, Wis., March 4, 1872.

Uncle Mark:—I have thought for a long time that I would write a few lines for the Hope, and to tell the truth I did write one once, but it looked so bad that I did not send it. I fear this will not look any better; but at all events I will send it, and keep trying, for I have heard that "practice makes perfect." I want to thank you for your kindness in continuing to send me the Hope. I should have sent the money for another year, but mother did not have it to spare. As soon as she does I will send it, because I love to read the dear little stories it contains. May God bless you and brother Joseph in the good cause. Farewell.

S. J. FULLER.

March 7, 1872.

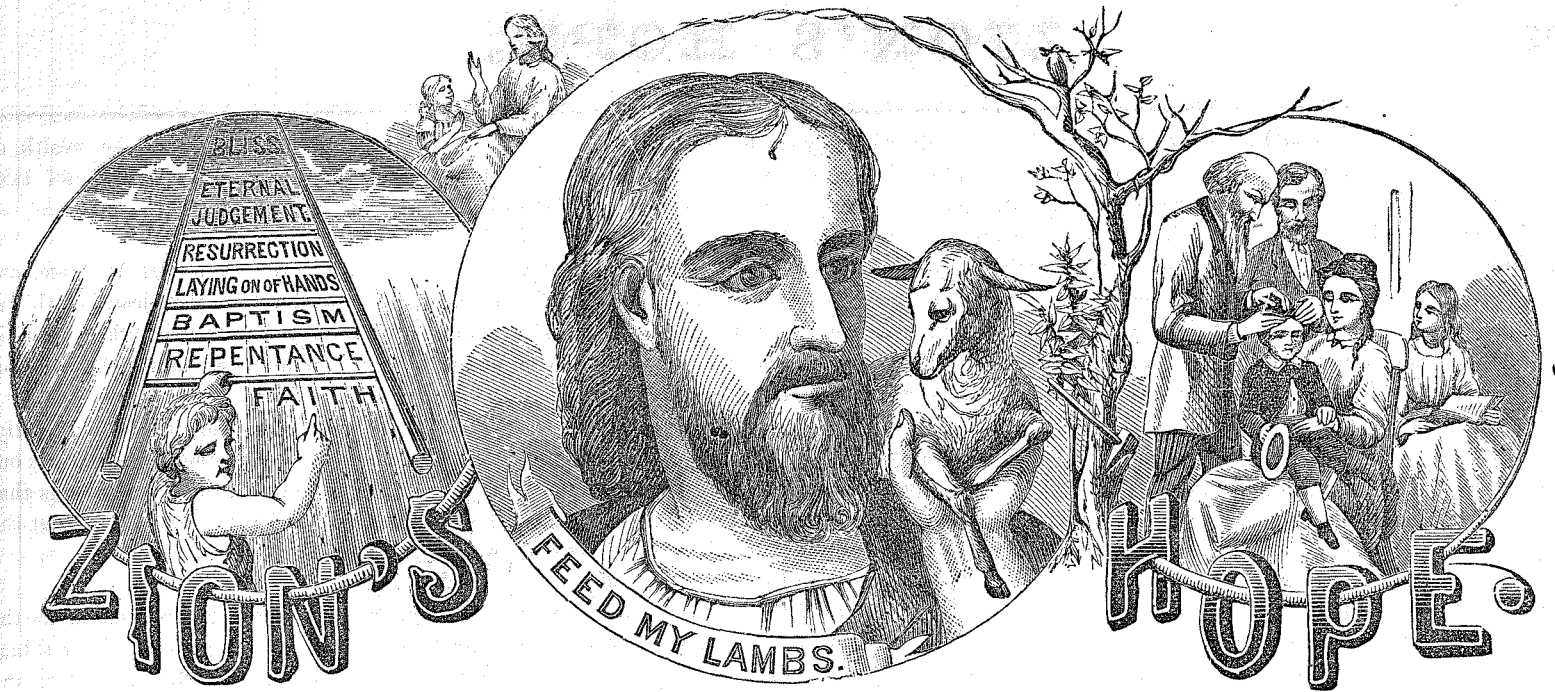
Brother Joseph and Uncle Mark:—It seems that the Hope does hardly sustain itself. It looks as though as good a paper as it is ought to be kept up, and we know if the saints were as interested in the good of the young as they should be, it would be self-sustaining, and we could see our Hope prosper. I am in favor of the Hope continuing, if the price has to rise. I am poor; but I have been able to take from three to six numbers since the first of its publication, and I have taken the Herald ever since its introduction; nor have I felt to complain of the

price. Some say why can't our people publish as cheap as others? I am glad to get it at the price it is. It is as cheap as others of the kind that are not sustained by advertisements. Some say, It seems that I can't take the Herald; but they are able to spend twenty or thirty dollars to keep up with the fashions. Yet they are good brethren, and it seems, they want to see Zion prosper. Others chew and smoke money enough away to pay for the publishing of hundreds of tracts; and to send hundreds of numbers of the Hope to poor children who are not able to take it—yet they can't give up their habits. Well, go on brethren, if you are right. I once was a slave to tobacco, and I quit it, so I know that it is not impossible to quit it. JOHN R. RUDD.

Roll of Honor.

Table listing names and amounts: Aurilla S. Wildermuth \$50, E. Amy Forscutt \$25, Ruby C. Forscutt 25, H. Schofield 1, Mary E. Kyte 75, L. Newman 50, Lillie S. Hudson 1, Horace H. Hudson 25, Louisa E. Hudson 25, Sarah E. Hudson 25, Mabel Hudson 25, Ella M. Hudson 25, Evaline R. Hudson 50, Uncle Jethro 5, Lavern E. Stiles 50, Nellie Hougas 25, Willie Hougas 25, F. P. Russell 50, Joseph A. Outhouse 25, Katie B. Macaulay 1, Silas Hevener 25, Hampton J. Ladner 25, James Walton 25, Jane Walton 25, P., C., G., R., & J. Walton 50, Jane E. France 25, Annie Caffal 50, Maggie Kay 50, Kate Davis 25, William Stuart 50, Walter Beebe 25, James Stuart 50, A. Friend 25, A. Friend 50, Jennie Beebe 25, John Brackenbury 25, Lillian Howell 50, Julian S. Anderson 50, Derias Thompson 25, John S. Weeks 25, Maria Wilson 25, Mary Ann Wilson 25, William F. Wilson 25, Jane Williams 25, Angie Beckstead 50, William W. Fletcher 25, Arthur W. Fletcher 25, David M. Mantle 25, Maria Mantle 25, William Walter 25, One who loves the Hopes 1, Ellen Baul 25, Annie Marmoy 25, Mary Cook 50, Harriet M. Norton 25, Annie Flowers 25, Phoebe E. Norton 25, John Cook, Junior 25, Eldridge Stow 25, Charles Cook 25, Frank Dutton 25, Francis Peglar 25, Harriet Stow 25, G. Wash Peglar 25, Henry A. Brown 25, J. Wallace Peglar 25, George H. Brown 25, J. F. Holdsworth 25, Ruth Edson 50, Samuel Hilderbrant 25, David Davis 1, W. William Holdsworth 25, William O. Thomas 1, O. M. Ballantyne 25, William Gettings 50, J. Ballantyne 25, Daniel Evans 40, Jane Wilson 25, Mary Williams 25, Iida R. Doty 25, Anna Thomas 25, Nancy Sutherland 25, Robert McFarland 1, Jane McKee 50, Mary J. Hacking 25, Caroline Hacking 50, Elizabeth A. Isherwood 25, Joseph Nephi Parsons 50, Henry Duell 50, Sarah A. Stafford 50, Rebecca Butler 50, Hannah Butler 25, Mary Ann Butler 25, Elizabeth M. Butler 1, Viola Stafford 50, Mary Angel 50, Cisle Chatburn 25, George Chatburn 25, Arimathea Cook 25, Alfred Christian 50, Charles Bird 25, Zilla Moore 25, Joseph Moore 25, Ellen Pett 50, Fanny Pett 50, Franklin Rolls 25, Ellen J. Newell 25, Emily J. Newell 25, Mary J. Grenell 1, Sydney Mee 1, A. Whitlock 1, Emma Ames 3, A friend 50, M. McKenzie 50, John Jones 50, Mercy A. Meginess 25, Mary James 2, Elizabeth Wilshier 50, Hannah Lytle 1, William Garner 1, A. D. Boren 1, John Garner 50, Rachel Brooks 50, James Baldwin 1, Elizabeth Miller 25, John Ward 50, John Wood 50, Thomas J. Hilliard 25, Sarah Bell 50, Emma Williamson 2, William Williamson 25, Charles Williamson 25, Francis Williamson 15, Eleanor James 45, John Miller 10, Sybilla Allen 50, Franklin Allen 50, David W. Davis 50, Mary E. Jamison 1, Mary E. Hulmes 1, Silas Hevener 25, Sarah J. Ballantyne 25, Richard Varley 50, Sarah Varley 1, Eliza Varley 1, Richard J. Varley 1, Thomas B. Varley 1, Sarah J. Varley 1, D. W. Thomas 2, Harriet Smith 50, Anna Smith 50, Hyrum A. Rudd 25, Abel H. Rudd 25, Alvin C. Rudd 25, John F. Rudd 25, David M. Rudd 25, Mary A. Rudd 25, Amy E. Rudd 25, Emma L. Rudd 25, K. H. Hanson 50, Anna E. Ebeling 25, C. Scott 1, D. Munroe 1, M. Mantle 25, W. H. Bradley 25, Gomer Lewis 25, Lucy A. Griffiths 25, H. O. Smith 25, Rebecca Maloney 40, Ella Dudley 1, O. E. Robinson 75, Ida M. Robinson 1, O. Bourguoin 1, Ella Dudley 1, O. E. Robinson 75, I. M. Robinson 20, Z. A. Kent 25, A. M. Kent 25, Florence Gurley 50, John McFarlane 1, Robert McFarlane 1, Josephine Fyrando 50, Elsie Fyrando 1, Alma Fyrando 50, M. B. Cary 1, Elizabeth Thompson 25, John Thompson 25, Aunt Mary 25, Mary F. Montgomery 25.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, Fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery. JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR. MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR. Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agent for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 1, 1872.

