

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

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No. 1.

JOHN, THE DISCIPLE OF CHRIST.

JOHN, "the beloved disciple," of Christ, was the youngest of the twelve disciples, and it was perhaps for this reason the Lord kept him so constantly with him, and loved him so tenderly.

During the three years of the Savior's ministry, upon the earth, John was ever with Him, and he only of the chosen twelve, witnessed his death.

During those three years of companionship with the Master, John must have been a faithful loving pupil, for he has left upon record teachings which are superior to all the wisdom of the ages.

When John was first called to the ministry of Christ he was but a common uneducated fisherman. One day as he sat in his boat, on the sea of Galilee with his father and brother, mending their nets, Christ, who was walking on the shore called them, when John and his brother hastened to him he told them they must leave their nets and follow him.

Together they journeyed to the neighboring town of Capernaum, there Christ entered into the Synagogue and taught the people, there he performed some of His wondrous miracles, and his followers hearing His words of wisdom and authority, and seeing the manifestations of His miraculous power were established in their faith in him.

From this time forward throughout the ministry of Christ, upon all noted occasions we find John ever present. He saw all the most wonderful of His power from on high. Heard His most sublime teachings. Saw the excited populace when they would have taken Him by force and made him a King, and saw the infuriated mob when they cried, Crucify Him.

He was with Him upon the mount, when before their astonished eyes He took upon Himself some of the glory that was His before the world was made.

He was with Him in the garden, where in mortal agony He suffered for the sins of the world, and last of all he stood beside the cross, and saw Him whom he knew to be the Son of God "insulted, derided, and slain."

No doubt he was also present, when Joseph took the blood-stained body of their murdered Lord, and wrapped it in fine linen, and laid it in his own new tomb, but the Scriptures do not tell us.

The next mention that we have of John we find him gazing into the empty tomb from which his Lord had risen, and at this time as on many former occasions he was accompanied by Peter, together they returned to the city, and in the evening when they and other disciples had assembled together, their risen Lord came and joined

them. Not many more times were they permitted to enjoy His teachings and friendship. One day when they had walked with him as far as Bethany, "He lifted up His hands and blessed them, and while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

He had often told them that He would go from them, that He would ascend up into Heaven; but that He would come again, and according to His own words, and the writings of all the prophets, the time of his coming is very near at hand, and all who love Him are preparing to welcome him.

He has made provision for every child of earth to have a place in His coming Kingdom. If any are excluded it will be their own fault, not His.

Christ commissioned His disciples to go and teach all nations the things He had taught them, baptizing believers in His name.

John preached first in Jerusalem, he was imprisoned with Peter, then released and commanded to teach no more in the name of Jesus. He said to them, "is it better to obey God, or man," and he continued to preach the gospel of Christ. Afterward he was again imprisoned and God sent an angel to release him.

Much of the later part of John's life was spent in the city of Ephesus; one of the populous cities of Asia Minor. It was an idolatrous city and famed for its great temple of Diana. It was also a city of great wealth, renown, and beauty. It was built upon a hill-side, overlooking the sea. A beautiful river to the south-west wound its way through groves of Tamarack. Here the Apostle had many loving friends, and here was his favorite place of abode.

To be Continued.

THE HISTORY OF LAZY DICK.

Translated from Phonography By Br. Wm. Street.

A POOR man dwelt in a hut on the sea shore. He had a boat and a net, and he went out to catch fish, which when he had caught he sold in the market town, that was about three miles from his humble dwelling.

This poor man whose name was Thomas, had one son who was called Dick.

Now though old Thomas was very poor, and earned all he got to eat by the labor of his hands, yet young Dick would not work at all, but used to lay the whole day on the sandy shore, and watch the waves as they beat on the rocks.

He might have been of great use to his father when he went out fishing, but he was so idle that he did more harm than good. He might also have gained money by picking up shells, for on

that part of the coast the tide used to throw up great heaps of shells, some among them were of so rare and so fine a species, that many persons came down to pick them up, and sold them for a great price.

Yet Lazy Dick would not take the trouble look for them, and when his father had bought him a little basket for the purpose of putting the shells in, the second day he had it, he left it on the beach when the tide was coming in, and it was soon washed away.

His father next bought him a rake, that he might go and make hay, but when he was sent to the field, he crept under a hedge and lay down to sleep instead of working.

It almost broke the old man's heart to have his son such an idle bad boy, but do what he would he could not prevail on him to mend: and he used to say, with tears in his eyes, "Ah Dick, I shall not live long, and when I am dead and gone, you will have no one to give you food and clothes. Nor any one to take care of you, and you will then wish you had have been a good boy. I would teach you to work, but you will not learn; you turn a deaf ear to all that I say for your good; so I can now do no more than pray that you may come to the sense of your duty."

Still Dick went on in his old way; he had his three meals a day; and his clothes, though coarse, were whole, and if he could lay basking in the sun all day, he cared for nothing else. So lazy and hard of heart was this bad boy, that when his father went out fishing, and came home, cold, wet, and weary there never was any fire ready to dry him. Nor was the cottage ever put in order. If it were night, Dick was snoring in bed while his father was working for his support; and in the day time he would grumble, loiter, and think his father very cruel if he called him to help to spread the nets on the beach to dry, or bade him roll up the sail of the boat.

One day when old Thomas went out to fish, a storm arose, and drove his little boat far off from the land. With all his labor and skill he could not regain the shore. When night came on, the tempest raged, and the waves rose as high as mountains; and the next morning when Dick crept down to the beach, full of wonder that his father had not been home the night before, a wave washed the dead body of poor Thomas on the shore, close to his son's feet. At first Dick shed a few tears, but idle people never have much feeling, and he soon said to himself, "Well, I shall now be able to do what I please. I have no one now to scold me and bid me work," and that thought made him glad that his father was out of the way.

The old man was put in his grave, and all who

had known him were sorry for poor Thomas; but no one took the trouble to ask what would become of his son; for he had got the name of "Lazy Dick." And who could care or think about such a lad! Old Thomas had, with great prudence and labor, saved a little money to support him in case he should fall sick, and with this Dick bought a new coat and hat, and had such a heap of sweet cakes that he could scarcely carry them home.

Sweet cakes will not do to live on!

They serve now and then as a feast, but are not like bread for the meal; and Dick eat so fast that he was soon sick of his cakes, and was glad, to get a bit of stale bread. He laid the cakes by for a few days, and when he went to them again, they were all mouldy and spoiled.

The boat and the net were lost when poor Thomas was drowned, but some other fishing tackle was left, which Dick sold for the half of what it was worth, for he was too idle and senseless to know the value of anything. The chairs, table, and bed went next, with his fine new coat and hat, and even the coarser strong one which his father had bought him.

All his things were soon sold. He could not pay the rent of his cottage, and he was, of course, turned out.

Dick had then no place to sleep in but an old barn that was not thought good enough even to shelter rats and mice, and there the rats and mice ran over and about him. He had no sleep, and the rain and snow came in through the holes in the roof, so that he was almost frozen. He was now forced to go and beg in the town, and as his face was very pale, and as he had no shoes, no hat, no coat, and his shirt was all in rags, some gave him a penny, some gave him bread and meat, and one person gave him an old jacket to cover him from the cold.

But it was soon known in the town that he was the lazy son of old Thomas, the honest man who used to sell fish; and when he come to beg a second time, some drove him from their doors, and some bade him go and work.

He went again and again to beg, but in vain, and when he was almost starved, he was forced to ask for work. A very good kind man, who lived in the town, had pity on him, and took him in to sweep the shop clean, though he was twice as long about it as he need to have been.

If he was told to do two things, he did but one; and when he was sent out with a message, he staid in the streets to play, or to stare about him; and once he lost some goods he had the care of, the price of which came to five pounds. Of course his master turned him away; for who would keep a boy in his house that was no sort of use to him? Lazy Dick was once more without a home, or a friend, and he went back to lay in his barn.

But an high wind had blown down the barn, and he was forced to sleep under a hedge.

At last he grew so hungry, he knew not how to bear it: so he went back to the town, and as he passed by a bakers shop, whose windows was full of nice bread, hunger tempted him. No one was near, so he took a small loaf and ran away.

He had never been a thief before; but idle people who will not work to earn food, will sooner or later turn thieves for food.

All the pain that Dick had felt from hunger was nothing to what fear now made him suffer. His knees shook under him, his heart beat, and his eyes grew dim with fear; but he was not seen that day, and he grew bolder. The next time he stole two loaves. He was caught in the act, and first sent to prison, and then whipped through the streets of the town. He was next put on board ship and sent to sea. Here they made him work day and night. The fear, shame, and smart, he had felt, did him some good: but when he tried to do well, he was so slow and awkward that he was nearly useless: and when the rough sailors drove him here and there, and give him hard words, and still harder blows, and when he was called out of his hammock at midnight, to climb the ropes, or wash upon deck, he used to say to him-

self, "Ah? I wish I had minded my poor father's words. For if I had have learned to work when I was young, like other boys, I should not now be so hardly treated. I have no one to pity me or take my part; but that is all my own fault." One day, when Dick had been sent to climb the mast, while the ship was rocking to and fro, not being so expert as other boys, and fear still making him more awkward, his footing slipped as he was coming down the ladder of ropes, and he fell headlong into the sea.

The ship was going very fast; it could not be stopped in time to save him; they threw out a rope for him to catch hold off, but he had never taken the trouble to learn to swim, though he had lived so long on the sea shore; and as he could not swim, he could not follow the ship to catch hold of the rope. He rose once or twice, and then sank like a stone to the bottom. Such was the end of Lazy Dick? When poor old Thomas was lost at sea, every one that knew him grieved for him, but no one mourned for Dick. The sailors said, "We can spare him, for he was a useless fellow, and is as well out of the world as in it."

Poor Lazy Dick.

WHO KILLED TOM ROPER?

Who killed Tom Roper?

Not I, said New Cider,

I couldn't kill a spider,

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Strong Ale,

I make men tough and hale;

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Lager Beer!

I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear? (*cross*)

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Bourbon Whisky.

I make sick folks spry and frisky;

The doctors say so; don't *they* know

What quickens blood that runs too slow

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said sparkling old Champagne,

No poor man e'er by me was slain.

I cheer the rich in lordly halls,

And scorn the place where the drunkard falls.

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not we, said various other wines;

What! juice of grapes, products of vines,

Kill a man! The Bible tells

That wine all other drink excels:

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Nor I, said Holland Gin;

To charge such a crime to me is a sin,

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Nor I, spoke up the Brandy strong.

He grew too poor to buy me long;

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Not I, said Medford Rum;

He was almost gone before I come,

I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha, ha! laughed old Prince Alcohol,

Each struck the blow that made him fall.

And all that helped to make him toper

My agents were to kill Tom Roper.

MY MITE.

BRO. JOSEPH: Seeing in one of the back numbers of the *Hope* your call for help, I thought I would try and throw in my mite.

I love the *Hope*, and my desire is to see it prosper; and I pray that those, who's energy has sustained it, may be rewarded for the good work they have done.

I feel sorry to think that the burden which should be shared by so many, has for so long a time, fallen so nearly entirely, upon Uncle Mark, and Bro. Joseph. I have no doubt, but that many of the readers, of the *Hope*, regret this also; then let us put aside this seeming indifference, (to say the least of it) and come forward and try and atone for past neglect of this duty.

I feel as Bro Joseph says, in this matter; that there is none of us, no matter how humble our lot in life, but that could contribute something to the

columns of our children's paper, that would be interesting. If we only pen a few of our thoughts, and experiences. I acknowledge that to think about writing, even a few lines, for publication, seems quite a task, to us who have never been accustomed to it; but perhaps the task will lose some of its magnitude if we approach it prayerfully, with a design and determination to do something for the good of the cause.

Our Sabbath School paper is indeed a jewel; and should be a precious one, not only to the children, but to us all. I never read a copy of *Zion's Hope*, but that I feel strengthened; and encouraged. I often take up the back numbers, even the first volumes and read them.

I cannot tell how many times over, I have read them, and I feel that the time spent in reperusing them, has been well spent. The lessons taught in their pages, are calculated, to inspire our hearts with love to our Creator, and, consequently, with love and charity to all His creatures.

I feel like speaking a few words of encouragement to the "little hopes" who have taken an interest in writing for the paper; for it is mostly owing to the effort which they have put forth to sustain the paper, which has stimulated me to action, at this time. When I see pieces from little children, eight, ten, and twelve, years old, I am led to exclaim, "And can you do nothing? Are you going to be negligent, and let the little ones, be so far ahead of you, in performing this duty?" Although I do not expect to come up with them, yet I want to try and profit by their example.

Every once in awhile my heart is made glad, by seeing in the *Hope*, a letter from some one that I know, from which I learn, that they are trying to do right. How thankful we should be for this privilege. Then let us all take a lively interest in the *Hope*; the more interest we manifest in it ourselves, the better chance their is of us doing good by inspiring those around us with interest; especially children, who naturally like to imitate those older than themselves. M.J.M.

TRUST AND HOPE.

A Story of Two Old People.

CARL KNICKER was not a pleasant-looking old man with his parchment complexion, half-closed eyes, and heavy chin, yet if you had hinted such a thing to his wife Elizabeth, she would have told you what a fine young fellow he was years ago, a brave youth, she would have phrased it, and her old eyes would have lightened as she called up the vision, till you almost believed her.

But Carl Knicker had worse points than his looks, the neighbors said he was stingy and mean. Old Lisa herself called it "careful," but the poor woman, with her lean face and trembling hands, did not reap the fruits of that carefulness, and very often went to bed hungry. The old couple lived in a bare cottage in the village of Alten, and, to judge by their manner of living, were very poor. Carl, however, did nothing for his living, but smoked his pipe from morning till night, while Lisa knitted, looked after the garden, and went errands to the nearest town, and nearly kept the family by her exertions. Every market-day, after much grumbling and many excuses for the possession of so much money, Carl gave her a few coppers out of some store he had; how he got it, and where he kept it, Lisa knew as little as the neighbors.

Lisa was a kindly woman, and people wondered how she could live contentedly with the dried-up, unloving old fellow her husband. Some one once openly told her so, and then old Lisa let fall a few sentences about a baby, their first and only one, who had died at four days old, and been buried in the then new cemetery, on the hillside. "Thou hast seen the grave, surely," she added; "on the cross it is written, 'I was the first in this church-yard.' It was an honor certainly, for our baby

to be the first in the grand burying-ground; but the father felt it sorely, and seest thou he has been a bit gloomy and hard ever since. But that will all be mended when God calls us back to our child."

Lisa was only a poor, ignorant peasant woman, but she had full trust in God; what He ordered was right, and did not the pastor read in church that He cared for the sparrows? so, stupid old people as they were, He would care for her and Carl. Only she must have something to love; at one time she would coax the neighbor's children in, but this made Carl so crusty that she had to give it up. Latterly a poor, starved cat had taken refuge in the cottage, lived a few weeks, and dying, left her a tiny kitten as a legacy. Carl was very cross about it all the time, but Lisa this once would have her own way, and a farmer's wife promising her a daily cup full of skim-milk, she kept the kitten, and made a great pet of it.

One day, however, a letter arrived which strangely affected the old couple. Lisa's sister Gertrude was dead in a neighboring town, leaving one penniless little girl, for the father had died long before. The neighbor who had closed the sick woman's eyes had written to say that they were sending the child, little Trudel, to her nearest relatives the Knicker's,—she would arrive by the post-wagon the next day.

Carl raged and stormed, he would have none of the child, it must go back whence it came, how could poor people be expected to keep it?

The neighbors condoled with Lisa on Carl's hard heart, but agreed that it was impossible for her to have the little girl, it must go the poor-house.

But Lisa thought differently, and told them so; "God sends this little sparrow to us," she said, "and we must keep it; yes, Carl will be vexed with me, but I can bear it, and who knows, it may be for the best? 'Trust and hope,' that is my motto, neighbor Braun, and at any rate I will work the harder to keep the child."

It certainly did not seem for the best that day. Lisa shut the cottage-door that the neighbors might not hear her husband scolding her; but they did hear, and said that bad days were in store for the kindly old woman.

Finding that the unwelcome little stranger was really coming, Carl insisted that Lisa should get rid of the kitten; milk could not be found for both, so pussy must be drowned,—Carl himself would do it.

But Lisa answered gently, that the kitten should go; neighbor Braun's Frida would be glad to take it, Carl might assure himself it should be out of the house before the little one set foot in it.

And let no one think the worse of Lisa that she shed real tears over the somewhat ugly little kitten which she had nursed so often on her knee for want of a dearer burden.

Lisa's sore heart, however, was comforted next day when the great wagon stopped at the door, and the wagoner lifted out a tiny girl of three years old, golden-haired, blue-eyed, a real little angel Lisa thought. Carl was out, and the tiny thing was fed and put to bed before he came in to find his wife singing to it such hymns as she had meant to sing to the little one who was laid under the mouldering cross in the grave-yard.

"Stop that row!" said Carl, gruffly, and Lisa left off singing and knitted more diligently, musing; "Ah, poor Carl, he thinks too, of our baby, but he will not show it, still I know it by his rough voice."

Days went by very quickly to Lisa, who had a darling to cling to her skirts and call her mother, for so she had taught her; Carl was more grumpy than ever, Trudel luckily was a bold little thing, and only stared when repulsed by him; as a general rule he tried to avoid seeing her, but Trudel, to Lisa's terror, would thrust herself into notice sometimes. Lisa took the child with her wherever she went, but one day she had such a long way to walk to buy worsted for her knitting that

she could not carry the heavy child, so with much fear she asked Carl to see that she came to no harm.

Carl never answered, and Lisa had to conclude that silence meant consent. She walked rather sadly along, murmuring to herself, "Pray God keep the little sparrow from setting fire to herself at the stove," and she nearly turned back, when a neighbor in stupid sympathy, hoped that the little golden angel would come to no harm with that cross-grained Carl.

On her return she was overjoyed to find the child sitting happily in her little chair nursing, of all things, Lisa's old pet, the kitten. Nothing would do but that it must go to bed with her too. But Lisa said No, that must not be, it would vex Uncle Carl, it must go back to Frida.

TO BE CONTINUED.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

IV.—ASIA.

THE POMEGRANATE, FIG, DATE, ECT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

I sing of the ruddy pomegranate,
The fruit of an Eastern land,
Of the tree with its blossoms of scarlet,
Or white as a lady's fair hand,
That was carved on the gates of the temple,
And wrought on the robe of the priest,
That was borne in the holy processions,
Gave beauty and zest to the feast.

I sing of the fig, sweet and luscious,
The broad-leaved, the branching, the strong,
That grows 'mid the Syrian mountains,
And all the green valleys among;
And I sing of the palm, the date-bearer,
That yieldeth to man in his need
The food, that delighteth the Arab,
And giveth new strength to his steed.

WE are now among the fruits of the great continent of Asia, in which the most wonderful events in the world's history have taken place.

Syria, or Palestine, or the Holy Land, as it is variously called, is the land of the Bible, and here grow, in all their native beauty and luxuriance, the pomegranate, and the fig, and the date-palm, the tree that gives shelter and refreshment to the weary and thirsty ones who cross the trackless deserts of sand. Here and there, amid these desolate regions, springs up a fountain of pure water, and for a short distance around it all is verdure and beauty. There the feathery palm-trees rise singly or in groups, their roots nourished by the moisture of the spring, and their heads lifted up into the sunshine. There the roving Arab alights from his camel or his steed, which he feeds on the fresh dates, if it be the right season; if not, on the dried ones which he carries with him. Then he allows him to drink of the cool waters of the spring, and wander at will to crop the sweet herbage, while he refreshes himself and thanks Allah—that is, his God—who has guarded him to this green spot, which is called an *o-a-sis* in the wilderness. There the Moslem pilgrim, or the Christian traveler, who for business or pleasure crosses the desert, pitches his tent, and rests for awhile from the dangers and fatigues of the way beneath the date-palms, whose fruit, when green, is so juicy and refreshing, and, when dried, so sweet and nourishing,—a precious gift of the Almighty Father. And not only in Syria, but in many another part of the East, this valuable member of the palm family may be found.

But it is of the pomegranate that we have particularly to speak just now,—the *Pomum granatum*, Grained, or Kernelled Apple,—so fresh and beautiful to look at, and so pleasant to taste, a representation of which was carved on the pillars of Solomon's temple and embroidered on the hem of the high priest's robe. Frequent allusions are made to it in Scripture, and it will be a

good Sunday exercise for our readers to find these out.

The pomegranate is about the size of a large apple, and it is one of the choicest fruits of the East. The blossoms are mostly of a yellowish red, or scarlet hue, although there are some white ones. The tree belongs to the myrtle family. It grows wild in many places, even in the warmer parts of Europe. Granada, in Spain, for instance, produces it so abundantly, that the name of the province is said to be derived from *Granatum*, that of the tree, whose twisted roots lie very much exposed upon the surface of the ground. The soft pulpy fruit is sucked like an orange. Its taste is at once sweet and acid, making it especially grateful in a hot climate. The rind is strongly astringent.

'In the name of the prophet—Figs!' is a common cry in the streets of Cairo in Egypt, by the sellers of this fruit, which our readers know so well; but the figs they eat are very different from the green and juicy ones that are plucked from the trees in Eastern lands, and eaten fresh. Those which grow in this country have not, even when fully ripe, the same agreeable flavor.

Probably there is no tree more frequently mentioned in Scripture than the fig-tree and its fruit, whose shape, and that of the large and deeply-indented leaves, must be well known to our readers. All through the Bible, from the very beginning, we find allusion to it. From the earliest times figs have been, as they still are, eaten by all classes of people, and held in high estimation. When some Israelites were sent into the land of Canaan to ascertain the produce of the country, they brought back figs and grapes to show how fertile it was; and we find it mentioned, as one of the greatest blessings of a time of peace, that a man might sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with no one to make him afraid. Again, when Abigail went to meet David after the affront put upon him by Nabal, her husband, she took with her to appease his anger, among other presents, two hundred cakes of figs. The Greeks and Romans of old time highly prized this fruit. The tree was planted by the temples of their gods, and the fruit offered at the altars, and eaten at the sacred feasts. *Ficus* is the Latin name for the plant, and that which it bears in most European languages differs but little from the English one.

There is, perhaps, no tree so valuable to the people of Eastern lands as that particular kind of palm that "its load of sugared dates showers plentiful." It is found in nearly every country, from the Greek Tigris to the Atlantic Ocean, and supplies millions of human beings with a portion of their daily food. It is a beautiful tree, throwing out its feathery branches in a cluster at the top of a tall, straight stem. The Arabs of the desert almost worship it, and think that must be a strange wretched country in which it does not grow. A woman of Arabia, who went to England as a servant in a gentleman's family, on returning to her own country made the people quite envious and discontented with their lot, by describing all the beauties and wonders she had seen; but when she told them that she had not found a single date-tree, although she had sought for it, they became more satisfied with their lot, and declared they could not live in such a land as that. Green dates, like green figs, are soft and juicy. We only taste them in the dry, sugary state. They are very nice, as our readers all well know; but in hot climates they must be more pleasant and refreshing when plucked fresh from the tree.

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LIFE is a book, in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive incident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence; and, if we may so say, cast anchor in the river of happiness.

Speak gently, 'tis a little thing,
Wrapped in the heart's deep well:
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

"TRY."

HERE was once on a time a good little dwarf named "Try," who was so powerful that he overcame every thing he attempted, and yet was so small that people laughed when they were told of his wondrous powers.

But the tiny man was so kind at heart, and loved so much to serve those who were less able than himself, that he would go and beg of those who knew him better to intercede for him, that he might be allowed to help them out of their troubles; and when once he had made them happy by his noble deeds, they no longer despised, or drove him away with sneers, but loved him as their best friend.

Yet the only return this good dwarf sought for all his services, was, that when they knew any one who wanted a helping hand, they would say a good word in his favor and recommend them to "Try."

ZION'S HOPE.

At the last session of the Board of Publication, the following resolutions respecting the *Zion's Hope* were adopted.

Resolved that the *Zion's Hope* be continued another year.

Resolved that the *Zion's Hope* be exempt from the rule giving three month's credit; and that individual subscriptions for less than six months will not be received.

Resolved, that so much of the minutes of this session as are of public interest be published in the *Herald*, and also so much as relates to the *Zion's Hope*, be published in that paper.

"THEN SHE IS RICH."

This was the remark of a little Sunday-School boy who, being very ill, was visited by the teacher. The teacher, on leaving him, observed she was going to visit a poor sick woman.

"Does she love the Savior?" inquired the boy.

"Yes," was the reply; "I hope she does."

"Then she is rich," replied the Sunday scholar.

And was he not right? He that loves Jesus, and has Him for his Savior and Friend, must be rich: "For your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." The blessing of heaven maketh rich.

ST. GEORGE.

ACCORDING to tradition, St. George was a young and handsome prince of Cappadocia, in Asia Minor. Many marvellous tales are told of the brave deeds that he did; but the chief is that he slew an immense dragon and saved a king's daughter as the monster was about to devour her. It is in this exploit that is shown in the 'dragon sovereigns,' as they are called, the issue of which from the Mint has lately been revived. On the coin he is shown mounted on his horse, which is trampling on the dragon while St. George pierces the monster with his spear.

St. George was one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. He is said to have suffered martyrdom in the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian. St. George is specially honored in England, Russia, and Genoa. The English and the Genoese take him as their patron saint, while the Russians adopt St. George and the Dragon as the principal emblem in their arsenals and armories, and have given his name to the first of their military orders.

TO-MORROW.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.

TRUE COURAGE.

If in years of fierce endeavor.

All your efforts have been vain,
Struggle on, believing ever,
That the victory you will gain.

Are you friendless? You can conquer
Foes without and foes within;
What are trials, pain, and hunger,
When there is a prize to win?

Noble natures prove ascendant,
In the world's ignoble strife,
And true courage is decendant.
Of the dauntless soul's in life.

On life's changeful scene of action
Though defeat may oft appear,
Laurels, prizes, wealth and station,
Are for those who persevere.

PERHAPS, this incident may interest your readers. *It is strictly true.*

Two widows, friends, both poor, lived in the same town, not far from each other. One night one of them could not sleep, she was impressed with the idea, that her friend was suffering from want. She arose very early, dressed, and with a little dough she had mixed the evening before, and a salt fish, went over to the house of her friend. On entering she said to a daughter, "I hope that you will not be offended that I have brought you some dough for biscuit, and a salt fish."

"Mrs. —," the daughter replied, with much feeling, "we had no supper last night, and my mother is now up stairs praying the Lord to send us a breakfast."—*Olive-Leaf.*

THE Christian is at peace with his neighbor; and more than this, he is a peace-maker—he brings peace. His words and looks and acts are filled with the patience and gentleness of Christ, and his influence resembles that of his Master, who because of his work, was called "The Prince of Peace."

A GENTLEMAN was one day asked by a friend how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels. He answered, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

"A PERSON converted in youth," says John Angell James, "is like the sun rising on a summer's morning to shine through the long, bright day. But a person converted late in life is like the evening star, a lovely object of Christian contemplation, but not appearing till the day is closing, and then but for a little while."

"LIVE AND LET LIVE."—How much is expressed in this fine old sentiment! How blessed is the man who lives and lets live! how cheering to see his fields teeming with the richest verdure! what a pleasure to look on his sleek and plump animals of every age and variety! Where in the world besides can be found such happy faces, such contented spirits and such grateful hearts as on his estate? May God for ever bless those whose real heart-felt sentiment is, "Live and let live!"

BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT.—A New Orleans paper tells of a printer who, when his fellow workmen went out to drink beer, during the working hours, put in the bank the exact amount which he would have spent if he had gone out to drink. He thus kept his resolution for five years. He then examined his bank account and found that he had on deposit \$521.86. In the five years he had not lost a day from ill health. Three out of five of his fellow workmen had in the meantime become drunkards, were worthless as workmen, and discharged. The water drinker then bought out a printing office, went on enlarging the business, and in twenty years from the time he began to put up his money, was worth \$100,000. The story, whether new or old, teaches a lesson which every boy and young man should lay to heart.

Correspondence.

WAUBECK, Wis., May 25th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have been thinking for a long time to write a short letter to the dear little *Hopes*. I do not belong to the church yet; but I hope I will soon be with you. I have been taking the *Hope* ever since 1869, and I like it better every time I see it. I would not do without it for a good deal. It is a perfect treasure to any one that takes it.

How I wish we had a Sunday School of our own here, but there is not enough members here. We live so far apart. There is one sister four miles from us; and then there is about fifteen other members at Cada Creek, about twenty-two miles from us; so you see how far apart we are. My father went up to Cada Creek and stayed from Friday till Monday with them. He said he had quite a pleasant visit. This is my second letter for the little *Hope*. I must close my short letter for this time,

KATE B. MACAULY.

HARLAN, Shelby Co., Iowa,

May 31st, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am glad to find that my letter was worthy of a place in the *Hope*. It is a long time since I have written to the *Hope*. I have been away from home, and have not paid much attention to it as I ought to have done. I love to read the letters in the *Hope* and to hear from my dear little friends.

We do not have any Latter Day Saints meeting here now, or Sunday School either, but I hope we will have both before long. I do not believe I can answer any of the questions that were asked this time, but will try to next time. I am glad there is so many that take such an interest in writing to the *Hope*. I hope they will keep on doing so. I myself will try and write to it as often as I can, and will try to find some questions to ask, I think they are a great help to us all.

I would like it if there were some more puzzles. I think they are real interesting. Well, dear little *Hope*, I guess I will stop, excuse all mistakes, but before I cease I must say I want to be baptized, and will as soon as I can. I hope you will pray for me that I may understand and live a christian life and live faithful to the end. Yours truly

MARIAN E. TUCK.

SAYLORVILLE, Iowa, June 4th, 1873

Bro. Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. Although we are not in a very prosperous condition, we take the *Hope* and are glad when its pages of truth are opened before us.

We have not had much preaching here of late, but I hope we will have more to revive us and waken us up to a sense of our duty, that we may work in this cause of Christ and not be weary in well doing, nor discouraged.

It behooves us to be alive to our duty, and that we may not be hearers only; but doers, and that we should give heed to the words of God, for they are truth. We should try and live every day according to the teachings of Christ.

My dear readers I have not been living as faithful as I ought to have lived; but I will endeavor to live more faithfully hereafter; for there is a day coming that will test our faithfulness. May God's blessings rest upon His people, and keep them in the way of truth, is the prayer of your unworthy sister in Christ,

FANNIE E. SHELLHART.

MOUND CITY, Linn Co., Kansas,

May 21, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love the paper very much. I love to read the letters from the little *Hopes*. They cause me to rejoice every time the paper reaches my house, for I love to hear from the brothers and sisters. Your brother in the covenant of peace,

A. J. COX.

BEAR ISLE, HANCOCK Co., Maine,

May 15th, 1873.

Bro. Joseph:—I am a reader of the *Hope*. It is a Sabbath morning; every thing looks beautiful, the birds are singing praise to their Creator. So ought we to praise Him little *Hopes*. For it is spring time of our youthful days. And the pleasures of the world looks beautiful to our eyes. May we not seek after the things of this world, but seek eternal life in the world to come. We have no Sunday School here, but meetings Sunday afternoon.

He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. May we do what we can to sustain this glorious cause. It will soon be meeting time. I must close by asking you all to excuse this poor writing, for we have no school privilege here. If you have a place in the *Hope* for this put it in, if not omit it.

With love to all. Pray for your brother in Christ

JONATHAN E. EATON

DEKALB, June 5th, 1873.

Dear Little *Hopes*:—I have thought I would write to you many times; but I made up my mind to do so for the first time. I cannot write much. The *Hope* is a very nice little paper. I will send fifty cents to help it. We should try to subscribe that we may all have the *Hope* to read. We have no Sunday School here; but I hope we may have soon. I don't suppose we ever shall have. May the Lord bless you all.

C. B.

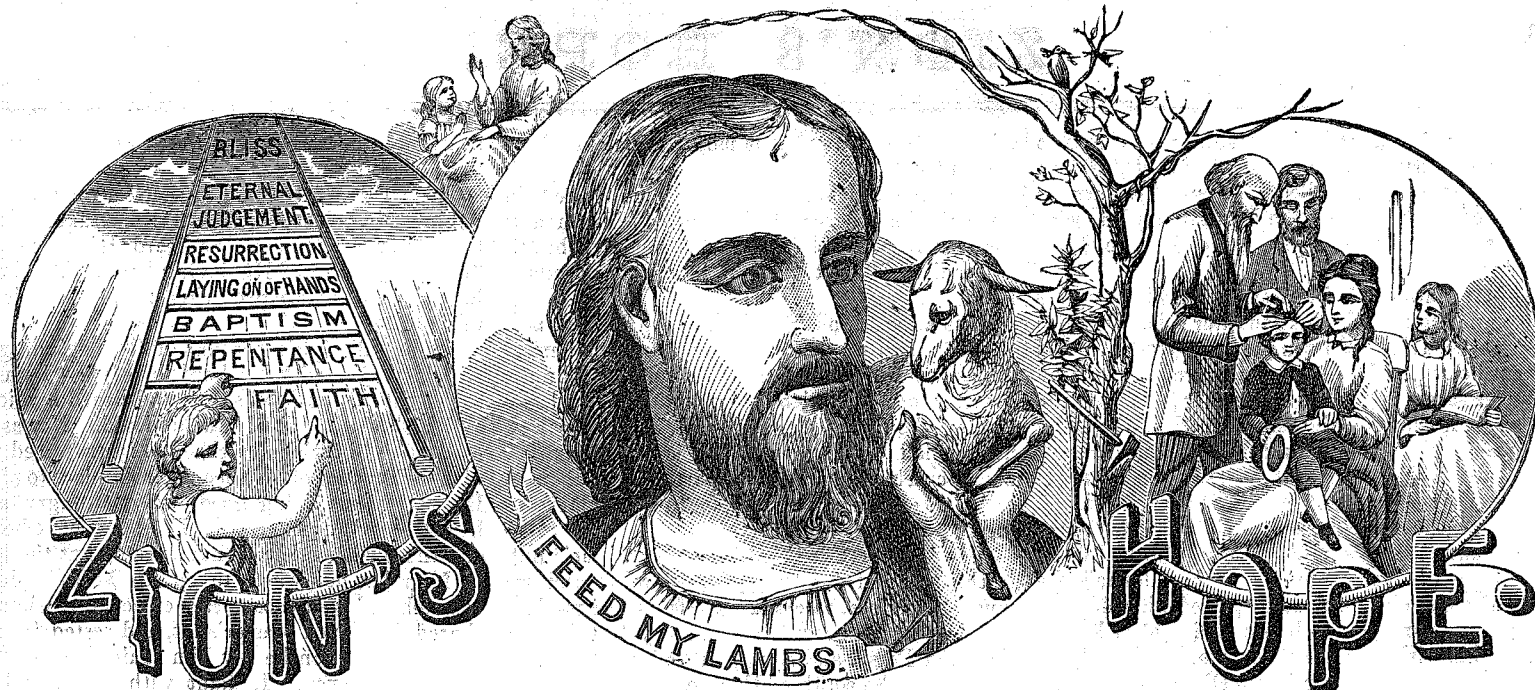
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JULY 15, 1873.

No. 2.

HERCULES.

BEFORE me lies a curious picture, a photograph of a marble statue, representing a large and exceedingly strong man. He is partially clad in the skin of a lion slain at one time by him, and his great limbs abound in muscles that stand out like large cords twisted together. His brow is low and corrugated, closely shaded with short curly hair, and the face is surrounded by a thick bushy beard.

His form is noble, however, and there is a certain sublime beauty in its outline, the beauty of great strength and physical development. It is Hercules, one of the heroes, or gods worshiped by the ancient heathen, especially the Grecians. He was said to have been the son of Zeus, or Jupiter, by an earthly mother.

Jupiter being the greatest of the Olympian gods, his wife; Juno, was jealous in consequence, and artfully persuaded Jupiter to swear an oath that by its nature deprived the young hero of a kingdom he should have received.

Hercules was one of twins, and early made manifest his supernatural origin by an extraordinary display of strength; for the angry Juno, still wishing his destruction, sent two serpents to kill him; but the sturdy little hero showing no fear boldly grasped and strangled them. This scene was a favorite theme with ancient workers in stone and paint, and truly would make a spirited picture, the pugnacious young god throttling with chubby fists the scaly reptiles.

Castor was appointed his teacher in the use of arms, and must have been delighted with the progress his ready pupil made; fleet and strong, quick and enduring, he soon mastered the combative art. His teacher in the use of the bow and arrow was called Erytus, and with these weapons the young hero became very expert, and afterwards won renown by their use.

Amphitryon, husband to Alomene, the mother of Hercules, taught him to manage the chariot. An other favorite subject with picture makers, was our hero driving the chariot, Amphitryon standing behind him in the rude chariot, to cheer him on, as they thundered around the course in clouds of dust, drawn by swift and beautiful horses.

His character seemed to possess a refined vein also, Linus was chosen to instruct him in music; but the hunter and warrior prevailed in his disposition to that extent, that when one unlucky time his teacher ventured to censure him, probably on the subject of his musical abilities or tastes, the ire of the youthful immortal was awakened to that degree that he destroyed his unhappy tutor.

Amphitryon was so angered at this it appears, that he sent Hercules away to manage his cattle.

A large lion infested the neighborhood and made great havoc among the herds of Amphitryon, and Thespius, who had fifty beautiful daughters.

Hercules determined the death of this lion and the chase began; during its continuance he was cheered by the bright smiles of the beautiful children of Thespius; the lion was soon destroyed and its skin worn afterward by the victor, as we see depicted in the photograph.

He was at this time eighteen years old, and soon began his warfares in earnest, making war upon Egrinus, king of Orchomenos who exacted tribute of the Thebans. In this battle Amphitryon was killed, but the final result was in Hercules' favor, for Egrinus died by his hand; and for this achievement Creon rewarded him by giving him his daughter Megara, who bore him several children. He now became a favorite with the gods, who to show their delight in his powers made him presents of armor, in connection with which he always carried a club cut by him near Nemea, so that he is represented often armed with a club and attired in a lion's skin. The distinction to which he attained so angered Juno that she wove an evil incantation and cast a spell upon him driving him mad. In this the beautiful but revengeful goddess was more successful than before, for while in this state he destroyed his children by Megara, and those of his twin Iphicles.

Horrified at this, Hercules fled to Thespius who purified him from his madness and sin; but his troubled conscience passed upon himself the sentence of exile, and he visited the far famed temple of Delphi, to consult the Oracle there as to where he should settle. Before this he had been known as Alcides, but the Oracle called him Hercules, commanding him to live at Tiryns, and become the servant of Eurystheus, and at the expiration of twelve years he should become immortal. For this master he performed twelve labors celebrated in song and story, the first of which was the fight with the Nemean Lion. This lion was the offspring of Typhon and Echidna. Hercules first attacked him with his bow, but the lion evaded the flying arrows, or they took effect in his tough hide only to exasperate him, so that he sprang after the hero furiously, who brought into requisition his club, but the thick skull refused to be crushed, and he was obliged to grasp the lion by the throat and finally succeeded in strangling him, carrying to Tiryns his home, on his shoulder, the ravager of the vale of Nemea from Philus to Cleonoe.

The fight with the Lernean Hydra, was the second labor. This monster reared by Juno, the old

enemy of Hercules, sprang from the same source as the lion, ravaging the country of Lerna near Argos, living in a swamp, by the well of Amyone and had seven heads, and one of these, the center one, was immortal.

Hercules attacked the Hydra boldly, but in the place of every head he struck off two new ones appeared. At length Iolaus his servant came to his aid, and building a fierce fire they burned its heads and buried the immortal one beneath a huge rock; and in its bile he dipped his arrows to anoint them with an incurable poison.

The Arcadian Stag. Hercules was ordered by Eurystheus to capture the arcadian stag alive. Fleetness was now the difficulty to be overcome; as the stag with silver horns and brazen feet was endowed with great speed, so that Hercules pursued it one whole year, and then succeeded in wounding it with an arrow, and then bore it away on his massive shoulders in triumph.

The Erymanthian Boar. This fierce animal, Hercules determined should be taken in the winter time, as the snow being deep then he had the advantage. He accordingly pursued it through the snow until it was wearied out and then threw over it a large net he had procured for the purpose; he could now easily shoulder it, and soon laid it at the feet of his master who had ordered it to be brought alive.

The cleansing of the Augean stables. the destruction of the Stymphalian Birds; the capture of Cretan Bull, the capture of the Mares of Diomedes; seizure of the girdle of Hyppolyte; capture of the oxen of Geryones, in Erythia; bringing the golden apples of the Hesperides, and lastly and more difficult the penetration of Hades and bringing thence the terrible Cerberus, were the remainder of these twelve labors.

This last labor we will describe. He entered the lower world at Taenarum in Laconia, Mercury and Athena or Minerva accompanied him. He liberated Theseus and Esculapius from their grievous torments and at last obtaining permission of Pluto, the god of this dim under world called Hades, to carry Cerberus, a terrible beast, to Eurystheus providing he accomplished it without force of arms.

Of course he performed this and after presenting Cerberus before his master, returned it again to Hades.

After these twelve labors were performed he served a queen, Omphale by name, some three years, and making many journeys and performing many other exploits not always of an upright type according to the ideas of goodness attributed to him by his worshipers, the conclusion of his earthly career was brought about as follows.

He had taken Deianira daughter of Eneus to wife, and instructed her to take the blood of Nessus a man whom he had killed with one of the arrows poisoned in the bile of the Lernean Hydra, with her as a sure means of perserving the love of her husband.

Shortly after this he destroyed a king and his sons, and took captive his daughter Iole. Deianira feared that Iole would win Hercules from her, and when he sent to her for a white garment in which to offer sacrifice to Zeus or Jupiter his father the head god, she sent him one steeped in the blood of Nessus who was killed with the poisoned arrow. Hercules donned this, but on its becoming warm was siezed with violent pain. On tearing it off, pieces of the flesh came with it. He was taken home, and when his wife saw what she had done, she hanged herself in despair. Hercules raised a pile of wood on mount Etna placed himself upon it and commanded it to be set on fire, after having given his wishes to his oldest son. A cloud descended and he was carried to Olympus and made immortal, reconciled to Juno, who had thus at last in a chain of circumstances brought about his earthly ruin through the beast she had reared. In his immortal state he married Hebe. He was worshiped at Greece and Rome, and the sacrifices offered to him were rams, bulls, and boars. He was the personification of strength energy and courage. Such was the character of one of the gods the ancient heathen worshiped. How unlike the sublime morality and charity of Christ who presents to us the type of perfection.

AORIUL.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

v.—ASIA (continued).

THE MANGO, MANGOSTEIN, CITRON, GUAVA, ECT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

I sing of the large fleshy mango;
I sing of the sweet mangostein;
Of the citron, so fragrant and acid,
With its rind of a delicate green;
Of the oily pistacio, the guava
That comes from the East and the West:
All gifts of the same loving Father,
To whom should our thanks be addressed.

How glad is the traveler, weary
And faint with the tropical heat,
To rest in the shade, and the fruitage
To pluck that's both acid and sweet!
How it cools his parched lips, how it quickens
The pulse that was languid and slow,
How it freshens, and gladdens, and gives him
The strength on his journey to go.

THE common Mango is a native of India, where as also in the West Indies, in which it has long been cultivated, its rich juicy fruit is much valued. The tree grows to the height of from thirty to forty feet, throwing out its wide-spreading branches at a distance of eight or ten feet from the ground; the leaves are smooth and shining, seven or eight inches long, of a shape something like the head of a lance or spear; the blossoms are a reddish white, or yellowish, and the fruit, for which the tree is celebrated, is something of a kidney shape, glossy, and marked with little dots all over: cut the green or golden rind and you get at the sweet juicy pulp, in which is the large flattened kernel, which is said to be very nutritious. The fruit of the Mango is rarely seen in this country, so that probably none of our readers have tasted it.

The Mangostein is the next Asiatic fruit of which we have to speak, and it is said to excel them all in richness of flavor. The tree which bears it seldom grows higher than twelve feet; it has a straight stem, and light straggling branches, by no means thickly set with leaves, which are from seven to eight inches long, and smooth. The fruit is round, like the orange; of a dark-brown color when ripe, with yellow or grey specks: like the orange, too, it has the pulp which lies beneath the thick rind, divided into cells by filmy partitions; its delicate flavor, and slight acidity, render it very pleasant, especially in the hot coun-

tries where it grows: it is most beneficial to those who suffer from fevers.

The tree has been successfully cultivated in some English conservatories since 1729, when it was first introduced into this country; but it not until 1853 that it could be made to produce fruit.

It is a hard kind of fruit of which we have now to speak, and we almost wonder why it is here at all, as we did not, among the fruits of Europe, describe our old friends the chestnut, and the walnut, the filbert, the hazel-nut, or the Spanish nut, which we know best, by its more familiar name, crack-nut; why this particular nut is so called we cannot understand, for they are all crack-nuts.

However, here is this Pistacio, or Pistacia nut, in the group of Asiatic fruits before us, and we must do our best to crack it. It is the product of a tree which grows about twenty feet high, a native of Persia and Syria, but it is now cultivated all over the south of Europe and north of Africa; the nut is the size of an olive, and splits into two halves when ripe, showing the kernel, which is of a bright green color, and delicate, but somewhat oily taste: it is sometimes called the green almond, and in its properties it resembles the common sweet almond. The Pistacio tree produces fruit in this country, but the nuts never ripen; when imported they are seldom good, as the oil in them soon becomes rancid.

Another of the fruits here represented is the Citron, and the only part of it that our readers are likely to have tasted is the rind; that thick green, sweet candied-peel, which is sold by the grocers for Christmas puddings. The Citron tree is a native of the north of India, but is now generally cultivated in all warm climates, and also in temperate ones in hot-houses; like the lemon and the lime, to which it is nearly related, it is highly valued for its agreeable acidity. The leaves of the plant are in shape oblong, toothed, or slightly indented at the edges; the flowers are of a dark violet color, and the fruit, shaped like the lemon, presents a very uneven surface, being warted and furrowed all over; and it is sometimes nine inches long, and twenty pounds in weight.

The fruit on being cut across, and opened, would show its division into cells, with the seeds embedded in the pulp; this is the Guava, of which the delicious jelly is made which our friends sometimes send us from the East or West Indies. There are several kinds of Guava trees, all of which belong to the myrtle family, and some of which are natives of America. The species we are best acquainted with is the common or white Guava, and is generally of low growth, but sometimes rises to the height of twenty feet: it has smooth, dark-green leaves, from one to three inches long, and small fragrant white flowers. The fruit is as large as a hen's egg, something of a pear-shape, smooth, and of a yellow color when ripe, with a thin brittle rind, within which is the firm, flesh-colored sweet pulp, full of hard seeds, and from this the Guava jelly is made, which has become a regular article of commerce.

JOHN, THE DISCIPLE OF CHRIST.

HT was in the different parts of Asia Minor where most of the events recorded in the Scriptures took place. It had many flourishing cities, and produced many men of renown, whose names and writings have come down to us as statesmen, poets, and philosophers; but the obscure disciple of Christ, who passed from one of their proud cities to another, upon his sacred mission, has left upon record that compared with which their learning and philosophy is as nothing.

They were admired by the great and powerful, and applauded in the Forum; but he was cast out, despised, persecuted, imprisoned, and banished out of their sight, to the place where criminals were sent, the lonely desolate island of Patmos; but Christ's followers cannot be alone, though invisible to mortal sight, the Redeemer is ever

near, and the angels by God's command attend them day and night.

Upon this little island in the sea, to which St. John was banished for the Truth's sake, he met the Savior face to face, he heard His voice, and felt the pressure of His loving hand. The hand he had so often clasped when they were friends in Gallilee.

In the disciple's account of the beginning of that interview with his Lord, he says: "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard a voice," and looking round he saw his Lord. Not as he had seen Him when together they traversed the hills and valleys of Gallilee, as from place to place He went about doing good, weary, hungry, and homeless. When he said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head." John remembered well those years of poverty, when he shared his loved Master's lot, and rested in His bosom; but when he saw him again, it was as the King of Heaven. Radiant with glory, and so overwhelming was the sight, that John fell at His feet as dead: but the Heavenly King was still the loving friend, and He laid His right hand upon him, and said, "Fear not."

Then He told John what should come to pass in the last days, and commanded him to write it down, and send it to the churches. It is recorded in the Book of Revelations.

We learn from the Scriptures that the old-time Saints, as well as these of the latter days, had gifts differing. The apostle Peter had the gifts of healing in an eminent degree, and when he accompanied John, it was his voice in the name of the Lord Jesus that bade the lame to walk, the sick to rise.

We would suppose that the disciple whom Jesus particularly loved possessed great gifts, as is proven by the grandeur of his writings, and the wisdom with which he teaches the doctrines of Christ. His gifts might have been superior wisdom, and the power of winning souls.

The proud city of Ephesus, with its temples and palaces, has vanished from the face of the earth; a few heaps of stones, and a few mud cottages are all that now mark the spot; while the epistles John wrote to the Ephesians are read throughout the world, and will exist to the end of time.

The letters he wrote from his prison isle to the loving friends and co-laborers for Christ, now bless and warm the warm the hearts of the workers to-day, who are pruning the vineyard for the last time.

Whether the beloved disciple now rests in the Paradise of God, or still works for the Master on earth, as was his desire, is a matter of uncertainty to some. At one time when Peter asked the Lord concerning this matter, the Savior replied, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee," and the saying went abroad among the disciples, that John should not die.

In section eight of the Book of Covenants, we read these words of the Savior to John, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, because thou hast desired it, thou shalt tarry until I come in My glory.

Christ said of him on another occasion, "I will make him a ministering angel. He shall minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation, who dwell on the earth."

My little friends, very many of you will "tarry," and some of us go to our rest; but at the appointed time the King will "come in his glory," to free the earth from sin, and dwell with us in its Eden beauty, a thousand years. J.

Be always resigned to the dispensations of Providence.

Bishop Hacket's motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

Finish the work in hand before beginning anything else.

Be guarded in conversation, attentive, and slow to speak.

Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.

THE MISCHIEF MAKER.

"This is dull enough work," said a dear little breeze,
With the fragrance of June in her breath;
"Of living on rose leaves and taking my ease,
I'm just about tired to death!"
Dear me!
I'm just about tired to death!"

"I can't raise the wind in this poky old place,"
Said the breeze, with a dolorous sigh;
"So my quarters I'll change, if it brings me disgrace—
I must have a blow out or die;
Dear me!"
Said the breeze with a dolorous sigh.

The zephyr, quite out of her latitude falls,
And in search of adventure goes forth;
Receiving some hints as to tempests and squalls
From her friends at the east and the north.
Who say:
"You'd better keep north-east by north."

She found a small spark with tiniest glow,
And declared it would be a great shame
To let it die out just for want of a blow;
So she fanned it up into a flame!
Ah, me!
Such a beautiful, terrible flame!

It leaped and it crackled, and still the breeze blew,
And thought it was capital fun
To see the black smoke as it gathered and grew,
And put out the light of the sun.
"Just see,"
She exclaimed, "what a deed I have done!"

But she wearied at last of her frolicsome rout,
And the joy of her turbulent reign,—
"How I wish that this wretched old fire was out,
And I in my quarters again!
Oh, yes,
In my nice cosy quarters again."

But the flame she had kindled with vigorous breath,
To her bidding refused to give heed,
But went hurrying on its wild dance of death,
And mockingly laughed at her deed!
"Aha!"
How it mocked at her ignorant deed.

"Dear me," said the zephyr, "now where shall I go
To hide my disgrace and my shame?
Ah! little I thought that such ruin would grow
From the spark that I have fanned to a flame!
Dear me!
And nobody else is to blame!"

"This caution I give to all breezes that blow,
And to people that gossip about,
Be careful of sparks, least you kindle a glow,
That you'll find very hard to put out!
Just see
What came of my little 'blow out!'"

TRUST AND HOPE.

A Story of Two Old People.

TRUDEL, a self-willed little woman, roared outright on hearing this, and Carl took his pipe out of his mouth, and in a rough voice bade Lisa let the child be, for he had said she might keep the kitten. Lisa was greatly astonished, and cared little for Carl's hard words to herself, since he had shown this softness to her baby. "I knew he could not hold out against the darling," she thought; "the neighbors are all wrong; I see good times coming. 'Trust and hope,' that is it."

That night when Trudel was asleep in bed, Lisa sat knitting with the kitten nestling on her shoulder, just like old times, only better, for a happy smile came across her face every time she caught sight of the curly head on the pillow.

From that day Lisa was never afraid to leave the child with Carl, for he rather seemed to like it than otherwise. To be sure, he grumbled as much as ever at the extra expense to the household, but with Trudel herself he was almost gentle.

Lisa quite started one day as she was weeding the garden, to hear a strange, hoarse chuckle in the house, evidently Carl enjoying one of Trudel's tiny jokes. The old woman had entertained an angel unawares in taking the friendless child into the house. Carl was ashamed to show his liking for his little niece, but Trudel herself had no such feelings, and to Lisa's great joy would march straight up to her uncle, clamber on his knee,

and, even dare to pull his pipe out of his mouth.

Good days indeed were these for Lisa, though her old eyes ached and her limbs tottered with sitting up late at night to work for her little one. Bit by bit Carl was won back to kindness by his little niece. First he must heat the milk for her breakfast, Lisa was so busy she could not wait, then he must rock her and sing to her, she was sleepy; then on Sunday morning he must come to church; why did he never go to hear the pretty singing? and so on. Lisa, like a wise woman, said nothing. "It is the little sparrow's work to make my Carl's heart soft again," she murmured. "God took away our own babe, and He gives us this one in its place; I should only spoil it all if I took any notice."

Six months after Trudel's arrival, Carl was her slave, and happier far than many a master, though apparently as cross-grained as ever towards the rest of the world. But meantime trouble came in another form. There was fever in the village, and one of its first victims was little Trudel. For days she lay unconscious, and then the fever only left her to give place to a deathlike weakness. The doctor shook his head and said, "Nothing but a miracle and the best of nursing and feeding could save her." Lisa supplied the nursing, but where were the dainties to come from to tempt the appetite of the sick darling?

Carl listened in silence and then sauntered out. In half-an-hour he came in carrying a small bottle of wine, a roll of white bread, and some meat, which he gruffly bade Lisa cook and make into broth for the child. Lisa asked no question, and each day Carl brought home something nice for the sick, feeble child. Just as Trudel was able to creep about and laugh a little, Carl fell ill of the same fever; the day before he sickened he called Lisa and put into her hands a canvas bag containing a hundred and fifty pounds. "Uncle Max's legacy," he said. "Give Trudel all she wants, and take care of the rest."

Lisa's long-suffering heart was a little pained. This legacy which had been left Carl ten years since, he had always represented as a mere trifle, and here she had slaved and toiled to save the family from actual want, while Carl had the means, in their simple way of living, to keep them in comfort. But she would not dwell on this, all was now set right, and with Trudel running about again, if Carl would only get better, they would be the happiest people in Alten.

Carl looked death in the face during that illness—looked and shuddered, for the selfish, useless, stupid life he had led was no fit preparation for the new country to which, in his dull way, he hoped to go. The pastor came, but Carl was too ill to listen to him, though he would always have Trudel by him, and his calmest time was the little one's bed-time when Lisa would sing both of them to sleep.

But God spared old Carl,—spared him to a ripe old age, for Carl did ripen at last under the sun of a little child's bright presence. And Lisa's trust and hope were rewarded, her loving heart was filled at last, not only by little Trudel, but old Carl became to her as the "brave youth" of her girlhood. To the neighbors he was still somewhat morose and crusty, but the cottage door shut, he would relax, and the little trio was indeed a happy one. Carl never took back the canvas bag; at Lisa's suggestion the good pastor kept the bag in his own desk, and gave Lisa what she needed each market-day.

Carl worked now, chiefly in the garden, with Trudel playing beside him, thus giving Lisa more time for her knitting.

There is now a new grave in the Hill Cemetery at Alten, upon the cross at the head is inscribed "Trust and Hope." Lisa and Carl sleep sweetly there we think, while Trudel, a blooming maiden of fifteen, lives with the kind pastor, and keeps the grave gay with fresh wreaths. At Lisa's wish her favorite motto, "Trust and Hope," was written above her head, "It had kept her through life," she said "and might be a hint to a passer-by."

H. A. F.

AN EXAMPLE.

RECENTLY I met an elderly man who attracted my attention by his peculiarities. His head exactly corresponded with the busts I have seen of Webster. His brows were wide-apart and arching, and his forehead expansive and lofty. His look was kindly and his eyes gleamed with thoughtfulness, and he conversed fluently and understandingly. His voice was deep and sonorous, and he impressed me by many evidences of power. I was anxious of course to learn something about his occupation and position, and was surprised by the discovery that he was a journeyman blacksmith, traveling in search of a job—footsore and destitute, going without his meals and begging his tobacco.

I cannot assert that under more favorable circumstances he would have become a world-renowned Senator, but I am quite positive that there are world-renowned Senators who, if they had been raised in ignorance and vice, and set to shoeing horses, would have made just such vagabonds of which I have described a specimen.

The lessons of the case are that the mind must be occupied with facts and truths commensurate with its powers, or it will waste them on vagaries; and it must be directed to high aims, or it will accomplish no good result; and be fortified by good principles or it will work evil according to its power. There is no royal road to knowledge, usefulness, or happiness—"no excellence without labor." On all the roads of life are lions in the way. The energies must be stimulated and the powers rightly directed.

"Find out thy spirit's proper scope, then steel thyself and dare."

The times are evil, and passive goodness will not suffice.

The boys and girls of the church need watch-care and direction, but they need more; they need a place of refuge from the evils that flood the lands.

When the Order of Enoch is established their conditions will be improved. The sirens of temptation will be removed. There will be nobody there mean enough to sell whisky and there will be no cigars to suck. There will be no traps and snares for trusting happy hearts there.

The Lord hasten.

SIGMA PHI.

KEEP THE GATES SHUT.

AN English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of hunters riding about on his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post when the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain, one after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result: the boy remained immovable in the determination not to open the gate. After awhile, one of the noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones: "My boy, do you know me? I am the duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed: and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's expressed permission."

Greatly pleased the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat and said: "I honor the boy or man who can be neither bribed nor frightened into do-

ing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer not only the French but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah' hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke, or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements, and when the bold blasphemer would instill doubts of the great truth of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked against their infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool "who hath said in his heart, there is no God."

THE BIRD'S APPEAL.

"LITTLE girl, with golden hair,
Listen to a poor bird's prayer;
Boy, with brow of careless glee,
Do not scorn a mother's plea.

"Do not steal my nest, so neat,
And my baby birds, so sweet;
What know you of all they need,
How to warm, or how to feed?

"Boy and girl, your mother oft
Strokes your brow with fingers soft;
She loves you, as I love these;
Do bring back my darlings, please.

"Hard we worked my mate and I;
Many a sunny morn went by;
But we rested not, nor played,
Till our cosy home was made.

"Then what songs my partner sung
While I brooded o'er the young;
What long flights o'er vale and hill
We have had their mouths to fill.

"Show us mercy—you are strong—
Do not such a cruel wrong,
Lest yourself may vainly plead
For the mercy you may need."

The children sauntered home, the bird
Kept near them all the way;
But in their hearts no pity stirred
For birdie's grief that day.

They had not learned that love should be
To all dumb creatures shown;
That God does all their suffering see,
And hears each painful moan.

They went in-door, and left their prize,
Uncared for on the floor,
And birdie heard her nestlings' cries
Outside the cottage door.

In vain she longed to bring them food,
Or warm them with her wing—
She never more would nurse her brood,
Or hear her kind mate sing.

The cold night wind around her swept,
Sick, hungry, sad, and sore;
While safe the cottage children slept,
She died outside the door.

Dear children, 'tis a cruel thing,
And very wicked too,
To rob or hurt a living thing
That does no harm to you.

"CAN'T HELP IT."

A LITTLE girl followed after her father when he came into the house, with this question:—"Father, what can I do for you?" And never was she happier then when he gave her something to do for him. Once he said, perhaps tired with her asking:

"Child, why do you ask that question so often?"

"O, father," she answered, with two great tears swelling in her eyes, 'because I can't help it."

It was love that put the question, and the readiness to undertake whatever he sent her about was proof of the genuineness of that love; she wanted always to be doing something for him.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZATION.

Agreeable to previous appointment, members of the Columbus (Kansas) Branch, and friends to the cause met at the school-house, May 25th, 1873, for the purpose of organizing a Sunday School.

The house was called to order by Elder James Dutton; and he was chosen chairman, temporarily. Opened by singing, and prayer by Elder James Hart. Bro. M. B. Oliver was chosen secretary, *pro-tem*.

After which it was Resolved, that we organize a Sunday School at this place.

That Bro. J. Dutton be chosen superintendent.

That Bro. Curtis Randall act as assistant superintendent.

That Sister Anna A. King be secretary.

That Sr. Sarah C. Randall be treasurer.

Resolved that this school be called the Columbus Branch Sabbath School.

That half-past 9 o'clock a. m. be the time of meeting.

That Bro. C. Randall take charge of the first Bible Class.

That Sr. A. A. King take charge of the second Bible Class; and that Miss Anna Taylor assist her.

That Sr. S. C. Randall take charge of the first Testament Class.

Sr. Urrittie Randall take charge of a primary Class.

That minutes of the organization of Columbus Branch Sabbath School be sent to the *Herald* Office for publication.

After remarks from different ones, and Sabbath school services, closed with prayer by Bro. Oliver.

M. B. OLIVER, *Clerk, pro tem.*

CHIPS AND FILINGS.

Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride.
Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.
Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

Correspondence.

UNION FORT, Utah, June 16th, 1873.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—I sit down to try to tell you something about Utah, and my home. We live twelve miles south of Salt Lake City, just outside of a place called Union Fort. We have a very nice place to ourselves; but it is very lonesome here for me. We have meetings at our house every two weeks; but it is very seldom any one comes besides the Saints. There is no school of any kind in this place, and what I learn now I have to learn at home. I would very much like to come to the States to live, for I have not as yet seen any place but Utah, and these high mountains surrounding us. There is snow on the mountains all summer; the snow melts gradually, and comes down to us in the valley in streams of water. The water, is very high now, and dangerous. We have to water our land and our trees and our crops, or they would dry out, the country is so dry, and hot. The best resources of this country now are the mines. Some get very rich at mining, while others get poor and lose everything they did have.

Utah is a hard place for young folks to live in. It makes me sorry to see the young girls and boys, and hear them talk and make fun of the Bible and the books of God, and say they don't believe there is a God. O how can they believe there is no God, and look at the world and see the beautiful things which God has made. O how thankful I feel to think that God has given me light and knowledge enough to obey his work, and I know there is a God who sees all things. If we do right and keep his commandments, he will bless us. I will try to do all the good I can. I will try to obey my mother, and to be a comfort to her. Poor mother, she has had a great deal of trouble to raise me, and has had to work hard and long in this valley. I hope God will bless her now, and bless her child that she may cause her no trouble. I am young and silly, and very likely to do wrong sometimes; but I hope and trust that God will forgive all my sins, and I will try to serve Him. You must all pray for me, and I will pray for all the Hopes in Zion. I love all the Saints wherever they are. I remain your sister in Christ

LUICY A. GRIFFITHS.

[This is a step in the right direction. We thank Lucy for her pleasant letter.]—Ed.

A Few Words from a Young Sister.

I thought I would say a few words to the children in Zion. I am ashamed to own that this is the first response that I have tried to make to the many appeals for help that have been sent to the readers of the *Hope*, for contributions. Now I exhort you young Hopes of Zion, one and all, to try and help fill up the columns of this little paper, with some of your own composition. Something that will strengthen and encourage the weak ones, and those that have not been long engaged in the work.

I for one will hereafter try to do my duty. I have tried all along ever since I embraced the work; but I

mean to try to be mere faithful—more diligent.

I have not been long a soldier of the cross; but I believe every word that is taught by the Latter Day Saints.

Let us all pray for one another, for it will strengthen us if we pray in faith.

Your sister in Christ

CHRISTIE A. GAMET.

WILLIAMSTOWN, Chichasaw Co., Iowa.
June 8th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have thought for a long time that I would like to write to our paper, *Zion's Hope*; but was afraid I could not do well enough. Mamma says I had better try. I have taken the *Hope* two years, and like it so much. We live in the country, and I have just commenced going to school. I have one and three fourths miles to walk; but I have a little playmate that goes with me, so I am not alone. I am nearly ten years old, my mamma is a Latter Day Saint, and I hope to be one sometime.

From your friend,
FLOBA BOSWORTH.

[This is a charming little letter.]—Ed.

PLUM HOLLOW, Iowa, June 13th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—As I have been taking the *Hope* for a year, and never have written a line for it, I thought I would write a few lines now. I was baptized a year ago the 29th of last March. There is six of our family belonging to the church; but I am all the one that has sent for the *Hope*, of our family; but they all love to read it. I love it so well that I can hardly wait till it comes. Little Hopes, let us pray for each other. I love all the Saints, and may we ever be faithful, and that we may have our lamps trimmed and burning, that when Christ comes to make up his jewels, that we may be of that happy number. From your sister in Christ.

EMALINE WOLSEY.

Salem, Iowa, May 26th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have often felt that I would like to write to the dear little *Hope*; but always felt backward, fearing that my letter would not be as good as some of the others. This being a wet day, I was determined to try and see if I could not write a piece to the children. I am now thirteen, and I was baptized about three years ago. I love to go to meeting. My dear mother gave me a dollar the other day, and wishes me to make good use of it; so I thought I would lend it to the Lord, as the interest would be sure. I will try and do better next time. Yours truly,
MARY ELLEN HALLIDAY.

St. Louis, Mo., June 21, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I will try to write a few lines to the Hopes. I love to read the dear *Hope*, and always feel very interested in it, when I come home from Sunday School, I sit down and read it, and sometimes the tears spring to my eyes for joy. My desire is to be a true Latter Day Saint, that I might be saved when my days on earth are over. May God bless all the Saints and little Hopes, is my prayer. Yours in Christ
I. L. R.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$185 56	Nellie Worstenholm	...\$	50
Alice Worstenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	... 25	25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	... 25	25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	... 25	50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25			



We will be pleased if the subscribers to the *HOPE*, will understand that their postage on their papers *must be prepaid*; and that the proper place for them to *prepay* that postage is at the POST OFFICE WHERE THEY GET THEIR PAPERS. We can not pay here without great difficulty. Please do not send postage here, except for those out of the United States.



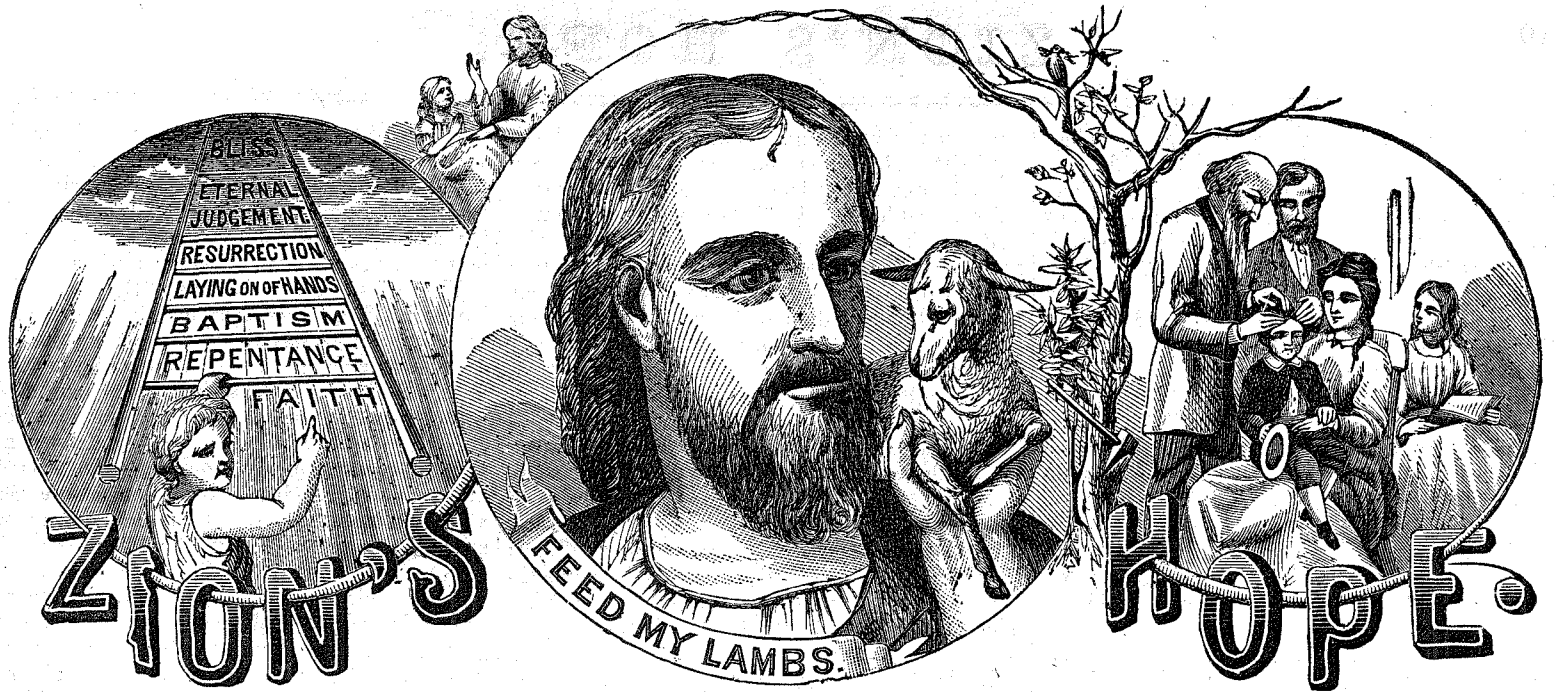
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

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No. 3.

PICNIC.

HAVING been disappointed on the Fourth of July by the passing of a violent storm that interfered with their plans on that day, the Sunday School of Plano Branch with their teachers, parents and friends, met on Saturday 12th, two o'clock P.M. at the stone chapel, sang a hymn and proceeded to the woods for a day of rest and pleasant recreation.

After a delightful walk to the leafy shades of the timber land bordering the creek running east of Plano, the school arrived, on the grounds selected by their committee, and found several swings in course of erection and other thoughtful preparations briskly culminating for their welfare.

The day was delightful, the place lovely; the great trees cast ample shades, checkered by the merry sunbeams, and dancing in the pleasant breezes. There was no formal programme, no set speeches to be made, all that had been blown away by the Fourth of July storm. But with one accord, and hearty good will, did every body fall to and with swing, croquet set, quoit pitching, ball and club, and the various ring games, with rope, key and handkerchief, enjoy themselves with unalloyed and innocent happiness long to be remembered.

Vexation, care, mock solemnity, and pharisaical longfacedness betook themselves elsewhere for they certainly had a poor show at that time and place, and considered themselves "not wanted." Time flew on swift wings and day began to decline ere any body was aware of that fact; a call resounded through the woods; the happy band assembled, a hymn and a prayer were offered, and a plentiful repast of excellent quality served up on snowy cloth spread upon the green carpet, happy groups gathered round them, and their inviting load began to disappear in a manner no one had time to take note of or explain.

After dinner the sport was resumed for a lively season, and then home was sought and the shadows left quiet once more.

KIND WORDS.

THEY never blister the tongue nor lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from that quarter. Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much. They help ones good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul. Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely.

Kind words make other folks good natured. Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch

them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kind of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and boisterous words, and warlike words.

Kind words also produce their own image in men's souls. And a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

OUR HOPE.

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6 14.

DEAR CHILDREN of the Hope family, how many of you can say that you have this hope, which so cheered the heart of the great apostle. I trust many of you can; but I fear there may be some who do not fully realize the blessedness of the christian's hope. When Jesus was about to leave his sorrowing disciples, he told them he would come again, and receive them unto himself, that where he was, there they might be also. (John 14 3.) Now do you not suppose this promise of the dear Savior filled their hearts with joy? And painful as was the thought that they must part with their loved teacher, the hope of one day seeing him again, and being forever with him, must have filled their hearts with gladness. Hundreds of years have rolled by since that promise was given, and still we are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ." (Titus 2 13.) And he will come. The precious promise of our Lord stands sure, and we shall see him.

But the question arises in our minds, how shall we behold him, when he will be revealed in the clouds of heaven? To those who are looking for him it will be a scene of inexpressible admiration and triumph, while to those who love not the Lord, it will be one of anguish and great tribulation. 2 Thes 1 6 10.

Dear friends, how will it be with us? If we are seeking the honor of God, by living up to all the light he has given us through his servants, and by the written word; then may we hope to be among that happy number who will exclaim, "For this is our God, we have waited for him, he will save us."

Dear young friends, it is possible for us all to be numbered with the redeemed ones. Will we do

it? Will we have a fixed principle to do just right, let the consequences be what they may? Methinks you will say, for one, pledge myself in the fear of God to do all I can with the little ability that God has given me, not only to save myself but to benefit others.

We must show by our daily walk that we love Jesus if we would have others love him also. It is not often that we can lead people to God by merely telling them how to come to him. We must show them by our words and actions what a good thing it is to be a christian.

If you wanted to teach any one how to do a piece of work which he had never done, you would not just tell him how to do it and then leave him alone. You would take right hold of the work yourself and show him how to do it.

Who will begin now to live in such a way, that all his actions will have a tendency to lead others to the Savior. A SISTER.

LITTLE THINGS.

SOMEWHERE, either in prose or poetry, I have read a story like this. It goes to prove that all things, great and small, have their uses.

A dark, portentous storm gathered in the west. Borne by the wind it swept along the forest, making even the mighty oak tremble. From its frail fastening on a topmost bough of the oak, an acorn lost its hold, and fell to the ground amid the leaves and dirt.

Its fall had even dislodged it from its snug little cup. The cup upturned was filled with water, and thus made unfit for use. Close beside the sheltering trunk of the sturdy, grand old oak, a poor little Robin sat resting himself from the buffetings of the storm; thinking to himself, no doubt, how grand it was to be an oak, and stand unbending in the blast, instead of a poor little robin, so tiny and frail.

The storm was over, Robin had regained his breath, and shaken his feathers, and now would fain have tried his wings again to rejoin his mates; but he was very weary. The heat before the storm had been intense, and he had been obliged to make such terrible haste, in order to reach the protecting arms of oak, that he was exhausted. His tongue felt parched, and his throat was very dry. He tried to sing, to call his mates; but all in vain; he could not utter a note.

Just then he espied the acorn cup, filled to the brim with sparkling water. It was just what Robin needed, just the very thing he wanted, and he drank up the last drop. Refreshed beyond measure he now flew to his favorite perch, over a cottage window.

One dwelt there who was called a poet. They are those to whom God gives much of himself; but denies them many earthly things, lest their souls should be tarnished by earthly taints. They do not always understand the loving Father's dealings with them, and for them, when dark shadows cross their pathway, and storms threaten in the distance, their sensitive souls shudder, and they sometimes exclaim; "Oh that I were as unbending as the oak."

Perched upon his ivy trellis, above the poet's window, refreshed and invigorated, Robin poured forth his sweetest song. Roused from his reverie within, the poet's soul was moved. The adoration of his heart went up, inspired by nature's sinless warbler to nature's—God. Taking up his pencil, he wrote his glowing words of praise to the Great Giver. From his humble cot they found their way into the busy world, entering homes of sorrow, and speaking words of peace; visiting the sick couch with soothing cheer, and pointing the dying to the land where storms never come.

Do you not see that the poet's song which blesses the world, was inspired by the Robin's, and the Robin gained his inspiration from the acorn cup, thus teaching us that all things, great and small, have their uses. We must despise none of them; for they are all God's ministers to do His will.

[The spirit that actuates this writer is like that of the Angel Bands.]—Ed.

LITTLE WILLIE.

"Dear mamma," low whispered Willie,
Rising from his trundle-bed,
Softly creeping after mother,
With a timid, noiseless tread,
'Do not leave your little Willie,
'Tis so very dark," he said.

"Dark! and what of that, my darling!
God is near you just the same.
When you feel afraid, dear Willie,
Call upon the Savior's name;
He will light your little chamber,
With a soothing, heavenly flame.

"It will drive away the shadows
In my little Willie's heart;
It will bid all gloomy feelings
From his timid soul depart;
Then the brightness of his Spirit
To the room will light impart.

"Jesus will protect you, darling,
So you need not be afraid;
He is ever near my Willie,
Both in sunlight and in shade.
Trust him dearest; sweetly slumber
Till the stars at daybreak fade."

Then upon his downy pillow
Willie laid his curly head,
All his fears of darkness vanished;
'I will trust the Lord he said.
'Surely I can fear no danger
While He watches o'er my bed."

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

"MY little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Dear Hopes, it is my desire to give to you, through the columns of the *Hope*, a word of exhortation, as a weak brother of yours in Christ. In giving the exhortation I shall see what our aged brother Paul says concerning the young Hopes in his time, "Why," says some, "did Paul talk to the young brothers and sisters in his time?" O, yes, in writing one of his epistles to Timothy, a young man in the church at that time, he gave some very good instruction to the young, (Timothy 12 chap. 22 verse.) "Flee also youthful lusts; but follow after righteousness, faith, charity, peace, with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart."

O, Dear children, when I behold the world lying in wickedness and sin, and hear children curse their parents my heart is pained. Let us trust it is not so with us who have been baptized into Christ,

have put on Christ, and as Paul says, of the death of Christ. Referring to our becoming dead unto sin by and through baptism. He speaks on this wise "For in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Romans 6 chap. 10 verse. Then dear readers, let us live to the Lord, and in all our actions and doings, in our walk and conversation, let all be done with an eye single to God's glory. Let us work while it is day. O, that we may all be faithful to the end of our lives, and follow Jesus all the way, let each one try to be more meek and lowly at heart as Jesus says "Come learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart;" and again Paul says "Children obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." "Honor thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth."

Little children, you know we must all work for the Lord. For He is so good and kind to us; he watches over us and takes care of us: he supplies us with food, raiment, and health, strength, and keeps us from dangers seen and unseen. And when storms arise, and lightnings flash so vividly through the skies and clouds, and the wind blows high, He keeps us safely. Oh think of his goodness; we have so many things to thank the Lord for. As the poet says "Eternity's too short to utter all thy praise." I look forward to the time when the Saints will inherit the earth, and walk on the golden streets of the "New Jerusalem."

The righteous shall live there, and there shall be no more curse, there, all will be pure, holy, perfect, cleansed, and undefiled, and the whole theme and song shall be "Holiness to the Lord." Be faithful, children; you all, I know, want to be there, and live with the Lord throughout eternity." Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them, because greater is he that is in you than he that is in the world." All unrighteousness is sin. Little children, keep yourselves from Idols. Amen.

I. F. Mc. D.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

V.—ASIA (continued).

THE DURIAN, ALMOND, NUTMEG, AND MALAY APPLE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Far away in the Indian seas,
Bloom the fragrant nutmeg trees,
Where the spicy islands lie,
Basking 'neath a cloudless sky;
Where fits birds of plumage gay
Round the hut of the fierce Malay
Where the tiger in the brake
Lurks beside the deadly snake,
There the stately durian tall
Lifts its head above them all;
Where God's chosen people dwell,
Where man's woes the Savior felt.
There the almonds grew beside
Holy Jordan's rippling tide,

THE Durian, or Durian, as it is sometimes spelt, is said to be one of the most delicious fruits of the East, though its rind has a very bad smell; so strong is this offensive odor; that in some places where it grows the people are forbidden to throw the rind of it in the public ways. We do not fancy eating anything which reminds any one of rotten eggs or onions; and yet, in some Eastern lands no feast would be considered complete without the great spiny Durian, which, before it is cut, looks like a hedge-hog rolled up. It is sometimes as big as a man's head, and within the thick rind is a soft, creamy pulp, the taste of which is so delicious, as to overcome the disgust caused by the bad odor. There are also within the rind ten or twelve large seeds, which, when roasted, resemble chestnuts.

A single tree, which is very large, will produce two hundred of those enormous delicacies, which

fetch a higher price in the markets of India than any other fruit. The tree has leaves like those of the cherry, and large bunches of pale yellow flowers; it is cultivated extensively in India and Ceylon, although it is not a native of those countries; it is too large for our European hot-houses.