No. 23.

A JEWISH LADY'S CONVERSION.

[From an American periodical of many years ago.]

TRAVELING lately through the western part of Virginia, I was much interested in hearing an aged and highly respectable clergyman give the following short account of a Jew, with whom he had lately become acquainted. He was preaching to a large and attentive audience, when his attention was arrested by seeing a man enter, having in every respect the appearance of a Jew. He was well dressed, and his countenance was noble, and from its expression it seemed, that his heart had lately been the habitation of deep sorrow. He took his seat and was absorbed in attention, while tears often unconsciously stole down his cheek. After the service the clergyman was too much interested to refrain from speaking to him.

"Sir, am I not correct in supposing that I am addressing one of the children of Abraham?"

"You are."

"But how is it that I meet a Jew in a Christian assembly?"

The substance of his narrative was as follows. He was a very respectable man, of a superior education, who had lately come from London; and with his books, his riches, and an only child, a daughter in her seventeenth year, had found a beautiful retreat on the fertile banks of the Ohio.

He had buried his wife before he left Europe, and he knew no pleasure except in the society of his beloved child. She was indeed worthy of a parent's love. She was extremely beautiful in her person; but possessed the superior charms of a cultivated mind and an amiable disposition. No pains had been spared on her education. She could read and speak with fluency several different languages, and her manners captivated all who beheld her. No wonder, then, that a father far advanced in age, should place his whole affections on this only child of his love; especially as he knew no other source of happiness beyond this world.

Being a strict Jew, he educated her in the strictest principles of his religion, and he thought that he had presented it with an ornament.

It was not long ago that his daughter was taken ill. The rose faded from her cheek; her eye lost its fire; her strength decayed; and it soon became apparent that her disease was insurmountable and fatal. The father hung over the bed of his daughter with a heart ready to burst with anguish. He often attempted to converse with her; but seldom spoke except by the language of tears. He spared no trouble or expense in procuring medical assistance; but no human skill could avert the arrow of death.

The father was walking in a small grove near his house, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the chamber, soon, he feared, to be the chamber of death. He was now to take a last farewell of his child, and his religious views gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter.

The child grasped the hand of her parent, and addressed him with all the energy which her expiring strength permitted: "My father, do you love me?"

"My child, you know I love you—that you are more dear to me than all the world beside."

"But, father, do you love me?"

"Why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite? Have I then never given you any proofs of my love?"

"But, my dearest father, do you love me?"

The father could not answer; the child added, "I know my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you. Will you grant me one request—O my father, it is the dying request of your daughter—will you grant it?"

"My dear child, ask what you will, though it take every shilling of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted. I will grant it."

"My dear father, I beg you never to speak against Jesus of Nazareth."

The father was dumb with astonishment.

"I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught. But I know that he is a Savior, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe he will

save me, although I have never before loved him. I feel that I am going to him—that I shall ever be with him. And, now my father, do not deny me; I beg that you will never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth. I entreat you obtain a Testament which tells of him; and I pray that you may know him; when I am no more, you may bestow on him the love that was mine."

The exertion here overcame the weakness of her feeble body. She stopped; and her father's heart was even too full for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind; and before he could recover himself, the spirit of his idolized daughter had taken its flight, we may trust to that Savior whom she scarcely knew, but yet loved and honored.

The first thing that the parent did after committing to the dust his last earthly joy, was to procure a New Testament. That he read; and taught by the Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek followers of his once despised Savior.

LITTLE ONES, READ THE STORY.

IN the land of the East—is the land of beauty, poetry and song—many years ago there lived a poor but pious widow, who loved God and strove to serve him with her whole heart.

This widow was but one among many poor in the great city where she lived. Of this city a holy prophet of God wrote, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion."

In the midst of this beautiful city, stood a magnificent temple, which had first been built by a very wise and rich king. This temple stood upon a mountain or elevation up which at one time, in the far past, a loving faithful servant of God had taken his only son to offer him as a burnt offering unto the Lord. But an angel staid the father's hand while already it held the uplifted knife, and provided a ram for a sacrifice instead of his son.

To adorn this temple, the people had brought

gold and precious stones, and costly and beautiful wood from other countries, and even when they worshiped in distant places, they always turned their faces towards it. Upon certain occasions all the people gathered together in the great city to worship, and offer sacrifice in the courts of this temple. The prophet said of the city, "The tribes of the Lord went up to give thanks unto the name of the Lord;" and "there" also were "thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David."

Early in the morning might be seen worshippers crowding to its courts from all parts of the city. The rich came in their costly apparel—the poor in their threadbare garments. Some were driving cattle before them—some leading spotless lambs, while yet others carried gentle pigeons and turtle doves as offerings to God.

Presently there came into the temple the poor widow of whom we wish to tell you. Her garments were very plain and coarse, and her hands were brown and hardened with toil. Her step was timid and hesitating—her eyes cast down as though she felt unworthy to tread the courts of the Lord's house.

In the temple was a treasury into which the people were accustomed to put gifts. These gifts, (for they were of money), were used for various purposes connected with the service of the temple, and also for keeping it in repair.

The widow had brought with her two mites, equal in value to one farthing. This she desired to put into the treasury, but when she saw the rich putting in their costly gifts, her courage almost failed her, for her own looked so very small and insignificant compared with theirs. But as we have before told you, she loved the Lord and desired to serve him; and small as the sum was; it was all she had, and drawing near, with downcast eyes, she slipped the money into the treasury and turned away.

Was this all? Ah! no. From the Mount of Olives where he had spent the night with his humble disciples came one into the temple to preach the gospel of the kingdom of God, and "drawing near to the treasury," he saw the costly gifts cast in by the rich, and also the two mites cast in by the poor widow.

Now when the Master saw this, he called his disciples to him and said to them, "This poor widow hath cast more in than all they who have cast into the treasury." Do you ask how this could be? How it was possible that a farthing, which is only a little more than half a cent, *could be more* than the costly gifts cast in by the rich? Let the Son of God tell you. "For all the rich did cast in of their *abundance*; but she, *notwithstanding her want*, did cast in all that she had; yea, even all her living."