The almond-tree is a native of Syria and Arabia, and is frequently mentioned in the Scripture, as when Jacob was about to send a present to Joseph in Egypt, he said.—"Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds." Again, in the miracle of Aaron's rod, it is said that "the rod of Aaron brought forth buds and blossoms, and yielded almonds;" and we read, also, that the almond, both tree and fruit, was selected as a pattern for the form for the candlesticks of the tabernacle, which were of pure gold. "Three bowls made after the fashion of almonds in one branch, a knob and a flower; and three bowls made like almonds in another branch, a knob and a flower; so throughout the six branches going out of the candlesticks. And in the six candlesticks were four bowls made like almonds, two knobs and two flowers."

The remarkable circumstance that this tree produces its blossoms before the leaves, is alluded to by a Greek writer, who lived three hundred years before the birth of our Savior. Sweet almonds come from the banks of the River Jordan, but they may also be obtained from Spain, Italy, and other parts of the south of Europe. The first tree of the kind planted in England was in the reign of Henry VIII; but they seldom come to perfection in this country, even in hot-houses. We need not describe this fruit to our readers; all know the rough fibrous shell, and the long brown kernel, so agreeable to the palate, especially with raisins, or enveloped in sugar. Many of them, too, must have seen the slender, graceful tree, which, early in the spring, puts forth its clusters of fruit blossoms upon bare boughs. Oil of sweet almonds, expressed or pressed out of the nuts, is the most tasteless of all oils; it is perfectly innocent, and good for coughs; but oil of bitter almonds, produced by other trees of the same family, is very poisonous, owing to the presence of prussic acid; it is chiefly used for scents and for flavoring custards, and such dishes.

NUTMEGS.

Are our readers aware that nutmegs and mace come from the same tree—are, in fact, but different parts of the same nut, the former being the kernel, and the latter the outer covering of it? The tree grows to the height of twenty-five or thirty-feet; it is a native of the Malaccas, or Spice Islands of the Indian seas, where the breezes are laden with perfume, the air is soft and balmy, the sky bright and cloudless, the sea a flashing mirror of silver, the sunshine a golden splendor, and "all save the spirit of man is divine." In this beautiful region, where the scenery is altogether glorious, grow the clove and the nutmeg, and many another odoriferous plant and shrub; and when the young nutmegs burst their flaky covering of mace, the fragrance they shed around is almost overpowering. These Malacca Islands were first discovered by the Dutch navigators, and while they were held by that people, who desired to keep the trade in their own hands; the valuable nutmeg-trees were jealously guarded; but when the British had possession of the islands, they allowed some of the trees to be transplanted to the West Indies and elsewhere, and now we get the spices from several quarters.

So the Nutmeg-tree now grows and flourishes in various tropical lands, and loads with fragrance other gales than those which blow o'er Indian seas. It has a straight stem, with a branching head, longish oval leaves, green and glassy on the upper surface, whitish beneath; it has small yellow blossoms; the fruit is round, or oval, about the size of a peach; it is green at first, but gradually becomes yellow as it ripens; the husk, when fresh, is thick and fleshy, full of red juice, which stains what it touches: the kernel is soft at first, but

it gradually hardens and assumes that peculiar granulated appearance, which any one who has ever grated a nutmeg must have observed. The nutmegs we use in this country come chiefly from our own colonies. And how many of these spicy nuts do our readers think we import in a single year? About 3,000,000 lbs. weight, the value of which is 70,000.

The Malay apple is generally about the size of a small plum. The tree which produces it is common in most of the islands of the South Seas, and all through the Malay Archipelago. The fruit is beautiful to look at, sweet to taste, and most agreeable to smell, having a fragrance something like that of the rose, so that it pleases three senses at once,—

'Tis pleasant to taste, to smell, to see,
A pleasant arrangement we must all agree.

LITTLE LIBBIE.

HAVE often thought of writing a piece for our little paper, but when thinking of those so much more capable of writing than myself, I thought I would keep silent; and give room for more able writers; but in looking over the columns of our paper I find quite a number of pieces selected from other papers. I also noticed a call for more original matter. I have, therefore, concluded to "throw in my mite," hoping it may interest, and also instruct our little readers.

I am going to tell you a little story, and a true one, for I do not like to read, nor write an untrue story.

It is about a little girl, whom we will call Libbie, I was well acquainted with her; she was the eldest of a family of nine children; she was very fond of play, full of mischief, and yet, at times, would think and talk quite seriously, of what was going to become of her after she died. She seemed to fear death very much, so much so, that she would, sometimes, awake in the night time and cry about it, and when the parents heard her, and inquired what she was crying about, she told them she did not want to die. Their answer was, "be still and go to sleep," which gave her little, or no consolation, and when little Libbie was seven or eight years old, she began to go to school and, quite frequently, when on the play-ground she would talk with her schoolmates about it.

At one time she asked her cousins if they supposed they would ever come back to this earth to live again, after they died. They told her they did not know but they would ask their folks about it, but Libbie, did not find the truth of the matter until she was a woman over twenty years of age. I will tell you by and by how she found it. At another time, while Libbie was yet quite young she went to visit one of her schoolmates, and thought she would ask her where people went to when they died. Libbie's schoolmate was two or three years older, than she, and doubtless had been taught to believe the following ideas, she therefore told her that when people died their bodies were buried in the ground and their spirits went to Heaven. She said our spirits did not have eyes, nor ears, nose, nor mouth. This was an idea Libbie did not like, for she thought if this was our condition after death she would rather live here and never die. She was sure she could not live always; for, daily were both the old and young passing away, and she felt sure that her turn must come sooner or later. She feared it much but she was permitted to live to hear the Gospel preached in its purity. How great was her joy when she heard it, for in the Gospel was contained the answers to the questions she so often asked in her childhood. Little Hopes do you not think the Lord was good to little Libbie, in sparing her and giving her an opportunity of hearing the truth. I will tell you now how she came to hear it; but first allow me to say that Libbie's parents were not professors, and had never taught her to read the Bible, consequently she was very ignorant of what the scriptures contained. When the Lord sent His servants into the neighborhood where

Libbie resided, she being at this time about twenty-one years of age, she and her husband at once believed and obeyed the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Which is—

1st Faith in God and in His Son Jesus Christ.
2nd Repentance to turn from evil and learn to do good.

3rd Baptism. For the remission of our sins.

4th Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, and through faithful obedience to these commandments until death, our spirits will go to a place of happiness, there to await the resurrection of the just, when our spirits and bodies will again unite and live on the earth. In a far happier state of existence; for there will be no more sickness, pain, nor death to fear, neither sorrows nor vexation of spirit; all will be peace and harmony, and we will dwell in the presence of our Savior, who so loved us that he gave his life for our sakes, that we might enjoy these great blessings with Him. So you see Libbie had great reason to rejoice over these "glad tidings" to think that she could come back to this earth to live, and could eat, drink, hear and see, and know her friends whom she so dearly loved here. What a happy thought; little Hopes, let us try to do good and shun evil, while here we live, that we may enjoy these great blessings. Ask your parents to instruct you in all that is good, that your hopes of a part in the first resurrection may shine brighter and brighter. Perhaps you would like to know who Little Libbie is, as I told you at the beginning of my story that I was well acquainted with her. she proved to be the one who now sits writing this story for you and I still feel to rejoice in those "Glad tidings of great joy."

Good by for this time, and accept the best wishes of your unworthy sister in Christ.

S. E. THOMPSON

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul did dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast;
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence—
For the stoutest held his breath—
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talk'd with Death.

And we sadly sat in darkness,
Each one busy at his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whisper'd,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then he kiss'd the little maiden,
And he spoke in better cheer,
And we anchor'd safe in harbor,
When the morn was shining clear.

A SKETCH OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

HAVING seen a call some time ago for contributions to the *Hope*, I thought I would for once write an article to fill up a space in that interesting little paper. I shall endeavor to narrate a few incidents as I passed through them. I now live far away in the land of Utah, but my memory reverts to the days of my youth.

I cannot well tell what led my mind to serious reflection on the subject of religion, at so early a period of my life. My mother although a moral woman was not religious; but before I could read she taught me to repeat the Lord's prayer, and she also taught me to be truthful at all times, and to obey my parents would gain the favor of our heavenly Father.

When but a child I dreamed a dream that I still remember although my gray hair, and wrink-

led brow now tell that I am ripening for the tomb' and although I have passed through troubles common to the lot of woman, the remembrance of this dream still remains as if to convince me it was given to lead my mind to reflect on this subject.

In those days it was taught and believed that the Savior would not again come to the earth but that there would be a reign of peace and righteousness upon the earth, which would be called the spiritual reign of the Redeemer. I dreamed that my mother called me out to the door to behold the Son of Man coming to the earth. I heard no sound of trumpets nor did I see winged angels attending but I cast my eyes upward and beheld an unusual sight and there my dream ended. My parents were protestants, and the descendants of protestants, but when very young I did not believe in infant sprinkling for baptism, as taught and practised by Roman Catholic, and most of the protestant churches.

In the town where I lived were a dozen learned and reverend divines preaching for hire, and for money. Giving private interpretations to the Scriptures. There was one that preached who was not so well learned as the others, and whose salary was not so large. He taught that the proper persons to baptize were adults, who had repented of their sins, and the proper way to administer baptism was by immersion in water.

I thought that this illiterate preacher told the most likely story, if the scriptures were to be our guide. My parents were unwilling that I should become a member of that church, and I did not accomplish it till I was fifteen years of age. I was considered too young to make choice of any religion, and my father forbade my being baptized. I had not been in the habit of disobeying, no fear was entertained of my disobedience; but the baptist minister being jealous to add to his church taught the young that to be obedient to the voice of God, was better than to fear man, and encouraged the young to get baptized without the consent of their parents, if they could not obtain it.

It was on a Sabbath day afternoon, at one o'clock, that another girl about my own age and I, presented ourselves ready for baptism. The members of the church assembled at the edge of the water, and offered up prayer. Over the river were two bridges, which were crowded with people passing and repassing from their respective places of worship at the same hour of the day, and we were baptized in the presence of a multitude whose attention had been attracted. My father threatened the minister with a law suit; but was diverted from his purpose by those who sought to appease his anger. It was not long till this minister was removed and another succeeded.

My father was about this time laid on a bed of severe affliction, and our new minister came to visit, and he and my father became friends. After a while I heard of another kind of baptist, who believed in baptism for the remission of sins, and I desired to join them, for I thought that was more like the Scriptures. After my father had recovered from his illness the minister still kept up his visits, and he and my father agreed to prevent me from seeing any of the Campbellite Baptists, so that I never had the opportunity of uniting myself with that body of religionists. But I withdrew from the Baptist denomination, gave in my note of resignation, and would not attend their meeting any longer.

All my anxiety now was the fear of being taken away by death, without being baptized for a remission of my sins, and I felt as if it were a cruelty to prevent any one from attending to an ordinance so all important to those who felt they had sins to be remitted. The thought never once occurred to me that those man made ministers were preaching and baptizing without authority from Heaven, and that God did not acknowledge them as his servants. I never once thought of the true church of God having receded from the face of the earth, through the degeneracy of man, and that none upon the face of all the earth could

legally administer in the ordinances of life and salvation till the everlasting gospel was restored, with power to administer in its ordinances.

In the year 1842 I heard of an angel who had come flying through the midst of Heaven with the everlasting gospel to preach unto every nation, kindred, tongue and people, and that he had committed the last dispensation of God's goodness to man to Joseph Smith. As soon as I heard the proclamation of salvation to the human family I believed that angels ought to be ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for those who should be heirs of salvation.

But O, there was a cry of delusion and false prophets sounding wherever these glad tidings were preached, and abuses were heaped upon the followers of Joseph Smith, and I had often been told that this was now the third time, I was as a cloud without water, as a raging wave of the sea, a wandering star to whom is reserved only blackness of darkness for ever.

It is true that I like many others, had been grasping for truth, and grasping in the dark; but those who were contented to adhere to their old dogmas could not make me believe that I would be reserved in everlasting chains, because I had been seeking truth, and my highest ambition was to find it. Previous to this the Campbellite Baptists had left the place, and my parents thought it unnecessary to keep restraint upon me.

A small branch of Latter Day Saints was organized in that town, and I had an opportunity of attending three of the meetings before it became known that I had been to any. I felt in these meetings as if some pure spirits from a better clime had come to minister. I felt too as if I was a prisoner when restraint was again put upon me. One night after all the family had gone to sleep, I went to the house of one of the brothers to get baptized, but I was told that attending to the ordinance under such circumstances would prove hurtful to the cause, and bring my father's displeasure upon the Saints.

While I was away I had been missed, and on my return I found my father and brothers putting on their clothes to go in search of me.

To be Continued.

A BRAVE SOLDIER.

WE have our English heroes in high and humble life, whom we are never weary of holding up as examples to our children, and so it is with other nations. The following anecdote, told to many a little, round-eyed, German boy, preserves the remembrance of one such here of the battle-field.

Our English General Elliott, when Governor of Gibraltar, and during the siege of that fortress, was himself making a tour of inspection, to see that all under his control was in order, when he suddenly came upon a German soldier, standing at his post silent and still, but he neither held his musket, nor presented arms when the general approached.

Struck with the neglect, and unable to account for it, the General exclaimed,—

"Do you not know me, sentinel, or why do you neglect your duty?"

The soldier answered respectfully, "I know you well, General, and my duty also: but within the last few minutes two of the fingers of my right hand have been shot off, and I am unable to hold my musket."

"Why do you not go and have them bound up then?" asked the General.

"Because," answered the soldier, "in Germany a man is forbidden to quit his post, until he be relieved by another."

The General instantly dismounted from his horse.

"Now, friend," he said, "give me your musket and I will relieve you; go and get your wound attended to."

The soldier obeyed; but went first to the nearest guard-house, where he told how the General

stood at his post, and not till then did he go and get his bleeding hand dressed.

This injury completely unfitted him for active service; but the news of it having reached England, whither the wounded man had been sent, King George III. expressed a wish to see him, and for his bravery he made him an officer.

H. F. A.

BABY NETTIE.

She's a tiny little darling,
With soft and golden hair,
And blue eyes that shining mind you
Of the sun-filled summer air;
And the purest drifting snow flake
Falling in the winter day,
Scarcely could be whiter, purer
Than that brow and cheek to-day.

Yet the dancing light is playing
In her laughing eyes of blue,
And her rich red blood is bounding
The tinted life-veins through.
And her little fingers wandering
Softly o'er my cheek and brow
While the baby voice is cooing
With sweet music in it now.

Sweetest baby, Nettie darling,
Of one little rolling year,
Sent us when the fading flowers
And the birds gave us their cheer.
While the little hands are wandering
Softly o'er my brow and cheek,
I clasp thee closer precious darling
While a fear I cannot speak,

Comes shuddering quickly o'er me,
For I know tis only clay,
That I hold close to my bosom,
It may shatter any day.
And this face that shines so brightly,
And this silken golden head,
May be pillowed where the daisy
Nods above the sleeper's bed.

As I clasped the baby darling,
Now a prayer goes up the while,
That our sky may not be darkened,
By the breaking of thy smile.
That these little feet may linger,
In earth's pleasant shady ways,
And thy presence be a blessing
Through long happy coming days.

Correspondence.

COTTAGE CORNER, Kansas, June 20th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph;—I thought I would write you a few lines; and as it is the first time, you must excuse my mistakes. We have a good Sunday School here. Pa has gone to Indiana and Kentucky on his mission, he started last Sunday, and we are very lonely, I was eight years old last Tuesday. I send my love to all the little Hopes. Please put this in the children's column. I like to read the *Hope* very much. I will try to do better next time. Yours in christ,

CENIA J. SPRINGER.

St. DAVIDS, Fulton Co., Ill.,

June 19th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I seat my-self to answer the questions asked by M. T. Clemensen. The name of the first man that was burnt to death for the Gospel's sake was Abinadi; as found in the 9th chapter, Book of Mosiah, Book of Mormon.

The name of the man who found honey in a lion's carcass was Samson; as found in Judges 14th chapter, 8th and 9th verses. I hope that the above answers are correct.

Dear little brothers and sisters. Which of the Prophets said "Amen" to a false prophecy?

Who was he that sinned by numbering Israel?
Of which of the Prophets does the Scriptures declare as having not ascended into the heavens?

Answers to all of the above questions to be found in the Bible. Your brother in Christ.

EVAN E. MORGAN.

CASEY, Adair Co., Iowa,

June 25th, 1873.

Dear Little Hope:—I thought I would sit down, and write a few lines to you. I have just come in from gathering strawberries. I did not get many, for there were not many to get. Papa, and mamma, and Mary, and the two babies, have gone to meeting out in the country, about three miles from here, left Adelia and me here to take care of the house. I like very well to read the children's column and I hope that all

the other little Hopes have the same chance that I have. Well, little *Hope*, it is time to go and get supper. I will try and write more next time.

Love to all the little Hopes. FANNY M. WEEKS

WHITE CLOUD, May 28th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I send the answer to the Enigma in the May 15th *Hope*, I believe it is correct. Something by Jesus done. He wept. The answers to the questions are these, Jesus, Eleazar, Samson, Uriah, Samson, Widow, Elisha, Proverbs, Timothy. I hope there will be more questions in the *Hope* right along. From your young sister in the Covenant.

M. A. CLEMENSEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 9th 1873.

Dear Bro. Joseph:—I do not belong to the Church but I hope I will soon belong. I am going to be baptized by Elder J. Roberts. I love all my little sisters and brothers, and all the Saints. While I look over the columns I feel a desire to write to the *Hope*. I have taken the *Hope* almost ever since it came out. I love to go to Sunday School and read the Bible, and sing in my new singing book. May God bless you all.

EMILY HART.

SOLDIER VALLEY, June 10th 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have seen some more questions in the *Hope*, which I will answer, as well as I can. The name of the man that was burned to death for the Gospel's sake, I think was Abinadi. You will find it recorded in Book of Mormon, Book of Mosiah chapter 9th. The ancient that found the honey in the carcass of a lion was Samson, the strong man. You will find it recorded in Judges chapter 14th.

I am reading the Bible through, and think it is a good book for us to read. I want to try and serve the Lord, so that I may be saved at the last day. From your little niece

N. M. BALLANTYNE.

June 22nd., 1873.

Bro Joseph:—For a long time I have thought of writing a few lines for the *Hope*. It has always been a welcome visitor to our home, with its lessons of truth and beauty for the young, and the old; for I think as much of reading it as the children do. May it long continue to bless the homes of the poor, is my prayer.

AUNT MARY.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Ill.

July 6th 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—We live in Viola. There are no Saints here but pa and ma. Bro. Tommy Smith preached here one evening, when he was on his way east, and did much good here. If we had a few more sermons here like that, the folks would not think Latter Day Saints were so bad. My love to all the little Hopes.

G. E. CADMAN.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cal.,

June 21st, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have never written to the *Hope* before, and I thought that I would write a few lines. There are so many children who write in other places that I am encouraged to try. We have had no Sunday School for a long time. But I understand that there is soon to be a school. I have not been baptized; but I am to be before long. So good by

JULIA ANN MEEN.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$185 56	Nellie Westenholm	...\$	50
Alice Westenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	...	25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	...	25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	...	50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25	Mary E. Kyte	...	3 00
W. H. H. Brown	... 3 90	Mary Clements	...	50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	9 00
Joseph Lightowler	... 25

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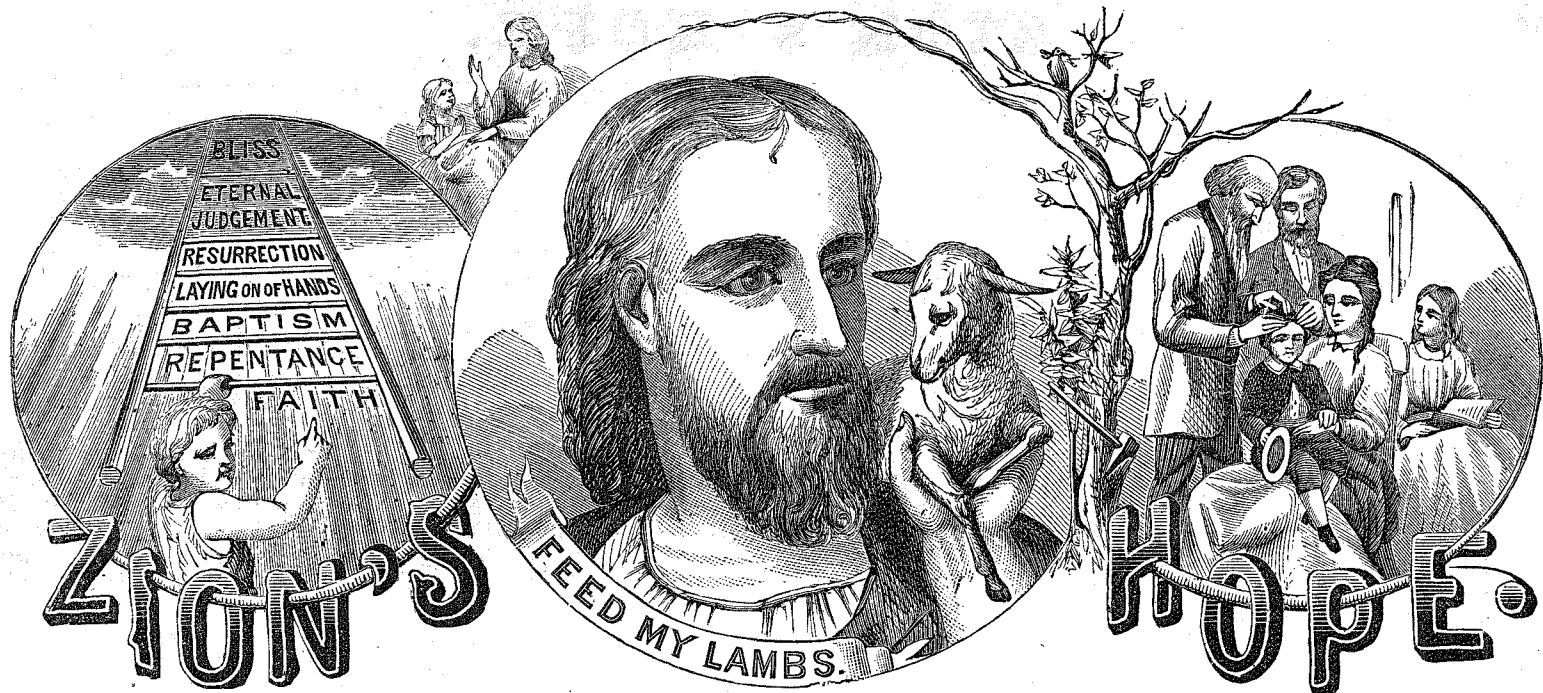
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., AUGUST 15, 1873.

No. 4.

MISTAKING.—A DIALOGUE.

ANNETTA, Preceptress. PHILLIPPA, LEORA, MARY, PAULA, } Her Pupils. JULIAN, Annetta's brother. VION, his friend. FATHER LANO. MOTHER LANO.

ANNETTA. For my part I am heartily glad this term of study is over. The young ladies have done well enough; but then all young ladies are slow and blundering, and these have been peculiarly aggravating, and trying. To think of the hours I have toiled, and of their stupidity, and mistaking, is too much for me. Now I believe in being wide awake, looking about you, careful, and sharp set. Now it is half-past eight, and I have waited from eight for Leora to appear, and read me a letter of invitation to my brother Julian, whom I have not seen for years, and his friend, whom I have never seen; in which letter I am to correct mistakes.

LEORA. Well, and here I am; and here is our letter.

ANNETTA. And a pretty time I have waited.

LEORA. Waited! Why its only eight.

ANNETTA. It is half-past eight.

LEORA. My watch says eight.

ANNETTA. And mine says half past, and my watch is right!

LEORA. Of course it is. You are always right. Who ever knew you to be wrong?

ANNETTA. No one to be sure. What is the need of being wrong? I am careful.

LEORA. But one will mistake in spite of care.

ANNETTA. No such thing. If one is careful, there is little need of being under mistake.

LEORA. Ah! dear—me.

ANNETTA. Never mind—there—let us see what you have written.

LEORA. Here it is, and I warrant its full of them.

ANNETTA. [The letter.] Dashton, August 12th, 1873. Mr. G—oo—l—yo—n—what a way to spell Julian, ha! ha! to be sure.

LEORA. Why, how should it be spelled then?

ANNETTA. Ju—lian—to be sure. Let us see what else you have here. Mr. Julian Grey. We jointly write to inform you without ceremony, that our term of study is now closed, and without any farther preangle,——preangle—preangle—why, what is preangle? I have heard of right angle, triangle, and many other angles—but of a pre-angle I have yet to learn.

LEORA. Why; what should it be?

ANNETTA. Preamble,——of course,——and without farther preamble, we would most heartily extend an intimation for you to spend the vacation the——ha! ha! ha!——an intimation——indeed that's too good!

LEORA. I suppose——I——meant invitation——

ANNETTA. Yes, you meant invitation, and gave merely a gentle hint. What next—extend an invitation to spend the vacation with us. Your sister, our gentle preceptress, will be glad to see and welcome you, as a brother, and we as a friend. [That's good of you.] We have a nice sail boat; the lake is a nice place; and our ponies are also nice; [LEORA. Too much nice]; and we can also take splendid rides in the carriage; or—ah! ha! ha! ha! in the ha! ha! ha!

LEORA. Goodness; what is the matter now!

ANNETTA. In the preampotater. Ha! ha!

LEORA. What should it be?

ANNETTA. If you mean that light double buggy, we sometimes call it a Perambulator,——but preampotater is outrageous!

LEORA. Well, do go on.

ANNETTA.——splendid rides in the carriage or perambulator, and we can also have pic-nicks; (you spell Picnic like old nick, Leora); we can also have picnics in Henning's woods. If you come we shall certainly enjoy ourselves. Hoping to hear of your exceptions soon, we remain, Respectably, The Lano Sisters.

If you send that letter as it is, he will certainly take exceptions to it; and you mean respectfully, as it is well known that the Lano's are eminently respectable without your telling it. Get your pencil and correct the mistakes I have pointed out, and begin Dashton with a capital D. and leave a margin down the left hand side, dot your i's, and cross your t's.

LEORA. And—and—anything else?

ANNETTA. Yes——I counted sixteen blots, and four thumb marks, and you forgot to scent the paper; after correction, write it with ink, and scent it. Where is your pencil?

LEORA. I had it just now, and now I can not find it, oh—dear—that's just my luck. Now you'll scold again.

ANNETTA. Is it not on the table?

LEORA. No.

ANNETTA. Nor the floor?

LEORA. I can not see it.

ANNETTA. Ha! ha! Look at me. Do you not see it?

LEORA. No.

ANNETTA. Are you standing on it?

LEORA. Why no.

ANNETTA. Do you not feel it?

LEORA. Why, do you see it?

ANNETTA. Yes.

LEORA. Where is it?

ANNETTA. Behind your ear.

LEORA. Ah, gracious me; I could break it.

[runs out.]

ANNETTA. Come back and make your bow.

LEORA. Preceptress,—[bowing] you are too severe.

ANNETTA. [bowing] I am not, there is no need to make mistakes.

PART SECOND.

[Paula, Mary, Phillippa, and Leora, seated in class with books.]

MARY. Well, Leora, did you get your letter mailed all correctly.

LEORA. Yes, at last I did; but it cost me a great deal of vexiety and anxiety, I can tell you. I never was so exterminated in my life over anything.

MARY. Why, what was the matter?

LEORA. Why, you know I can talk perfectly incorrect and improper; but when ever I go to write I always get things in a comprehensible mixture, so my letter was full of mistakes. I had to write and prewrite it again, and then copy it, scent it and send it.

PHILLIPPA. And so after having to scent it, you have sent it, and it is gone; so let it go, and tell me what Annetta wants of us now.

PAULA. She wants to examine us formally before our father and mother, and receive her pay, and dismiss the class, or resign her duty as Preceptress.

PHILLIPPA. O! well then, I am glad.

MARY. And so am I.

PAULA. And so am I.

LEORA. And I am so.

ANNETTA. [Entering]. Well, young ladies, I see you are in readiness. Your father and mother have come to hear you reviewed, and then to pay me for my long tedious labor.

FATHER L. Val, yees, now me will hear us recide to dese gals, und see vat dey has learned all de winter out, already, purty quick.

MOTHER L. Yah, yah, dot ish vot me shall do now, und now you gals you make no misdakes, ober I shall shut you all both the garret down in, or oop in de cellar, one or dynodder. So yoost look out purty much.

ANNETTA. We are all ready, I believe. [My heart fails me. I believe they will not pass examination, after all my trouble] Now, Paula, what is a noun?

PAULA. A noun. Why a noun is any place, thing, or person of a name.

ANNETTA. Heavens, what a definition. Did you ever hear the like!!!!

FATHER L. No, my gudeness, I nefer tid. Phillippa, you got him de first time, you shall half a new tress; you is a gooda gall, already any more.

ANNETTA. [Well; as it seems to please the

father, it might as well go at that. Its a huge mistake however.] Leora; do you know what a noun is?

LEORA. A noun—a noun—oh, yes; a noun is a large place filled with houses, and very many inhabitants. Plano is a very large noun.

ANNETTA. Mary; you can tell what a noun is, cannot you? Leora is thinking of a town, I suppose.

MARY. A noun is a word, of course. I read that in my grammar to day.

ANNETTA. Oh, dear; but what kind of a word?

MARY. Why, a word—a word—oh, yes; a word expressing an active, transitive state of being, doing, or suffering.

ANNETTA. Then I must be a noun, for I am suffering acutely. Phillippa; do tell us what a noun is?

PHILLIPPA. A noun—a noun—why a noun is a noun, of course. Don't you know what a noun is?

ANNETTA. I am in despair! I shall go wild!!

FATHER L. O yes, dat is ferry gooda gals.

ANNETTA. A noun is a name, you dummies.

ALL THE GIRLS. O! yes; a noun is a name. We all know that.

MOTHER L. Oh, my gooda gals, you shall half one tress for all four of you, any more, das was good. I have too learned dot in Yarmony.

ANNETTA. We will try in geography. Leora; what is an island?

LEORA. An island is a body of water entirely surrounded by land.

ANNETTA. You mean right the other way, do you not?

LEORA. Oh yes, a body of water surrounded by land right the other way!!!

ANNETTA. Phillippa; what is a lake?

PHILLIPPA. A narrow tract of land connecting two bodies of water, inhabited by tads and frog poles.

MOTHER L. Ach, Hi aa.

ANNETTA. There is not the slightest use of questioning further; you see how they answer; and that is not the half they can do; (which is the truth. I never saw such girls. (which is truth also). Are you satisfied or will you ask them something? [I have tried hard enough, anyhow.]

FATHER L. Only von ding. Vot is geogra-
phee, already.

LEORA. Geography is a description of the sun revolving round the moon, also the stars, meteors, and such like; and the earth not a globe.

ANNETTA. Are you satisfied?

MOTHER L. O, yes; we are satisfied. Yo pays us de money. Our gals are very good gals. Twenty-five dollars a month for three months, multiplied by the shawl I buys mit you, makes two hundred dollars, and if you cut out of dat a silk velvet dress you buys mit me, it makes ine hundred fifty; here dey is in your hand, und tanks you us first rate, for you teach by my gals verra goode. You has much obliged mit us, und—und I—is—sorry—de schule is done mit.

FATHER L. Dree cheers for the governess, hip, hip, hip, hip.

ALL. Hurrah!

FATHER L. Hip, hip, hip, hip.

ALL. Hurrah!

MOTHER L. Vill you hold your moual. If I preaks your back mit the broomstick over, you will be quiet. Youst go and get some peer, und we will all drink de governess' healt to ourselves. Annetta, you take this necklace of pearls for you hart work.

PART THIRD.

LEORA. Well, we received the answer to my trying letter, two days since, and all things are in readiness, and the young gentlemen have come; they will be up shortly, so just put on your best faces girls.

PHILLIPPA. I say, girls, I have found an idea!

MARY. Have you indeed; that's wonderful

for you. Does the fact so new to you not disagree with you?

PAULA. An idea, oh!! That's awful nice. Do give it to me; here in my hand. Is it pretty? Let us see what it's like.

LEORA. O! say, shall I call the servants to throw water in her face? An idea! Do get over it quick.

PHILLIPPA. I don't wonder at you; I suppose none of you ever had an idea in your life.

LEORA. Do you feel very bad, and is it catching? Tell me quick.

PHILLIPPA. You know Annetta—

ALL. Well yes, we've seen her a few times.

PHILLIPPA. Do be quiet and hold your tongues. [They all hold their tongues in their fingers]. You know she is always berating us for being mistaken, or as she words it, making mistakes; now she has not seen her brother for a long time.

ALL. Yes—

PHILLIPPA. And the friend he brings with him she has never seen; now, when she enters do not tell her which is which; she will no doubt make a mistake between them, and that will be glorious.

LEORA. Oh! excellent. I hope she will.

ALL. And so do we, so do we; wouldn't we laugh.

PHILLIPPA. And we will get the young men to aid us in it, so they will keep quiet, and not put her on her guard.

MARY. Ha, it will be delightful. Hush, they are coming? Phillippa; you be spokesman.

PHILLIPPA. [Enter Julian and friend]. Good evening gentlemen Mr. Julian Grey. [Bowing and shaking hands.] Mr. Brown. [Bowing and shaking hands.] These are my sisters; Mary, Paula, and Leora.

ALL THE GIRLS. Good evening, gentlemen.

THE GENTS. Good evening, ladies.

PHILLIPPA. You will excuse our familiarity; but we have a little fun on foot. Your sister, Mr. Julian, has not seen you for years; your friend here, she has never seen. And we wish to see if she will know you. She is a great critical tyrant, and we wish her to mistake you, if possible.

JULIAN. I see how it is, and I will keep perfectly quiet. She has read me many a lesson on mistaking. I will help you all I can.

FRIEND. And so will I. But you must admit, Julian, that you are a fearful blunderer,—why only last night you put your clothes in bed, and hung yourself over the back of a chair.

JULIAN. That's nothing; one evening last week he called the dog indoors, and kicked himself out doors.

PHILLIPPA. Why, only to-day, Leora sat shelling peas one half-hour throwing peas out of the window, and putting the hulls in a pan.

LEORA. Yes; and what did you do the other day. She met an old man, a stranger, at the depot. "How do you do?" says she, "I am glad to see you." "I am well" he answered. "Will you walk along with me?" said Phillippa. "Why, yes, I don't mind," said the man. And she asked him to carry her bundle, which he did; but on getting to our door, she wanted him to come in, and stay all night with us. He told her she must be mistaken, as he had never seen her before.

PHILLIPPA. I thought it was our Uncle George Lano; but it was an entire stranger. Hush,—here comes Annetta. I really believe her infallible; of course she will know him.

ANNETTA. [Entering.] Where is he. Oh! here he is. [Running up to Mr. Brown.] Oh, my dear, dear, dear brother, [leading him forward by the arm], you have come at last. I am so, so, SO, glad to see you. You have been gone so long. How are you, and why don't you say you are glad to see me? Why don't you kiss your sister?

ALL. Ah, ha! ha! ha! Mistaken.

JULIAN. You may kiss my friend if you like, Annetta, so that you save one for me, your brother, and own that you have failed once. [Coming

forward.] I am heartily glad to see you, my sister.

ANNETTA. I am glad to see you, but I shall not kiss you; because you permitted me to make so egregious a mistake.

LEORA. You should not have been in a *hurrah*, Annetta, you should have been careful. There is no need to be mistaken if you only watch and are careful.

PHILLIPPA. For my part I do not think she was mistaken; it was only an excuse.

ANNETTA. I shall have to plead guilty of one, only one mistake.

MOTHER LANO. Mall, mall, dese young fellers will hungry been. You lazy gals, get to work. Paula, you pile some aiges. [Exit Paula] Mary hilf mees get oud the daple. [They set out a table.] Now I prings de strawberries. Strawberries is goode, dey picks me dis morgan in de garden, doo qearts, while my old man is de bed rine. [She brings the strawberries.] Annetta pring meer de sugar box, sweeten and the sugar mit strawberries.

[Annetta goes out and brings in a box, on which is written SALT; which she holds so that the audience sees it, but she does not.]

ANNETTA. I will sweeten the strawberries.

MOTHER LANO. Ferry mal, den I gets de way out, and leefs you in ine kroud py ereself.

ANNETTA. [Salting the saucers of berries plentifully.] Now these girls would make the mistake of putting too little in, but I put in plenty, I believe in a plenty. Here all is ready, where are the eggs? Mary, see if Paula has got them ready. [Exit Mary. Re-enter Mary.]

MARY. Ah! ha! ha! ha! what do you think? I found Paula sitting holding an egg, and boiling her watch with a few more eggs in a kettle, counting the time.

ALL. Don't say so. Another blunder.

ANNETTA. Well, all ready, sit down.

[Enter Paula with eggs and bread. They get round the table on three sides, taste the strawberries nearly all at a time and cry out.]

ALL. Salt!!! !!! Who sugared the strawberries. [Mother Lano comes round and looks at the box.]

MOTHER LANO. Ach! mine grossmutter. Annetta she shuggared the strawberries mit salt, ha! ha! Annetta this is another mistake for you. Mal, my friends, des dinner is not fit for dese fellers; let us dake away the daple, und I will get dem for a petter supper. [While she says this, Annetta removes her chair for some one else to sit in, and she sits back again on the floor. A great squall, and they all help her up. She holds up to view the cat.] Ah! mine poor cats, she is dode dis time. Dot chair was sex inches doo shmall. Who took my chair?

ANNETTA. I confess that I did it but, I did it solely by mistake; and I freely own that I, like anybody else, am liable to make mistakes; and I promise to be less severe in future over them.

ALL. At the same time, we promise to be more careful in future.

MOTHER LANO. Alas! We now pehold the end of my poor cat; the end of its tail, und the end of our dialogue.

A SKETCH OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

They knew that I was troubled in mind and supposed that I had become delirious. The saying of the Savior presenting itself to my mind "Straight is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth unto life." I thought that the gate would be so straight for me that I should never get through. Time passed on and I become reconciled to my hard fate, but with many ejaculations for my deliverance. In the summer of 1844 news of the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyram reached us. Good news to some, as they thought the work was killed with its leaders; but I still felt as if I would yet cast my lot with that persecuted people, for I felt as if the work begun by them was from God. At that time a difference of opinion arose among

the few Saints, and the branch became disorganized. Two of the sisters kept by those who led to the rocky mountains, and others said it was too much like goats, to go to the mountains. My parents, now thinking that all was over with Mormonism, kept a less vigilant watch over me. One of these sisters who kept by the Utah leaders, was the first individual who had ever spoken to me about the restoration of the gospel and convinced me of the necessity of the church being built upon the foundation of apostles and prophets, till we all come to a unity of the faith and the measure of perfection. Sometimes, Saints from other places made their home with this sister, while they tarried, I also went there to learn what I could about the Latter Day Saints.

At that time I looked upon polygamy as a gross crime, just as the Book of Mormon declared it to be; and it was reported that it was believed in and practised by the Mormons. I loved the names of Joseph and Hyrum, and I loved the name of Latter Day Saints, and how readily did I believe the Elders when they said that the Saints were a persecuted and belied people; for they did not believe in nor practise polygamy, as was falsely told of them.

I did not then imagine that wicked men might teach false doctrines in the name of the Lord, and make Joseph Smith the scape goat, to carry their sins into the wilderness.

On the 6th of May, 1845, I got baptized by one of those Elders who was passing through the town on business. Two years after I had joined the church two Elders were sent to that region of country to preach, and organize a Branch. The Elders were so far successful in their mission, and we had our regular meetings; a Branch having been organized. It was thought they were good meetings, and no doubt some of them were; but I never felt that flow of a divine influence I had felt in those three meetings I had attended in the life-time of the prophet. I had a younger sister who, about this time, joined the church; she also got the spirit of gathering to the fat vallies of Ephraim; and when the way opened up we both left in one day, leaving our aged parents to deplore the course their children had taken. I left, having my husband; but she was but a youth, then blooming into womanhood; and I often think what must have been the bitterness of soul they had to endure, at seeing her take her departure for Utah unprotected by husband, father, or brother. At that time the Elders had just arrived from Utah with a mission to preach polygamy, for now the right time had come to teach it as a saving and an exalting principle, although it had formerly been taught among ourselves, as well as to the Nephites, that it was an abomination in the sight of God. Our parents not only believed that she would be exposed to the evils that lay in the way of a journey of nine thousand miles by sea and land; but would be exposed to the corruptions of Utah. I did not understand how it was that polygamy was forbidden at one time and called an abomination, and at another time the Lord's people were commanded to practice it, and call it the purest principle that ever was revealed from heaven. But I would still hang on to Mormonism, no matter how many inconsistencies presented themselves; I was in hopes to see through it all by and by. And how I dreaded apostacy, for I had read the apostate's doom. After coming to Utah, my sister went to serve in Brigham Young's house, where she remained till she was respectably married to a single young man, although polygamy had invited her into its vile embrace. Neither was she sealed by the priesthood in Utah; but was married by the law of the land. I was now in the land so long desired by the faithful Saints, and that year that the grasshoppers had made an almost universal destruction of the crops. I was nursing a pair of twins, a boy and girl; and when hunger pinched me, my mind was led to serious reflection about the fat vallies of Ephraim.

In the year 1858, when General Johnson's army was coming into Salt Lake City, the inhabitants

of the city and northern settlements were moved south. This moving caused suffering to many; but in those days we must not talk about suffering, for there was not anything that was called suffering. We might say it was hard to get along; but if we did we were consoled by some kind brother or sister telling us about the brethren eating *raw-hide*, and passing through afflictions in the early days of the country.

To be Continued

FORGIVENESS.

Forgive, if thou wouldst be forgiven,
Hold not dark hate within thy heart,
'Tis not for thee to act a part
All disapproved by Heaven.

Forgive the word, forgive the deed,
Though word be hard and deed be dark;
The generous soul will scarcely mark,
Nor bid the erring plead.

Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven,
Whate'er the wrong which thou hast borne,
Though cruel hath thy soul been torn,
And thou with scorn hath striven.

Forgive, 'tis a divine command,
Hast thou a foe, then call him friend,
Has he a need, then kindly lend,
'Twill quench hate's burning brand.

Forgive, thou never canst regret
That thou hath crushed an evil down,
To smile is better than to frown;
Forgive, and then forget.

Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven,
Or ne'er thy cry—"Father, forgive
Our trespasses as we forgive,"
Shall reach the court of Heaven.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

VII.—AFRICA.

MELONS, GRAPES, AND MULBERRIES.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Large and round, with wrinkled skin,
Cut the rind and look within,—
The delicious pulp behold,
Tinged, as with the richest gold:
Taste the melon, drink and eat,
Pleasant juice and lucious meat.

Crystal clear, and purple shine,
Clusters of the gadding vine;
Beautiful the foilage green,
Slender tendrils all between,
Clasping tightly whatsoever
Will support the trailer there.

In the country places oft we see
The old out spreading mulberry-tree,
With sturdy trunk, and branches stout,
Scattering the ruby fruit about:
The village maids its praise oft sung,
And oft its boughs with garlands hung.

WE can hardly avoid speaking of some of our fruits twice over, for they are equally common in two, or it may be three quarters of the globe. Dr. Livingstone found grapes growing wild in the parts of Southern Africa which he explored: and the water-melons of the great Kalihari desert, which he was the first man who crossed, are described by him as of two sorts,—bitter and sweet,—giving food and drink to the herds of antelopes which roam those dry and sandy plains.

Both melons and grapes are as common in Morocco, and all along the African shores of the Mediterranean, as they are in the opposite country of Spain: and in most parts of the great African continent we hear of these delicious fruits, which, in a hot and thirsty land must be doubly grateful. We will now add somewhat to the account which we gave of them in our second paper on the "Fruits of Europe." Many hundred years ago, the Roman general Lucullus, on his return from the Mithridatic war, brought one species of the melon to his native country. It was first cultivated at a place called Canteleupe, not far from Rome; and by this name, when it spread over Europe the fruit was afterwards known.

An old English writer, named Miller, states

that so plentiful were these melons in part of Armenia near to Persia, that a horse-load was sold for a French crown. Think of that, you who love melons! and who does not? In the reign of Henry the Third, it appears that melons were cultivated in England but during the civil wars between the royal houses of York and Lancaster, their cultivation, like that of the cucumber, entirely ceased, no one, we suppose, being able to give the time and attention which they require. Melons in England, and other temperate climates, are grown in hothouses, or in covered pits. Under this forcing process they sometimes reach an enormous size; we read of a noted cantaleupe, which measured two feet in length, two feet six inches round, and weighed eighteen pounds; and this was of excellent taste and quality. English folk sometimes grow the Spanish water-melon, which will keep good for a longer time after it is cut than most other kinds; and the green-fleshed Egyptain is also a favorite; the inside is green next to the skin, and nearly transparent, fading off into white towards the middle; it is sweet and delicious. Most melons have orange-colored flesh, as the pulp is often called.

But the vine! "the gadding vine!" we must speak now of it; that especial favorite of the Greek and Roman, as well as the Eastern poets, and all who loved to sing bacchanalian songs—so called because one of the heathen deities, Bacchus, was the god of wine. Not that we would care to sing the praises of this old pagan idol, for of old as now wine has been a cause of much sorrow and sin.

The fruit of the mulberry is rather like a huge blackberry—of a rich purple color, and of a pleasant taste. In heraldy the mulberry-tree stands for wisdom, because it does all things in the proper seasons. It is mentioned in the Scripture, where we read that David came upon the Philistines, and "smote them over against the mulberry-trees;" and again, "he destroyed their vines with hailstones, and their mulberry-trees with frosts.

It appears doubtful whether the mulberry is an African fruit after all; in its origin it seems to have been Asiatic; it is the leaves that gives to the tree its especial value, as on them are chiefly fed the immense number of worms which supply the whole world with silk. On this account it is one of the most valuable of all trees; it flourishes in China, Japan, Persia, and indeed in all warm climates. In Italy, Spain, and all through the south. In Europe, it is successfully cultivated; but although we have many mulberry-trees in England, we have never succeeded in rearing silkworms to any profitable extent, the climate being too cold for them.

THE PHILOSOPHER IN TROUBLE.

THINKING that wisdom and happiness came by observation, and that a general view of Nature's treasures gave satisfying knowledge, I looked deeply into the origin, causes and foundation of things.

I know just the number of bones needed to reach for a walnut, just how many muscles, tendons, and cords will be brought into play; just what nerves will thrill and what veins empty and fill in the space of time required for that simple action; but alas, it is a bony consideration, a gristly reflection.

I crack my walnut; but alas! It is only so much oily, gummy, starchy carbon and nitrogen, with probably a trifle of hydrogen; besides it is infested with monad and anamalcule, crustacean and creeping things innumerable.

I take a spoonful of sugar to stir into my cup of coffee, once partaken of with relish, but visions of crab-like crustaceans, with pinchers and legs like lobsters, tearing and devouring each other without mercy. The coffee itself is only an active narcotic stimulant; while the cream, once a balm of healing to me, is the sum of all the lighter abominations found in lacteal fluid—Pass the bread.

Alas! what have we here? A mass of starch, gum and sugar, with a scant degree of phosphorus, owing to its being too closely sifted, distended with gas in bubbles, set loose by the process of *decomposition*, arrested by baking and dried into a loaf.

Pork——trichinia; that's enough, let alone the measles and dyspepsia.

Besides all that——I am myself partly solid, partly fluid. Now a solid body may become fluid any time by the expansion of its particles; so may a fluid become gaseous by the same process, now what I wish to know is what is to hinder me at any time from suddenly evaporating. A fine thing indeed, to meet a friend on the street, be engaged in conversation, and suddenly melt down and run off into the gutter by means of the expansion theory; or if the expansion should continue, to fly off into the atmosphere in a gaseous state, beyond all hope of recovery. In such a case, who could go to one's funeral, or where place the monument. Imagine my friend's consternation; his chargin at the loss of his profound remarks, and his being obliged to catch me in a bucket, and carry me home. A fine predicament truly, in which to be presented to one's friend's, a condition beyond all hope of reconstruction, for this were a task exceeding the powers of legislation.

LOVE IS OF GOD.

Dear readers of the *Hope*, Jesus once asked Peter three times if he loved Him. Peter said, "Yea Lord thou knowest that I love thee." Then Christ said, "Feed my lambs." If the Lord should ask us the same question, could we answer the same as Peter did?

I hope that we do love him with all our hearts, might, minds and strength; and if we do love him we should keep his commandments; for this is the only way that we can show to the world that we do love the Lord. Now we must seek to find what the commandments of the Lord are. We shall not be able to speak of them all, but we will just name one, or two, that are found in the 9th chapter of Mathew. "Honor thy father and mother." How can we honor them? Only by doing as they tell us, and by being obedient to them, and then they will love us, and Christ the good shepherd, he will love us also, as his little lambs.

"Love your neighbor as yourself." Can we do this? Can we keep these two commandments? Can we say as the young man said to Jesus, "All these I have kept from my youth up? What lack I yet. He thought that he had done enough to obtain eternal life, but still he had something else to do, he was rich, and the Lord told him to sell all that he had and give it to the poor. Now we must not forget the poor; we must do good unto all men, and feed the poor, and the needy, and then Jesus Christ will love us. And when we depart this life he will say, "come ye blessed of my father enter into the joy of thy Lord, for he has a place prepared for all such as will keep his commandments."

UNCLE JEM.

TRUE FORGIVENESS.

DEAR HOPES:—It was once my privilege to witness a case of True Forgiveness; which made such a lasting impression on my mind, that I think I shall write the particulars of it, for your perusal, hoping it may induce you to imitate the spirit of it should you ever be called on through life to exercise that best of christian graces, *True Forgiveness*.

The parties, who were the actors in this little drama, were called Emma, and Johnny. I shall not attempt to give the details of the case; but simply state that Johnny did his sister a grievous wrong, in an unguarded moment, when he evidently had forgotten to watch, and although the expression of his sisters countenance, might have told, him, how far he had allowed himself to be lured

from the right path, yet the blinding influence of the tempter which was so near him, seemed to have such control over him that for a time he seemed by his looks, to wish to justify his conduct; but under the steady gaze of his calm, yet injured sister, his returning reason gradually manifested itself in the subdued expression of his countenance; and when at last his eyes dropped before the steady gaze of little Emma, and she ventured gently but firmly to point out to him the extent of the wrong he would have done her, the tear of repentance became visible on his cheek, and he immediately confessed to his sister that he was indeed in the wrong, and asked her forgiveness.

Then came the best part of the affair, it was beautiful beyond description, to behold dear little Emma, as she saw returning reason, gaining ground in her brother's mind, softening the severe expression of her countenance and causing her to say, "I am pleased to hear you acknowledge your wrong," and turning to her brother, who was now blaming himself, as the sole cause of all the trouble, she said, "No brother, I am perhaps to blame, as well as you, had I acted with more caution this perhaps never would have happened."

And drawing nearer her repentant brother, she lovingly placed her tiny arm round his neck, and gently kissing him, said in a clear voice, "I forgive you," and when he ventured to mention it afterwards she told him not to mention it, for said she "It is all past now."

This to me was a pure testimony, that the forgiveness was genuine, because she desired that it should never again be mentioned.

If the angels in heaven rejoiced over Johnny's repentance, don't you think that they also rejoiced exceedingly, that sweet little Emma had from the heart, forgiven Johnny. If you think so, when you are called to forgive, do as she did, and don't go all round telling it, but like her say *no more about it*, and God will surely bless you.

UNCLE JOHN.

INFLUENCE.

Drop follows drop, and swells
With rain the sweeping river;
Word follows word, and tells
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake, like sprites
Whose wings the wind dissever;
Thought follows thought, and lights
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam, to cheer
The cloud a bolt would shiver:
Throb follows throb, and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever;
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

Correspondence.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, April 1st, 1873.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I send you a short article for the *Hope*. If you think it worthy of a place, accept it.

I like my prize very much, and wish to thank the kind sender through your columns for it. Tell her that I will think of the giver every time I use it. May the *Hope* ever prosper is the wish of your brother in Christ,

WM. STUART.

MONTROSE, IOWA, July 27th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I have been sick, and am not now able to work.

I am sorry to see that there is not more that have an interest in the children's column. I would be glad to hear from all the Hopes. We have started a Sunday School here. The first Sunday we had forty-five in all. We have quite a large bible class; and it is still increasing. Yesterday we had fifty-five. We have six teachers, and I hope that they will try to live faithful and discharge their duty in all things, and do all they can in trying to spread the gospel. We have some excellent questions in the bible class; and I hope that they will do a great deal of good. My prayer to God is, that our Branch will increase in number as well as our Sabbath School. I, for one, I will try to do all I can. I think if we had some good preachers

to awaken us, it would do a great deal of good. Some seem to be sleeping; and I fear that if Christ should come, they would not have their lamps trimmed and burning; but I want my lamp trimmed and burning, that I may not cry for the rocks and mountains to hide me from his presence; but that I may be prepared to reign with him a thousand year, for it is my earnest desire to live faithful unto the end, and at last meet on that heavenly shore, with those that have washed their robes, and made them clean and white in the blood of the lamb, to part no more. Where there will be no more sickness, pain, nor death; and where all tears are wiped from our eyes, and we will all be of one family, and Christ will be our leader. O, then when to that bright world we come, and all surround the throne of God we drink a full supply.

"O, here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land."

Bro. Joseph, we have lost a great many members from this Branch, and we feel the need of them now. How lonesome their places look, when we go to church and see them vacant.

Bro. Anderson is teacher of our Bible class, and he takes a great interest in it; and it is a great help for us, and I hope the Lord will bless him; and the Sabbath School, also. I am trying to live faithful, although 'tis very hard; but "try" shall be my motto, by the help and grace of God.

Good wishes to you all. I remain your sister in Christ.

MARY A. BORLEY.

SEYMOUR, Wis., March 30th, 1873.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—It seems to me that I must write a few lines to-day, for our dear little paper although I am a poor writer. This is Sunday, the first day of the week as the bible teaches us. It is snowing very hard, I did not go to Sunday School to-day, I love to go when I can. We have Presbyterian meeting and Sunday School here, I often wish I could hear Brother Elvin preach, I have heard him in Nebraska City, I loved to hear him preach the gospel, for I believe it was true. I wish he was here, or some other good Latter-day Saint, to preach the gospel to sinners.

I will bring this to a close, hoping we may live in good fear, and meet in heaven; where parting is no more. Farewell dear readers.

SARAH J. FULLER.

SMYRNA, Ind., July 26th, 1873.

Bro. Joseph:—I am glad to inform you that I have found peace in the sweet Hope of Zion; and the more I look over its little columns, the more I love it.

It gives the precious words of Jesus and tells of him crucified.

I have enlisted in the cause of Christ, I was led into the church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, by brother Springer, one of the seventy, on the 15th July, 1873; and now I feel at home with the Saints and with Christ. I will work until death that I may obtain the crown.

"Hold out faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Revelation 2, 10.

Now I will close my letter to the *Zion's Hope*.

JAMES M. EULITT.

Rise early, and be an economist of time. An hour lost is never gained.

The wisest are most aware of their own folly.

Littleness of soul is often mistaken for prudence.

Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has slipped through the hands of some thousands that some fellow, by good luck, holds on to it.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$185 56	Nellie Worstenholm	...\$	50
Alice Worstenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	... 25	25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	... 25	25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	... 50	50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25	Mary E. Kyte	... 3 00	3 00
W. H. H. Brown	... 3 90	Mary Clements	... 50	50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	... 25	Joseph Kay	... 50	9 00
Joseph Lightowler	... 50			
Lizzie Whitmore	... 50			

Clippings by James Edward Twaddel, of Franktown, Nevada, are received. Thanks.

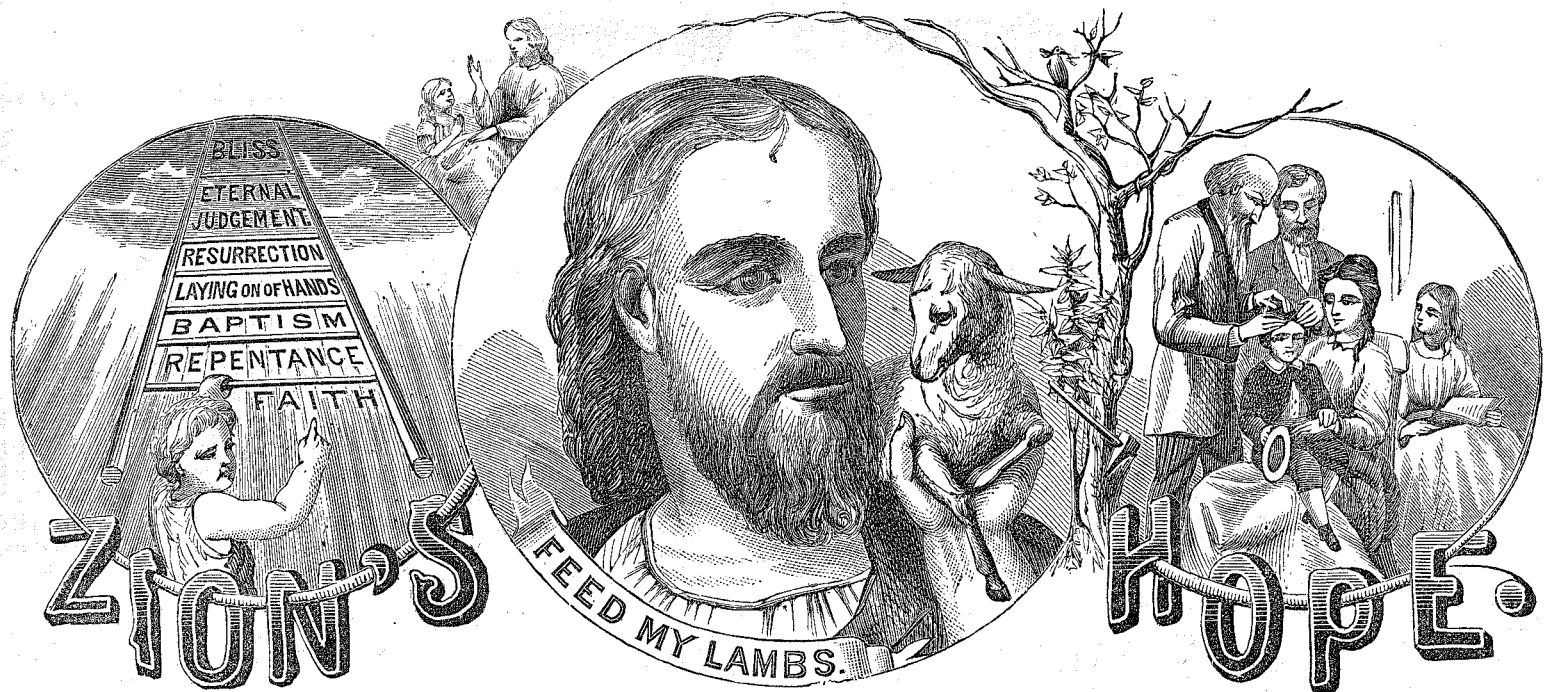
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., SEPTEMBER 1, 1873.

No. 5.

SPEAK KINDLY TO ALL

NOW often do we hear the young people say, "I am not going to bother to speak to her, or to him, what's the use? I don't care for her."

And just because it happens to be some one that does not suit their taste, they will pass them by without even noticing them, where a polite bow, and a pleasant smile would have been so much better.

Now I believe young people should be very particular to *always* speak pleasantly to the aged; and not only to them; but do not be too bashful, or too proud to speak to all.

I would not have you think by this, that I would have you make companions of those that are not good. O no, but it will not hurt us to speak to them. And who knows but what we without hurting our morals, might with a pleasant smile, and a kind word, help such to become good.

To convince you what a kind word will sometimes do, I will tell you a little story about Edna, a little girl that loved *everybody*; and I think almost every one loved her.

I can safely say that Edna was pretty, for she was good, and do you not know that when a little girl is good and we love her, we always think they are pretty.

It was a small country village where our heroine lived; and a very wild, wicked place it was too. Stores and saloons were open on Sunday, and they very seldom had meeting.

There were a few who thought that it would be very pleasant to have a nice Sabbath School to attend to on Sunday instead of staying at home all the long summer day. So one bright summer morning in the month of May, about a dozen young people met at the little school-house for the purpose of organizing a Sabbath School. They were all sure of success, and they were right; for they soon had over thirty scholars. They all seemed very much interested and it would surprise some of our little Hopes to know how many verses were learned every week. But there were many who took no notice of the Sabbath School, and some of the very ones that they wanted to come would not.

There was one young man in particular that had laughed and sneered at the school from the first. He was a smart young man, and could very easily have made himself liked; but instead of that, he spent all his Sundays in the saloon, drinking and playing cards; and most all the young people thought him beneath their notice.

One Sunday, after Sunday School was out, some of the scholars were taking a walk, with them was

Edna. After they had come to the woods they had not gone far when they found our unwise Charley under a tree; and as some of them said, *drunk*. "Come away girls, don't look at the ugly fellow," was the general cry.

But Edna stood still, tears filled her large blue eyes, and she could not help saying, "Poor Charley." Then hastening to a creek, near by, she dipped her handkerchief in the water, then returned to Charley and laid the handkerchief on his head. He opened his eyes, looked at her a moment, then said, "Thank you, my head aches very badly."

Now Charley was not so drunk that he did not see Edna's tears and hear the words, "Poor Charley." They were the first kind words that had been spoken to him by a young person for some time, and go where he would, "Poor Charley," as spoken so sorrowfully by that kind hearted girl, would ever ring in his ears.

The next Sunday morning, as Edna was going to Sabbath School she met Charley who it seems had been watching for her.

"Oh Miss Edna, will you please accept my thanks for your kindness last Sunday. And would I be asking too great a favor, if I asked you to let me keep your handkerchief until the hands that will return it are, at least half so pure as those that placed it on my head?"

"Do not thank me for doing only what was my duty Charley. Yes, keep my handkerchief, and when you are tempted to do wrong look at it and think of one that will not forget you in her prayers."

"O Edna, surely you will not mention such a person as I am in your prayers."

"Indeed I do; you Charley are the very kind we do pray for; and you can be good if you will only try. And now please come to our Sunday School, you do not know how welcome you will be."

A couple of Sunday's passed and Charley did not come to the school as Edna had hoped he would, but he no longer visited the saloons.

Three Sundays passed, and as one of the young men was going by the store, Charley stepped out and called to him; but Frank took no notice of him, he thought himself too good to be seen talking to such a fellow. But now that Charley had made a start, he was not going to be put off in that way. So going up to him he said, "Frank, I hear you have a nice Sunday School up there."

"That makes lots of difference to you, I suppose," gruffly answered Frank.

"I only wish it *did* concern me; but I am serious now, tell me, would I be welcome if I were to come to your school."

"I suppose so, if you did not come with your breath perfumed with whiskey."

"Do not fear, I will try and not disgrace you, or your school. And then as he walked away, he said to himself, and yet aloud; that's the way. They all think they are so good. Now if they were only like Edna, how easy it would be for me to do right."

"Good morning Charley, what are you talking about," said Edna, who happened to be passing just in time to hear his last remark.

"I have been talking to that cross Frank. I do not think that he will give me a very warm welcome to Sabbath School."

"Please do not mind him, he means well, but I think he is a little thoughtless. I, at least will welcome you; so come along."

Charley went, and from that day he commenced a new life. Before a year they would not have thought they could do without him and was glad to have him for a teacher; and he always says that if it had not been for those two little words, spoken by her who he stills thinks is the *best* and *kindest* girl he ever saw, he did not know what he would have been by this time.

Then there was Maggie, a little Irish girl, who it seems *never* tried to do anything that was good. Edna had often talked to her and let her take pretty book's, when she knew that Maggie would only tear them up. But there came a day little Maggie was taken very sick; and although her mother sent for the Priest thinking poor foolish woman that he could forgive her child's sins, Maggie did not care to see him, and only called for Edna. Edna came and talked to her as only such good girls can talk. Finally Maggie said, "O Edna, pray for me; the God that you pray to will help me, I think."

Although Edna had faith, and thought that Jesus would hear her prayers, yet she knew nothing of faith as does the Latter Day Saint. Still she believed that God would not let Maggie die until she was a better girl, and she told her so; that God would let her live to become a good girl.

Well, Maggie did recover; and again Edna was the only one that was willing to welcome her to the Sunday School, but our little Maggie was not sensitive and did not notice their slight, attended school and became a changed girl.

Who can deny that Edna by her kindness saved those two.

Let us ever try to be pleasant and kind to the unfortunate, "and speak kindly to *all*."

LENA.

A wise man may be at a loss when to begin conversation but a fool never knows when to stop.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

VIII.—AFRICA.—(Continued.)

CUSTARD-APPLE, AND JACK FRUIT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

All through the tropical islands,
All through the lands of the sun,
The sweet custard-apples are growing,
And ripening every one;
Quashe, the negro, he lub 'em,
Piccaninny scream with delight,
When the ripe fruit falls down from the branches,
And they feast until satisfied, quite.

Of the fruits some are small as an orange,
Some large as an elephant's head,
Some green as the grass of the meadows,
Some livid, some rusty, some red;
All pleasant, and sweet, and nutritious,
All gifts of a bountiful God,
To His erring and ignorant children,
Who bow 'neath the yoke and the rod.

THERE are many kinds of custard-apples cultivated both in the East and West Indies, but they are most plentiful in the latter. Two or three kinds only are natives of Africa. Some are found in America, so that these fruits really belong to three quarters of the globe. They are sweet and luscious, although by no means beautiful to look at,—being sometimes of a dull red color, like a lump of stale flesh. There is one kind, which from its livid appearance, is called in Jamaica, and other West Islands, the bullock's heart. It is of large size, weighing often as much as four pounds. Another is called the alligator apple, probably because it is rough and knobby, and of a longish shape: The *Anona retic-u-la-ta*, the first word being the name of the whole genus, or family-group of plants, and therefore called *generic*, and the last applying to the particular species, and hence called *specific*. All plants and animals have in this way two scientific Greek or Latin names, which express much of their character and qualities to those who understand them. Thus the botanist would at once know that the particular custard-apple of which we are now speaking has a wrinkled or lined appearance, as though it were enclosed in a net, because it is called *retic-u-la-ted*, that is, netted. Did you ever hear, many years ago, that ladies, when they walked abroad, used to carry silken bags enclosed in or formed of net-work? and they were called *reticules*, for the same reason.

In Jamaica, another species called the sour sop, is very plentiful. Its flavor is an agreeable mixture of sweet and sour—something like the black currant. It is much eaten by the Negroes; and is, therefore, lightly esteemed by the wealthier classes.

Another kind is called by the Peruvians *cherimayer*; the great traveler, Humboldt, speaks of it as most delicious.

Then there is the sweet sop found in both East and West Indies, which is of a green color, about as large as an artichoke. The wood of that sort called the alligator is so soft that the Negroes use it for corking bottles. It is often called the Cork-wood.

When you cut the rind of a custard-apple, you get first to a soft, velvety skin, within which is the rich creamy pulp, as thick as a custard; embedded in this lie many seeds which are not generally eaten; they have all more or less a spicy flavor, and one of them so much so that it has been called the calabash nutmeg. Some of the varieties are strongly *narcotic*—that is, sleep-producing; and are, therefore, dangerous to eat.

The experiment was once made by an enterprising fruiterer of introducing custard-apples into the English market; he imported a quantity from Jamaica, but the speculation did not answer. They were not tempting to look at, and the price, three-pence or fourpence each, was too dear for the common people and too cheap for the wealthy.

In many tropical countries, far from its original home in the East Indies, may be found growing and flourishing, the Jak, Jack, or Jaceu tree, which grows to a large size, and produces an abundance of fruit of a round shape, weighing from five to

fifty, and sometimes even as much as seventy pounds. In the Islands of Ceylon, and some other parts of India, it forms a great part of the food of natives, who eat the pulp for the most part raw, and cook the seeds which are sweet and nutritious, but of a coarse flavor. This tree furnishes excellent timber, which is at first yellow, but afterwards turns a rich brown color, something like mahogany. It is much used in India for furniture, and sometimes also in England.

THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

Into her chamber went
A little child one day,
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray;
"Jesus my eyes I close,
Thy form I cannot see,
If thou art near me, Lord,
I pray thee speak to me."
A little small voice she heard within her soul,
"What is it, child?—I hear thee—tell me all."

"I pray thee, Lord," she said,
"That thou wilt condescend,
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend;
The path of life is dark,
I would not go astray,
O, let me have thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not; I will not leave thee, child, alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away—
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh, let my parents live,
Till I a woman grow,
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do?"
"Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now,
Forth passed she with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,
His hand in mine I felt,
And, oh! I heard him say,
As by my chair I knelt—
"Fear not, my child; whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee, till I bring thee home."

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Little Children Helping God.

TWO-NIGHT we met with an incident. Do our little friends, the boys and girls know what an incident is? If not, we will tell them all about it, and as this chapter will be especially for the little folks, we ask the papa's and mamma's to read it to the little ones who cannot read it, and to let the children who can read, see how much of it they can remember.

But the incident. As we were returning home from the office, as we came near the house a pretty little girl about seven years old, neatly dressed, stopped us on the sidewalk and said:

"Please, sir, will you take this little bouquet, which my mamma said I might pick for you, and will you write a 'Saturday Night' story for Minnie and I?"

"Who is Minnie? And who are you who come so sweetly with those flowers, to ask such a question?"

"Minnie is my sister. She is two years older than I am, and she is helping mamma take care of the baby, and we live over by the park."

This was the incident. The little girl we had never seen, so her coming was a surprise, and a pleasant one, and if the little girls and boys, who are friends will sit close by, and listen, we will tell them what the little girl did for us; and it will be our "Saturday Night" chapter for the little ones.

You are all ready in your little homes all over the country, so now we will begin. Down town, near the heart of this great city, where the houses are of brick and stone, standing very high—down

where are the stores, and the offices, and the banks; and the streets are so filled in the day time with carriages that children are run over almost every day, two men have an office. It is upstairs over a store. This morning we were in their office to talk to them. While we were there talking two little spots of sunshine, each not much larger than a baby's ear, came upon the carpet like spots of gold—money of the angels!

"Look there!—how beautiful!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen. "See the spots of sunshine! They come in through those two little holes in the curtain. Man can make almost anything, but he cannot make sunshine—none but God can make that."

What do our little friends say to that idea? All day long we have thought more or less of what the gentleman said. We have thought of the way gas light, candle light, lamp light, calcium light, and other lights are made, and had come to agree with the gentleman, that God alone could make sunshine.

But to-night we do not agree with him. The little girl who brought the bouquet and asked us to write a little story for Minnie and herself, made a great deal of sunshine in our heart. It seemed to make it all ablaze with the mellowest, most cheery, golden sunshine we ever saw. The floral tribute from a pure little stranger was beautiful. But the sunshine was in the request, and the story it told, that *somebody* would be glad to read another Saturday night chapter, and that we might make two little girls as happy as we were and are. Kings and Presidents are glad when they can appoint friends to office and places of profit, but not all the Kings or Presidents were ever half so glad to help them as we were to write this true story for the little ones who asked us to. Now we know how little children can help God. They can help Him make sunshine. Not the kind that comes in through the windows; but the better kind that enters hearts, even through the smallest means, to cover it all over with brightness and happiness.

How we do wish we could live our life over again. We should try to do better—to do more good—to make more sunshine.

"What would you do?" asked a little boy. We will tell you. If we were a little boy, or a big boy, we would try to make sunshine every hour. We would try to be real good, and to grow up like the most beautiful tree, rather than like the rough gnarled ones always in the way. We should not fret, and cry, and want everything we saw. We should not worry the life out of mamma when she was tired, and sick, and overworked, as all good mamma's are every day. It is hard work for mamma to take care of the little ones. They are more helpless than kittens, or kids, or colts. When the little boy or girl is sick, mamma has to be up all day and all night, to see to all the work about the house—to cook, and work, and mend, and get dinner, and to do more work than a man would do; and to carry sometimes such heavy loads in her heart besides. Sometimes mamma has no one to help her, for papa sometimes forgets that he is a man, and has little children, and a home to make happy and beautiful. Then he comes home ugly and cross. Perhaps he has been drinking and has used up all his money without even thinking to bring home a penny to the children or a kind word or a kiss for them and mamma. Then we should do all we could to put little pieces of sunshine in poor mamma's heart, and we should coax papa to come home like a good man, and to help make sunshine till the house would be, oh! so full of it.

If papa were sick, we should be very careful to not make a noise and make him worse, so mamma would have still more work to do. This would make sunshine. We would not quarrel with our brothers and sisters, or with any one, but would try to make sunshine for everybody. Then we should never tell wrong stories, never use naughty words or be cross and mad, for all that only makes the heart dark and in the need of sunshine. We never would hurt the birds, nor the kittens, nor

the puppies, nor the horse, nor the cow, nor anything, as a great many bad boys and girls do when they want to be cruel. We never should try to hurt any one's feelings—to make folks mean, and should never be envious, for every one of these mean feelings stop up the little windows of the heart so the sunshine cannot get in, and then boys and girls grow up to be bad men and women, just as some trees grow up like poles—of no beauty and giving no shade. Then we should be careful of our playthings, and of our clothes, and all the furniture in or about the house. When papa and mamma see their little children careful, neat, and orderly, that puts sunshine in their hearts. When they see their little ones trying to keep out of quarrels, rather than to get in, that puts more sunshine in their hearts.

To be Continued.

BE KIND TO ONE ANOTHER.

DEAR Little Readers of *Zion's Hope*, I am going to tell you a little story, that I think will be interesting, and also benefit you.

One Sunday morning, while I was in my class at school, for I am teacher of a class of dear little girls, that are trying to serve God to the best of their knowledge, and at last be redeemed in heaven. Well as I was going to say, after we had finished our testament lesson, I had some pretty little cards that I showed them, and told them that if they would each learn a piece to speak in Sunday School next Sunday, that I would give them one of the cards. Our Superintendent wished the scholars to speak pieces, to make the school more interesting. One little girl, after looking at several of the cards, saw one with a beautiful picture of a mother with two little children sitting at her feet, and under this picture were written these words, "Be kind to one another." Under these words were several beautiful verses of poetry. As soon as she saw this card she said, "I will take this, and learn these verses and speak them next Sunday."

She said, "I am not always kind to my little sister, and my dear mother. Sometimes when she asks me to do something for her, I act as if I did not want to do it, and if she insists upon me doing it, I will get cross and unkind to my little sisters."

Now my dear little readers of *Zion's Hope*, I would like to ask if you are ever unkind to your sisters and brothers, and if you are, let me beg of you, to strive to be good, and overcome all temptations. I know that whenever you do wrong, you go and kneel down by your bed and ask God to make you a good child, and also to give you strength to overcome all temptations to do wrong, and ask him to bless you with that meek, and lowly spirit of our Savior, that you may be good and kind, to your father, mother, sisters, and brothers, and to all your playmates. I know that if you do kneel down in prayer to God, that he will hear and answer, and I will always remember you in my prayers to God. A. A.

HEROISM.

IN one of the old school readers there was a story in verse of a Spartan boy, whose office it was to minister in the Temple, and assist in the performance of the ordinances of worship.

Once as he stood by the sacrifice with the lighted incense in his hand, swinging the censor to and fro, through the censor's lid, a live coal accidentally dropped into his flowing sleeve, and passing between the folds, reached the bare arm, and burned into the flesh.

The pain was very severe but he moved not, nor by any sign made known his suffering. By a single movement he could have shaken the fire from his sleeve, but even that simple act would have hindered and confused the sacred rite, so the brave boy endured, until the fire burned into his

flesh, and those who worshipped were not not disturbed by any sign or cry of anguish. The poem says—

"All this he suffered in noble scorn—
Because he was a Spartan born."

History tells us that the Spartans were a hardy race, that were trained from infancy to excel in all feats of physical endurance. Their children were taught never to show any signs of bodily suffering.

All this they considered very courageous and noble, and so it was very good training for the body; but there is a kind of courage that is far greater than physical force. It is called moral courage, or moral training that controls and develops the strength, and powers of the mind, enabling us to do, and to suffer for the truth.

When it is a duty to suffer, then it is noble to suffer.

The boy who always stands up for the right, who unhesitatingly, and decidedly opposes wrong, and who is willing to do good to others, even at the expense of his own comfort or convenience, is a Moral Hero. He will grow to be a useful member of society, and a benefactor to his race.

But there is still a higher standard in life that all can attain to. It brings the highest honors in this life, and in the life to come is rewarded with an immortal crown. It is Christian Heroism.

Christ the great Teacher has given all the directions for its requisition, and has prepared the prizes for the successful competitors. He also came and lived among men to show them the pattern of this highest, noblest type of humanity.

Sin is gaining such power in the world in these last days, that all those who are determined to pursue the right, at all hazards, and to follow Christ our divine teacher, have to become christian heroes.

There is a great battle to be fought, and we must expect to do, and to suffer, and to die if need be. Surely we would rather die than say that wrong was right, or that Jesus of Nazareth is not the Son of God, and the Redeemer of the world. Be true, bold christian heroes; battling for the right. The war will soon be ended, the victory will be won, and the victorious heroes will be crowned, by Him who said, If I go, I will come again to receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also. Who would not be a Christian Hero.

I.

A SKETCH OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.

ALL due care was taken to tell us about the suffering of the wives and daughters of the Mormon Battallion, and in this way the complaints of many a poor soul was stifled. I was moved south from Salt Lake City, when my husband was out with the Mormon army to prevent General Johnston's army from coming in. I had three little children. Two were two years and a half old, the other little girl was three months old. My boy had a severe burn on his thigh, which was hard to get healed. I remained five weeks in American Fork, in the house of an old acquaintance, who showed much kindness. Some of that family have since joined the Reorganization. After we had been five weeks removed from the city, my husband returned, having started from Echo Canon to Salt Lake City, and after having rested one night in charming solitude in our old dwelling, next day he traveled to American Fork with sore feet and weary limbs, where he expected to find us. We did not make our home in American Fork; but moved to Spanish Fork, where we lived four years, before we moved to Heber City. From the time my twins were born one trouble seemed to roll on the track of another, in quick succession,

To those who had passed through greater calamities, my troubles to them would have been but light troubles; but upon me they were heavy. At the time of the move, my sister and her husband went the apostate route. I mean the apostate route from apostate Mormonism, and for

twelve years neither of us knew where the other was.

I was surprised on receiving a letter from her, bearing the date of March 16th, 1870. She was at that time living in Nevada; but was preparing to leave for the United States. She wrote that she and her husband had joined the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

She bore her testimony of the peace, joy and love, which had filled her bosom. To this I paid but little attention; but answered her letter with a mind full of prejudice, determined not to apostatize. She wrote another which I answered much the same way. By the time she wrote the third letter, I began to think favorably of the Reorganized Church. Once before, I had an impression on my mind that they were a good people; but Bro. Young had said that the sons of Joseph Smith were acting under the influence of the devil, and I did not try the spirit, but put it from me as delusive; but now I felt very much impressed to try the spirit by the law of the Lord; as I had now come to the conclusion that was the only way by which I could try spirits. I got all the publications of the Reorganized Church that were within my reach, together with the standard works of the church. Turning up the passages referred to, in the books containing the written word of the Lord, and the conclusion I came to was, if the sons of Joseph are acting under the power and influence of the devil, so did their father.

But the followers of Brigham claim that they have been going on in the way of perfection, and that is what makes the difference. I have lived twenty years in Utah, and I have never yet been charmed by the beauty of holiness, or the glory of perfection. I heard many rumors about how the prophet acted, and what he said; but I could not find any way of trying these rumors, only to believe them. Well said I, if the Lord will damn me, he will damn me for taking the most consistent way, and walking in the path pointed out in his law.

I will take the Lord at his word, for he has said his ways are not crooked paths. I had the publications of the Reorganized Church in my possession four months before I ventured to give them publicity; but I kept talking curious things, which led the people to the conclusion that I was apostatizing. I had four children at school, and when they told me how bad they felt, because the scholars would talk to them about the apostacy of their mother, I felt this the hardest thing I had to endure. Teachers were sent time and again. I asked the last teachers, who were with me, to take my books and read them, and point me out my errors; but they would not take this much trouble with a poor sheep, whom they considered was wandering from the fold. At last they told me I was a withered branch on the tree, receiving no sap, and must be cut off. By way of reply, I said there is not much sap in your tree, and I will try another. And upon February 16th, 1873, I was cut off from the Brighamite church. As yet I have had no opportunity of uniting myself by baptism with the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, as there is no branch in this place, nor are any of the messengers of salvation preaching here. If the Reorganized Church is growing up into a tree, whose branches bear good fruit, they ought to be thankful. The tree is known by its fruits. I have been told so often to mind my own business, and it was none of my business, and the like, I will leave it to some observer to tell what kind of fruit is most prevalent on the branches of the Utah tree. I get the *Herald* and *Hope*. Some of my neighbors and their children like to read them. My own children like to read the *Hope*, and I have felt that I would like to do a little towards helping it. Respectfully yours,

ELIZABETH AIRD.

Beauty, though it is pretty varnish, yet is of a frail constitution, liable to the abundance of accidents, and is but a short-lived blessing at best.

PINS.

THE pin machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only much stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

The wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this snappish, voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by inches incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to the minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a saucy little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to a head, while he gripes it in a counter-sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of his tongue he lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under his nose. By this external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs are made to play like lightning. Thus the pins are dropped in a little shower into a box. Twenty-eight pounds are a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many boxes all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pins by the head in an inclined platform through as many slots as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A barb-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through the corrugated ridges through the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and under all sorts of human circumstances.

MAKE YOUR OPPORTUNITIES.

It was a saying of the first Napoleon that every man should make his opportunities—his chances. But, as a general thing, while ten men wait for something to turn up, only one turns something up, so while ten men fail, one succeeds, and is called a man of luck and the favorite of fortune. There is no luck like pluck, and fortune most favors those who are most indifferent to fortune.

ON SNOW SHOES.

THE operation of descending a precipice on snow shoes is thus described:—Hemming was too familiar with the use of snow shoes, to attempt to pick his way down the canon's side. He knew that whatever there was of a valley, lay at least two thousand feet, as the plummet falls, below where he stood, and that the descent to that depth must be made in a traveling distance of a little more than one mile. No man could keep his feet, at a slow pace, on such an incline.

With cautious step and rigid muscles, he approached the mountain's brow and launched himself on its slope. Away he sped; scarcely seen in advance, and deftly avoided with a skill known to the adept in the use of the snow-shoes, the few scattering trees fled up the steep incline behind him as cloudshadows course across the plain on

an April day—faster and faster. And now the even grade is broken by sheer precipices of ten, fifteen or twenty feet, over which he rode scarce conscious of the breach of continuity under his feet. With lungs still distended with the breath inhaled at the top, he reached the bottom, the impetus of the descent carrying him far out on the level.

THERE is not a spider hanging on the king's wall but hath its errand, there is not a nettle that groweth in the corner of the church-yard but hath its purpose; there is not a single insect fluttering in the breeze but accomplisheth some divine decree; and I will never have it that God created any man, especially any christian man, to be a blank, and to be nothing. He made you for an end. Find out what that end is—find out your niche, and fill it—if it be ever so little—if it is only to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water—do something in this great battle for God and truth.

"GOD IS LOVE."

"God is love," delightful truth,
'Tis the joy of age and youth,
Saints below and Saints above,
Own with rapture "God is love."

Every day his love he shows,
In the blessings he bestows;
All things that supply our need,
From his gracious hand proceed.

He dispels his people's fears,
Gently wipes away their tears.
His kind arm around them throws,
Lets them on his strength repose.

He regards the rapturous songs,
Bursting from angelic throngs;
And He listens to the cries
That from little children rise.

All his love we cannot know;
But we know he loved us so
That his only Son he gave,
That our spirits He might save.

Lord to us thyself reveal,
Grant that we thy love may feel,
Let us in the world above
Ever prove that "God is love."

Correspondence.

SANDUSKY, Wisconsin, July 27th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—We have just returned from meeting, at Bro. Ward's. We have meeting here every Sunday now, but we do not have any Sunday School yet; but I hope we will have one sometimes. The folks around here do not take much interest in the work. My brother sends for the *Hope*. We all think a great deal of it and wish it came oftener. Your sister in the church.

LIBBIE J. LEE.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa, July 27, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I was nine years old the ninth of this month. We had a pleasant time on my birthday. Mother told me how, and I made some pies, and a fruit cake, and frosted them, and trimmed them with pink and white candies. Aunt Sallie Russell asked us, and we went to her house in the afternoon, and had our party there. When we got there we found cousin Florence Russell, and her cousin Ada Hunter, (two young Hopes), had been making great preparations. I took my doll, of course, and each of the girls had one, and we had a real good play. Then we had such a fine supper; Ada brought her nice little tea set, and we had the table spread in grand style. There were cookies in the form of girls, and birds, and dogs. And raspberry pie, and tarts, with pretty little wreaths around them. And sugared crackers, and raspberries, and my pies, and my cake, with a beautiful wreath they had made for it. This was a very pretty center piece. We gathered the children around the table; besides us three girls, there were five smaller children. Edwin and Erimina, my brother and sister, and my cousin Henry, and Mabel, and Vinnie Russell.

Don't you think we had a nice time, Uncle Joseph? I do; and I wish you had been there, you should have had a piece of pie, and a big piece of my cake.

We have been building a house this summer. Got it all ready to lath, and we moved in it before harvest. It is real nice living in a new house. We have got some nice flowers. I like flowers, don't you?

In the first of those articles in the *Hope* called "Litters of all Nations," it was said that there is no such word as "litter" in the Bible. That is a mistake, in the last chapter of Isaiah, twentieth verse, you will find the word "litters." I wouldn't have known it if Grandma Shumway hadn't told me. Yours affectionately,

AURELLA S. WILDERMUTH.

DELOIT, Iowa, July 30th, 1873.

Bro. Joseph:—Having received the *Hope* to-day, and reading the letters of my little brothers and sisters, I thought that I would write and try and help to fill up the children's column. We have a very nice school this summer. Our teacher has about fifty scholars. They have no Sunday School this summer; so it makes it very lonesome, but we have preaching and prayer-meeting every Sabbath.

We have a nice home here, and in a few years we will have fruit. It seems very hard to overcome temptation sometimes; but by the help of God I mean to overcome my faults. Pray for me that I may set a good example before my schoolmates. Please give this a place in the *Zion's Hope*. Your sister in Christ,

ELLEN DOBSON.

WASHINGTON CORNERS, Alameda Co., Cal.,
July 20th, 1873.

Kind Editor of the *Hope*:—Feeling a deep interest in the cause of Christ, I now fulfill a portion of my duty, by sending a few lines to occupy a small space in the children's column. This is Sunday afternoon, and I have just returned from meeting, where Bro. Green preached an excellent discourse, on the first principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. There were a great many present, who might not have been, had it not been the day set apart for two of our beloved members to become united in the bonds of matrimony.

I often read letters from the correspondents of the *Hope*, telling of their experience in the church; and their love for the cause, in which we all are, or ought to be engaged. I too have a knowledge of the work, which none can give, or take away; and may the good Lord enable me so to live, that the light which I now have, may not become darkened; and that my example may be as that of a Saint, that I may be honored of God, and a comfort to my parents, to whom I owe all respect and gratitude, for knowing so much of the teachings of the Savior as I do.

My dear father, accompanied by Bro. Green, is traveling and preaching, in various places, to some who have never heard the sound of the everlasting gospel. Father is one who has almost worn his life away, for the sake of fulfilling his high and responsible calling, and giving some a faithful warning of the truth of the latter day work. He is respected by all who know him, and dearly loved by his family. How much better it is to live a righteous life, than to live the life of the wicked.

Bro. A. Smith, arrived in San Francisco last night; many are glad to see him again.

Dear Editor, I send you this, hoping you will correct all errors, remembering that it comes from one unlearned. Ever living in hope of a better time coming, and that we may have an inheritance in Zion, when the "wicked cease to trouble, and the weary are at rest," and those who have been severed from us by the hand of death, will arise from their graves to meet us, when the trumpet is sounded.

Dear little Hopes, let us not sadden their hearts or disappoint them, by being a few minutes too late. Let us be up and doing; discharging every duty which lies in our power. I subscribe myself, your sister in the bonds of love, and the Gospel covenant.

J. S. RODGER.

A promise and its performance should, like the scales of a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$185 56	Nellie Worstenholm	...\$	50
Alice Worstenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	...	25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	...	25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	...	50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25	Mary E. Kyte	...	3 00
W. H. Brown	... 3 90	Mary Clements	...	50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	9 00
Joseph Lightowler	... 25	Joseph Kay	...	50
Lizzie Whitmore	... 50	L. M. Allen	...	25

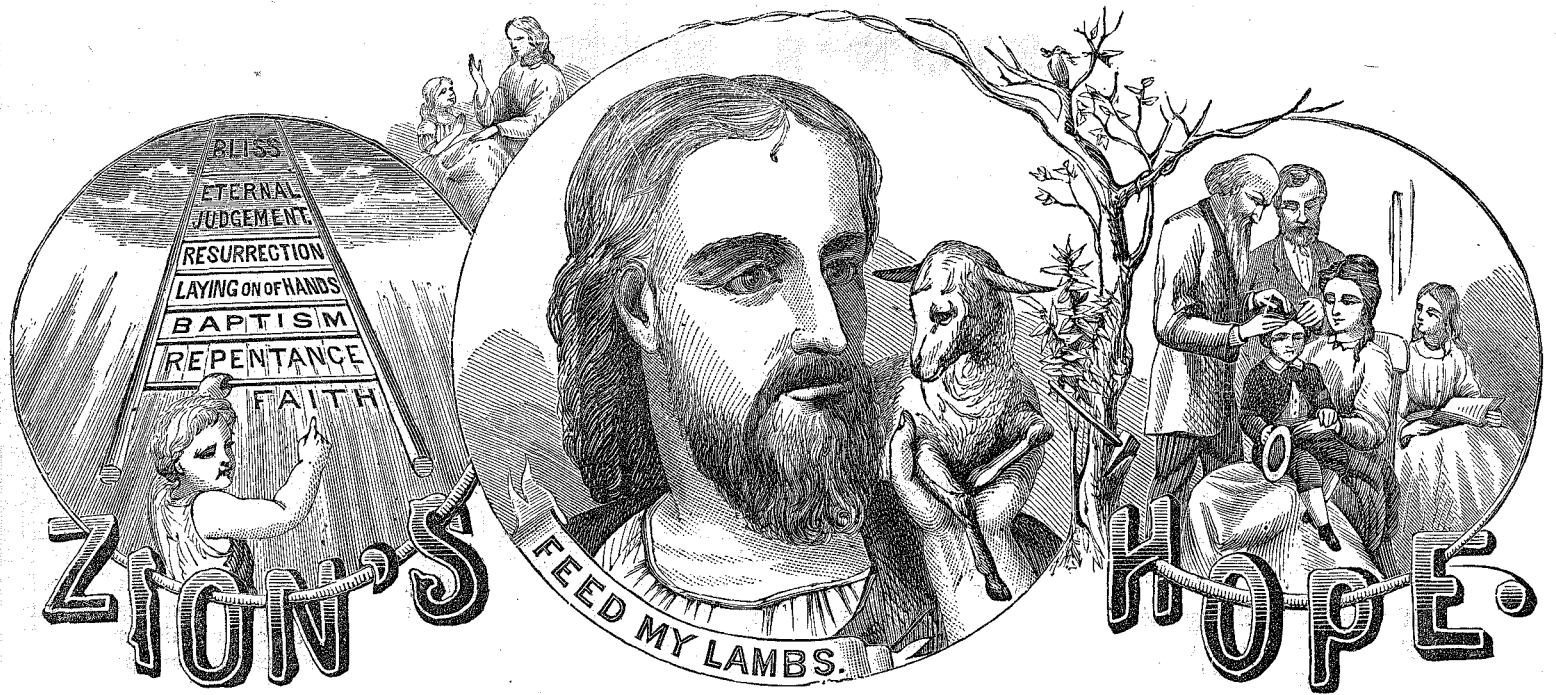
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

EFFECTS OF FAITH ON THE YOUNG HEART.

THIS principle of the gospel is most clearly adapted to the minds of the young. Not yet fully grown to the years of accountability, the necessity of avoiding the evil possible in the world, and cleaving to the good, is not so clearly felt as in after years. The freshness of life's morning, whose skies are white and pearly, with the purity of their youth, and the purifying of repentance, and baptism, pertains not so fully to them.

You cannot readily exhort them to accept these commandments, but the commandment, look up and have faith in God applies appropriately to their expanding minds.

They are looking about them on an unfamiliar scene. Why is this? Whence the other? All these you say are because of, and have their source in God. Immediately a new source of thought, a new plan of meditation is instituted; and the fair, pleasant world, fair and pleasant to them, bears a fitting crown, in the invisible God from which it sprang.

Then a right view of all that presents itself to them is more easily entertained by them. The awe of God's goodness inspires them to goodness. The love of His goodness and mercy incites them to goodness and mercy; at the same time it lifts them above many a slavish fear and superstition. "God will take care of me. My God sees me, and I shall not, can not be lost. If I die, he will receive me. O, my God, forgive my unworthy conduct this day, and aid me to be better to-morrow." These are some of the thoughts most frequent to the heart that is early being taught of his name.

It ennobles the young heart. No young soul truly taught of God, will be groveling and mean, "I bow to God, and to him alone," is the thought that sustains the brave young heart full of love to God in the face of many a danger, that otherwise would be too much for their natural strength to face and overcome. Poverty will be borne with dignity; scorn received with forbearance and fortitude; temptation met and overcome; labor and enterprise entered into, and effected; hardships and pain endured; prosperity, plenty, and distinction received with meekness and proper spirit; and indeed the whole attitude and bearing ennobled.

This faith in a just and holy God, is as ballast to the young life, rights it again promptly when deflected from the proper uprightness of its course; and detaching its observation from a too close attention to the elements of the present, enables it to look over the boundaries of the past and future, and from its history not in accordance with the trifling influences of the day or

hour; but with regard to its noble mission during the whole continuance of this life, and that which is promised by that faith in the heaven of God.

Little Children, have faith in God.



EARLY LIFE OF KITTY KING.

CHAPTER I.—"MUST."

A GREAT cry came from the nursery. It was Kitty's cry.

"What is the matter with Kitty?" thought her mother, who was lifting down a tureen in the China Closet.

Presently Kitty came down stairs sobbing. "I am afraid Kitty has somebody with her," thought her mother.

Kitty pattered along until she put her little curly head into the China Closet. Her mother saw that she was not alone; Ill-humor was with her. The mother was sorry.

"What is the matter, little daughter?" she asked.

Bridget had called her from playing with her Noah's ark; and said "that she 'must' have her face washed, for papa to kiss."

"I hate 'must,'" said Kitty.

"Why so," asked her mother.

"'Must' always makes me cross," said Kitty.

"'Must' only wants to make Kitty a good, clean little girl," said mother. "If you minded 'must' you would love him dearly; instead of that you

take 'Ill-humor,' who always quarrels with 'must,' and then there are sorry times. How nicely 'must' has washed little Kitty's face,"

"Is it nice for papa?" asked Kitty, going on tiptoe before the glass.

"Very," answered mother. "And who curled Kitty's hair?"

"'Must' did that," replied the little girls; but he did that an hour ago."

The entry door opened, and papa's step was heard coming in.

There's my papa," said Kitty skipping into the hall, and leaving 'Ill-humor' far behind.

"My dear little daughter," said papa, lifting her up over his head, and then giving her a couple of kisses, on her two rosy cheeks.

"Do I look nice, papa?" she asked.

"I think you do," he said, looking at her hair, and mouth and hands; "I think you do."

"'Must' does know I believe, truly," thought Kitty. "If I hadn't minded him, I should not have been fit for papa's kisses, after eating aunty's orange. O, I wish I could always mind 'must,' and not get cross, as I do," and a little sorry shadow come over her heart.

After dinner, papa looked at his watch, and jumping up, said, "I must go."

"Does 'must' make you go papa, as it does me?" asked Kitty.

"Yes, daughter."

"Don't you think 'must' is hard sometimes, making us when we don't want to, papa?" asked she.

"'Must' is one of our best friend," answered papa. "It only urges us to do what we ought to do. Perhaps we might forget, or put off; but 'must' says, 'Do now.' Should we not be very thankful for such a friend?"

"Did God give us 'must'?" asked Kitty.

"Yes," answered papa, "therefore, I think we should love to mind Him."

When papa went away, Kitty trudged upstairs. She wanted to get her black dolly. Bridget met her at the nursery door, shaking her head, and pointing her to go back.

"I want my black dolly," whispered Kitty.

"You must go away now," said Bridget. "Your little cousin has just gone to sleep. Your black dolly is in the crib. No, no, you must not try to get it."

Kitty grew red; 'Ill-humor' was ready to join her; then she swallowed the cry that come up in her throat. "I will try to mind 'must'" she said to herself. At this, 'Ill-humor' ran away, and little joy crept up by her side, and put her arms lovingly round the child.

They went down stairs together; and Kitty

took one of her picture books, and sat down on the rug at her mother's feet. Little joy was with her all the time.

At night, when mother undressed Kitty, the little girl laid her head on mother's bosom and said, "Mamma, I *do* want to be a good girl, for goodness does bring happiness;" and when she knelt by mamma's side, she put in her little prayer, "Dear God, will you help me to do as 'must' says, and not be naughty, cause I don't always want to, for Christ's sake."

And the mother prayed in her heart that the sweet spirit of obedience might ever make its home in the bosom of the darling little one.

To be Continued.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

Little Children Helping God.

LITTLE folks do not know what hard work it is to get money to pay for all they want. Perhaps papa is poor. He pounds iron, lays brick, builds walls, runs on a railroad, shoes horses, makes boots and shoes, builds houses, works in a mill, drives a team, works on a farm, sets type, works in a machine shop, cuts wood, works on a boat, or down in a mine, from morning till night, or night till morning, and never has as much money as he needs. Sometimes papa is nearly discouraged. Selfish, dishonest men cheat him. Bad men coax him to spend his money for them. He has taxes to pay; clothes to buy; medicine to pay for; books and playthings to buy; mamma and the children to provide for; guests to entertain; furniture to buy; coal, wood and lights to pay for. Sometimes we wonder that men work so much, or so contented as they do! But now we know why they do it. At home, mamma and all the little children are all the time making pieces of sunshine to make poor, tired papa's heart warm and golden when he comes home.

We love the little children. We never shall forget the little girl who brought us the sunshine to-night. We know she is good. Her eyes told us. So did her voice. She spoke so prettily. Her father must be proud of her and of her sister, who was at home helping mamma. We know a place in the country—a little home away from the city where the children are all the time helping God make sunshine. It is such a sweet home. There are flowers all about, as we remember. Each one of the little ones has something to do. Even the baby has a little rose tree and is very proud when it can help mamma take care of it. The children always welcome papa to his home. One of them takes his hat. Another one takes his coat and cane. Another draws the favorite chair to the place where papa sits. If papa is well, they all have such a jolly romp with him. If he is not well, all of them are as quiet as little mice when they listen, and fill his heart with sunshine, and every day he grows and expands in heart and brain as he basks in the sunshine of a happy home. In this home every thing is so neat. The children do not break the furniture and make papa work day after day to get money to pay for their careless frolics. Yet they have lots of fun, and their cheeks are as ruddy as the great big red apples, which tell of the health of the tree on which they grew. They all try to help papa. Some day some of them will be sick. So they all save something to use then. There is so much sunshine of the heart about this home, that papa does not go away nights, and mamma never has cross words for him, for she is a happy woman and helps make sunshine for others.

There are a great many good angels who watch over those who make sunshine. The spirit world is full of them. Those who make sunshine for the heart are all helping God. They help him in the beautiful home, Over There in the Golden Land which mamma or papa will tell you about. From their homes they look upon the little children and the big children, and send to them good thoughts—sometimes by us, sometimes by others,

sometimes in dreams. The nicest flowers are in bouquets, like those the little girl brought us. So the best children make the best men and women, and they make the brightest sunshine, the most happiness, and at last, rest in the Land of the Leal, where the flowers of the soul born of the sunshine of the heart fill heaven with bouquets which never fade. We wish to be of use in the world; to help make sunshine, and we will try to do as much for the little girl who came to us so trustingly as she did for us, and that is a great deal. She gave us strength, and hope, and sunshine. Now if all who read this will remember to make all the sunshine they can whenever any of our little friends or big ones get in trouble, we will do all we can to help them out, and to keep their hearts full of those good influences which, like angel's wings, beat back all darkness and sorrow. And when we can make no more sunshine on earth, will meet thousands of our kind friends in the new home, and then we will all work together to fill the hearts of all who live on earth with the sunshine of that true religion which strives to make others happy, as we pray all our friends will be till every bit of care and trouble shall be turned into the sunshine which shall lighten us over the river and into the beautiful gardens when comes the final earthly Saturday Night.—"BRICK" POMEROY.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

IX.—AFRICA.—(Continued.)

AKU AND BAOBAB.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Under the spreading Baobab
The monkeys live at ease,
Chattering amid the leafy boughs
As saucy as you please;
All up the rugged stem they swarm,
And knock the ripe fruit down,
Then feast upon the juicy pulp,
And the seed that's like a crown.

The mighty, stately Baobab!
A shelter from the heat,
A leafy tent, a storehouse rich
Of food that's cool and sweet.
Accordant with God's wise and good,
And ever-blessed plan,
He placed it in the wilderness
For many wants of man.

THE aku-tree is highly valued in the West Indies, especially in Jamaica, where it was introduced from Africa about a century ago. It grows to the height of from twenty to thirty-feet, and throws out numerous branches, covered with leaves, like those of the English ash. It has small white flowers, and the fruit is as large as the egg of a goose, of a reddish-yellow color when ripe. This fruit contains three cells, in each of which is a large seed, the covering, of which has a pleasant taste, as the seed, and indeed the whole of the fruit has. It is said to be in flavor little inferior to the nectarine. The West Indians eat it raw, or boil it down with sugar as a preserve. The negro women use the water distilled from the flowers of this tree as a cosmetic; we wonder whether it improves the complexions of these dark beauties?

The shape of both fruit and seed is very peculiar. This tree must not be confounded with the aku of New Zealand, which is quite a different plant, a kind of myrtle, which throws outside-roots, by which it clings and climbs to the tops of the highest trees like a creeper.

The true aku has been cultivated with success in English hot-houses; it has a near relative which produces the iron wood of the Isle of Bourbon and Amboyna; it is very heavy, knotty, and difficult to cut, and is valued for its hardness.

One of the most wonderful of all trees is the great Baobab, or Adansonia, a native of Africa, but now found in many parts of the East and West Indies. The latter name was given to it by Linnæus in honor of the French naturalist, Michael Adonson. But in its native wilds, it is commonly called the Monkey-bread Tree. With a

trunk of immense thickness, and branches often as stout as the stems of other large trees, and spreading out sixty or seventy feet, covered with dense foliage, and high enough from the ground to leave a clear space, in which a herd of elephants or a regiment of soldiers might find rest and shelter from the fierce glare of the tropical sun. Beneath its boughs, and in the hollow of its trunk, when decayed, as well as amid the upper branches, colonies of monkeys and human families scarcely less wild and odd-looking, take up their abode; they are completely enclosed in a leafy tent, for the outermost boughs of the stately tree droop to the ground, so that at a little distance it present a dome shape, like the huts that the Kaffirs and other African tribes build; they plant thick pliable rods in a circle, then they fasten the tops together, so as to make a semi-circular roof; they fill in all the openings with smaller rods, twisted in and out; They cover this frame-work with leaves, or cocoa-nut matting, and plaster the inside with clay, so as to make the whole water-tight. This is the Kaffir's hut, and a number of these built round an open space, which is the cattle fold, and surrounded by a high palisade, is called the kraal, or village. Well the mighty Baobab looks like one of these huts, covered over with leaves, seen through a strong magnifying glass, only no huts would be so richly ornamented, for the Baobab has large white blossoms which hang down from stalks, a yard long, glorious to behold, and smelling delightfully. And not only are the senses of sight and smell gratified, but that of taste also. The fruit, which is abundant, is as large as a citron, or twice the size of a well-grown orange; it contains a thick pulp, enclosing seeds, in size and shape like a kidney bean, which are very nutritious; the natives eat them eagerly; sometimes the fruit is their only food for a long time; the juice which comes from it when pressed, makes a very refreshing drink, extremely valuable in the fevers which prevail in hot climates. The decayed fruit when burned leaves alkaline ashes, which mixed with palm oil form soap. In times of scarcity the natives also cut the smaller leaves of the tree, and with the larger they cover their huts; in shape they are what botanists call *di-gi-tate*, that is, deeply divided with digits or points sticking out like fingers; so they call the tree *A-dan-so-nia di-gi-tata*.

In short there is no part of this giant among trees that is not in some way valuable. Living or dead it is a benefactor to man, and happily it lives to a great age; indeed we may ask, Does it ever die? for it is known to exist for many centuries. Specimens of it are now alive, which botanists say, from certain marks of successive growths on their trunks, must have lived thousands of years!

TRUST IN GOD.

I WAS just reading our little paper, when the thought came to me, that I would try and write a few lines for it. This morning I was too sick to go to Sunday School, this afternoon I feel better, though a while ago, I was feeling very low spirited, when a young sister came in and she told me that she dreamed I was dead, and that she was requested to sing at my funeral.

I suppose you think that made me feel worse; but to the contrary I felt amused, and thinking over what she had said, reminded me of a circumstance which an old lady told me of not long since.

There were two old people living in the suburbs of a town in Missouri. They had both belonged to the old church, and had been to Utah, but they had not had an opportunity to join the Reorganized Church.

The old gentleman took sick and died. There was not a Latter Day Saint near the place. The old lady was very anxious to have one of our good old hymns sung over his remains, so the first time she was alone with the dead, she stood beside her

lifeless husband, and sang one of their favorite hymns.

Many times have I pictured this scene in my mind; for I knew the old people well; and in thinking of this how often I have felt what unspeakable happiness it is to see a Saint of God who can sing, or can say "Thy will, not mine, be done," when those we love are taken away,

And this brings another event to my mind. A very dear sister had buried two little ones, and the next youngest was not expected to live from one hour to the next; when she saw me she said, "O sister A! I have promised the Lord if he will spare this one, I will grieve no more for the other two."

The good Lord heard her prayer, and spared the child.

A short time after this, hearing that a friend had a sick baby, I went to see her; but when I arrived at the house the infant was no more; the friends sat around in tears, the mother arose and led me into the room where the little one lay in its coffin, and she said, "O! Mrs. A., it was not just in God to take away my babe.

Oh! how I felt. How very, very sad it is to have no hope.

Well my prayer is, that all who read these few lines, may so live as to have,——

"The hope, the blissful hope,

The hope that God has given,
The hope, when days and years are past
We all shall meet in heaven."

SISTER A.

THE WONDERS OF PLANTS.

BY A. REES.

MY dear little Hope:—In accordance with the request of some of your little readers, who often ask me, "Why don't you write to our little paper, and tell us some thing about flowers and plants?" If you will spare me a little space in your columns; I will tell them something about the wonders of the vegetable kingdom, and its curious plants and flowers.

A plant is an object, that lives and grows but can not move at will; some say it has no feeling, but when I handle those wonderful little herbs called the sensitive plant, I often say to myself, "*It must feel.*"

There are three of these singular little annuals, which belong to the genus mimosa; two of them are natives of Brazil. The one called, mimosa sensitive, grows about a foot high; its flowers are of a pale pink hue.

The mimosa Pudica, is white; mimosa Casta, pale yellow flowered. The latter is a native of the East Indies.

These are not cultivated in our flower gardens and green houses for their beauty, but for the wonderful, and curious action of shrinking at the slightest touch of the hand; for the little leaves will fold themselves together, and their weak and tender branches will droop, as though they would say, "Touch me not."

The Venus Fly Trap, is another singular plant. The leaves of this resemble a butterfly with its wings expanded, the surface of the leaves is covered with long hairs, and as soon as an insect alights upon these, they close around the poor helpless victim; while the two leaves gradually fold together and crush it to death.

The Hedysarum Gyran, is the next, it is a native of Bengal. This plant does not wait until it is disturbed, for it protects itself by a perpetual motion of its leaves; as soon as the sun shines upon it, some of the leaves will quiver slowly. While the others will be perfectly still, soon another leaf starts into a rapid quivering, and so it continues from one leaf to another.

There are plants which require great and constant moisture to promote their growth, and bring them to perfection. Some of these are furnished with wonderful contrivances by which they keep in store, a supply of water for their use during the dryest weather. One of these is the Tassel which

has a cup between the leaves in which the rain and dew is collected.

But the most wonderful is the Nepenthes Distillatoria, or the Pitcher plant. It is a native of China, and is also found in the swamps of East Indies. This plant has broad, long leaves, bent downwards, and at their ends form beautiful upward curves in the shape of a pitcher. This is furnished with a movable lid, and as soon as the pitcher is filled with water by rain, or dew, the lid shuts down, and so remains until empty; then opens again to receive a fresh supply, and so continues until the plant has arrived at perfection.

Dear little ones, in reading the above, you see how great is the care of our heavenly father for even these little plants, by giving them power to defend, and support themselves.

If God cares for these little things, which are trodden under foot, and often passed unnoticed, how much more will he care for you, if you love Him, and keep His commandments.

He will give you power to overcome your foes, and fill you with living water, that shall be in you a fountain of water, springing up into everlasting life.

Come you little lambs of Zion
To the fountain of redemption,
And drink freely of the water,
You no more shall thirst forever.

CHORUS.—Come and drink, Jesus calls
There is room for you all,
For the fountain now is open,
Come and drink,—Jesus calls.

Come ye sheep, the lambs will follow,
O! don't wait until to-morrow,
But come now, and drink together,
We no more shall thirst forever.
Come and drink, &c.

Come the spirit now invites you,
And the bride with him united,
Calls you to the purer River
There to drink, and live forever.
Come and drink, &c.

THE TWO SISTERS AND THEIR COUSIN.

DEAR Little Hopes:—I have just been reading our dear little paper, urging us to write something to interest you, and so I thought I would write you a story about some sisters, that were little girls over twenty years ago.

They lived on a beautiful prairie, and were very happy playing through the long bright summer days.

They had a cousin very near their own age that often came and spent the day with them.

Her name was Alice. When she came they often got into mischief. Once she and they went to the barn to play, and as the mother had put her carpet rags there to get them out of the way, what should they do but look them over. They found some old green dresses the Twins had outgrown, and taking off their own, one of the Twins and Alice put them on. The other one put Alice's on, and off to the village they started; but when they got half way, one of the neighbors that knew them, saw them and knew by their being alone, that they were running away, coaxed them to get into his wagon and go back.

When they got home their mother gave them a whipping. What did more good than that, at night when she heard their evening prayer, she told them how God had seen them deceive their mother, that when she had let them out to play they took the advantage of her, and run away.

The little girls thought when they started they could go to the village and back, so as to get some candy, it was two miles there, but to their anxious eyes the tall church steeples looked but a short way off.

Well, it was not often that these little children disobeyed their kind mother, but every time they did they remembered it all through life.

Dear Hopes, when you are tempted to do wrong, stop and think a long time, for every unkind word you give your mother causes her pain. All

through your life you will have your evil behavior to think of. You will remember it much better than the good you do her.

Alice's mother was a sickly woman. Her health gradually failed as that slow but sure disease, consumption, took her.

One time Alice came to see her cousins, and they went to another Aunt's to play an hour; and in a back room they found a powder-horn.

They thought it would be a nice thing to play with, but they did not want to ask Aunt Lizzie for it. Finally they concluded to take it without asking, saying to themselves it is our Aunt's, and so it won't be stealing. But one of the twins would have nothing to do with it.

The other one and Alice started off with the powder-horn, but knowing that the twins' mother would not approve of taking it without asking. They went into the setting room, and then they did not know what to do with it; for they were sure some one would ask where they got it.

Instead of it being a nice plaything as they supposed it would be, it was quite a burden.

Alice proposed throwing it into the fire-place. Just then the Twins' mother came in the room, and saw them, and of course asked where they got the powder-horn. Well, they dared not tell a falsehood to her, so they just told her all about it.

She talked a long time with them, and told them how naughty it was to steal, and great deal more.

She then told them to take it back and ask their Aunt Lizzie's forgiveness. Well it was hard work for her little girl but she went.

Alice ran home as fast as she could.

I do not want the little Hopes to think that every time Cousin Alice came to see the children, that they got into mischief.

Eight years had rolled away, and many were the happy days they had spent together, gathering hickory nuts, hazel nuts, and swinging in the old oak tree, and running to get the big pound sweet apples, for Grandpa; that grew in the old orchard.

Life has its changes, and as the Twins' Grandpa moved away into a new country, their father followed him. The little girls were glad their father was going to move. Like most children they thought a new home, in a new country would be a nice thing. So they bid Cousin Alice good bye, and moved forty miles away from their beautiful prairie home. When they got there, they were somewhat disappointed, for instead of the clean white roads, were black ones, and they thought it was tar. The houses were mostly made of logs, it looked odd enough to them, but like all children they were soon as happy as the day is long.

Their Grandparents were christian people, and soon had prayer meetings and Sunday School started there. Inviting a preacher to come, and preach which he did once in a while. The children went to school, and when there was no school, they played in the woods. Their mother called them her squirrels. They gathered so many nuts, their father would go with them, and gather black walnuts; and sometimes take them to the river, and give them a nice boat ride. There they could fish and see the little ducks swim.

Sometimes they would wade in the shallow water, try to catch little minnows, that looked like so much gold and silver in their eyes, and so four more years rolled away.

Now their mother's sister came to make a visit from the west. The aunt having no children, wished one of the little girls to go home with her, where she could go to school in the village. One wanted to go, so the mother consented.

The next day was a long lonesome day to the one that was left at home, she had to try two or three times before she could arrange the bureau drawers, where they kept their clothes, and trinkets.

Her mother seeing her so lonesome told her that her uncle was going out where they used to

live, and if she was a good girl she might go with him, and make Alice a short visit.

In the letters that they had received from Alice's folks, during the four years that had past, they had received the sad news of Alice's mother's death, and after that in about two years of his marrying a woman suitable to his age. She had never been married but she was a good wife, and a kind and affectionate mother to little Alice.

Well, the time came, the little girl I am telling about, was ready to go with her uncle. It was evening when her uncle stopped before the house of her other uncle.

She got out and went in alone, for the uncle she came with was to go on. Her heart beat fast as she opened the gate; she wondered if they would know her, if they would be glad to see her. You must remember four years had passed, and it makes quite a change in a child. Then she had never seen her new Auntie. She knocked at the door. Her cousin came and opened it, and asked her in. Then she knew her, kissed her, telling her mother that it was one of the Twins.

To be Continued.

THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

Go flag the train! Go flag the train!
I want to get on board,
Soon the Lord will come to reign;
We read it in his word.

Ring the bell! O, ring the bell!
Do not go by in haste;—
I want to shun that lake of hell,
And gain that better place.

Turn down the brakes! Turn down the brakes!
I fain with you would go;
I sure must shun that "burning lake,"
Where all is bitter woe.

Pour forth your steam! Pour forth your steam!
I now am safe on board;
I now, with all the Saints, can sing,
Rejoicing in God's word.

Move forward now, to Zion's land;
We'll safely reach the shore,
I have obeyed the Lords command;
Like Saints now gone before.

DELIA CALHOON.

A WORD TO THE HOPE.

DEAR HOPE:—After perusing your columns, and gaining instruction from your pages, I thought I would try and cast in my mite with the rest, thinking it might interest some of the readers to know that I am still striving to follow the pattern laid down by our blessed Savior. I am making but little progress in his cause.

I have not the privilege of meeting often with the Saints, as the nearest branch is about twenty-five miles from where I live. My companion does not belong to the Church. I united with the Saints when quite young, at String Prairie, and remained there until I was about seventeen; but difficulties arising, I became very slothful and did not take the interest in the work that a Saint ought to take. After leaving there I have had the privilege of hearing but few sermons, and have not attended a prayer meeting for nearly six years. So I hardly feel worthy, to be called a Latter Day Saint, though I try to gain instruction from the *Hope* and *Herald*.

On account of sickness in my family this winter, I have had to part with my *Herald* for a time. I hope it will not be long till I can take it again.

I miss its visits sadly, and feel as though I was almost forsaken of the Lord. There is none of our people in this vicinity. I have invited several Elders to come and see us, and preach to the people here; but they all seem to be too busy, or think one Saint so far away not worth going to see.

I pray all the little Hopes living near a Branch, will take up their cross and help bear the yoke, and not become so careless that they will ever see the time, when they will hunger and thirst for the sound of the true gospel, and the

blessings and privileges, that are bestowed upon those that are faithful in doing Christ's work.

Your unworthy sister, JENNIE S.

PRIZE ENIGMA.

Bro. Wm. Street offers a prize for the most correct answer to the Prize Enigma.

The answers are to be sent to the *HERALD* Office, and they must be all sent in by the First of December. No answer received after the 1st of December will be considered.

There may be several answers correct in Scripture references; if so the manner of writing and form of the answer will be the rule for decision.

THE LITTLE MAID'S SONG.

O happy, happy, shining day!
The time to dance and sing and play!
I wish I only knew
Why all the clouds have gone to sleep,
And lie, like flocks of lazy sheep,
Far up there on the blue.

The aster must be glad that nods
So cheery to the golden-rods;
Wide open is its eye;
And happy is the scarlet vine,
That runs along the dark green pine,
As if to reach the sky.

This afternoon, down at the brook,
A bright eyed squirrel stopped and took
A dozen little drinks;
Some nuts were lying at my feet,
He looked as if he thought them sweet,
And gave some knowing winks.

Just then a little leaf quite brown
Into the brook came rustling down,
And sailed off like a ship;
The squirrel gave his tail a whisk,
Then made a funny sideways-frisk,
And left me with a skip.

There's red and yellow, green and pink,
And purple too,—it makes me think
Of Joseph's little coat;
The woods is in a rainbow drest;
The hills are like a robin's breast,
Or like my pigeon's throat.

Such pretty colors everywhere!
Such pleasant feelings in the air!
I'm glad as glad can be.
Here, Rover, come, let's take a run,
And catch a good-night from the sun
Behind the maple tree.

—Scribner's.

Correspondence.

INLAND, Cedar Co., Iowa.

Dear little Hopes:—I am eleven years old; but this is my first attempt to write to you; although I have thought of it many times, I never did. I am not a member of the Church, but I intend to be some time. I hope none of you have met with the misfortune that I have, to lose father and mother. Ma was a member of the Latter Day Saints' Church. I am living at my uncle Lester Russell's. I presume that a good many of the readers of the *Hope* are acquainted with him. I suppose that all the little Hopes like to go to Sunday School. I like to go myself. I wish there was a Sunday School in every vicinity.

How cheering and pleasing is the sound of the reapers, as they cut the ripe and golden grain. I always look at the letters in the *Hope* the first thing when it comes, and then the Anagrams and Enigmas. I like to read the *Herald* and *Hope*. I expect that all of the boys and girls like to ride horse-back. I like to ride whenever I get a chance. My cousin Florrie and I can ride some, but not very good. I think it is fine amusement. My home formerly was at Wilton Junction, Iowa; but as I had no brothers and sisters, I came to reside with my uncle. I give my love to all of the little Hopes, and hope my letter will be worthy of a place in the *Hope*. M. ADA HUNTER.

INLAND, Iowa, July 29th, 1873.

Dear Little Hopes:—I thought I would make another attempt to write. I am eleven and a half years old; and have never written to the *Hope* but once or twice before. I have not joined the Church yet; but I hope I may some time. There is a Campbellite Sunday School here; but no Latter Day Saints'. There is no gospel preaching either. I wish there was. Do all the little Hopes like to go to Church? I do. My cousin Ada and I are about the same age; we enjoy ourselves very well, rambling through the grove.

Now, little Hopes, I will tell you how my home looks. It has a maple grove on every side except the South. There is a small orchard on the East. We have some small fruit trees, and we have quite a large house. It is painted a light brown, and relieved with a darker shade. The house is just a few steps from the corners. The barn and pasture is East of the house. Our land lies on the South.

Now, little Hopes, describe your homes in your next letters. I am going to peep in the Children's Column the first thing, to see if you have. Now if any of you should happen to be passing around this way, just please drop in and see us a moment. Uncle Mark, little Hopes, and all; no difference how many there is of you. Please accept my love. Yours truly,

FLORENCE RUSSELL.

SANDUSKY, Wis., August 12th, 1873.

Dear Children:—I feel truly thankful to our heavenly Father to see the increasing interest among the Saints of God.

Our little paper is so good that all must love it who read it. I am quite old, have some dear little Grand children, and I love to read the *Herald*, the Bible, and all other good books; but I am not too old to read the *Hope*. I have learned many things from it.

May God speed it on, and bless those who are engaged in the work.

When I was a child I loved poetry very much, and now the Lord has blessed me with a rich store of it in the Saints' Harp. How I love those beautiful hymns, they cheer the heart, strengthen the hope, and fill us with holy love. I learned a piece of poetry when I was a child, I will send it to your paper, if Bro. Joseph sees fit to print it. So good bye, dear children. May God bless you all with such blessings as he sees fit for you, is the prayer of your affectionate sister in Christ, MARY LEE.

A PRIZE.—A SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

An elegant Lithograph of the Lord's Prayer, Beatitudes, Ten Commandments, &c., &c., size twenty-four by twenty-eight inches, will be given to the Hope who sends the most correct answers to the following Scriptural Enigma.

What is the principal thing that dwells with prudence?
Who was Daniel's father?
Who was Paul's first convert at Philippi?
What young man having two sisters did Christ raise from the dead?
Who had thirty sons and thirty daughters?
Who was David's oldest son?
Whom did God appear to in a burning bush?

Whose seven sons were hung in the barley harvest?
Who informed the governor against St. Paul?
What keepeth him that is upright in the way?
What beautiful queen once saved the Jewish people?
What stone did the Psalmist secrete by in time of danger?
Who was the father of Abraham?

What Roman governor's wife was a Jewess?
Where were the disciples first called Christians?
Who was Timothy's grandmother?
Who was Jacob deceived with?

Who spread sackcloth upon a rock in the beginning of harvest?

Who was slain and beheaded in bed?
What Queen preceded Queen Esther?
What Prophet caused iron to swim?
Where did the Israelites murmur for water?

Who was Haman full of indignation against?
What is the Syriac name for father?
Who sang with Paul, at midnight, in Prison?
Who had nine hundred chariots of iron?

WILLIAM STREET, Fall River, Mass.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	..\$185 56	Nellie Westenholm	...\$	50
Alice Westenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	... 25	25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	... 25	25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	... 50	50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25	Mary E. Kyte	... 3 00	3 00
W. H. H. Brown	... 3 90	Mary Clements	... 50	50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	... 9 00	Joseph Lightowler	... 25	25
Lizzie Whitmore	... 50	L. M. Allen	... 25	25
O. E. Robinson	... 46	C. Munroe	... 50	50

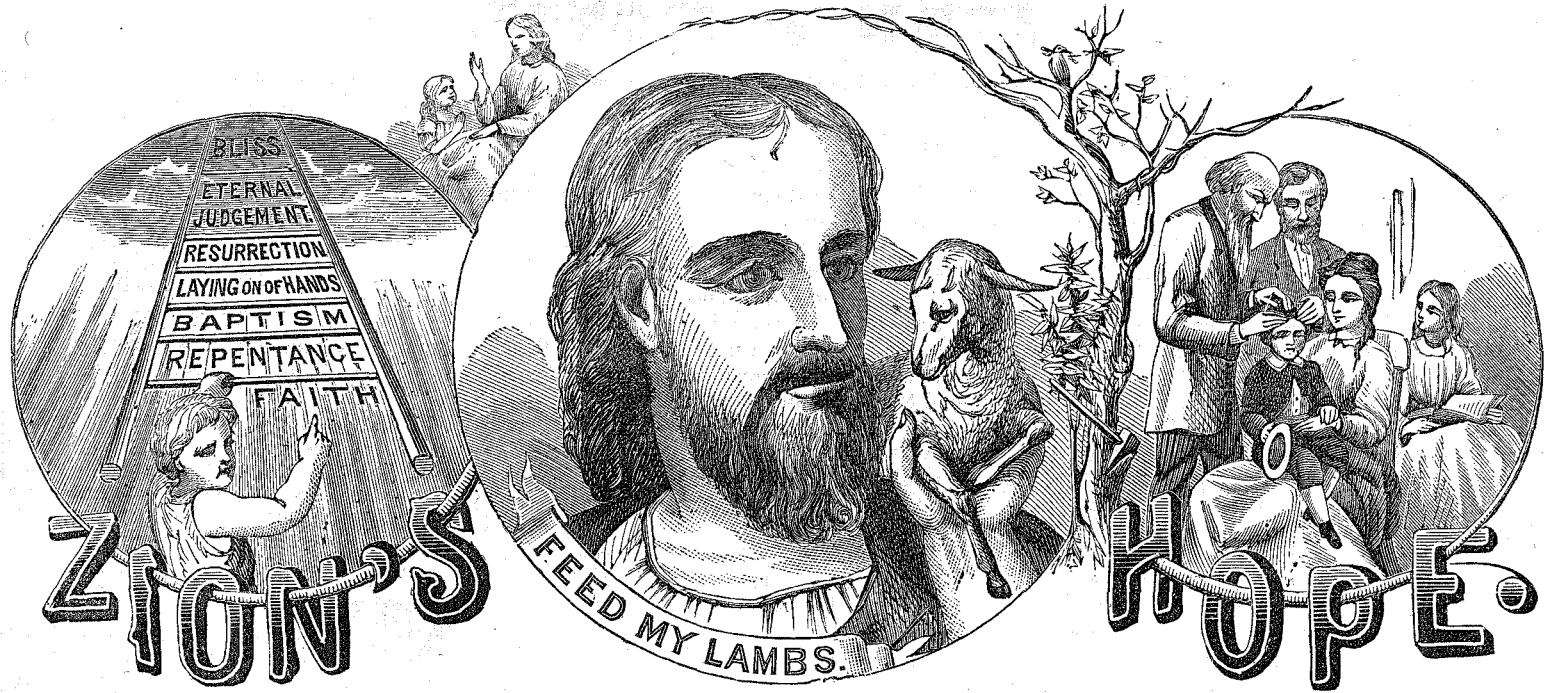
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., OCTOBER 1, 1873.

No. 7.

THOUGHTS ON SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

REDITOR of *Zion's Hope*:—The other day, while hoeing a small patch of corn, I sat down in the shade to rest, and my eyes being directed to a hill of corn in front of me, the following thoughts were suggested to my mind:

Look at that corn just bursting forth out of the ground, and forming two small blades. Here is the germ of what will be, with proper care and attention, a great stalk with bright green blades and silken tassel, bearing fruit, almost a thousand fold; and from so small a beginning!

But its growth and yield of grain will depend upon the care taken of it. The ground must be kept free from weeds, which would fatten and grow upon the substance so necessary for the nourishment and growth of the corn. The weeds, as they grow, not only rob the corn of the necessary substance in the ground, but they tend to exclude the light and heat, which is so requisite to the growth of the plant, and they smother and dwarf it, causing little or no yield of grain.

My thoughts ran thus: The youthful mind is similar to this young and tender stalk of corn. Parents and guardians have the charge of keeping from around them, (until they come to years of accountability), the weeds that would hinder their growth in morality, virtue, goodness and truth.

As there are a great variety of weeds in the physical, so also there are a great variety of weeds in the moral world.

Some weeds in the physical world, if allowed to grow, become rank and tall, and their power is so much greater to rob the corn of the nutriment so necessary to its growth. So there are, in our opinion, in the moral world weeds of this nature, which tend to hinder, more than others, the spiritual growth of the youthful mind. I shall not attempt to classify these weeds, or sins, as my judgment might not answer for others.

Parents and guardians can do much in the way of keeping down weeds in the minds of their children, or charges, by setting good examples before them; by living lives of sobriety, temperance, patience, kindness; keeping out all bickering, strife and quarrels. Should any of the weeds make their appearance in their children, do not pluck the weed too suddenly lest you break off the portion out of the ground, and leave the root to take a firmer hold, and send forth a more vigorous growth; but take hold of it tenderly and pull it gently, and the root will come up entire; that is, do not chide in an angry

manner; but gently show the child its error in a loving spirit, and by thus doing you will entirely eradicate the weed from the moral soul.

"Hopes of Zion," who have been baptized into the fold of God, (yea, and adults also, but I am more particularly addressing myself to the young "buds of promise"), you have planted in your hearts the good seed of the word of God; watch it unceasingly; keep down every weed, or sin, that would hinder its growth, and it will bring forth fruit a hundred fold to the honor and glory of God.

Some of the weeds more common to youth might be mentioned, in order that you may be on the alert to watch for them, and keep them down. Among the number may be mentioned, *wilfulness*, or a disposition to have your own way, regardless of the feelings or desires of parents and friends. *Covetousness*, or a desire to obtain that which does not rightly belong to you, is another weed which must be well watched for, and pulled up by the roots, or it will work great harm to the growth of the good seed. If covetousness is encouraged to grow, envy, hatred, jealousy, and other weeds, or sins, follow immediately in its train; and thus, if one weed is allowed to grow, others spring up immediately, choking the good seed.

We might enumerate a great many other weeds, such as disobedience to parents, impatience, fretfulness and quarrelsome, that beset the path of the young, and which must be guarded against and kept down.

We will conclude with a word of exhortation to our young brothers and sisters, and if the adults will take it also, well and good: That is, use the most efficient implement to keep down these weeds. I recommend it highly. It does the best of work, if continually kept in use, by which means it is kept bright. It roots out all weeds, leaves the ground mellow, by which means the Sun-light of heaven, the light of God's Spirit, may penetrate to the roots, and elaborate the sap so necessary for the growth of the plant, in all its parts, causing it to bear fruit in abundance.

My dear young brother or sister, Do you want to know what that implement is? It is secret prayer! "Pray without ceasing," says the Apostle; and well he might, for he knew it was a momentarily conflict; that should we cease to lean upon the Lord for help for one moment, the enemy seeks to enter the gap.

We can pray to God for help at all times, wherever we be, against the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. We can thank him for such help and for every blessing, no

matter what we are doing, or in what position.

I would exhort all, both old and young, to seek often through the day opportunities to pour out your soul's desires, where no mortal eye sees you: but God will see and hear, and bless, for his word hath gone forth to that effect.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

Yes, your souls will be as a well watered garden, free from weeds of every description, (if you persevere in keeping this advice of our Savior), and you will bring forth fruit abundantly to God's glory. May it be the case with you and I, dear reader. Amen. T.

MOTION OF FLOWERS.

BY A. REES.

LITTLE readers, as I have told you before about the wonders of plants, now I will say something about the curiosities observed in connection with flowers. I suppose that all the readers of the *Hope* are lovers of flowers, especially the little girls, for I have not yet seen one that was not fond of them. And what wonder! Who does not love them, when we behold their beauty, and inhale their sweet odors, that fill the air that surrounds them.

Often I think of what a German said to me once, when he was passing my garden. He said, "Your flowers charm me so that I shed tears, my heart was so full of joy when I saw your roses in bloom."

Indeed, roses are beautiful. The rose is often called the queen of the garden. But O, my little readers, did you ever see a large bed of tulips, containing from five to six hundred bulbs, all in bloom at the same time? If you did, there you have seen the wonders of nature shown in these beautiful flowers, which comprise an endless variety of shade and color, from the pure white to the deepest crimson.

Now I must leave the roses and tulips and come to the subject, which is the wonderful power of motion possessed by the flowers. I am not prepared to tell you the nature of the power that causes this action; but I will tell you a little about the habit of the flowers under influence of it.

Some have the power to protect themselves against storms, as the flowers of the pear, which always turn their back to the gale. The flowers of the pimpernel, or the poor man's weather-glass, droop their heads, and fold up their petals before rain. Other flowers have a singular habit of folding themselves up towards night and opening

again in the morning. They are called sleepers, and so regular are they from day to day that you can almost indicate the hour of morning and evening by them. One of these is the yellow goat's beard. Its flowers open at four o'clock in the morning, and close at noon. The red sandwort opens at nine and closes at eight. Dandelion opens at five, and closes at eight. The white water lily opens at seven, and closes at five. The yellow poppy opens at five and closes at seven.

You see that some of these flowers sleep fifteen hours. A long nap, is it not? Other flowers vary in the time of opening and shutting, according to the weather, and the season of the year, as the wood-sorrel, which opens with the rising sun and closes at his setting; and the pretty little crocus, with many others, too numerous to give their names, never expand, only when the sun shines upon them.

We will come now to the beautiful flower of the water-lily. In the morning it raises its head above the stream, and gradually expands its petals, which are as white as snow, and continues in its glory through the day, and in the evening its petals close, its stem bends and it sinks below the water to sleep for the night.

Also there are varieties which fold themselves up in the day, and open in the night. Among these is the sweet night-blooming jessamine, which is a great favorite among the lovers of flowers.

I wonder if any of my little readers have ever seen the cactus grandiflorus, or the night-flowering cereus, in bloom! It is the most beautiful of all flowers, measures about twelve inches in diameter, of pure white and yellow color, and fills the air with its sweet and delicious fragrance. If light is brought into the room where this plant is in bloom, the flower will close, and as soon as the light is put out, it will open again. This plant blooms about eight or nine o'clock in the night, and before the morning its beauty has gone, its freshness is withered, and the flower is dead.

THE TWO SISTERS AND THEIR COUSIN.

HER Uncle was reading. Laying aside his paper, he inquired after the family, while Alice prepared some supper for her.

The evening wore away very pleasantly, and soon the Cousins retired to rest; but not to sleep, so much they had to tell each other. How they wished the other one was there. Then the Twin had to tell all about her sister's going, and what she had written in the dear letters she had written about her Western home, and lots of things; I can't tell all.

The next morning the Cousins went to see other aunts and cousins, and a happy day it was to them, for time flies fast with the young and happy.

Alice had a very kind mother, who tried to make the little girls happy. She gave them all the apples they could dry, and all the yarn they could knit. Alice likes her mother; but like many little girls used to disobey her; and if she reproved her, would say, "She is not my own mother." Once her mother went away to spend the evening, and left the Cousins alone. After they had gone, Alice said she would make some molasses candy; and so she got the jug of molasses, poured some into a basin, and told her Cousin not to go near it, for fear of upsetting it on the carpet. Her Cousin took a chair and sat back from the stove, to look on. The floor was carpeted, and around the stove were loose pieces laid, to save the large one.

As Alice went around the stove to get some wood, in bringing it around, she knocked the basin off, and away went the molasses all over the small carpets. They tried to wash them out, but made rather bad work of it. Then they concluded to turn them over until the next day, for they knew that Alice's mother was intending

to go to see her sister, the next day, and would be gone a week.

When she came home that night she praised the Cousins, telling them she was glad they were such good little girls, and kept things in such good order. If they were as good while she was gone, she would bring them something.

Dear Hopes, how do you suppose those two little girls felt? I can tell you. They felt much worse than they would have felt if their aunt and mother had known of their wrong deed, and had been scolding them. They thought if she would only go the next morning, before she found it out, they would wash it out, and be real good girls all the time she was gone.

I have heard it said that "murder will out, and wickedness is sure to be discovered." So it proved in that case. The next morning, after breakfast, Alice's mother told the girls to do up the work, and she would get ready while her husband harnessed the horses, to take her to the depot. The girls cleared the table, took the dishes in the pantry to wash them, and while they were washing them, their wickedness was found out, for Alice's mother getting ready sooner than her father, said, "I will help you, little girls. I will take up these small carpets and shake them." She went to pull them up, but they stuck fast to the other carpet, and so she said, "What is the matter? What have you been doing to these carpets?" Then she said, "You must have spilled molasses on them, or they would not stick." She did not scold them, but told them that if they had asked her, she would have let them had the molasses, and may be they would have had better luck. She was sorry they had deceived her, but Alice's father was ready, and so she kissed the girls "good bye." They promised to be real good girls, and kept their promises very well. When she returned, she brought them some nice presents.

I will tell you one more little circumstance that happened while the Twin was there. Hazel-nuts were ripe, and Alice's father took them about two miles from there, to a small piece of woods, and left them to pick hazel-nuts until night, then he would come and get them. They had a sack to fill, and then they could play. They had their dinner with them, and they took lots of comfort. There were a great many children there. Long before night they had their sack full and their small dishes too, and then they thought they would go out into the woods and see if they could find some grapes. So they went and found plenty of grapes. The trees were small and they would climb them and pick the grapes. So happy were they that they did not think it was getting late until the sun began to sink. Then they did not agree which way was right, to go back. So they wandered around for awhile, but they always came to the same spot. Finally they began to be a little scared, and thinking darkness would find them there, they climbed the tallest tree they could find, and looked over the woods. To their great joy they saw a large white house. When they got there Alice knew where she was. They had went clear through the woods. They were not like a forest of large trees, but only ten or fifteen acres of small trees, and lots of brush, so that they could not see far. They went around by a road back, for fear of getting lost again. When Alice's father came for them they were there. He said they had done better than he expected they would.

Well, little Hopes, the Twin did not stay many days longer at her cousin's; but as the same uncle that brought her there was going back near enough for her to take the stage and get home in a day, she went with him. She is now a married lady, with two little girls. The other Twin is also married, and has three little ones to care for. Their cousin, Alice, married and lost her husband and one little child. In about three years she married again and has one little child. One of the Twins belongs to the Latter Day Saints Church.

AUNT ELLA.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

X.—AMERICA.

THE BANANA, THE GOURD, AND THE PINE-APPLE.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Throughout the sultry Southern Isles
Grows the great Banana-tree;
There kind Nature ever smiles,
Lavish of her gifts, and free.
Little work the natives do
To supply their every need;
All their wants are very few,
Idle are their lives indeed.

Fishing in the still lagoon,
Guarded by the coral reef,
Sleeping through the sultry noon;
Are their lives, then, free from grief?
Free from care, from danger free?
Nay, for deadly feuds are theirs.
Blood stains the Banana-tree,
And the precious fruit it bears.

WE now turn our faces westward, towards the great continent of America, and the numerous islands which nestle close about it, or lie far out in the vast Atlantic and Pacific oceans, including varieties of climate as great as prevail in any part of the world, and a range of territory so vast as to seem altogether boundless.

That the fruits of this quarter of the globe should be of a widely differing character we are prepared to expect: of a few of them only can we attempt a description; and first we will take that which is perhaps the most common and widely diffused, as well as the most useful, viz. the Banana, which is said to have been at first a native of the East, but is now cultivated in nearly all the warmer parts of the habitable globe, but especially in the West Indies and islands of the Pacific.

The Banana-tree is in growth and appearance very like some of the palms, having but few leaves, and those very large, springing out from the top of the trunk; the natives use them for covering their dwellings. The fruit resemble in shape a small cucumber; it is generally four or five inches long, and grows in clusters weighing twelve pounds and upwards; it is never eaten until quite ripe, when it becomes sweet and delicious: when dried for preservation it is covered, like the fig, with sugar, of which every part of the fruit contains a great deal, rendering it very nutritious. In this dry state it will keep good for many years. The Negroes and other travelers, when they go on a journey, take small loaves made of the dried pulp of the Banana: a piece of one of these is broken off and mixed with water, so as to form a thick paste fluid: in this way it serves the purpose of both food and drink. It is slightly acid, which renders it very pleasant and refreshing. Biscuits made of the Bananas dried, powdered, then mixed up into a thick paste and baked, are an article of commerce in South America. The natives of all the South Sea Isles cultivate and eat this fruit largely. No Tahitian kitchen-garden, if we may so call it, would be complete without the Banana, which is at once bread and meat, fruit pie, baked potatoes, and everything good in the way of eatables. Robinson Crusoe, in his desolate island, no doubt ate Bananas. Captain Cook found them growing in the islands he visited; and all the good missionaries have encouraged their cultivation, not excepting that devoted servant of the Cross, Bishop Patteson, who was lately martyred by the natives at Nakapu, near Santa Cruz.

The Gourd often grows to a huge size, and are of many kinds: they form an extensive family of plants, in which are the vegetable marrows and cucumbers, so familiar to us, and also the pumpkins and melons. Some are nearly round, others long and straight, or curled and crooked. There is one called the Bottle, and another the Trumpet Gourd, because they are thought to resemble bottles and trumpets. The outer rinds of nearly all of them, when dry and hard like those of the calabash, which is also a gourd, are used in many parts of the world as vessels, and the insides of

most are eaten, although they are not so delicious to the taste as many other tropical fruits. The Gourd is mentioned in the Holy Scriptures as a plant of rapid growth. Will our readers find out where it is so?

The Pine Apple, we are told by an old writer, ought to be counted the king of fruits, because it always appears on the table with a crown on its head. This crown is very prominent, somewhat resembling a number of pine-cones fastened together; it is from this formation that the fruit derives its common name. In many parts of Africa and South America it grows wild; but it is from the West Indies, where it is much cultivated, that the European markets are chiefly supplied. Those, however, which are grown in the English and other hot-houses are preferred, because they are more fresh and juicy.

The Pine Apple was first seen in this country in 1657, when Cromwell received a present of some. Evelyn, in his 'Diary' records that in 1668, at a banquet given to the French Ambassador, Colbert, by King Charles, 'there were on the table some rare fruit called King Pine, growing in Barbadoes,' and that his Majesty gave him a slice off his own plate to taste; he says, 'it had a grateful acidity, and reminded him of quince and mellow.' It was from the crowns, which are the seeds, of these very apples, no doubt, that the king's gardener raised the first Pine Apples grown in England, or indeed in Europe. There is at Kensington Palace a picture of the King, with Mr. Rose, the gardener, kneeling before him, and presenting the first fruit of this kind which he had brought to perfection. Now, every nobleman and rich commoner has his Pinery, and foreign Pine Apples are retailed in the streets of London at a penny a-slice.

HOME CHARMS.

A CHARM we might define as an object invested with a power to act on other objects or persons, either for evil or good. As, for instance, I read of one old lady who wore a rabbit's foot in her pocket to cure the rheumatism. Of another who always kept a silver piece in her pocket-book to call more into it.

Of course these charms to the thinking, logical mind, are of no avail or importance; and merely serve to cause a smile at the traces that still linger around us, of a darker age preceeding ours. But then there are objects that may with propriety by us be called charms, and that exercise no fancied power, but a real agency for good or for evil; thus using the language of that superstition to express true thought and real sentiment in the present, a proceeding that has become a habit in the world, as a forest makes use of the cast off leaves and mast of a preceding growth.

A son is growing up in your home. There are no books, no pictures, no papers, no place that he can call his, and be alone. No place for his sling, his bow and arrow, his kite, his models of machinery, his drawings, or even his clothes. These last are doled out from a common receptacle, and no habit of future home life contracted thereby. His very bed is common with work-hands, or two or three other sons, and there is no place retired, sacred, lovable to him. His marbles, bat, balls, strings and boxes may be taken from him by another, or trundled ruthlessly out doors by you, with the contemptuous epithet "trash!"—You do not protect him in his ownership of them, but compel his abandonment of them without reason or right.

You are making a man of him. Alas! note the consequences. He eats his breakfast in silence. You do not talk to children; you have no communication with the son God has given you; unless, perhaps, when too late.

Away he goes. You have to search for, and drive him back to work, if he does work.

Why won't he stay at home? Ah! why? Because there is nothing to keep him. Work over, away he goes again. He must think, must be amused, must be occupied; and that by something else beside constant labor.

There is one way. You try it. It is harmonious with your hard nature; so when he comes stealing in, late in the evening, you overhaul him at once. With the rod you inflict the cruel bodily punishment, degrading to him and you. Disgraced, smarting in heart, spirit and flesh, he creeps away from the sound of your harsh denouncing voice, hating you, as he ought. He will stay at home, after that, until morning, at all events.

By and by you discover some other of the charms, hateful ones at that. Cards in his pocket; broken promises on his lips; tobacco about him; oaths in his language. Ah! there have been charms that drew him away, but none to draw him back. You drove, and it was easier to draw, and you were defeated, and it becomes daily harder to overcome.

There is another way. Place some Home Charms around him. Give him a box there in the corner; it will be easier to sweep around it than around a drunkard's coffin. Let it be his box. Let him have a hammer, his hammer. It will be less noisy than a saloon. Watch what he likes best, is it in the way of painting, printing, carpentering, spinning, sewing? No matter, if it is harmless, or tolerable, charm him home with that.

He will pound his fingers. Of course he will at first. Better that than falling out of a neighbor's apple-tree. By and by he will make all the pens, coops, and sleds needed about the place. And then, first thing you know, he will build himself a house, and invite you into it.

"I've been over to son's to-day, and had a talk. He's doing fine. Will begin the Court House next week."

"Will he, indeed? They are through with the Church then. Who would have thought it? They say he's a grand builder."

"I have something to show you; a dear old hammer. It was his years ago."

Charm him into your heart, by talking to him. You may not have him long; so talk such dear old talks. Don't lecture; that's tedious. Confer with him. He will draw nearer to you; your heart will grow, and he will stay at home.

EDUCATED MONKEYS.

MONKEYS and dogs can be trained to do almost anything. At Liepzig, a traveling theatre, where all the performers are apes and poodles, was recently exhibited. Among the former was a very large mandril, with great blue cheeks and a red nose, who followed the owner of the establishment like a child, and would sit down most quietly on a chair by the side of a visitor. The representations of all monkey theatres begin with a meal; when the curtain is drawn up, we see the apes already sitting at a table tied to their chairs, and eagerly awaiting their food. The great mandril has the place of honor at the head of the table. A baboon acts as waiter, his white face covered with chalk; he wears white trousers, a jacket, and a three-cornered cap, and is accompanied by a waitress in a frock with gay ribbons, and a smart cap. She trips from one guest to the other with the bill of fare in her hand, to the great delight of the juvenile portion of the company. She places, too, the dishes on the table, which are all ready, and are handed to her out of a basket. Now the baboon waiter has to play his part; he holds a bottle, he hobbles about from one to the other round the table with bent knees, taking every opportunity to sit down and rest.

Whilst this is going on, preparations are being made behind the stage for the second part of the performance—Madame de Pampa-

dour's Promenade.' This lady, whose character is taken by a poodle, is dressed in black velvet, and powdered wig. Her attendant, a smaller poodle, is arrayed like a French lacque of the time of Louis XV. The servant, an ape, has to carry Madame's train, as well as a lantern, a difficult part for such a little monkey.

In the next scene the mandril, whose previous performance was a very easy one, has now to show his talent on the tight-rope. If he has kept quiet while he was being dressed, he receives a piece of fig or date as a reward. This mandril is very clever, and performs many tricks. He skilfully imitates military exercises; and in 1870, dressed in a French Zouave's uniform, he drew down thunders of applause. He is twenty-one years of age, and in excellent health.

J. F. C.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Well I have decided (that's enough),
And spirits, ale, and wine,
Tobacco, pipes, and filthy snuff
For ever I'll resign.
Amid the giddy drunken throng,
No more will I be found,
Nor listen to a pothouse song,
Of inharmonious sound.
No more will I defile my nose,
Nor shall the scented dust
Hang on my lips, nor soil my clothes—
Which would excite disgust.
Imbecile dames their boxes shake,
Affecting to be wise;
They say into their nose they take
The dust, to clear their eyes.
In kennels hogs will roll and run,
In filth their noses poke;
And, though a stench they seldom shun,
They turn away from smoke.
Shall I again the air pollute—
A foul effluvia spread,
Which might disgust a common brute,
And lay poor insects dead:
No! never more will I have seen
A pipe beneath my nose;
In lieu of that, I'll hold between
My lips a fragrant rose.
Tobacco, snuff, and alcohol,
Henceforth I shall despise;
May every baneful habit fall,
And man in wisdom rise!

"SUITED TO A T."

HOW did your wristband suit you, Frank?" said Fanny Grey to her brother Frank, a young man just home for his first vacation. "I stitched them every bit myself, on the machine. Did they fit?"

"They were splendid, Fan. I told the fellows they were done by and old lady of seven years. Fit? I guess they did. Fit to a T. Thank you!"

And Frank Gordon pulled his coat-sleeve up a little and showed the shining linen, fitting his wrist, much to his little sister's admiration.

"Frank," said Fanny, a few moments after, "may I ask you something?"

"Of course you may, little one; I'll answer if I can." And Frank clasped his hands over his head tilted back his chair, and looked down into his sister's eyes that were saying just then, "As if there was anything you didn't know, you splendid fellow."

"What do you mean by 'fitted to a T?'" she asked.

"Whew!" whistled the young man. "What do I mean, sure enough! Well, I mean suited exactly,—fitted perfectly, I suppose."

"Yes," said the little girl; "I know that; but I thought, perhaps, it came from something. I don't see the sense of it I'm sure. 'Suited to a T.' It meant something else in the first place, I know."

"He'll never think of it again," said Fanny to herself, "but I wish I knew; 'Suited to a T.' It is so funny."

The next day Frank came in with a strange sort of ruler in his hand. It had a cross-piece at one end which gave it the shape of a capital T.

"See here, Fanny," he said, "I've been to the

carpenter's shop in your behalf. I hope I'll get you 'suited to a T' this time. I failed to satisfy you, yesterday, you know."

So Frank placed the cross-piece against a perpendicular line which he had drawn, and laid the arm along a horizontal line that formed the right angle.

"You see," said he, "this ruler is called a T-square, and is often used to test the accuracy of lines and angles, as I have tested mine. For a wonder it fits exactly. I never *did* hit it so well before. And so you see it is fitted or 'suited to a T.' And I suppose that 'suited to a T' came from the use of this kind of ruler."

"O Frank! how much you *do* know! I'm so glad I asked you! I can see the sense of it now," said little Fan.

Frank looked as wise as an owl, but he didn't "let out" that he couldn't have told till he had asked somebody else to explain it to him.

LITTLE CHILDREN CAN LOVE GOD.

The little birds sing happy songs,
The flowers grow brightly everywhere
They do not know the great Lord God,
Who made them all so bright and fair;

But we are not like senseless flowers,
We are not like the little birds,
For we can love him with our hearts,
And praise him with our grateful words.

Oh! if the great Almighty God
Will hear the prayers that children pray,
If he will let us love his name,
And serve him truly day by day.

If we may turn and cling to him,
Before whose face the angels fall,
Sure we should give him our whole heart,
And love and serve him best of all.

WHAT TO READ, AND HOW.

A YOUNG man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story he heard one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply, "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading all this nonsense."

The boy sat still for a time, then he rose, threw aside the book, and went up to the man who said that his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I lend you one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him and received a volume of Franklin's works.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to keep to the simple and wise sentences of the philosopher, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friend about what he had read, the more interested he became. Ere long he had no desire to read the foolish books he had formerly delighted in. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent and promising young man.

Those who do not read good books, and who read flashy and worthless books, read them hastily, and with very little attention: they seem to desire to be able to say that they have read certain books.

It does one very little good that he has read a book. A gentleman once asked a reader of this class if he had read a certain book.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What do you know about it?" asked the gentleman.

"I know—I know that I have read it."

He spoke the truth. He had read the book, and he knew that he had read it, and that was all that he knew about it.

Of course he got no benefit from reading that book. Perhaps the reading of it kept him out of some mischief; but on the other hand it tended to form a bad habit of reading.

No book does any one any good unless it is understood. Unless you get some definite ideas from a book there is no use in reading it.—*Sel.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.

A SHORT time ago, in the New York Court of Special Sessions, a boy ten years of age was brought up for stealing, and pleaded guilty. As soon as he appeared at the bar, his little sister, about nine years old, who was on the other side of the room, began to cry bitterly, and was about to rush to her brother, but she was restrained by the mother, who was also in tears. Justice Dowling told her to come up, and she ran up to the little prisoner, the tears streaming down her cheeks, and throwing her arms around his neck, she exclaimed, while sobs almost choked her voice,—

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, what brought you here?" and they wept in each other's arms.

The girl then turned to the Justice, and falling on her knees, held her hands up beseechingly, and prayed, "Oh, judge, judge, let my brother go!"

The mother stood inside the bar weeping, and there was not a dry eye in the court-room. Justice Dowling, who was deeply moved, could not resist the appeal of the child, and said, "Take him with you, my girl." She went to the gate to meet him, and clinging to him, they reached the mother, and the three left the court, and a sigh of relief and sympathy seemed to rise from every bosom as they passed out of the room.

OUR NATIONAL FLAG.

WE see flying several flags which profess to be the genuine "stars and stripes," but they are not—some are at fault in the proportion the length and width bear to each other—some in the colors used, and some in the number and arrangement of the stars. The national emblem should be one half longer than wide, viz: If six feet wide, nine feet long; if eight feet wide, twelve feet long. The stripes should be alternately red and white, seven red six white, top and bottom both being red. The field should be blue, and extend over seven stripes, commencing at the top, four red and three white. The stars signifying the number of States should be white, arranged on the blue field in the shape of a five pointed star. We have seen many flags with thirty-four stars, which is not correct, as by act of Congress the additional star is not added to the flag until the fourth of July succeeding the admission of a new State.

Correspondence.

CORTLAND, Ill., July 26th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—Allow me through the columns of the *Hope* to tender my thanks to one who has kindly sent me the *Hope* for the past year. I will not try to guess what one of my friends is thus mindful of me; but I am truly grateful; and as it must have been one of the same faith as myself, I will try to ever be worthy to have my name among the Zion's Hopes. I enclose a piece of poetry, that came to my mind before I was baptized, while I was trying to learn where the truth was.

DELIA CALHOON.

OVID, Bear Lake, July 28th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I am ten years old, I am not yet baptized; but I intend to be. I like to read the *Hope*. I have been living at Blackfoot; there

was no school nor meeting, so we moved away to Ovid. Here there is school every day, and I am going to go to school. My mother has been very sick, and I used to go to the bed; and say, Mother you will not die, the Lord will save you, and she is well now. Father has been taking the *Hope* since last New Years. And I send fifty cents for next year for the *Hope*. I have no more to say. Please excuse all bad writing and spelling.

CAROLINE TELEREN.

VIOLA, Ill., August 22d, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph;—I am a little girl, ten years old. I thought to write to the *Hope* several times. I am a reader of the *Hope*. I intend to take it as long as it is printed. I love the young readers of the *Hope*.

Yours Truly,

S. E. CADMAN.

SMYRNA, Ind., August 21st, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I have been thinking of writing for some time, but was afraid I could not do as well as some of the others; but resolved to try and see what I could do. I have been taking the *Hope* for some time, and dearly love to read its columns, and the letters from the brothers and sisters best of all. Perhaps you are not aware of the good we may do only by these little letters. Then let us try to do what good we can while we dwell upon this earth; for our time here is but short, and we should be working for our Master. I live with my mother and sister, on a nice little place on Hensly's Creek. None of my people belong to the Church but me. My father is dead, and four of my sisters and my four brothers, and all of my grand parents are now sleeping in the tomb, and I am trying to live faithful that I may be prepared to meet them on that blest shore where parting is no more. We have a nice little Branch here of nineteen members, all earnest and devoted in the cause. We have prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and sacrament meeting every Second and Fourth Sabbath in the Month. A good many Elders visit our Branch; there are a great many honest-hearted people around here, and a great many persecutors. Brother B. V. Springer is now with our Branch. I must bring my letter to a close. My prayer is that God will bless you all. Your sister in Christ,

JANE M. STILES.

GILROY, Santa Clara Co., Cal.,
Aug. 16th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I think I will write a few lines to the *Hope*. I love the *Hope*, and I do not know what I would do without it, up here in the mountains, where we can not go to Church or Sunday School. There is a Sunday School two miles from here, but I do not go to it very often. It is a Methodist Sunday School, and I do not know whether it is right to go to it, when I do not belong to the church. I would like so much to come to the States to live, where I could go to Church every Sunday. There are wild blackberries here, and I picked some, and sold them; and that is the way I got the money for my *Hope*. I am writing in school, and now I must not write any more.

From your sister in Christ,

CHARLOTTE MUNRO.

ELMSWORTH STATION, Aug. 25th, 1873.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—I many times have thought to write something for our precious paper, which comes so regularly with its glad tidings of joy. When I read the letters of the buds of Zion, I truly rejoice to know that the Lord has a Church upon the earth for both young and old, to give them the privilege of workers for the truth. When I was young I was not taught the gospel in its simplicity, and childlike faith, as it is taught to children in these last days. Oh dear children, you have parents that teach the true principles of the gospel, how thankful and diligent you should be, to learn to love and serve the Lord while in youth. The Lord says "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." I have five young buds of *Hope*, that will I trust at some future time, help to carry on God's holy plan of salvation, upon the earth. May God bless you all, both old and young, is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

Thy gospel truths O Lord

Sink deep within the heart,

That from the path of truth,

Thy children ne'er shall part.

SARAH RICHARDSON.

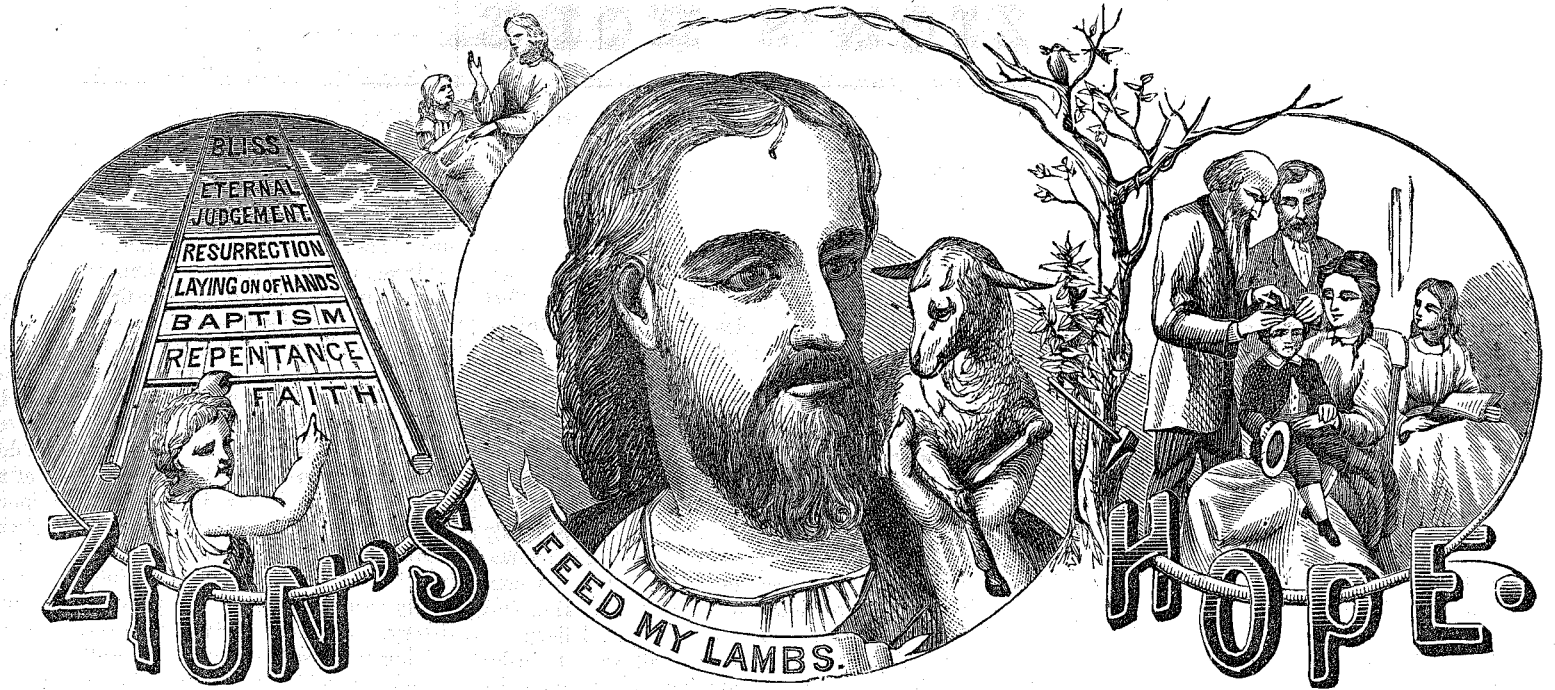
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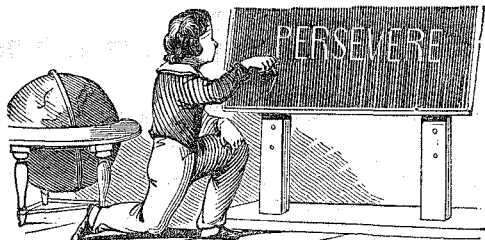
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."