Dear little ones who read the *Hope*, do you think the disciples of Christ ever forgot this lesson? Should the dear Savior stand by beholding some of you as you hand to Uncle Mark, perhaps twenty-five cents, perhaps only ten cents, or it might be only five cents, or even a penny—should he say to his servant—"This little one has given more than those with many stars to their name"—do you think you would ever forget it? If you do not, then remember that he both sees, knows, and writes upon the records of

heaven, all which you do for love of him.

Do you ask again, how it could be that the little money which you gave was more than the greater amount given by some other child? I will tell you. Did you take a penny to Sunday School, and keep five or ten cents to spend for candy or nuts, then your penny was a *small gift indeed*; but if the penny was the only one you had—all the money you could get—and you gave it because you loved God and wanted to help his cause—then your gift was so great that it could not be greater, for no one can give more than *all that they have*, and if you ever feel ashamed to give a small amount, think of the poor widow and what Jesus said to his disciples of her gift.

Are you trying to do all you can for the dear *Hope*? If you are, never mind whether your name has many stars or few. The Savior knows just what you desire to do, and if you do *all that you can*, you will be sure of his approval and blessing, which is the richest reward you can have. Don't be ashamed to do what you can, but I do hope each one of you will be ashamed if you do *not try* to do something for your bright little paper, and I don't believe there is *one* who will not try.

CORA.

Continued from page 88.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

The trial—The true of heart—The storm cloud—Sympathy.

Around our couch at Midnight,
Their forms flit slowly by;
And in olden times they speak to us,
Ere they fade into the sky.
At twilight, when the dews fall,
They walk with us and sing;
And their voice is like the murmuring
Of swallows on the wing.

Our friend Laura was still a little girl; but the mind does not always measure its growth by the flight of years. A brief day of sorrow may teach us what long years of sunshine fail to teach. Our hearts quail with terror in view of the gathering storm, and when the first rude blast sweeps over us, we cling to some earthly reed. Another follows, and our hold is broken; another and another, till distrusting all earthly help, we fly to Christ, and hide ourselves in his sheltering arms.

My beloved; safely hide me,
In the drear and cloudy day;
Ere the wintry storm hath tried me,
Hide my trembling soul, I pray.

Such, I am happy to say, was Laura's prayer; for young as she was, the first rude blast of sorrow had made her apprehensive of more to come. She is changed greatly, "changed," said the neighbors, as they looked into her sweet, pensive face; but they knew not what sorrow was doing for that young heart; nor how necessary was that work in a preparation for future trials.

"I am sure that mother has not forsaken me," the little girl would say, "I can almost hear her voice as in other days."

Laura was getting to be quite a capable little housekeeper for her father; and that father, how much he thought of Laura, so like her mother,

so true! "I could trust her with the wealth of the Indies," he would say. "I would take Laura's word against a thousand," and so thought the neighbors.

"Laura," my dear," said Mr. Wingate, one evening, as he sat down by the clean hearth and glowing fire, "Do you remember that splendid shop which you admired so much the last time we were at P——?"

"O, yes," replied the little girl, smiling faintly. "I remember how dear mother reasoned me out of buying a great many of the foolish things that I saw there. And, papa, I am afraid that the woman that kept the shop was not true."

"Why?" said Mr. W——.

"Why, pa, when mother was looking at the bonnets, she showed me again the very things that mother was not willing for me to buy, and she told me in a low voice that if I wanted them very much, my mother would let me take them. That was not right, father."

"O," said Mr. Wingate, hitching his chair around a little, "she only wanted to please you. Perhaps, too, it was not the mistress of the shop; but one of the girls."

"We were talking of the shop, and the goods, and the woman who waited on us," said Laura, "I know nothing of her, papa, whether she were the mistress of the shop, or not; but I should know her again if I were to meet her anywhere. She was a large, fleshy woman, with a wart on her right cheek. She wore glasses; a very large turban, trimmed with lace, and such a mountain of curls. I remember thinking at the time, that perhaps all her drawers and shelves and band-boxes being full, she had nowhere to put the rest of her finery but on her head."

Mr. W—— knocked the ashes from his pipe, and in a tone less kind than usual, bid Laura hasten the supper.

The little girl saw that all was not right; but she did not dream of being herself the cause. Father is thinking of something unpleasant. I will get him a nice supper, and he will feel much better, thought she. But though the little girl walked briskly about, drew out the table, opened the leaves, spread the cloth, ran forth and back to the closet, up and down cellar, the father did not look at her with a pleasant smile, as he was wont to do; and when at last she put her arms around his neck, and whispered in his ear, "supper is ready," he did not catch her in his arms and playfully bite her cheek as he had done before; but he got up slowly, sat down to the table, and took his tea in silence.

This done, he took a newspaper from his hat, and seating himself by the light, at once pretended to read. But Laura, who was putting away the tea things, saw that this was mere pretense. He was looking over the top of his paper, and gazing moodily into the fire.

"Are you sick, papa?" said the little girl, sitting down in a low chair, and looking affectionately into his face.

"No," was the short reply.

Laura was silent for a short time, and then began, "You look"—but noticing a shade of impatience flitting over his face, she stopped short, and burst into tears.

Mr. Wingate laid by his paper, and drew her

upon his knee. "Laura," said he, "I wanted to talk with you this evening about something particular; but I see that you have a foolish prejudice against a person of whom you know nothing."

"Who is it, papa?" inquired the little girl, with astonishment.

"Why," said Mr. Wingate, impatiently, "of whom have we been talking?"

"Nobody," replied she, excepting that fat woman with —"

"Well, well," interrupted her father, "that is the person. You know nothing of her."

"No matter if I never do, papa," said Laura, "I have no prejudice against her. Perhaps she never had good instruction. And as to her finery, why, if she chooses to wear a cart load, it is no concern of mine."

Mr. Wingate had sometimes heard his little daughter complained of as being too plain spoken; but this had given him no concern. He always admired the truthfulness of her mother's character, and was glad that Laura possessed the same; but somehow, to-night he was in a different humor. Laura's truthfulness interfered with some opinions that he was striving to cherish. He felt dissatisfied; but whether it was with his daughter or himself, he could hardly tell.

The entrance of a neighbor changed the conversation; but to Laura the evening passed sadly away; and long after she had lain her head upon her pillow, she pondered over and over again the words which her father had spoken, and above all his cold and altered manner. She sobbed herself to sleep, and dreamed of her mother; dreamed that she came to her in the dim twilight, and folded her in her shadowy arms. Then her heart ceased to beat. A balm like the breath of heaven came over her spirit, and she was at rest.

The next morning Mr. Wingate spoke kindly to his little daughter; but he looked thoughtful, and made no reference to the last evening's conversation.

That day Laura called on her friend and adopted mother, good Mrs. Page. Every grief of her young heart, since the death of her mother, had been poured into the ear of this faithful friend, and it will not be supposed that the bitter one of the last evening was withheld. Mrs. Page listened with evident anxiety, and as Laura spoke of her father's altered manner, she sighed heavily, and a tear rose to her eye.

"My dear Laura," said she, "I think that I understand it all; but I cannot tell you at present. You need strength, my child, for a new trial; but all that you need will be given. Ask, Laura, and you shall receive."

"My dear Mrs. Page," exclaimed Laura, throwing herself upon her knees and grasping the hand of her friend, "tell me, I entreat you, what you mean. Do you believe that my father—"

"Yes, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Page, with as much calmness as she could assume, "there is no doubt but that your father intends to furnish you with a mother."

"A mother," gasped the child, as she sunk almost fainting upon the floor. "O, if I could only could go where my mother is gone."

Mrs. Page made no effort that night to reason Laura into a feeling of resignation. She knew

the woman was destined to take the place of her mother.

The next evening when her father came in from the store, he said, "I shall send Mrs. Crocker on the morrow to clean the house. I would have everything in perfect order by the last of the week, as I intend to go to P— on Friday, and on Saturday return with Mrs. Brass, whom you will, for the future, respect as your mother, and I expect too that you will treat her two daughters as sisters.

Mrs. Brass, thought Laura, and glancing at her father she wondered if he were not trying to be brass himself. Altogether, it was too much for Laura's nerves. In spite of herself, she burst into a fit of laughter. Her father was astonished; but not exactly pleased. People can very well bear to be laughed at, if they are not conscious of being ridiculous; but who can bear merited ridicule.