THE USE OF LEARNING.

"**I** AM tired of going to school," said Herbert Allen to William Wheeler, the boy who sat next to him. "I don't see any great use, for my part, in studying Geometry, and Navigation, and Surveying, and Mensuration, and the dozen other things that I am expected to learn. They'll never do me any good; I'm not going to get my living as a Surveyor, or Measurer, or Sea Captain."

"How are you going to get your living, Herbert?" asked his friend, in a quiet tone, as he looked up into his face.

"Why, I am going to learn a trade; or, at least, my father says that I am."

"And so am I," replied William, "and yet my father wishes me to learn everything that I can: for he says it will all be useful sometime in my life."

"I am sure I can't see what use I am ever going to make, as a saddler, of Algebra or Surveying."

"Still, if we can't see it, Herbert, perhaps our fathers can, for they are older and wiser than we are, and we should endeavor to learn, simply because they wish us to; even if, in everything that we are expected to study, we do not see clearly the use."

"I can't feel so replied Herbert, tossing his head; "and I don't believe that he sees any more clearly than I do, the use of all this."

"You are wrong to talk so," said his friend in a serious tone. "I would not think as you do for the world. My father knows what is best for me, and so does your father know what is best for you; and if we do not confide in them, we shall surely go wrong."

"I'm not afraid," responded Herbert, closing the book over which he had been poring, reluctantly, for the last half-an-hour, in the vain effort to fix a lesson on his unwilling memory; and taking some marbles from his pocket he began to amuse himself with them; at the same time he concealed them from the teacher's observation.

William said no more, but turned to his lesson with an earnest attention. The difference in the characters of the two boys is too plainly indicated in the brief conversation we have recorded, to need further illustration. To the teacher it was evi-

dent, in numerous particulars in their conduct, their habits and manners. William always recited his lessons correctly, while Herbert never learned a task well. One was always punctual at school; the other a loiterer by the way. William's books were well taken care of; Herbert's, soiled, torn, disfigured and broken, externally and internally.

Thus they began life. The one obedient, industrious, attentive to the precepts of those who were older and wiser, and willing to be guided by them; the other indolent, and inclined to follow the leadings of his own will.

As men, at the age of thirty-five, we again present them to the reader. Mr. Wheeler is an intelligent merchant, in active business; while Mr. Allen is a journeyman mechanic, poor, in embarrassed circumstances, and possessing but a small share of general information.

"How do you do, Mr. Allen?" said the merchant to the mechanic, about this time, as the latter entered the counting-room of the former. The contrast in their appearances was very great; the merchant was well dressed, and had a cheerful look; while the other was poorly clad, and seemed troubled and dejected.

"I can't say that I do very well, Mr. Wheeler," the mechanic replied, in a tone of despondency. "Work is very dull and wages low; and with so large a family as I have, it is tough enough to get along, under the best circumstances."

"I am really sorry to hear you say so," replied the merchant in a kind tone. "How much can you earn now?"

"If I had steady work, I could make nearly two pounds a week; but our business is very bad. The substitution of steam-engines on railroads for horses on turnpikes, has broken in seriously upon the harness-making business. The consequence is, that I do not average more than two-thirds of that amount the year round."

"Is it possible that railroads have wrought such a change in your business?"

"Yes, in the harness-making branch of it; especially in large cities like this, where the heavy wagon trade is almost entirely broken up."

"Did you say that two-thirds of two pounds were all you could average?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large is your family?"

"I have five children, sir."

"Five children! And only five and twenty shillings a week?"

"That is all, sir; but the sum will not support them; and I am, in consequence going behind hand."

"You ought to try to get into some other business."

"But I don't know any other."

The merchant mused for awhile, and then said, "Perhaps I can aid you in getting into something better. I am president of a newly projected railroad, and we are about putting on the line a company of engineers, for the purpose of surveying and locating the road. You studied Surveying and Engineering at school, at the same time that I did, and I suppose you have still a correct knowledge of both. If so, I will use my influence to have you appointed Surveyor; the Engineer is already chosen; and, at my desire, he will give you all requisite instruction, until you revive your early knowledge of these matters. The salary is fifteen pounds a month."

A shadow, still darker than that which before rested there, fell upon the face of the mechanic. "Alas! sir," he said, "I have not the slightest knowledge of surveying. It is true I studied it, or rather pretended to study it, at school; but it made no permanent impression upon my mind. I saw no use of it then; and am as ignorant of Surveying as if I had never taken a lesson on the subject."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Allen," replied the merchant, in real concern. "If you were a good accountant, I might, perhaps, get you into a store. What is your capacity in this respect?"

"I ought to have been a good accountant, sir; for I studied mathematics long enough; but I took little interest in figures; and now, although I was for many months, while at school, pretending to study book-keeping, I am utterly incapable of taking charge of a set of books."

"Such being the case, Mr. Allen, I really do not know what I can do for you. But stay! I am about sending out an assorted cargo to Buenos Ayres, and thence round to Callao, and I want a man to go as Supercargo, who can speak the Spanish language. The Captain will direct the sales. I remember that we studied Spanish together. Would you be willing to leave your family and go? The wages will be sixteen pounds a month."

"I have forgotten my Spanish, sir. I did not see the use of it while at school; and therefore it made no impression on my mind."

The merchant, really concerned for the poor mechanic, again tried to think of some way to save him. At length he said:

"I can think of but one thing more that you can do, Mr. Allen, and that will not be much better than your present employment. It is a service for which ordinary laborers are employed; that of chain-carrier to the surveyor on the proposed railroad expedition."

"What are the wages, sir?"

"Twenty-five shillings a week."

"And board?"

"Certainly."

"I will accept it, sir, thankfully," said the man. "It will be much better than my present employment."

"Then make yourself ready at once, for the company will start in a week."

"I will be ready, sir," replied the poor man, and then withdrew.

In a week the company of engineers started, and Mr. Allen with them as chain-carrier; when, had he, as a boy, taken the advice of his parents and friends, and stored up in his memory what they wished him to learn, he might have filled the surveyor's office, at more than double the wages paid him as chain-carrier. Indeed we cannot tell how high a position of usefulness he might have held, had he improved all the opportunities afforded him in youth; but he perceived the use of learning too late.

The writer earnestly hopes that none of his young readers will make the same discovery that Mr. Allen did when it is too late to reap any benefit. Children and youths cannot possibly know as well as their parents, guardians, and teachers, what is best for them. They should, therefore, be obedient and willing to learn, even if they cannot see of what use learning will be to them. Men who are in active contact with the world know that the more extensive their knowledge on all subjects, the more useful they can be to others; and the higher and more important uses in society they are fitted by education to perform, the greater is the return to themselves in wealth and honor. Therefore it is that children are educated by their parents. They know the use of learning; and if children cannot see it, they should be obedient, and learn, in the full confidence that their parents know what is best.

PRECIOUS STONES.

You will remember that in the description of the walls, and foundations, of the city, New Jerusalem, the wall and first foundation, were of jasper. This stone must have been considered the most beautiful of all precious stones—for in various places in the Old and New Testament we find it used to represent great splendor—as you will find by reference to Ezk. 28: 13. Ex. 28: 20. also 39: 13. and Rev. 3: 3.

It is a very hard substance, of a beautiful bright green color, and sometimes clouded with white, and spotted with yellow. In very many places in the Old and New Testament where the splendors of the throne of God in heaven are described, it is compared with the beauty of the jasper.

The second foundation of the wall of the city, was of sapphire. This beautiful stone at the present day is very highly valued. It ranks now next to the diamond, in lustre, hardness, and value, and in the early ages of the world must have been esteemed highly as is proven by its frequent mention in the scriptures as far back as the days of Job. Its true color is pure blue, the favorite color is deepest azure. It varies in shade down to the brightness of crystal.

The oriental sapphire is the most beautiful, and most valuable. It is transparent, of a sky color, and sometimes variegated with veins of a white sparry substance, and distinct separate spots of gold color.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of Exodus and tenth verse we read, that Moses and Aaron with seventy of the Elders of Israel had a vision, and saw the God of Israel, and under his feet was a paved work of sapphire.

In the 28 chapter of Exodus and the 18th verse you will find the sapphire mentioned in connection with many other precious stones, and also in the 28th chapter of Job in the 6th and 16th verses.—If you would like some other references turn to Isaiah 54: 11. Ezk. 1: 26. also 10: 1. and 28: 13.

The third foundation was of chalcedony. This

stone is of a whitish color, and has a lustre like wax. In its purest state it has a flesh color, when of different colors, and arranged in stripes it constitutes agate. If the stripes are all horizontal it is Onyx.

The fourth foundation was of emerald. This stone is of a bright green color, without the admixture of any other tint. It is of such a perfect color that all other shades of green look dull in comparison.—In the Book of Ezekiel we learn that the Syrians traded in these jewels, in the marts of Syria. They probably obtained them from India or the south of Persia.—The genuine oriental emerald is now very rare, and is found only in the kingdom of Cambay. It is considered by many the most beautiful of all gems. If you would like a Bible reference to this lovely gem turn to Exodus 28th chapter and 18th verse. This whole chapter is very interesting. It contains God's directions to Moses for making and decorating the garments for the High Priest,

The fifth foundation of the wall was of sardonyx. This one of the precious stones takes its name from the sardius and the onyx, both of which it resembles. It is a very peculiar looking stone, and greatly admired by some. It is generally tinged with black and blood color, in such distinct and separate rows as to look like the work of art.

The sixth foundation was of sardius. This name signifies redness. It is of a blood red color, and resembles the ruby. When it has an admixture of white, it is what is now called cornelian. References to it may be found in Exodus 28: 17. and 39: 10. also in Ezekiel 28: 13.

The seventh foundation was of chrysolite. This substance is transparent, and the color of gold with a mixture of green which gives it a splendid lustre. It is harder than glass, and not so hard as quartz.

The eighth was beryl; it resembles the pearl; is of a silvery whiteness, and is valued according to size, color, and brightness. It is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures—see Exodus 28: 20.

The ninth foundation was of Topaz. This precious stone is a very popular gem of the present day. They are found in the East Indies, Peru, Siberia and Tartary. It has a very brilliant appearance, and is generally transparent. Its color is a blueish green. You will find it referred to in Exodus 28: 17.

The tenth foundation was of chrysopepassus, now called chrysopease. It is of a green color inclined to gold as its name indicates.

The eleventh foundation was of jacinth, which is now called amethyst. This gem is the color of wine mixed with water. The ancients believed that possessing and wearing this jewel would enable the wearer to resist inebriation.

It would be well if the moderns had some talisman that would enable them to touch not, taste not, nor handle not the accursed bowl. They have a sure talisman if they would use it. It is the will power, if exercised with decision, and aided by the Spirit of Truth which is given to all who desire it.

The twelfth and last foundation of this magnificent wall, was of amethyst, the modern name for which is Garnet. It is of a deep red color, and when transparent is most precious.

And the twelve gates of the city, were each of a pearl. The pearl is of a hard, white, shining substance. Those that we have a knowledge of are found in a shell-fish resembling an oyster. The finest are found in the orient. Those have a fine polished gloss, and are tinged with a delicate blush of pink. They are esteemed by the Orientals above all other jewels. The finest are found in the Persian Gulf and on the borders of Arabia. Some pearls are round, some oblong; but the largest are pear shaped.

There is a class of men whose lives are devoted to the pearl fishery. They encounter great hardships, and are exposed to great danger in procuring these beautiful gems; to supply the demands of beauty, and of royalty.

Having completed the list of material mentioned as composing the outward parts of the city, New Jerusalem, we will now notice the most precious gem of modern times, known to be as the diamond. It is the most costly substance in nature. Its leading characteristics, are its extreme hardness, and brilliancy. When perfectly transparent they are said to be the first water, and of the second, and third as their transparency diminishes. In all ages of the world's history the diamond has stood preeminent for value. And the history of the great diamonds of the world is a very interesting history. In the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition for 1872—in the jewel department, there were exact imitations of all of them. In Exodus 28: 18. the diamond is mentioned in connection with the sapphire and emerald as also in Ex. 39: 11. In Jeremiah 17: 1. it is mentioned as an instrument for writing. We would hardly suppose that so far back in the world's history. Jeremiah wrote his grand prophecies relating to these last days, with a diamond pointed pen. surely there is "nothing new under the sun."

In the manufacture of the garments of the High Priests, for the Jewish Tabernacle Worship, by command of God, the diamond filled the sixth place in the High Priest's breast plate, and had engraved upon it the name of Naphtai.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

XI.—AMERICA.

CACOA OR COCOA, AND CASHEW-NUT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Do you know, do you know,
Where the Cacao-trees are growing,
Scattering their ripe fruit below,
Far and wide their branches throwing?
In the West, and in the East,
In all arid lands, and torrid,
There is spread kind nature's feast,
Good alike for man and beast—
Creatures wild, and fierce, and horrid.

"The-o-bro-ma Cu-ca-o"—

Food for Gods—wise men have named it;
All the dusky people show,
By their color they have claimed it.
Let us take care what we do;
We may get discolored, too,
Stained for ever, through and through—
'Tis a gift, let's not abuse it.

MOST of our readers have, no doubt, tasted Cocoa in one or other of its many forms; but few of them, perhaps, know how and where it grows, or what it is like in its natural state. There are several trees which produce the seeds from which cocoa and chocolate are prepared, and they are all natives of the Tropical, that is, the hotter parts of America; but the most common and important is the *The-o-bro-ma Cacao-o*, as botanists call it,—the name meaning "Food for the Gods," and showing in what high esteem it was held when this name was given it. And no less is it valued now by the people of the countries where it grows, and, indeed in all lands in which it has become an article of food. This tree, which is now extensively cultivated in the West Indies, and in some parts of America and Africa, generally grows to the height of six or seven feet, with a bare stem, then divides into many branches, and extends upwards of twenty feet more. The fruit is in shape somewhat like a cucumber; it is eight or ten inches long, green at first, but turning red and yellow as it ripens: the rind is thick, with a rough uneven surface; the enormous seeds, which are surrounded by sweet pulp, are not unlike almonds in shape, having a thin, pale, reddish-brown skin, which covers the dark brown kernel, this last being oily, and of a bitter taste. These seeds are the cocoa-beans of commerce; they are ground and prepared in many ways to make the different kinds of cocoa and chocolate which we eat and drink. When merely bruised and broken into small pieces, they are termed cocoa-nibs. It takes seven or eight years for the cocoa-tree to attain its full growth, and it

generally yields two crops in the year. When gathered, the fruit is left to ferment several days in earthen pots, or in heaps on the ground; the seeds are then freed from the skin and pulpy matter, and dried in the sun, or by a fire, or sometimes they are buried in the earth until the pulp is rotten, and by this means it is thought the finest cocoa is produced.

There are sweets made with cocoa, as our readers doubtless know: and very delicious some of them are. The annual consumption of cocoa is said to be about 800 millions of pounds; let us put it in figures—800,000,000. If every man, woman, and child, in the whole world took to cocoa, this would give each of them nearly one pound a-year; but, of course, not a quarter of them do take it.

The term Chocolate comes from a name given by the natives of South America to a kind of food which they prepare by bruising the cocoa-seeds, and mixing them with water, which they flavor with allspice, color with annatto, and thicken with maize-flour. The kind of chocolate which are made in this country consist chiefly of ground cocoa-nibs and sugar, baked hard and cut into cakes.

The Cashew-nut might well have found a place among the fruits of this division, for it is a native of the Brazils, and other parts of America, as well as of the East Indies. It has been called the finest nut in the world. The tree which bears it reaches the height of twenty feet or more. It has small flowers growing in tufts, of a carnation color, and very fragrant; the leaves resemble those of the common walnut-tree in shape and smell: the fruit is about the size of a small kidney; it varies in colors, being sometimes nearly white, at others red and yellow, or a mixture of the two. It has a sweet pleasant taste, though rather rough and acid. But it is the nut, which, curiously enough, is produced at the outside of the fruit, and is as large as a walnut, that is chiefly valued. It has a very hard shell, and the kernel is enclosed in a thin filmy skin, between which and the shell is a thick blackish liquor, which is of such a caustic nature, that if it touches the lips when fresh it blisters them. The Cashew-tree is of rapid growth, sometimes producing fruit in two years after the sowing of the seed; and it continues to bear for a very long time, often more than one hundred years. It was first grown in an English hot-house in 1689.

SCHOOL CONCERT.

At the Conference held in Providence, R. I., it was voted that the Bethel Sunday School, of Fall River, Mass., be allowed to give a Concert at the next Conference held there, and it was given the Conference to understand that they would be richly repaid for their trouble. The programme was varied and full, and all the exercises were well conducted, and space forbids its publication.

Now, Bro. Joseph and all the Saints who read the *Herald* and *Hope*, I just wish you could have been here; it seems to me you could not have given the Sunday School too much credit for their excellent attention, perfect recitations, and harmonious time and tune. Taking into consideration that this school has no rich members to donate it liberal sums to furnish it with a needed library, and music books from which to cull a new tune occasionally to keep up the interest in singing, and the added fact that nearly all its members toil the long months through in the cotton mills, having no chance for study and culture, it is marvellous that they could attain to so much perfection. I have attended many like concerts, but this one excelled them all. Just praise must be awarded to its faithful officers, and the hearty co-operation of parents. The Spirit of God seemed to brood over the school the entire evening, and the songs were almost angelic, they certainly were inspiring, and filled many hearts with holy joy. We could not express all we felt. Another source of strength in this school, is the love the officers and teachers

have in Christ Jesus, our Lord and his glorious gospel, and well could the school sing in spirit and in truth the song,—

"Gather them in from the broad highway,
Gather them in this gospel day."

W. B. FISKE.

LITTLE WILLIE.

Little willie, (as I used to call him although a man now), was my companion from childhood, and to this day we have spent most of our time together.

Willie was the son of good and pious parents who tried to teach him to be good and useful; but Willie was wild and careless, and I must say, a difficult boy to deal with. His parents took great pains to teach him to be good. Often have I seen them in tears as they were talking to him, and oftener have I heard them pray for him. At other times they would read from the Bible to him, and explain its teachings. They would show him how God heard and blessed those who loved and served him. Still it seemed as if their time was thrown away; Willie remained the same.

I have seen his father tremble with anxiety for his son, when his admonitions were cast aside; and in almost utter despair he would exclaim, "*Oh my son what will become of you!*" and bowed down with grief he would try to touch his feelings. Still Willie remained the same.

Was this because there were no good qualities in him? No; far from it. He was naturally as affectionate and kind hearted as any child I ever saw.

The real cause was that his nature was not understood. His father, one of the best of men in other respect was stern in his dealings with his family in their daily intercourse. This chilled the child's affection and cast a cloud over him that I fear will never be removed. His nature became hard and difficult of approach; but when it was reached, his soul was so large and his love so intense that he could never do too much for the object of his affection.

Yet his father's words, although not heeded at the time were not forgotten. "Bread cast on the waters will return after many days;" and so it proved in this case.

At the age of sixteen he left his parental roof to roam over the great west. His first trip was to D—— a city in Colorado, where he arrived in the fall of 186—. There he was in the company of strangers, with the exception of two persons; one of these Henry G.——stopped at the same hotel with Willie, and much of their time was spent together. One evening as they were walking up Bloke St., it being rather stormy, they met Mr. C.——who had crossed the plains with them. Mr. C.——had to go five miles to his camp, and as the weather was bad Willie invited him to stop with him for the night, which invitation was at once accepted and the trio at once returned to the hotel and retired.

The next morning Mr. C.——left early for his camp, and Willie on taking a walk down town desired to use some money. He put his hand in his pocket, but to his surprise there was not a dollar in it. He had taken a viper to his bosom and it had stung him. The man that he had shown a kindness to had robbed him; and there he was six hundred miles from home, in a strange city, without friends or money.

He now remembered the lessons of his parents, and in humility he cried to his Maker, promising that if God would help him and provide a way for him to live he would be better. His cries were heard, and a way was opened for him to return to his home which was now his only desire. In a few days he was on his way to the States, but he was not destined to get there without more trouble.

After a few days of travel he was again robbed; and this time the crime was so artfully committed that he was made to appear the criminal, (that is that he had stolen from another). Now came a

trial to which all others were as nothing. To sit in the camp and be called a common thief; to see the real criminal enjoy the confidence of his associates; while he was despised without the power to prove his innocence, was the ordeal reserved for Willie; and Oh, how deeply did it effect him. If you could have seen him, as I did, night after night and day after day, crying to his Maker to give him strength to bear this last affliction while his heart was almost ready to break. I know you would have pitied him, and perchance have shed a tear for him. Finally he arrived at home, and Oh what joy to be once more among those who loved him.

His stay however was but short. His restless energy would not permit him to be quiet, and again he set out for the great west. This time he traveled through nearly all the northwestern states and territories; now on an expedition against hostile Indians, in Wyoming or Idaho; then on a buffalo hunt in Nebraska, Colorado or New Mexico. Finally he went to Utah, and again misfortune overtook him. I saw him one day walking down a street of Salt Lake City; his look was down cast; he had not a cent in the world, nor had he had anything to eat that day. His thoughts turned toward home, he remembered that there was plenty, at home and that if he was there he would be a most welcome guest. Thinking of home brought other thoughts to his mind. He remembered again the advice of his parents, and retiring to a quiet place he prayed earnestly; prayed that God would provide for his wants and also open a way for him to return to his home. He arose from his knees feeling that his prayers would be answered, and strange to say that very day he received both good employment and money, and in the course of time found his way to his home, where he was contented to stay for a few years.

Again we saw him leave his home; but under different circumstances this time. He leaves with the blessing of his brethren and parents; for their teachings, which had slumbered for years in his heart, have at last been remembered in earnest, and he now leaves to proclaim the gospel of peace to a fallen and degenerated world.

Let us leave him here. His father's fondest hopes have so far been realized; and although Willie did not heed the warning voice when first he heard it, yet it took root and in time bore fruit.

Now gentle Reader, and you little Hopes, let us profit by his example; let us heed the teachings of our friends and our God while we are young, that we may not have to go through the trials and afflictions of Willie.

And to you, fathers and mothers, deal gently with your children that you may not bring anxiety and sorrow on yourselves by acting harshly. There is a tender spot in all hearts, study it, and the silken cords of love will bend the most difficult of minds, and make them as pliant as the most tender twig.

FRANK.

ALBINOS.

Albino is the Italian name for white, and is applied to a class of people who are white all over except the eyes which are red like white rabbits eyes. I believe that white rabbits and gray ones are often born into the same family, and I am sure that white children and black ones and white children and red ones often belong to the same family.

The name Albino was first applied by the Portuguese to white negroes they saw on the coast of Africa. That is funny, but I know it is true for I have seen white negroes. There were two of them, they were brothers, pretty good looking young men. They were on a steamboat traveling as negro minstrels. They played the banjo and bones, and sung negro melodies. They had negro features and curly hair, as white as wool. They were native Americans.

I told my little readers once that there were many white Indians among the Moquis tribe. I

have myself seen two white Mexican children, whose parents were the same as Indians. One was a girl, and her hair was abundant, like that of all Indian girls, but white as snow, and fine and long and beautiful.

The boy looked just like another boy I saw whose parents are Americans.

We see that Albinos of all races are very much alike. I think this proves all the races are of near kin; and it gives plausibility to the Scriptural account that Noah was the common father of all: and that the descendants of Lehi on this continent were part white and the others dark or red. The Lord put a mark on the Lamanites because of their sins, and that is why the Indians are all red. This is strange, but it is no stranger than what I have told you about Albinos.

I do not know but that the Lord may have caused the different colors of the races by natural methods. The subject is mysterious and the most learned men cannot explain it, though many of them think they can. I want my little readers to know the truth by believing. SIGMA PHI.

THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

HOSIAH PIM was an old acquaintance of my father. He was a strict and conscientious member of the society of Friends, being descended from one of those mild and manly Christians who accompanied William Penn to this country, and by who the first dwellings were raised in the city of Brotherly Love.

Friend Pim, as my father always called him, was a merchant in prosperous circumstances. His youth and early manhood had been devoted to his mother and sisters, and he was considerably past his prime when a feeling of home loneliness, occasioned by the loss of these dear ones, induced him to think of marrying.

I remember, upon our first discovery of his intention to change his life, how we amused ourselves at the good man's expense, picturing the demure dowdy who should be the object of his grave choice. But our speculations made no approach to the truth; the Quaker's bride proved a very different creature from the ideal we had formed.

Her age I can not determine, for she was one of those fair-skinned, soft-featured women who ever retain their youth. Her mind, too, in its sweet and gentle freshness, was all young. Her style, though in accordance with the society rules, was neither stiff nor prim; for some taste was displayed in the neat robing of her plump little form. gay smiles wreathed her rosy lips, and the glossy hair that banded her brow gave, in its wavy lines, indications of a disposition to curl.

Such was Mrs. Pim, and such she remained, without any material change, for many years afterward.

Notwithstanding their diversity of temperament, our subsequent acquaintance with these esteemed Friends proved that they were well mated; for the stern rigidity of the one was softened, and the gay proclivities of the other restrained by contact with each other.

But the characters of both seemed to undergo a new development when a beautiful little daughter was sent them from the Lord. The blue eyes of the mother became deeper in their mild luster, and a feeling of holy responsibility seemed to straighten the bands of her brow, and to smooth the dimples on her cheeks; while friend Pim exulted in his new paternity with an amount of sober joy, such as his oldest acquaintances had never before witnessed.

Priscilla—for so the little treasure was called—was really an infant of more than common loveliness; and it needed not a parent's extravagant love to see in her the most engaging charms—well I remember her pure and beautiful childhood!

Friend Pim, though as exclusive as most of his

sect, was far from being bigoted. He had for years lived on terms of intimacy with our family; and others, in whose religious sincerity he had confidence, were also favored with his regard. But the denizens of the gay world he carefully eschewed; and though his little daughter, as she grew, was not restricted to the society of children who wore the quaker garb, yet from mingling with the gaudy daughters of fashion she was strictly prohibited.

It so happened that the house adjoining that of Mr. Pim was occupied by a family who stood in that equivocal position with respect to the Church and the world, by which they claimed the virtues of the one while they freely sympathized in the gayeties of the other. The family was small; only consisting of the merchant, his widowed daughter and her child—a little girl about the age of Priscilla.

Yet, though living so near to each other, the two families had been neighbors for years without any acquaintanceship existing between them; and might have continued so to the end, were it not that some congeniality between them attracted the children toward each other. Their little shy advances were long unheeded by the Quaker and his wife, and their intimacy gradually increased without any obvious cause for its discontinuance. Still Priscilla was not suffered to visit where her parents were not acquainted; though Sophia Lee, with her downcast eyes and modest frock—for the widow had the taste to keep her little girl more neat than showy—was ever a welcome guest at the house of friend Pim.

Years crept by, and the same watchful guardianship held Priscilla aloof from the contamination of the world. Her education was conducted under her mother's eye; and her young mind strewed, by loving hands, with seeds of virtue, truth, and piety. Sophia Lee's education was also superintended by a fond mother; but it differed from that of her young friend in the cultivation of tastes and the acquisition of accomplishments, to which the simple Quakers were entire strangers. But this dissimilarity in their outward advantages did not interfere with the children's regard for each other; nor could the eye of watchful affection discover any cause why their intimacy should be discontinued.

Mr. Maxwell, the grandfather of Sophia, was a valetudinarian; [being sickly or infirm]; and Mrs. Lee, who, upon the death of a bankrupt husband, had been glad to return to the shelter of the parental roof, found, in her capacity of nurse and housekeeper, neither leisure nor opportunity for maintaining a place in the fashionable world. Hence her quiet manner of living, lulled all suspicion, on the part of her conscientious neighbors, as to the moral danger they might accrue to their daughter from association with hers. But though living in comparative retirement, Mrs. Lee's heart was not weaned from vanity; she knew no higher enjoyments than those of earth, and had no more exalted hope for her darling and only child than to see her take a bright and envied place on the platform of society. To this end the young girl's education was directed, and those accomplishments which would best enable her to shine in gay circles were alone considered worthy of her attention.

To be Continued.

Correspondence.

MAGNOLIA, IOWA, Sept. 27th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I promised to write a letter to the *Hope* again, and I now attempt to fulfill my promise. I am here at Magnolia, going to school. There is a small branch of the Church here. I go to church on the sabbath day. I do not have a chance to read the *Hope* now, but I will tell the brethren and sisters, who do read it, that I am yet strong in the faith of the everlasting gospel. I had my grandfather send for the Bible, Book of Mormon, and Book of Covenants for me. I have started to read the Bible and Book of Mormon through, and to study them that I may know the principles of the everlasting gospel.

I own that I am ignorant of a great many things, but I pray for the Lord to enlighten me, and help me to understand what I read and hear, that I may become wise unto salvation. I desire to be faithful, and to become pure in heart, that I may enter into the kingdom of God. Well, I have taken up enough space. I want to give room for others, for I like to hear from all. Pray for me.

I remain your sister in Christ Jesus

CHRISTIE GAMET.

Ft. Scott, Kansas, Sept. 29th, 1873.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I am still striving to serve the Lord, though I stray away from the fold sometimes. We moved to this country about five months ago. My health has been very poor, for the last year, but now I am pretty well. The Lord has blessed me in various ways, and I thank him for it. I can truly say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." There is no branch of the Church here. I have tried to get subscribers for the *Hope*, but could get none. They will not read my papers often; and when they do they do not understand them; or they read them unconcernedly. The Campbellites have the sway in our neighborhood. They are very strenuously opposed to us in religious matters. My uncle is a member of that sect. I have tried every means in my power to get him and my cousins to seek the truth, that they might gain Heaven after this life is journeyed through, but to no avail. But my prayer is that all may seek the Kingdom of God; and that all my little brothers and sisters will strive to gain that rest that remains for all the faithful of God's children. I hope my little brothers and sisters will pray for me, that I may meet you all in heaven.

MARTIN L. MIDDLETON.

HARTFORD, Warren Co., Iowa.

Br. Joseph:—I thought I would like to pen a few lines for the *Hope*, providing there is room without crowding some of the little ones' letters out. I love to read letters from the little girls and boys, it is encouraging to hear from them, as well as the older brothers and sisters, and I hope and trust they will all grow up to be useful men and women in the good cause of Zion, and help to roll forth this great and glorious work. They must remember there are a great many by-roads and crooked paths, to lead them strait and narrow path that leads to life everlasting. They must watch and pray often, lest they enter into temptation. We have got to do this, all of us, both young, and old, or we will fall by the way. The world is getting very wicked, and Oh! how merciful our Father in heaven is to us. If he was not more merciful and ready to forgive than we, we would have been cut off long ago; and I tell you dear brothers and sisters, pride is going to ruin this world, and if the Saints are not careful, when our Savior comes to gather up his jewels, he will not know us from the world. For I know, and am sorry to say, that many of us often give way to foolish pride of dress, that does us no good only to make a show, like the rest of the world. How much better it would be to give what we thus spend foolishly, to help send some one to preach the gospel, for there are many that are famishing for the word. Let us all pray earnestly and fervently for the Spirit to guide us into all truth.

Your sister in Christ,

E. M. SMITH.

He that is good may hope to become better, and he that is bad may fear that he will become worse, for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.

One thing at a time, and that done well,
Is a very good rule, as many can tell.

If men would take the same pains to be what they ought, which they take to appear what they are not, they would be much better than they are.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	..\$185 56	Nellie Worstenholm	...\$ 50
Alice Worstenholm	... 50	Miss Jennie Robinson	... 25
Mrs. Janet Black	... 1 00	Almon Hougas	... 25
Tommy Hougas	... 25	E. Twaddel	... 50
Lucy A. Griffiths	... 25	Mary E. Kyte	... 3 00
W. H. H. Brown	... 3 90	Mary Clements	... 50
Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Mo.	... 9 00		
Joseph Lightowler	... 25	Joseph Kay	... 50
Lizzie Whitmore	... 50	L. M. Allen	... 25
O. E. Robinson	... 46	C. Munroe	... 50
D. M. Griffin	... 50	Benjamin Griffin	... 50
M. L. Middleton	... 25	Alice Moore	... 50

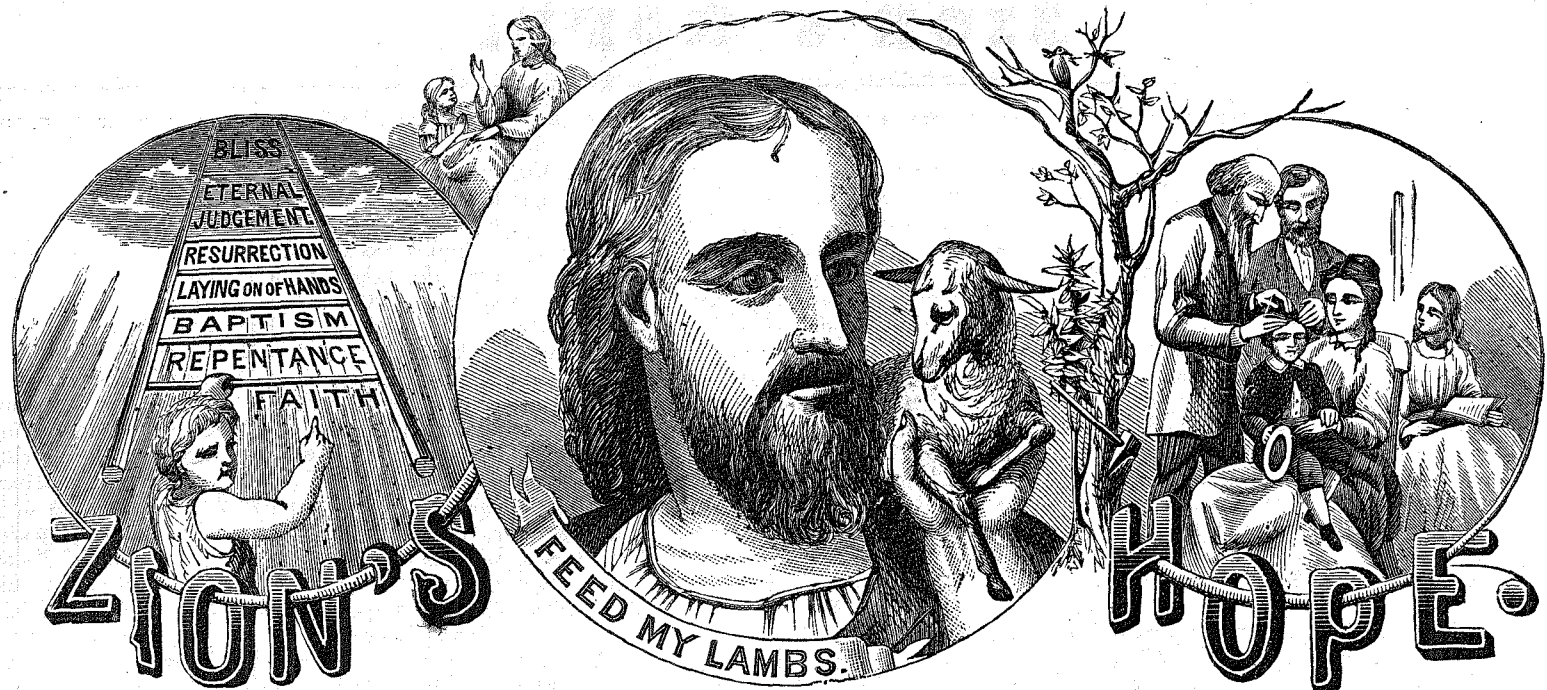
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

THE SWEET AND TOUCHING STORY OF LITTLE PHI.

WHEN I was a school-girl, at the academy at R— my desk stood near the folding doors that opened into the primary department. In this department there were many small boys and girls; but the most curious and attractive feature of the school was a class of five little boys. They were very odd looking little fellows, just out of frocks and wearing their first pantaloons. It was their first term at school, and their teacher, a handsome, noble looking woman, seemed very fond of them, and very anxious to interest and advance them. After the evening lesson, each day, it was her custom to tell them a Bible story.

At the head of the class stood a sober, quiet little fellow, with flaxen hair, and sad blue eyes, and it did not take long to discover that he was the "Teacher's Pet." The other little ones were sometimes restless, and inattentive, but he was never so. They sometimes came with dirty hands and faces, but his pale face and thin white hands were always clean. Whenever the lesson was ended, and it was time for the story to be told, this little favorite, whom we shall call Phi, always asked for the story of Joseph. He had heard it so often that he knew it by heart; yet he never seemed to be tired of hearing it repeated, and if in the recitation any part of the story was forgotten or omitted, he would at once correct the mistake.

Much of my precious time was given to watching the recitations of this class of little boys, as from day to day I saw their infant minds expanding, under the kind, faithful culture of their good teacher.

One evening, toward the close of the spring term, the Principal walked into the primary room, to consult with the teacher with regard to the arrangement of the programme for the closing exercises of the school term. The class of little boys were just through with their lesson, and waiting for their accustomed story.

When the Principal was through with the business, the teacher asked him if he would tell her little boys a story. And the great, wise Professor said he did not know any stories for little children, but that if they were waiting to hear a story, he would wait and hear one also. Now whether the teacher felt unwilling to relate a story before the great man or not, I do not know; but she turned to her reliable little favorite, the shy, lisping Phi, and asked him if he knew the story of Joseph. Of course he knew it, and was obliged to say, Yes. Then she asked him if he could relate it, and knowing that it was his dear teacher's wish

that he should do so, he again assented. Fixing his eyes upon the face of his teacher, whom he loved devotedly, and trusted entirely, with lisping tongue and quivering lips, and without the omission of a single fact, he told the story of Joseph.

"Well done! my brave boy," said the Professor, with tears in his eyes. "Your name shall be put upon my programme. You shall speak with the young gentlemen upon the stage;" and taking out his pencil and paper, he wrote little Phi's name upon the roll of exhibition honors.

When exhibition night came round, and the scholars assembled at the academy to proceed together to the church, where the exercises were to be held, assembled with the grown up ladies and gentlemen, was little Phi. He was dressed in a new suit of clothes, and on his left breast wore a badge of blue ribbon. The young men were greatly amused when they saw Phi in uniform, and thought to have a little sport at his expense; but he paid no attention to them whatever, but walked quietly about, with his hands clasped behind him. It seemed entirely too great an occasion with him, to admit of any trifling. Young girls arrayed in white and glancing doubtfully at carefully prepared essays, envied little Phi his stoical coolness, and tried by many bright little sayings to assume the same.

The large church was densely packed with the parents and friends of the pupils. It was beautifully decorated, and brightly illuminated. After the opening prayer and a song by the school, a tall young lad delivered the Salutatory, and then little Phi was announced. Out he came to the very front of the stage, and then he was obliged to remain silent, while the audience cheered him again and again; so surprised were they to see one of his age "appear in public on the stage." The Principal, not knowing what effect such a tumult would have upon his young protegee, was obliged to ask the audience to desist, and also to encourage Phi to proceed; which he did with great earnestness, introducing one of his prolonged gestures which occurred at the close of the first verse; when, to use the words used upon the occasion, "the house came down." In the midst of the applauding, Phi turned and looked backward, and every one supposed he was about to flee and hide himself; but he was only looking to see what his teacher thought about it, and seeing her look pleased, he proceeded with his speech. The audience were very quiet until he was quite through. They enjoyed his enthusiastic gestures and earnest manner, and when he was through they cheered and encored again and again; but little Phi felt that he had done all that he had agreed to do, and he could not be induced to appear before them again that evening.

The little Phi is now a sturdy man. He is also an Elder, and sometimes writes for the Children's Paper, signing himself "Sigma Phi."

There is a short sequel to his eventful life, and I believe I will tell you that also. Like Joseph he left his father's house, and dwelt in a land of strangers. Joseph's mission was to provide bread for his father's house, to preserve them alive. Our brother's mission was to find the bread of eternal life for his father's house, and he fulfilled his mission. Was not that a great mission? I wish that I could know that each little boy and girl that reads the *Hope* would be the instrument of bringing one soul to Christ. Will you not try is the prayer of
AUNT JULIA.

THE BRIDLE.

A bridle is needed to bridle the tongue,
Speaking truth with the laws of creation;
There's a dangerous road to travel along;
There's a snake, a brink, and a fearful gang,
That might sink our souls to perdition.

I will give you a sign, keep close to the line,
And follow the narrow ascension,
For broad is the way that leads men astray.
Turn in to the right, there's an ensign of light,
Lit up by our God of redemption.

On her summit I see, Eureka—the Free,
And the stars all shining in glory.
There's a multitude there, God's blessings to share,
There's rest for the weary, relief to his care,
As the prophets foretold in their story.

Then let us be faithful, united in one,
'Tis the secret of knowledge and power.
We have tested the truth, the Lord has restored,
Let us walk in the path the righteous have trod,
For time henceforth and for evermore.

ESTHER BOHER.

P. S.—Would the dear little Hopes like to hear more from me?—E. B. Yes.—Ed.

WATER.

WID you ever think what a blessing water is;—bright, pure, sparkling water, such as we love to drink? Is there anything compared with it to quench our thirst? Wine, gin, brandy, or beer are nothing compared to it. I don't think our Heavenly Father, ever intended mankind to drink anything but water, as a beverage. If he had he could have given us springs of wine, as well as water. I hope our bright-eyed little Hopes do not drink anything stronger than pure water.

In the fall of 1871, when those great fires raged through Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, and also the time of the great fire in Chicago, how many happy hearts thanked our Heavenly Father

for the first rain He saw fit to send upon the dry and parched earth. I remember that fall, of an old gentleman, over seventy years of age, a brother in our Branch, who thought surely the fire would destroy his property.

It came so near that he gave up all hopes of being able to save his property himself, and went into the house and there prayed that the Lord would send rain to quench the fire.

He had scarcely ceased praying when the rain came, and thus his property was saved.

Here we can see the power in prayer. This reminded me of one of the old Prophets who prayed to the Lord and the Heavens gave no rain for the space of three years and a half; and he prayed again and the Heavens gave rain.

Can the little Hopes tell the name of this Prophet?

How could we obey the gospel without this great blessing? Jesus says in St. John, 3rd chapter, 5th verse, "Verily, verily I say unto thee, except a man be born of the water, and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

May we all be truly thankful, not only for this great blessing, but for all the blessings our Heavenly Father has bestowed upon us; is the prayer of
X. I. X.

TRY HIM ONCE MORE.

His case looks bad I own, sir, very bad;
But let us try and save, not crush the lad;
He feels his guilt e'en to the heart's deep core;
Try him once more!

Deal with him, sir, this tender, erring one,
As you would have another serve your son.
Youth is impatient; 'tis his first offence—
Send him not hence!

If you forgive him now, and hide his shame,
'Twill fire his heart, perhaps, to earn a name,
And show his gratitude, as ne'er before;
Try him once more!

He seems a likely lad—his eye is bright,
His manly limbs are pleasant to the sight;
Let him go on, sir, still in your employ;
Pardon the boy!

Give him good counsel in a gentle way,
Tell him the story of your boyhood's day;
Recount your victories and temptations o'er;
Try him once more!

A prison cell would never better things,
For self-respect and hope might then take wings;
You say yourself it is his first offence;
Send him not hence!

As years pass by and he becomes a man,
Guided, it may be, by your own wise plan,
These words may greet you at life's common goal:
"You have saved a soul."

THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

AS the little friends grew the domestic influences by which they were each surrounded became more apparent, and comparisons were drawn, which to their young minds, brought out in no favorable light the sober routine of the Quaker's household. Priscilla had already imbibed from her worldly associate tastes and sentiments in direct variance to those of her worthy parents; and the next lesson learnt was even less innocent, that of concealment and deception toward her best friends. Many were the devices which she practiced to escape from parental restraint and share in her young friend's more agreeable pursuits. Even truth sometimes suffered in the excuses framed to gain permission to visit the neighboring dwelling. Fascinating to the young Quakeress were the light songs warbled by Sophia Lee, accompanied by the piano or guitar, and delightful the opportunity to try her own vocal powers. Fascinating, too, was the graceful dance in which her little figure could also join; and more fascinating still were the description of gay life, formerly participated in by herself, with which Mrs. Lee sometimes entertained the children. But nothing of this did the kind-hearted

Quakers dream when, in sympathy for the amiable widow in lone attendance upon an invalid father, they afforded her the solace of their little daughter's company. Carefully did the young girl hide from their eyes the forbidden fruit so pleasant to her taste; art and cunning were developing in her character, and even in childhood Priscilla Pim became a hypocrite.

The death of Sophia's grandfather, which occurred when the young friends were about the age of fifteen, rather tended to increase the intimacy between them. Sorrow and bereavement had visited the neighboring hearth, and friend Pim and his gentle wife were the first to offer their kind and sincere condolence. The young widow, now more lonely than ever, excited their strongest commiseration. They were pleased that it was in their power to afford her comfort by permitting the visits of their daughter to her silent dwelling and Priscilla now went in and out without restraint.

The forms of respect for the dead were observed by Mrs. Lee with all the punctilio that etiquette perscribes. The house was, therefore, closed to all but special friends, and herself and Sophia were draped in the deepest habiliments of woe. The attendance of the latter at dancing academy was discontinued and her musical instruments covered. Amusements of the quietest order must be substituted, and games of chess, backgammon, or cards, varied by the reading of plays or romances, beguiled the hours of mourning. How cautious must Priscilla have been never once to betray at home her growing passion for these vain pleasures; and how often must her young lips have been soiled with prevarication, when inquiries were made respecting the disposal of time during those visits! Well would it have been for the tempted girl had her simple-minded parents been better acquainted with the wiles of fashion and gayety, which, in the guise of morality and even religion, pervert the purest intellects and lead the most virtuous into paths of folly and sin.

To increase the attractions of Mrs. Lee's little circle an addition was made to the group. A brother of that lady, who had been absent for years conducting the business in a branch-house in Cuba, found it necessary, upon his father's decease, to return and take the management of affairs in Philadelphia. To the widow this was a most agreeable arrangement: the accession to her household was a welcome one, not only from affection to her brother, but there was an advantage to be calculated—the crisis was approaching when her daughter must appear in society, and the protection of a gentleman of position and influence was greatly important.

It was a joyful event when Robert Maxwell arrived at home. He was a gay-hearted man in the prime of life, and his presence shed a new light around the lonely dwelling. Gradually, and as propriety permitted, the gloom stole away from the household, and scarcely had the year of mourning expired when parties—small and private, but lively and pleasant ones—occasionally met within the long-closed mansion.

For some months after the death of Mr. Maxwell the Quakers cheerfully permitted the visits of their daughter to the neighbors whom they believed to be in deep affliction; nor did any thing arise which could justify them in suspecting that their confidence was ill-placed. Priscilla carried herself discreetly under the parental eye; her growing love of those enjoyments which the sober order of Friends denounce was concealed within her own bosom. And it was not till Mrs. Lee began to open her doors to the reception of company, and sights and sounds indicative of time-destroying pleasures came palpably upon the eyes and ears of the conscientious parents that doubts arose as to the safety of the ground which their child had been treading.

The young girl's principles were now put to the test. The awakened vigilance of parental authority interposed restraint. The voice of conscience reiterated the just behest; but Pleasure

threw her blandishing wiles over her prey, and Priscilla took council with the enemy of her soul in still evading the holy guardianship that would fain shield her from the world's contaminating touch.

Sophia was now entering society. Every thing wore the bright hues of novelty to her young spirit, and it was only wanting that her childhood's friend could share with her in the unalloyed gayeties which Hope spread before her. Nor was Sophia alone in the wish for the company of her fair neighbor. Priscilla was an equal favorite with Mrs. Lee and Mr. Maxwell, and both thought she was hardly dealt with in being controlled by "stiff rules," and her young nature curbed and shackled by "the idiosyncrasies of a severe and absurd faith." The utmost sympathy was felt and expressed for her "nun life," and various plans projected by which she might occasionally escape the surveillance of home, and join in the pleasures which they believed so innocent.

The want of suitable attire was not to be the impediment to Priscilla's visiting scenes of pleasure, for that her wealthy friends would cheerfully supply. The difficulty was to deceive watchful love in procuring the time, and all their ingenuity was brought to bear upon this point.

A polite message would sometimes come that "Mr. Maxwell and Sophia were going out for the evening, and Mrs. Lee would be quite alone. Might not Priscilla come in and sit with her, and read to her till they should return?" Read to her! Here was a chance for doing good that must not be neglected, and Priscilla was sent in with a Testament in her hand, followed by a prayer for its efficacy. A laugh was had at the expense of the dupes of dissimulation, and then the daughter of disobedience, arrayed in the trappings of fashion, yielded to the clamorous longings of a vitiated taste.

By such expedients balls, theaters, and operas were visited. But this course was not to last. The injured parents were to have their eyes opened to the deception of their only child.

A ball was given by Mrs. Lee, the first that had been in the house since before the death of her mother, twenty years previous. This opening entertainment was to be on a scale which accorded with her brother's means, and the position to which her family were entitled. Immense preparations were made for the occasion. The house was revived and decorated without regard to expense, and the invitations included all the elite of the city. Sophia's dress was of the gayest and neatest style, and Priscilla, whose presence could not be dispensed with, was provided with one equally rich and becoming.

The evening came; and, as the Quaker's peaceful household were assembled at prayer before retiring to rest, their simple worship was disturbed by the clatter of carriage-wheels, which rolled with incessant din to the neighbor's door. Priscilla received the good-night kiss from lips that knew no guile; and, having waited till her parents had entered their chamber and closed the door, she stole down stairs. A servant bribed to connivance, let her out through the back entry. She entered the next house by the same way, hastened up to Sophia's room, where a maid was waiting to dress her, and in less than a half an hour she was led by Mr. Maxwell into the glittering crowd.

That night Mrs. Pim was restless. Some weight oppressed her calm spirit, some uneasiness brooded over her pillow, and sleep forsook her gentle eyelids. The sounds of music and mirth, mingled together and muffled by the thick walls, penetrated the sober stillness of her chamber. A trembling dread lest some taint might have reached the soul of her child from her inadvertent contact with the world agitated her nerves, and finally, rising from her wakeful couch, she drew a shawl around her shoulders and sought Priscilla's room. It was not the first time the fond mother had stood by her daughter's bed in the lone midnight, and raised her spotless hands in prayer for

the unconscious sleeper; then, pressing a light kiss on the fair young brow, returned noiselessly whence she came. But now her hands are clasped upon her bosom, and her heart throbs with a strange pain that mothers only feel; for the soft breathing that ever greeted her loving ears is unheard, and the dim rays of the horned moon admitted through the unclosed shutters betray a smooth and unoccupied bed.

At his wife's low call friend Pim arose, and, with lighted candle, search was made for the missing maiden. It was long before the terrible conviction would be admitted that she had so deceived them; but finally the mother's wail broke forth:

"It is even so! It is even so! The wolf in sheep's clothing has imposed on us and decoyed our lamb. O, Josiah! haste, get thee forth, and seek the wanderer."

To be Continued.

SOLILOQUY

Of the Mayor of Prairie Dog City, on the arrival of an Eastern train.

"It's very well for you giddy ones,
Popping in and popping out,
Somersetting and quite forgetting
That there is aught to be worried about.
Dance on, little dogs, have your day,
But I can't take things in this lightsome way.

"Times are chaged since I was young;
I could frisk as well as you,
Out on the prairie, green and airy,
Jolly and fat with nothing to do.
I skipped on the top of my cone, oh, ho!
And the owl and the rattlesnake laughed below.

"But, as I say, the times are changed.
Storms came once in a season then;
Now, for a wonder, regular thunder
Bellsows each morning at half-past ten.
(Of course I don't carry a watch in my frock,
But tell the time by the four-o'-clock.)

"The owl he says that isn't a storm:
He has ears, he says, and he knows what he knows;
And the passing thing is an owl on the wing—
A monstrous owl, with a hooked nose,
Which shrieks and cries 'Tu-whoo-whoo-whoo!
Wherever it goes, as an owl should do.

"My other lodger don't agree;
He has heard it rattle and hiss and spit,
He has seen it writhe like a thing alive.
'Tis a snake, he says, his word on it—
A mile-long snake with a fiery eye
And a tail that rattles as it goes by.

"But I do not think with rattlesnake,
And I do not heed the sleepy owl.
Full of distrust, as a mayor must,
Elected by a unanimous howl,
I sit on my house and watch the sky
For signs of the tempest passing by.

"And I think, if this isn't the worst to come,
If the climate, which once went year by year
Without deranging, should go on changing,
Till the whole of life shall become one year
Of the storm which every hour or two
Should whirl past, bellowing, 'Tu-whoo-whoo-whoo!'

"Or, what if it shouldn't go by at all,
But hovered and stopp'd above the plain,
And, without pity on mayor or city,
Peppered both with a leaden rain?
I suppose some dogs would laugh even then—
Good gracious! I hear the noise again.

"The fatal cloud—it comes! it comes!
Down, doggies, down! do you hear me? straight!
Nip, Tuck and Wiggle, Pretty and Priggle,
I shall read the riot act if you wait.
The last tail vanishes, vanishes so!"
Thus saying the mayor dived below.

Lost wealth may be restored by industry, the wreck of health regained by temperance, forgotten knowledge restored by study, alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness, even forfeited reputation recovered by penitence; but who has ever again looked upon his vanished hours, recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.

MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

DEAR LITTLE HOPES:—It is not for any lack of interest in you or your precious little paper, the *Zion's Hope*, that I have not written to you since I was down in Dixie; but often for want of time, but principally that I have not felt like writing for many months, as my memory seemed to be affected much through the sickness I passed through in the South.

When in Pittsburg, about two months ago, I witnessed something that I thought, at the time, would interest you. It was an inclined railway at Mt. Washington, on the other side of the Monongahela from Pittsburgh. Most of the people live on the "Hill," and as it is very steep, indeed, too steep to climb straight up, and quite a distance to wind round the hill, a company was formed to build a railway to carry people to the top. The bed of the road is built of timbers like most of you have seen on other kinds of railroads across streams, ravines, &c.

You can judge something of the angle or pitch of the road, when I tell you the height from a level line from the bottom station or starting point; and perhaps some of you will tell us how far it is from this point to the foot of a perpendicular line from the upper station, or top end of the road. To do this, I will give you the length of the road or track. It is 370 feet high in a perpendicular line at the upper end, and 640 feet length of track.

The cars were about the size of the horse cars that are seen in cities and large towns; but of different shape. I would draw a picture of one, but I do not suppose the Editor could afford the expense of having a block made to print the picture from; so I will describe it as near as I can. The track is not level, but pitched like one side of a roof; and indeed, it is as steep as some roofs. The cars, bottom and top, are of the same pitch as the track, while the ends are perpendicular, or straight up and down. There is a partition running across the car, making two little rooms. These are one above the other, the floor of the top one being some three feet higher than the lower one, both being level, something like two steps. On each of these steps were seats, facing each other. About four persons could occupy a seat, or eight in each apartment, and as there was also one seat at the top end, about twenty persons could ride in them. There are two tracks, and while one is going up the other is coming down; and they pass each other in the centre, or half way from either end, so that each arrives at its destination at the same time. You will understand this better, when I state that the cars are drawn up by means of wire ropes, an inch and a quarter in thickness, which run on and over pulleys set in the centre of the track. The ropes are attached to both ends of the car, and at the upper end they are wound around large broad wheels, called drums, fourteen feet across. There are two of them, and while one of them is winding up one set of ropes, the one on the opposite end of the shaft unwinds the other ropes. These drums are turned by a stationary engine, of what is called sixty horse power.

It looks like a very dangerous undertaking to go up such a steep track, (640 feet), trusting to these ropes; but they are very strong, and have been used three years, and no accident has yet occurred. There is a man stationed at the top, who has a full view of the entire track, and regulates the speed, and stops the cars and starts them, by means of levers, like you have seen on locomotives. The cost of the entire machinery, tracks, cars, houses, &c., was seventy-five thousand dollars.

From the top of the hill, a fine view of the city of Pittsburgh and the surrounding cities and towns can be seen on a clear day. I was accompanied on a visit to this railway by Brn. George Hulmes and Richard Savery, a couple of young brothers, who kindly took me to show me this, and other places and scenes in and around Pittsburgh.

If this should be interesting, and Br. Joseph desires, I will try to write you an account of lobster fishing and putting them up for market.

Your brother and friend,

THOS. W. SMITH.

JONESPORT, Me.

COMMON FRUITS OF THE EARTH.

XII.—AMERICA.

THE BREAD-FRUIT AND THE COCOA-NUT.

BY H. G. ADAMS.

Far down underneath the wave
The coral insects be,
Building each a stony grave
Rough and rigid, in the sea:
There they live, and there they die,
All unseen by human eyes,
Until firm, and strong, and high,
There their rocky ramparts rise.
Comes a shuddering of the earth,
All the billows heave and foam,
And an island springs to birth,
Soon to be the chosen home
Of bright birds, and flowers, and trees,
Fanned by breezes breathing balm,
And the fairest of all these
Is the feathery Cocoa Palm

HOW delightful it must be to live in a country where the bread grows upon trees, and there is plenty of the sweet milk of the cocoa-nut; where seeds and the fruit of many plants yield oil and fat in abundance, so that there is no occasion for butter; where the coffee-berries may be had for the picking, and the canes overflow with sugar—a country of universal feasting upon delicious fruits and vegetables, that require little or no cultivation; so that life may be a perpetual holiday, with plenty to eat and drink, and nothing to pay for it: for Nature spreads a table abundantly supplied with all good things, and her children have only to come and partake freely.

It does seem delightful to read about, and no doubt some of our readers have wished themselves in those tropical lands, where the fruit we have been describing can be eaten in all their freshness and perfection: but it was a foolish wish; for have they not all the pleasures and advantages of civilization, of security from danger, and, above all, of religious teaching, and the tender care of both souls and bodies, which only kind parents, and them instructed in the truths of Christ's religion, are likely to give?

In those beautiful South Sea Isles, where the bread-fruit-tree grows and flourishes, there is no security for life; the natives, except those who have been brought under the influence of Christianity by such good missionaries as Bishop Patteson, whom the poor ignorant savages recently murdered, are debased and cruel, delighting in bloodshed and all kinds of abominable practices. There, too, under the bright, cloudless skies, and under the luxuriant foliage, lurk poisonous snakes and beasts of prey; and beneath the earth volcanic fires are burning, which at times break forth in earthquakes, and scatter death and destruction around.

No, you are much better off where you are: so be content to read about these tropical fruits, and be thankful for such as are brought to you, although they may not be as delicious and refreshing as they would be in a hot climate, and when just plucked from the trees.

But you are not to imagine that this fruit of the Bread-tree, which is now grown as much in the West as it is in the East Indies, and is therefore described here with the American fruits, hangs from the branches like nicely-baked loaves, only waiting to be buttered and cut into slices. It is called the Bread-fruit because it contains in its yellowish-white pulp a great deal of starch, which is made into a kind of bread, and is the ordinary food for a great many people. This fruit grows on a tree from thirty to forty feet high: It has a slender stem for its size, and leaves deeply indented, it is large, round, and rough. It sometimes weighs as much as fifty pounds. If cut open at an early stage of its growth it is found

to contain a white, sticky fluid, somewhat like milk; later, this becomes a white, pasty kind of pulp, almost as thick as new bread; still later it assumes a yellow color, is thin and juicy, and has a somewhat rotten smell and taste, showing that decay has set in. The fruit is generally gathered before the last change has taken place, and is baked in a hole in the earth, when it may be eaten fresh, or kept for several years.

The trees bears two crops in the year, and live to a very great age: almost every part of them is useful to man.

The Cocoa-nut is a familiar fruit: yet, who ever saw it growing except travelers, and those who have visited the Palm-house at Kew Gardens or Chatsworth, or some other large conservatory where tropical plants are reared? The hard shell which we have to crack with a hammer, to get at the sweet milk and solid kernel, was once soft and yielding, and enclosed in a thick brown case, from which comes the strong fibre of which cocoa-nut matting is made.

Mischievous monkeys, it is said, throw the great nuts, in their fibrous covering, at the heads of the natives and travellers, who are glad enough to get them, although the chance of a "crack on the scone" with such a missile is by no means pleasant.

The Cocoa-nut Palm is a graceful and stately tree, shooting up its bare straight stem to the height of sixty, or even a hundred feet. It throws out a crown of large leaves, which wave about like gigantic feathers: hence the term, "feathery Palm" frequently applied to it. At various distances up the stem there are swellings, that look like rings encircling it: these mark the successive growths of the tree; each enlargement was once the top, from whence the foliage shot out; and here, too, hung the cluster of nuts, each as large as a man's head—that is with the fibrous covering, for the nuts themselves, as our readers well know, are much smaller.

On the coral reefs of the Pacific many of these trees may be seen growing; they are quite self-sown. The nut, which is the seed has dropped from a tree on the shore, or near a river, has been swept into the sea, and after floating about for a while has found a resting-place on a reef where some vegetable matter has gathered; and here, amid the scanty soil, it takes root, and first comes up a tiny shoot that a bird might eat, or an insect break with its weight. Slim and tall it grows, bending and swaying to the winds, which sometimes burst forth, and lash the waters of the usually still lagoons into sheets of flying and flashing foam. Soon the tender plant gathers strength, and increases in height, year by year putting forth its fresh crown of leaves, each higher than the last: but it is seven or eight years before any nuts are produced, and of these at first there are only about a dozen: when the tree has attained its full growth and strength, from eighty to one hundred will be the common yearly production.

There is a great many kinds of Palms, which have a similar mode of growth to this well-known nut-bearer, and these are mostly native of South America; they grow generally in low and elevated districts: this, on the contrary, is mostly found on flat sandy shores, and islands where there is plenty of water. Wherever there is tropical heat there are palms; but only near the sea or great rivers do we find the cocoa-palm, which is one of the greatest boons of God to man. The kernel yields delicious milk and nourishing pulp, which contains a great quantity of oil, or cocoa-butter, as it is often called; it is used as an article of food, is burnt to give light and heat; melted with resin, it forms a composition by which ships and boats are rendered water-tight. In this country, candles, soap, and other useful articles, are made of it. The root of the tree has medical properties; the young shoots are eaten as food; the old timber is very hard and takes a beautiful polish: it is known in this country as "Porcupine Wood," and is highly valued by joiners and cabinet-makers.

The bud of the cocoa-palm is considered a great delicacy; it is called the Palm Cabbage. The sweet sap of the tree, called *Toddy*, makes a pleasant drink; it soon ferments, and is then called *Palm Wine*, from which is distilled a strong spirit termed *Arrack*. There is also a sugar obtained from the sap boiled down, which is known as *Jaggery*. With the dried leaves houses are thatched; and of the leaflets, mats, screens, baskets, and the like, are made by plaiting; of the fibre which envelops the nuts cordage and mats are made. The nut-shells are often beautifully cut and carved to serve useful and ornamental purposes. But really we have not space to tell you all the uses to which the different parts of this valuable tree are put.

With this paper we conclude our voyage round the world in search of fruits, the principle of which only we have been able to notice. We hope our young friends have had much pleasure in reading, as we have in writing, about them, and that they have felt grateful to the wise and good Father who has so bountifully provided for His children, making the earth to bring forth abundantly "the seed after its kind," and clothing it with beauty, so that even the desert places do "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

"GOD THE CREATOR."

Who made the sun that shines so bright,
And gladdens all we see:
It comes to give us heat and light,
How thankful we should be.

Chorus.—

'Twas God our Father great in power:
Oh may we all His name adore.

Who made the little birds to fly,
How sweetly she has sung:
And though she sings so very high,
She won't forget her young.

'Twas God our Father, &c.

Who made the sky that looks so blue,
Who made the grass so green:
Who made the flowers that smell so sweet,
In pretty colors seen.

'Twas God our Father, &c.

GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY.

SOMETIME ago, "Aoriul" gave us an account of Hercules, one of the Pagan gods, and I was in hopes that he would continue the subject of Mythology; but as he is silent on that topic, and I think it would be an interesting one to the readers of the *Hope*, I will endeavor to give you a short sketch of some of the deities worshipped by the Athenians.

By the study of this myth, we learn the religious views of antiquity, and the classic authors, the best models of fine writing extant, can be read to much better advantage. A knowledge of this fiction can alone enable us to understand and become acquainted with antique statues, medals and paintings.

Many centuries before the birth of Christ, the inhabitants of Greece were savages, who lived in caves and huts among the mountains; and while they were yet in a barbarous state there landed on their coast an Egyptian prince, by name of Uranus, who became the father of a race of giants, called Titans. And they rebelled against Uranus, and dethroned him. Then Saturn, his son, reigned in his stead, during whose rule there lived a couple of fortune-tellers, who told him that he should be deposed by his son, as his father had been by him. So he gave orders that all his sons should be destroyed as soon as they were born. But Rhea, one of his wives, (for he was a polygamist), concealed Jupiter, and reared him in the island of Crete. Here he is said to have been fed by bees, and also by an eagle who brought him nectar in his beak, from a high rock. The former he rewarded by changing their color from iron to gold, and the latter by giving him immortality and making him his thunder bearer.

After Jupiter left Crete he came to Greece, and

the prediction of Ceolus and Terra was fulfilled; for he deposed his father, as they had foretold. Then the Titans became jealous of the new prince, and rebelled. They fought long and valiantly, heaping mountains upon mountains, hoping to scale heaven; but Jupiter overthrew them with his thunder, and shut them up under water and mountains, so they were not able to get out.

After Jupiter had conquered the Titans, he divided his dominions with his brethren, Neptune and Pluto: to the first he gave the seas, to Pluto he gave hell, and for himself he reserved heaven and earth.

'Tis said that he governed his dominions with great wisdom, and his subjects prospered.

His court was held on mount Olympus, the loftiest hill in Greece, it being 9000 feet high. He was guilty of the basest lusts, though father of gods and men, and shaking heaven with his nod, governing all things except the Fates. His altars, however, were never defiled with human sacrifices.

Little Hopes, rejoice that you live in a more enlightened age than did the ancient Grecians. When you may serve a God of love, even he who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

FAYETTE.

AN OLD MAN'S OPINION.

AN old man, who heard one of those foolish remarks that are so often made by the unthinking, and those who are ignorant of nature's laws, "I drink to make me work," replied: "That's true; drink, and it will make you work! I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink, to make us work. These two lads I have now laid in a drunkard's grave, my wife died broken-hearted, and now lies beside her two sons. I am seventy years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark it, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

TABLE CONVERSATION.

INSTEAD of swallowing your food in sullen silence, or brooding over your business, or severely talking about others, let the conversation at table be genial, kind, social and cheering. Do not bring disagreeable things to the table in your conversation, any more than you would in your dishes. The more good company you have at your table the better. Hence the intelligence, refinement, and appropriate behavior of a family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but a blessing to you and yours.

Trees known to us mentioned in the Old Testament. Oak, Elm and Poplar, Hosea 4: 13; Cedar, Fir and Pine, Ezk. 31: 8, Isa. 40: 10; Chestnut and Box wood, Isa. 60: 13; Cypress and Ash, Isa. 44: 14; Willows, Isa. 137: 2; Olive, Hosea 14: 6; Myrtle, Neh. 8: 15; Almond, Eccl. 12: 51; Fig, Hosea 9: 10; Hazel, Gen. 30: 37; Sycamore, Amos 7: 14; Palm, (date), 1 Kings 6: 32; Apple, Joel 1: 12; Mulberry, 2 Sam. 5: 23; There are many passages in the Scripture has reference to the same, but one is sufficient. T. R. H.

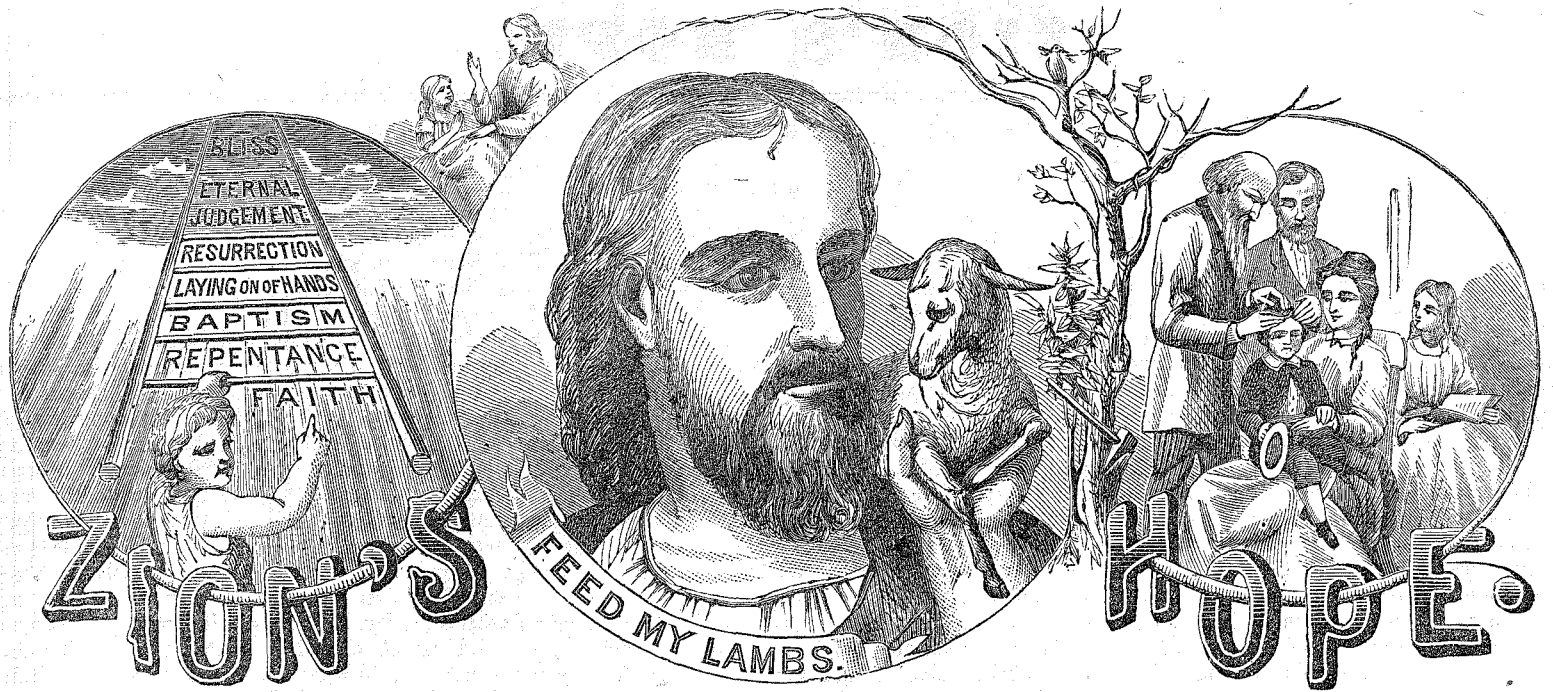
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

HOURS WITH THE PROPHETS, OR STORIES FROM THE SACRED BOOKS.

CHAPTER I.

ADAM was the first man. God formed him from the dust of the ground. He gave the man life by breathing in his nostrils, and giving him a rational soul. When Adam was first created he was innocent, free from sin, because he had never thought or acted wrongly. He knew not the difference between good and evil. He did not know how to talk, because he had never learned. He had to be taught, just as little boys and girls now have to be taught; so God commanded every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air that they should come to Adam, to see what he would call them; and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof. That was the way God chose to learn Adam to talk.

God also made a woman, and gave her to Adam to be his wife. Adam called her name Eve. God made for them a beautiful garden, called Eden. This garden was their home. There grew every tree that was pleasant to the sight; there were beautiful rivers to gladden the eye; also gold, and the most precious gems that earth could afford. The tree of life grew in this garden, the fruit of which, if they had eaten it, would have made them immortal, so that they could never have died; and, but for sin, they might have lived forever in this garden of God.

But God also planted the tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil in the midst of the garden. He told them they might eat of the fruit of all other trees, but that they must not eat of the fruit of this tree, or even touch it, lest they should die. The serpent was then the most subtle beast of the field; so Satan put it into the heart of the serpent to go to Eve with a lie in his mouth, to deceive her, and tempt her to disobey God. In this he was successful. She ate of the fruit of the tree, and also persuaded Adam to partake of it.

Adam and Eve were no longer innocent, because they had disobeyed God. They then began to know the difference between right and wrong. (Will my little readers pause right here, and try to think of something that they know, but which they have never learned)? Before this they did not know the need of clothing; but now they saw they were naked, and were ashamed. They made themselves aprons of fig leaves, and when the Lord came to talk with them, they hid themselves away from him. He was their father, and loved to be with them, and talk with them; but now they were guilty, ashamed, and afraid of God. So he called them; talked with them; reproved them for their disobedience, and drove them out

of the garden, and compelled them to till the earth. To clothe them, God made them coats of skins. So you see that all man knew then he had learned by revelation, either directly from God, or by partaking of the forbidden fruit.

God commanded them to worship him; to offer the firstlings of their flocks an offering unto the Lord. He taught Adam that these offerings were in the similitude of God's Only Begotten, who should come in the meridian of time. He also called Adam to the priesthood and commanded him to preach the gospel; and in that day Adam was filled with the Holy Spirit, and "began to prophesy concerning all the families of the earth." So we see that the first man God created was the first prophet; that all he knew he had learned by revelation; and history proves that when men cease to be guided by divine revelation, their minds become darkened, and the farther they wander from God, the more sensual and brutal they become.

God also taught the prophet, Adam, the plan of salvation, thus proving that God's plan of salvation is the same in all ages of the world. Turn and read the beautiful account of Adam's conversion, in the sixth chapter of the Inspired Translation.

The holy priesthood which the prophet, Adam, held was conferred to be handed down from father to son. Seth was Adam's son, and was ordained under the hands of his father, when he was sixty-nine years old. Adam also ordained Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch and Methusalah.

"Three years previous to the death of Adam, he called Seth, Enos, Cainan, Mahalaleel, Jared, Enoch, and Methusalah, who were all high priests, with the residue of his posterity, who were righteous, into the valley of Adam-ondi-ahman, and there bestowed upon them his last blessing. And the Lord appeared unto them, and they rose up and blessed Adam, and called him Michael, the Prince, the Archangel. And the Lord administered comfort unto Adam, and said unto him, I have set thee to be at the head: a multitude of nations shall come of thee; and thou art a prince over them forever. And Adam stood up in the midst of the congregation, and notwithstanding he was bowed down with age, being full of the Holy Ghost, predicted whatsoever should befall his posterity to the latest generation."

God has predicted that this same priesthood which the prophet Adam held, should be revealed in the end of the world also. We believe this priesthood has been restored; that those who hold the priesthood have the same authority, and preach the same gospel which was in the begin-

ning; and that the Saints may learn of God, even as in days of old. Amen. LOMAEI..

"HISTORY OF A LITTLE MORMON."

WHEN the gospel of Jesus, restored by the ministrations of a holy angel, in these latter days, to the dear, and long to be remembered martyred Prophet, Joseph Smith, was first preached in one part of the vicinity of South Wales, there lived a youth, who, I think, was named Johnny.

His parents were much respected by the populace, as being persons of honesty of principle and purpose. He had four brothers and four sisters, who were all being brought up in the faith of the church of England; believing sincerely that to become accepted in the sight of the Savior, they had to strictly adhere to its religious discipline. Johnny, however, held a different turn of mind, notwithstanding his religious instructions; and was, indeed, a little reckless in his manner of life; for often times would he take the name of the dear Lord in vain, and profane the day set apart for rest. Nothing would suit him better than to be where what he called *life* abounded, earthly mirth, sporting, and prancing around from one place to another. Trouble had never seemed to assail his youthful breast; he had never sat watching by the bedside of an afflicted father, or pain-stricken and about to depart mother; had never watched with a brother or sister about to die. He had never followed the bier carrying a dear and beloved friend or relative to their long and silent home; unless it was the remains of his poor old grandfather, when Johnny was at the age of six or seven. And then he was too young to understand the nature of such a scene.

All that Johnny cared for, was mirth. And small wonder, when his occupation demanded his mingling with the wild, wicked youths of the place, working in a very large coal mine; some three hundred feet deep in the earth, driving horses. The shaft contained some fifteen or sixteen in number, that drew coal for miles, from within the large veins, or beds that lay under the rugged mountains of Wales; hauling the coal to the bottom of the shaft, which then was hoisted to the coak-pits, coak-ovens blast furnaces, and rolling mills, which stood strongly built in the valley. The smoke and poisonous sulphur from these, seemed to becloud and vitiate the air. The sound of the forge hammer, the squeezers, the puddling, finishing, and rolling mills; the shears, the saws that cut assunder large pieces of hot iron, the noise of the engines, the hot blast fur-

naces, &c., keep up a continual rumbling noise; making it almost impossible, (especially when in the mills), to convey a clear sentence by word of mouth. But I have digressed, and if you will pardon me, I will return to the history of the little Mormon.

Johnny was not very religiously inclined, although I have known him to say that, when a little boy of eight or ten summers, in the village school, after reading in his class the history of the dear Savior, and his apostles, when retired to bed at night, thinking over what he had been reading during the day; most bitterly would he weep; until the tears would fairly moisten his pillow, wishing that he had lived in those days, to hear the inspired word as it fell from the lips of the Redeemer of the world, and his true followers.

Kind reader, shall I tell you Johnny did not know then that he was indeed living in a similar age; for God, our heavenly Father, had then commenced to speak to man in the good old way, as he spoke to the little Hope, Samuel by name. In prophecy, in visions, in dreams, the ministration of angels, and indeed by his own audible voice, was the Lord then, and so is he now speaking.

Had Johnny, I say, known this, he would not have wept with sorrow, but with joy, to find that the merciful Creator had permitted him to live in such an age as this, so big with events. But Johnny, in his wicked state, heard the gospel sounded by a poor, despised Latter Day Saint, or as the world more frequently calls them, Mormon; listening with profound attention to the words, while they fell so lovingly from his lips, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned, and these signs shall follow them that believe. (See Mark 16: 16-19.) The thought entered his mind for the first time, "Is it possible that such things are enjoyed now?" (For bear in mind, little reader, Johnny had been taught to believe that the gifts did not follow the gospel in these times.)

"O that I knew it for certain, how gladly would I unite with this people, and strive to become good."

Then again he would notice the cruel actions of some of the audience toward the speaker, trying to make him an offender for a word, and beginning to cry out, "false prophets," "deluders," "fanatics," "impostors," &c. "For such days are past, and gifts and signs are no longer needed." This was done by religious professors, which made Johnny feel as if he would like to thrash a few of that insulting pack, if he only could; but he was only in his teens, and if he could have done so, it would be adding injury to insult; which would not have been purely humane.

These and other things, caused Johnny to draw nearer the Nazarenes, for so they are, and he told many that he was determined to unite with that people. "For," said he, "they are the people of God, and the devil is mad at them, as he was at the ancients."

Time flew away, on the wing, and Johnny still pondered these things over in his mind, reading and studying the Scriptures. He tried to pray many times, but he thought he had first to become good, before the Lord would notice such a poor thing as he was. This was a great mistake of Johnny's, for the Lord is, and was ready to help him, the moment he felt to repent, and refrain from his evil practices.

But, however, to make a long story short, Johnny went and offered himself a candidate for baptism. It was on the evening of a very chilly season of the year, which made no difference to Johnny, as he was determined to go, and go he did. A good old fatherly soul, by the name of Thomas Rees, laid him under the liquid wave, putting off the old man, sin, with his deeds, and putting on the new man Christ Jesus, with his heavenly deeds; or, in other words, it was there that Johnny first got his sins remitted.

Had not the administrator been divinely called, and that by the revelations of the Lord, the bap-

tism would have been of no effect. So you see, little Hopes, the falsity of men professing to be called ambassadors of Christ, and at the same time denying the office-work of the Holy Spirit.

The Latter Day Saints should treat them kindly, feeling sorry for them, and always bearing in mind that the Lord never sent them to induct people into the fold of Christ; if so, they would hold communion with the heavens, like unto the ancient servants of God; for his ways are unchangeable, being always the same.

But I must beg pardon again, for leaving Johnny, so I will return. Johnny, after this, was confirmed, by the laying on of the hands of the Elders. He did not then receive any strange sensation, but great light on the divine Scriptures; the doctrines advocated seemed to be so plain, when compared with God's word, leaving no doubt upon his mind.

Johnny continued to watch and pray, as taught, for the clear and definite manifestation of the Holy Spirit. Having left hauling, or the driving of horses underground, he went to mining, thinking he would be more to himself, where he could more fully pour out his soul in prayer to the Lord God of Israel. Although his partner, that worked with him in the mining, cutting and blasting the coal, was often a hindrance, as he was as himself had been, a very wicked fellow; but there were times when he would leave the room, and then would he pour out his soul in prayer. And where was he at this particular time? Why, my dear reader, he was away from the light of the sun, that so kindly diffuses its warmth, to cheer the heart of man, and give life to vegetation. O yes, Johnny was in the dark and dismal caverns of the earth, where no eye could see, nor ear hear, or heart pity and lighten the burden of his God seeking heart, but God alone, that alloweth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his parental notice.

"O Lord God," said he, "have mercy upon me, unworthy as I am of thy love; and for the sake of the dear Savior, give, O give me a full and satisfactory testimony of thy divine will concerning me, in my day and generation!" He did not continue long unnoticed; for after the dear Lord had made a sufficient trial of his faith, O happy day! The Spirit of the Lord descended upon him, giving him an entire satisfaction of his acceptance with the Lord. After this he was known to testify to others of the divinity of the Church of which he was now a happy member.

Some of his old acquaintances would scoff and sneer at him, for having been so silly as to believe such nonsense. His father and mother too, felt sorry to think that Johnny was so unwise as to allow himself to be duped by such fanatics, bringing a disgrace upon himself and all the family, by obeying Mormonism; and upon one occasion his father told him that if he did not leave the deluded people, he did not want him to enter, or again darken his door. Johnny replied, "If you do not want me here, father, mother does; so I will come." Turning to his mother, he said, "Don't you want me, mother?" "Hush, boy," replied his mother. Silence then prevailed for awhile.

Johnny kept moving onward, grounding deeper and wider in the faith; and some said he was called to preach, which he did, and does now, although he thinks he makes but a poor hand at it. Very shortly he was called to preside over a branch of the Church, though he thought then, and does now, that there were members of the branch better adapted for the office, both in wisdom and knowledge. But we will let that rest.

Johnny, however, managed to get along pretty well for a time, and all the members esteemed him, as one whose heart was in the Master's cause. Johnny had great confidence in his brethren, especially his superiors in office, and he was made to believe that it would be almost instant death to disobey counsel. This was Johnny's frame of mind when the Church in the old countries went into apostasy. Hence you see, it was easy to get

him to endorse, believe, or try to believe those pernicious doctrines; and if the Spirit should happen to speak in the matter, the "big-guns" under Brigham would say that it was from an evil source, because it contradicted the priesthood. Johnny, with many others, through not living, or I should say not continuing to live near to God in prayer, became rejected.

Emigrating to America, Johnny felt determined to press on to Utah, and there, among the pure in heart, (as he supposed), he would again get the favor and approbation of the Lord; not willing to endorse the least idea that the people there had lost the Spirit of God. But his way became hedged up, so that he could not go; and it was a mercy indeed, for had he gone there he might have become an everlasting prey to their heresies.

Years after this passed away, with their ups and downs in life. Being now a married man, with a family, Johnny's mind was in suspense, thinking all the while that he was under condemnation, because he had not gone to Utah; when, lo! behold a light beamed upon him. The good Lord had sent out his hunters, with life boats, to seek after those that had gone astray in the dark and cloudy day; and to bring them back to the old ship Zion, still standing the storm, in the midst of the tempestuous ocean. Nothing could move her, for God was at the helm.

True, several of her officers had left her; some had died in the storm, and had been wafted home to their Father's mansion, to rest from their wearying labors; two of which were her chief directors, Joseph and Hyrum. Others had proved recreant in the storm, forsaken the old ship, and poor creatures, trying to save themselves on pieces of plank, that they found floating on the water, perishing one after another, especially when refusing to be picked up by God's hunters.

Johnny, however, was picked up; and O how he rejoiced, to find again the good old ship, still steering Zion-ward, with the present Uncle Joseph as her chief Mate, appointed by the great Captain in the place of his father; also a great band of new officers, or in other words a new crew, filled with love and care for the passengers. The old ship is gliding along nicely, except the dashing of a wave now and again over her strong bulwarks.

The little Hopes must bear in mind to strive and continue to live near the Lord, learning a lesson from what they read; for, when their minds are matured, their muscles fully developed, they must indeed take a greater and more active part in the onward course of the great ship Zion; which may God grant, for his dear Son's sake. Amen.

WISHPFUL.

ALFRED RAYMOND, OR A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the state of Connecticut, and but a few miles from the beautiful city of New Haven, there is a country village, where dwelt the once happy wife of Captain Raymond, a respectable sea-captain, who found a watery grave some years previous to the commencement of our story. And there was the spot where their only child first opened his eyes on this bright and beautiful world; and where the joyous years of his childhood were spent.

The deep affliction into which Mrs. Raymond had been plunged by the loss of her husband, and the painful circumstances connected with his death, had left an impression of sadness on her once cheerful face. Her whole manner and conversation told of the sorrow of her widowed heart, and of her indifference to the outer world, in which she had so little part.

Her piety and excellence of character commanded the respect of all who had an opportunity of knowing her virtues; but so limited was the sphere in which she moved, that they were little known to the world. She seldom left her home except to visit the sick and afflicted, when heart and hand were equally ready to any call of mercy. When the sound of the church bell summoned the

flock to offer to God their united prayer and praise, none of that little band of worshipers were more regularly seen in their pews, than the gentle hearted widow Raymond and her well-behaved son, Alfred. While older boys were unmindful of the solemn service, little Alfred might always be seen, listening attentively to the affectionate words and earnest appeals of old Mr. Stevens, their aged pastor.

And well it was for this orphan boy that the holy precepts taught by this good pastor and the pious teachings and lovely example of his devoted mother, sunk deeply into his young heart; for he was early left to his own guidance by her sudden death. But the short illness which preceded this event was spent in lifting her heart to God in earnest prayer, that he would be a father to her fatherless boy, and guide him in safety through the temptations and snares of a sinful world, and bring him, in his own good time, to join her in that blessed land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

As she felt the hour approaching when she was to bid a final adieu to her only child, she called him to her bedside to listen to her last words. With faltering voice and failing breath, most earnestly did this good mother endeavor to point out to him the only path to lead him to true happiness here and hereafter. Among other things she said:

"Ever remember, my dear son, that the all-seeing eye of God is upon you. Whatever you do, he sees you. Whatever you say, he hears you. There are many things which wicked men will tell you are harmless, but which God will not approve. Never, oh! never be tempted to tell an untruth. You know how earnestly I have always tried to impress upon your young mind the importance of adhering *strictly* to the truth, by guarding against all manner of deceitfulness. As you love your mother, and value your own peace, let the Bible ever be your guide. This hand which now holds yours will soon be cold in death. You know how it has labored for your support, and I hope it was ever ready to do what it could to aid others, more needy than myself. Be your little hand also ever ready to do for others as God shall place the opportunity in your way. I can say no more. God in heaven bless you, my dear, darling boy!"

Soon after the utterance of these words, her lips ceased to move; and gently and quietly her spirit passed away, while her weeping child kneeled at her bed-side, his hand still clasped in hers. When Mrs. Raymond's only near neighbor came in, and found Alfred crying as if his heart would break, she said what she could to comfort him; but her own words were few, for her own heart was full at the loss of her most kind and valued friend. She too was a widow, who had struggled hard to maintain a young family, yet poor as she was, she told Alfred he must come and share her home, and he should be welcome to such as she had for her own children. Alfred thanked good Mrs. Morton as well as he was able, while tears were streaming down his cheeks, but said he could not yet leave his old happy home. He felt that he must not be dependent upon the bounty of his kind friend, and must turn his thoughts, as soon as possible, upon some plan to gain his own living. "Only" said he "let me watch by my mother's body, until the grave shuts her from my sight. My mother, oh! my mother," broke from his lips, in a tone of deep anguish, and Mrs. Morton was unable to soothe the sorrow of the afflicted child.

By degrees he became more calm, however, until the time for the funeral drew near, and then again his affectionate heart seemed ready to burst. When all was over, and the widow's kind friend and pastor, Mr. Stevens, had seen the body laid in the quiet grave, in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection, then did poor Alfred feel himself desolate indeed. He soon found it necessary to fix upon some plan for the future; and after consulting with his friend, Mrs. Morton, he determined to sell the small stock of furniture

of his dear mother, proceed to New York, and there trust that Providence would open the way for him to get an honest living. He thanked kind Mrs. Morton again and again, for the generous offer she had made him of a home, but concluded he had better commence the struggle with the world at once. He had been taught habits of industry by his mother, so that he did not feel that labor was irksome.

A purchaser was found for the few worldly effects he had to dispose of, and after the arrangements were all made for him to set out, on his journey to the great city, he found himself in possession of one hundred dollars, a scanty wardrobe, and a few articles that Mrs. Morton had promised to save for him until some future day, when she hoped he would revisit the scenes of his childhood. He thought with such a sum of money he could get along without any difficulty, until he settled himself at some regular employment.

So after paying another visit to his mother's grave, and taking an affectionate leave of his few friends, Alfred Raymond, at the age of fourteen, set out for New York, to seek his fortune in a world of which he knew so little.

When Alfred was fairly seated in the railroad car, on his way to New York, he fell into a very sober train of reflection, but with the buoyancy of youth, his mind was soon diverted by the scenes through which he was passing. The novelty of being thrown among so many people, all strangers to him, the rapidity with which the various objects passed before his eyes, the stopping at the towns and villages on the way, and seeing there so many fine houses and so many people, already began to affect his mind with wonder and curiosity. He had never before been more than ten miles from his country home.

When he arrived within the limits of the great city, everything was on a scale so much grander than all his imagination had pictured, that he could sit quietly no longer; and overcoming his bashfulness, he addressed himself to an old gentleman who shared the seat with him. This old gentleman, (whose name he afterward learned was Mr. Jaynes), answered all his inquiries, with great good humor, not a little pleased with the intelligence and manly bearing of his new acquaintance, and he, in turn questioned Alfred as to his purpose in coming to New York. When Mr. Jaynes left the cars on their arrival at the depot in Canal street, he bestowed a very complacent smile upon our little hero, and told him, if he were going to remain in the city, he would gladly aid him in any way in his power; but, unfortunately, he was to leave in the next train for Philadelphia, and thence to the far South.

THE QUAKER'S DAUGHTER.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

A SCATHED heart and a sad, troubled face bore the Quaker into the house of pleasure. No word he spoke, but strode, hat on head, through the astonished throng till the face on which he had never looked but with delight, flushed crimson as his keen eye fixed upon it. Mrs. Lee approached with a bland attempt to propitiate him, but with gentle firmness he waved her aside, took his trembling daughter by the hand and led her, half faint with shame and terror, from the room.

Mrs. Pim stood in the parlor holding a lighted candle, just as her husband had left her, when he returned, bringing with him the truant. Grief and amazement had transfixed her. But now, as the young girl entered in the gay apparel of fashion, like a lamb decked for the sacrifice, she set the candle down, covered her eyes with her hands, and wept.

The sight of his wife's tears aroused the hardest feelings of the Quaker's nature, and stern resolve was in his eye and voice as he commanded his daughter to take off "those Babylonish garments." She did not dare to hesitate, and gauze,

lace, flowers, and trinkets were gathered together, thrust into the grate, the low embers stirred up, and in a few minutes the gay costume was in ashes. No more was said or done; the offender was sent to her room without further reproof. But that night the sun of happiness descended upon the Quaker's dwelling to rise no more.

I need scarcely say that all neighborly intercourse between the two families now terminated. Priscilla had quite lost the confidence of her parents, and her mother's moist eyes followed her every movement, while all the influence that admonition, entreaty, and prayer could exercise was continually employed in her behalf.

The long course of hypocrisy pursued by the maiden had rendered dissimulation habitual to her; it was therefore impossible to judge, from her outward conduct, whether she repented her former course and voluntarily relinquished it. The strict discipline to which she was subjected elicited no complaint, her modest and subdued air betrayed no discontent; yet beneath this quiet exterior the proud passions of a carnal nature were at strife—the world had taken possession of her heart, and unsatisfied cravings gnawed into every hour of her life.

Nor was the tempter at rest. Despite the utmost vigilance on the part of her parents, occasional communications reached her from Sophia, containing glimpses of the world, and inclosing billets, written in a stronger, bolder hand, which made the heart of the caged bird flutter. The crisis of her life had come. She was called upon to decide between God and the world, duty and pleasure. She made her choice, and the rest of her story will tell whether it was a wise one.

Priscilla fled from the tender care of her best friends, and entered the world again as the bride of Robert Maxwell. She was now free to drink of fashion's cup in plenteous draughts, and while the deserted parents brooded in despairing sorrow over her fall, she was whirling around the vortex of pleasure, exulting in her new-found freedom.

Two years passed, and yet Priscilla had not wearied of the course she was pursuing. Her husband loved her fondly; and if she did not feel for him all the tenderness and devotion of which woman's heart is capable, she at least regarded him with sufficient affection to render her married life a contented one. A little baby had also come to add to her domestic treasures, and at home and abroad her lot seemed bright and joyous.

But the sword of tribulation already gleamed above the head that had reared itself against parental authority. One morning just as they had concluded breakfast, a servant announced that a lady, who declined giving her name, wished to see Mr. Maxwell.

"Likely some appeal on behalf of the poor," said Robert, as he proceeded to the parlor, where the stranger was seated, and Priscilla, whose mind was occupied with her morning enjoyments, thought no more of the matter.

That day however she noticed the first cloud upon her husband's face; and, though he endeavored to appear and act as usual, a weight had evidently fallen upon his spirits, and a subject of more than ordinary gravity employed his thoughts. Nor did the gloom soon disperse, but gathered darker and denser over the strong man's brow. The young wife heard, in answer to her inquiries, that a lady with whom he had had some slight acquaintance in Cuba had brought a silly charge against him, which there would be no difficulty in defeating. But day after day passed, and the brightness did not return to his eye, nor the light tone to his voice. The cause of his anxiety was more serious than he admitted, and could not long be concealed within his own bosom.

Robert Maxwell's youth had been marked by indiscretions. Gay and careless, he had spent his early years in selfish gratifications without dreaming of permanent results. During the early part of his residence in Cuba his undisciplined heart had been snared by the charms of a beautiful quadron, and by a ceremony which he never

supposed to be in the least binding, he had possessed himself of the object of his passion. For years the fair daughter of a degraded race lived in meek content in the position which her white lord was pleased to give her; and the supposition of her ever claiming, much less possessing, any legal right never disturbed the proud man's serenity. Previous to leaving Cuba, on the death of his father, he made a settlement, by which he secured to her an easy competency. Society and his conscience required no more of him, and he left her with a cool good-by, and a belief that the connection that had existed between them was finally severed.

But she, whose love and whose virtue had been so outraged, became advised of the fact that in the region whither her recreant lord had gone, justice was dealt out alike to all, without regard to race or color. She had therefore come to urge her honest claim, had brought undeniable proofs of the validity of her marriage, and Robert Maxwell was cited before the bar of his native state to answer to the grave charge of bigamy.

Priscilla took the view of the case which her husband gave her. "The woman," he said, "had been a pretty girl, who, in his crude youth, had pleased his fancy; that his acquaintance with her had been slight and brief, and the absurd claim she now brought against him was the invention of interested parties who made her their instrument. He was annoyed and provoked," he said, "by the ridiculous affair; yet he would soon rebut the false charge, and send the *saucy nigger* home again wiser than when she left."

This statement was plausible; and, firmly relying on its correctness, Priscilla felt no further concern than a wish that the silly case was ended, and life restored to its former easy flow.

The day of trial came. The arraignment of a proud and wealthy citizen for an offense of this nature created much excitement. The most eminent lawyers at the bar were retained at immense fees by the defendant. The contest was a spirited one; might attempting to overthrow right, and truth struggling against prejudice and wrong. But the well-fought battle ended at last. The evidence was clear, the arguments conclusive, and the decision was soon rendered. The deserted, despised, and slandered quadroon was pronounced the true and lawful wife of Robert Maxwell, and her three children his legitimate offspring, born in honorable wedlock.

To Priscilla this sudden and unexpected sentence was utter ruin. Her brain reeled, her frame was shaken by convulsions, and hour after hour she passed in the most frightful sufferings. Hoping that its innocent face would have a soothing effect, her babe was placed in her arms; but with a frantic shriek she dashed it to the floor, and it was barely caught in time to save it from a violent death.

To friend Pim and his wife the news of the strange event had also come; but their patient spirits could receive no heavier shock than that which had previously fallen upon them. Their daughter's disobedience and willful defection was the one misfortune of their lives, and the terrible disgrace that had fallen upon her added nothing to it. On the contrary, her adversity was their opportunity. The law had declared her not to be the wife of Robert Maxwell; she had therefore no legal protector but her parents, and they immediately arose to seek the wanderer, and invite her return to the shelter of their roof.

But all unconscious of their gentle and enduring love was the victim of the world's false favor, and madness gleamed in her eyes, and fever raged in her veins as she was borne back again to the home of her happy childhood.

A long dark season ensued—watching, weeping, waiting; and then Heaven, which never passed a parent's prayer unheeded, subdued the wild anguish of despair, shed a soothing calm over the troubled spirit, and their child was restored to their arms a humble, rational, and penitent Christian.

When her mental health was fully restored, Priscilla learned that he with whom she had lived for two years in the tender relation of wife, had left the world, with his blood upon his own right hand. Her lacerated heart withered, her bowed head sunk lower, the child of error's cup of suffering was full.

Her days, however, were numbered. The blessing promised on Sinai to filial piety was not hers to receive. A few months and her fair young form, faded, blighted, decayed, was laid to rest in the quiet cemetery, and now friend Pim and his gentle partner, together descending the hill of life, are led by the hand of an orphan grandchild. Let us hope this little one may prove a comfort to their age, and that their prayers, precepts, and example may rightly mold her pure and plastic heart.

LITTLE BELL DREER AND THE DISH-COVER.

O mamma! look, cried little Bell Dreer;
There's a girl in the cover like me;
And whenever I move she looks so queer;
It's so funny—I never did see!

Why, she makes a face if I turn my cheek;
She makes a face if I wink.
Oh! her hair runs off, and she tries to speak;
Why, she's frightened at me, I think!

Come out, little girl, and see my doll;
Come out of the shine and play.
I haven't a bit of a sister at all,
And my dolly is sick to-day.

My dolly is sick, and my book is torn,
And my hair has got to be curled;
And mamma is reading. It's real forlorn
To be all alone in the world.

Come out little girl. Oh! I wish you would.
[You *mustn't* make faces that way.]
I'd lift you out of the shine if I could,
And play with you all the whole day.

"LIVING AND DEAD."

WHAT would you have said if you had seen Joseph weeping over his father Jacob? "He fell upon his face, and wept upon him and kissed him." (Genesis 50: 1 verse). But there was no reply to his affection. All about that aged countenance was unmoved; lent, and still. Doubtless you have guessed the reason—Jacob was dead.

What would you have said if you had heard the Levite speaking to his wife when he found her lying before the door in Gilbeah? "Up" he said, "and let us be going." But none answered. (Judges 19: 28 verse). His words were thrown away. There she lay motionless, stiff, and cold. You know the cause.—She was dead.

What should you have thought if you had seen the Amalekite stripping Saul of his royal garments and ornaments in Mount Gillon? "He took from him the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that was on his arm. (2 Samuel 1: 10 verse.) There was no resistance. Not a muscle moved in that proud face. Not a finger was raised to prevent him. And why?—Saul was dead.

What should you have thought if you had met the widow's son in the gate of Nain, lying on a bier, wrapped about with grave clothes, followed by his weeping mother, carried slowly toward the tomb. (Luke 7: 12 verse). Doubtless it would have been all clear to you. It would have needed no explanation.—The young man was dead.

Brethren and sisters when a man's heart is cold and unconcerned about religion, when his hands are never employed in doing God's work, when his feet are not familiar with God's ways, when his tongue is seldom or never heard in prayer and praise, when his ears are deaf to the gospel of Christ, when his eyes are blind to the beauties of the Kingdom of Heaven, when his mind is too full of the world and has no room for spiritual things, when these marks are found to be in a man, the word of the Bible is the right word to use about him; and that word is *dead*.

WM. STREET.

PRIDE.

Pride went forth one snowy day,
Bent upon her best display
A lady's head with nothing on it
Save three leaves they call a bonnet.

With the wind a little lace
Blew about her neck and face.

Pride returned all wet and chill,
A parent's only child fell ill.
Cough and cold from snow and rain
Rendered every effort vain.

Wearing leaves in wintry weather
Killed both pride and child together.

Correspondence.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I sit down to write you a few lines, hoping it may be interesting. You asked the little Hopes to tell you something about the place where they live. San Francisco is a very large place, and in it there are many things to see, which the little Hopes would like to know something about. We have some nice gardens here. In one of them is an aquarium, with many kinds of nice fish in it. The prettiest, I think, is the speckled trout, brought from our mountain streams, they are so cunning and swim so swiftly. In another glass tank are some sharks. Did you ever see a shark? They say that sharks will eat people if they catch them in the water; but I do not think these would, they are only small ones, but they look savage enough, and I think they could eat all the crabs, lobsters and fishes that are in the same tank with them. Did you ever see any sea-lions? There are some here in a large pond of water made for them. They climb upon a large rock in the middle of the pond to sun themselves. When the keeper brings their food and throws it to them, they will rush into the water and soon find it. They are very cross looking creatures, but are very amusing. There are plenty of other things to see here; lions, tigers and bears, and plenty of cunning monkeys, that would make the little Hopes laugh, but I cannot tell them about them now. In my next letter I will tell them about the Happy Family, if you think this interesting.

SARAH E. A. ANDREWS.

[Very nice letter; let us hear more.]—ED.

FOREST CITY, Holt Co., Mo., Oct. 29, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. I am a little boy. My father is dead. My mother is sick in bed. She has been wanting some of the elders to come and administer to her the ordinance of the Church. Mother is a member of the Church of Latter Day Saints. My father was a strong member of the Church. I have two little brothers and one little sister belonging to the Church also. I have been a member for four years. I like to read the good little paper. Good bye, dear little brethren and sisters; excuse all mistakes.

Your brother in Christ, NILS JOHNSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 28th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I am going to write you another letter, as I promised. We have a nice Sunday School here now, and we are getting along nicely. We have a good many scholars, and are learning to sing from the Sabbath School Bells, and it has such nice hymns and tunes. I want to tell you that I have been baptized, in Sacramento, by Elder Vernon, and was confirmed in San Francisco, by Elder Roberts. I must now bring my letter to a close. I will write again bye and bye.

MARY ANDREWS.

HOPKINS, Oct. 27, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I take the *Hope*. I like to read the stories and the little letters from my little brothers and sisters. I am ten years old. I have a sister most four years old. We had a meeting here to-day. I was baptized last July, by Brother Horace Church. How I wish Brother David would come here again. I hope you can read this. I will try and learn to write better next time. Yours in Christ, LAURA L. SMITH.

Read This.—The printed address slip bearing your name, also tells the date to which your subscription is paid. For instance, 15 Dec 73 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th of December, 1873, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

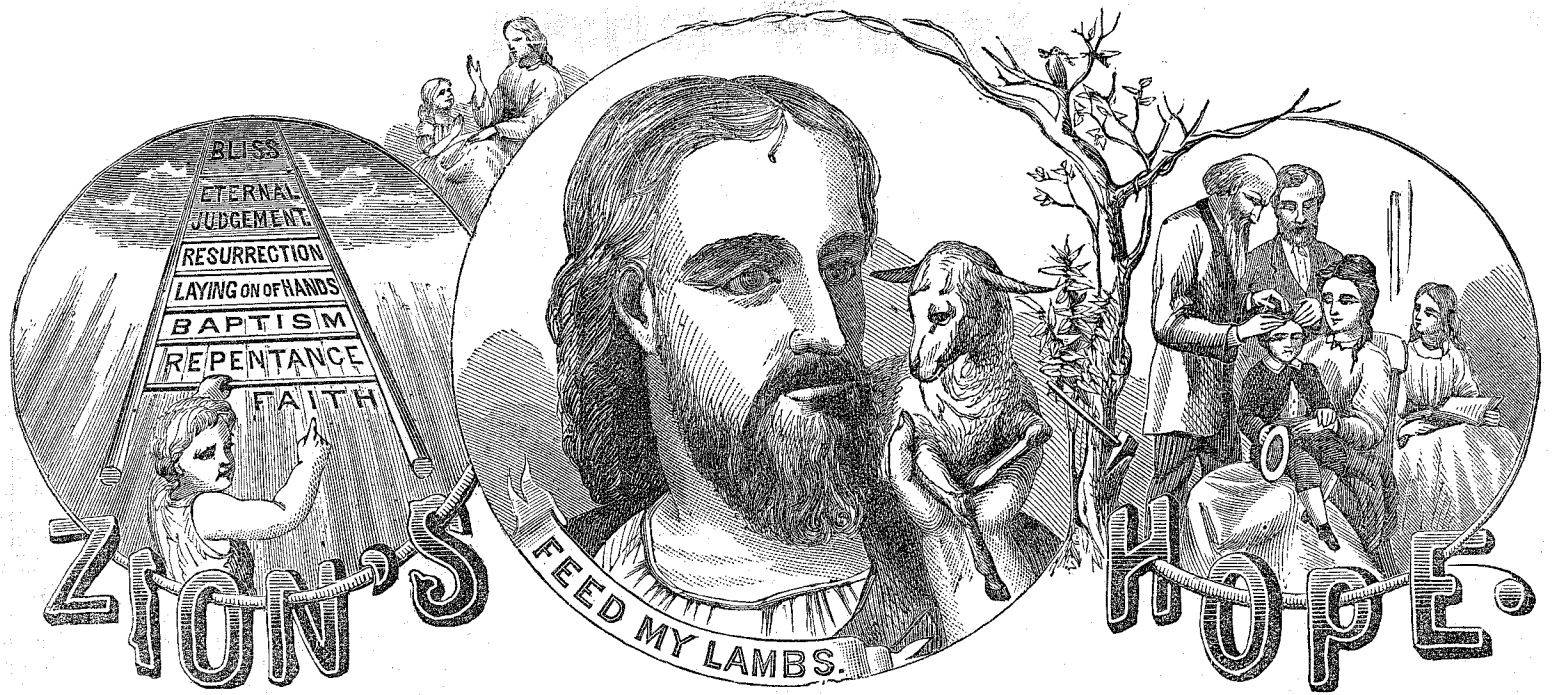
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

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THE GOOD AND KIND.

THE Catalogue, upon which the names of the *good and kind* are inscribed, is small compared with that of the masses which inhabit our globe. Yet those names which have been placed upon this record, shine forth as the brighter stars of the firmament; they are the chief lights of the Planetary System around which all others revolve. They are fertile spots in the *desert of time*; by them the world has been kept from sinking in spiritual darkness, and total moral degradation, and famishing for the true elements of life.

The good and kind! O what an influence they throw into the world. The sword, with all its terrors, has failed to subdue the strong passions of man; but who can resist the power of kind words, if those words be a true index to the heart? They are the messengers of God, aimed with the weapons of love. They go forth where the cruel steel has been, to cool the fiery passion and heal the bleeding wound.

The most humble cot is filled with joy if the good and kind are there. Fortune many frown upon its inmates, and their hearts may be depressed with the bitter cares of life; yet shall they be made happy. Peace messengers are there, whose business it is to pour the oil of gladness on every wound.

In families, they spread a halo of sunshine, which the darkest clouds will fail to obscure. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, linked together by this chain of love, will always be admired by the intelligent; and methinks that Heaven's messengers view it with delight.

We should be good and kind to others, because it is the only means of securing happiness to ourselves. If you would feel that most pleasant emotion of love, in your own hearts, perform such acts as will kindle the sacred flame in the hearts of others. God, in His great wisdom, has made our happiness depend upon the manner in which we discharge our duty toward one another. *O that every one could realize this precious truth.*

A proper development of these virtues enables us to better enjoy the beauties of nature. The river flows with increased beauty and grandeur; the sun shines with a more brilliant light; the queen of night sheds forth her gentler light, to touch and soften the heart; the birds sing more sweetly; the flowers smile upon us, filling our hearts with gladness. The words of the poet are true.

"O the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love."

If we cherish these divine principles, they will remove the doubts of the sceptic, in a measure,

and unfold the joys of eternity. Who can look upon the lovely rose, smiling with brightness, and say, "It was made in vain?" Who can study the philosophy of light, the capacity of the eye to receive it and take cognizance of eternal objects, and assert, "There is no God?" Who can gaze upon the flowers of the field, and not realize the force of these words;—"Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

We should enroll our names on this scanty list of earth's benefactors, because it is our duty to kindred spirits and to God. All that we can do is to labor for the good of our fellows. We can add nothing to the wisdom of God, neither can we increase His power; we cannot enlarge the store-house of His mercy, nor deepen the everlasting fountain of His love. But we *can* cause many a noble, but careworn heart to rejoice; we may write our names indelibly in the hearts of others causing them to rejoice that God has given such virtues to man. Those who are daily growing better and kinder, are approximating to the nature of God. What more can we desire? It is the goal of all our efforts.

To insure goodness and kindness, in ourselves, we must not neglect a proper system of education; nothing can supply its place. "Know thyself," is a wise injunction, and implies the necessity of study. How can we shun an evil without knowledge of its existence? How can we expect to be good and kind if we know not where goodness and kindness are to be found, nor how they may be obtained? Kind words and noble actions, spring from the deep recesses of the heart; if, therefore, the heart is not right, these results will never follow. A corrupt fountain can never send forth a pure stream. Some one, understanding our duty, in this respect, has wisely said, "Educate the head to think, the heart to feel, and the body to act."

We must not linger here; our mission is one of continued exertion. They who possess jewels, must throw around them a suitable garb of protection. A constant watch-care is required, lest the precious gems become dimmed by neglect, lose their primitive beauty, and cease to be attractive, *even to ourselves.*

To conclude, they who are kind, whose hearts are open to every holy influence, are ever filled with peace. Like the gentle lake on a calm summer's morning, when the "King of Day" sheds his bright light upon its placid bosom. Their minds break down the wall of darkness, which too often limits the soul and reach out to that which is noble and good. Their hearts are fountains of pure

love. What more can mortals ask? Deprive me of the sordid wealth of this life; let adverse winds blow and rage, they are harmless as a dove. Remove me far from the mighty stream of popularity; *but shut me not out from the heavenly influence of the good and kind.*

JOSEPH R. LAMBERT.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

THE little boys and girls who read the *Hope* have doubtless many times seen the position of Greenland upon their school atlas, and they will at once remember that it is far to the north of the United States. A very small portion of this large country extends far enough to the south to be embraced within the North Temperate Zone, and this part is thinly peopled. Dr. Hayes tells us that formerly the climate was milder than it is now, and many places have been deserted which were once inhabited by thriving colonies, who cultivated the soil to a considerable extent. This desertion is attributed to the increasing cold.

What I have to tell you, however, does not relate to the settlement of the country, but is a touching incident of the strong love existing between a mother and her child. Beautiful it is, as well as mournful, and is related in the main by a recent traveller in that dreary country, as having occurred in the winter of 1872.

Near to one of the thinly settled colonies, lived a widowed mother and her only child, a boy of some twelve or fourteen summers. Young as he was, Philip had learned to help his mother in various ways, and one of these consisted in gathering such stray pieces of wood and bits of brush as were to be found among the rocks, and beneath the few stunted trees growing near the shore.

All night the wind had been moaning and sobbing around their little hut, and as Philip lay listening to its plaintive wail, he shuddered as he thought of going out to face the storm, for he remembered that his companions were to be there early in the morning, and he was to go with them for wood.

When the thought first entered his mind upon awaking, he almost hoped they would not come, but when he hastily arose and went to light the fire, and saw how small their supply was, he resolved to say nothing to his mother about his reluctance to go, but if his companions came to start with them. They had scarcely finished their meagre breakfast, when the boys came for him, and bidding his mother a cheerful good bye, he started forth with them.

The wind had abated somewhat, and though

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the snow began to fall, it was not in sufficient quantity to cause any apprehension, but rather to urge the boys on, lest the drift-wood and twigs might be covered, if it should continue to snow for any length of time.

It was late in the day before they gathered their bunches together, and the storm had steadily increased. It was not however until they started home that they began to be alarmed. The wind had risen, and now blew fiercely from the direction in which they had to go. The air was filled with snow, which, as the wind blew it fiercely into their faces, almost blinded them, and rendered their progress slow and wearying. They had not gone far before night began to close around them, and their hearts grew heavy with fear.

They were brave boys and used to many hardships, so keeping close together they slowly toiled on through the snow, which was now deep, and in many places drifted so as almost to stop their way. At last they abandoned their loads, and thus relieved for a time, made greater headway; but their homes were yet some miles distant, and the night was growing colder.

Many thoughts of home and of his anxious mother, came to the heart of Philip as he struggled along. If he should perish in the storm what would become of his mother? In this solemn hour the teachings of the kind missionary came to his mind, and he felt sure that if God saw fit to take him, He would not forsake his mother. Was not God able to care for both of them.

In the meantime Philip's mother had watched the increasing storm with the deepest anxiety, and when night came on and Philip had not returned, her alarm became so great that suspense was unendurable. The wind seemed filled with the cries of her lost and wandering boy. She could hear him calling on her for help, and then hear him sobbing and moaning, when no help came. Almost wild with her fears, she protected herself from the weather as securely as she could, and started out upon the road the boys had taken that morning.

The wind almost lifted her off her feet, and whirled the snow in blinding gusts around her; but love and fear strengthened her, and she still pressed on, while ever and anon she would call the name of her boy in tones of the wildest agony. When some distance from her home, a wild thrill of joy ran through her frame, as she heard the voice of Philip in answer to her call, and they were soon fast locked in each others arms.

But now a new and terrible danger presented itself. Philip soon saw that his mother's strength was giving way, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she kept her place by his side. He exerted all his strength to help her, but alas the storm was pitiless and at last she sank down feeling that it was impossible for her to go farther. His companions by this time were some distance ahead of them and it was in vain that Philip called upon them for aid. His voice came back upon the wind and he felt that there was no help for them but they must perish in the storm.

While consciousness remained his mother besought him to leave her and save himself. When the noble boy refused to do this, with all her remaining strength she struggled to her feet, only to sink down again completely exhausted. Soon she began to cease to plead with Philip and resting her head against a drift of snow gave way to the fatal slumber which was creeping over her.

Philip sat down by his mother sobbing wildly. He did not know that the struggle of death was past—that his mother would never awake from that sleep, but he feared they would perish in the storm. And now when he ceased to exercise a numbness came over him—he did not suffer so intensely, but leaning on his mother's shoulder he too yielded to the soothing but deceitful influence of sleep, and thus the mother and son perished in the storm.

When the fury of the storm was over, the neigh-

bors sought for them and with kindly hearts they took them up and buried them in one grave.

Was not such loving devotion beautiful? If we pity their sad fate, let us remember the poor around us when stern winter is abroad in the land, and do what we can to relieve their sufferings.

CORA.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father
which art in
Heaven, hal-
lowed be thy
name. Thy
Kingdom come. Thy will be done
on earth as it is in Heaven. Give
us this day our daily bread. And
forgive us our debts, as we forgive
our debtors.
Lead us not
into tempta-
tion; but del-
iver us from
evil. For
thine is the
kingdom, the
power, and
the glory for
ever and ever.
Amen.

Translated from Phonography for Zion's Hope.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

BY WILLIAM STREET

ON the fifth day of the Moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life: and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and was wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard: they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in sacred rapture.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with that music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible.

When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature: and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept.

The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquy: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the

rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a large valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the Valley of Misery: and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time: measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine it now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively."

Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number of about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers drop through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and, upon farther examination, perceived that there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner stepped upon, but they fell through into the great tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied, and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I spent some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of bridges which it presented.

My heart was filled with sadness, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of the bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them: but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them. The Genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually, hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the Genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here felt a deep sigh: "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain. How is he given away to misery and mortality; tortured in life, and swal-

lowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eyes on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw a valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it; and dividing it into two equal parts.

The clouds still rested on one half of it, inasmuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting upon beds of flowers: and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of a dove, or eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the Genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears to be spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore: there are myriads of islands beyond those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kind of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different degrees, suitable to the religions and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives thee preference of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence?"

"Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him."

I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islanders. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hidden under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge and the happy islanders, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

SAPPHO.

THE first poetry was lyrical. All the Indian tribes have songs of their own, and all the ancient nations had melodies of their own composition. When the Israelites passed through the Red Sea, Miriam, the sister of Moses, and all the women took timbrels in their hands, and sang,

"Sound the loud timbrels o'er Egypt's dark sea; Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free."

The Greeks were the most poetical race of Antiquity, and the earliest form of their poetry was lyrical, verses set to music, and sung at feasts, weddings, funerals, and celebrations of victory.

The Greeks were very vivacious and intellectual, and very much like the Americans of the present day. They loved the shores and islands of the Aegian Sea, where the air was tempered by warm

skies, and winds from the sea. Their lands were varied by mountain and vale; nature was lavish in gifts, and the nation was in its young life, and gave itself, in youthful ardor, to joy. Scenes of transcendent beauty charmed the sight, and music and martial deeds, games and literary strifes, completed the rounds of pleasure. The Doreans, or Spartans, must be excepted from this description. They were stern and warlike. The Islanders, and those who lived on the shores of Asia Minor, that were the worshipers of the beautiful. Woman's rights ideas seem to have prevailed in those remote times, and the ladies took upon themselves the same social privileges that they do now. They formed societies for intellectual pursuits, and made poetry a special study; and their writings prove that, for delicate taste and intensity of feeling, they have had no superiors since.

The island of Lesbos is represented as one of the loveliest in the Grecian Archipelago. It was the home of Sappho. She lived six hundred years before Christ. Away back in the twilight of time she sang as a bird at earliest dawn. She outreaches all the women of her time; and, perhaps, has had no superior since; but nothing remains of her writings but one ode and a few scattered lines. This line is hers:

"The dear, glad angel of the spring—the nightingale."

Very little is known of her life, but the brief account hints at severe suffering, and suicide. There was no Christian sentiment to control and shield such tumultuous natures, in those barbarous times. Beauty and genius were ever a fatal legacy, and she seems as one born out of due time.

SIGMA PHI.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLAR.

Oh! what a precious blessing
Does God vouchsafe to me,
That I, in life's bright morning,
In Sabbath School may be!
To read God's Holy Bible,
And from it learn the way,
Marked out by his own finger,
From earth to endless day.

To learn about the Spirit
Which God will give to all,
Who feel their lost condition,
And on his mercy call;
To hear about the Savior,
Who died that I might live,
Who offers me his favor,
If in him I believe.

To join with God's dear people,
In prayer and songs of praise,
And in his holy service
To spend my youthful days;
Assist me, blessed Savior,
Such blessings to improve;
Permit me not to trifle,
With such rich gifts of love. J. A. M'K

OBEEDIENCE OF CHILDREN.

DEAR HOPE:—I would desire the indulgence of your columns for a few minutes, while I would express a few thoughts on the obedience of children. That children are addressed in Scriptural language, is evident from the following passages. First, the language of Paul, as found in Eph. 6: 1. "Children obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." "Honor thy father and mother." This, dear Hopes, is the first commandment with promise, contained in the Scriptures, spoken directly to children, and that promise is, "that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." This, dear readers, is a glorious promise, which you should one and all be interested in remembering. It was given by the perpetuator of our lives. Long life in mortality is a sweet thing for you to think of, and sweeter still to be enjoyed, attended with the blessings of God. The way to obtain this long life, is to live in obedience to the commandments of God, and your parents.

Children, when you disobey your parents, O what a sad thought it is! You feel bad, as also

your parents do for you, to think you care nothing for their commandments, much less the commandments of God. But, on the other hand, O what a glorious thing it is to be submissive to the will of your parents! Then, when you meet your parents, you may expect to meet them with a smile, and with a thrill of joy and gladness, realizing that you have performed your duty. They will greet you with happy tidings; then your parents will be ready to help you. In every trial of life, you will have their love, their kindness, their smiles; and added to the glory of all this, you will have the watch care of a heavenly Father; whose care above is that of earthly friends, or parents.

He can deliver you from dangers that none other can. Then let me exhort you to serve him in the day of your youth. Give him your service in the days of your youth. Do not work in the service of Satan till your lives are nearly spent. We know that Satan has promised you wages, if you labor for him. He does not ask your labor for nothing.

He offers you wages, but let us see what those wages are. Why, "the wages of sin is death." Now let us see what the wages of God are, compared with those of Satan. "The gift of God is eternal life," says Paul. Then let us strive to overcome the temptations of Satan, and let him keep his wages; and lay hold of the precious wages of God, or the gift of eternal life.

"A wise son maketh a glad father," are the words of one whose wisdom has never been excelled by mortal man. And as to the subject of wisdom, he farther says, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is, therefore, the duty of children to fear the Lord, and this duty they perform by obeying their parents. For the Lord says, "Children, obey your parents, for this is right." JAMES F. SCOTT.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

WHEN St. John was in exile upon the island of Patmos, where he was banished by the wicked Emperor Domitian, for preaching the gospel of Christ, it was revealed to him in vision, all that should befall the Church, down to the end of time.

After the vision of the new heaven and the new earth, he saw a city descend from heaven upon the new earth. The description of this city, as given by St. John, in the twenty-first chapter of the book of Revelations, is so grand that we might think that it could not be real; but when we consider that we have seen all the substances that are described as composing its parts, and then call to mind what God, by one of his servants, has told us in regard to the things he has in store for us, we can fully believe in the real splendors of this real city that we shall inherit, and know that with all its splendor, it is not to be compared with other, and greater things that are in reserve for us.

In the emporiums for jewels, in all the cities of the world, are to be seen specimens of the different kinds of material described as composing the houses, the streets, walls and gates of this wondrous and beautiful city; but of those other things referred to by the Apostle, and also by one of the old prophets, it is said of them, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for those who love him."

Where this city will be built, or by whom we do not know. It may be that city referred to whose "builder and maker is God."

We shall see it first, (as John saw it), descending from heaven, complete in all its parts. The glory of God will be upon it, and its own light will be like a precious stone.

It will be surrounded by a high wall, with gates on every side. It shall be exactly square, and the measure of it shall be twelve thousand furlongs. There shall be twelve gates in the wall, three upon either side, and beneath the wall there shall be twelve foundations.

The city shall be built of pure gold, like clear

glass; the streets also shall be of gold, transparent as crystal. The walls shall be of jasper stone, and the foundations of the wall, of twelve kinds of precious stones. The twelve gates shall be each a large pearl. And John saw an angel at each one of the gates, to guard them, so that no unholy thing might enter.

He saw the gates standing open, and he tells us they shall never be shut. He also says there shall be no night there, nor no light of the sun. The glory of God shall make it light continually. Sickness, sorrow, nor death shall ever enter its pearly gates. The name of this city shall be NEW JERUSALEM. J.

HOURS WITH THE PROPHETS, OR STORIES FROM THE SACRED BOOKS.

CHAPTER II.

SETH was the son of Adam. God revealed himself unto Seth, and he rebelled not. Enos was the son of Seth. We said, in our first chapter, that Seth and Enos were both high priests, ordained under the hand of Adam. We also learn that "these men," Adam, Seth and Enos, began to call on the name of the Lord, and the Lord blessed them; "and a book of remembrance was kept." This book was kept in the language of Adam.

We have found that God taught Adam to talk; and now we ask, Who taught men to write? Enoch answers, "A book of remembrance we have written among us, according to the pattern given by the finger of God." Then God, by his own finger taught men to write; and, in Gen. 6 : 6, it is declared that "it was given unto as many as called on the name of the Lord to write by the Spirit of inspiration." Those whom God taught to write taught their children; and the language of Adam, in which their records were kept, is declared to have been "pure and undefiled." Why? First, Because God gave it. Secondly, Because, when it was given, there was nothing sinful in the world; therefore no bad words were introduced into that God-given language. Solomon says, "Every word of God is pure."

We have found that the priesthood which was in the world from Adam to Enoch, should be in the end of the world also. And we learn too that a pure language will be restored. The Lord says to Zephaniah, "Then will I turn to the people a pure language." Why? "That they may all call upon the Lord with one consent." Then the time is coming when there will be but one language in the world, and that language will not have one bad word in it; for no bad words will be needed, when there are no evil thoughts among the people.

CHAPTER III.

ENOCH was the seventh from Adam. He was upon a journey when the Spirit of God descended out of heaven and abode upon him; and he was commanded to prophecy and to call men to repentance, because they had disobeyed the commandments which God had given.

He was then but a lad, and slow of speech, and asked why it was that he had found favor with God, that he should be his servant. But the Lord promised to be with him; that the mountains should flee before him, and rivers be turned from their course. He was also told to anoint his eyes with clay, and wash, and that then he should see. He did so, and could see the spirits that God had created, and other things not seen with the natural eye; and the people throughout the land said, "A seer hath the Lord raised up unto his people."

Enoch's home was in the land of Cainan, a land of righteousness. He gave a history of the preaching of the gospel; told the people to repent of their transgressions; to be baptized in the name of God's Only Begotten; and that then they should receive the Holy Ghost. He tells us that God revealed this plan of salvation to Adam; that when Adam cried to the Lord he was "caught away by the Spirit of God," and was carried down into the water, and was laid under the water, and

was brought forth out of the water; and thus he was baptized. He was then baptized with fire and the Holy Ghost, and thus became a son of God; and so may all become God's sons.

Enoch also received a commandment to administer the ordinances of the gospel; and this gospel is declared to be the same that shall be in the end of the world. He led God's people, and the mountains fled, rivers were turned out of their course, and a land came up out of the sea.

The Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and there were no poor among them. The Lord also came and dwelt with his people.

Enoch built a city, which was called the City of Holiness, or Zion. God blessed Zion, but the residue of the people he cursed; and Zion in the process of time was taken up to Heaven. Enoch was permitted to see the future history of God's people in every age of the world, by the Spirit of prophecy. He wept, yea, and the very heavens wept over the miseries that sin should bring upon the earth from generation to generation. But he saw also the glorious Latter Days, when the gospel, together with the Priesthood, should be again restored; when Zion should again be the home of the righteous and the abode of God upon the earth. He lived four hundred and thirty years, and then was translated to dwell in Zion, which had been taken up to Heaven sixty-five years before. LOMAEI.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SCHOOL-GIRL.

NOT long ago, a young man from the provinces was sent to Paris to finish his education; but, like many others, he got into bad company. He forgot the instructions of his pious mother. He despised his religion. He went so far as to wish, and to say, "There is no God."

After staying several years in the capital, the young man returned to his family. One day he was invited to a house where there was a numerous company.

Whilst all were entertaining themselves in various ways, two young ladies were seated in a bay-window, reading together. The young man approached them, and asked,—

"What romance are you reading so attentively?"

"We are reading no romance at all."

"Not a romance? What book are you reading then?"

"We are reading the history of God's chosen people."

"You believe, then, that there is a God?"

Astonished at such a question, the girls looked at each other, the blood mounting to their cheeks.

"And do you not believe it?" replied the elder one.

"Once I believed it, but after living in Paris, and studying philosophy, I am convinced that God is an empty word."

"I was never in Paris, I have never studied philosophy, I only know by my catechism; but since you are so learned, and say there is no God, you can easily tell me whence the eggs come?"

The girl spoke these words loud enough for a part of the company to hear them. At first a few persons approached to hear what they were speaking about; others followed. Finally the whole company collected round the bay-window to listen to the conversation.

"Since you say that there is no God," said the young girl, "will you be kind enough to explain to me whence the egg comes?"

"The egg comes from the hen."

"And now, whence comes the hen?"

"You know; the hen comes from the egg."

"Which of them existed first, the egg or the hen?"

"I do not know what you intend with this question; but yet that which existed first was the hen."

"There is then a hen which did not come from an egg?"

"I beg your pardon; did I not say that the egg existed first?"

"There is then an egg which did not come from a hen?"

"Oh, if you—beg pardon—that is—you see—"

"I see that you do not know whether the egg existed before the hen, or the hen before the egg."

"Well, then, I say the hen."

"Very well there is then a hen which did not come from an egg. Tell me, now, who made this first hen from which all other hens and eggs come?"

"With your hens and yours eggs, it seems to me you take me for a poultry-dealer."

"By no means; I only ask you to tell me whence the mother of all hens and eggs comes?"

"But for what object?"

"Well, since you do not know, I will tell you. He Who created the first hen, or, if you would rather have it, the first egg, is the same Who created the world, and this Being we call God. You cannot explain the existence of a hen, or an egg, without God, neither can you explain the existence of the world without God."

The young philosopher was silent and he soon took his hat and departed.

Correspondence.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Ill., Nov. 15th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I was eleven years old the second day of October. Ma and Pa have gone down to Millersburg to the Conference, and as I was lonesome, I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School or Branch here yet; but I hope there will soon be one. That is all I have to say. I am not baptized; but I hope the time will soon come, that I will be baptized. Yours truly,

SARAH E. CADMAN.

CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in christian, and also in saint;
My second is in fighting, but not in war;
My third is in feeble, but not in faint;
My fourth is in handsome, but not in fair;
My fifth is in Saviour but not in Christ;
My sixth is in Heaven, but not in hell;
My seventh is in husband, but not in wife;
My eighth is in tattler, but not in tell;
My ninth is in martyred, but not in slain;
My tenth is in sovereign, but not in king;
My eleventh is in produce, but not in grain;
My twelfth is in whiskey, but not in sling;
My thirteenth is in borrow, but not in lend;
My fourteenth is in Apostle, but not in Priest;
My fifteenth is in hailstorm, but not in wind;
My sixteenth is in zebra, but not in hair;
My seventeenth is in window, but not in door;
My eighteenth is in negro, but not in slave;
My nineteenth is in needy, but not in poor;
My twentieth is in scoundrel, but not in knave;
My twenty-first is in father but not in boy;
My twenty-second is in holy, but not in just;
My twenty-third is in happy, but not in joy;
My twenty-fourth is in treasure, but not in trust;

These twenty-four lines as you can see

Reveals in part our faith and trust,

Now solve the same, then try to be

Among the pure, the good, the just.

Roll of Honor.

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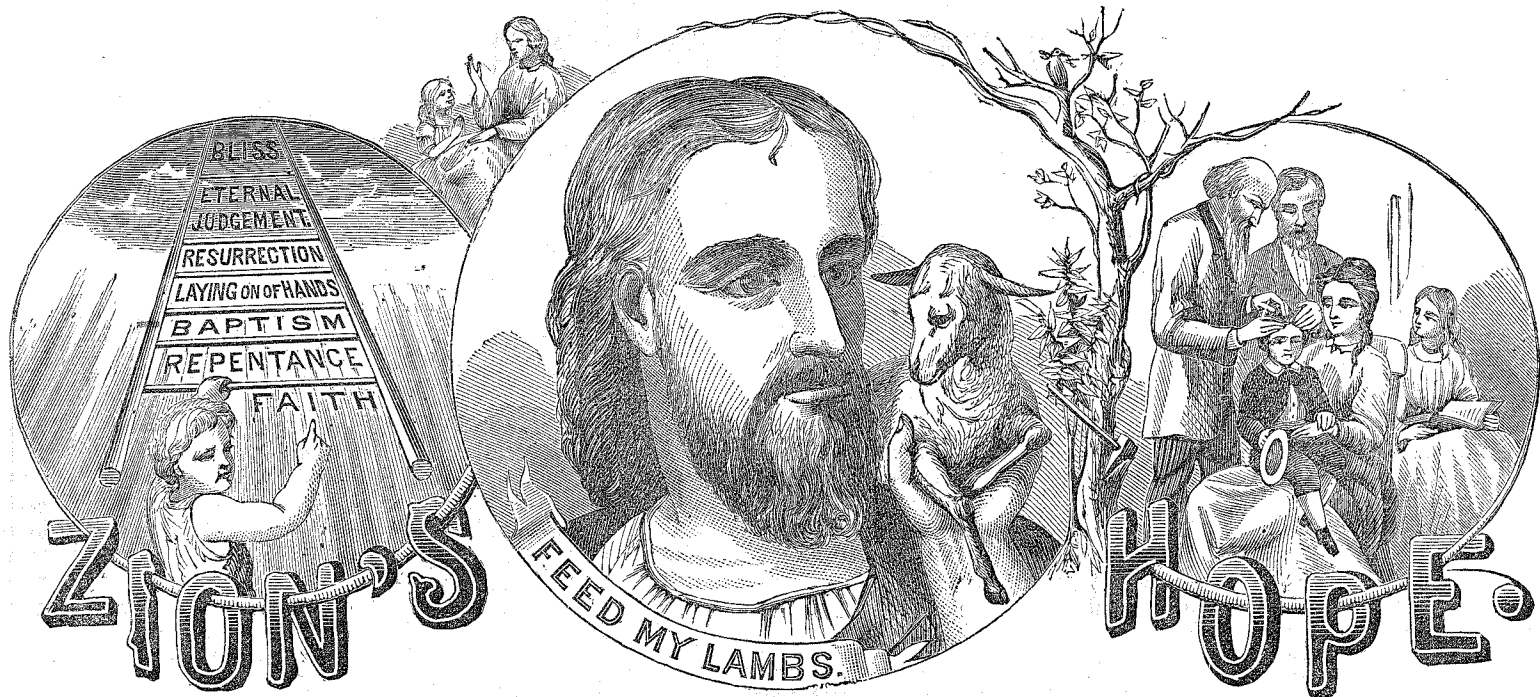
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

**SANTA CLAUS;
OR, ANNIE'S AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.**

Twas the eve before Christmas: Good night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed:
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given,
That they should retire precisely at seven,
Instead of eight, for they troubled him more
With their questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as Santa Claus ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten,
Not a word had been spoken by either till then,
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep—
And whispered, "Dear Annie is you fast asleep?
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,"
For somehow it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now we know that there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died.
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send us some presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more
Four little barefeet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the Amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

Dear Jesus look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee;
I want a wax Dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And a beautiful work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless Papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he.
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie—Amen!"
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Claus tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight;
I want he would give me a nice 'ittle s'ed,
With bright shining yunners and all painted yed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy—
Amen—and den Desus I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful an deep.
And with faries in dream-land were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again.

He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed.
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice asked for kiss.
But just to make sure, I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
And arrived at the door, to hear both their prayers,
His Annie's "Bless papa," draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange? Strange! I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet.
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box-full of candy to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then hemeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea.
A work-box well filled in the center was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed.
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled
With bright, shining runners and all painted red.
There were balls, dogs, and horses, all pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop,
And as the fond father the picture surveyed
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."
So thinking he softly extinguished the light,
And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found,
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,—
Just the things that they wanted,—and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low.
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know,"—
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear blessed mamma so long ago dead
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Then we dot up and payed dest as well as we tud,

And Dad answered our prayers—now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that he was if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please,
(Well, well, let him think so—the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent,
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers

ARCHITECTURE.

ARCHITECTURE is the art of building.
The buildings of one country differ somewhat from those of another, and the buildings of one age differ from those of another age; and as there are fashions in dress, so there are different "styles" of architecture.

The European nations have exceeded all others in building, and for that reason only their works are considered when the styles of architecture are spoken of.

When a boy from the country goes for the first time to a large city, he is amazed at what he sees, and is likely to feel abashed and insignificant, and to regard the people of the city as a superior order of beings. When he hears descriptions of the buildings, the names only make him more confounded. The truth is that those great piles do not represent any one man's genius or labor. They represent accumulated thought and accumulated means.

The greatest structures of the world have been reared by kings. They could command the labor of many men, and had nothing to do but issue a command; and those who superintended the labor needed not to be particularly gifted with wisdom, for they had the benefit of the plans of all other builders since the world began.

In a former article, "Habits and Habitations," I showed how savage tribes built huts, tents and houses, out of the materials most convenient to them, so that we might guess the kind of houses by knowing the resources of the country. So the buildings of all nations represent their resources, their skill, their wealth, their tastes, their advancement, &c.

The Greeks were the wisest of ancient nations, and they were the best builders. They knew all that other nations knew, and, by superior skill, brought the art to such perfection that the Grecian style is still imitated, and studied by all enlightened nations.

We saw that savages use snow, twigs, earth, or skins for necessary shelter. It may be that at first the Greeks did so, but stone is the best ma

terial for building, and in Greece were quarries of choicest marble. In polishing marble and carving it into beautiful forms, they exceeded all nations of all time, ancient and modern; but there was one peculiarity about their buildings; they had no arches. The Greeks did not know how to make an arch. They reared fine columns and covered them with slabs of stone. The different cities and provinces of Greece had different ways of ornamenting, and hence we still have the styles called Doric, Corinthian, Ionic, &c.; but, in one main respect, all the buildings of Greece were alike—they had no arches. The windows and entrances were square at the top, and their floors and roofs rested on straight walls and columns.

The Romans subdued the Greeks and adopted their arts, and, for several centuries, continued to build as the Greeks had done, till at last they found out how to make a round arch; and this was a great improvement. The Roman Empire became the greatest power in history, and magnificent temples, amphitheatres and palaces were built in this new style. They still remain; and that style is still copied, and is known as the *Romanesque*.

The Roman Empire gave way to the Christian states of modern Europe, and during the period of change a third style of architecture was introduced, called *Gothic*, after the work of a northern tribe that overran Rome and Italy. The peculiarity of this style is the *pointed arch*. All the most renowned cathedrals are built in this style. Standing in one, and looking up among lofty columns to the pointed arches above, one can imagine oneself in a grove of gigantic trees, with their branches interlocked. The grandeur of some of them is indescribable. The beholder is lost in amazement, and man seems gifted with God's power to create. They represent accumulated power. They are the products of all time.

Now I repeat my hard lesson. There are three main styles of Architecture, Grecian, Romanesque, and Gothic; with three principles of construction, the entablature, the round arch, and the pointed arch.

SIGMA PHI.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Little children when you pray,
"Keep my soul, O Lord, this day,"
Also say, Thy will be done,
Till the setting of the sun.

Let thy will on earth be done
As in heaven, O Holy one.
Teach a little child to do
What is good and right and true.

Teach my hands with patient skill
Day by day to do thy will:
Let my feet be swift to run
On thy errands, Blessed One.

Jesus, once a child, I pray,
Lead me in thy perfect way:
Fill my heart with perfect grace;
Bring me to behold thy face.

A GOLDEN DEED.

AMONG the many "golden deeds" of bravery and self-devotion performed on the 6th of August, on the battle-field of Wörth, one brave deed deserves to be related here.

A soldier of the Prussian Landwehr went into action for the first time in that war, as many others did, on the morning of Wörth. Did he think, in that long, fearful struggle, of the wife he had left in distant Prussia, and the five little blue-eyed children who called him father? One thing we know he thought of, and that was how best to do his duty.

A French bullet struck him in the knee, and at the same moment the captain of his company was also struck near him, and fell. Not heeding his own wound, he hastened to his captain. He could not leave him there to be trampled on, wounded again on the ground as so many were, or perhaps savagely mutilated by the brutal Turcos. So he raised him and carried him to the

rear. The blood streamed from his own wound with the exertion, marking his way as he went, but though nearly fainting he would not lay down his burden till, after walking six miles, he had reached one of the places where an ambulance was stationed. Here, after the officer had been attended to, a surgeon examined the knee, and shook his head. "If this had been bound up on the field, it might have been of little consequence," he said, "but the loss of blood has been so great that I fear you will lose the leg."

This man was afterwards removed to an hospital at Darmstadt. There his leg was amputated, but the great loss of blood had taken away his strength, and he sank after the operation. His wife was sent for, and arrived just in time to see him die. A collection was made for her and the orphan children.

The officer to save whom he had given his life recovered.

A. F. G.

LOBSTERS, HOW THEY LOOK AND HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

IN my last article, I promised to write an account of the "lobster" business, as it is carried on in many places on the coast of Maine. In the first place, as but few of you have ever seen a lobster, I will try to describe one. It is a shell fish, that is, a fish without scales, and encased in a shell, and looks a good deal like the crawfish, which you have probably seen in the branches and creeks, and those who build those little mud walls, and live in the holes where the mud was dug out of, as you have seen on the prairies. But they are very much larger than crawfish; for some have been caught that have weighed forty pounds, and some men have said, even more than that. Such an one would be, at least, three feet long. They are very powerful in their claws. One of those big fellows could crush your skulls as easily as you could an egg shell.

Sometimes they get one of their claws, or great ugly arms, caught in the claw of another or in something else, and after trying in vain to get it loose, they give a kind of jerk and cast it off from the body, and from the place where the arm was attached to the body, another will grow out; but seldom or never grows to the size of the one thrown away. They do not seem to suffer any loss of power or viciousness, for they can pinch as hard with the other as they could before, and seem to be as lively, and as ready to grasp and pinch everything that comes within their reach, but they have lost one of their weapons, and means of defence, as well as attack.

They are generally of a dark green color on the back, and lighter underneath; sometimes they are somewhat spotted, that is, dingy yellow spots will be mixed with the dark, dull green.

They have long feelers, from ten to sixteen inches long; hollow, like a pipe stem, and composed of a great number of joints. It is supposed that they smell their food with these, and perhaps they use them, like certain fish who burrow into the mud, and hold up these novel fishing lines, and, by gently moving them about, attract the attention of such fish as the pollock, who, being tempted by this worm, as they may think it to be, take hold of it, and by the fish attempting to swallow it, are brought within reach of the fisherman fish, and in the case of the lobster, are clutched with a grasp there is no escape from, even the terrible claws of this sea tiger, and are speedily transferred to its rapacious stomach.

They must catch their prey by stratagem, or craft, for they cannot swim as fast as fish with fins, although they go very fast—but they go backward—tail first; and as their eyes are set in the extreme point of their sharp pointed heads, they could not see well to chase a fish, and they cannot use their arms near so well as when something is before them, or sidewise to them. I judge, therefore, that they hide themselves under the rocks, which the bottom of the sea is mostly covered with here, and push out their elastic and

many pointed fishing pole and line (all in one) and catch their prey, and hold it in their claws while they eat.

I said *claws*; perhaps I should say *claw*, for there is quite a difference in the construction of the two principal claws. One is armed with fine saw like teeth, the other has a number of raised, hard warts, both on the thumb and the main part of the hand; and as they are opposite each other, that claw may serve to crush or mash the food, while the other holds on, which it is enabled to do by its sharp and long, yet numerous fine teeth. It could not hold on so well with the other, and perhaps not at all, especially some fish; for with scales on, and slippery as most are, it could not hold them unless it would catch the fish in some few particular places or in some particular manner, no more than we could hold the same fish; but with the other claw he can hold anything, unless it is large and strong enough to swim off with him, or tear loose, at the cost of losing some of its flesh. I might illustrate the shape of these claws, by having you suppose that your hands were each one solid mass of bones, and the thumb as long as the rest of the hand, and it alone could move, or work, and that only one way, like your thumb to and from the *side* of your fore finger.

Their hands are broader than they are thick, like your hands, and they are broader than their bodies are thick. How would you look with hands one fourth to one third broader than your body at the broadest part, say from shoulder to shoulder? And if you can imagine that, you can judge how out of proportion these claws are to the body of the fish.

Perhaps I have written enough about the form and nature of the lobster. I will tell you how they are trapped, in the next number of the *Hope*.

T. W. SMITH.

BILLET DOUX.

NEVER receive my *Zion's Hope* without glancing over the correspondent's column, to read those letters of love written by the young Hopes, and at times I have had to weep for joy, when I have read how the buds of Zion have obtained money (by running errands, picking blackberries, chestnuts, and walnuts) to buy the *Zion's Hope*. And at times I have seen in these letters, "Please excuse my bad writing, spelling," &c. It is my intention to say a few words on letter writing, so that the young buds may be benefited thereby.

To write letters well is an attainment of great importance; it is an art which enters so largely into the daily transactions of life, that those who lack either the taste or the ability to indite a genteel and sensible epistle, are deficient in one of the most important and useful accomplishments that adorn our age and country.

First, When you write a letter to any person, express the same sentiments, and use the same language that you would do, if you were conversing with them. "Write eloquently," that is, from the heart, in such expressions as that will furnish; weigh well in your own mind the design and purpose of it; and consider very attentively what thoughts and words are most proper for you to express and your correspondent to read.

Second, Let your sentiments and expressions be consistent with truth and virtue. Avoid exaggeration; also a slovenly and negligent manner of writing. Let me conjure you never to say anything, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Try to please and edify those whom you are writing to, so that your epistles will be mementoes not only of affection or of kindness, but also of an earnest desire to promote their welfare; both in this world and in the world to come, is an important duty, and one of the greatest pleasures that a pious and feeling mind can enjoy.

Third, I believe it is in every man's power to

write what hand he pleases, and consequently, that he ought to write a good one. Form every letter and word distinctly. As soon as you can write well, learn to write quickly. Some prefer a formal hand, others a genteel and liberal one; or, what is called a running hand. Let your pen, paper, and ink be good, which contributes very materially to neatness and distinctness in writing. Accustom yourself to write legibly; with ease, simplicity, and comfort; without carelessness and apologies.

Finally, Every error which is committed by the learner in orthography, punctuation, language, or sentiment, should be pointed out and fully explained to them, by their instructor, parents or friends, previously to the letters being sent. But no fault ought to be found by a teacher or friend. The letters should be sent exactly as they come from the pupil's own hand, except the occasion be very important. It is scarcely necessary to add that these letters should be voluntary, not compelled; rather allowed as a privilege, than required as a task. Young writers ought not to adopt any sentiment, or any expression even of the most approved writer, that is not consistent with their own judgment, and with the thoughts and feelings of their own minds. "Nothing is beautiful but what is true," is a maxim of universal acceptance, and it applies with peculiar force to epistolary communications. Express your own plain easy sense, without any incoherence, confusion, or roughness. "For writing is, of all arts, universally admitted to be that which is most useful to society. It is the picture of the past, the regulator of the future, and the messenger of thought." WM. STREET.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY.

People who drink are behind the time,
They are back with darkness, woe, and crime:
The age is PROGRESSIVE. You people who think—
Think of the anguish that liquor makes;
Think of the hearts that it burdens and breaks;
Let it alone; stop drinking TO-DAY—
This is what we the children say.

THE DISOBEDIENT PROPHET.

IF we carefully study the history of our Savior, as we have it recorded in the New Testament Scriptures, we shall find among the most prominent characteristics of his life and teachings, *obedience*. Time and again he asserted that all which he said or did, he had been *commanded* by his Father to say and do, and upon one occasion, after having taught the people the necessity of strict obedience to the commands of God, he gives them the reason in one brief but important sentence: "I know that his commandment is life everlasting; whatsoever I speak therefore, even as the Father said unto me, so I speak."

In regard to many points of the gospel economy, man had not been fully instructed, until our Savior taught them; but in regard to the necessity of implicit obedience, they had been instructed from the morning of creation. From the Bible I will select this morning, one of the many stories illustrating the truth of this assertion, which I hope will be both interesting and instructive to my little friends, and whilst I write it, I shall pray to our heavenly Father to bless it to the instruction of the boys and girls who read it; for the same God who gave commandment to his own Son, has said to you, dear children, "Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Christ honored his Father by obedience; and you can honor your parents in no other way.

When, after the death of Solomon, Rheoboam came to the throne, he refused the request of the people to lighten their taxes, and ten tribes revolted from his government. They chose Jeroboam for their king, and in a short time he led them into idolatry. He caused two golden calves to be made, for the people to worship. One of

these he placed in Dan and the other in Bethel. He also made an altar in Bethel, upon which he burnt incense, and he made priests of the lowest of the people. All these things were very wicked, and in violation of the law of God, and the anger of the Lord was kindled against King Jeroboam and the people who did these things.

Now there was living in Judah a prophet of the Lord, and the word of the Lord came to him, that he should arise and go down unto Bethel, and speak to King Jeroboam as the Lord commanded him. But see that thou "Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest."

Jeroboam stood by the altar to burn incense, and around him were gathered the children of Israel, when the prophet from Judah stood in their midst; and, fearless of the king or those who were with him, he stretched forth his hand towards the altar, and cried against it as the Lord had commanded him: "O altar, altar, thus saith the Lord, Behold a child shall be born unto the house of David, Josiah by name; and upon thee shall he offer the priests of the high places that burn incense upon thee, and men's bones shall be burnt upon thee." (See fulfillment in II Kings, 23rd chapter.) When Jeroboam heard this, he became very angry, and stretched forth his hand, commanding his servants to seize the prophet: but the hand which he stretched forth withered and dried up, and he had no power to pull it back. The altar, also, was rent, and the ashes were poured out, as a sign that what the prophet had spoken concerning it should come to pass. When the king saw his hand withered and helpless, his pride and anger departed, and he begged the prophet to entreat God for him, that his hand might be restored. The prophet prayed to the Lord for the king, and the Lord heard his prayer, and restored Jeroboam's hand.

The king now desired the prophet to come home with him, that he might refresh himself, and also receive a reward. Remembering what the Lord had said unto him, the prophet answered "If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread or drink water in this place."

Then the prophet departed from Bethel, and started upon his return to Judah by another way. Wearied, doubtless, with his long journey, when coming to a piece of wood, he sat down under an oak tree to rest.

Among the people who had been present, and seen the wonderful things which the prophet from Judah had done, were two young men, the sons of an old prophet who lived in Bethel. They saw the way which the prophet took as he started towards Judah, and then hastening home, they told their father all which had happened that day, all which the man of God had done in Bethel, and what he had said concerning what should happen. Deeply interested, the old man asked them what way the man of God had gone; and commanding them to saddle his ass, he followed the prophet, and found him sitting under the oak tree, and he asked him, "Art thou the man of God that came from Judah?" The prophet answered, "I am."

Then the old prophet from Bethel asked him to come home with him and eat bread; but he refused, saying, "I may not return with thee, nor go in with thee; neither will I eat bread or drink water with thee in this place: for it was said unto me by the word of the Lord, Thou shalt eat no bread nor drink water there, nor turn again to go by the way that thou camest."

But said the old man, "I am a prophet also as thou art; and an angel spake unto me by the word of the Lord, saying, Bring him back with thee into thine house, that he may eat bread and drink water."

When the prophet from Judah heard this, alas! for him, he did not stop to question the statement; nor to ask of the Lord if indeed he had so spoken. He knew that it was the Lord who had said to him "Thou shalt not do this thing;" but he *did not* know that the Lord had

said, "Thou shalt return." He obeyed the old prophet from Bethel, and went back with him; but, in so doing, he disobeyed the command of God, and suffered a dreadful penalty in consequence.

We have no reason to doubt that the man of God from Judah, honestly believed he was doing right when he returned to Bethel, and sat down to eat with the prophet in his house. But this could not change the fact that he was breaking the commandment of God.

What must have been his feelings then, when the word of the Lord came to the old man who had brought him back, and he cried unto him, "Thus saith the Lord, Forasmuch as thou hast disobeyed the mouth of the Lord, and hast not kept the commandment which the Lord thy God commanded thee, but camest back and hast eaten bread and drank water in the place of which the Lord didst say to thee, Eat no bread and drink no water; thy carcass shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers." Perhaps by this time the man of God began dimly to realize the sin he had committed; for, without reproaching the old man, who had brought him back, he slowly arose and sadly prepared for his homeward journey. Alas! he never saw again the vine clad hills of Judah, his feet never again pressed the threshold of his home; but in the wilderness he was slain by a lion, and his body left in the road, while the people passed by. When the old prophet of Bethel heard the news, he went to where the man of God was lying, and found the lion had not harmed the ass, nor torn the body of the man of God. So taking up the body, he brought it to Bethel; and mourning the fate of his disobedient brother, he buried him in his own tomb, and requested that when he died he might be buried with him.

Years afterwards, when King Josiah came to Bethel and defiled the altar, the people standing by showed him the tomb of the man of God, who came down from Judah and foretold what he would do. Then Josiah commanded that his bones should not be disturbed. CORA.

"GOD KNOWS."

Through all my daily cares there is
One thought that comfort brings whene'er it comes;
'Tis this—"God knows." He knows
Each struggle that my hard heart makes, to bring
My will to his. Often, when night-time comes,
My heart is full of fears, because the good
That seemed, at morn so easy to be done,
Has proved so hard; but then remembering
That a kind Father is my Judge, I say,
"He knows." And so I lay me down with trust
That his good hand will give me needful strength
To better do his work in coming days.

[Selected.]

TWO HOMES.

ROSA MARTIN had just finished setting the dinner table. Would you like to look in with me; and see what there was on it, and how it was laid? There were some frosted plum-cake, and some very nice chicken salad, a few filberts, almonds and raisins, and some pieces of bread. What a strange dinner, and what a strange way to describe it, do you say, beginning with plum-cake. Let us see. The table is old, and of plain pine. The cloth is clean and smooth as Rosa could make it; but it was plain cotton, unfringed and unhemmed. The plum-cake is in bits on a broken blue-edged plate, the nuts and raisins in a saucer, the salad in a broken-edged bowl, and the bread boasts a small, bruised tin platter. There are two clean plates, and two old horn-handled knives and forks beside them, and the dinner was ready. A "picked up" dinner, you say, and Rosa is a street beggar.

Yes, and no. A picked up dinner it is, truly; but neither Rosa nor her mother has ever asked for cold victuals. And yet they are quite as poor as many who do. It is the day after Christmas. Rosa's mother worked all day on Christmas at the beautiful brown house with bay windows; on the

hill, and when she came home at night Florine Staunton, with her laughing eyes and golden curls, followed her softly to the door, and put a little basket in her hand for Rosa; and this was the "dinner." She stepped about it with no little pride, thinking, as she went to the window half a dozen times in the last five minutes, "Mother and I will have a Christmas *to-day*. It wasn't yesterday, for though I suppose she had plenty, and had it hot, we didn't have it together. I wonder she don't come! I wonder how much real good tea I could get for ten cents." And Rosa went to an old bureau and opened her drawer, and took out a queer little red morocco purse, and from this she took out a ten cent scrip. She looked at it a minute, thought of five red and white candy balls, thought of a string of blue beads, and twenty other things in a minute, put on her hood, and ran to a shop just a little way from her home.

"Will you give me as much as this is worth of nice green tea?" she asked of a brisk little man behind the counter.

She saw a kind smile, a good broad smile, as she laid the money on the counter; but he spoke pleasantly, as he put, without weighing it, some nice green tea in a quickly folded cornucopia of brown paper.

Rosa blushed. "I suppose it was only worth guessing at," she said, willing he should know she understood it, but ashamed to refuse.

"Wait a minute, little girl," said a pleasant voice at her elbow, as she left the shop. "Is your name Rosa Martin?"

"Yes," said Rosa, not daring to say, "I suppose you are Grace Staunton," as she wanted to do. "Wait," said Grace, "I saw you getting tea, and it made me think of those nice spiced buns. Would you care to try a dozen?"

"Care," said Rosa, a little bewildered. She thought of her dinner, and how her mother's eyes would glisten at such an addition to it as the buns; and while she thought, Grace had been in and out again, not even waiting to have them wrapped up, for fear Rosa would run off.

"Hold your apron," she said, and Rosa obeyed, thanking Grace only with tears in her brown eyes, as Grace hurried on, leaving her wondering.

They were soon gracing the centre of her dinner, and the tea smoked in the little pot, as her mother entered. It was a happy meal for them, though Rosa saw her mother wipe away tears more than once before it was finished. It was a cloudy day, but it seemed somehow as if a ray of sunshine streamed right across the cotton table cloth, and I believe they would both have said so if any one had asked them half an hour afterward. A little more tenderness in a daughter, always loving and thoughtful, was the light for Mrs. Martin that day; a little unexpected kindness from one almost a stranger was the light for Rosa. Their home was so dark, few thought it could be brightened, and so few tried the experiment. Their father was in jail in a distant town, where he had been so often before that no one thought of her as better than a widow. To struggle and faint between fear and hope was her bitter lot. God knows how many endure it, by his aid, almost without any other.

Was it all sunshine in the "brown house? Did Grace Staunton have any idea what sorrow was? Did her mother ever think of Mrs. Martin's great trial? The most I know about that is that not long ago, I heard a State Inspector of Prisons speak of one ward through which he passed, in a city prison, where he saw a fine looking young man engaged in drawing. "You look as if you ought not to be here, young man," he said. "Is it for the first time?" "No," was the faint reply, as supposing he was obliged to answer, he looked up a moment, while a blush spread over his countenance, as he went on shading a rock in his little landscape.

The Inspector enquired of the keeper about this young man, and learned that he was from one of the best families in the State. "He cannot break up his thirst for strong drink," said the

keeper. "He has been here again and again, and *this* time came of his own accord, and put himself under our care for safety." Need I add that this young man's home was in the brown house on the hill.

Correspondence.

SCOTTSVILLE, Ind., Oct. 10th.

Br. Joseph:—I have been taking the *Hope* for some time, and it seems that I can hardly do without it; I love it dearly. The Saints here are striving to live up to their religion, and the Lord is blessing us greatly, with his Spirit. We have the gifts of the gospel in this Branch; tongues and the interpretation, and prophecy wonderfully, for which we thank and praise the Lord. I feel to thank and praise his holy name that I have lived in the days and neighborhood that I do; that I have had the privilege of hearing and obeying the true gospel of Christ. I say to the little brethren and sisters, let us one and all ever be found keeping the commandments of the Lord, that we may always have his Spirit to be with us, and be trying to do something to roll on this glorious Latter Day Work. I know I have written but little myself, but I know there are plenty in the Church that can write pieces worth publishing. I am willing though to throw in my mite. It does me so much good to read the pieces from the Saints throughout this land, and also across the mighty deep, that I never saw; but, by the help of God, hope to, if not in this world, on the blissful shores of eternity. I desire an interest in all your prayers, that I may hold out faithful, and be saved with all God's people, and I will ever remember you all.

Your sister in the gospel of truth,

SARAH A. GOSS.

WIRT, Ind., Nov. 18, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have taken the *Hope* for six months; but my time is now out, and I think I cannot do without it. It is always a welcome visitor at our fireside. I hope the little Hopes will more of them write for our little paper, for I love to read their little letters. It makes me glad to hear of so many little lambs engaged in the work of their Master and trying to follow the great Shepherd. Remember the words of our Savior, who said, "I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine." St. John 10: 14. Please read the entire chapter.

Now, little Saints, you are of the fold of the Good Shepherd; if you do his will he will love you, for he has given his life for the sheep. He also says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." St. John 14: 15. Now if we love the Savior, we will keep his commandments, from the least to the greatest. By reading the 19th verse of the 5th chapter of St. Matthew, you will see how very particular we should be in keeping the commandments; and for this cause, let us daily study the Scriptures, to find out what the commandments of God are.

Our little Branch here, the Union Branch, now numbers twenty-four members; six have lately been added by certificate, Br. John Scott and family. We have no Sunday School, but we have our regular meetings.

Little Hopes, pray for me and our little Branch. When you write tell more about your homes, for it is interesting to all.

I am as ever, your sister in the cause of my Master,
JANE M. STILES.

SODA SPRINGS, Idaho, Nov. 17, 1873.

Editor of *Zion's Hope*:—My desire is, that we may live so that we all can meet in Zion, and prepare us for the great coming of the Lord. It cannot help us to have the name of Saint if we don't live up to it. We have no meetings, and we have had no Elders here since Br. David H. Smith was here. We have nothing but the *Herald* and our little paper to cheer us up.

Brothers and sisters, let us pray for one another, that we may be led and guided into eternal salvation. I enclose fifty cents to have my name in the Roll of Honor.

On the south side of us runs Bear River; on the north side runs a creek named Soda Creek; and on the east side runs another creek which is called Spring Creek; and big mountains all around us. We have also soda springs, all around us; and it is very good water in them to drink. The time is past, and I will bid you all farewell for this time.