"You are greatly improving in your manners," said Mr. W— in a tone of bitter irony.

"I beg your pardon," papa, said Laura, blushing deeply, and hurrying to her own room. Mr. Wingate sat down and thought for a moment. His conscience accused him of unkindness. He thought of Laura's mother; of the eye almost dim in death; but resting with an earnest gaze on him; of the hand cold and feeble, but grasping his own; of the words falling from lips on which death was setting his seal, those words of solemn import, the promise given to the spirit which only waited to hear that as she had been loved and cherished, so should the daughter be.

T I M E .

TAKE care of the minutes, for the hours will take care of themselves," is an old but true saying; for when time is gone, it can never be restored again. We ought, therefore, to be industrious, and improve the moments as they fly, because quarter and half hours amount to a great sum at the end of a month or year. Time is wasted when it is not occupied in doing some good or useful thing. There are duties during the day which need our attention, and if those duties do not occupy all our time, we ought not to sit down and fold our hands, and say, "I will rest awhile, for there is nothing to do just now."

How we mistake ourselves. There is plenty to do all the time; not to let one minute pass by without doing something that some one may be benefited by. When we have spare minutes in which there is nothing else to do, there are plenty of good books that we may read, and receive instructions from. There is our dear little *Hope* too. We might spend a few minutes every day to write to this much-loved and welcome visitor.

There are some people who want to do every thing at once, and they never do anything at all. A sensible man may be in haste; but never in a hurry. Whatever is done in a hurry, is always sure to be done poorly. There is time enough in the course of the day for everything required that day, if only one thing is done at a time, and done in its time. There are some people who trifle too

much with time. They think they have a long time to live; and any way are too young to give up all their enjoyment and pleasure. They think I will go to the theater and to the dance. I am young, and I will enjoy myself. There will be time enough for me to give myself up to religion."

Ah! dear reader, life is short, and the longest life is but a short one. We may be young; but there is no one too young to die. Let us improve our time in doing good. We have enlisted in the army of the Lord; let us prove ourselves valiant soldiers, remembering that "idleness is the mother of vice."

LIZZIE.

IN MEMORIAM.

THE following resolution were passed in respect to Br. George Bellamy, formerly superintendent of Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo., who died April 1st, 1872, trusting in God.

Resolved, That whereas in the dispensation of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, it hath pleased Him to take our well-beloved and much respected brother, GEORGE BELLAMY, formerly Superintendent of Zion's Hope Sunday School, from this transitory state to that haven of rest above, prepared for all those who love and serve Him here below, we therefore bow with humble submission to His will; and while we cast a mantle of charity over anything that any one may have thought to be a failing in our departed brother, (for if there were failings, we are assured that they were of the head and not of the heart), we also extend our earnest and heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved widow, and the child now solely her care, and feeling to say of the departed, Blessed indeed is he, for his death was the death of the righteous, and he sweetly rests from his labors, and his works of love follow him, we commend to the school and to each other the emulation of his many virtues.

WILLIAM ASHTON,
SAMUEL BURGESS,
MARK H. FORSCUTT. } Com.

LOOK
AT THESE FIGURES!!

15
June 72

Any one finding one above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE
WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers WILL BE DISCONTINUED. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.

Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.
Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

EDUCATE the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act.
MAKE a slow answer to a hasty question.

NORTH AMERICA.

Given by the Spirit to a little girl, in the early days of the church.

The day of trouble now has come,
And we must flee away.
A bloody scene will soon take place
In North America.

Iniquity doth now abound,
And sin and vanity.
Much wickedness can now be found
In North America.

The warlike troops will soon appear
For battle in array;
Sudden destruction will appear
In North America.

Towns and cities shall be burned,
And smoke becloud the day;
No human pity shall be found
In North America.

A dreadful pestilence will rage,
And earthquakes shake the ground;
O, what a dreadful scene appears,
In all the earth around!

Sad lamentations will be heard,
By those who have been spared;
And soon they'll feel a famine sore,
As prophets have declared.

Come, O my people, saith the Lord,
Come Israel, gather home;
Join heart and hand with one accord:
Come out of Babylon.

WHO WILL TRY?

DEAR boys and girls. Feeling anxious in regard to our little paper—the dear *Hope* we love so much, I thought I would write you a short letter to-day, suggesting a few plans by the adopting of which I feel sure each boy and girl can greatly aid in sustaining it.

Spring time has come again, the farmer has begun to plow the ground, and put into the dark earth the kernels of corn or grains of wheat. The gentle showers of spring and summer will fall upon it, and the bright, warm sunshine will, by and by, ripen it. What then? Ah! then comes the harvest, and the industry of the farmer will be richly rewarded. If he has been wise, as well as industrious, with the blessing of God, he will gather into his barns and granary the fruits of his labor, and then when the rude blasts of winter come, he can sit by his fireside and enjoy the labor of his hands.

And now boys—yes and girls too—while father is putting in his crop this year, just ask him to grant you a little piece of ground, and then plant on it something for the *Hope*. You can't send corn, wheat, or potatoes to the office; but you can sell them and send the money. There are so many things which the ground will produce that I can't tell you what it is best to raise. Father or mother will tell you that. Don't put this off until it is too late, but *plant in time and watch with care*.

Is this all you can do? By no means. The motherly hens begin to remain on the nest long after they have laid their eggs, and if you go to remove them they will tell you by their chick, chick, that they are lonely, and want some little chicks to keep them company. This, little boys and girls is your golden opportunity. Just ask mother to let you put a dozen or more eggs under "Biddy," then take care of the little chicks, and when you have sold them,

send the money to the *Hope*. The earlier you can raise the chickens, the more you will get for them. Who will try it?

Nor is this all. In the bright, warm summer time, the luscious berries will ripen, and then too is your time. If father and mother have many in their garden, they will not refuse you a few quarts for the *Hope*; and if they have not, perhaps some neighbor would be very glad to give you a share for helping to pick theirs. Will you try it?

When the heat of summer is over, the bright, golden, hazy days of autumn will come! What then? Ah! there are nuts in the woods. More there than the squirrels want or can use. It will be such splendid fun for the boys and girls to form nutting parties, and give the proceeds to the *Hope*. I am sure if I was a superintendent of a Sunday School, I would search out a good place and take the whole school on a nutting excursion. Little friends, when autumn comes, just ask your superintendent if he won't?

There are so many ways I cannot tell you the half of them. There is father's orchard out of which I am sure he will let you have some fruit. Apples, pears, peaches, or plums. Then again, some of you live near streams out of which you could catch fish, or some of you are old enough to kill game in the woods or fields. It is fine sport for boys to catch prairie chickens or partridges in traps, and you can always sell them.

This is the spring time of your life. Strive to be useful—learn how to do good, and when the harvest time comes, you will reap a reward according as you have planted.

Last, but not least, pray to God to bless your efforts. No matter what you decide upon doing, ask the blessing of the Lord to rest upon it, and he will bless you.

Are you striving for the prize Frances offered you? Don't forget it. Some one of you will receive it, and it will be something nice. Try one or all of the plans that I have suggested, and to these let the little girls add sewing and knitting, and before the winter comes, I am sure they will open their eyes—those uncles of yours up in Plano—to see the greenbacks come in.

I wish I could take each one of you by the hand, and hear you say, "*I will try*;" and if you promise I am sure you will, for it would grieve our dear Shepherd, if you should promise and not fulfill. Will you try? Your true friend,
MARGARET W.

SPRING.

HOW glad we feel when we see the strong arm of winter receiving its death blow from ambitious, joyous, gladsome, gay, young Spring.

The creeks, the brooks and rivers, aided by the warmth of spring, rise in their might, and break the frozen bands that have held them in subjection during the cold days of winter, and then we hear in every little grove the sweet enchanting songs of the merry little birds, and our hearts warm with the sight of the budding trees and blooming flowers. All is life, action, and motion.

May the spring time of our life be interwoven with the beautiful flowers of good works and a christian-like deportment. Then in the summer of life we will feel satisfied with ourselves, in the fall of life have much fruit, joy, and fond thoughts of our early life, and when we are in the winter of our life, we will have peace, comfort, and a hope that reaches beyond the cold grave, giving us a lively hope of eternal life, where all is vernal; with life and peace, undisturbed by pain or sickness. FELIX.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, CORNERS, Cala.,
April 16, 1872.

Dear editors of the *Hope*:—I do not want the *Hope* to stop coming, and so I am a going to do all I can to help it on. If possible I would like it to get larger and come oftener. I like our little paper very much, and I am sorry that I have not taken more than one at a time. I have not sent for as many as I could have done before; but I will try and help all I can to keep it from stopping. It has had some very nice little stories in it lately, especially Azubah and Theodosia. It was a nice little story. I did not know what was meant by Evangeline at first; but my mother told me it meant the *Hope*.

I remain,
A friend of the *Hope*.

MORRISONVILLE, Ill., March 24, 1872.

Brother Joseph:—We take the *Hope*, and I think it is one of the best little papers that I ever read. I hope it will be continued. I would be very sorry for it to stop. There are only seven saints here yet; father, mother, my two sisters and a brother, and two friends. I hope that they will live up to the work of Christ, so that by their good works, there may be more here yet. Meetings are held at our house twice a week, and on a Sunday. I have not joined the church myself; but I hope soon to do so. I believe it is the true church, and if it is not, I don't think there is any on the earth. I desire the prayers of the saints every where. L. E.

16 John-st, LIMEHOUSE, London.

Dear Uncle Mark:—I am very much pleased to hear that I had gained the prize which Uncle T. T. promised to the one that sent a correct copy of Miss Arabella Smith's letter. If you will kindly forward it to me, I shall feel much obliged. Papa will pay the expenses. Dear Uncle; I am happy to tell you that I have got a few more subscribers for the *Hope*, the order for which you will see in papa's letter. I shall still try and get some more, which I shall do, as I should not like the *Hope* to be discontinued. I hope all the little *Hopes* will try and do something towards it. I must now close my letter, as I have no more to say at present. Yours truly,

EMILY BRADSHAW.

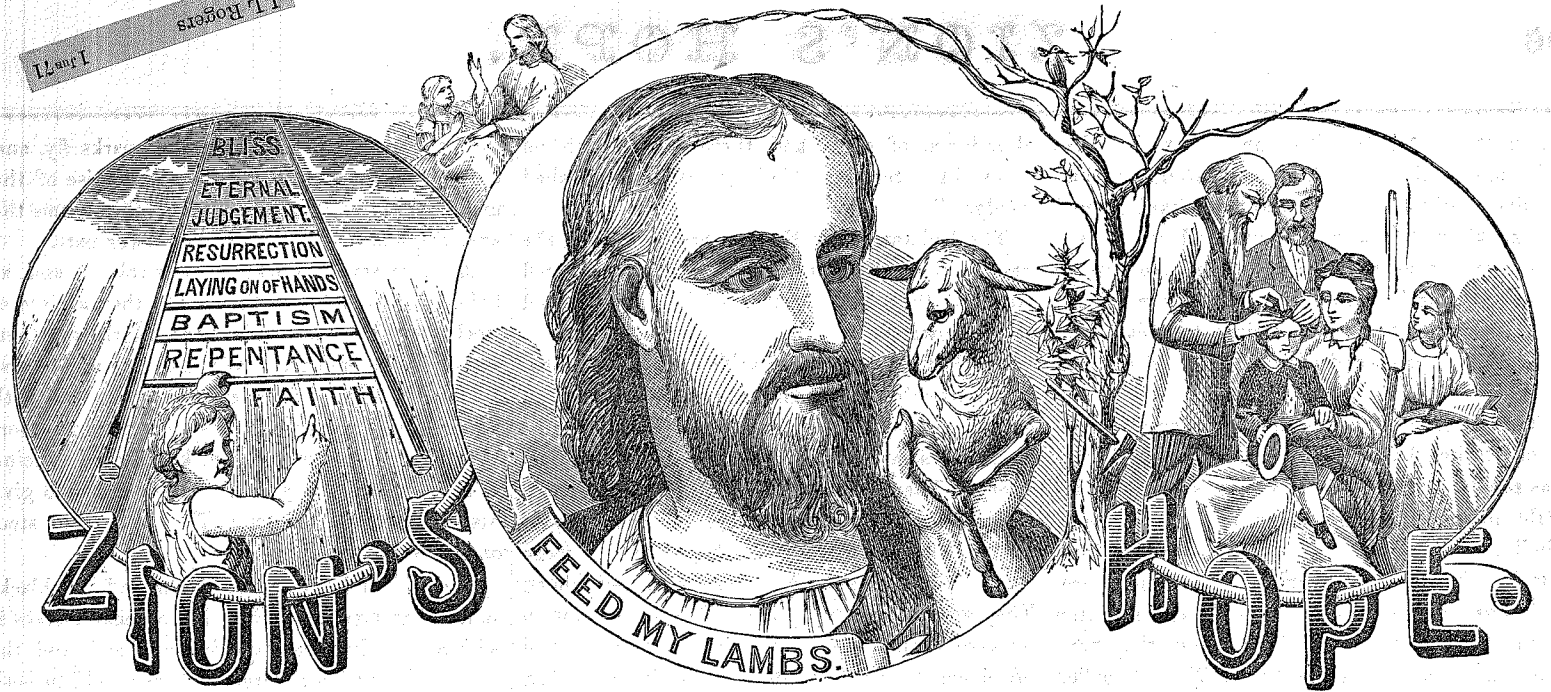
SOLDIER VALLEY, Monona Co., Iowa,
April 16, 1872.

Dear Br. Joseph:—How dearly I love the *Hope*. I was eight years old last January. I think the *Hope* is a very nice little paper. I will tell you how I got money to send for it. My sister had a large doll, and I wanted to get me one just like it. Ma gave me fifty cents to buy one; but I thought I would rather take the *Hope* than have a doll. There is no branch near here, so I cannot attend Sabbath School. This is the first attempt I have ever made to write to the *Hope*, and if you do not think it worthy of a place in the columns of *Zion's Hope*, you may throw it aside for something better. I should be very sorry to see the *Hope* go down. I am not baptized yet; but I hope to be soon. I am trying to do right, and I desire an interest in the prayers of the faithful that I may come off conqueror in the end, and find a home with all the faithful in the land of Zion.

NANCY M. BALLANTYNE.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall co., Ill. Price, single copies, Fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

JOSEPH SMITH EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT ASSISTANT EDITOR.
Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agent for Zion's Hope.



"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. III.

PLANO, ILL., JUNE 15, 1872.

No. 24.

Continued from page 93.

LIFE'S CHANGES; OR, BE TRUE.

"I WILL see Laura before I go," said Mr. W——, "I will soothe the poor child, and renew the promise made to her mother.

He went to the room. The heart-stricken child was telling all the griefs and sorrows to her heavenly Father. She was asking for grace sufficient for her, and strength equal to her day. Mr. Wingate entered softly, and knelt by her side. In few words he commended his little girl to God, and pressed her trembling to his heart, kissed her tearful cheek, and left the house.

The next day Mrs. Crocker came; a gossiping old woman whose tongue could outrun a dozen brooms and mop handles to her idle and impertinent clatter. Poor Laura was obliged through the day to listen. But thankful was she at nightfall to see good Mrs. Page coming across the field. "Oh! I am so glad you have come," said Laura, throwing her arms around the neck of her friend, as she entered and seated herself by the open window.

Mrs. Crocker was gathering her things to depart. "Laura," said the old woman, thrusting her head through the half-open door, "be sure that you say nothing about what I've said to you. I ain't a kind o' person to talk about folks, 'specially neighbors, and I spose Mandan Brass is going to be a neighbor. I don't want you to make trouble between me and your mother that is to be."

Laura assured the old woman that she had no cause for anxiety, as she remembered nothing of what had been said. The remainder of the summer evening passed pleasantly away, and as Laura retired, she thanked God that the good were still upon the earth, and that happiness might yet be the portion of the patient and true. Time passes, earthly joys and earthly sorrows will soon mingle with those waters where all is forgotten.