I remain your unworthy sister in Christ,

CAROLINE ELIASSON.

CASEYVILLE, Ill., November 19th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I take the opportunity of writing these few lines, hoping that you will advise Brother Wishful to call in this harbor, and pick me into the vessel to go along with the little Hopes. We have no Branch nor Sunday School here. We have to

do the best we can for ourselves. We have to go six or seven miles to meeting. We would like to see one of the crew calling here for fear we would drown in the storm for want of the life boat. I will come to a close now by giving my kind love to you and all the little Hopes.
GOMER D. LEWIS.

[We will see what can be done for Gomer.]—Ed.

READING, Pa., November, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As I was sitting and reading the little *Zion's Hope* I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know that I would take it for another year; for it is the best little paper I ever read.

I am sixteen years old and am going to Sunday School. I have a brother that is twenty-five years old and he goes to Sunday School and he likes to read my little paper.

Now I will write a few lines to the dear children of the *Hope*.

Dear readers of the *Hope*:—As I had a few moments to myself, this evening, I thought I would send a few lines to the *Hope*. As it is my first attempt I will try and do my best. I love to see our little paper come; I would like if it would come every week, for it is so dear to us. I will close my letter by sending fifty cents for the paper. Good bye for this time.

[The writer of this letter will please send us another, to which he or she will please sign their name. We do not know who it is.]—Ed.

SOLDIER P. O., Monona Co., Iowa,

Nov. 12th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would write a few lines to the *Hope*, to let you know that I have not forgotten it yet. It has been a good while since I wrote last. I still like the *Hope*, and always like to read it. My subscription has run out, but I am going to renew it again as soon as possible. There is no Branch organization here yet, but we are in hopes of having one before long. I have been trying to win the prize for the Scriptural Enigma, and have succeeded in finding all of the answers, except one. I have tried very hard to find that one, and am very sorry that I could not find it. But I intend to keep on trying until I succeed. But I found that the time was getting short, so I thought I would send those that I had, to let you know that I have been trying at least.

With love to all, I remain as ever, your sister in Christ,
NANCY E. MONTAGUE.

DIAMOND VALLEY, Alpine Co., California,

November 19, 1873.

Dear Little Hopes:—I am nine years old, but this is my first attempt to write to you. I was baptized when I was eight. I thought I would write a few lines to our dear little paper. We have no Sunday School here, and we live too far from the Branch meeting to attend very often; but we have a meeting at our house sometimes, but not as often as would like it; and we are so far from the School House that I cannot go; it is three miles. My dear mother is my teacher. I have four little brothers and sisters, and I am the oldest. I must now bring my letter to a close, and pray God, my heavenly Father, to bless me and all the little Hopes, and Brother Joseph, and Brother Blair, and David, and all the Church, and hope sometime to meet with all the Saints, that we may rejoice together.
MARY ELLEN VALLEM.

OH, NO!

If blue-birds bloom like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground!
They would wait and wait the seasons round;
Never a flower could on earth be found.
And what would birds and butterflies do
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies too,
Would stay far up in the sky;
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited ...\$210 22 Ann Flower ...\$ 25

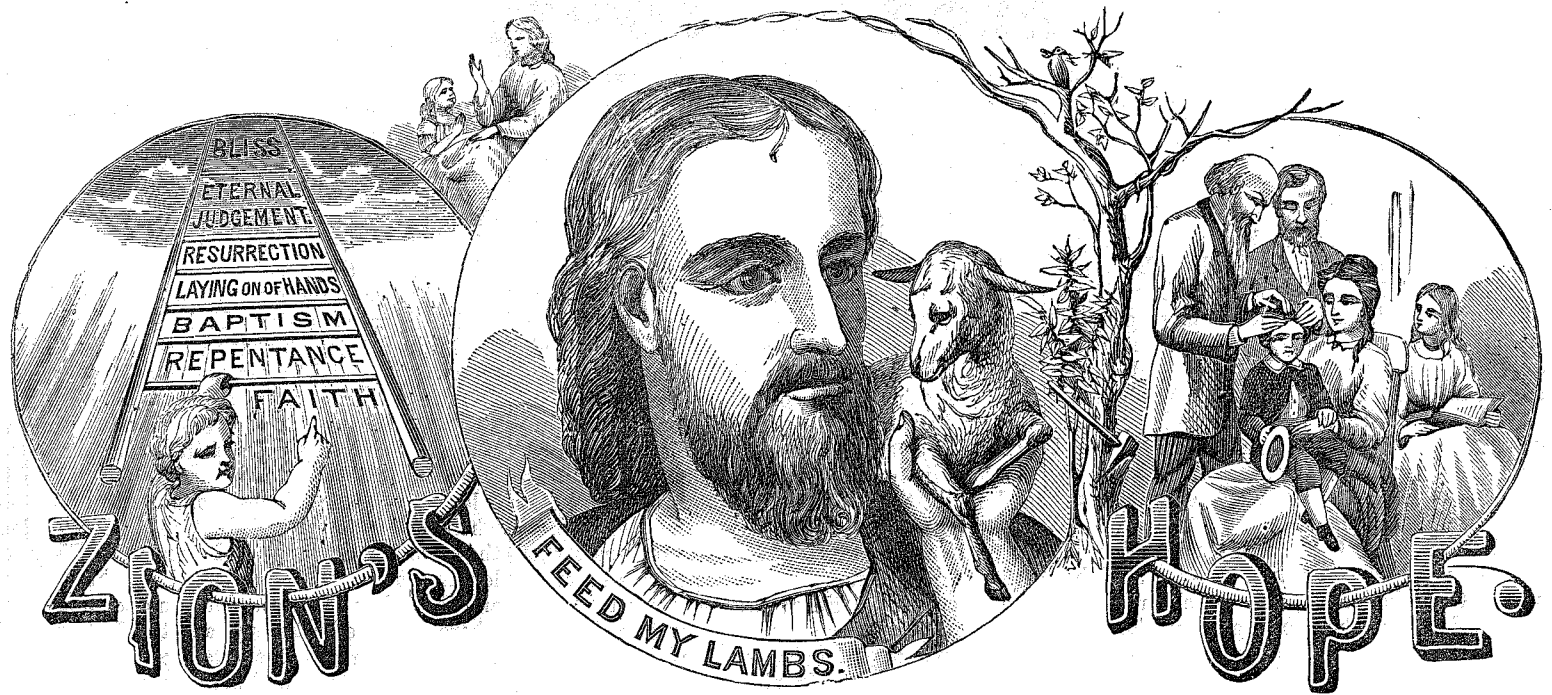
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JANUARY 1, 1874.

No. 13.

GRANDMA'S CHRISTMAS STORY.

O Christmas is coming, how nice it will be,
For Santa Claus always brings something for me;
And Christmas Eve I must also remember,
It comes on the twenty-fourth day of December.

What then? I my stockings must hang up quite sly,
Or else the old Santa will then pass me by.
Our fine Christmas Tree, quite nice will appear,
When all dressed with toys for each precious dear.

Those turkeys, plum puddings, plum iced cakes also
We'll find on the table for Christmas you know.
Our Grandpa's, Grandma's, Uncles, and Aunties will
come,

And cousins a plenty will be here at home.

But then the rich dainties that Ma will prepare,
And such a good dinner, for that I don't care
So much as the fun, the joy, and the glee;
O that's what will come for dear sister and me.

Sure Grandma is happy to see you enjoy
The fun and the glee and the beautiful toy;
But now let me ask you, can any one here
Tell why this rejoicing comes once every year?

I'll tell you, sweet dear ones, if you wish to know,
'Twas the Savior's birth-day when he came here below.
Rejoicing angels from heaven appear,
A star led the shepherds until they came near;

Then stopped o'er the stable where Jesus was born;
The shepherds astonished the Savior there found;
Exulting, they sang, for they knew it was he,
The prophets foretold a Redeemer should be.

Blessed Simeon made the true proclamation,
"I'll now die in peace, for I have seen thy salvation."
Now all may be blessed, both the old and the young,
Who obey the dear Savior and shun every wrong.

Now Grandma, please tell us, for we wish to hear,
Why Santa Claus also comes once in a year.
I'm sure he is kind, and so good, and so grand;
And why we can't see him, I don't understand.

Why he comes in the dark, and acts very shy,
Pray tell us, kind Grandma, O do tell us why?
His carriage they say is on top of the house,
That he comes down the chimney as sly as a mouse.

That's a story made up, and needs the dark night
To make children believe, and think it is right;
There is not any Santa Claus going around,
I never would wish to hear that false sound.

How much more delightful and pleasant and bright,
To teach precious jewels the thing that is right:
That some dear kind friend the choice gift had supplied,
Then say our Creator their footsteps did guide.

How plain and how easy for each one to see
The plan of salvation, so truthful and free;
To repent of each sin, forsaking the same,
And then for remission, baptized in Christ's name.

How thankful, dear children, for such truth and light
Revealed from the heavens to guide us aright;
Let us all praise our God, infant voices and youth,
For sending his Son with grace, mercy and truth.

And now, darling Hopes, I trust most of you know
How the gifts of the Spirit so readily flow,

Through laying on of hands of true Saints, as of old,
When sins are remitted as Jesus foretold.

Dear Hopes:—A Merry Christmas to you, for you, above all children, have reason to be cheerful; and I hope you will take courage and continue to write for the paper. It gives me so much pleasure to read those nice little letters, having been a subscriber for *Zion's Hope* since its commencement. Farewell. GRANDMA.

Princeville, Ill., Dec. 6th, 1873.

CHILDREN OF WINTER.

Ah yes, Ah yes; the year is dying,
And the round topped hills are pale,
And crisp leaves 'neath the elm trees lying,
And a moan is in the gale.

DO the children of Zion think of the poor,
As the winter comes down from the north,
And the winds utter their cries for them?
Do they bring in their arm loads of wood to the fire,
And not think of those who have no wood, and no cheery fireside?

Within a few miles of the office from which the *Hope* goes out over all the land, like white doves with healing in their wings, is a thrifty town with beautiful streets, magnificent houses; flower gardens that scent the summer air, and trees that store the cellars with luscious fruit. There was one house there that was not fine, one lot that had in it no trees or flowers. It was a windowless shanty; not fit for a rich man's woodshed. Through it the pitiless snow fell, and the pitting stars looked down; yet it was a human abode in a land of churches. In it lived a widow and two little children—one a boy, the other a girl.

I do not know anything of the woman's history. There may have once been a time when the kisses of the summer winds brought rose hues to her cheeks, and the rude blasts of winter wakened only echoes of praise in her heart, but now she was a widow,

"And worked from day to day,
With a worn heart, whose better days were o'er.
Her voice would be merry, but was sighing all the day,
O hard-times come again no more!"

Her wintry years had one only sunny ray—her children. That love nerved her heart to great tasks. For their sakes she was a heroine, and braved the damp air of the early dawn, each day, to go out to work; bending her back uncomplainingly over the washboard and broom—uncomplainingly I know, for those who hire help require that those who serve shall not complain.

So far as I knew she had but one friend, and that friend not among the rich whom she served, but one akin to her only by suffering. That friend, when the weather was bad, would sometimes take

the children to her house to sleep. The mother was reluctant to secure such favors, but said she could not bear to hear the children cry with cold, and consented to go with them.

This neighbor friend was poor, but occasionally she had a load of coal taken to the door of the one less fortunate than herself; gave her presents, and sent her daughter to visit the children, and give them dresses and toys.

One winter day before the mother went away, she told her children how much coal to put on the fire, and cautioned them as usual about playing with it. But when she was gone the little girl placed a stick in the fire, and put it against her brother's leg, and set his clothes on fire. A neighbor lady saw a smoke and heard screams, and hastened in, but the little boy was terribly burned. That night the mother came home only to find her worst fears realized. I did not see her throw up her hands in despair, nor hear her moaning through the night, but can imagine them. The little boy was a great while sick, and didn't eat, and had to be nursed night and day. I do not know whether he got well or died.

The gay throng continued in the street, and many people passed without knowing what was being done and suffered there; but there is more charity in the world than we sometimes think. The human heart is somewhat like the rock at Meribah, that had to be smitten before it gave forth its waters. When the people of that godly town learned the condition of that unfortunate family, they made speedy amends, by liberal donations.

"I thank the Father that I live,
Though anguish fill this world of thine,
To help thy needy suffering ones,
Is joy divine."

"IMMEDIATELY."

HOW many things in order to be done at all, must be done immediately? How many things are never done because they are not done immediately? When relief is desired from any one, how seldom can it be found immediately? When a good is sought after, how seldom is it obtained immediately? Many things prevent us weak mortals from doing or getting what we wish immediately.

Many things hinder us, (as sinners), from doing immediately, what perhaps we shall never have a moment beyond the present one for doing. A leper once applied to our Savior for healing, saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." And Jesus put forth his hand, and touched him, saying, "I will; be thou clean." And immediately his leprosy was cleansed. In

the same chapter, (8th Matt.) we find him healing the centurion's servant, also Peter's wife's mother of a fever.

By the touch of his hand the lame was able to walk; the blind was able to see, and the deaf to hear. Turning to the fifth chapter of John, we find our blessed Lord at the pool of Bethesda, where lay a multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered, waiting for the moving of the water. And a certain man was there, which had an infirmity thirty and eight years, and Jesus, knowing how long he had been in that state, saith unto him, "Wilt thou be made whole?" And immediately the man was made whole. And others too numerous to mention there were, according to their faith, made whole of whatsoever disease they had.

In the Lord Jesus Christ was power to do what was required of him. In him was the almighty power of God, that same power which in the beginning said, "Let there be light and there was light." No delay took place when he spoke the word.

That word did what was needed. As soon as he had spoken, the leprosy departed, and immediately he was cleansed. Dear reader, have you no petition to make to that compassionate and mighty Savior? What is the state of your mind at this moment? Are you sorrowful? Have you obeyed the gospel in its fullness? Are you bearing the weight of some unpardoned sin? Are you yet without peace with God? Do you fear the coming of to-morrow's sun? Ponder these questions in your mind, and lift up your little prayers to him who is very near us at many times though we see him not! He knows all that we do. He knows our inmost thought and sicknesses and hears us breathing. Oh, dear little Hopes, if you are suffering from some wrong in actions, words, or deeds, look up to him, and just as you are—just as the leper did cry unto him—Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean? Thou canst make me whole? Have mercy upon me? He will answer; he will hear, for while you are yet speaking he will answer you immediately. Let there be no delay on our part, lest you lose for ever the precious moments God has given to us. And when we have time to do anything, knowing we have to do it, let us do it, do it well, and immediately.

"Jesus answers from above,
Is not all thy nature love."

WM. STREET.

LOBSTERS, HOW THEY LOOK AND HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

LOBSTERS are not caught by hooks, nor by nets, for they will not keep hold of bait on hooks, even if they would take hold; and their abode is too rocky for nets to be used. So traps are to be made, and this is the way they are made.

First three pieces of wood about twenty inches long, two to three inches wide, and about one inch or a little more thick, are made; then bows are made of any wood that can be bent, about an inch thick, and about four feet long, and the ends are fastened into holes made in or close by the ends of pieces first mentioned, then lath are nailed on these bottom pieces, and on the bows, a little apart; on the outside of the bows, and on the top side of the bottom pieces, about four laths are left off of one side, which are nailed on to little cleats, and being fastened to the other lath by little hinges form a door, which is held down or fastened by a button or a string, but the trap is not complete yet, for the ends are open; which it would not do to leave so. A funnel shaped net is made of twine, the wide end being fastened to the top, side, and bottom of the trap at each end; the narrow end of the net is left open, and a little hoop about four inches across is inserted in this end, and to it several strings are attached, which fasten to the top and sides of the trap, and keep it stretched out. In the center of the mid-

dle bottom piece is fixed a rod of iron about one fourth inch thick and about six inches long, with the upper end barbed like the point of a fish hook, sometimes like a dart; on this bait is fixed, said bait being fish, which are caught in nets, or by hooks and lines.

There are weights fixed in one corner in each end, and on opposite sides; these weights are generally bricks or stones. They are designed to help sink the trap, and to keep the bottom side down. These traps are sunk in the waters some four to six fathoms deep, or from twenty to forty feet, and are secured either to a long line by another line attached to one end called a *lanyard*, the long line which is several hundred feet long and held at each end by anchors, and buoys, is called a *trawl*. The traps are fixed by the short lines to the trawl at such distances apart that they will not come in contact with each other by the force of the tides; fifty or sixty traps are often hung to a trawl, or they are placed in the water separate and held by a hand line which is attached to a buoy, (a piece of wood that floats on the water), which designates the locality or place where a trap is.

Well, being now baited and pushed overboard from the boat, the traps soon reach the bottom, right side up, and soon the lobsters come smelling around, and no doubt push their long smellers—which they use for fishing lines as I have already told you, and see and smell the bait, I say smell for unless they do, I cannot see why they will not go in the trap after certain kind of fish which they could hardly distinguish from other fish by sight when it is cut up in pieces like it generally is. However they find out there is some food for them inside, and they must have it, so they go swimming around backward trying to get in the trap through the spaces between the laths, but cannot; finally they get round to the end and find themselves crawling in this funnel shaped opening, and at last get through the little hoop with their great arms straight out so to offer no resistance to the water while they swim through it, and so they pass in easily, and when in, after they have eaten the bait, they do not get out so easily, for this little hoop is suspended about the center of the end, but nearer the top, and they travel round the trap trying to get out through the lath, and only by chance would they find the little hole that they came in at.

From one to twenty are caught in a trap, but not often more than six or seven; in some none are found, so perhaps about two or three is a fair average. Men generally get about one hundred to one hundred and fifty, out of fifty to sixty traps, and generally they pull them but once a day. The lobsters are getting scarcer on the coast of Maine, and are much smaller, as the old ones are mostly gathered up. And very seldom any are caught that weigh over eight pounds.

After the lobster catchers get their bait they row or sail out to their traps, and pull them up and take out their lobsters; but they must be very careful and quick about it, for they throw their arms and claws around in a savage manner, and the man would rue it if they got hold of his hand. He throws them into the bottom of the boat, and such a kicking and scratching about, and such a crushing of one another's arms and bodies, as they carry on. A number get killed in this way, which have to be thrown away.

Well, after they are all collected from the traps, they are carried to the car, as it is called, which is a large frame like a box, only the boards are narrow and spaces left between them so that water can flow in to keep them alive. These cars are anchored to a mooring, where the water always flows, (for the tides leave a good deal of the banks bare, twice a day here). Vessels called *Smacks*, two masted or schooner built, come after the lobsters once a week, they hoist the cars along side and scoop up the lobsters by a net fastened to a pole, and empty them into a large galvanized bucket, which sets on a platform scale, and after being weighed, are emptied in the hold of the

vessel, which is full of fresh sea water. It is called a well, and is situated in the center of the vessel, and is made water tight except at the bottom, where holes are made to let the water in; the water must be fresh sea water, or else the lobsters would die, but it can not get into any other part of the vessel.

A number of these cars are visited weekly, and twelve to twenty thousand lobsters are carried to the lobster factory by each of these vessels; and some seven or eight vessels are employed by some factories. Some employ a less number.

At the factory they are put alive and active, about a hundred to a hundred and fifty into a large iron boiler or generally two boilers side by side, here they are boiled some twenty minutes; when they come out a bright red color—indeed they are "red as a boiled lobster." They are left to cool on stands prepared for the purpose, and then they are taken into another apartment where they are broken up, and the flesh which is white is taken out of the tail part of the body, and the large claws, and is then put up in tin cans such as are used for canning fruit. Some chemical substance is put with the flesh to preserve it, what it is, is a secret that but few know, at least they will not divulge it to the people.

The cans are sealed, and then boiled in hot water for some hours, and go through several similar processes which I never have had the opportunity of seeing; but the cans are finally packed and shipped to Boston and Portland, and from thence to other cities, and to the west; indeed to all parts of the world, where they often bring a dollar a can. As the owners of the factories only pay about one dollar and sixty cents per hundred pounds, and not more than two pounds are put in a can, which counting in cost of can, labels, and labor, would not amount to more than twenty or twenty-five cents, and counting packing boxes and freight charges, they cannot cost when they reach Chicago more than forty to fifty cents a can. So a good profit is made by the owners of the factories, while the poor fishermen have poor pay—much expense and trouble, besides exposure to danger of sea and cold weather, and loss of lobsters by their dying before they sell them; five dollars a hundred weight would be a fair price, and then the packers would make money out of the business. But I have written enough on this subject, and if you are interested in these descriptions of what I see on my journeys, and you would like them continued, I will endeavor to write from time to time. How is it? I remain the children's friend,

T. W. SMITH

Rockland, Me., Nov. 8, 1873.

[Let us hear from you. Lobsters are but 30cts. in Plano.]

NUMBERS THREE AND SEVEN.

THE prominence that these numbers held over all others in the table has been remarkable in all ages. The Bible, heathen mythology, the works of ancient and modern poets, and the statute books and criminal codes of both the Old and New Worlds abound in instances of their preferment; and in fact, in olden time they were regarded with superstitious awe, number three particularly.

Dreams were to be verified in three days. Jonah was three days in the whale's belly. Peter denied the Savior three times. On the third day our Savior arose from the dead.

The world was thought to be made of three substances—land, sky and water. Three lights were given to the earth—the sun, moon and stars. There are three persons in the godhead or trinity—the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

There were three patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

For praying three times a day Daniel was thrown into a den of three lions.

On the third day the Ten Commandments were given.

There are three articles of faith—faith, hope and charity.

Elijah bowed three times before the dead child. The sacred letters on the cross are three—I. H. S.

Three words comprise the Roman motto—in hoc signo.

There are three graces—divine favor, religious affections and ease of manner.

The trident of Neptune had three prongs. Cerberus had three heads.

The oracle of Delphi cherished the tripod. Man has three eras—birth, life and death.

The day has three periods—morning, noon and night.

There are three genders in grammar—male, female and neuter.

Three days of grace are given on bank paper. Our government has three heads—the executive, legislative and judiciary.

For animal food we have three kinds of food—fish, flesh and fowl.

Three meals a day is the usual custom—breakfast, dinner and supper.

The tree and clover leaves are in three.

Three decades is the average of life, and a trio or triumvirate of terrors is constantly before us—the laws of our country, God's judgment and everlasting punishment.

In the Bible and Catholic worship, the number seven is quite as conspicuous. The latter has seven sacraments—baptism, confirmation, eucharist, penance, extreme unction, holy orders, and matrimony. It has also seven penitential psalms, seven days' prayers, and the seven deadly sins—pride, avarice, envy, impurity, gluttony, anger, and sloth.

The Bible says the house of God is a house of many mansions, and that seven times seventy constitute "many."

In the Lord's prayer there are seven petitions expressed in seven times seven words.

Solomon was seven years building the temple, and feasted seven days when it was finished.

On the seventh day God rested from his work, and on the seventh day of the seventh month the children of Israel went into their tents to fast seven days.

In the seventh month the ark landed, and in seven days after a dove was sent out.

Every seventh year all bondmen were free, and the law was read to the people.

In the tabernacle the golden candlesticks had seven branches, and there were seven lamps besides.

Our Savior spoke from the cross seven times, where he hung seven hours, and after his resurrection he appeared seven times.

Naaman washed seven times in the Jordan.

At the destruction of Jerico seven priests spent seven days, and carried seven trumpets; on the seventh day they surrounded the walls seven times, and at the seventh time the walls fell.

Job pleaded seven times for Sodom. Every seven years the land rested. Job's friends sat with him seven days and seven nights, and offered seven bullocks and seven rams as an atonement.

Jacob served seven years for Rachel, mourned seven days for Joseph, and was pursued seven days by Laban.

Pharaoh foretold a plenty of seven years and a famine of seven more. In his dream appeared seven fat and seven lean beasts, and seven full ears and seven blasted ears of corn.

Seven churches, seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven trumpets, seven plagues, seven thunders, seven vials, seven angels, and a seven headed monster are spoken of in Revelations.

There are seven stars in the Pleiades, seven days in the week, and seven links in the chain.

Seventy years are allowed to man. At seven years we arrive at the age of reason.

The seventh son of the seventh son was supposed to have great healing powers.

At three times seven we arrive at the age of manhood, and every seventh day the moon changes.

Every seventh year the human system undergoes a change, and the seventy years allotted to man have been divided into sevens thus:—

- Seven years in childhood's sport and play;
- Seven in school, from day to day;
- Seven at a trade or college life;
- Seven to find a place and wife;
- Seven to pleasures, follies given;
- Seven to business hardly driven;
- Seven for some wild-goose chase;
- Seven for wealth, a bootless race;
- Seven for hoarding for your heir;
- Seven in weakness spent, and care.

—Selected for the Hope by Wm. Street.

FAREWELL TO THE FLOWERS.

Dear children of the Garden, Field, and Wood
And Wayside ye have come, and ye have gone,
Like players in some merry interlude,
Between the tragic acts of Winter: on
In gay procession o'er a brilliant zone
Ye've traveled, holding up before the eye
The shape of perfect Beauty, and the tone
Of that harmonious coloring which we try
In vain to equal, or indeed come nigh.

Sweet was the Honey which ye gave the bees,
Industrious sippers of your golden cells;
Rich was the fragrance which ye gave the breeze,
As he ran ringing all along your bells:
Glad were ye when the rain from cloudy wells
Sparkled upon your petals, and the sun,
Like one who in the blessed heaven dwells,
Came down and fondly kissed you every one;
And every day until your course was run.

Like one bereaved, upon your graves I gaze,
Mourning your absence with unfeigned grief:
Remembrance paints me all your pretty ways,
In your fine progress from your first green leaf,
Until ye stood up like an autumn sheaf
In mellow splendor. O ye fairy things!
Why should ye go down like a sunken reef?
Why like the swallows ply your farewell wings,
And cause the desolation which your absence brings?

Thou Snow-drop, rival of the taintless snow:
Thou Crocus, symbol of the monarch's crown:
Thou Primrose, shiner in a golden show
Which glittered richly all the green bank down;
Thou Daisy, wearer of the bridal gown;
Thou Lily, lady of the ancient hall;
Thou Poppy, soldier in thy red renown;
Thou Rose, queen of every bush and wall,
How have ye all gone down under the spoiler's pall?

Farewell! companions of the singing hills,
Of the green grass, and of the yellow crop;
Ye friends of rivers and of glassy rills;
Ye watchers of the lofty mountain's top;
Ye worshipers beneath the crystal cope,
And in the flaming, shining, solar fane:
Farewell, farewell, in sorrow and in hope;
Our hearts will linger on in daily pain,
Until we see your happy looks again.

Chamber's Journal.

AT THE CAT SHOW.

WOULD you like to hear about the Cat Show at the Crystal Palace, which I went to when I was staying with Aunt Carrie in London? Very well; then I will try and tell you about it. First, however, I had better say that I am Rosa Crawley, aged nine, and I came to London to visit a dentist. I did not mind that, he was very kind. I used to go and see him about every other day, and the between day I generally went to some sight or entertainment. When we heard of the Cat Show, Aunt Carrie said we must see that, for we thought it would be very amusing. Fancy, therefore, what a fright I was in when the dentist said one day, "Miss, I must see you again on Thursday!"

Thursday was the Cat Show day. I looked at Aunt Carrie; she was saying very quietly, "Is it necessary to come on Thursday, for we have an engagement?"

I could not keep still, but I called out, "Oh! it's the Cat Show; indeed we can't come."

The dentist smiled, and said then he must try and do without me one day longer, as he could not think of making me lose the Cat Show. I was glad he was so polite, for I was quite trembling in the big chair lest he should say he must have me.

But I must go on to the real day. It was so fine and hot when we started, every one hoped it was summer beginning. There were numbers of people on the platform at the Victoria Station, and just near the train was a big picture of a cat's head on the wall, so we were sure we were all right. How the people did squeeze and push!

"Now, ladies, take your time, the cats won't run away," said a witty porter.

But still they pushed, and we were very glad to jump into our carriage, followed by some very grand people, or, at least, they wore very fine clothes. I like to watch the grandly dressed ladies, because then I get new patterns for my doll; and I think she would look very well in sky-blue and white, with a salmon petticoat a red and white and green wrap; and three different necklaces on, like the lady opposite me. I seemed to know the Crystal Palace quite well by sight, though I had never been there before: this puzzled me, till I remembered the picture of it on nurse's cotton-box, which came from London; but of course it looked much prettier in real life, with the sun shining on the glass.

We lost no time in finding out the cats, though in such a great building even two hundred and twenty-one cats in cages take up very little room. They were all ranged in rows—the cages, I mean; and each cage had a red cushion in it, and on nearly every cushion lay a cat fast asleep, and generally with its back to the company. That was provoking; but Aunt Carrie said she did not wonder at it, as it was very hot, and the cats had already been two whole days in the cages, and were beginning, I dare say, to wonder when it would all end. Presently, however, we came to a lovely white cat, in a grand collar, who liked to be patted and coaxed, and rubbed her head against the bars when any one came near.

There were placards put up every now and then, "Please to keep moving. Some one fond of scribbling had put in "the cats" before the last word, so it read, "Please to keep the cats moving;" and the people seemed determined to do so, for they kept stirring them up with their fingers and parasol-points till some people cried "Shame!" On the whole, though, we agreed that the cats liked it; it prevented them feeling so dull.

I could not describe every cat if I wrote till my fingers ached, so I must only tell you of those I liked best.

There was the royal cat of the King of Siam; he was lying on his back yawning, and looking rather like a brown dog with a black nose. And there was a dear old cat, purring and looking very contented, with two children of her own lying by her; and nestled on her neck two real little squirrels, whisking their bushy tails, and looking just the color of the new mother who had brought them up.

Some cages had large families of kittens in them, and it was so amusing to see them at play; one little cat had found a play-fellow in the next cage, and was shaking hands with it, each curling their paw in the funniest way through the wide bars.

One old mother was quite black, while her two kittens were snow-white, and next door was a white mother with black kittens.

One cat, called Smut, had been sent to the show with a friend, a shaggy dog called Chin-chin. I think the dog thought the show was intended for him, for he kept well to the front, and quite hid Smut, who lay asleep behind the cushion, perfectly satisfied that she was doing her duty if Chin-chin was exhibiting himself.

Then there were workmen's cats—such big fellows!—with gray ribbons round their necks, looking so sleek and solemn, with their broad noses. I could not have lifted some of them, I am sure, they must be so heavy.

Some ladies had offered special prizes for these cats, to encourage the poor to be kind to them and feed them well. I went and looked at the prizes as they stood on a table near: there was a tea-kettle, and a tea-pot, and a mug, and a fern-

case, and a framed photograph of a cat; but the prizes were chiefly in money.

Then there was Nip, who sat up and begged; and Felix and Charlie, who were Manx cats, and had no tails; and a cat who had never had more than three legs, but hopped about quite contentedly; and another cat, with a great many more claws to its paws than it had any right to; besides Tom and Toby, Nero and Nigger, Pluto and Proserpine, cats red, and blue, and spotted, and striped, all sorts and all sizes.

I got quite tired at last looking at them all. Each cat seemed more beautiful than the last, especially the larger ones, one or two of which had faces like a lion, and yet were so gentle and tame they almost asked to be stroked. And I thought how tired the cats must be of looking at us, and how glad and pleased they would be when six o'clock came and they were all to go to their homes. Some came from very grand houses, one from a palace, as I told you before, and many of them from working-men's cottages; but for these two show-days they had all sat alike on scarlet cushions behind glittering bars, and in some cases the workman's cat had got a prize while the great lady's cat had none—just according to their real worth.

It was wonderful how little noise they made; every now and then a petted cat made a tiny little "mew" to tell you how tired it was, and to ask you what it all meant; but for the most part they seemed quite resigned, and slept, and stretched, and ate, and drank, waiting quietly for the end. It would have been better fun, I thought, if we could have seen them in their own homes, and stroked them and nursed them; but that would not do.

When we had made the round of the cages we had our luncheon, and went over the rest of the Palace; but I shall not attempt to tell you about that, as this is only an account of the Cat Show.
H. A. F.

Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

For instance, **15 Feb 74** means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th of February, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

ANSWER TO PRIZE ENIGMA.

The following named contributors to the Children's Column of the *Hope*, have tried to obtain the correct answers to the Prize Enigma of Bro. Wm. Street, and have been successful in getting the answers to most of the questions.

Cora E. Briggs	makes 3 mistakes.
Carrie A. Cadamy	" 3 "
Emaline Wolsey	" 4 "
Wm. Stuart	" 2 "
Minnie C. Blair	" 4 "
Henry Schmidt	" 2 "
Flora Bosworth	" 7 "
Emma M. Rhodes	" 2 "
M. E. Montague	" 4 "
Mary L. Griffiths	" 2 "
Clara A. Cherry	" 2 "
Libbie J. Lee	" 1 "
S. J. Balentyne	" 3 "
Clara Hathaway	" 2 "
Mary F. Montgomery	" 1 "
Libbie Hathaway	" 4 "

Sr. Viola Vernon, of Millersburg, Mercer Co., Illinois, sends the only answer that we can consider correct. She gives a different reference to the answer for Rizpah than Bro. Street does, and is correct in her reference.

Sister Viola Vernon is entitled to the Lithograph.

We publish however an answer by Sr. Emma

M. Rhodes, of Devizes, Wiltshire, England, which for ingenuity of arrangement is excellent. Had her answer been correct in details, she would have been entitled to the prize. We hope that she will be encouraged by the notice we give of her answer.

We were well pleased with all the answers but two; those were displeasing, because they were written on dirty paper.

One very neatly written answer was sent by Clara Cherry, and one by Wm. Stuart; and all are creditable for perseverance.

Millersburg, Ill., Nov. 18th, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I send the following answers to the Scriptural Enigma, in *Hope* of Sept. 15th. I have numbered the answers, thinking it would be the best way.

1 Wisdom,	Prov. VIII, 12.
2 Ithamar,	Ezra VIII, 2.
3 Lydia,	Acts XVI, 14, 15.
4 Lazarus,	John XI, 39, 44.
5 Ibzán,	Judges XII, 8, 9.
6 Ammon,	II Sam. III, 2.
7 Moses,	Exodus III, 1, 2.
8 Saul,	II Sam. XXI, 8, 9.
9 Tertullus,	Acts XXIV, 1.
10 Righteousness,	Prov. XIII, 6.
11 Esther,	Esther VII, 2, 3.
12 Ezel,	I Sam. XX, 19.
13 Terah,	Gen. XI, 27.
14 Felix,	Acts XXIV, 24.
15 Antioch,	Acts XI, 26.
16 Lois,	II Tim. I, 5.
17 Leah,	Gen. XXIX, 23, 25.
18 Rizpah,	II Sam. XXI, 10.
19 Ishbosheth,	II Sam. IV, 5, 7.
20 Vashti,	Esther, XI, 17.
21 Elisha,	II Kings VI, 6.
22 Rephidim,	Ex. XVII, 1, 3.
23 Mordecai,	Esther V, 9.
24 Abba,	Mark XIV, 36.
25 Silas,	Acts XVI, 25.
26 Sisera,	Judges IV, 13.

Answer to the whole—William Street, Fall River, Mass. I found the above answers myself, and while searching for them learned a great many other things I never knew before. I think you will find most of them correct, if not all. I was hardly satisfied about the second, but the answer I send was the most definite one I could find.

From your sister in Christ, VIOLA VERNON.

DEVIZES, Wiltshire, England.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I thought I would try to answer the Enigma given in the *Hope*, and also to put it in verse, if I could. I am away here in England, and did not get the *Hope* till about a week ago. My Aunt, Mrs. E. C. Brand, sends the *Hope* to me, so I have not had much time to find the answers. I am afraid this will hardly reach you before the First of December. We came to England about a year ago, from America; and now think of returning to America, if we can. I do not like England very well. There are no Latter Day Saints here. I doubt if they would be tolerated here at all,—the people are against them so. There used to be some here, eighteen years ago. I am always glad to get the *Herald* and *Hope*. Love to all the Hopes. I remain yours truly,

EMMA M. RHODES.

ANSWER TO PRIZE ENIGMA.

The Father of Daniel was called Ithamar;
The Psalmist hid by the stone Ezel in danger;
Wisdom, with Prudence, is the principal thing;
Nine hundred chariots of iron, had Jabin the King;
Lydia was Paul's first convert at Philippi;
The Queen that preceded Queen Esther was Vashti;
Lazarus the young man, whom Christ raised from the dead;
Ish-bosheth was slain and beheaded in bed;
Thirty daughters had Ibzán, and thirty sons too;
Haman was indignant 'gainst Mordecai the Jew.
Of the sons of David, Ammon was the eldest;
Rizpah spread sackcloth on a rock in the harvest;
In the burning bush God appeared unto Moses;
The Governor was informed 'gainst Paul by Tertullus.
Righteousness keepeth the upright in the way;
Lois was the grandmother of Timothy;
The Jewish people were saved by Queen Esther once;
The Disciples at Antioch were first called Christians;
The father of Abraham, by name, was Terah;
The Israelites murmured for water at Marah,
And also at Meribah and Rephidim;
The Prophet Elisha caused iron to swim;
Saul's seven sons were in the barley harvest hung;
Silas with Paul, at midnight, in the prison sung;
Jacob of old was deceived with Leah;
A Jewess was the wife of Felix the Governor.

Correspondence.

Dear Brothers and Sisters:—In the *Herald* of December, I see that the subscribers of the *Hope* have fallen off two hundred. I am very sorry, why is it? True, money is rather scarce just now, but surely the Saints are not so poor but that they could spare fifty cents a year for this most invaluable little paper, and not miss it. Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel, and all pull, pull even, and all pull together. If we will do this, then it will be light for us all. And we will soon have the pleasure of seeing the great things we can accomplish.

AMELIA OSBORN.

DECATUR, Michigan, Dec. 4th, 1873.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I will now write a few lines to the *Hope*. I like to read the *Hope*, and also the letters that come from the little folks. Yours truly,
Good-by.

AARON T. ALLEN.

Dear Uncle:—I am six years old; and I am a little *Hope* too; and my name is Linus Allen. Please put this in the *Hope*.

LINUS.

SANDYVILLE, Nov. 26th, 1873.

Kind Sir:—I must subscribe for *Zion's Hope* again. It is a splendid paper. It can't be beat for its size. It strengthens the weak; makes wise the simple; encourages the broken hearted, and adds strength to the strong. I esteem it more than a precious jewel to all those who read it. The letters in it are worthy of honor. They inspire us to do good always. I can say to you who write for it, you are doing much good; be assured that your reward is awaiting you. Little Hopes, I am your well wisher. If you read a few lines from me, you must remember that I am one among the many that need your help in Christ, though I am strong and physical labor seems easy to me, we cannot tell how very sudden some of us may be taken from this earth, with all the pleasure and strength we may seem to have. A sad case happened not far from here. A man went to a steam saw mill after a load of slabs. While at the mill a steam-gage flew from the engine and struck him on the head and killed him instantly. He did not know what hurt him. This man was a Quaker preacher. I have heard him preach. I think he was a good man. My hope is that each one may be ready for death when it comes, and to enjoy life while we have it.

Yours in hope, GEO. M. JAMISON.

SMYRNA, Indiana, Nov. 27th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I can say for myself that I still find cheerful fireside reading in the *Hope*. It cheers my heart to see the little letters in the children's columns. We have prayer-meetings every Wednesday night; and we have a happy and a joyful time in worshipping God. We live in a neat little cottage on Hensly Creek, just across the road from Miss Jennie Stiles, on a beautiful hill.

JAMES M. EULITT.

GALVA, Dec. 4th, 1873.

Dear Editor of our *Zion's Hope*—I wish you would be so kind as to place this Hymn in our *Zion's Hope*, on page 364, in the remembrance of our beloved sister, Martha Jane Barsons, who departed this life September, 1873.

CARRIE CHARLES.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,—
He can all our sorrows heal.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When death's gloomy night has fled;
Then on earth with joy to greet thee,
Where no bitter tears are shed.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited ...\$210 22 Ann Flower ...\$ 25

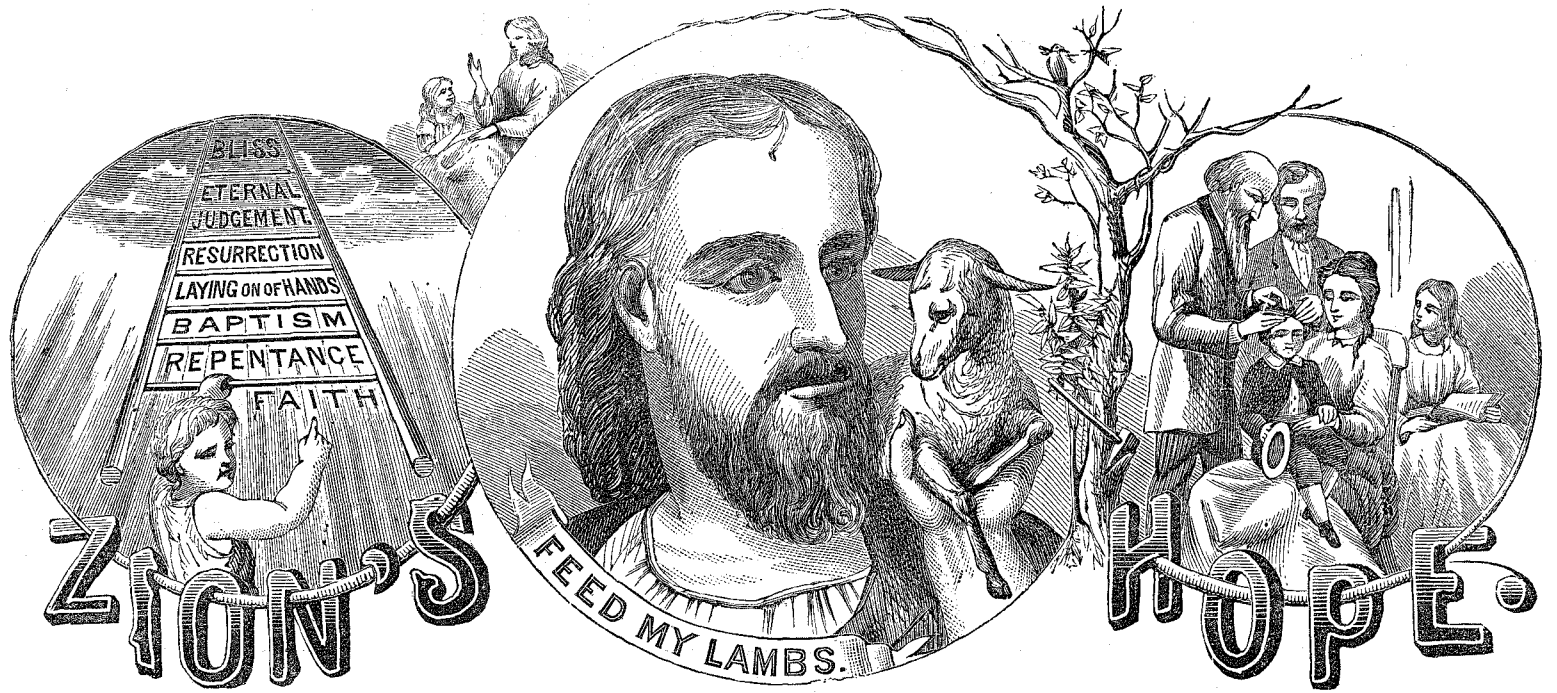
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., JANUARY 15, 1874.

No. 14.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

WELL, Merry Christmas is over now, and many hearts were made glad by tokens of remembrance from kind friends. No doubt it were a merry time with the little Hopes, and you looked forward with delight for the coming of old Santa Claus. For he is a dear generous soul, and very lavish of his gifts at times. He made us a very friendly call, and I thought you would like to hear about it; and how the young Hopes enjoyed themselves. We are not going to tell you much about what Santa Claus did, for all of you who are old enough to read this, know there is no such being, and will not cry about it as Annie and Willie did, of whom you read in that bountiful poem, in the *Hope*. But we think that Spirit which prompts us to give gifts to one another, presents to children, friends to one another, and children to each other, is a good spirit, and we may call it Santa Claus if we choose.

Many of the Hopes have seen a Christmas Tree, and perhaps all of you have heard of one. Well, we thought it would be nice for us to have one to please the little folks, though we older ones enjoyed it quite as much, not because of expected gifts, but that we could give something to others; even though it was but a little thing, we were made happier. The question, even among some of the little ones, was not so much, What shall I get; but, what can I give to this and that one? And who do you think was the happiest, the one who received the most or the one who gave the most? Methinks I hear some one say, "O, I would like to have the most gifts;" but not many of you will say so, for you have learned about what Jesus said. "How it is more blessed to give, than to receive," and we found it true in this case, as in all others. I often think, as parents, we do not encourage our children in giving as we should, that they may not grow up selfish men and women. Children, with few exceptions, are free-hearted, and we should not restrain them in this. But you want to hear about the tree, and not a sermon. Our tree of itself was not very beautiful to behold, for we cannot get an evergreen, only at a nursery, so we got a Crab-Apple Tree, and trimmed it with evergreen branches, as best we could. We thought at the time, we would like to be away down east, or some such place, long enough to get just such a tree as we wished, without money or price. Our room too was not one to be admired, nor very spacious, neither of desirable proportions. We might have had a larger house, no doubt, for such an occasion, but as the people here do not like to have the latter

Day Saints preach the gospel in their houses of worship, we did not wish to use one of them, though we were exceedingly crowded in our own. But, though we cannot say much in praise of the room or the tree, yet we can of the gifts which were so bountifully strewn upon it, causing it to droop beneath the weight of its burden. There were such a variety and richness of color, and articles both useful and ornamental. There were shawls, comforters, dress patterns, gloves, collars, ribbons, and almost every article of woman's or child's dress.

Then there were things of service and adornment for the house, while the especial wants of the little folks were not forgotten. There were dolls perched in the boughs, balls, pretty cups, and boxes, and money-safes hanging on the limbs, and many other toys I cannot now mention. For when I tell you there were between two and three hundred gifts, you will not expect me to tell you all of them. But you can imagine the picture a gorgeous one, when the tapers of bright colors were lighted and revealed to our sight the many good gifts, many of them were the workmanship of our own hands. We know of one young friend who made herself especially useful in making and inventing things, both to make warm and to beautify, and we believe she was many times repaid by the pleasure of making others happy. We know of others also, for there was a bountiful supply of mittens and wristlets which made many busy fingers. But as I have said, we found pleasure in doing something for others. We assembled at an early hour on Christmas Eve, and were entertained awhile with music and declamation, by members of our school, some of whom won praise for the able manner in which it was done. Then came the much anticipated event, the distribution of the gifts. And it was amusing and gratifying to watch the various expressions of pleasure upon the faces of the little ones, as they received one gift after another, some of whom gave vent to their joy in laughter. Every one seemed pleased, both young and old, and we went to our homes feeling that our Christmas Tree was a good thing, and that we loved each other more than ever before. And what do you think Santa Claus brought me among several other things? He could not hang this upon the tree. I think you would never guess, for it is nothing desirable to look upon, much less so to handle; indeed, we wish we never need to do it. But as we told a friend, we prize it more than jewels; not so much for the thing itself, as for the spirit manifested, and the knowledge that we had kind friends who loved, not in words only, but in deeds also. Can you guess what it is? It is nothing to eat, though

we might perish without it. O it is something to burn. Now all the little Hopes in Illinois know what that is. I expect some who read this would like to know where it all happened. Whether they had ever heard of the place, or been there, or would ever go to it, so I will tell you it is Millersburg, Illinois, and we would be glad to have any of the dear Hopes come to visit us. We may talk to you again, if we have time, and can tell you anything interesting and instructive. We do not tell stories, unless they be true ones, for we don't think it good for young minds to read them much, if you wish to grow up strong minded and useful men and women.

AUNT SUSIE.

THE THINGS THAT GOD HATH CLEANSED.

By sleep He consecrated sleep,
And taught us how to lay our head,
With trust like his divine and deep,
In slumber on our nightly bed.

By death He consecrated death,
And made the grave a holy home,
In which our flesh, the turf beneath,
Shall rest in hope until he come.

Resting, He consecrated rest,
And bade us in his rest to dwell,
As when, with weariness oppressed,
He sat at noon on Sychar's well.

Weeping, He consecrated tears,
And showed the mourner how to weep:
And yet the tear-sick eye he clears,
Lest sorrow be too long and deep.

Loving, He consecrated love,
Lifting it out of human sin,
Making it pure like things above,
And deepening the fount within.

EASTER.

LET us analyze this word: East, is the name that has always been applied to that part of the horizon where the sun rises. This term is the same in its application on all parts of the earth, over which the sun lends its vivifying influence, so that, no matter what part of the earth—"under the sun"—we may be in, the east is always known as being where the sun rises. East, then, means to rise, as eastern, the eastern, or rising sun.

Again, one of the grand divisions of the earth is called the east. The word east, is signifying to rise, is used to denote the rising of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, and in this sense was prolonged into Easter. It is only when used in this connection it can have any meaning at all. The importance of the word Easter rises as we

consider its relations, being an annual memorial of those great and marked events inseparably connected with its origin.

I want you to study those events, of which I may fail to give more than a brief outline. I can myself contemplate, but to describe the death and sufferings of our Savior,—“how he was maltreated, scoffed and rejected of the Jews, crucified, died and was buried, and how he rose again on the third day according to the scriptures, and ministered forty days to his beloved disciples, and ascended into heaven, leaving us this assurance that He would come again,”—is a task I would not attempt, unless I fully realized its importance above that of ordinary subjects.

Although Jesus had a foreknowledge that he was going to die on the cross, He did not shrink or try to avoid this terrible form of death. No. On the contrary, he so regulates the turn of events by his unexampled submission as to favor its accomplishments, and devotes the closing hours of his life to the consolation of the bereaved. Yes; not for them only, but for all who believe in him. His disciples could not fully realize that he actually intended this voluntary sacrifice until they saw it. Who can picture their dismay on beholding him whom they looked on as their Lord and Master, numbered with sinners, and dying the most ignominious of deaths. They were struck with awe, and viewed the awful scene from afar, so terribly were they shocked at his sudden arrest and the horrid treatment he was subjected to, that they forgot those sweet words of consolation so often uttered, which seemed to be lost on them.

Witness them in secret recess, withdrawn from the common haunts of man; they hid themselves, perhaps afraid their doom also had come. Such a general manifestation of unheard of cruelty, was enough to terrify the peaceful disciples of Jesus.

The demoniacal stage transformed. Oh Calvary! I turn with them away; shut out the vision and with them (his disciples) remember his prayer, his deep solicitations; who can read them unmoved, or attend him in Gethsemane, when the agony he felt for you and me excited perspiration mingled with blood, where he resigns himself a ready sacrifice for you, for me, for all.

He does not recede at the approach of his betrayer, nor render the use of force necessary; though assailed with staves and swords; he yields himself to the blinded priests, and the vilest of mobs. That age was so inured to crimes of deepest dye, that the very priests and rulers consented to the horrid deed, and heaped contumely on his sacred head.

Though accused falsely, blindfolded and beaten, he resisted not; and when crowned with thorns in mock derision, and railed on in the vilest manner, he quietly submits; insomuch that Pilate was astonished; and when in mockery, the wicked Jews called him the Son of God, Pilate trembled at the horrid act, and was glad of an opportunity to become reconciled to Herod, thinking probably he might in some manner share with him the terrible responsibility of consenting to the death of a just one, in whom he could find no fault.

The Prophet Isaiah truly felt how real was the sacrifice when he exclaimed, “He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth.” He was indeed crucified—the just for the unjust—that he might bring to pass the resurrection of the dead.

He first taught us the way to life eternal, and then consents to die, in order to open the portals of life, that he in dying tasted death for us all, to whom was given power to open the tomb to all who sleep in Jesus. Here then is our hope. Here then have we hope in Jesus, who having power over death, will raise us unto eternal life at that great day, when he shall appear.

This is why we have hope in you, in one another;—because we believe in Jesus, that he will come again and reign on the earth, in his kingdom.

I will now leave you to reflect on what I have written, hoping soon to greet you again; and when the yearly feast of Easter comes, as it is kept up by many people, do not let your minds incline to feasting; but rather direct it to the study of profitable lessons, that you may draw from the instruction given by him, whose death and resurrection the word Easter was intended to commemorate. There is no doubt, it will be remembered well by all his people according to his request. Then how glorious will be the morning when the Sun of Righteousness shall rise and set no more. Then shall we sing Easter melodies of praise; all nature lend its echo to the strain, shouting in tuneful song, Hallelujah to the Lamb, who hath redeemed us, and brought us back to God. Amen. Let every Hope of Zion repeat, Amen. ELI.

[Selected]

WHEN THIS OLD BUNNIT WAS NEW.

When this old bunnit was new,
The sun rose every day,
But now the great earth turns,
And the sun stands still, they say;
And I'm half inclined to believe
That what they say is true,
For the world has all been wrong side up
Since this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new
The good man used to ride
On horseback to the meetin' house
His good wife by his side;
And when the parson prayed
We stood up in the pew,
We didn't rise at the fiddlin'
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new
And we went to school,
We used to taste the oil of birch
Whene'er we broke the rule;
But moral suasion governs now
Where once the ruler flew,
They've wiser grown than Solomon,
Since this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
And we fell on the floor,
We didn't think the bumps would make
Our aching heads know more;
But, now, they read your very thoughts,
The thickest skull right through;
There was knowledge, not Phrenologists,
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new
At thunder, folks grew pale,
But now they harness the lightning!
To carry around the mail;
They didn't tunnel the mountains
And bond the towns like you,
And make a Post route under the sea,
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
They wa'n't so mean you know;
They couldn't buy a jug of rum,
On raisin' days or so;
The parson thought 'twould help him preach,
The people thought so too,
They didn't drink it on the sly,
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
The wimen had their right,
They didn't stump it in the field
And challenge men to fight;
There were no Woodhulls then to frame
The government anew;
“You must, you shall let wimen vote,”
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
The gals could spin and weave,
And make their frocks and aprons too,
Like our old mother, Eve;
And they could wash and scrub the floor,
And iron, and bake, and brew,
They didn't wear huge chignons;
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new
The youngsters minded their Pas,
They didn't strut around the street
A smoking their cigars;
They didn't learn to curse and swear,
Play cards and billiards too,
Nor guzzle lager till they reeled,
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
Of ghosts we were afraid,
And under the bed clothes after dark
We often hid our head;
But now they call them from the skies,
Have talks as neighbors do;
They didn't come a rappin' around
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new,
The doctors on their nags,
Would bring their medicines along
All in their saddlebags;
And they would blister, bleed, and purge,
And stay till they were through,
They didn't write prescriptions
When this old bunnit was new.

When this old bunnit was new
'Twas paid for ere it 'twas wore;
It has shielded well these gray old locks
Thrice twenty years and more,
It's all that's left me of the past,
I guess 'twill last me through,
How changed the world—how changed am I,
Since this old bunnit was new!

PHYSIOLOGY.

HOW many of the little readers of the *Hope* who skip about upon their little feet, and use those tiny hands and fingers to cull the sweetest flowers, and those sparkling eyes to read the much loved *Hope*; I say how many have studied, or even allow themselves to think, upon the wonderful structure of the human body. The sciences which treat of the different organs of the body and their functions, or uses, are called Anatomy and Physiology. The former tells us the names of all bones as well as of every organ and part of the body; while Physiology tells us the use of all the parts. Now that I may be able to make this subject interesting as well as comprehensive, it will be necessary to commence back and state that the material world is divided into three grand kingdoms;—the Mineral, the Vegetable, and the Animal kingdoms. The Mineral kingdom includes all inanimate or inorganic matter, and it will be very interesting to study the difference, as well as the connecting link, between this and the Vegetable kingdom. Perhaps many of my little readers have seen large rocks and small ones too, and have noticed that they never grow or get any larger, but remain the same year after year; while the trees and plants and flowers and all vegetables grow from a tiny plant until they arrive at maturity. Now all these have life and vitality; they breathe the air, feel the sunshine, and drink water; while the stone and all minerals do not. What little Hope has not watched her favorite plant from the time it first broke through the ground and put forth its tiny leaves, until it arrived at maturity; or some delicate rosebud until it burst forth in all its splendor?

The small delicate roots that spread out in different directions, are miniature mouths, taking in the moisture and such other properties from the ground as the tree or plant requires for its nourishment and growth. While the leaves act as lungs, breathing the air, and receiving strength and vigor from the light and sunshine.

So far, what I have said would perhaps more properly belong to natural history, however, as I before remarked I wish to commence back at the beginning. We will now endeavor to show the difference between the Vegetable and Animal kingdoms.

First.—Vegetables organize unorganized matter. But the distinction that most persons would first notice is, that plants are fixed to one spot, while animals enjoy the power of exchanging their places. While this is generally true, it is not so universally. The sponges and corals of the ocean are as firmly fixed to one spot as the trees of the forest.

Animals are described as having a nutritive cavity—a stomach, into which food is taken, and where it is prepared to be used for the growth and repair of the living body. In the vegetable, the food is absorbed either by the roots or leaves,

and it undergoes no previous preparation to fit it to be thus absorbed. This distinction applies only to those animals whose structure conforms to the regular types of animal life. No internal cavity can be found in many lower and irregular forms of animal life. The real difference between animal and vegetable life consists in the possession of a *nervous system* and manifestations of its functions, in a greater or lesser degree, by all animals.

These are the powers of *sensation, perception, and voluntary motion*. In the lower forms of animal life, the nervous system is very imperfect. Yet the unmistakable evidence of feeling, and the power to move at the command of the will, though the motion may be to a very limited extent, demonstrates its existence, even though the microscope may not reveal its real centers.

E. M. WILDERMUTH.

WHO WILL FIND AND LEARN THE PSALM, AND GET THE PREMIUM?

BRO. JOSEPH:—Some years since, being in New York City, as I awoke in the morning, I reached out my hand and took up a Bible which was lying upon the stand, at the head of my bed, and opened to this verse:

"Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

This verse so impressed me that I said to myself, "I will read and repeat this verse until I commit it to memory;" which I did, and then closed the book, without reading another verse. I asked myself, "Am I walking in the counsel of the ungodly?" And I assure you, it furnished me ample food for reflection.

I soon returned to Philadelphia, where I related the circumstance to a worthy brother, with whom I was stopping when in that city, and said to him, "I will get the Bible and see what is the remainder of that Psalm." I did so, and found it so deeply interesting that I committed the whole Psalm to memory.

My object is not to repeat the Psalm here, but to say to the young Hopes, that the four children under ten years of age, who shall find the Psalm and commit it to memory in the least number of hours, after reading this article, shall have their names entered upon the roll of honor, and be credited twenty-five cents each upon that roll. And the ten children, of any age, who shall find the Psalm and commit it to memory in the least time, after reading this article, shall have their names entered upon the roll of honor, and be credited ten cents each upon that roll.

Remember, the verse quoted above, is the first verse of the Psalm.

All those children who compete for these premiums, will report to Bro. Joseph, who will determine who are entitled to them.

That hundreds, yea, thousands may commit that blessed Psalm to memory, and walk by its hallowed precepts, that they may be entitled to the glorious promises contained therein, is the wish of your unworthy
UNCLE E.

THE ORIGIN OF PHILOPENA.

THERE was once a beautiful Princess who had a great fondness for almonds, and ate them constantly, but nothing would induce her to marry, and in order to rid herself of her suitors, of whom there were a great number, she invented the following device: To every Prince who sought her hand, she presented the half of a double almond, while she ate the other half, and said: "If your lordship can succeed in getting me to take anything from your hand before I say the word 'I remember,' then I am ready to become your bride. But if, on the contrary, you receive anything from me, without thinking to speak these words, then you must agree to have your hair shaved entirely off your head and leave the kingdom.

This, however, was an artful stratagem, for, according to court custom, no one dare to hand anything directly to the Princess, but first to the court lady, who then offered it to her. But if, on the other hand, the Princess should desire to give or take anything—who could refuse her? So it was useless for her suitors to make the trial, for when they seemed likely to be successful, and had diverted the Princess so that she was about to take something from them, the court lady always stepped between, and spoiled the best-laid plan.

When the Princess wished to dispose of one of them, she would appear so charming and encouraging to him, that he would be entirely fascinated, and when he sat at her feet, overcome with joy, then she would seize upon anything near her, as though by accident: "Take this as a remembrance of me," and when he had it in his hands, before he could think or speak the necessary words, there would spring out at him, from it, perhaps a frog or a hornet, or a bat, and so startle him that he would forget the words. Then, upon the spot, he was shaven, and away with him. This went on for some years, and in all the palaces of the other kingdoms the Princess wore wigs. Thus it came to be the custom from that time.

Finally it happened that a foreign Prince came upon some peculiar business, and by accident saw the almond Princess. He thought her very beautiful, and at once perceived the stratagem. A friendly little gray man had given him an apple that once a year he was privileged to smell, and then there came in his mind a very wise idea, and he had become much renowned on account of his deep wisdom. Now, it was exactly time for him to make use of this apple. So, with the scent from it came this warning:

"If thou wouldst win in the game of giving and taking, under no circumstance must thou either give or take anything."

So he had his hands bound in his belt, and went with his marshal to the palace, and asked to be allowed to eat his almond. The Princess was secretly much pleased with him, and immediately handed him an almond, which his marshal took and placed in his mouth. The Princess inquired what this meant, and, moreover, why he constantly carried his hands in his girdle.

He replied that at his court the custom was even more strongly enforced than at hers, and he dared not give or take anything with his hands, at the most, only with his head and feet. Then the Princess laughed and said:

"In this case we will never be able to have our little game together."

He sighed and answered:

"Not unless you will be pleased to take something from my boots."

"That can never happen!" exclaimed the whole court.

"Why have you come hither," asked the Princess angrily, "when you have such stupid customs?"

"Because you are so beautiful," replied the Prince. "And if I cannot win you, I may at least have the pleasure of seeing you."

"On the other hand, I have no similar gratification," said she.

So the Prince remained at the palace and he pleased her more and more, but when the humor siezed her, she tried in every manner to persuade him to take his hands from the girdle and receive something from her. She also entertained him charmingly, and frequently offered him flowers, bonbons, and trinkets, and finally her bracelet, but not once did he forget and stretch out his hand to take them, for the pressure of the girdle reminded him in time. So he would nod to his marshal, and he received them, saying, "We remember."

Then the Princess would become impatient, and would exclaim: "My handkerchief has fallen! Can your lordship pick it up for me?" Whereupon the Prince would fasten his spur into it, and wave it carelessly, while the Princess would have to bend and remove it from his foot, angrily saying: "I remember."

Thus a year passed away, and the Princess said to herself:

"This cannot remain so. It must be settled in one way or the other."

She said to the Prince:

"I have one of the finest gardens in the world. I will show your lordship over it to-day."

The Prince smelt of his apple, and as they entered the garden, he said:

"It is very beautiful here, and in order that we may walk near each other in peace, and not be disturbed by the desire to try our game, I beg you, my lady, that, for this one hour, you will take upon you the custom of my court, and let your hands also be fastened. Then we will be safe from each other's art, and there will be nothing to annoy us."

The Princess did not feel very safe about this arrangement, but he begged so strongly that she could not refuse him this small favor. So they went on alone together, with their hands fastened in their girdles. The birds sang, the sun shone warmly, and from the trees the red cherries hung so low that they brushed their cheeks as they passed. The Princess saw them and exclaimed:

"What a pity your lordship is not able to pick a few for me!"

"Necessity knows no law," said the Prince, and he broke one of the cherries with his teeth from a branch, and offered it to the Princess from his mouth.

The Princess could not do otherwise than receive it from his mouth, and so her face was brought close to his. So when she had the cherry between her lips, and a kiss from him besides, she was not able to say that instant, "I remember."

Then he cried, joyfully, "Good morning, much loved one," and drew his hands from his girdle and embraced her. And they spent the rest of their lives together in peace and quietness.—*From the German of Gustav Freytag.*

"TRUST IN THE LORD, AND NOTHING WILL HURT YOU."

BRO. JOSEPH:—As I was going through quite a considerable piece of woods, some time since, in company with a lad some eleven years old, he said to me, "I went through these woods alone one night, when it was so dark you could scarcely see anything."

I said to him, "You were not afraid, were you?"

"NO," he replied with emphasis, "trust in the Lord, and nothing will hurt you."

I confess I was highly pleased with his reply, and felt that it expressed a confidence in the Lord worthy of imitation, by persons of riper years.

His parents are old and respected members of the Church, and he a faithful attendant at our Sabbath School and Church. This one remark shows clearly, that he has not been an idle listener to the teachings he has heard at home, at the Sunday School and Church; but that he feels the importance of putting them into practice; and by so doing, he is greatly rewarded and blest.

I trust the young readers of the *Hope* will exercise the same child-like confidence, and living faith in the Lord, as expressed by this young lad; and may the Lord bless you all, is the earnest desire of
UNCLE R.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN HEAVEN.

ONE by one the faces of men fade from the earth. Some turn their light upon the earth for a little season only, and then pass away. Others adorn the places of their homes for a longer season, but sooner or later the march of time sweeps them all away, and their places on earth know them no more, and their name are forgotten. How much greater then, is the promise that unfolds to us the fields of the other better life.

God is represented as the center and light of that life, with the Son at his right hand, in power and great glory. Before his face are gathered the thousands, and tens of thousands of the redeemed. Before him, in what manner?

The occupations of the celestials are not fully explained in sacred scriptures, but a few thoughts might be offered in regard to them. In the first place, they are described to be one in all possessions.

How infinite the harmony that leads them, and how beautiful their surroundings and habiliments. How grand the field of their researches, we may not at present know.

It is sometimes argued that they know no perfection, but find rest only in infinite progression. This may be true, but the opposite seems most likely to me. That they arrive at a state when they know, no further need of improvement, when the one realization needed, perfect satisfaction with all that concerns them is reached. Where the soul holds its powers in a just equipoise, and all the golden sun of its existence is gloriously full, and knows no diminishing and needs no augmentation.

But between this and the starting place in life, there are many weary stretches of trial and toil; but cheer up little Hopes, move onward in the race, and may its culmination bring you victory and grace.

SPARE THAT BOOK

TUNE — "Woodman, Spare That Tree."

These lines were suggested to my mind after a discussion with a sceptic, at Morris, Illinois.

O Sceptic, spare that Book,
Touch not a sacred leaf;
Nor on its pages look,
With eyes of unbelief.

'T was our forefathers' stay,
In hours of agony;
Then, Sceptic, go thy way,
And let this old Book be.

This good old Book of life
For centuries hath stood,
Unharm'd amid the strife,
When earth was drunk with blood.

And wouldst thou harm it not,
Or have its truths forgot;
Sceptic, forbear thy blow,
Thy hand can harm it not.

Its very name recalls,
When I was but a youth,
And in a Sabbath School
I learned its words of truth.

This Book of Books shall live
When sceptics all are dead;
When heaven has passed away,
And earth's frail things have fled.

Sceptic, this Book shall live,
And shine still brighter then;
Proving its author—God—
And not the craft of man.

T. H. CHAMBERS.

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

NOW fair and pleasant a thing it is to employ the hours of light in pleasant labor. To occupy the day in a healthful preparation to the evening tide of life.

The turning of the mold and the planting of the choice seed, and watching over the long rows of fresh-springing plants, the healthful breath of the expanding leaves and buds, amid the gales of spring afford us a constant succession of quiet delights, that bring hours of slumber sweet and deep, and morns of waking fair to see.

Such is the beautiful garden of God on high: such the care with which he cultivates his pleasant Eden of Love.

Correspondence.

MONTROSE, Iowa, Dec. 29th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—As it is Saturday evening, and my week's work is done, I thought I would see if I couldn't fill a vacant place in our dear little paper. It seems to me that I hardly know what to write about. I guess I will have to tell you all about our Church. We have not had any meetings for over a month, nor Sabbath School. They have been fixing the Church inside, and have got it fixed very comfortable now. I am so glad that I can hardly wait for morning to

come, for we are going to have Church and Sabbath School in the morning. I don't know what I would do if we hadn't any Church, for it seems to me such a long time since we had meeting. It is time that we ought to have spiritual food as well as temporal food. I don't know how I could get along without it. When I go to Church again, it will seem to me as though I have just got out of prison. We need some good Elder to come and preach for us. I hope that some of them will come this way, for we have no Elder here but Brother Tripp, and he lives four miles away, so you know that we are pretty bad off for preaching.

I guess that all the little folks are glad that it is holidays, and hope that they all enjoyed Christmas, and also hope that they all received nice presents. We had a Christmas tree and a supper and an entertainment on Christmas eve, which I attended, and had a splendid time. It will soon be new years, and I wish you all a happy new year. I, for one, am going to do better next year than I have done. This I know that I have done many things that is wrong. Let us each and every one commence with the new year with a determination, by the help and grace of God, to live and serve God better than we have in the past year. Let us buckle on the armor, the Spirit and the word. We have been serving Satan long enough, and let us say to him, "Get thee behind me;" and let us work for God and battle for the right. I am not taking the *Hope* now, but it is not because I don't want it, but it is because we are not prepared to take it at present; but I hope that we will soon be. I intend to send for it just as soon as possible, for I miss it very much indeed. I will have to bring my letter to a close for this time. My love to all. I remain, as ever, your sister in Christ,

MARY A. BORLEY.

JANESVILLE, Wisconsin, Jan., 1874.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I have thought many times that I would try to write a few lines for the *Hope*, and have at last succeeded. We take the *Hope*, in which I very much like to read the letters of my friends that are, like myself, engaged in the Latter Day Work. My desire is to do the will of my Heavenly Father, while here on earth I stay. We have meetings here most every Sunday. But we do not have any Sunday School now. Most of the children that used to attend Sunday School live in the country now; so that they could not come very often. I will close this letter by giving my love to you, and all the little Hopes.

WILLIE H. DUTTON.

HENSLEY'S CREEK, Jefferson County, Ind.,
December 21, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—Feeling a deep interest in the cause of Christ, I thought I would spend a little time in penning a few lines for the *Hope*; though this is my first attempt. We have been taking this little paper for sometime, and it is always a welcome visitor at our fireside. Sometimes when my brother and I are alone, we take great pleasure in reading the children's column to each other, and talking over them. I have noticed in several of the latest papers that there are but very few letters in them, and one paper did not have any in it. I cannot write much myself, but know that there are plenty in the Church that can write letters worth publishing. I am willing, however, to cast in my little mite; it does me so much good to read the pieces from the Saints. The first thing I look at when I get the *Hope* or *Herald*, is the correspondence, to see how the Latter Day Work is progressing in this country, and also across the mighty deep.

Our little Branch, at Union, was organized last March; the members seem earnest and devoted in the cause; but we are infants yet, and need nourishment. We have regular Branch meetings; prayer meeting, every Wednesday night, when the weather is not too stormy. There has been two Wednesday nights this fall, that it rained so steady that we could not go. We have sacrament and testimony meetings, every second and fourth Sunday in each month.

We have not had any preaching here for awhile; but hope we will have before long.

My prayer to God is, that our Branch will increase in number; and that we may all have our lamps trimmed and burning, that we may have part in the first resurrection, and not have cause to cry for the rocks and mountains to fall on us and hide us.

Dear little Hopes, there are many by-paths to lead us out of the strait and narrow way; I, for one, will try to learn my besetting sins, and to guard against them, and pray God to help me to overcome them. We all have our besetting sins; but when we are tempted, we are not tempted of God; for God tempteth no one to do evil. But we are tempted when we are drawn away after our own lusts; therefore let us ever strive to keep the commandments, for we all have our influence, and the world is watching us. If every Saint could be the means of bringing one person into the fold, and every one that comes in bring another in, there would not be so many famishing for the gospel.

I have taken up space enough for one time; I want to leave room for others.

Dear little Hopes, let us ever be faithful, and do all we can to carry on this good and glorious work; and let us all pray earnestly and fervently for the Spirit to guide us into all truth. I subscribe myself your sister in the Bonds of Love and the Gospel Covenant,

ELLEN FISHER.

MAGNOLIA, Iowa, Jan. 1st, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—As there is no school to-day, I thought I would write a letter to the *Hope*. I am the only member of my father's family that belong to the Church yet. But I have the promise that if I am faithful, some of them will come into the Church. Therefore I ask an interest in the prayers of all my brothers and sisters that I may be faithful, that the promise may be fulfilled. And my dear young brothers and sisters, let us begin to-day, the first of the year, to be more humble, and pray for more faith, and try to walk in that manner that will be acceptable in the sight of the Lord. Let us try to be as near like Christ was as we can; calling unto Him to help us to keep our wandering feet within the narrow way that leads to endless bliss. This from your sister in Christ,

CHRISTIE GAMET.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Illinois,

January 4th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought you would like to hear from Viola again. There is no Saints here but Pa and Ma yet, but I hope there will be soon. Bro. Bronson was here in November and preached four discourses in the M. E. Church, he did a great deal of good here in the way of removing prejudices against us. The people want him to come back again. Pa has got about ten dollars promised towards paying his expenses, and he has also got the Presbyterian Church for him, and we are looking for him back in about two weeks; then I will write again. I hope I will have better news to tell you. Pa has given me fifty cents for the *Hope*. Pa sends two dollars for the *Herald*. Good by.

SALIE E. CADMAN.

UNION FORT, Utah, Dec. 21st, 1873.

Bro. Joseph:—I have just received *Zion's Hope*, to-day, and have been reading it through to-night; and after reading the children's letters I thought I would sit down and write a few lines to the *Hope*.

It is Sunday to-day, and I have been away from home. I have been to see a sister in the Church that has been very sick. She lives a long way from our Branch and cannot get to meeting very often. Her husband is a cripple and is very helpless. It makes me feel so very sorry for them; and how I wish they both could get well, for I am sure she is a good woman, and is trying to serve God the best way she can. I hope God will bless her and restore her to her health. I hope God will bless all that serve him. How thankful I feel to my heavenly Father for the health and strength he has given me; and it makes me feel more thankful for the things he has given me, when I see so many that are sick and needy of so many things.

The last letter I wrote to the *Hope* I believe I told you something about the mountains. They are covered deep with snow now and they look cold and dreary. It is not so cold down in the valley as it is on the mountains. I often wonder if I ever will see any other country but this. I was born here, in Union Fort; and the greatest distance I have been away from this place is to Salt Lake City; so brothers and sisters, you see I have not seen much of this world, and you will have to look over any mistakes that I may make in my letters. I do the best I can. How many times I have asked my little brothers and sisters to pray for me, and I feel like asking them again. Dear children I need your prayers; and may God bless all the children in Zion, is the prayer of your sister,

LUCY A. GRIFFITH.

Read This.—The small colored label with your name printed on, on the margin of your paper, if it is one of a package; or on the wrapper, if it is sent separately; also tells the date to which your subscription is paid.

For instance, 15 Feb 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th of February, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower	...	\$	25
Nellie Hougas	...	25	Willie Hougas	...	25
Lucy A. Griffith	...	50	Miss M. E. Kye	...	3 00

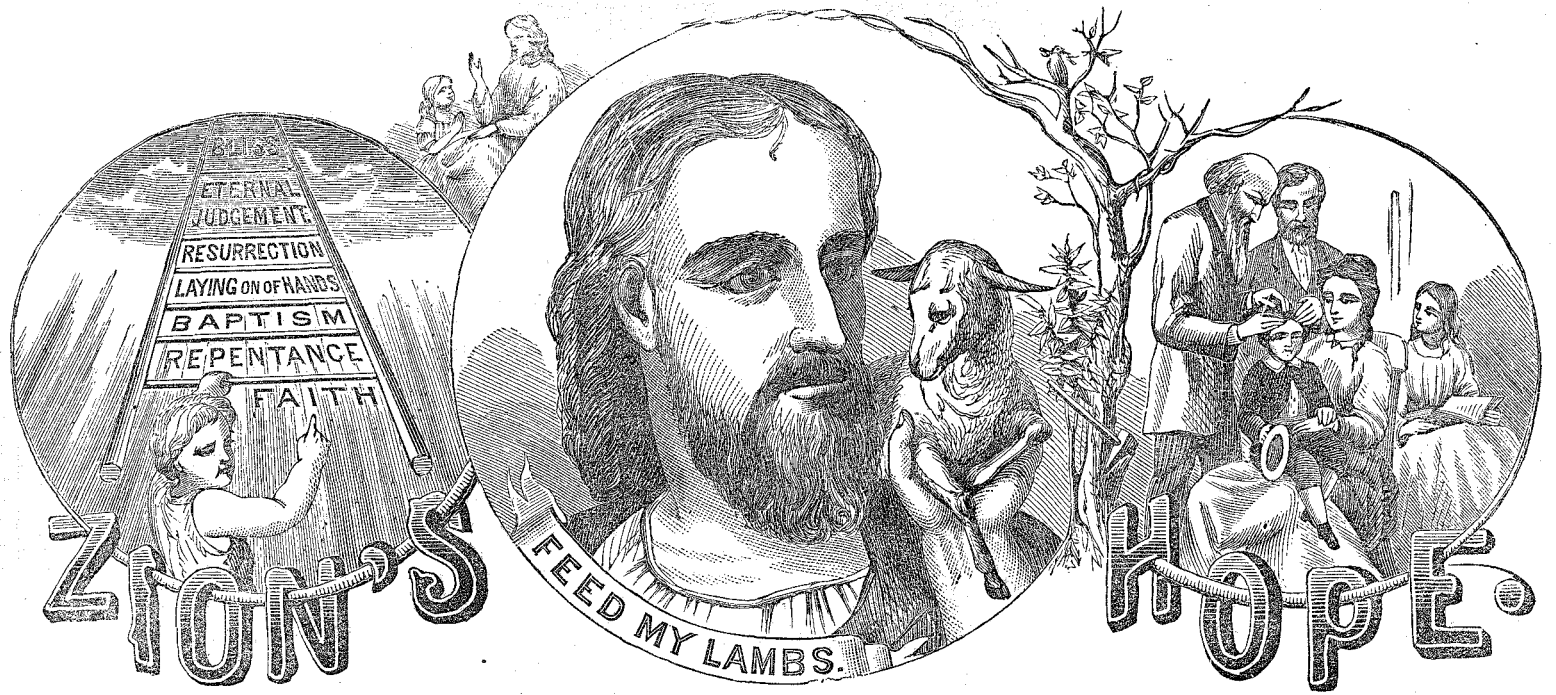
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

MY ALARM-CLOCK.

AN alarm clock not only tells the time of day, but it can also wake people up in the morning. I have such a clock in my chamber. Every morning about five o'clock it sets up such a whizzing and a ringing that it wakes me up. "What a good way to be roused up!" some of my little readers will say. Yes, it is a very good way, *if I always get up when it wakes me.* But last summer, one morning, instead of getting up when my clock waked me, I turned over and went to sleep again. The next morning I did the same thing, and in the course of a few days my clock, though it made as loud a noise as ever, would not wake me "Why? how strange!" you will say. Strange or not, yet it is true; my clock would not wake me any longer,—it would not wake me, because I did not get out of bed those two or three mornings. I had formed the habit of neglecting it.

I have often thought that my alarm clock was very much like one's conscience; so much like it, that you might call every body's conscience their alarm-clock. Every young person who knows God's will has such an alarm-clock in his own breast: so that whenever he is going to do wrong, "whiz," "whiz," goes the alarm, saying, "That is not right; you must not do it: God sees you." I suppose every reader has had his conscience checking him as he was about to do wrong. And if it were not for one's conscience, there is no telling what awful sins we should commit. *If it were not for conscience, we should all just as soon commit murder as not.* How important it is to have a conscience that always tells us when we do wrong, and that checks us when we are going to do wrong!

But we must hear conscience when it speaks. If we always stop when conscience says stop; if we always do what it tells us to do, then we shall always *hear* it, and by the help of the Holy Spirit it will keep us from sinning. But if we get into the habit of not doing what conscience tells us to do, after a while we shall not hear it at all; our conscience will become hardened, and we shall be ready to commit any sin, however great.