Mrs. Brass, (now Mrs. Wingate), with her two daughters, Maria Helen Ann Jannetta, and

Martha Jane Amelia Brass—seven names, it is true, but only two daughters—were comfortably established in the old domicile. Comfortably! What has comfort to do with three fine city-bred ladies like the Brasses? The old house of Mr. Wingate was horrid, gloomy as the tomb. Every thing in it was unendurable for six months. The sound of the hammer echoed from garret to cellar. The old house put on different airs; but like other finely dressed old people, it had a way of looking, (I don't know how), somehow as though it were not new, but only an old house fixed up.

Repairs at length came to an end, and Mr. Wingate had other improvements to suggest. Laura, the straight forward, truth-telling Laura, how she interfered with the fashionable deceit which her mother and step-sisters were not slow to practice.

Poor Laura; she was only keeping the golden rule. "If," thought she, "I had so bad a memory as mamma and sisters, I should be obliged to any one who would set me right." But Laura did not know how difficult the task would be of setting people right who chose to be wrong.

Perhaps some of my readers will wonder how little Laura could be counted an enemy because she told the truth, but such was the fact. In our large cities, and even in our villages, at the present day, Laura's truthfulness would have been considered ridiculous.

In the good steady town of F——, fashionable lying was yet unknown. If a lady there should say that she was "out" when she was at home; if she appeared greatly to admire persons when they were present, and ridiculed them in their absence, she would be called a very deceitful person, and unworthy the confidence of society; and little Laura was like the people generally, only perhaps a little more sincere. It was a hard lesson for Laura to learn, that of interpreting everything by contraries. How should she know that by "I'm rejoiced to see you," it was meant, "I wish you were at home." Or that "You have a love of a bonnet; that color is beautiful and so becoming," meant "You have a horrid

taste—blue, for a swarthy, middle-aged person!" This was the kind of language used by the sisters. We will not take time to write their names; but to Laura it was incomprehensible; and no wonder, if in her ignorance, or rather, as they called it, "want of tact," she should commit egregious blunders. This was not frequently the case.

In our day of general information on such points, these mistakes would have been no interruption to the world's friendship; but in the town of F—— it was otherwise. People began to look suspiciously on the new Mrs. W. and her two daughters, and some old members of the church questioned the propriety of admitting liars and back-biters to its communion. Strange proceedings indeed with people who had for some time been very worthy members of the city church. With the ladies themselves these things were all placed to the account of the country ignorance. "People knew no better," and they determined to show their contempt by a dignified silence.

In appearance, they would care nothing about it; but appearance and the heart had been too long at variance to unite. It cannot be denied that at heart they were deeply mortified and chagrined; nor can it be supposed that Laura, whom they looked upon as the sole cause, could escape their resentment.

The little girl found her home fast becoming anything but desirable. Mr. W—— had become moody and taciturn. He seemed never at home, excepting in his store, and there he spent the greater part of his time.

The little room belonging to Laura, and which in the general alterations had remained untouched, was now her chosen place of resort. From its narrow window she could see the white stone that stood like a sentinel by her mother's grave. Just beyond was the parsonage, where another heart beat for her, a heart scarcely less warm than a mother's, and not yet cold in death. Beside the window was Laura's little table, and the hymn book in which was written her mother's name, and above all her Bible, her precious Bible, which tells us that Jesus is the

resurrection and the life, and that he that believeth in him, though he were dead, yet shall he live. With these pleasant companions and her workbox, Laura would sit for hours. It is true that her heart yearned for human love, as all affectionate hearts do, and much she wondered why, with all her kind desires to please and oblige her mamma and sisters, she could not succeed.

This would not have been so great an affliction, if her father had remained unchanged; but it was seldom now that Mr. W—— smiled on his little daughter, as in other days. He spoke kindly, sometimes looked sadly into her pale face; but he often seemed troubled by her presence. This was natural enough. People are not often at ease in the society of those whom they have injured. Thus was little Laura Wingate called to bear the yoke of sorrow in her youth; but she was not left comfortless. Laura was true of heart, and had such love and peace as that which the world cannot take away.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," and Laura was soon called to endure a sudden and almost overwhelming trial. Mr. Wingate, in an unlooked-for hour, was called to another world, with scarcely time to open his eyes upon the realities of his situation. He was called to close them in the sleep of death. Sudden to all was this stroke of Divine providence. What must it have been to the little girl who was now left an orphan in this world of ours?

TO BE CONTINUED.

HABITS AND HABITATIONS.

BEGINNING at the north, we find there the strangest houses in the world. What are they made of? Would you guess? Well there are but two guesses to be made, for there is nothing there to build with but snow and ice.

The esquimax cut out square chunks of snow, pile them up so as to make a cone-shaped hut, throw on water to freeze the joints together, leave a hole at the bottom to crawl in at, and their house is complete. They warm their houses with lamps; sleep on furs, and think they have their full share of comfort.

Coming down to British Columbia, we find the Indians living in board-houses. Why is this? Well, they live by fishing, do not move about much, are intelligent and skillful; and as large pine trees are abundant, they cut out boards with their axes, and build large houses, partitioned, so as to separate the different families.

The Indians of California, that live in the valleys, find wood very scarce, and so dig pits in the ground, and cover them with poles and dirt.

The Indians of Nevada,—how do they build houses? They do not build any. They have no permanent homes. Sage-brush covers their valleys, and where they wish to stop for a night they pile up some brush in a semi-circular form to stop the wind. They build a fire with the same kind of material, lie down in their rabbit-skin robes, and are content.

The Indians of the great plains have an

abundance of skins, and these they stretch on poles like tents. Their houses are called "lodges."

The Indians of the Eastern States lived in the grand old woods that once covered that favored land; so they built houses of logs, and called them wigwams.

Farther south, on the Pacific Slope, is Arizona. There live the fierce untamed Apaches, and the gentle semi-civilized Mohaves. The Moquis Indians also are in the eastern part of that territory. They cultivate the earth like white men. Their fields are in the valleys, but their abodes are on the hill-tops, that they may be more secure from assault by their wild neighbors. They are not numerous, and take this precaution to save their lives. They live in villages, and go down to their fields and back each day. Their houses have two stories, and are entered by a ladder at the roof. Their women live all the time in-doors, and are quite fair. Some of the tribe are white as snow—eyes, hair and skin all white. Such persons are found among all races, and are called "Albinos."

There are ruins of cities in Arizona that once were very grand. Some of them were destroyed as if by blasts of fire from heaven. The Book of Mormon tells of ancient cities so destroyed.

In New Mexico are ruins of ancient buildings eight stories high.

In Mexico, the Indians are civilized, and live in good houses, generally built of adobes—sun-dried bricks.

In Central America they partly live in good houses; but many live in little shanties, made of twigs and poles. There, too, in the dense forests, are remains of cities that once were grand as any now on the earth. Huge trees grow among the polished stones that once formed splendid temples and palaces; and sculptured writings tell, in unsolved sentences, the weird story of the unknown past. The natives fear to approach the dismal realm, and the spirit of desolation broods in silence through the years.

SIGMA PHI.

"HOW THEY ARE MADE."—No. 2.

AXES.

AFTER the eye has been formed, another set of men take the iron, and putting it in a furnace, heat it to what is called a "welding" heat; that is, they make it hot enough to unite or weld another piece of iron to it, or so that the iron can be hammered into any shape desired,—this is a welding heat.

When the iron, (for as yet it has not the shape of the axe), has been made this hot, it is taken from the furnace, looking almost white, and is placed under a large drop hammer. This hammer, weighing twelve hundred or fourteen hundred pounds, is placed in an upright position, and has a fall of eight or ten feet. On the end of it, is a die; that is, an impression of the shape of one side of the axe, and the block or stand on which the hammer falls has a piece of steel on it with the impression of the other side. When this heated iron is placed on the die, the workman puts his foot upon a lever, and down comes

the hammer upon it, making the sparks fly, and a report that sounds far above the noise of the machinery, like a small cannon; this forms the axe, and shapes the "blade" or lower part.

Another set of workman now take it, and, as before, heat it to a welding heat; then a piece of steel with the two ends bent nearly together, leaving room enough to slip it on the axe, is also heated. The workmen seizes it by the head with a pair of iron nippers, and stamps it upon a sort of anvil as hard as he can, keeping a bouncing motion with his body at the same time, to give his strokes greater force. This fastens the steel on the iron.

Again it is heated, and hammered like blacksmiths hammer iron; that is one man strikes it with a small hammer held in one hand, and the other strikes with a large hammer held in both hands. One of the men then places it under a large steam hammer, weighing some six hundred or eight hundred pounds; and putting his foot on the lever that connects with the machinery run by the engine, like the drop hammer, it is started, and it hammers out the edge part of it.

Again it is taken by still another set of men, who heat the upper part, and hammer it like the blacksmiths do; this is called "heading off," or finishing the form of the axe. They then smooth out the eye of the axe with a small wedge.

Now it goes to the inspection room to be examined, and if there is any flaw in it, or it is imperfectly made, it is sent back to be remedied.

If the inspector finds it perfect, it is sent to the grinding room. Here we see two long rows of very large grindstones, placed close together and run by machinery. At each stone, sits a man grinding all the roughness off the axes, making them smooth and even.

After this is done, they are taken to the tempering room, and again heated, though not so much as before, and put into salt water to harden them. After this they are again returned to the grinding room and sharpened.

This axe is now taken to the polishing room; here, as in the grinding room, are two long rows of stones. The air is bad here; and everything is covered with dust from the pulverized emery which the workmen make into a paste and put upon the stones. The sparks constantly flying from the axe make the dust, and your clothes resemble those of a miller, if they touch anything. These stones are placed close together, just room enough for a man to sit and work, with a board at his side to place his axes on; and here sit men, busy as bees, holding an axe by a short stick passed through the eye, and fitting it closely. It is then polished nearly as bright as a looking glass. It is again taken to the inspection room, and if found perfect, is there packed in boxes ready for sale.

Each man, like busy bees, is kept constantly busy. The men that form the axe have each a "helper," that is, a man to help them; and while they are working upon one axe, another is getting ready for them to work on as soon as they have finished the one they are on; so there is no waiting one for another. Thus you have the history of the axe. Each axe has to pass through all the processes described to be made ready to cut the wood. Remember, every par-

ticular has to be observed, or it would not be perfect. Just so, little Hopes, we must observe all the laws our heavenly Father has given us, that we may become perfect, and made fit to dwell in his presence forever.

SANCO PANZA.

SCOLDING.

Some people are constantly scolding,
And yet, they profess to be good;
Far better to exercise patience,
As Latter Day Saints always should.

It is wrong,—and 'tis very unpleasant,—
To grumble, to murmur and fret
At trifles that often may happen,
And things that we ought to forget.

Let the past and its follies be buried,
Tell it not by a look or a word;
Let it never more be resurrected,
Nor the sound of it ever be heard.

Remember, that while we are talking
And strangers are standing around,
They listen with eager attention,
There's not a word falls to the ground.

It travels with wonderful swiftness,
A resting place never to find;
In jest it is often repeated
To grieve and to ruffle the mind.

Can this be the gospel of Jesus
We urge upon others to seek;
'Tend church, and invite them to do so,
Then wrangle the rest of the week.

Ah no, we are surely mistaken,
Reflect, and the truth we will see,
The gospel as taught by the Savior
And quarreling, cannot agree.

We're commanded to set the example
Not merely to carry the name,
That others by seeing our good works
May glory in doing the same.

The Spirit of God bringeth comfort,
Speaks kind to the young and the old;
Makes home like the sunshine of summer,
Its happiness cannot be told.

So now if we really are anxious
Our friends and our kindred to save,
Take that which now makes them unhappy
And bury it low in the grave.

Let us pass by the faults of another,
Our own are too often in view;
Give credit to those who deserve it,
And honor to whom it is due.

Seek the Spirit that charity bringeth;
Without it we cannot be blest;
Without it we ne'er shall inherit
A home when the earth is at rest.

M. K.

IS DANCING A FOLLY?

WE would affirm that it is. It leads to ungodliness. To prove this; we would ask your patience for a few moments.

First. Is dancing a healthy exercise? It is agreed by some that it is, admitted. Yes, we admit that it is a healthy exercise; but while we admit this one argument, others can be produced to prove that it is also unhealthy. Why is it that so many of the fair sex are so weakly? The main reason is because they attend evening parties, very thinly clad. Yes, they dance till

they get in a state of perspiration, and then go out into the night air "to cool off," and by so doing take cold. Cold leads to those much dreaded diseases, consumption and typhoid fever, which almost always terminate fatally.

Second. What is the society of the ball-room?

As a general thing, it is of the lowest grade, and is not fit for a decent person, not to say a christian, to be seen in. In this place, and I have been informed that it is so everywhere, that gentlemen if they could be so called, dance a set, and instead of cooling off, as the ladies do, they warm up with some intoxicating beverage, which practice continued till the morning, produces drunkenness. They come to engage a partner for a dance, reeling and stumbling. She must not refuse; no, certainly not. If she should take such liberty, he would insult her by using some low slang. How many may point to dancing as the cause that led them from the path of retitude and virtue? Methinks I hear voices saying, "We are many."

My little brothers and sisters, let us take warning by the past, and not be seen in those places where this folly is practiced. If we go to dances, we cannot learn much. If we go to school, we must not attend the balls. I know by experience that it is impossible to learn, or get good lessons the day before or the day after the dance. Our minds are led from our studies to other things entirely, and it is written that we cannot serve God and mammon. I am positive that to attend church and Sunday School is a great deal more beneficial to us; for there we are taught the ways of eternal life, truth and sobriety.

Let us walk in the way of righteousness, and we will receive our reward. If we have money to spare, let us give it to advance the Latter Day Work.

Let the world support its anarchy if it will; but may God give us wisdom, and may we serve him, and him alone, is my prayer.

J. E. MILLER.

A DIALOGUE ON TOBACCO BETWEEN TOMMY AND BILLY.

BILLY.

WELL Tommy, lad, busy again. I never enter your little dwelling but what I find you engaged in reading and studying the scriptures."

TOMMY.—"Yes, Billy, I do it a little at times; but not half so much as I ought; for dear mother often tells me if I wish to become wise in the ways of the Lord, rightly understanding my duty in all things, I must inform my mind in sacred things."

BILLY.—Very true, Tommy; but what is the title page of the book you are now reading?"

TOMMY.—It is the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, or in other words, the revelations of our dear Savior, given through our beloved prophet and martyr Joseph Smith, for the guidance of his church in these last days."

BILLY.—"It is a precious book, Tommy; but what were you reading about? Please tell me;

for I saw the moment I entered, that something was making deep impressions upon your mind, although you tried to hide it."

TOMMY.—"Well, Billy, I must say that you are a little inquisitive; but be that as it may, I will tell you. I was reading the eighty-sixth section, called, 'A word of wisdom to all saints.' You can read it for yourself some other time. That which took my attention and sorrowed my heart and does still—O! dear; I wish it was but a dream, but alas! it is a reality!"

BILLY.—"What is it, Tommy? When you talk that way, you make me the more anxious to know."

TOMMY.—"Well, Billy, I will tell you. The Lord says in this section, 'Tobacco is not for the body, neither the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises, and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill.' And at the same time, I find many, very many of our dear brethren, (heedless of the Lord's warning), indulging themselves in the filthy habits of chewing and smoking it. And what, to me, makes the matter still worse, those whom God has called and ordained to the holy priesthood, to be *leaders* or *guides*, and exemplars, practice it. O I do wish they would quit it, and not continue to grieve the good Spirit."

BILLY.—"Your feelings, Tommy, are just the same as mine have been for a long time. Though I have been afraid to speak about it, I have pondered it over and over in my mind, and with it the injunction of the apostle Paul, 'Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ.' Our brethren often make use of these words, and I wonder if it ever entered their minds that Paul and our Savior never used tobacco."

TOMMY.—"You have just brought to my mind the words of the text preached from last Sabbath evening, Matthew fourth chapter and fourth verse, 'Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.' How the brother labored to impress these words of our blessed Savior upon the minds of outsiders. It strikes me that we, who are in Christ's church, should learn to make proper use of his words, as well as request others to do so."