In the town in which I live, there is a boy now in jail for breaking into a shop at night, and stealing money. This boy once went to a Sunday School, and, perhaps, had as faithful a conscience as any boy that reads this paper. But he commenced doing wrong in little things. His conscience used to say to him, "Robert, that is wrong; you ought not to do that." But he did not obey his conscience. He went on doing worse and worse, until, as I said, he is now in jail for stealing money. Remember that you must always

get up when the alarm-clock wakes you. Whenever your conscience tells you to do anything, *do it*; and whenever it tells you to stop, *stop*. Try to have your conscience instructed by the Bible, and then *always obey it.*—*Child's Paper.*

THE NEW YEAR.

Another year we gladly greet thee,
While reviewing the passing one.
And with heartfelt sorrow see
The weary wrongs that we have done.
O the thought is sad but true,
That in the precious book of life,
'Tis blank where good deeds we could do,
And many pages filled with strife.

How many loved ones still and cold,
And crumbling 'neath the sod,
Might have been gathered in the fold,
And taught the path our Savior trod.
And many a calm and soothing word,
To heal the moaner's wounded breast,
Might in the scenes of life be heard,
But ah! alas! how far from this.

The seasons come, and swiftly haste away,
And lo! another year appears in view,
What wonders will transpire we cannot say,
But God his mighty work will do;
Scenes that fill the soul with woe,
Is hovering with unbounded sway;
Nations fear the conquering of the foe,
All fearful tokens of the latter day.

Thus, one by one, the years go fleeting by,
Shall memory boast of earlier happier days,
Or trials bring the heaving of a sigh,
When nature seemed to hide her beauteous rays.
Ah! no, the past though sometimes we regret,
Teach us a lesson 'mid life's brightest page;
With thorns and briars we may be beset,
'T will cheer and strengthen to the latest age.
C. ACKERLY.

A CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

DEAR CHILDREN:—As I had the pleasure of attending a very interesting gathering of children, and their parents and friends, on Christmas day, at Fall River, Massachusetts, I thought I would write you a little sketch of the same, and perhaps thereby induce other schools to "do likewise;" as I believe it would be a benefit to them to do so. The members of the Sunday School had been training for several weeks in the learning of recitations, dialogues, and songs and music. And the excellent manner in which they severally performed their parts, showed that they took an interest in the matter; and also the ability of their Superintendent, Br. John Smith, and the teachers, to train them for the performance of their parts. The exercises commenced at about three o'clock on Christmas after-

noon, in the Saints' meeting-room, in the Grand Army Hall. Among the various pieces spoken, was a dialogue on tobacco, taken from the *Hope*, and was very creditably discussed by two little boys, who seemed to mean what they said; and I thought of one point that the Elders and Priests should see the force of, and that is, while endeavoring to impress the important truth that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," upon the minds of their hearers, they so completely ignored the word of God, given in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, on the subject of the use of tobacco, upon the flimsy and foolish pretext, "that it is not *commanded*." They should take the plain and unequivocal ground that the "revelation" is *not* the word of God; or else if it is, "live" by it; or else cease to urge others to "live by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," while they refuse to do so themselves.

The dialogue, "Maggie and Mary; or, the Slanderer Exposed," by Br. M. H. Forscutt, was executed in an excellent manner; the difficult and unpleasant part of "Maggie," and her companion "Julia," were given in a commendable style. I hope the character of "Maggie" was not so *natural* as it seemed. The other parts were well performed also. The music was very nice, Br. John Gilbert, who is an excellent player, performed the instrumental part on a parlor organ kindly loaned for the occasion by Br. Hacking. Br. John Potts led the singing in his usual good style. Br. John Smith recited a piece called Santa Claus, in a very good manner, and which being accompanied by "Santa Claus," who came into the room with his sack of good things on his back, and quietly proceeded to fill certain stockings hung before an imaginary chimney. This created quite a good deal of amusement to the children, both young and old ones. Other pieces were recited, one in particular which brought tears to many eyes. It was the Christmas Eve Story lately printed in the *Hope*, which was recited in a creditable manner by Jennie Hacking, (who also personated "Maggie" in the dialogue.) After these exercises were over, several brethren proceeded to cut from the Christmas tree the numerous packages which were hung thereon, containing presents for children and parents; many of which were valuable as well as useful; others were toys for childish amusement. A valuable writing desk was presented to the Superintendent by the school. Br. Palmer gave each of his class of seven members a pretty framed picture. Br. Marsland gave one of his scholars a nice copy of the Holy Scriptures, and another

one a best bound Harp for reciting verses of scripture. During the recess between the concert and the distribution of presents, refreshments were passed to all in the room without exception. I believe all, both young and old, went home pleased and profited. I would say also that after the packages were cut from the tree, they were unwrapped and held up to the gaze of all, and the names of those to whom they belonged were called out, and brethren took them to them.

T. W. SMITH.

SEEKING HEAVEN.

I am trying to fight the battle,
I am trying to serve the Lord;
To keep all his commandments,
In accordance with the word.

Each day I meet temptations,
Each day I pass them by;
God will help me to resist them,
If I myself will try.

The way is, to ask him,
With humble faith, in prayer;
And he will surely help me
My burdens all to bear.

I want to be like Jesus,
God helping me, I'll try,
To follow in his footsteps,
Until the day I die.

And when the Lord does call me
From this world of sin and care,
My desire is to be ready,
His joy and bliss to share.

CHRISTIE GAMET.

THE WOMEN OF WEINBURG.

HERE still stands in Wurtemberg a little town on a hill which has found a corner both in annals of history and romance, not on account of its picturesque situation, nor for its goodly vineyards, nor for its brave men, though for all these three things it has also been noted. No! it is the women of Weinsburg who have made their town celebrated, and that without in any way stepping out of their place, or enrolling themselves as a band of Amazons for the defence of their country.

That they left to the men, who in the days of which I write, somewhere about the year A.D. 1140, were busy enough defending their city on a hill from the attacks of Conrad, Emperor of Germany, who had laid siege to it. Bravely and long they held out, but the enemy was too strong for them, and then it was that the victorious Conrad, enraged at the way in which the Weinsbergers had resisted, pronounced the terrible sentence, that no man should be permitted to leave the town alive; all were to be put to the sword.

In vain a crowd of despairing women tried to soften the heart of the emperor, pointing out to him their miserable condition if their protectors and breadwinners were so suddenly taken from them. In vain they showed him their young children; the edict had gone forth; every man was to die.

One boon, however, the emperor offered to them. Each woman might convey out of the town so much of her valuables and household goods as might be carried in the arms or on the shoulders.

A worthless gift thought the poor creatures at first, as they wept and bemoaned the impending fate of their nearest and dearest.

But some brave heart and quick brain plucked up courage, and a whisper went abroad which brought strength to the limbs and color to the cheeks of the women of Weinsberg.

At last the dreadful day came when the women were to quit their native place, and the men were to suffer for their opposition to the will of the great Conrad.

The gates of the city opened, and the throng poured forth,—a throng of heavily laden women indeed, but bearing neither gold nor household valuables. Each true wife bore on her shoulders her doomed husband, and carried him safely out

of the city, her own possession guaranteed to her by the word of an emperor.

There was murmuring among the besieging host when this unexpected sight met their eyes. Their emperor had not meant this. They said it was an evasion of his decree, and could not stand.

But Conrad, with all his severity, carried no heart of stone within his bosom. His word, too, was given. He would not draw back. The men were saved, and to this day the women of Weinsberg hold an honored place in the recollection of their country-men and country-women, and they have also a safe little nook in the history of their land.

H. A. F.

FOR HIM WHO WILL BE GOOD.

WE may safely say that ages and generations have passed away without presenting to God, upon the fair face of the earth, a single instance of a man or woman living that perfect life they might have lived. This may not be the case, there may have been such perfect lives, but we would hardly dare say so. This to mankind and the Church should be a sad admission on their part; to think that we should fall so far short of God's blessings. Yet to him who would possess his soul in sanctity what might not be possible? He could consistently rebuke the world; his light would shine undimmed and untarnished; his soul could commune with God; his riches would be better than gold; his peace unceasing. What abundance of power would fill his mind. Respect would surround him; love would follow him; wisdom seek him out and teach him. Innocence would confide in him and take refuge in his home. Peace would follow him with white wings, and spread a canopy of safety above him. Honor and integrity, merit and reward would shower substantial gifts upon him. Storms and sorrow would surround him often, no doubt; but strength from above would spring up within his heart, and final triumph would be sure. And his death would be sweet and precious; he could not die; in fact, he would but sleep in Christ and arise glorified. Little Hopes, the battle is before you; from many of us it has passed. Will you not try? O comprehend in season. Let goodness be your aim.

MYTHOLOGY.

APOLLO.

APOLLO, the son of Jupiter and Latona, was born on the island of Delos; this isle is situated in the Aegean Sea, (south-east of Attica), and is encircled by the Cyclades. Delos, though one of the smallest of these islands, was the most distinguished of the whole group; it is said to have floated about under the surface of the sea, until it was made to stand still by the order of Neptune; it was a place of great sanctity, and was famed all over the ancient world; even the Hyperboreans sent offerings to its ancient temples.

Here it was that the subject of our sketch first saw light, he was a tall, beardless youth, in the perfection of manly beauty, with hair long and curling, and bound behind his head, his brow is wreathed with laurel, this was the leaves and berries plucked from an evergreen shrub of pleasing fragrance. It was customary at that time to bestow this wreath, as a prize for victory, in the chase, archery, and other manly pursuits; also for excellency in musical attainments, poetry, &c. So it was quite natural that Apollo should be represented with garland upon his brow, for the Greek and Romans believed that he presided over music, medicine, poetry, divination, the fine arts, and archery, and in all these he was transcendent.

The first event in his history that we have any record of, is the murder of Cyclops; for this crime he was banished from heaven, and obliged to hire out as a shepherd, to Admens, (king of Thessaly), whom he served nine years.

His adventures on earth were many and extraordinary, but we will notice only a few; he flayed Marsyas alive for contending with him in music; turned into a violet the beautiful boy Hyacinthus, who he accidentally killed with a quoit, and Daphne he metamorphosed into a laurel, he also slew the great serpent Python.

It has been a matter of much doubt among historians whether Apollo was a real personage, or a fancy among the old poets; some authors claim that Apollo was the sun, that as the sun never grew old or fades, but is the same bright luminary that rose on the fourth day of creation, so is the god of archery ever represented as youthful and comely, and the darts with which he slew Python, the great serpent, are the rays of the sun that act on the atmosphere, and purify it of all that is noxious or destructive, and evaporate the stagnant waters from the pools infested by reptiles, thereby causing their destruction; and as Apollo was the offspring of Jupiter, (creator); and Latana, (darkness), so was the sun created by Jehovah, and came out of chaos.

MARS.

We next come to Mars, the god of war, and patron of all that is bloody and cruel; he was one of the sons of Jupiter, and his queen Juno. The temples built in his honor were quite numerous, and in these his priests, the Salii, served him with much ceremony and eclat, dancing in full armor.

The horse, the magpie, the wolf, and the vulture were offered at his shrine.

During the Trojan war, Mars was wounded by Diomedes, and hastily retreating to heaven, complained to Jupiter that Minerva had directed the weapon of his antagonist.

He is represented as an old man, clad in a coat of mail, a helmet on his head, and buskins on his feet, standing in a chariot drawn by a span of horses called Flight and Terror; his sister Bellona is his charioteer; discord goes before him in a tattered gown, bearing a torch, and anger and clamor follow; these are ever the companions of Mars.

He was the favorite divinity of the Scythians who consecrated groves of oak, (of extraordinary size), to him; they also, beside the usual sacrifice, offered every hundredth man taken in battle.

He was also held in high esteem by the Romans, on account of the belief that he was the father of Romulus the founder of Rome.

FAYETTE.

PHYSIOLOGY.

ANIMAL SUB-KINGDOMS.

WHILE all animals have an apparatus of voluntary motion, or in other words, can move about at pleasure, and have organs for receiving, transmitting, and perceiving sensations; yet the degrees of perfection in which these animal powers are possessed, are so widely different as to give room for the division of the animal kingdom into several sub-kingdoms, each distinguished by some common element of form called the type of the sub-kingdom.

At the foundation of animal life lies a group of forms which exceed in number, perhaps, all other classes of animals, yet so small as to be seldom seen by the naked eye, and are therefore chiefly studied by the aid of the microscope. They are called *Protozoans*, a word which means *first life*. Rising above these, we have four well defined types of animal life, which we will describe in the ascending order.

First, Radiates; having arms or feelers extending in every direction like rays, from the mouth, which is simply an opening into the central digestive cavity. The star fish belongs to this type.

Second, Mollusks, or soft-bodied animals without limbs; such as snails, oysters, clams, &c. How many of my little readers have not watched the little snail, with his house upon his back, moving along at a very slow pace, and at the least disturbance drawing himself into his retreat. They are without legs or feet or bones, yet they live and move about.

Third, Articulates, or animals whose bodies are made of rings joined together, as in the lobster, crawfish, and insects generally. The dragon-fly, honey-bee, common house fly, cricket, grasshopper, &c., belong to this type.

Fourth, Vertebrates. Animals with a bony column extending the whole length of the body, and enclosing a nervous cord with a more or less perfectly developed brain at its forward termination. The Vertebrate type of animals is divided into four classes. First, Fishes, inhabiting the water and breathing by means of gills, and usually covered with scales. Second, Reptiles; breathing air with very imperfectly formed lungs, and generally having the body naked. Snakes and frogs belong to this class. Fishes and reptiles are cold blooded animals, the temperature of the body being nearly that of the water or air in which they live. Third, Birds; warm-blooded animals covered with feathers and provided with wings for flying. With the exception of a few reptiles, these three classes produce their young from eggs. Fourth, Animals which suckle their young. Their bodies are usually covered with hair. This class is called *mammals*.

CROWN OF THORNS.

MUCH of the communion of the earth is not by speech, or actual contact, and the holiest influences fall upon us in silence. A monument, or symbol, shall convey a meaning which cannot be expressed; and a token of some departed one is more eloquent than words. The mere presence of a good and holy personage will move us to reverence and admiration, though he say and do but little. So is there an impersonal presence of such an one; and though far away, he converses with us, teaches and incites us. The organs of speech are only one method of the soul's expression, and the best information which it receives comes without voice or sound. We hear no vocal utterance from God, yet he speaks to us through all the forms of nature. In the blue, everarching heaven he tells us of his comprehensive care and tender pity; and the unwearied sun proclaims his constant and universal benevolence. The air that wraps us close breathes of his intimate and all-pervading Spirit; and the illimitable space and the stars that sparkle abroad without number, show forth his majesty and suggest his infinitude.

The gush of silent prayer—the sublimest meed of the Spirit—is when we are so near to him that words cannot come between; and the power of his presence is felt the most,—felt in the profoundest deep of our nature, when the curtains of his pavillion hang motionless around us; and it is so, I repeat, with all our best communions.

The holiest lessons are not in the word; but the life. The virtues that attract us most are silent. The most beautiful charities go noiselessly on their mission. The two mites reveal the spiritual wealth beneath the poor widow's needs. The alabaster box of ointment is fragrant with Mary's gratitude. The look of Christ rebukes Peter into penitence; and by his faith, "Abel being dead, yet speaketh." Yes, even the dead,—long gone from us, returning no more, their places left vacant,—their lineaments dimly remembered,—their bodies moldering back to dust, even these have communion with us, and to speak of the "Voices of the dead," is no mere fancy. "He being dead yet speaketh,"—the departed have voices for us. The voices of the dead come to us from their works,—from their results; and these are all around us; and as our conceptions become more and more spiritual, we shall find the real to be less dependent upon the outward and the visible, he shall learn how much light there is in a thought,—how veritable are the communions of spirit with spirit, and the hour in which memory gives us the voices of the dead will be prized by us as an hour of actual experience, and such opportunities will grow more precious. No; we would not willingly lose this power of memory,

whatever painful circumstances memory or association may recall—even though it cause us to go out and weep bitterly—there is a sacred pleasure, a tender melancholy, that speaks to us in these voices of the dead, which we are willing to cherish and repeat. It makes our tears soft and sanctifying as they fall; it makes our hearts purer and better—makes them stronger for the conflict of life. Well, then, is it for us at times to listen to the voices of the dead. May we rise to a holier and more visible communion in the land without a sin, and without a tear.

BUFFALO HUNTING.

AS the birds hasten from zone to zone according to the changes of the seasons, so does the bushy-haired bison or buffalo wander northward from the plains of Texas at the beginning of spring, till the autumn storms warn him of the approach of a hard, bitter winter, and drive him from the Canadian territories back towards the south. As various as the enemies of the buffaloes are the means which they use to capture them; the most successful kind of buffalo-hunting is that of the Prairie Indians; it requires, all the strength and skill of both horses and riders. On their swift, hardy horses, which mostly have been caught wild on the steppes, the Indians are able to overtake any wild animals on the plains; but they take a particular pride in sending their shots, whether bullets or arrows, down from their horses, among a flying herd of buffaloes. They dispense with everything which may hinder themselves or their horses, both clothes and saddles are left behind, and they only provide themselves with a long rein of rough leather, a bow which they carry in their left hand, or sometimes between their teeth, and as many arrows as it is possible to take with them; in the right hand, the huntsman swings a heavy whip, by which he urges his horse up close to the side of a fat buffalo. The well trained horse does not then require any further guidance, he understands his rider's intentions, and while he keeps pace with his selected prey, the huntsman soon finds an opportunity of sending an arrow up to the feathers, into the side of his victim. Scarcely has the bow been drawn or the rifle cracked, scarcely has the sharp iron or the round lead penetrated through the thick wool into the fat flesh, than the horse by a mighty bound escapes from the side of the wounded animal, that he may not be gored by his horns, while the huntsman seeks out a new victim.

Frequently, however, the horse fails to escape, and with his flanks torn open, or his shoulder shattered, rolls together with rider and buffalo in one heap on the ground; in such cases, the Indian has his own skillfulness to thank, if he escapes unharmed.

Thus with eager haste the chase is pursued over the plains, till lack of arrows or the exhaustion of his horse warns the huntsman that he must give over for to-day. The wounded buffaloes have meanwhile been separated from the herd, and lie exhausted or dying on the plains.

The huntsmen's wives have followed their traces on horseback, in order to kill the victims completely, to cut them up and bring the best pieces together with their skins to the wigwams, where the flesh is cut into thin strips and dried, and the skins dressed. The greater portion of the slaughtered beasts naturally falls to the wolves, who are generally found at no great distance in the track of the buffaloes, and through the report of the rifles and the thundering roar of the fleeing herd are enticed from a long way off.

Sometimes the Indian succeeds in doing great mischief among the buffaloes even without his horse. Disguising his whole body in a wolf's skin, or a woollen covering, and taking exact notice of the direction of the wind he creeps on hands and knees up to a quietly grazing herd of buffaloes. Blinded by their long hair and manes, bisons trust only to their sharp organ of smell, and do not regard the strange object which is

approaching them, so long as he does not show the form and upright position of a man. Thus a skillful huntsman may long remain among a scattered herd and kill many of them, if a stream of air does not betray him to the sharp scent of some watchful member of the herd; neither the whistling of the arrow, nor the report of the rifle will do it. Even the death groan of a mortally wounded comrade will only cause one of them here and there to raise his huge head for a moment, and then go on grazing as before. If, however, any of the beasts excited to fury at an expected danger, approach the concealed huntsman, whom they probably take for a wolf, he has only to show his full figure and by changing his position let the wind blow from him to them, to cause first a few members, and then the whole herd to tear away in wild panic from the spot.

In winter, too, the poor bisons are pursued by their foes, the Indians, to whom they then fall still easier victims. Indeed, a complete war of extermination has been carried on against the race of buffaloes, which, it is said, will soon become almost extinct.

American huntsmen chase and capture the buffalo in a somewhat different way from the Indians. They arm themselves with lances as well as rifles. —J. F. C. in *Chatterbox*.

A DOG STOWAWAY.

MANY years ago, upon returning from a residence in Italy, we took a steamer from Leghorn to Liverpool, to avoid the fatigue of land journey. On coming into port at Marseilles, we were detained several days, the ship's boats plying between the steamer and the shore, the harbor being, as usual, crowded with ships of every nation and description. On the second day after leaving port a most miserable half-starved dog (terrier), one side of whose body was a mass of pitch, was observed to crawl upon the companion-ladder, giving a terrified look around him.

Much surprised at the sight of the wretched animal, the Captain exclaimed: "Whose dog can this be?" and the inquiry went round among the several passengers and crew. No one owned him, and the steward, following him on deck, explained that he had found the poor creature hidden away in an empty berth. Capt. M., a kind and humane man, proposed to adopt him as one of the ship's company, and, setting him up on his hind legs, made a pretense of giving him a dozen as punishment for his coming on board as a stowaway, greatly to the amusement of the children, and then named him Jack.

A sailor greased his coat and set him free from the pitch, making him look more respectable; and, with good living and kind treatment, Jack soon recovered his spirits and seemed, out of gratitude, to attach himself especially to the Captain.

If spoken to in any other language than English he would remain quite unconcerned, but "Good dog," "Good old fellow," would make him wag his tail and look happy.

Before coming into the Mersey we took in our pilot. Then a sudden change came over Jack, who had been a most quiet, peaceable traveler; he grew quite excited, running up and down on the bridge, jumping up to get a look over the side; so great was his evident excitement, the nearer we came to Liverpool, that he attracted the attention of every one on board. On reaching our destination, and while as yet the steamer had scarcely stopped, the ropes for mooring being only thrown on shore, Jack was observed to mount a case of oranges placed at the side of the steamer and at one bound leap on shore in a moment.

"Follow that dog," cried the Captain to a man standing on the wharf, "and see where he goes." Off set the man, and after some time returned quite out of breath, saying he had been obliged to give over the chase, Jack having set off with a quick run up one street and down another,

evidently taking the nearest road home. The curious fact was how the dog's instinct enabled him to choose out of the many ships lying around, one whose destination was Liverpool. How he came on board none of the sailors could tell; but that he was doing wrong he evidently knew by hiding himself away until discovered by the steward.

A GENEROUS TURK.

A CRIMINAL at Damascus was condemned to death, and was led to the place of execution to undergo the sentence of the law. With death so near, the sad and painful thought oppressed his soul, that since his condemnation he had not once seen his wife and children, and had not been able to take leave of them. Then lifting up his hands he exclaimed—"Oh, is there not among the many who stand here one generous heart, who will be surety for me, so that I may go and see my wife and children once more before I die?"

The cart upon which the criminal sat stopped, and there was solemn silence among the multitude of people which had assembled. The imploring earnest cry of the unhappy man had struck many. The hearts of all were deeply affected by it.

Suddenly a Turk of noble birth stepped from out of the crowd, and inquired of the criminal, "Where is your family?"

"In Salahije," he replied.

"How much time do you think you will require to see your family once more?" asked the Turk further.

"An hour," replied, the condemned, "at the longest."

"And you will return here again in an hour?"

"Yes, I will," exclaimed the criminal.

"And you," said the Turk, now turning to the executioner, "will wait an hour for the execution?"

"I am allowed to do so," answered he. "But," he added, in a decided tone, "reflect well on what you are about to do! If he does not return; in that case I must strike off your head instead of his."

"I trust him," said the noble Turk. "Set him free, and bind me! I am content that it should be to me as you have said."

Amazed, and yet with sympathy, the crowd gazed at him who had shown such generosity. The criminal's chains were loosened, and fastened on the Turk. The criminal was soon out of sight. The bystanders now were full of anxiety and fear, which became more and more intense as the hour slipped fast away.

"Will he keep his word?" some whispered. Others prayed to God for the innocent man, whose head must fall if the criminal proved faithless.

The condemned man ran swiftly to Salahije. Once more weeping he pressed his wife and children to his breast, then he tore himself from them, and hastened back to the place where the procession had halted and waited for him. But on the way evil thoughts came into his mind. Should he not save his life and flee into the mountains? He stood still for a while, but then his better feelings gained the mastery. "He has taken my place, relying on my truth! No!" he exclaimed, he has shown such noble generosity, I dare not be faithless to him."

The taking leave of his family had been very hard and sad to him, and had kept him longer time than he had intended, and this hesitation, too, during the struggle between truth and dishonor in his heart, had taken up a few of the precious minutes.

"The hour is gone," said the stern executioner to the noble substitute. "You have made yourself the surety for an unworthy man, and you must die in his place!"

The procession now moved slowly on to the place of execution, amid the weeping and lamentation of the crowd. Even the executioner was

inwardly moved to mercy, but the judgment had been pronounced, the order had been given to him; he dared not set the prisoner free.

More slowly than at other times the procession moved on to the place of execution. Many eyes, indeed, were often anxiously turned back, but he whom they expected came not. The hope of the deliverance of the innocent man, who had trusted to the honor and truth of the criminal, gradually faded away. And now they had come to the place of execution. The noble-hearted surety was being stripped to the waist; his neck was already laid bare, when a piercing shriek was heard in the distance. "Stop! stop!" cried the people, and the executioner let the sword sink back into its scabbard.

"Yes, it is he! it is he!" cried the people with joy. The condemned man rushed breathless into the midst of the crowd.

"Set him free!" he cried, when still far off; "here am I! Execute me!"

But the executioner was as deeply affected as the multitude which surrounded him. He loosed the bonds of the noble Turk, at whose feet the condemned man threw himself, and thanked him for his generosity. The executioner, however, did not bind the criminal, but said, "Follow me to the Pacha."

And they followed him, and the crowd followed them too, to the Pacha, to whom the executioner related all that had happened.

The Pacha turned to the condemned man, and said, "Speak, why did you not use the chance which you had to set yourself free?"

The criminal threw himself down before the Pacha, and confessed that he had hesitated—that he had struggled with himself—"But," cried he, "I could not and dared not repay the generosity of this noble man with such base ingratitude, and thus rob all Moslems of their trust in truth and honor."

"You have spoken as bravely as you have acted," said the Pacha, "and now I, too, will show generosity. Go home, you are free! Your crime is pardoned."—*Chatterbox.*

Correspondence.

FOREST CITY, Holt Co., Mo.,
Dec. 19th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I have been thinking of writing to the good little *Hope*. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ. My mother is a member also. I have one brother that belongs to the Church, and two smaller brothers; one is eight years old, the other is nine years old; they want to be baptized soon. My father he is dead. He died two years ago last October. We have to work hard in the world to get along. We have no Sunday School here. We have meeting eight miles from here once a month. Oh! how I wish there was a Sunday School here. You must excuse this letter for it is the first one. Good-by little friends. Your sister in Christ,
H. JOHNSON.

FOREST CITY, Holt Co., Mo.,
Dec. 19th, 1873.

Brother Joseph:—I thought I would write you another letter. I take the *Hope* and have been taking it for two years. I think this is the true work of God. I will stick to it as long as I live. I have been a member for four years. Good-by. Your brother in Christ,
NESSON JOHNSON.

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 26th, 1873.

Dear Br. Joseph:—While at home alone I have been pondering in my mind of the goodness of God to his people in these the latter days, so I thought I would endeavor to write a few lines to the dear little *Hope*. I do not take it yet, but am hoping to do so before long. I was baptized by Br. Mark H. Forscutt, on the 14th of April, 1873. I am the only one of my family that is in the Church, my parents are both dead. I will try to do all the work I can for the Master, the Lawgiver whom I love to serve; and my prayer is that God may forever keep me firm and faithful to the covenant which I have made. I will try to do better the next time. From your loving sister in Christ,
ANNIE HEMMING.

LITTLE SIOUX, Iowa, Jan. 4th, 1874.

Editor of the *Hope*:—I am pleased with the *Hope*, and would not do without it for anything. But as some of the little Hopes have said, I wish it would come every week, I would spend time to read it. I

have often thought that I would not write any to the *Hope* when I read the letters from my little brothers and sisters, for they were so much better than I could write. But if we never practice any, we will not be any better off when we grow up to manhood and womanhood than we are now; and as this is the beginning of a new year, let us all try and see how much we can improve. MANURVA CONNERS.

VIOLA, Mercer Co., Illinois,

January 4th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—There is no Saints here but Pa and Ma yet, but I hope there will be soon. Bro. Bronson was here in November and preached four discourses in the M. E. Church, he did a great deal of good here in the way of removing prejudices against us. The people want him to come back again. Pa has got about ten dollars promised towards paying his expenses, and he has also got the Presbyterian Church for him, and we are looking for him back in about two weeks; then I will write again. I hope I will have better news to tell you. Pa has given me fifty cents for the *Hope*. Pa sends two dollars for the *Herald*. Good by. SALIE E. CADMAN.

PITTSBURGH, January 5th, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I take my pen in hand to let you know that I am twelve years old, and it has been four years since I was baptized. This is my first attempt to write to the little *Zion's Hope*, and I send my kind love to the little readers of the *Hope*. We have a good Sunday School here, so no more at present, but remain yours respectfully in the covenant of peace,
HENRY GILLESPIE.

PEORIA, Ill., Jan. 7th, 1874.

Dear little Hopes:—I was baptized when I was eight years old; I am nine now. I go to school. I am in the Second Reader. I love to read the *Hope*. My Papa reads to me sometimes. I have one brother and a sister. My brother is younger than I. He goes to school, and is in the Second Reader. Peoria is a large city, and a nice city too; it is sometimes called the Central City, being nearly in the center of the State of Illinois, and on the northwest bank of the Illinois River; it is not so nice a river as the Mississippi. We used to live on the Mississippi, above Nauvoo. I often saw Nauvoo when we used to go to meeting to Montrose. Now little Hopes, I think I must stop; so good-by. JENNIE H. ROBINSON.

ENIGMA.

My first is in Jonah, but not in whale;
My second is in sailor, but not in sail;
My third is in schooner, but not in boat;
My fourth is in shepherd, but not in goat;
My fifth is in scriptures, but not in book;
My sixth is in bishop, but not in pope;
My seventh is in prophet, but not in seer;
My eighth is in frightful, but not in fear;
My ninth is in prosper, but not in gain;
My tenth is in martyr, but not in slain;
My eleventh is in preacher, but not in priest;
My twelfth is in refreshments, but not in feast;
My thirteenth is in victuals, but not in bread;
My fourteenth is in marry, but not in wed;
My fifteenth is in paradise, where Jesus went;
My whole a man beloved by all the Saints.

ANAGRAM.

Ym won beloved her taf,
Het rats rea ni hte sesik;
Nte ymalldh si no ym lowlip;
Utb het arset rea ni ym syee.
I ma chin gwat ofr het nigrom,
Orf het wnin gda fo eth oyd;
Adn I nowk forefe githn mesco,
Ainga uyo liwl eb orf ywaa.

M. DAA HNUERT.

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For instance, 15 Feb 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th of February, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

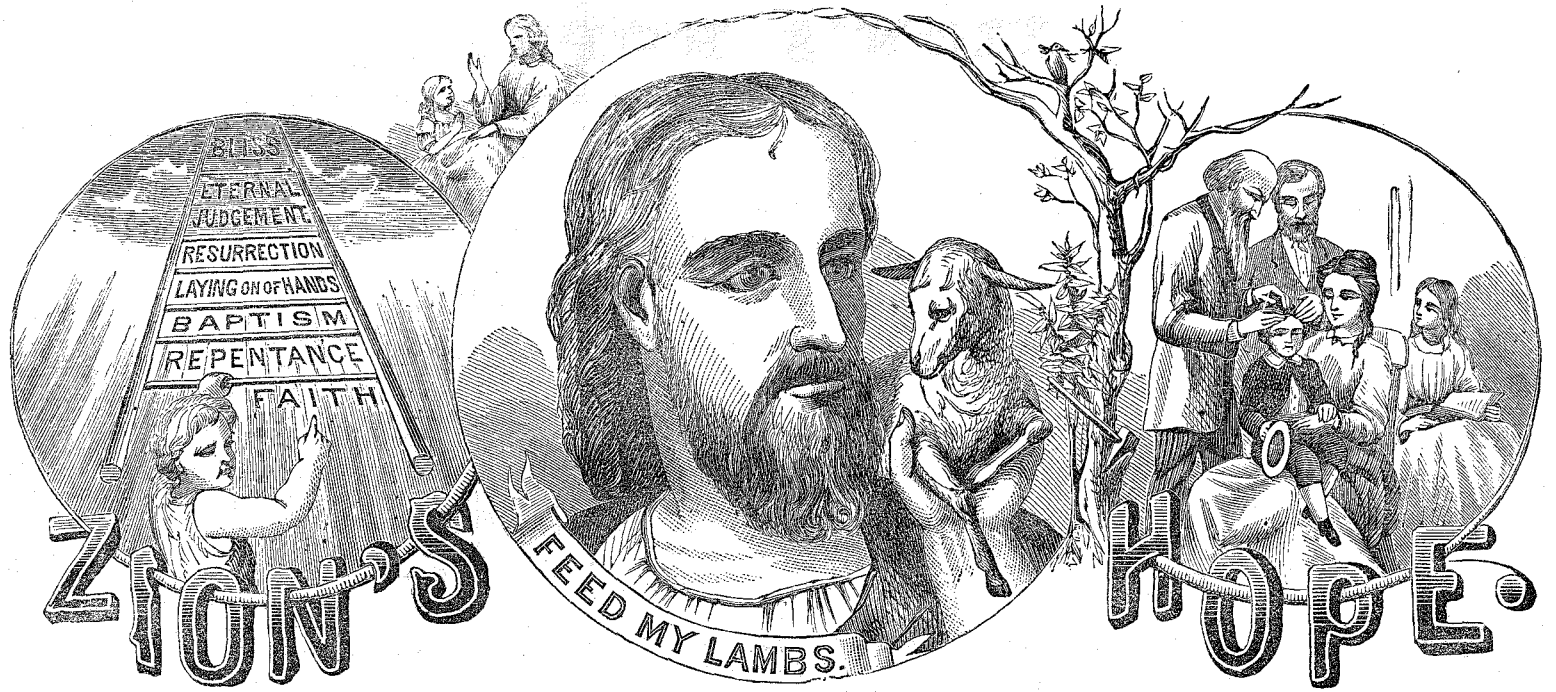
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

VISITING A COAL MINE.

Dear little Hopes:—As I suppose but few of you ever saw a coal mine, and still fewer of you ever entered one, I will tell you of my visit to the Minonk Mines. The village of Minonk is located on the Illinois Central Railroad, and is a beautiful little town. The mine is located near the track, and is managed by Mr. McDonald. He was a member of the Church under its first organization, but has not united with the reorganization.

Having donned a suit of old clothes for the occasion, I started in company with Mr. McDonald, on my tour of observation. Arriving at the mouth of the shaft, we procured a miner's lamp, lighted it, and stepped upon the platform, a bell was rung, and the platform began to descend. Down, down it went, and in a moment all light was shut out from above. Presently the platform struck the bottom; and I was informed that I had made a trip of five hundred and fifty-three feet down into the bowels of the earth.

Here a curious sight met our gaze, every thing was dark as pitch except the small part seen by the faint light of our little lamp. A net-work of narrow railroad tracks ran in all directions towards the outer edge of the mines. We walked along one of these underground tracks for quite a distance, when we came to a small stable in which was a little mule. Mr. McDonald informed me that it had been let down in the mine some two years ago, since which time it had not seen daylight. Its daily task was to pull the small cars from where the miners filled them to the center of the shaft, and then take the empty cars back again. When I looked at the poor animal I felt to pity. To be there confined in darkness, compelled to toil day after day, and never see the light of the sun, seemed too cruel a lot for the poor animal. After having inspected its lonely home, we pressed onward till we came to where the miners were at work. It was a strange sight. The miners dressed in their mining clothes, black with coal dirt, wore small caps in which they carried little lamps which gave them quite an odd appearance. The vein, or layer of coal was not quite three feet thick. The miners were busy at work; some lying partly on their sides were picking the clay away from under the coal; others were breaking it in pieces and loading the cars; while still others were putting in blasts. This they did by drilling holes in the solid bed of coal, then partly filling them up with powder wrapped up in paper in the form of a cartridge; then packing clay in the hole on the top of the powder, leaving a very small hole in one side,

where a fuze was attached and fired; immediately the miners rushed from the spot, and in a moment a loud report was heard, when we returned, and found that a large body of coal had been dislodged; this was at once broken in smaller pieces and loaded on the cars.

The mines were very dry and comfortable. The air also was good, which is something rare in coal mines. This, no doubt, is owing to the excellent management of Mr. McDonald. The roof of the bed, that is, the layer of rock that covers the coal, presented a curious appearance. Impressed on its surface were the images of the vegetation of a by-gone age. There were ferns, flowers, grass, and limbs of trees, all turned into stone; yet in form they presented a scene truly beautiful. There we were, as it were removed from the age in which we live, into an age millions of years anterior to the present. We were walking in its groves, gazing upon its landscapes and plucking its flowers; now we sat down to rest on the limb of a tree that grew ages before Adam was placed in the Garden of Eden; then we rested our heads on a slab of rock covered with time honored ferns. These sights brought strange thoughts to our minds. We had heard the remark that "the ways of God are past finding out;" but never before did we so fully realize the force of the truth of this statement. The declaration that "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," was also fully impressed upon our minds. We saw that the same laws that then existed remain now. The little fern that then sucked its sap from the side of the mountain, borrowed its color from the light of the sun, and displayed its dew covered boughs to be seen only by the eye of eternity, still lives and is robed in the same attire; it has not changed; it is not now ashamed to appear in its pre-Adamite suit of green. Nay, though man has chosen to ornament himself with every new device and modern invention; yet these ancient inhabitants of our globe seem to glory in the simplicity and beauty of their old time adornments.

Again we turned our attention to the coal-bed, and again the wisdom of God was impressed on our minds; here we saw "the foot-prints of God," where he had walked upon the elements, and directed their course; where he had felled the tall cedar and the sturdy oak and thrown them together in this grand pile, buried them deep in the earth, charred them and preserved them in the form of coal for our use.

Remember then, dear Hopes, when you put forth your little hands and throw the small pieces of coal on the fire, that your Father in heaven prepared them for the use of his children.

Having examined the mine, we retraced our steps to the centre of the shaft, stepped on the platform, Mr. McDonald rung the bell, the wheels of the engine began to move, and we began to ascend; in a moment or two we were at the top, where I took leave of my companion and guide, feeling that my short adventure had been both pleasant and instructive.

FRANK.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

HERE were seven of them, of the boys I mean, and very wild and reckless ones they were at that. It was a large, old, rickety, log house in which they lived; the main room in the middle, and part of it was not even floored, the damp hard earth being its pave; there was a flooring across one end of the room, and on this, before the great stone fire place, sat the mother of these seven wild youths, generally in her rocking chair. A woman of low brow, and ample physical proportions, clad in a blue and black home-spun, with an ample neck-handkerchief. She was usually occupied with household cares, knitting, or looking over the Almanac, about the only book she cared to read. She had large blue eyes, and an abundance of light brown hair, streaked with grey.

The room was quite spacious and full, the articles and ornaments suitable to such a home graced its walls, and its furniture, mended, and ill-sorted, with now and then some heavy, rich piece, albeit a little scratched and tarnished with age and rough use, relics of other homes, and olden times.

To the east of this room were the bed rooms, two in number; one for the mother, the other more like a den than any thing else, with coarse beds of a motley character, made mostly of rough furs and the coarsest of blankets.

In the corners leaned the shot guns and axes of the boys, and on the rough walls were pegs without number hung full of clothes of undecipherable make and pattern. To the west of the large room was the store-room and summer kitchen; the first being a receptacle for almost any article of food or use, from a pile of beets and squashes in one corner, to a shoulder of beef in the other; while the ceiling was hung with seed of vegetables and corn.

The boys were every one stout, rough lads, the eldest tall and sinewy, the next remarkably stout and of full build, and as there was considerable family likeness among them, we will not give a minute description of them. Their occupations were somewhat divided, the two eldest carried on the farm, with the aid from the rest when they

were at liberty. Two of them cut and hauled wood almost constantly in the neighboring timber land, and another would do nothing but hunt in the surrounding fields and hills. The one we wish you most directly to notice was the most slender in form, and had the disadvantage of being lame slightly in one limb, but made up for this particular, by a fine and intelligent head. His was a very peculiar character, no one appeared to regard him, all the jokes passed were at his expense, the rest of the brothers spoke ever slightly of him, and never seemed to regard him with the least deference. But the truth was that his was the binding power of the family. Waiting upon every one of them doing this and that and the other of all the lighter work. The way and manner of his influence was ever indirect, and of necessity subtle, but for good ever. Considered of weak mind because he was absent in thought and involved in meditation; he was in reality planning ever for the general good. However it was but slight, as a reckless spirit prevailed among the family as a general thing, and an utter absence of every species of refinement, and a boisterous war of words, and often blows was the rule. The mother was ruled by the elder sons, though her sympathies were with him we have named, who for distinction we shall call Palmer, though she exerted but little influence at all. There was commonly plenty for the coarse wants of the family, but what there was, was illy prepared, and consumed in rough haste, and the guests that shared their circles were of inferior type, and of such character that the tendency was downward, instead of upward, in the social scale, or in the progress all true souls ought to make; and as for books, religion, or culture, it had been gathered from the motley ranks of the village school, and vanished again as fast as gathered, save with the one saving soul of the home. Knowing this one truth, that much learning and talk was a waste and weariness of the flesh, he strove rather to cultivate and reserve what mental and physical power he held, and endeavored ever to comprehend the best methods for the future. It appeared to him that things were going wrong, that their home was declining yearly, and that there was an utter lack of much that might yet cluster about them, and an urgent necessity to institute a different order of things. But how? That was the question. He gathered courage and spoke to his elder brother, but failed to be understood, and the others laughingly went on their ways.

One day, when the rest were all absent at their various works, he drew his chair near to that of his mother's, and asked her if he should not introduce to her a friend of his. The gentle old lady was rather startled and confused, but the idea of the ordinary nature of visitors there occurred to her, and she said she was busy, and hoped they would not stay long.

The young man went away, and after a time returned and entered the room, and with him came a young lady. At this his mother was considerably more startled, especially as the delicate and moderately rich, yet modest dress of the maiden revealed that she was a person of refined and cultivated disposition, though none of that freshness and health consequent upon exercise and purity of habit, had been dimmed by too close application. The old lady could see this plainly, but so long had she lived the life they followed, that this sight so welcome once to her, now only brought a vague feeling of terror, and a terrible bitter jealousy sprang up like a pang in her heart, and she could do little else than nod and smile at the quiet, though self-possessed greeting tendered her by the stranger. For a few moments an awkward silence prevailed, and the feelings of the group were as follows: The mother sighed, "My reign is over," never reflecting that that reign had been but of very little power. The son said in his heart, "My mother is not pleased with my choice, and I have done a wrong thing. I have brought a frail flower into

a rough den." The young girl said to herself, "I have truly a work to do here, a worthy field is now before me, and how shall I begin." In the first place she thought the mother must be won. "My work is not to conquer or rule, but to win in love and elevate to a higher plane if I may."

To be Continued.

THE RAT HUNT.

"Come Towzer!" cries Bob; "there's a rat in the trap!

Come, bushy-tailed Bouncer! come short legged Snap! The cunning young rogue! we have caught him at last. Hurrah, my brave hunters!—but don't be too fast; Down, Towzer! off, Bouncer! you can't have him yet. Be civil, old fellow! be patient my pet!

Out here in the yard, where there's plenty of space, And nothing to hinder, we'll give him a chase.

"Now, Towzer! now, Bouncer! look out for the fun! There! steady! be ready? I'm letting him run; Be sharp, now,—eyes open,—*sta boy!* There he goes! Quick, Bouncer! he's scudding right under your nose!

"Along by the carriage-way—up by the spout— Now take him, now shake him, before he gets out! I'm ashamed of your hunting; you're clumsy as bears! There he is again! after him—up the hall stairs!

"You shouldn't be scrubbing right here in the way. O Bridget!—I told you so! you've got your pay With your old tub of water! And down through the hall

Tumbled tub, Bridget, Bouncer, spilled water, and all.

"Now, Towzer, you have him! No—yes!" from the stair

He leaps through the rods of the banister, where Old Towzer gets caught at the instant his teeth Are ready to snap his poor victim beneath.

A rally, a dash, and across the hall floor They pursue to the store-room, rush in through the door

And follow, with furious yelping and leaping, Close under the cleat along which he is creeping. Beyond stands a cask,—he springs off upon that; The dogs are there almost as soon as the rat, Capsizing the cover with clatter and din; Away goes the rat, while a dog tumbles in.

Who cares all the while for the rat and his troubles! For life, 't is for life that he dodges and doubles,— For even a rat finds it pleasant to live,— And 't is death to be caught; and Oh, what would he give—

What mountains of cheese and what treasures of corn— To be back in the dark cellar where he was born!

In vain by the churn and the firkin, in vain Behind the barrel he lurks, a brief respite to gain, They are dragged from the wall, and with clamor and scrabble,

Behind and before comes the mad rushing rabble, Upsetting the churn, overturning the firkin, Not leaving him even a corner to lurk in.

Out in the passage away they go dashing, Through entry and pantry, with dashing and crashing. Snap, always too late by a second, appears Excitedly barking and pricking his ears; While along with them speeds the young rat-catcher clearing

The way for them, stamping and shouting and cheering.

I wonder how one little frightened rat feels With a boy and three wild, yelping curs at his heels? "Seek! seek now!" The poor, panting fugitive has a Last chance for himself on the old back piazza. Now Towzer is on him—he jumps from his jaws; Now Bouncer and Snap—he darts under their paws! Now all three together!—in one second more Three moist muzzles meet at a hole in the floor, Just in season to tickle their tongues with the slight Taper-end of a tail as it frisks out of sight!

They valiantly bark at the hole, and then falling Exhausted beside it, lie gasping and lolling. Rob vows he will swap his three dogs for one cat— But it wasn't so bad, after all, for the rat!

—F. T. Trowbridge, in *Our Young Folks*.

GREETING.

NO the little Hopes, greeting: Being at home to-day, by reason of the severe rain that we have had yesterday, last night and to-day; making things rather unpleasant. While in silent meditation upon the great work that is before us, in preparing ourselves for the Second Advent of

the Messiah, I concluded that I would try and say something to the dear little Hopes, who, we expect will eventually take a great part in the work of preparation, perhaps, when these aged and infirm bodies of ours, are quietly lying beneath the sod. The brethren delight in corresponding with each other, through the columns of the *Herald*, concerning the speed of the work of the dear Savior. Why should not the little Hopes rejoice in hearing of the prosperity of their fellow laborers in their Sabbath Schools. We have a Sabbath School down here at Union, and I think the good Lord helping us, that we will have it in good running order, hence we solicit the prayers of all the little Hopes; begging them to remember us, when they lift their hearts in prayer to the blessed master, who is ever ready to hear and answer.

After effecting the organization, every officer and teacher with their respective classes, in their proper places, it was agreed that we should have a *watchword* every Sunday. The first given was "*Redeemer*;" when the next Sunday came, it was cheering indeed to hear the young, as well as the old, reading verses, each containing the watchword. Then it becomes the duty of the Superintendent to endeavor to give the definition of the word, so that the little scholars might have an understanding as they go along, preparing their minds to become useful. It would be well to let the little Hopes know its meaning. A Redeemer, is one who ransoms, or, who purchases a slave from slavery. Such was, and is our dear Savior, he came and died for us, what we could not have done for ourselves, giving himself a sacrifice for the sin of the world; satisfying the demands of divine justice, that mercy might stretch forth her loving hand, and claim the penitent. This blessing is within the reach of every poor sinful mortal, if they would but avail themselves of the privilege, walking in life, according to the requirements of his blessed gospel. This is what the Uncles of the little Hopes are doing. Those that have left their peaceful and comfortable home, suffering hunger and fatigue, calling on men to come to the blessed Redeemer and be saved. O, how every little Hope ought to pray for them, that our Father would give them courage to press on in the line of their duty; remember that the Lord will some time call them to bear the burden of the work in the same way. Our next watchword was "*Humility*." The definition of which is, to bring and keep ourselves *low*. As Nephi prayed, "O, Lord, wilt thou shut not the gates of thy righteousness before me, that I may walk in the path of the *low* valley, that I may be strict in the plain road." When we are humble, our minds then are in a proper state to be instructed in our duties before the Lord. And how easy it is for kind parents to get along with their children when they are humble, willing to be taught in all their duties in life. The little Hopes must remember this. Our next watchword was "*Obe*." Some read the following verses. See Proverbs 30: 17.—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Also, Ephesians 6: 1.—"Children obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right." I do not suppose for a moment that there is one little Hope who is able to read this article, but what knows the meaning of the word "*Obe*;" for when they are humble they will obey their kind parents and Sunday School teachers in all the good things that they tell them. Such being the case, every one will conclude that they will always be ready to *obey* the dear Redeemer of the world.

O, how often I think of the blessed opportunities afforded the little Hopes, to hear from the mouths of good men the things that await their peace, living in this the dispensation of the fullness of time, spoken of by all the holy prophets since the world begun, when a choice people will be prepared to meet the Second Coming of our blessed Redeemer. O, let every little reader, every little Hope, strive to be among that number,

by obeying in *humility* their Redeemer; and this they can do by giving due heed to the instructions of their kind loving parents, and teachers in the Sabbath School. Our watchword for next Sun- is "Prepare." After awhile I may say something again.

WISHFULL, America.

A HYMN.

When I was down in Egypt's land,
I heard my Savior was at hand,
And the midnight cry was sounding;
And I wanted to be free:
So I left my former brethren,
To sound the jubilee.

They said that I had better stay,
And go with them in their own way;
But they scoffed at my Lord's coming;
With them I could not agree;
So I left their painted synagogues
To sound the jubilee.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUAKER STORY.

HIS story, like many of its class, might be subject to criticism. The central figure is that of a young girl being raised by Quaker parents, and whose young and impulsive nature is led astray by outside influences. Of course all the blame is laid upon the shoulders of the young child, first and last, and no word of good is said in her favor, and the righteous faith of her parents extolled greatly. All this is well in its place, but something might be said on the other hand that would be of worth, as this subject is one of vast import to the readers of the *Hope* and *Herald*. The one point wherein they failed, and wherein many, very many, well meaning parents, good and faithful, fail also, it seems to me, was this. Instead of showing this young and growing mind, this river of innocent freshness, the channels in which it might properly flow, and put forth its energies, their only effort was to prevent its growth at all, they only said, "Thou shalt not," they never said wherein the constantly springing influences of her heart might, as evidently intended by the Creator who placed them there, properly expend themselves. Of course, under this constant restraint in every direction they put on a secret and morbid growth, that warped and distorted her whole nature into a deceitful compliance with their requests and commandments openly, while inwardly she fostered those fancies and visions, that with the aid of those deceitful friends, caused the final evil that brought sorrow to all the household. She needed not only restriction, but direction, impulse; and results far different might have been attained, and can yet be attained by those before whom the work still lies.

Suppose she had complied with their every restriction, had been exactly like them, staid and discreet as could be wished by them, and have grown up a dull, emotionless, stolid creature, their slave and willing captive; had merged her life in theirs, gone back in the history of time, and become a faded and worthless shadow by their sides, would they have been satisfied with their work? I trow not. They themselves would have reproached her, as permitting the shadows of desolation to darken their home. True, under the circumstances she made a poor choice for a husband, but had she been guided to a proper choice, or devoid of that, her home graced with something of that, that would by right and proper means have shield her from the wiles of her adversaries, she might still have been saved to them.

Again, it is made to appear, that in being deceived, in marrying an unworthy husband willingly, she was to bear the full weight of remorse. If she in good faith received him as her husband, it seems in all justice that his was wholly the guilt. To be sure we would not fully justify her acts, but then the idea is, that proper council and direction are just as requisite as a continual and

unending restraint that wears the spirit, perverts the soul, and betrays at last into a false and morbid life; a life whose results are ever destitute of those fair and lovely proportions that ought of good right to attach themselves to our destinies.

It is not that I would reflect upon those careful admonitions and ceaseless vigilance that the good and pious throw around their offspring, but then a proper course in season would save many from a misspent life, that otherwise seems inevitable. A judicious prompting and forwarding is as necessary as eternal clipping and trimming.

[Selected]

MEADOW BEAUTY.

As half-ashamed, yet wishing us to see
The meadow beauty, steppeth o'er the lea,
An eastern maiden, she in costume seems
Like those that figure in Arabian dreams;
With purple Turban and with jetty braid,
With gems, and gold, and mantle of brocade.

Upon her head she bears a brazen urn,
Her little footsteps press the tender fern,
And as she pauses at the crystal springs,
Her joyous laughter through the forest rings;
For in the mirror of the brook she spies
An image like her own, with pleased surprise.

How can she sing within a foreign land,
The words the Gentiles fail to understand;
How comes the merry exile here, in truth,
Is she a sister of the gentle Ruth?
And in our meadow pausing but to glean
Some precious herb in Judah yet unseen.

Her silent harp upon the willows hung,
The piteous song of home that she has sung;
Her rippling laughter and her girlish glee,
Speak much of sadness and of fear to me;
And I would gladly soothe the exile's pain,
Or lead her to the Hebrew fount again.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

NOW simply and beautifully has Abdool Kadir of Ghilan impressed us with the love of truth, in a story of his childhood. After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to allow him to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he thus proceeds—"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept: then taking out eighty dinars, she told me that as I had a brother, half of that was all my inheritance; she made me promise, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I trust thee to God: we shall not meet again until the day of judgment.'

"I went on well," he adds, "till I came near to Hamadam, when our Kafillah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got.

"Forty dinars," said I, 'are sewn under my garments.'

"The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was joking with him.

"What have you got?" said another. I gave him the same answer.

"When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to a mound where the chief stood: 'What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

"I have told two of your men already," I replied. 'I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes!'

"He ordered them to be ripped open and found my money.

"And how came you," said he, with surprise, 'to declare so openly what has been so carefully hidden?'

"Because," I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never tell a lie?'

"Child," said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and am I insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, 'be the same in the path of virtue;' and they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on my hand."—*History of Persia*.

PHYSIOLOGY.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE NUTRITION, THE DIFFERENCE.

PERHAPS it would be best before going any farther, to explain some of the terms that are used in Physiology.

An organ is a thing used as an instrument to accomplish a purpose. That which is done by an organ is called its function. Example: The teeth are organs; chewing food is their function.

Though the laws of animal life in their leading and essential features are the same in the lower animals as in man, yet in many of the details, both in the form of special organs, and the manner in which these perform their functions, there is a wide difference between the mere animal and human.

All bodies grow by absorbing substances unlike their own body, and by so changing it as to convert it into substance like that of their own organs. This is nutrition, and is a function common to all organic bodies.

In vegetables the matter thus appropriated remains a part of the body till the whole structure or organ dies, and by decay returns to the inorganic world. In animals the matter furnished by nutrition, after it has served its purpose for a time, is removed particle by particle, new matter being prepared and furnished by digestion to supply the places of the worn out particles removed.

Animal Functions.—The work of repair is a feature which characterizes animal life and is common to all its forms; indeed this change of matter is not only common to all animals, but is essential or necessary to the maintenance or keeping up of animal life. In the young it is necessary to organize sufficient matter to produce the growth of the organs, as well as to keep up the repairs needed, on account of the waste matter being thrown off. The manner in which motion is performed, is the same in man as in all other animals, however widely they may differ from the humane form or from each other.

The breathing apparatus differs in many particulars in different animals; but to breathe air, either by itself, or in mixture with water, is a condition of active life from which no animals can escape.

Relation of Man to the Lower Animals.—In all these respects man is an animal, but in other respects he is more than an animal. He has many characteristics which are purely human. In the frame work of his body, man is constructed for an upright position; while in all other animals the natural position is that in which the spinal column or backbone is horizontal, or nearly so. Even the monkey when taught to stand erect, does so with evident difficulty, and all his movements show his position to be an unnatural one. The human face in many features differ from that of any other animal. For example: The lower jaw of all the inferior animals, drops back immediately from the front teeth, while that of man projects forward forming a chin. Certain very expressive actions are peculiar to man, such as the power to shed tears, to laugh, to communicate his thought to others by articulate language, &c.

Classification of Man.—Naturalists agree in placing man at the head of the animal creation. They place him in an order distinct and separate from all other animals, and recognize the fact that he alone has two hands; they name that order *Bimana*; while monkeys are regarded as four handed animals, and therefore as constituting the order *Quadrana*.

Mental and Moral Distinction.—But it is chiefly

in the perfection of his nervous system and his superior mental endowments that man rises above the mere animals that surround him. The inferior animals certainly think and make inferences with regard to matters of their own personal experience, and so far they may be said to reason; but they are wholly unable to reason on the abstract qualities of things.

The Moral Sense.—The idea of right and wrong is purely a human faculty, and belongs to man's spiritual nature. This is not merely a higher degree of the reasoning power of brutes, but a different kind of reasoning.

E. M. WILDERMUTH.

SEEKING HEAVEN.

I am trying to fight the battle,
I am trying to serve the Lord;
To keep all his commandments,
In accordance with the word.

Each day I meet temptations,
Each day I pass them by;
God will help me to resist them,
If I myself will try.

The way then is, to ask him,
With humble faith, in prayer;
And he will surely help me
My burdens all to bear.

I want to be like Jesus,
God helping me, I'll try,
To follow in his footsteps,
Until the day I die.

And when the Lord does call me
From this world of sin and care,
My wish is to be ready,
His joy and bliss to share.

CHRISTIE GAMET.

Correspondence.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Jan. 12th, 1874.

Bro. Joseph:—I write a few lines to the children's columns, for I love the little paper. I am glad to say that I am a member of the Church of God in these Latter Days; for it is my meat and drink. I love to be with the Saints of God.

I saw a wonderful vision a few days ago. An army of soldiers, about a thousand men, and they were going to the Missouri River. There was a large steamboat, and on it there was about four hundred cannon. They were going down the river, south. On the boat was a large sign and on that sign there read, "In the last of the year of 1874, and the beginning of 1875, and a terrible one it would be, as it passes by." There came a young man, and he said to me, "Rise." And I rose; and as I rose, there were two young women, and they were as white as the snow, and they put a wreath over my head, and said to me, "Keep this." And they put as many as twelve over my head, and told me to see and keep them clean and not to pull them off; but to let them stay till the world came to the end. They then said to me, "Be good and true. So good bye, good bye, till the end comes." I was awake and I was hardly by myself. Yours in Christ,

CHARLES BISHOP.

CASEY, Adair Co, Iowa, Jan. 25th, 1874.

Dear little Hopes, I thought I would write a few lines to you, I love to read *Zion's Hope*. And read all the nice pieces of the little children. I am eleven years old but am not baptized yet. Well I can not think of any more just now, good bye.

ADELIA WEEKS.

HEALDSBURG, Sonoma Co., Cal.,
Jan. 9th, 1874

Dear little Hope:—It has been some time since I have written you a letter, but I have not forgotten you. I am not a member of the Church although my dear father and mother, and Uncle Peter Briggs are; and I hope to be some time. We have a small Branch here. I am fifteen years old, and I think if I ever expect to do right it is now. My dear uncle has been kind enough to send for the little *Hope* for me, two years, and I think in another year I shall send for them myself. I remain your friend in Christ,

CHARLOTTE A. GRUNDY.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 25th, 1874.

Dear Editor:—In reading our little paper, I see that there are others that are like me; they read the correspondence first. I must say I do, and am always glad to hear from my little brothers and sisters, and as no one else in St. Louis will write to tell you about our Sunday School, I will.

I do not think it increases very fast, though I think the most of us are trying to do the best we can; and I must say for my own part I never feel so near heaven as when in the Sunday School listening to the sweet voices of the children, and I often wonder there are not more of the Saints who take an interest in the School. It seems to me that if the brothers would make an effort on Sunday morning, they could bring their little children and come to Sunday School, while their wives prepare dinner; you say they have not all got little children, well then they can come to Sunday School and teach some one else's.

Perhaps you think by this time I am trying to give instructions. Well, I did not intend to instruct my brethren, but to tell the little Hopes how glad I am to hear from them, and how happy I am to be one of them, and how I glory in the gospel of Jesus.

When I read our paper and *Herald*, and see so many that have not the privileges we have, of meeting with the Saints, I think what a blessed people we are here, and then again I think, "Where much is given, much will be required." Are we fully appreciating our privilege, and living worthy of a blessing. I hope and trust we are, and my prayer and desire is continually for the Hopes of Zion and the Saints, that they may be more faithful.

SISTER A.

CASEY, Adair Co., Iowa, Jan. 25th, 1874.

Dear little Hopes:—I thought I would write to you, it is the first time I ever tried to write to you. I am nine years old. I was baptized last spring by Br. Gaylord. I love to read the *Hope*. I love to hear from all the little Hopes. I have been away from home for two years, and I am home on a visit now. I remain your sister,

LOTTIE BARBER.

WIRT, Indiana, Jan. 18th, 1874.

Dear little Hopes:—I will now try and put in my mite for our little paper. This is the holy Sabbath day of rest; there is snow on the ground, but it is raining, which will soon melt it off. Well, my little friends, Christmas has passed, the old year is gone, and the new one has come; now let us think over the past and see what we have done for our Lord and Master. Have we been obedient to our parents? Have we been kind to our brothers and sisters? Have we been charitable to the poor, as far as lay in our power? Have we ever spoken words of comfort to the distressed and oppressed, or brought sunshine and love to the heart that was once in darkness? Have we been trying to serve our Master, reading his word to find out his laws and keep his commandments? Little Hopes, if we have been doing this, we have been working for our Master. Have we spent the old year in idleness, in the follies and vanities of the world? If this be the case, let us take heed to spend the new year better than the old one, and see what we can do for our God who has done so much for us.

I would like to know how the little Hopes spent their Christmas and New Years. I went to my sister's, who lives in Seymour, Jackson County, Indiana, on Christmas. My sister and her family and I went to my uncle's, in the country, to a turkey dinner. My uncle lives on White River. At night we went to our cousin's about half a mile from the river, to an oyster supper, and went back to the city on Saturday. On New Year's day my sister had a fat turkey dinner. On Saturday after New Year's I came home and was glad to find the Saints all well and lively.

Br. B. V. Springer's family had arrived here while I was gone. They now live close neighbors to us; likely some of you know them; his wife and two daughters are now members of our Union Branch. Our little Branch has now twenty-eight members. This is Sunday night, almost nine o'clock. May the holy angels keep watch over you while you sleep, is my prayer. I will bring my letter to a close, and try and write again. Little Hopes, put in your mites and do all the good you can. I remain as ever, your sister in Christ,

JANE M. STITES.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, Jan. 21st, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I belong to the Church. We had a picnic dinner in the Branch, on Christmas. There was a big crowd there. There was preaching in the forenoon, at eleven o'clock, by Br. Charles Butterworth; and in the evening, by Br. John Rounds. I love to read the letters from my little brothers and sisters. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we will have one before long. May God bless all the little readers of *Zion's Hope*. Your sister in Christ,

MARY RUDD.

PLUM HOLLOW, Feb. 5th, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—As it is the first attempt I ever made to write, I thought I would make one attempt, and if it was not good enough I would not try any more. You must excuse all mistakes. I hardly know what to write about. I am eleven years old. I was baptized last July. We have no Sunday School here now, but I hope we will have soon. We have just had our Conference here. We had some of the brethren to stop with us; we would like to keep all of them if we

could. We had a good Conference, and the Lord was there in Spirit. We had the gift of tongues, and the gift of prophecy; and a good testimony meeting Sunday night. I never bore my testimony in a prayer-meeting yet, but I know that God is good; for I have been sick, and have prayed to him, and he has heard and answered my prayer and healed me a number of times. We like to read the little *Hope* very much; I read the children's letters first. I do try to please God, and I hope that all the little Hopes will try to live so as to please him too. I have a brother older than I am; he does not belong to the Church, but he will some day I hope. He is going to school, but I cannot go, it is so far, and I am all the help my mamma has, and she has so much to do she cannot spare me this winter. Sister Brand is staying at our house till Br. Brand comes home from England. Your sister in Christ,

EMMA ELLEN OSTRANDER.

[This is very good for the first letter; but no little girl or boy should say when they try once and fail, that they will not try again. They can never become good writers unless they keep trying.]—Ed.

BUFFALO PRAIRIE, Mercer Co., Ill.,

February 4th, 1874.

Dear brother Joseph:—To-day is Sunday, and snow falls fast; we did not go to meeting, but seldom fail to meet on the Sabbath with our brethren, to hear from the word and to speak of the goodness of God. We have no Sabbath School this winter. I long for spring to come, and hope I may be numbered in my class again. We had a good school last summer of about thirty scholars. There are seven of us in family; four of the oldest are members of the Church. Your sister in Christ,

CARRIE M. EPPERLY.

MARRIAGE.

On Sunday, February 1st, 1874, Br. Alexander Greer, Superintendent, and Miss Bertha Allen, Secretary, of Zion's Hope Sunday School, St. Louis, Missouri, were married by President Wm. Hazzledine, H. P., in the Saints' large meeting-house, which is very beautifully furnished with carpet and arm chairs. The ceremony took place at seven p.m., before the whole Church and Sunday School; the house being literally filled. We cannot tell you all about the sweet singing, nor how the young people were dressed, no more than we can tell how many young Hopes will hereafter be striving to become Superintendents and Secretaries, in the hope of imitating this very happy couple.

ANAGRAM.

Tittle denlirch, levo eth vaisor;
Runt rouy ydarwwa sethra ot mih;
Eh lwil digue, ttorpce, nda, slebs uyo
Hhgruto flie's yawthap kard dan idm.
NEJNIE DONSAU.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 8, 12, 7, 3, is what we do.
My 13, 5, 11, is a kind of an animal.
My 5, 6, 7, is a girl's name.
My 2, 9, 11, is a kind of an insect.
My 4, 2, 1, is a kind of a fruit.
My 8, 9, 10, 11, is what some people delight in.
My whole is the composer's name.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower	...\$	25
Nellie Hougas	... 25	Willie Hougas	... 25	25
Lucy A. Griffith	... 50	Miss M. E. Kye	... 3 00	00
Mary J. Rogerson	... 50	Franklin Henry Allen	... -50	00
Sarah Pidd Smith	... 50	John Cook	... 1 00	00
Richard Darlow	... 25	John Thompson	... 1 00	00
J. W. Barson	... 1 00			

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For instance, 15 Feb 74 means that your *Hope* subscription expires on the 15th of February, 1874, before which time you must renew. Our terms are payment in advance.

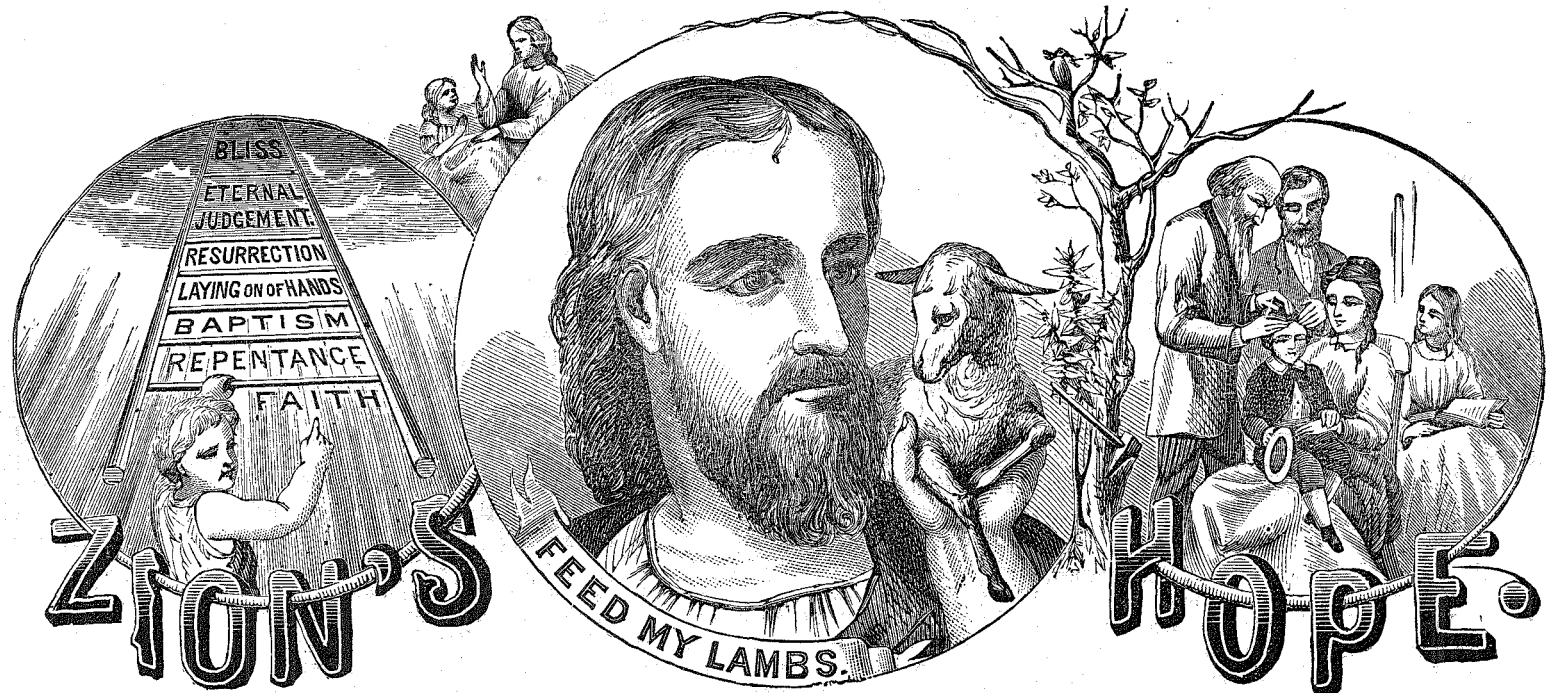
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Superintendents and Teachers of Sunday schools, Book Agents and the Traveling Ministry, are requested to act as Agents.



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

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 1, 1874.

No. 17

[Selected.]
BRAM'S RESOLUTIONS.

'Twas New Year's Eve. Young Bramley sat
In deep reflection bowed.
He held a paper in his hand,
From which he read aloud:

"I, Bramley White, hereby resolve
The coming year to be
From all of my accustomed faults
And evil habits free;
To curb my angry passions in;
To shun procrastination;
To keep my tongue from idle words,
And all exaggeration."

"Not hard to say, but hard to do,"
Said Bramley with a sigh.
"I wrote the same a year ago,
And vowed that I would try
To lead a better sort of life,
To pass temptations by;
And yet I've broken each resolve—
I'm sure I don't know why."

"I'll show you why," exclaimed a voice
In accents sweet and low.
He turned, and saw an angel form
In garments white as snow.
She waved her hand. Lo, wondrous change!
Before them stretched a green
Of bread extent, around whose edge
A lofty fence was seen.
Tall trees and graceful shrubs were there;
Bright flowers of every hue;
And near at hand a jessamine,
A rose, and lily grew.

"This park is yours, be on your guard!
Without is many a foe.
To all who ask admittance here,
Return the answer—No!
By all your hopes of happiness,
I charge you to obey!"
The angel said in solemn tones,
And quickly passed away.

"I'm not a foe, so let me in;
I can't unlock the gate,"
Exclaimed a saucy, boyish voice,
In tones importunate.

Bram glanced around: there stood a lad
Of Lilliputian size,
Who had a rosy, handsome face,
But dark, malignant eyes.

"No sir," said Bram, "you can't come in!"
"I will!" returned the lad,
"And if you don't unlock the gate,
I'll make you wish you had."

With this, he seized the iron bars
And tried to break them down.
At which display of impudence
Young Bram began to frown.
The lad grew more and more enraged.
"Take that!" he fiercely said,
And hurled an ugly pebble-stone
Direct at Bramley's head.
The stone fell short, but Bram resolved

The insult to resent;
To catch the urchin, and inflict
A righteous punishment.

So, full of wrath, he raised the latch,
And op'ning wide the gate,
Pursued, but tried in vain to seize
The saucy reprobate.

At length, exhausted, he returned—
Chagrined and petulant—
To find within his lovely park
Another occupant:
A sprite, no bigger than a mouse,
Who hopped and danced about,
Defying all of Bram's attempts
To lure or drive him out.

Three times our hero caught the sprite
And bore him to the gate;
As many times the sprite escaped,
Enraged and obstinate.
Determined not to be outdone,
Bram still pursued the chase,
And caught the nimble sprite again;
But, as he turned his face,
He saw his gentle monitress
Approaching near at hand.
What should he say? He'd spurned her words
And broken her command,
Afraid to show the wicked sprite,
He thrust him in his pocket,
Then hastened to the open gate,
Resolved to shut and lock it;
But ere he'd traveled half the way,
The monitress spoke out:

"Ah, how is this? An open gate!
And foes within, no doubt!"
Bram hung his head; his face grew red.
He must equivocate,
Or tell a downright lie, he thought,
About the open gate.

At last he spoke: "No ma'am," said he,
"There are no foes within."
(There were no foes, 'twas only foe.
That, sure, was no great sin.)

But here the sprite he held confined
Increased so much in size,
That Bram was sure he'd tumble out
Before her very eyes.

"About the gate," continued he
In stammering accents, "I—
An angry fellow opened that."
(That, sure, was no great lie)
But ah, that pocket! how it grew!
Poor Bram was filled with dread.
"No hand save yours could raise that latch,"
The angel mildly said.
"Be warned in time: take my advice,
And shut the gate and bar it;
Else wicked meddlers seek the park,
To desecrate and mar it."

With this, she passed from sight; and Bram,
Relieved of all his fears,
Unpocketed the struggling sprite
And soundly boxed his ears.
"Take that, you Tartar, you!" said he,
"And leave these quarters spry."
Just then came floating through the gate
A gorgeous butterfly.

A perfect beauty, Bramley thought,
And started in pursuit.
The insect led him on and on,
A tiresome, vexing route.
"I ought to shut that gate; but then,
I'll do it by and by."
Thought Bram, as round the park again
He chased the brilliant fly.
At length he ceased his fruitless chase
And sought once more the gate.
Alas! 'twere vain to close it now:
He'd come an hour too late.
A motley throng of ugly imps
Were crowding fiercely in.
Their coming filled poor Bramley's heart
With sorrow and chagrin.

They danced upon the flowers and grass,
With wild and savage mirth.
The lily, rose, and jessamine
They trampled in the earth.
As Bramley stood in blank amaze,
His angel friend drew nigh.
She pointed to the gate, and said:
"Behold the reason 'why.'"
The withered rose, and jessamine,
And lily here portray
The resolution which you made
A year ago to-day!
Had you but guarded yonder gate,
And kept all foes without,
There'd be no broken, leafless stalks
To sigh and grieve about."

* * * * *
And now, my merry little friend—
No matter what your name is—
Ye Georgies, Frankies, Johns and Wills,
Ye Nellies, Kates and Mamies,
Ye Coras, Fannies, Hatties, Belles,
Ye Charlies, Neds and Jamies,
Ye Walters, Henries, Dicks and Bobs,
Ye Sarah-Janes and Amies,
Let's shout "Hurrah for seventy-four!"
With loud resounding cheer,
And wish each other, one and all,
A happy, bright New Year.
And let us learn from Bramley's dream
To keep these precious hearts
Secured with ever watchful care
Against the Tempter's arts.
So will the year with joy be crowned,
And every day shall be
Brim full of perfect peace and love,
A day of jubilee.

THE SUNSHINE.

THE influence and benefit of this grand
power over all the earth is simply incal-
culable. It has been often stated by the
wise that the health of the majority of mankind
suffers greatly for lack of the directer influences
of the sunlight; and certainly, if one might judge
of the effects of the same on the mind, we should
say that the truth was stated by them. How
often we think of the many little children who

are deprived of this chiefest of God's blessings; who, in the lonesome alleys and by-ways of life, never dream of the freshness of the fields, and the full sweep of the air on the open hills and among the shady ravines.

One requisition to the friends of the little Hopes is, that their God given charges are led into the open fields, and that the older ones are not too long confined in dusty, close school rooms; the excess of learning will not compensate for the loss of health.

"FORGOTTEN."

A TALE OF THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION.

From the German.

HERE are few, I fancy, of the readers of *Zion's Hope* who have not heard or read of the French Revolution of the last century, when cruel men siezed on the Government of France, when human life was of no account, and when, as if wearied with its wickedness, God seemed to have hid his face from the sinful land.

No one may count up the tears that were shed, the moans that were made, the hearts that were broken, in these dreadful times; but here and there out of the great mass of human misery History has preserved a record of the trials and sufferings of some hapless ones, reading which, we shudder, and thank God that we live in happier days.

Some few years after the Reign of Terror,—as this outburst of sin and madness was well named,—a man of middle age entered a small inn in Germany and called for refreshments. His manners were timid and shrinking, and he looked as if he might just have recovered from some terrible illness—he was so strangely, ghastly pale.

The landlord supplied his wants, and, half-curious, half in kindness, he made some remark as to the stranger's appearance, coupling it with the question, "Did he want aught else for his comfort?"

"Nay, nothing," said the pale man hastily. "I have food, and light, and air, what could I want more?" and he sighed deeply.

"My friend," said the landlord, seating himself; "you speak as if you had known the want of these things; have I guessed aright?"

His guest looked up. "Would you hear my tale?" he asked; "for years I have kept silence, but to-day it seems as if it would lighten my heart to speak. Listen, and believe it if you can. Less than seven years ago I was a gay, light-hearted youth in this our quiet fatherland. Having no near relations I was led to visit some distant ones, who had lived for many years in a small town in France.

"My uncle, as I called him out of friendliness, was a kind, good fellow, well known and respected in the place where he carried on the craft of a watchmaker, and he proposed that I should become his apprentice and partner. I liked the little town, I liked my uncle, I liked my aunt, and I soon gave my consent. They had no children,—I thank God for that now, but my aunt's kindly soul could not be content without young people around her, so she kept and clothed two house-maids, children of some poor neighbors. Trim and neat they looked, too, wearing the costume of that part of Germany from whence my aunt came, a pretty fancy of her own; it seemed quaint enough in a strange land.

"It was a happy little household. No wonder I was glad to belong to it; but, alas! it was soon to be swept away by terrible affliction. For some time we had heard of strange troubles going on in Paris and the large towns, but our little place was still quiet; one morning, however, we awoke to find everything in confusion; our mayor had been ordered to resign, and his place was to be filled by some one sent from Paris.

"Still we never dreamed of what fearful misery this was the forerunner. We had no time to dream either, the blow fell so suddenly.

"There had been a stir going on in the market-

place for the two days following the arrival of the new official; but my uncle and I were busy over a discovery which we had made in our trade, and we were less than usual on the streets. At noon, on the third day, however, he went out for a stroll to rest his eyes and look about him for a few moments. My aunt and her maidens arranged as usual the mid-day meal, and we were all ready to sit down, only my uncle was missing. He was usually so punctual that we wondered and waited, and at last we dined without him; at the close of the meal I stepped out to look for him.

"I had not got a dozen yards from the house when I met our baker's wife, her eyes staring out of her head. 'Go back,' she said, 'go back, it is too late; the monster, the wretch! he has executed the honest man without even the farce of a trial on his accursed guillotin yonder!'

"I stood petrified with horror; could she be speaking of my uncle, so respected, so quiet, as he was? It was too true. The wretch in office had lost no time, but had begun his work of bloodshed at once; and my uncle was his first victim, his only crime being that he was of foreign birth, and had sheltered under his roof some months since a poor Swiss. I retraced my steps to the house. My aunt's anxious face met my troubled gaze. She had begun to suspect evil. The two girls waited fearfully in the background. I tried to speak, but I turned away and burst into tears. I was young then, Master Landlord, and had tears to shed. My aunt passed me by and rushed into the street, straight to the market-place. I could not follow. What happened there was told me later.

"Wild with agony at her husband's fate, my gentle, loving aunt had burst into a flood of reproach of his murderer. In these days this was crime enough for the heaviest punishment; and before evening she had shared the same fate as my uncle.

"The Reign of Terror had indeed begun with us. The girls had fled, terrified at the fate which had befallen their protectors; and I was meditating, in a half-stupefied way, the same measure, when a knock came to the door, and two men, who had often eaten and drunk at my uncle's table, came in and made me a prisoner, confiscating all the possessions of the family to the State.

"In those days a man's foes were often they of his own household. I offered no resistance; the shock of the day had completely unmanned me. I made certain that I too should die that night. But my time was not yet come.