BILLY.—"If such was the case, would'nt the Lord bless his people with great faith? I believe he would. And blessings would descend upon us, until we would flourish and blossom as the rose. Tommy, we must make this a matter of prayer, and the Lord through his Spirit may increase within us all a determination to honor and obey his holy word in all things."

TOMMY.—"Yes, Billy, I will with all my heart. And furthermore, if it should please the good Lord to permit us to grow to manhood, O let us be very careful never to give way to such filthy habits."

BILLY.—"I am quite confident, Tommy, that is speaking for myself, that my breath or system, (by the help of God), will never become tainted with it, for we are commanded to keep our temples clean for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit; and I cannot see for the life of me, what cleanliness there is in chewing and smoking tobacco, spitting and spotting its annoying juice all over people's floors."

TOMMY.—"Yes, Billy, and not only over

people's floors, but on the floor of the house of God, making it like a saloon or grog-shop, more so than a place of divine worship, wounding the tender feelings of the deacons who have to clean after them. If I am talking too hard, I hope God will forgive me; but Billy, I tell you, my feelings are hurt when I think about it."

BILLY.—"Good by, Tommy; I must go, or else mother will begin to think I am long. I suppose you will be in school next Sabbath, all being well. There are to be several presents given, so Br. France said."

TOMMY.—"Good by, dear Billy, I trust I will. But before we part, let us remember our agreement to pray for the good Lord to help all that use the filthy weed to abstain from it."

BILLY.—"I will with pleasure, Tommy; and may we have great faith in doing so, is my prayer."

TOMMY.—"Amen." UNCLE JOHN.

UNCLE MARK'S FAREWELL.

THE dear little lambs of Christ's fold have been my especial care, and I can not bid them farewell without feeling sadness of heart. The *Hope* has been an advocate of obedience to the will of God, and I must submit to that will, however much it may grieve me; for it would not do for Uncle Mark to set an example of disobedience before the little "Hopes of Zion" whom he loves so well.

The late General Conference appointed me to go on a mission to Europe, and before this reaches some of you, I expect to be on my journey.

Brother Joseph alone will now have the care of the *Hope*, and I feel thankful that so much abler a man will fill Uncle Mark's place. You know him personally, or through the *Hope* now, and I firmly believe that the more you know him, the better you will love him. I commend him to you in love.

That you may be prospered and blest continually; that you may become lights in Zion as you are now the "Hopes of Zion;" and that your growth in righteousness and ability may be equal to your growth in body and increase in age, will be Uncle Mark's earnest prayer. Pray too for me when I am far away; for children though you be, the good Father will hear and answer your prayers.

And now, dear little rosebuds of promise, I bid you all *farewell*. Yours in Christ,
MARK H. FORSCUTT.

PRIZES OFFERED.

To the boy or girl under fifteen who sends the most new subscribers during the year 1872—one half of it already gone—a handsome prize worth \$5, the money to pay for which has been received from Frances.

To the boy and girl who sends the most money to aid the *Hope* during the year 1872—the money to be earned specially for this purpose by the one sending it in any proper manner most suitable to the condition and circumstances of the boy and girl sending it—two beautiful chromos ready mounted for framing, valued at \$5 each, one to the boy and one to the girl sending

the most money earned for the *Hope*. Read again the letter of Margaret W— in the *Hope* for June 1st, and you will see in how many ways you may earn something to help the *Hope*. The money to pay for these chromos have been received from "Sigma Phi."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

It is hereby ordered by the Board of Publication, that from and after June 17, 1872, all remittances, orders, and business communications intended for the office of publication, must be directed to

Joseph Smith,
Box 50, Plano,
Kendall Co., Ill.

All sums over Five Dollars should be sent by Draft on Chicago, Post Office Order on Chicago, registered letter, or by express.

Remittances sent in any other manner will be at the risk of the sender.

E. BANTA, *President*,
R. WARNOCK, *Secretary*.
Plano, Illinois, June 5, 1872.

[Selected.]

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now;
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names those records bear;
Who round the hearth-stone used to close
After the evening prayer.
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here they are living still!

My father read this holy book
To sisters, brothers dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found the true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

LOOK
AT THESE FIGURES!!

1 July 72

Any one finding one above set of figures opposite his name on ZION'S HOPE, or on the wrapper, will know that his

SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE
WITH THAT DATE.

All those wishing their papers continued will please renew their subscription, or write and let us know when they expect to remit. Will our readers oblige us by prompt attention to this matter? otherwise your papers will be discontinued. Your subscription expires with the date attached to your name.
Zion's Hope, one year for 50 cents.
Zion's Hope, six months for 25 cents.

Correspondence.

PLEASANTON, Iowa, April 6, 1872.

Dear editors of the *Hope*:—I was baptized by Br. Mark, March 1st, 1872, and I am glad to say that the Lord has blessed me in many ways, and I thank the Lord for so doing. I would impress a verse in the scriptures on the minds of the young Hopes, and that is, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land." Let us try and be obedient, so that our days may be long in the land. I hope that we shall all live so that we shall meet in that glorious day when Christ shall come to make up his jewels on this earth. I think, dear readers of the *Hope*, that if you could have been here and heard Uncle Mark's lectures and sermons, you would have been delighted, as we all were here; and I hope that he will come again. Many others would like to have him come back too; he did a great deal of good in this part of the land. Your sister in Christ,

ADRA ROCKWELL.

ROSEBURG, Douglas Co., Oregon,
April 6, 1872.

Dear editors:—I am not a member of the church; but I am a reader of *Zion's Hope*, and I am very fond of it. I have been sick for four years. For over two years I could not sit up a bit, nor turn myself over in bed. Then I began to get so that I could sit a few minutes at a time; and gradually I got better, so that I could walk around the house on crutches; for I am a cripple, afflicted with the white swelling. A year ago last April, I was taken worse again. My friends all thought that I would die. The physician said there was no show for me, unless he amputated my limb; and he thought it was a doubtful case then. But he fetched other men with him to do it; and they thought it would kill me, so they would not help him then, and put it off for a few days longer.

Elders Gillen and Clapp were up here from California, preaching, and my father went after them. That was on Sunday. The next Thursday, on the thirteenth of June, they came and laid hands on me. I have been getting better ever since, and I hope, through God's mercy to recover my health, and be a member with the Latter Day Saints. I want all the saints to pray for me. Elder Clapp, through his kindness, sent for the *Hope* for me.

TRYPHENA E. DAVIS.

SWEET HOME, Nodaway Co., Mo.,

Dear Uncle Mark:—I was baptized in Montana, on the 22nd of November, 1868, and now I am eleven. We have no Sunday School here, because our branch is so much scattered. I love the *Hope* very much, and am glad when it comes to hand. Give my love to Br. Joseph, and accept the same yourself. Please excuse this, my first attempt to write to the *Hope*, and I will try and do better next time. Good by, Uncle Mark, this time.

SARAH ELIZABETH POWELL.

May 3, 1872.

Dear Uncle Mark:—This is my first attempt to write to the little Hopes. I am now fifteen years old. I have one sister and two brothers. My father and mother were baptized by H. C. Smith, in 1871. I have not been baptized yet; but hope soon to be. My sister intends to write to the little Hopes. I have written to one of my friends about writing; but I have not seen anything of her letter yet. I love to read the little *Hope* very much, and when one comes I long for the next.

LELLIA M. ALLEN.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Iowa,
April 17, 1872.

I was baptized when I was ten years old, I am now eleven. I know I have not been so good as I ought to have been; but I will try to do better. I take the *Hope*; I think it is a very nice little paper, and hope it will be continued. We have a nice Sunday School here, and kind teachers. This is my first attempt to write to you; but hope it will not be the last. Please excuse all blunders. Yours truly,

ANNIE CAFFAL.

END OF VOLUME 3.

Zion's Hope is published semi-monthly by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill. Price, single copies, Fifty cents per year; ten copies and upwards to one address, or fifteen copies and upwards to separate addresses, ten per cent discount. The Subscription must be paid in advance, and can commence with any number. Postage is required by the new postal law, to be paid at the office of delivery.

JOSEPH SMITH, EDITOR.
MARK H. FORSCUTT, ASSISTANT EDITOR.
Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday Schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents for Zion's Hope.