"In consequence of the lateness of the hour I was taken to the town prison, a dismal building which I had never known to be occupied. There I was thrust into a deep dungeon, and left in total darkness till the morning, when I doubted not I should be conducted to the same cruel fate as my poor relatives had met. But morning came, as I guessed by the sound without, and still no summons. Worn out with suspense and waiting I fell asleep. When I awoke hunger and thirst oppressed me. Happily I had stored some bread and meat and a small bottle of wine in one of the pockets of my coat, preparatory to my intended flight. Of this I now ate and drank. No one came nigh me, and yet I could hear sounds as if wretched prisoners were being led forth out of neighboring cells, doubtless to death; for they wept and pleaded,—vainly, as it seemed to me.

"But the third day a great stillness fell on the prison: I could not understand it; my senses were enfeebled for want of food, for my small stock had long been exhausted, and I almost lacked strength to wonder why I was left to live so long. Presently arose an awful terror, lest this should be my sentence, to perish miserably for want of food in this damp dungeon. Death on the scaffold appeared light by comparison. I clamored at my prison-door, I shouted as loudly as I could; all to no purpose. Then I burst into an agony of tears; my fate was too dreadful to bear. With the soft nature of youth I pitied and bemoaned myself sorely. All at once words came into my mind that I had learned years ago

as a text in the school,—'Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.'

"They came like a ray of light into my prison, and I clung to the promise as if it had that moment been made to me by a pitying God. I felt soothed and hopeful, and in this condition I sank back in a doze or swoon.

"How time passed I could not tell; day and night to me were alike in my cell. I woke up to find light and warmth, and kindly faces about me. Slowly I regained consciousness enough to understand what they told me. I had lain five days forgotten in my prison; the stillness I had noted the third day was accounted for by the fact that the news had just reached our town of the death of one of the greatest leaders of the Revolution, and the consequent decline of the party. In fear of his life, our Terrorist mayor had fled, and the old mayor, resuming power, had ordered the prison-doors to be set open. I in my solitary cell had been forgotten, and but that some one had been sent to examine all the cells and collect the fetters used therein, I might have perished most miserably. As it was I was carried out perfectly senseless, and brought to life with some difficulty.

"I am safe now, as you see, comrade, in my own country; but the anguish of those few days will never be forgotten. I bear about with me in my face the remembrance of it. Daily I thank God for light, and air, and food, and yet these good gifts of his fail to make my heart rejoice. Still those dreadful days in the dungeon have given me a firm reliance on his mercy, and I know that I shall one day be joyful again in the city of which the gates are never shut, and where there is no darkness."—*Chatterbox.*

STORRY WITH A MORAL.

ONCE upon a time, in a beautiful city on the banks of a not very clear stream, a(n)ice genie, called "Jack Frost," thinking to do a(n)ice benevolent thing, one cold night, with exquisite taste and elegant design, covered all the trees and shrubs in the city with strings of pearls and glistening diamonds. Now the trees and shrubs did not seem to relish this freak of the genie's at first, but shivered and looked very cold and uncomfortable under all their new finery, but seeing the admiring glances of the passers-by, they thought, "Well, surely, now, we are very fine and grand, and attract a great deal of attention," and immediately they straitened themselves up and gave very cool *boughs* to their former acquaintances, the school children, who had so often climbed their branches and played about them, going to and from school, but when they found these same old friends, the boys and girls would not only admire them from a distance, and did not care to approach very near to them in their cold grandeur, they began to feel very unhappy and forlorn in their fine dress, and not being accustomed to it, they were very stiff and awkward; and as they felt their hearts growing cold under the splendor, they feared all the goodness of their natures would be utterly chilled and frozen out. So they began to look about for some one to relieve them of their now truly unwelcome treasures.

Just at this time their genial friend and patron, "Old Sol," appeared upon the scene. Peeping through the clouds and seeing the outstretched arms of his proteges raised beseechingly toward him, he straightway sent down his bright little messengers, the sunbeams, who quickly stripped off the icy fetters which Jack had been all night forging.

And now that trees and shrubs relieved from their burdens shed tears of gratitude, and as the big drops trickled down one by one and dropped to the ground, they nodded pleasantly around as if they would say: better stand here plain and homely as we are, than be arrayed in gorgeous attire that chills the heart and all the warm benevolent impulses of our nature.

Surely every boy and girl can read the moral of

this little story. Some people make themselves wretched through life, striving and wishing for riches, while others have wealth thrust upon them, and at first have believed it the greatest blessing that could come to them, but in after years, having misused the gift, and allowed it to warp and chill their better natures, have like our poor friends the trees and shrubs looked upon it as a curse. There is much splendid misery in gilded palaces, and the fascinating glitter of those beautiful jewels so coveted has proved a fatal snare to many a poor soul.

Now if we have the bright beams of love divine shining down into and warming our hearts we shall not be troubled about so many things, and shall give less thought to our raiment wherewithal we shall be clothed, but trust in Him who clothes the lilies of the field, for Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

It is love in the heart toward God and man that brings happiness to the cottage and palace alike.

F A I T H .

THE faith that a good and wise Providence will take watchcare over little children, and care for them, is a great strength in all time of need or danger. It is a strong safeguard from evil; no calculation can be made of the power to resist temptation there lies in the fact that we are doing the very best we can for goodness. That thought alone has given more courage for many grievous trials than any other. Many a weak and timid soul has overcome his betters in strength and health both. By his steady grip on this one principle of truth, many a dark passage in life has been safely passed, when terrors and torment were on every hand, by adherence to this idea. The words of Job, "My righteousness I will hold fast, and will not let it go; my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live," if cherished in the heart would guide through many a snare. O little ones, nought but the peace of innocence can give you happiness permanently.

THE CONSTITUENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

IF a bone be enclosed in a vessel and submitted to the action of fire, a certain portion will be found to pass off; and that portion which resists the action of the fire, while it still retains the form of the bone, will be brittle and black, resembling a piece of charcoal. In fact, a considerable part of it is charcoal, and may be purchased under the name of "bone black." This black matter is carbon. But the whole of the black matter left in the vessel is not carbon; for if the bone is burnt in an open fire instead of a closed vessel, it will be found that while the form of the bone is still retained, what is left after the burning is over is white, and very brittle. This is called bone earth, and consists for the most part of lime and phosphorus, and is known as phosphate of lime. If, instead of burning the bone, it is put into a solution of muriatic acid and water, the bone earth will be dissolved and an elastic substance left, which, while it retains the form of the bone, has none of its firmness. This elastic substance is an animal matter, a kind of glue, which receives the name of gelatine. The union of these three substances is required to make the strong, hard, tough bone. More than three-fourths of the weight of lean beefsteak is water. And yet that such is the case can be easily proved: for if 100lbs. of lean flesh be dried over a fire it will be found to weigh only 23lb.; thus showing that 77lbs. has passed off in vapor. The solid part which remains is called fibrin. If the fibrin of the flesh is analysed, it is found to be made up of carbon, 51 per cent; hydrogen, 7; nitrogen, 15; oxygen, 21; and various salts, 4 per cent. In every 100 parts of blood there are 76 parts of water, and 24 of solid matters. The lat-

ter is composed chiefly of fibrin, albumen (a substance resembling the white of an egg), and gluten. If these are analysed, they are found to be made up of the following substances:—Carbon, 54 per cent; nitrogen, 15; oxygen 22; hydrogen, 6. Such, then, are the materials which make up the different parts of the human body. It is the blood which has to supply these materials, and it is the food which has to supply the blood with what is needed. Hence the importance of knowing what kind of food are best adapted to supply the blood with what is required to build up and maintain the fabric of the body. All substances which are used as food come under one or other of four classes:—First. Such as contain carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. These are—the gluten of flour, the albumen of the whites of eggs, the fibrin of flesh, and casein, the chief constituent of cheese. These are called nitrogenous foods; they are also receive the name of proteids. Second. Those substances which contain carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen only, and more hydrogen than is sufficient to form water if united with the oxygen which they possess. All oils, and all animal and vegetable fatty matters, come under this division; they are called fats. Third. Those substances which contain hydrogen, and oxygen only; but contain no more hydrogen than is sufficient to produce water when united with their oxygen. The substances known as starch, dextine, sugar, and gum belong to this group. They are called amyloids. Fourth. Mineral foods such as water, common salt, and the various mineral salts found in some vegetables. The first of these groups is generally spoken of as flesh-formers or tissue-makers; the second and third, as heat-givers—though this title is not a good one, because the production of heat is only one of their functions. Containing as they do a large amount of carbon, they are sometimes called carbonaceous foods; and because they are consumed in the process of breathing, they are also called respiratory foods. The fourth supplies the mineral matter contained in the bone; hence they are called bone-makers.

WHERE IS HEAVEN.

There is heaven all around you,
Peace and joy on earth abound;
Look not for the joys beyond you,
For the present should be found.
This the duty—this the pleasure—
This the peace and joy when found.

Where thy home is, there content thee;
Where thy loved ones are resort,
True to them and ever faithful,
With an earnest zeal of heart.
And the future will reward you
With a pure and glorious part,
And if not, be sure of one thing,
Lower depths are still more dark;
And no peace can find a well spring,
In the mire of evil part.
Every vestige there will wither,
Every glory disappear;
Find the present, and be faithful
To its work, its joy, its cheer.

FUNERAL OF LITTLE PANTHRO.

PANTHANTRO was the name of a very bright and intelligent little boy of a family in the pine woods of Michigan, who was of fair and gentle visage, of true and quiet demeanor, and much beloved by those surrounding him. He was of bright wit, and many of his sayings were very laughable. It was impossible to resist the bright and intelligent influences he shed abroad around him.

One thing he seemed to know, and that was that the world was full of strife and sorrow, and he only lived to fill a small and humble niche therein. So he always clung to his childhood and counted the happy hours thereof as they were strung upon the shining thread of life. A continual trust in God, however, marked his quiet days, and as his youthful beauty bloomed, he was a lovely spectacle to look upon. He was ascending

even then to the fairer shore, and the light of God shone through him from above and illuminated all about him with a divine light. Many and many an hour he passed along the green brooks and pleasant fields near his home, and made acquaintances with the fishes, and birds, and bees, God's innocent creatures like himself. But there came a day when the span of life allowed him closed, a sickness low and subtle seized him. His friends were few, and they gathered round him, and his little pale mother whose quiet ways were always a delight, and a brother and sister who worked near in the lumber mills. His severe sickness and hard death were painful to witness, but after he was at rest, he put on an expression as of heaven itself, and one standing near could think they might see a fair departing shade and angel of light. But oh! drear was the home when he was gone, sad and lonely the mother's heart, till one day she prayed that if Panthro was yet alive, he might be permitted to illumine her path with that knowledge. And from that day a peace and blessing rested upon her that never departed, as of one ray of light resting upon her heart that could not be extinguished. Of course the little name he gave himself lived also in their memory, and no pleasanter spot could one witness or visit, than the clover-covered mound dotted with pansies, daisies, violets, and overshadowed with roses where he rests in peace. Oh! we have never said one word about the funeral, of course that slipped the mind; but we will leave that for the next time.

DAVID H. SMITH.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

[Continued from page 60.]

AFTER a little season Palmer said, "I hoped you would be pleased, my mother, with the friend that I brought, because, to tell you the truth, she is my wife." Of course this abrupt statement did little to break the awkward silence surrounding them. The mother did the best she could to make welcome the new member of the household.

It was proposed that a wedding feast be made, and the old home enlivened with something of mirth. Mrs. Main, for that was the family name, was ready to furnish a repast, at which Olive was to be introduced to the family. So the young couple took their departure. As the supper was to be the following afternoon, of course Mrs. Main was very busy the next morning, feeling more than ever as if her cares were increasing and her light departing. In the midst of these vexatious soliloquies she was not a little surprised to see a bright young form come softly in, clad in very plain garments, though perfectly neat and clean, and to hear the pleasant, honest voice of the new daughter ask softly, "May I help you to-day?" Of course there were many objections raised to this, but the young girl put them all by, and putting on a large coarse apron, began quietly and easily to aid in the preparations.

Hers was the power required here; hers the needed element to harmonize these conflicting minds. With no assumption of authority, but with a quiet suggestion did she move about, and it was marvelous the important effects that sprang up about her by the most trifling means. White curtains were soon at the windows, a lace border about the white cap of Mrs. Main, and all in readiness for the supper, which spread upon the ample table looked inviting enough. For a few moments now Olive slipped away to prepare herself to meet the rest of the family.

They were all called in, and besides the boys, there were a few of the relatives of the Main's present. So perfectly easy and natural had Olive fitted herself into her new niche, that the heart of the mother was completely won, so completely won that it was with no small pride that she introduced Olive to her stalwart sons as their sister. It must not be inferred that a hearty welcome was met here. O no! The major part of them were simply astonished, and the rest plainly des-

pised the slight form of Olive and regarded her in the light of an intruder. However, when gathered around the table they opened conversation, the task grew more easy for the mother and daughter, for they now wrought together; and when an unusually loud burst of profanity broke forth among the rude fellows, they quietly refused to hear it or heed it, but by immediate suggestion turned the current of conversation. The supper began exceedingly dismal and ended exceedingly merry, a mirth of more delicate caste than usual it is true, but still a shade less objectionable than common. One thing that made the advent of Olive objectionable was the idea that the old time life would entirely disappear; this, however was far from the truth. The young man and his bride sought not the rule of the family, but rather to aid and bless by a higher walk and conversation.

It were too long a tale to tell how the good work went on; how from neglect, carelessness, and evil, sprang up cleanliness, order, and thrift. How additional rooms were made to the home, and how from a barely tolerated inmate thrust upon them, she became the light and hope of the household. The example of the noble effort in just and right direction was contagious. And the retrogression was stayed, and prosperity and progress became the watchword of that family. The garden blossomed with flowers, and the meadows and fields were full of the fruits of industry. Days of darkness and trial abounded it is true, but they were met with united effort, and so hope continued to lead and faith to brighten.

D. H. SMITH.

TOMMY'S TRIUMPH;

Or,

"With what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

HERE is so much opposition to be met with in the world in our efforts to practice the teachings of the great Captain, the Savior, that one almost staggers at times from the impetuosity of the enemy's attack. And many times have we to fall back on, and cling to the sweet experience gained, ere the rebound come upon us before we recover our standing previously obtained. Nor is this opposition confined to any single principle of Christ's gospel, but all seem to share alike the venomous thrusts of the adversary.

The pages of the *Hope* are not sufficient to contain even a brief outline of all the modes adopted to stay the current of the Savior's gentle spirit from flowing through the hearts of the children of men, so full of subtilty is the enemy of all righteousness, that his multitudinous plans and designs can only be discerned by being in possession of a goodly portion of the Spirit of God. We are warned in holy writ, that he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. How literally has this been pressed upon us, when, at times, he has entered unceremoniously in our midst, when perhaps we were in the act of enjoyment of social converse, or in the worship of God, and, for the time being, robbed us of that enjoyment. Who are his victims? This question may be answered by repeating, all who seek to live the law of Christ, he does not confine himself to age and experience. But youth stands before him as a sweet morsel to be devoured; he is good at laying snares to catch; he is equally good at digging a pit that all may fall into it. Dear little readers of the *Hope*, I do not write this to discourage you; but on the contrary, that being forewarned you may be forearmed for the warfare that lies before you, for a warfare you will most assuredly find it, and that through your entire lives.

The young readers of the *Hope* are just beginning to build a foundation whereon to erect their fortifications for this great warfare. Figuratively speaking, I know of no better stone for foundation purposes than the text of this article;

it is one out of a great number of the sayings of Jesus, that has a deep significance, it is intended to be a rule for life. Very many have made the mistake, that the sayings of Jesus possess only a sort of ethereal significance; but the Spirit of God has revealed to us the important fact, that not a single rule laid down by the Savior for our guidance in this life can be treated with impunity; all are intended for a practical application, each in turn, has its reward for obedience thereto; or *vice versa*, discomfiture and shame will surely follow those who disregard them.

To give an illustration of this idea, and to show that it will practically work with young people as well as with old people, I offer a little incident that came under my own observation.

A few years ago, while casting about in my mind what I should do to be profitably employed to my self and others, my steps were directed towards the Sunday School; there I met the genial and warm-hearted Superintendent, Br. W. T., who, after extending to me a kindly welcome, invited me to take charge of a class of boys ranging in age perhaps from ten to fourteen. Of course my first object was to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with them, and to imbue them with the idea that both teacher and scholar might be mutually benefited; and while I may say that although I did not find the boys over piously inclined, the recollection of my own boyish experiences helped me to charitably receive them as an average class, and we got along very well. The exercises of the school, after opening in due form, consisted of reading and spelling. The spelling I found to be interesting, and frequently attended with excitement, from the fact that the boys spelled for places, and of course all aspired to be at the head of the class.

I had not labored long with my class before I was the recipient of a new scholar, and what made the event more interesting to me, the little fellow had come all the way from the old country. Still more interesting was he to me from the fact that he had taken the first opportunity afforded to assemble with and become identified with the school. By way of properly introducing him to the readers of the *Hope*, I would say that upon enquiry I found he answered to the name of Tommy. Now comes the painful part of my story, you'll scarcely believe it, but alas! it is true; all my old scholars, instead of giving Tommy a kindly welcome, they, by dint of squeezing in and a little elbow work, succeeded in shoving Tommy down, down to the very bottom of the class. Poor Tommy, my heart was drawn out towards him; I could not overlook this cold reception of one who had braved the angry waves of the deep blue sea, to live with the people of God; for the moment I was tempted to step in and lead him from the bottom to the head of the class, and give the boys a lesson on the duties of hospitality. But just then some gentle influence seemed to whisper, "wait;" so without apparently noticing the boys' rude conduct, I let it pass for the time being, inwardly hoping though that the law of Christ might find a practical application upon them.

Very soon the "ting-a-ling" of the Superintendent's bell announced a change of exercises from reading to spelling, and as I took the spelling book I confess to just a little desire on my part to punish the boys a little, and so give out a few, "just a few," hard words for them to spell. Of course I knew it could not hurt Tommy, as he was at the bottom of the class; the result of these hard words was that quite a commotion was made in the changing of seats. But I fear the end of the story is anticipated, so I'll hurry on to the sequel, and say before the ring of the bell was heard again, Tommy was at the head of the class, and consternation was now depicted on the countenances of the boys. We had been reading for our scriptural lesson, that "As ye sow, so shall ye reap," and here was a practical application brought upon them. And so it will be found throughout the entire voyage of life, that not one

jot or one tittle of Christ's words will fall to the ground, though many there are who will always say to the contrary; but heed them not, rather become for yourselves close observers of these things, and you will soon find that the gospel of Christ is in reality what it purports to be. I commend you therefore to a remembrance of the stern truth, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

JOHN CHISNALL.

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

HOW well do I remember it; it is a pleasant memory also; it is not troublesome with the wish to return to it again; it recalls no painful desire to rectify the passage of its mellow years. It is only a picture warm with sunlight, bright with the glory of leaves and flowers, and asleep in the afternoons of long ago. There was a dusty lane leading up to the front door, a long lane that brought one far from the dusty road. The house was nothing to speak of, only for comfort and the home-feeling one found there, besides it was lost in bowers of trees, and there was an old high well sweep, with its rope and oaken bucket; there was a large trough of wood with plenty of water ever standing for the thirsty horses, cattle and sheep to drink from. Mother was there ever busy, and the sights of golden cheese and butter, and the pans of milk and baskets of eggs she had under her supervision were a delightful and worthy sight. The boys were there, we remember also their steady labors and hearty sports. It was a royal old barn, also, where they stored the hay, and its bins were capacious and generally well filled. Its meadows were pleasant sights; there were clusters of willows and cotton wood; there was a large pond in the center of one of them, abounding with bushes, and many sorts of curious and beautiful water-plants. The blackbirds, golden-winged and purple-backed, and the thrushes made rich and mellow music all the summer days; and stately domestic fowls moved about in rank and file. It was a happy time and its memory is pleasant, a picture in the halls of the mind, how many of the Hopes remember it with me. D. H. S.

Correspondence.

VIOLA, III.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—You have made a mistake and published my letter of January 4th, twice. I have written one since that, that I have not seen in our little *Hope*. Br. Reynolds is going to move down here the first of March, and we expect Br. Jones will move down here too, so we will have some Saints here if we can't make any. Pa has gone to Henderson Grove to-day. We are alone to-night; our love to all. Good-by.

SADIE CADMAN.

[Never mind, Sadie, Editors make mistakes quite often.]—Ed.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower	...\$	25
Nellie Hougas	... 25	Willie Hougas	...	25
Lucy A. Griffith	... 50	Miss M. E. Kyte	...	3 00
Mary J. Rogerson	... 50	Franklin Henry Allen	...	50
Sarah Pidd Smith	... 50	John Cook	...	1 00
Richard Darlow	... 25	John Thompson	...	1 00
J. W. Barson	... 1 00	E. L. Kaster	...	50
Henry David Johns	... 1 00	Abednego Daniel Johns	...	1 00
Mary A. Butler	... 50	Geo. Walton	...	35

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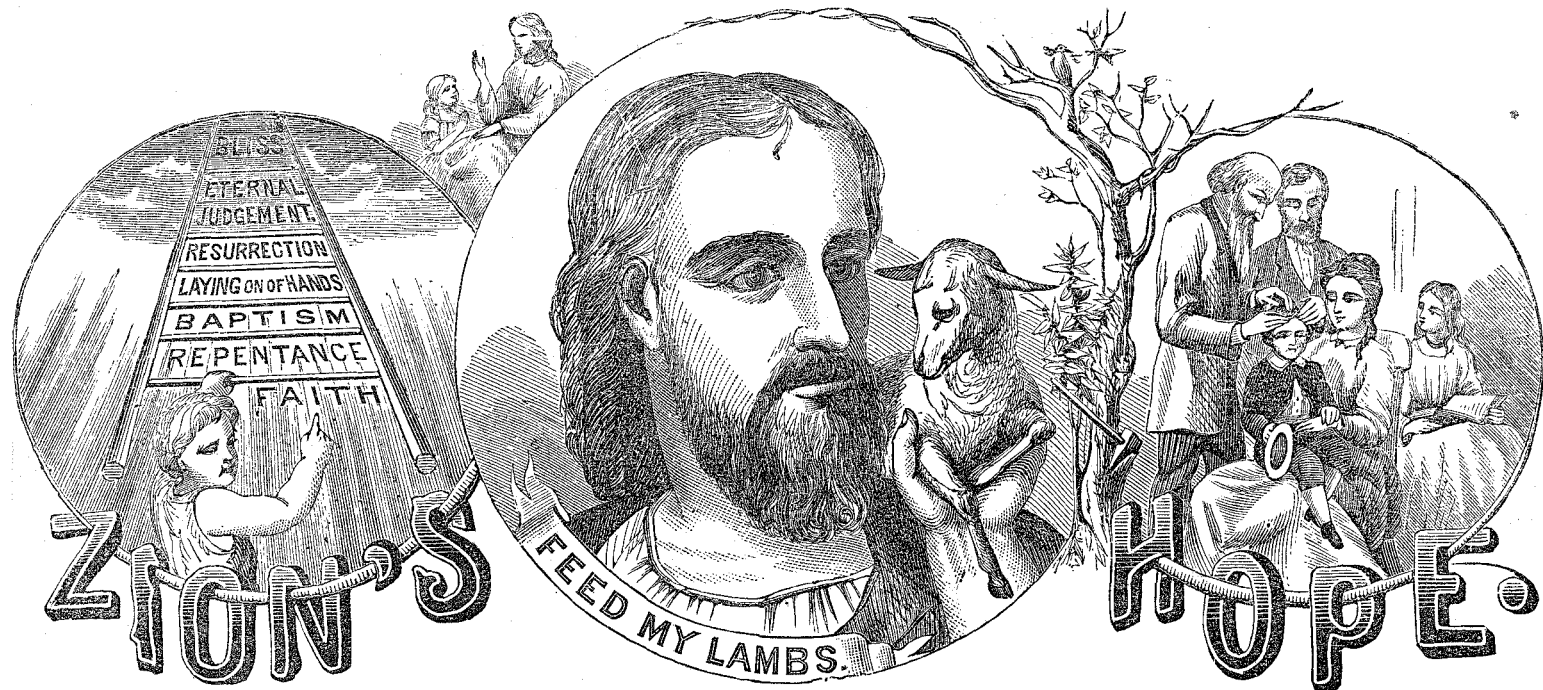
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MARCH 15, 1874.

No. 18.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

ABOUT five hundred years before the coming of our blessed Saviour lived an opulent king, and wheresoever the children of men dwelt, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the heaven were subject to his will. While contemplating the magnitude of his kingdom, the unlimited bounds of his power, these thoughts came into his mind as he lay upon his bed. Things that should come to pass hereafter. And he saw in his dream, and behold a great image stood before him, whose brightness was excellent. This image was in the likeness of a human personage, whose head was of fine gold, his breast and arms of silver, his belly and thighs of brass, his legs of iron, his feet part of iron and part clay; and he also saw a stone that was cut out without hands, and smote the image on the feet, and broke them to pieces. Strange to say when he awoke he had forgotten the dream. It had gone from his mind, and he was grieved in his spirit, and sleep departed from him. Then the king commanded to call the wise men, astrologers, magicians, and sorcerers to tell the king his dream with the interpretation thereof. And if they failed to do so, the penalty was they should be cut in pieces, and their houses destroyed. This would seem to us a most barbarous and cruel edict from the king, requiring more than human wisdom could perform.

The question might here be asked, why did the king demand of his learned subjects to perform a miracle which would surpass all human power, or why should he be troubled with a dream that he had forgotten. We often have dreams and forget them, and we think no more about them. I answer to the first, in those days there were men who professed to do wonders by magic art, and they were called Magicians; others professed to tell future events by the stars, they were called astrologers. Egypt, it appears has given birth to some of the most distinguished of those characters the world has ever heard of. Moses informs us that in the days of Pharaoh, many wonderful feats were done by magicians, and we are not surprised that some of these loud professors from Egypt found their way into the Chaldean empire, and now you will not be so much surprised, when you understand the king only required of them to do what they professed. But with all their boasted wisdom they failed, utterly failed to tell the king's dream. The second and most important reason was that God was about to reveal through his servant, to the heathen king, that there is a God in Israel. And he changes the times and seasons, and he removeth kings, and

setteth up kings, and giveth wisdom unto his servants, and revealeth the deep and secret things through his servants the prophets. And this is not all, dear reader; the subject of the dream was to be an outline of history to all coming generations, of which we will notice hereafter. We must now return to the king's command which was in full force, the wise men of the world were taken in their own craft, and death was inevitable, the doom of all those professors. But that is not all, it embraced in its horrid grasp one whose record is of an immense value to the Saints of latter days. But it was otherwise determined. There is the power of God made manifest in delivering his servants from the power of the king; for, as I said before, the decree is gone forth, claiming as its victims four children of the living God, whose parental care is over them, and a hair from their heads could not fall without his notice. They were captives of the house of Israel, and trusted in the mighty God of Jacob. One of them whose name was Daniel had understanding in all visions and dreams, inquired of the captain of the king's guards, why is the decree so hasty from the king. Then the captain made known the thing to Daniel. Now Daniel was but a youth, but see what wisdom dictates. He did not go before he was sent, but first sought and counseled with his three brethren, made it a subject of prayer before God, and obtained the blessing. Then was the secret revealed to Daniel in a vision. Now he was ready to go unto the presence of the king with the captain, who informed the king that he had found a man that could tell the dream and the interpretation thereof. Oh what a contrast when compared; the decrees of an earthly potentate, and the decree of him who is King of kings and Lord of lords, the boasted wisdom of man and the wisdom that emanates from God. It is like a thick mist that darkens the earth, but when the refulgent light bursts upon it, it vanishes away, and the rays of light penetrate the dark recesses of the human heart, and life, light and intelligence spring up, and are reflected down through all coming ages to cheer the heart of those who are searching for truth, and serve as a beacon to guide the weary traveler on his way to that city whose maker and builder is God. But to return, Daniel informed the king that there is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and will make it known to the king what shall come to pass in the latter days. Here let me remark: First, Daniel did not take the honor to himself, as men of the world would do, but gives the honor and glory to God. Secondly, it was not only revealed to the king to know what would be in the last

days, but it would comfort and strengthen the Saints in the day of God's preparation, to battle for the truth in the upbuilding of God's Church and kingdom, and establishing his righteousness on the earth. As I have already noticed the dream, we will now notice the interpretation. The reader will bear in mind the great image, whose head was of fine gold. Daniel informed the king he was this head of gold, "and after thee shall arise another kingdom, inferior unto thee, and another third kingdom of brass" that shall bear rule over all the earth, and another fourth kingdom, strong as iron, and brake these to pieces, and the feet and toes which were part iron and part clay, would be divided into ten kingdoms, and in the days of those kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed, and should not be left to other people, but it should break in pieces, and consume all these kingdoms, and stand forever. Now we will notice the literal fulfillment of the vision, the breast and two arms of silver representing a double kingdom, was the Medes and Persians who vanquished the head of gold. Silver is not so rich as gold, the Medes and Persians were not so wealthy as their predecessors, but they were much more wealthy than the nations that followed. The body of the image which was brass, the third kingdom, was the Macedonians who conquered and succeeded the Persians, were inferior to them in wealth, as brass falls below silver in value. History informs us the Macedonians used the metal brass on their armor to such an extent that they were called brazen soldiers. It was the great Alexander at the head of the brazen army that conquered the world. History brings us now to the fourth kingdom, the iron legs of the image. The Roman government did the same; yea, more, it was to break in pieces and bruise. Reader we have now under consideration one of the most important kingdoms of the earth. Well might it be called the iron kingdom. Former victors had conquered nations and subdued them; but the Romans went farther, they divided and subdivided, destroying lines and boundaries, forming governments, sections, and hierarchies; there is no language so applicable as bruising into pieces. Iron is not so rich as silver and brass. The Romans were poor, stern, hardy, unyielding and tenacious. The iron kingdom was to subdue the earth, it did take within its grasp that which was the known world. All will be astonished who investigate the prophecies of the fourth kingdom, how plain her changes, conduct and conditions are described. None are more conspicuous in the pages of history, both sacred and profane.

Not only the Hebrew prophet who delineates the subject before us, but the Apostle John portrayed this kingdom and its divisions and sub-divisions so accurately, that the learned Infidel has been convinced of the truth of revelation when compared with history. As the centuries rolled on, the events described came to pass. Perhaps they were noticed by some few of the good and wise. It is said Jerome reminded his brethren in their day that the image was upon its iron legs. I believe there was few indeed that understood the vision after the apostasy, for the Lord said by the mouth of Isaiah, "Ye have rejected the prophets and your rulers, and the seers hath he covered because of your iniquities." And again he says, "For the wisdom of their wise and learned shall perish, and the understanding of the prudent shall be hid." The light shineth in the darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not; for gross darkness covered the minds of the people for many centuries.

To be Continued.

[Selected.]

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

H SHALL always remember that evening as long as I live; and when I close my eyes, I can see the room and everything in it quite plainly. I do not know why I recollect it so well; for we had often sat in the firelight, and talked to mother before; but I think one always remembers the last or first of anything most distinctly. We were in the drawing-room, and the gas was not lighted yet, and father had some gentlemen to dinner, and they were still in the dining-room. It was the end of May, but the evenings were cold, and mother had the fire lighted, and sat down in a low arm chair before it, with Edie in her lap, and we two boys sat on the hearth-rug at her feet.

There were only we three children—I, and Bertie, and Edie. I was more than ten, and Bertie was nearly nine, and Edie was only five. Bertie and I were very near together in age; but I was much the taller and stronger of the two; for Bertie had had an illness, when he was little, that had made him small and thin and pale ever since. But though I was so much bigger and stronger, it was as much as I could do to keep ahead of Bertie at school; for we both of us went to a day-school near our home in London. Our old nurse used to say, "Ah! Master Tom has the strength and health, but Master Bertie has the brains." The health and strength were very useful, certainly, especially when we were at play with our school-fellows; but when it came to lesson-time, I sometimes thought I would gladly exchange some of them for Bertie's brains. I did not care so much about it at play-time; indeed, I found myself much the best off; for Bertie was always getting teased by the other boys; for he was weak and easily frightened, and he used to cry sometimes, and then they would call him "Cry-baby," and "Mother's darling," which sounds very different when school-boys say it to tease you, and when mother says it herself as she tucks in the clothes at night, or smooths your pillow when you are ill.

I remember that evening, the fire had not been lighted very long, and though it was burning up brightly, there were bits of half-burnt sticks which had tumbled out into the fender, and I began playing with them, sticking them into the grate, and pulling them out and waving them about while they flamed. "Take care, Tom; you will be setting something on fire," my mother said more than once; but I went on, and all the more when I found that Bertie was frightened. I kept putting the bits of smoking sticks close to his hands and face as he lay on the hearth-rug, till he hid both hands and face in mother's dress, and she said, "Don't do it again, Tom; do you hear what I say?"

"But, mother, he's such a coward; he's afraid of everything, and you don't like cowards, do you?"

He's afraid of being in the dark, and of the wind, and of dogs, and of being run over in the street, and all sorts of things. Isn't he an awful baby, mother?"

"Poor old man," mother said, putting one of her soft hands down on his head, which was still hiding away in her dress. "He'll grow a brave man some day, when he gets stronger; won't you, Bertie?"

"But, mother," I went on, "you don't like cowards, and he's afraid of everything."

"The bravest man I ever knew," mother said, was very much afraid of something."

"Was he? What was it?"

"Of doing wrong."

"Oh, but that's different, of course; but you'd never call a man brave who was afraid of being run over."

"Well," my mother answered smiling, "I don't think I should like to be run over, and I hope I'm not a great coward."

Edie had fallen asleep in mother's arms, and Bertie lay at full length on the soft, woolly, white hearth-rug, staring up at mother, with the fire-light shining in his great eyes, and I was kneeling by her side, plaiting up the fringe of her dress into pig-tails while I talked.

"You won't understand what I mean, mother."

"Yes, I do, Tom; I understand very well, but perhaps I don't think quite so much of what you call bravery as you do—"

"But, mother, I mean—"

"Yes, I know you think it very brave of a man to put his head into a lion's mouth, or rush into a burning house with no object; but I should not call that brave, but only very foolish."

"Then don't you wish us to be brave?"

"Yes, dear; I wish it very much. I pray that you and Bertie may grow up into brave, true men."

"What do you call bravery, then, mother?"

"To face dangers when they come, calmly; not to rush blindly into them. You know, Tom, they are not the best generals who cut their way through the enemy when they have been surprised and surrounded; but they who do not let the enemy surprise and surround them; and so, very often, they are not such very brave men who are always running great risks. And then, Tom, I think you should always be brave for some object; for I do not think doing a brave thing only because it is brave, is a thing much to be admired. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes—no—not quite."

"Well, I think a man who goes out in a boat in a storm to save a shipwrecked crew is a brave man; but a man who goes out in a storm only because it is dangerous, I think is foolish."

Then there was a silence, and I got hold of mother's right hand, and took off all her pretty rings, and stuffed them on my own brown paws. After a few minutes, she went on again: "Yes, you must both, please God, grow into strong, brave men, and, perhaps, take care of mother some day, and then you must be brave in other ways besides."

"How, mother?" Bertie asked, looking quite white and anxious at the idea of all the courage demanded of him.

"Why, you'll have to be a soldier, Bertie, and stand in the front of the cannon's mouth; won't he, mother?"

"I shan't; shall I?" said Bertie.

"You are a soldier already, dear," mother said, and must be to your life's end, Christ's faithful soldier and servant, manfully to fight under his banner, and never to be afraid to confess his faith. God grant my boys may be brave soldiers, for it needs great courage. It needs as much bravery sometimes to conquer a temptation as to fight with wild beasts, and sometimes it is more terrible to speak the truth than to stand before a cannon's mouth. A brave man always speaks the truth, and don't forget that, Tom, it is only cowards who tell lies. But come, boys, jump up; here is father, and Edie is fast asleep; and, Tom, you don't

half know your lessons for to-morrow. You must look them over before you go to bed, and I will come up by-and-by and hear them."

To be Continued.

HOPE.

HOPE is the ever springing desire and expectation of something that is yet to be. We hope for the coming of the fair and sunshiny days, when the clouds and rain make the days dark and dull. We hope for the days of health to come, when sickness fetters the body with its fever creating chains. We hope for the haven of rest to come, when we labor so constantly and heavily here; watching with care the burdens we are so anxious to lay down. We hope for the glorious days, when the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ.

The readers of the *Hope* are our hope, because we desire and expect them to grow up prepared to be noble workers, patient burden bearers, true friends to the poor, the humble and the needy, and faithful waiters and watchers with us in hope of the good to come, the glory of our Lord.

MEAN MEN.

Boys, despise a mean man; and remember that mean acts are what makes a mean man. If you want a faithful friend never choose a mean man—one who is guilty of doing mean things—for he will be sure to forsake you when trouble comes and you want help.

MEAN WOMEN.

Girls, never trust a mean woman; a mean spirited woman is an unsafe adviser, an untrue friend, and one who is sure to give you a heart-ache if you place confidence in her. Such a woman will be very pleasant and affable to your face; but will speak of your follies and weaknesses to others when you are not present; and will put you to shame, if she can. Of course then, girls, if you can never trust a mean woman; you must be very sure to cultivate noble qualities of heart and mind, that you may be, what the mean woman is not, a good friend, a good adviser and a companionable associate.

A PARABLE.

THE following is the most acute and ingenious little production we believe we have seen for a long while:

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a tobacco seed; which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew and became a great plant, and spread its leaves, rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms found a habitation thereon.—And it came to pass, in the course of time, that the sons of men looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon, and much desired to make lads look big and manly. So they did put forth their hands and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and unmanly, and said: We are enslaved, and cannot cease from chewing it. And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul and siezed with a violent spitting; and they did even spit in ladies parlors and in the house of the Lord of Hosts.—And the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it; and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, insomuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leave thereof into rolls, and did set fire to one end thereof, and did look very grave and calf like; and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and ever.

And the cultivation thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth, and the merchant-men waxed rich by the commerce thereof. And

it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith; even the poor, who could not buy shoes nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said:—Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread, and shoes, and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat, and put this thing far from you; and be separate and defile not yourselves anymore; and I will bless you, and cause my face to shine upon you.

But with one accord they all exclaimed: "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing; we are slaves."—*The Vindicator.*

[Selected.]
STANDING IDLE.

Standing idle in the market
When the Lord hath work to do;
See, his vineyard needeth tending,
Room to work for me and you.

O, go forth, 'tis early morning,
"Work to-day," the Master saith;
Train the fragile vines and tendrils,
Work in patience, work in faith.

Standing idle at the noontide,
See, the Master draweth nigh;
"Go ye also in my vineyard,
Work, for yet the sun is high."

Standing idle, shades of even
Gather over hill and plain;
Yet go forth, go forth to labor,
While the light of day remain.

PHYSIOLOGY.—No. 4.

ABSTRACT THOUGHT.

IT is this power that enables man to contrive, invent and construct machines to relieve his hands from the toil and drudgery of manual labor; by this he discovers and applies natural laws, invents science and perfects literature. While he is an animal in all his physical organs and faculties—he is something more than an animal in this. This superior mental endowment should be made the basis of his classification; and as only organic life is displayed in the vegetable world; and this, with the animal-powers of sensation and volition superadded is embodied in the animal kingdom, so both these, with powers of abstract reason, moral sensibility, and the devotional attributes of his nature make him as belonging to a grade of life as much above the mere animal as the animal is above the vegetable.

MATTER COMPOSING THE ORGANS OF THE BODY.

The human body is composed of solids, semi-solids and fluids. These are constantly changing while the body lives. The semi-solid flesh, as well as the firm compact bone was once fluid in form of blood, and in due time particle after particle they will dissolve and become fluid again and be carried away.

TISSUE.

The several parts of the body differ from each other in the character and substance out of which they are formed. These different structures are called Tissues. So we have the bony or osseous tissue in the bones, which form the solid framework of the body; the fibrous tissue in the muscles which move these bones; the membranous tissue in the delicate skin or membrane which covers each organ, and lines every cavity of the body; the areolar or cellular tissue which fills all the spaces between the organs and gives roundness and symmetry to the outlines of the body; the nervous tissue, that delicate structure seen in the substance of the brain and in those white cords—the nerves—which extend from it to all parts of the body.

THE THREE SYSTEMS.

The living human body, though evidently a unit, may yet be regarded in its varied and complicated actions, as three systems acting in concert with each other. These are:

1. The system of nutrition, consisting of the

apparatus of Digestion, Circulation and of Respiration.

2. The system of voluntary motion, consisting of a bony skeleton, with its joints, and ligaments and muscular apparatus, so constructed and arranged as to produce a great variety of motions.

3. The system of nervous sensibility and Motor Force. This consists of the brain and spinal cord, with numerous nerves branching and ramifying through every tissue of the body.

These several systems we shall proceed to consider in order. E. M. WILDERMUTH.

A SERMON ON A SKIMMER.

"IF you've got to drink from a skimmer," said David Sharp, shuffling into the old kitchen as he spoke, and leaving the tracks of his hobnailed shoes on the painted yellow floor; "if you've got to drink from a skimmer—" and there he stopped short in his walk and conversation, and sat down. Throwing his hat on the floor between his feet, he gazed into it for a moment in profound meditation.

"Young man," he said impressively, when he looked up again, "if you've got to drink from a skimmer, you've got—to—drink—quick."

David Sharp was a homespun, homemade philosopher. There was small chance for sentiment, idleness, or discontent to be found on a single acre of the bleak, stony, Vermont farm which formed the family heritage. From the time when the old man, now bowed and broken, had begun his life, each day had proved to him that only in the sweat of his face should he eat bread; so what David Sharp knew of men and things he had learned by shrewd observation, and that inner experience of life which, in some form or other, comes to everyone, no matter how limited may be outward surroundings or circumstances.

The young man carelessly leaning against the open kitchen door, where the smoke from his cigar clouded the clear blue of the heavens, smiled at the words, and the glance which he bestowed upon the speaker might have been called contemptuous. Small sympathy between them, evidently, and though the young man's estimate of the farmer was superficial and consequently shallow, the latter regarded him very much as a newly arrived missionary might contemplate the savages of Patagonia.

"Perhaps you don't know what skimmer I am speaking of," he resumed. "While you're eatin' the ten o'clock breakfast, Jane has left her ironin' to git you, my sister's son shall have somethin' more substantial to carry away from the table than poached eggs, biscuits and coffee. I've weeded out more'n half that potato patch down by the south barn since daylight—on brown bread and cold water, too. Perhaps if I'd have waited till this genteel hour, I'd have found coffee necessary to my constitution,—and biscuits!"

His nephew smiled again. No instruction in the art of oratory could have made that word more expressive. When the old man had anything to say, he generally said it in a way to be understood.

"More'n half that potato patch," he repeated, "what are you goin' to do after breakfast?"

A yawn from the young fellow in the doorway "Well, I don't know. Can I have one of the horses, Uncle?"

"Busy," was the laconic answer; "so's their owner, allus."

"Then I'll lay low and catch a ride to the village, if I see anyone goin' down. I want to see about some trout flies, and look over the papers."

"Couldn't walk down, I s'pose, and after the trout is ketch'd, you'll be glad to git rid of 'em. Well, before you ketch a ride to the village, and look over the papers, I'll just say a word or two about that're skimmer, for if you've got to drink out of a skimmer, you've got to drink quick."

"Taint as though I hadn't no paternal affection for my own sister's boy. Its just because I have. A better woman than your mother never lived. She kep' me pretty straight when I was

a lad, and always tender like, too, and I say to myself when I think of her: 'David Sharp, by the grace of God and your sister, you are what you are,' not that I am any great shakes myself,—anyhow, but that don't make no difference about the skimmer. So when I think of your mother, my boy, I feel a great hankerin' to pay off that debt by givin' you a lift, for now that you've lost her,—well, there ain't no one to say things to you—I mean disagreeable things, that we are pretty apt to take like pills, if we have to take 'em at all, in currant jelly, so that we shan't taste 'em.

"When your father left you all his money, he thought he was doin' a good thing, and I guess he meant well enough, but you see it makes a difference whether you sow seed in the furrows after the earth has been turned up, or just scatter it along on the top of the ground, and to my thinkin', young man, you wasn't ploughed deep enough to hold it. Money buys lots of things, fine broadcloth, and patent leather boots, and blue neckties, and yaller kid gloves. It buys handkerchiefs, with a big letter down in the corner, and hair-oil, and a gold toothpick. It buys lots of other things besides. It can git books and learnin', and travil, and chances for a man to make somethin' of himself. I've heard, too, about lendin' it to the Lord; and to my thinkin', that is an investment that pays pretty fair interest. There is riches that take to themselves wings, and fly away all of a sudden, and there's riches that melts just like a snow-drift in April; but what don't run out of the holes on one side will on the other, and so you've got to drink quick.

"Then, if there was more'n twelve hours in a day, you might let a few run through and never miss 'em, but them robins that was a singin' this mornin' got all through by sunrise. The red and gold all faded out of the sky before you had a peek at it, and Jane had the dishes washed and put away before you was out of bed. That's all a question on profit and loss, that ain't figgered out in any 'rithmetic, but I guess one side of the account will be heavier than the other every time you try to work out the sum. And you can't go over it the second time and make it square. It won't balance nohow; that's the wust of it. There never is any extra time lyin' round loose between sunrise and sunset. There is only just so many hours in a day, and bime-by there won't be any more days; and when they go the chances go too. The acorn that wanted to be an oak tree didn't like to be covered up in the ground, because it was bright and pleasant outside, and so waited till the next day, and the next month, till bime-by the sun, and the wind, and the rain soaked it, and split it, and rotted it, and the acorn was nothin' but an acorn, and a poor specimeen at that, when some one kicked it out of the way; for what is an acorn good for if 'taint never going to be a tree? Its very easy to lie round in the sun doin' nothin' but seein' how the trees are gittin' on, but there ain't no sun or wind to waste. What they don't sprout they'll spoil; so if you're goin' to drink out of that 'ere skimmer, you know how you'll have to do it.

"Too much of a good thing may be good for nothin', but health ain't one of them things. A man don't gen'rally have morn'n he wants, but it isn't hard to get rid of it, provided he is overstocked. If a man wants his bank robbed, all he's got to do is to leave the vaults unlocked, with the doors and windows wide open; only he musn't growl if, some day, when he wants ready money, there ain't none there.

"Sound lungs and a good liver, and a stomach that knows the right sort of food and how to take care of it; strong muscles that will carry one over the ground on his two legs; strong arms that can lift a wagon out of a ditch, if its got stuck in one; hands that know a pitchfork or a plough from a pipe or a pistol, and can manage somethin' besides clothes and cards, and a cane, are very convenient to have, but they're a kind of property that wants consid'able looking after. No man's lungs are goin' to be cheated out of fresh air, and pay a

hundred per cent on what they don't git. If you hang ropes and chains up in the woodhouse, where they ain't no sort of use to nobody, and let 'em hang and hang, they'll rot and rust, and break when you pull on 'em; but to my thinkin', there's more profit in 'em than a man's muscles that haven't been stretched and used, for old iron is allus worth somethin'.

"'Twouldn't be very good economy to put that fine watch of yours a-soak in salt water, but I don't know on the hull its any more val'able than the machine you're cloggin with terbacker, and coffee, and candy, and smoke that spiles your eyes and hides everythin' wuth seein'. When the watch runs down, you can set it goin' again, though 'taint no special improvement to let it run down; but its better than diggin' a hole and coverin' it up, provided its wuth anythin'. But when blood and bones give out, there ain't nothin' much to do with 'em except git 'em out of the way as soon as possible."

The ragged straw hat was pulled over the gray hair and wrinkled forehead, and the old man rose stifly.

"My chances are about over—all I had, and I never had no great show in this world. But I ain't goin' to find fault. I says to myself, 'David Sharp, mebbe you'll git a better start over yonder, but before you go, you might speak a word or two to them that has got it here and don't make no use of it.' If the Lord wants us to wrap up our talent in a napkin, He'll send the napkin along with it; but as near as I can calc'late, that ain't the way He wants His property used. 'Taint that He's a hard man, who bears down heavy on His creditors. He only wants 'em to do the square thing by themselves, and see that they don't cheat themselves in their own bargains.

"So, young man, when you're lookin' over them 'ere papers, you might kinder just give a little 'ention to some of your private accounts; and see how much interest you'll have to add to the Lord's principal when He happens to call for it; and just remember that all I've been sayin' comes from the hankerin' I have for my own sister's child, who hasn't had no one to remind him that if he's got to drink from a skimmer, he's got to drink quick."

BE KIND.

Little children, bright and fair,
Blessed with every needful care;
Always bear this thing in mind,
God commands us to be kind;
Kind, not only to our friends,
Them on whom our care depends;
Kind, not only to the poor,
Them who poverty endure;

But in spite of form or feature,
Kind to every living creature;
Never pain or anguish bring,
Even to the smallest thing;
For remember that the fly,
Just as much as you and I,
Is the work of that great Hand
That hath made the sea and land.
Therefore, children, bear in mind,
Ever, ever to "be kind." S. C. WELLS.

LITTLE ANNA.

WILL tell the little Hopes of Zion about a little girl whom I will call Anna. Her father lived on a farm, in western Iowa; and there she dwelt and enjoyed herself, in her childish way very much. She was useful for a little girl; for she would help her mother, in a great many ways, and thus save her many tiresome steps. Her mother was good to her and loved her. She was not an uncommonly good girl, any more than any other little girl in like circumstances would have been, but that is not saying that she was a very bad girl at all. Of course she was sometimes naughty as a great many other little girls are. Then her mother would punish her sometimes very severely, instead of telling her that she would forgive her, and telling her the right way to do. Her parents never possessed religion

of any kind, nor ever taught her to pray. She would sometimes sit and listen to older people talk about heaven, and where people go when they die; and then she would study about what she had heard them say, and often times would go away by herself, and cry about it, and wonder what would become of her when she died. She never sought counsel of her father or mother, but went on from day to day, sometimes very sad and lonely for a little girl who would naturally have not thought or cared for the future.

Now, dear little Hopes, you should be very thankful to your heavenly Father for the privileges you enjoy. You have the dear little *Hope* to read, which is full of good instructions to all. And you should be thankful to your earthly parents for the kind care they have shown you. You should be ever ready and willing to do their bidding and ever respect their wishes; for they always know best what it is good for children to do. If you do wrong, go straightway to your parents and ask forgiveness, and also to your Father in heaven and ask him to make you better children, and guide your little feet to walk the narrow way. This little girl of my story, the Lord has blessed her, for she is now grown up, and is a Latter Day Saint, trying to do the will of her Father in heaven. C. A. G.

Correspondence.

PALMER, Christian Co., Ill.,

February 23d, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have been a member of the Church two years. I will be glad when the time comes when the Saints will be prepared to gather home to Zion, and build the Saint's city; I hope that I will be prepared to dwell in it.

Your brother in Christ, ALLEN EMMONS.

THRIVING WILLOW BRANCH,

Feb. 23rd, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I have read the Bible through, and I have also read the Book of Mormon to the one hundred and sixtieth page. I love to read God's holy Word. I have been a member of Christ's Church two years. I try to keep God's law and commands; but sometimes I get off the path. I am fourteen years old.

From your sister in Christ, M. F. EMMONS.

LOWER LAKE, Cal., Feb. 13th, 1874.

Brother Joseph, and Readers of the *Hope*:—It has been quite a while since I have written to the *Hope*, but I shall continue to write for it, and hope I shall always be able to take it. I am glad to see the work progressing, and shall try and aid it in every way I can. We have no Branch here. The members here number eight, and there are more that want to join. We need some good Elder to come and preach for us; I think there would soon be enough members here to organize a Branch. I love to read the letters written by the brothers and sisters, they are so cheering to the heart that they encourage me greatly in doing the Lord's will. I need your prayers. May God bless us all, is the prayer of your sister, HESTER E. COBB.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa,

February 20th, 1874.

Dear little *Hope*:—I am twelve years old; I go to school and read in "Steel's Fourteen Weeks in Physiology." We have no Sunday School here, but will soon have one. We live near the North Coon River; it is a beautiful stream; it is the only river close around. In summer the prairies are green with grass and bright with many pretty flowers. There are many nice ponds; one of which covers about ten acres; it is very deep in the middle; it has lots of pond lillies in it. I often get some; it is very nice to skate on in the winter; we sometimes skate on it. There are but few Saints here; we have not had any preaching for about two weeks. Your brother,

J. B. HATCHER.

CANTON, Fulton Co., Illinois,

February 24th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I will for the first time try to write a letter for the *Hope*; although I do not expect to interest you much, as this is my first attempt. We have a very pleasant little Sunday School here, but I have not forgotten the Plano Sunday School; nor my dear little school-mates there.

The Saints here had a Christmas Tree and Concert in the Union Hall, and had a very pleasant time; we also had a cold collation which was given by the sisters and friends. Our admission fee was twenty-five cents; children ten cents. The proceeds amounted to \$109, which was given to help the Branch, as we

have fitted up a new hall and Pa preaches here every Sunday night, and the people turn out well.

On New Year's Eve, the Christian Union Church had a New Year's Arch, which Pa and I attended; and for a joke I suppose, a toy was put on for all the ministers in Canton; one got a cow, another a sheep, another a donkey, another a cat, another a very small rooster, and Pa got a large rooster; I was not at all displeased with his present, as it is a noble looking fellow; it stands upon Pa's writing desk with his head erect as if it would like to crow, if it only could. I must draw my letter to a close, as it is getting too long, and I will write to you sometime and tell you about our day school here. So good-by. From your niece. E. AMY FORSCUTT.

GRAVOIS, Missouri, Feb. 27th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—Now little *Hope*, I will tell you about the Sociable that my mother, sister Mary and myself were at on the Gravois, on the 25th of February. We enjoyed ourselves well. I joined my songs and pieces in with the Sunday School children. I stopped with Sr. Cook, and on the way home to Sr. Cook's that night, I strained my foot; I suffered great pain, and I wanted Br. Cook to anoint my foot; but my mother told me to sleep. I did not forget it, and before breakfast I had Br. Cook to anoint my foot, and the Lord listened to him. I could not walk without help from the bedside; and in a short time after my foot was anointed I could walk well. My mother, and brother and sister Cook are witnesses to this. Now, dear little Hopes, you see how merciful the Lord was to me. I feel, little Hopes, to tell you I am going to rest my soul in the works of God.

MISS HANNAH DAVIS,
Daughter of D. Davis, of the Dry Hill Branch.

CHARADE.

My first is a passion that dwells in the heart,
And renders it better and purer,—
Which makes us reluctant from dear ones to part,
And our chances of heaven securer.

My second expresses in one little word,
The time when we're looking behind us;
When each new event our mem'ry has stirred,
And serves of the past to remind us.

My whole is a plant most fragrant and sweet,
(Though some won't agree with me there),
The leaves aromatic, the root good to eat,
And is grown without very much care.

PERLA WILD.

ANAGRAM.

Cprilsere mge! hte elapr fo uthot!
Gbhstier moeatsns fo hyuto,
Ekse of arwe ti ni yth wrnoc;
Hnte fi lal het rowde udosih wfonr,
Otuh shat onw a lrguroisio zprie,
Taht lilw digue ehte ot eth ksise.

YAM TCUESTRFO.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM IN HOPE, FEB. 15.

Little children, love the Savior;
Turn your wayward hearts to him;
He will guide, protect and bless you
Through life's pathway, dark and dim.

JENNIE DAUNSON.

Answered by Carrie Epperly, Amy Forscutt, Maria Thresher, Wm. Nirks, and several others.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower	...\$	25
Nellie Hougas	... 25	Willie Hougas	...	25
Lucy A. Griffith	... 50	Miss M. E. Kytte	...	3 00
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Sarah Pidd Smith	... 50	John Cook	...	1 00
Richard Darlow	... 25	John Thompson	...	1 00
J. W. Barson	... 1 00	E. L. Kaster	...	1 00
Henry David Johns	... 1 00	Abenedego Daniel Johns	...	50
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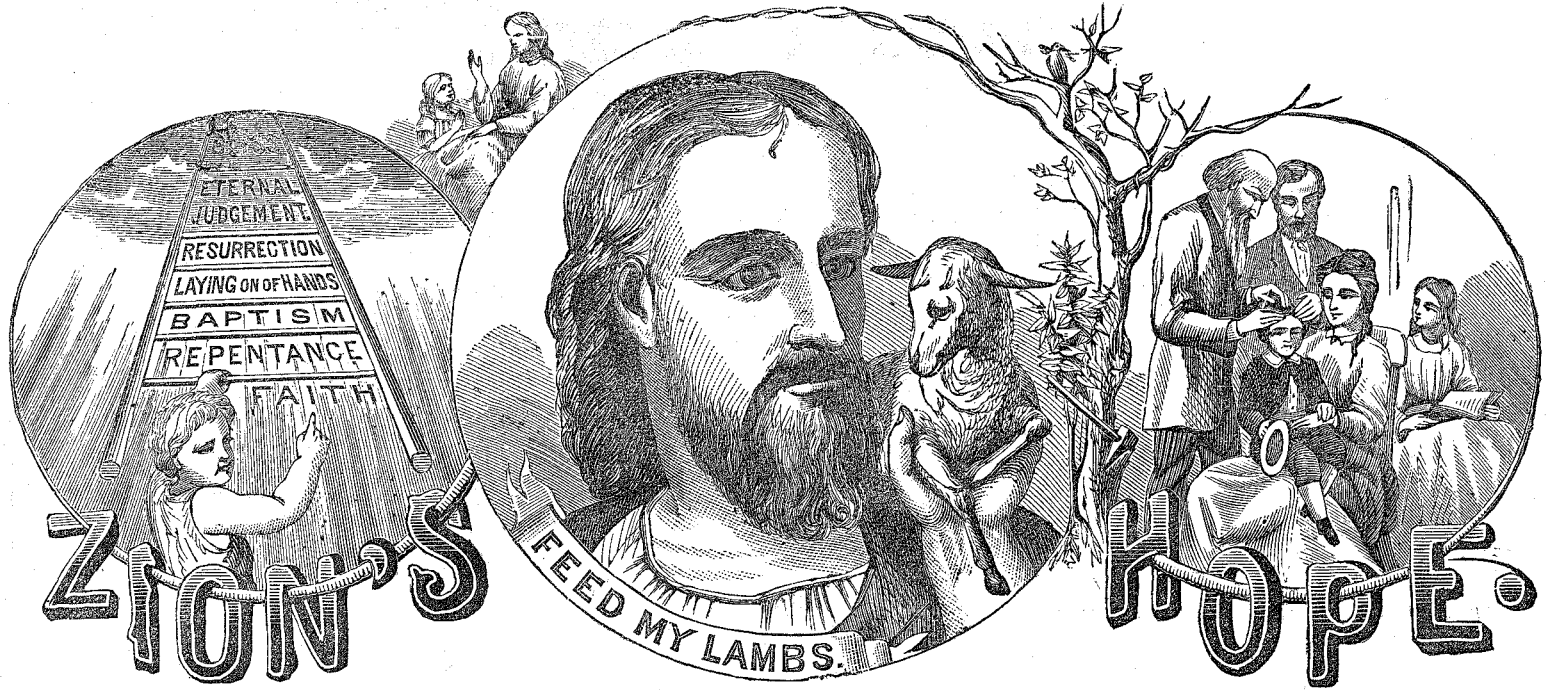
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., APRIL 1, 1874.

No. 19.

Written for Zion's Hope.
SABBATH-BREAKING.

"Good morning Tom, where are you going with your little dog and gun, So early on the Sabbath morn before the rising sun; Your clothes are all in tatters, your feet are almost bare; Come seat you by the fire our breakfast meal to share; Your horse put in the stable, feed him some corn and hay, Then with Watch and Tray we can have some play; Pa and ma are gone to Leon, they'll not be home to-night; We will have a gay old time now they are out of sight." "Then let us go a hunting," Tommy then replied; "We'll share the game between us." Charley ne'er denied; But quickly ran and fetched his coat, his hat, and mittens red, Placed in his pocket crackers, apples, cheese and bread; Jumped upon old Billy, and in an hour or two Was down among the timber where pretty daisies grew; Where tall oaks, pines and willows, stood by the water's side, Clusters of the grape-vine decked in nature's pride. Running from a dry old stump a rabbit they did spy; As quick went off the trigger as you could wink your eye, Squirrels, deer and quails, were almost on every side But poor old Billy thought, no longer they should ride. He swiftly ran, the bridle broke, and they fell in the ditch. Now poor Tom and Charley were left in such a fix! Their clothes were wet and dirty, their heads and faces bruised; And they began to ponder why they they were so abused. Now Charley's conscience smote him as keen as with a sword; "My father always taught me to read God's holy word, Not to work or play, for God himself forbid, Upon the Sabbath day; and nought from him is hid. Let us hasten home before it gets too late; But then our sad misfortune we will not now relate." But as they reached the cottage door, unto their great surprise, In anger Charley's parents stood before his eyes. A cross-examination they soon began to make, To find out the reason he came in such a state. "You know I always told you," said his father with a sigh, "To do when I am absent as though I still were nigh." But Charley felt so sick, so very sick and sore, He promised very faithfully that he would go no more.

HOW MANY GODS?

A LITTLE boy being asked the question, "How many Gods are there?" replied, "One." How do you know that?" said the friend. "Because, said the child, there is only room for one: for he fills heaven and earth."

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT THE TREE'S INCLINED."

A LI SCHIND, one of the Rajahs of India, was noted for the uprightness of his dealings, and for his nice sense of honor, even toward the lowest of his subjects. One day while out hunting with his courtiers he became hungry, and ordered some of the game they had taken to be dressed for an immediate repast. This requirement had been anticipated by his attendants, and they had brought with them bread, sauces, plates, and all they needed—all except salt, which had been forgotten. There was, however, a village near by, and a boy was hastily despatched to procure some. The Rajah hearing the order given, called after the lad to inquire whether he had taken money to pay for the salt. At this his attendants expressed some surprise, wondering that so great a man should trouble himself about such trifles, and adding that those who had the happiness of living under his dominion had no right to murmur if he should claim at their hands gifts of much greater value than a handful of salt. "Justice," replied the Rajah, "is a matter of as much importance in little as in great matters; and the fact of my conferring benefits on my subjects at one time, gives me no right to oppress them in the smallest particular at another. All the wrongs and oppressions under which mankind groan began in little things, and if we would prevent great sins or great calamities, we must strive against the beginnings of evil." Let our young readers mark this, and if they desire to become good and great men, let them in childhood form habits of integrity, virtue, and piety.

THE BRAVE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

HAVE told of poor men with brave hearts, who did acts full of love to their kind; acts which cost them their own lives, which they did not count dear to them when they saw lives as dear as theirs nigh to death.

I must now tell you of a man who did in his way what was done by the Dutch boor and his brave horse to save the lives of men from the jaws of the sea. His name was John Maynard, and he too was a brave man, with a brave heart, and true to his post, though it were in the face of death. His post was at the wheel of a steamboat on one of our great lakes, to guide it in calm and storm. And in both he was true to his work. He came to be known to vast crowds of young and old who felt sure when he was at the wheel, that he knew what was to be done and how to do it if the day was fair or foul. Though rough in look,

with coarse hair, and face burnt brown by the sun, his voice, eye and hand were kind to all, and full of love to the young, for the small ones at his own home made the joy of his life.

Well, one day John came to the test that was to try his soul, and to show the world what it was made of. It was a bright, hot day in June. It had been hot for weeks, and the boat was hot and dry from both its own fires and the sun. They had a large crowd of young and old on board. The land was in sight, and in less than an hour they would be at the port. They had their eyes on it when a thin stream of smoke was seen to rise from the hold of the ship. One of the crew was sent down to see where it came from. Soon he came up with a white face, and said in a low voice in the captain's ear, "The boat is on fire!" The men who stood near heard the word, and it passed from end to end of the ship. There were casks of tar and lard in the hold and on deck. The wood of the boat was as dry as it could be; and it was soon in a fierce, red blaze. All went to work for dear life to keep down the fire, but they could not check it. John stood at the wheel in the black smoke with the last ounce of steam on which the boat would bear. It was but a mile from land. The crowd were now all crouched at the bow, choked with smoke and scorched with the heat. One fourth of an hour more and all those lives would be lost in the jaws of death, if the boat could not reach the shore in less than that time.

"John!" cried the captain, "can you hold on a few breaths more?" John was at the wheel, with its spokes on fire. His face was black and crisp; his hands were burnt to the bone.—His eyes were blind with smoke. But his brave heart was whole. It was full of thoughts of his wife and "wee ones" at home. But he could think and did think of lives and homes as dear as his own. "Can you hold on, John, just a breath or two more?" A thick voice came through the fire and smoke from the wheel, "By the help of God I will!" The lips from which those words came spoke no more on earth. The boat's bow struck the land. As the crowd sprang down on it, the wheel-house fell in with a crash, and with it fell the black corpse of John, who had stood to the last breath of his life at his post to save the scores of lives now so full of joy on the shore, that through his death they might go back to the bright, glad homes they loved.

Books, which one would have to count by scores, might be filled with acts of poor men who have put self out of mind at such hours as John Maynard saw, and who gave their lives to save those from death who could not save their own

selves. It would be well for the world if more of such books were made and read. They would do the world more good than a store full of books which are now most read. We need not go to those about war to find brave men. No book of that kind ever told us of a man more brave, or less of self in his heart, than John Maynard or the Dutch Boor.

A LITTLE BOY CONVERSING WITH HIS MOTHER.

"Ma, why can't brother and I smoke or chew tobacco? Most all the boys in school do, why can't we?"

"Why, my son, do you want to chew tobacco? I think it is a dirty and filthy habit."

"Why, ma, what makes you talk so?"

"My son, do not you see some men spitting on the stove till it raises such a smell that you can hardly stay in the room? And more than that, some of them will spit in the wood-box and on the stove-wood that is brought in for the evening, and I would not like to take it in my hands to put it in the stove."

"Ma, if brother and I don't spit on the stove, nor on the wood that you carry in for the evening, why can't we be like other boys?"

"My son, I think it is a slow poison, and not fit for men or boys to use. The Book of Covenants says it is only for sick brutes and bruises."

"Ma, how you talk! You say the president of the District and the president of the Branch come here to tell us how to be good boys and do what is right. They use tobacco; and I see some of our Elders do too, when they come here; and why can't brother and I?"

"Well, my son, if they can convince me that our Savior used it when he was on earth, or that Paul did, for he said, that any one who preached any other doctrine than that he preached, was accursed. I don't see where it says that they used it, or that gentlemen or boys should use it."

"I don't think that people that call themselves good christians, strong in the faith, ought to use tobacco."

"Well, my son, we will drop the subject; and I will write and ask the *Herald* if it would be a christian act to advise my boy to use tobacco?"

[No, mother, never advise your boys to use tobacco in any form. Teach them the evil consequences of it; and impress the principles of cleanliness upon their minds, that they may never become so addicted to the use of the filthy weed]—Ed.

THE BRAVE SAILOR-LAD.

A FEW days out from New York a great ship was overtaken by a terrible storm, which lasted for nearly a week.

One day, at the height of the tempest, the rigging of the mainmast head got tangled, and some one had to go up and straighten it. The mate called a boy belonging to the ship and ordered him aloft.

The lad touched his cap, but hesitated a moment; cast one frightened glance up and down at the swaying mast and furious sea, and then rushed across the deck and down into the fore-castle. In about two minutes he appeared, and without a word seized the ratlins—the rope-ladders of the vessel—and flew up the rigging like a squirrel. With dizzy eyes the weather-beaten crew watched the poor boy at his fearful height. "He will never come down alive," they said to each other.

But in twenty minutes the perilous job was done, and the boy safely descended; and straightening himself up, with a smile on his face walked to the stern of the ship.

"What did you go below for when ordered aloft?" asked a passenger of the brave boy.

"I went—to pray," replied the boy with a blush, and a quiver of the lip.

[Selected.]

THE BRAVE DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

Where the St. Bernard Pass climbs up
Amid the Alpine snows,
The far-famed Hospice crowns the heights
With shelter and repose.

Its inmates, with their faithful dogs,
Are truly friends in need
When snowdrifts block the traveler's way,
And blinding storms mislead.

One noble dog, amid his kind,
Deserves an honored name,
And many an abler pen than mine
Records his deeds of fame.

Brave "Barry," once, far down the track
That crossed a glacier steep,
Found buried deep beneath the snow
A poor boy, fast asleep.

He licked the cold numb hands and face
To warmth and life once more,
And bore him safely on his back
Up to the Hospice door.

The good men there with tender care
Received the weary lad,
And sent a message to his home
That cheered his parents sad.

He from their wayside hut had strayed:
They sought for him in vain;
And when the storm swept wildly down,
They wept in hopeless pain.

For well they know how soon the cold
Would stop a strong man's breath,
No wonder if they thought their boy
Already cold in death.

And had not "Barry" found him soon,
Too true their fears had been;
His mourning parents never more
Their darling would have seen.

When the glad father fetched the child,
What tears of joy he shed;
And oh, how fondly he caressed
The good dog's shaggy head!

And who shall tell the mother's joy
When at her cottage door
She clasped her darling to her breast,
All blithesome as before.

And many a thankful song of praise
From their glad hearts was poured
To Him by whose kind providence
The lost one was restored.

For many years brave "Barry" lived,
And many a life he saved:
On a bright collar round his neck
The record was engraved.

And after death his well stuffed form,
In Berne's museum placed,
Still calls to mind the noble deeds
By which his life was graced.

The inmates of St. Bernard still
Ope wide the Hospice door
To all who need its sheltering warmth
Amid the the tempest's roar.

And still the faithful dogs explore
The dangerous mountain way,
And save full many a precious life
That seemed death's certain prey.

But "Barry's" name is ne'er forgot,
Though here my tale must end;
And well he wears the name he bears,
The "Mountain traveler's friend."

COUSIN CECIL.

THERE IS POWER IN TRUTH.

DEAR little Hopes, seeing in the last number of the *Hope* a piece with the title, "The Power of Truth," it impressed more deeply upon my mind the thought that had so often entered there, that I would write a few words on the subject for our little paper. Dear little Hopes, did you ever think of the power of truth and the power of falsehood? Do you ask, Has falsehood any power? It has, a great deal of power over the people at this age of the world, for many would rather believe a lie than the truth; and therefore it has power over them. A lie has a great deal of power in the way of evil and in turning men's hearts from God. On the other hand, truth has a great deal of power in the way of good and in turning men's hearts to God. See

what power truth had over those robbers, as related in the last *Hope*. If this youth had told them he had no property they would have thought, no doubt, that he was telling a lie, and might have searched him, found his money and kept it; then what would he have gained? He would have told a lie, lost his money and left no impression for good on the robbers; but in telling one little truth, see what he gained; he saved for himself his property, saved the robbers from a crime and left a lasting impression for good on their minds, which set them to thinking of their sins, and likely was the cause of saving their souls from ruin.

Now, my little friends, as you have heard how much good is done by telling the truth, and how much evil arises from telling a lie, I hope you will promise yourself and your God never to tell a lie. How I love a child that will never tell a lie; one that you can depend on every word they say; and God also loves them. See how you lose confidence even in your friends, when you learn that they will not always tell you the truth. Learn a lesson from this, if you lose confidence in your friends when you learn that they will lie to you, remember if you lie to others they will lose confidence in you. What a sad thing to have others lose confidence in your word; for if you tell them the truth they will not believe you.

Little Hopes, if you will choose falsehood for your companion truth will flee from you; and if you will choose truth, falsehood will flee; for the two never dwell together. Remember that one of God's commandments is, "Lie not one to another;" and he also states the punishment of the liar, for he says that "All liars shall have their part in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." I will now leave room for older and more experienced hands than myself, and will try and do better the next time.

"CHILD'S MISSION."

"You've a mission, little one,
Though your life is just begun,
For there's work for all to do
In this world we're passing through.

"You may be like angels here,
Making sorrow disappear,
Winning crowns that shall be given,
To the faithful one in heaven.

"From the cradle to the grave
Every precious moment save;
Fill your life with deeds of love
Treasures bright for you above."

As ever, your sister in Christ, J. M. STITES.

[Selected.]

PRAYING BETTER THAN STEALING.

SOME poor families lived near a large wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took pretty good care of his family; but the public-house would get his earnings, and they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick was left in his cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bedside, and whispered something in his ear.

"I can't do it, father," said John aloud.

"Can't—why not?" asked his father angrily. "Because I learned at the Sabbath-school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents' too?"

"Yes, father," answered the boy.

"Well, then, mind what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood-wharf; so John said to his father,

"I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know."

And when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God in prayer. He prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his Sabbath-school teacher taught him, only he put in some-

thing about the wood, for he knew God could give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon, when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of the first thing after turning the corner? A load of wood before the door, *his* door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor sent it; but he did not know who they were. He believed it was God; and so it was.

CHILDREN'S EVENING HYMN.

The little birds now seek their rest;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea;
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears;
The troubled hope for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourner's tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumbers sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as Thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.
—Good Words.

HONOR OLD AGE.

DEAR children of Zion, do you ever think how we should love and respect old age? I have seen children that paid but very little respect to the aged, and would not take advice from them; but we should always be willing to take advice from older ones, because they have had more experience than we have. I am only twelve years old myself, and I love to talk with aged people, and I think there is a great deal to be learned from them. There is a great reward in store for those who respect the aged. Another word of advice from your young friend, be sure and respect and obey your parents, for unto such are great promises. ANNA M. WINEGAR.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT was the last talk we had with mother for a very long time, and I suppose that is why I remember it so well, and, besides that, Bertie was always talking of it; and then, too, what happened in the next six months, which I am going to tell you about, made all she said plainer to me, and made me understand better what she meant.

We used to go to school every morning at nine, and to have dinner there and come home at three. The day after that last talk with mother, I got into a great row over my lessons, for I was so sleepy when I went up to bed that I forgot to look over my lesson, and I did not think of it again until I stood up in class to say it, when of course I broke down. So I was kept in to learn it while the other boys went to play for the half-hour before dinner, and I was very glad when three o'clock came and we ran off home.

When we got home, we were much surprised to see our father looking out of the dining-room window, for he was generally at his office at that time, and he came and opened the door for us himself, and instead of letting us run straight up into the nursery, he told us to come into the dining-room, and there we found on the floor a carpet-bag all fastened up, and on the card tied to the handles was written, "Master Carter, passenger to Silverhill." Now I don't think I have told you

that our father's name was Carter, so off course mine and Bertie's was Carter too, and Master Carter must be either Bertie or me. So Bertie and I looked in great surprise, first at the carpet-bag, and then at each other, and then at father, who in the meantime had sat down in the arm-chair and called us to him. Then he told us that little Edie was ill, and that the doctor said it was scarlatina, which was a very catching illness; and as neither Bertie nor I had had it, we were to go down that afternoon to Silverhill, to stay at a farmhouse, where a kind old farmer and his wife lived, who had known our father when he was a little boy, and who would keep us and take care of us till Edie was well and all danger over.

"Neither mother nor I can go down with you," our father said, "but you are getting big boys now, and I hope I can trust you to be good and steady, and to do all that kind Mrs. Blossom tells you. Mind boys you must obey her as you would us."

This, and a good deal more our father said to us, and he told us that mother would not come down to see us, for she was nursing Edie and she might carry the infection to us. And then a cab came to the door, and the carpet-bag was put in, and Bertie and I were just going to rush into the cab, when I heard somebody call "Tom" from the top of the stairs, and when I looked up there was mother, and she said, "stop where you are, dears; don't come up; but I could not let you go without saying 'Good-by' and 'God bless you.' Be good boys, both of you,—good, brave boys, and hardy, Tom, not fool hardy; don't forget."

But this was more than I could stand, to stop there and hear her say "Good-bye" from the top of the stairs, and before she had finished speaking I had bolted up stairs two steps at a time and had got my arms tight round her neck, saying, "Good-bye, mother; I'm not afraid of the scarlatina."

But mother looked vexed and sad, and unclasped my arms from her neck and gave me one kiss, and then bid me run down stairs quickly, but she kissed her hand ever so many times to Bertie, who stood on the door-mat, very white and trembling all over, and she said, "Good-bye, Bertie, good, brave boy."

A minute after we were in the cab rattling away to the station, with father, who came to see us off.

"Why did mother call Bertie brave?" I asked, feeling rather hurt in my mind. "I was not afraid of the scarlatina."

"Nor was Bertie," father said, shortly.

"Then why did he not go up like I did?"

"Because he was told not to."

I was silenced but not convinced, and presently returned to the subject.

"But how was it brave?"

"Because he conquered his wish to say 'Good-bye' to mother, and you let your wish conquer you."

I comforted myself with thinking that I was generally much braver than Bertie, and it did not weigh long on my mind, for there was much to see and to think of, and many plans to make of what I would do during these unexpected holidays in such new and delightful circumstances. I am afraid I did not pay much attention to what our father told us in the cab about what we were to do, and when we were to write, and what we were to say to Mrs. Blossom from him; and when we got to the station, and father took the tickets and gave them to me to take care of, the very first thing I did was to lose them, for there was a great black dog on the platform, who would hold a piece of biscuit on the end of his nose, and throw it up and catch it again, and I could think of nothing else. I only found out they were gone when the train was just starting, and then father said, "Well, Tom, where are the tickets?" And I could not find them anywhere. I was in a regular fright, as you may fancy, and it was a great relief when it came out that father had them, for he had seen them drop, and had picked them up, only he had not said anything about it

just to frighten me; but he would not give them to me again, but gave them to Bertie, which vexed me a good deal. Then the bell rang, and there was a loud whistle, and father said "Good-bye," and the train was off. There was an old gentleman in our carriage, but he got out at the first station, and we traveled alone the rest of the way.

It was only about an hour and a half's journey from London, but we fancied every station we came to must be Silverhill, that we should never get there. But at last we reached it, and heard the welcome name of Silverhill shouted along the platform, and we were out of the train almost before it had stopped. On the platform was a big broad-shouldered old man, who came up to us at once, saying, "Be you the Master Carters? There! if I didn't know it, you be so mortal like what your father were." And then he caught up our carpet-bag, and set off at a brisk pace across the fields with us after him. He did not say much, for he never was a great talker, and he went along at such a rate that it was as much as we could do to keep up with him, and Bertie had to go at a trot all the way.

It was about six o'clock in the evening when we got to the farm, and the cows were standing about in the great straw-yard in front of the house after being milked, making the whole place very sweet with their breath, and a man was just carrying into the dairy two large pails full of foaming new milk.

We had to pass across the yard to get to the house, which was rather a trial to Bertie, for the cows stood so close, that we almost touched their long-pointed horns as we went by, and the farmer had to give a loud-sounding slap on their sleek sides, and say, "So-ho, Cowslip, lass," and "Wake up, Cherry, old girl," to make them get out of the way. There were pigs too, riotous for their supper, coming rushing from all sides, and one nearly knocked me over, by charging between my legs. However, we reached the wicket safely, which opened into the garden, and from which a brick path led to the farmhouse door, where Mrs. Blossom stood waiting to welcome us.

A lot of white fan-tailed pigeons flew up with a whirl from the brick path to the old barn-roof as we came in, and a fierce-looking dog sprang barking out of a kennel, till the farmer shouted out, "Hold your noise there, Vixen," when it kept growling back again.

"Lawk-a-day! if I didn't think as you was never coming; and these be the two dear children, and this is Master Tom, bless his heart! with his pa's own face, every bit. And this is little Master Bertie. Well to be sure, its like old times to see your faces—But there! you must be wanting your teas and be pretty nigh starved, and its been ready this half-hour.

Then we went through the large kitchen with its big fire-place and oak settle and rack hanging from the ceiling covered with sides of bacon, on into the best parlor, where tea was laid, with such a big loaf, enough to make half-a-dozen London loaves, and golden butter, and a monster ham, and new-laid eggs, and jam enough to stock a pastrycook's shop. There was the best china set out, which was white, with the head of George the Third on every cup and plate, milk-jug, teapot, and sugar-basin. And were not we both of us hungry just about, and did not we both eat jolly good teas, with Mrs. Blossom watching us with such a broad, good-natured, smiling face, enough to give us an appetite if nothing else did? And after tea we went all over the house and garden and farm, till we were quite tired out and were glad enough to go up to bed in the large room over the best parlor, with its lattice window, and black beams crossing one another on the ceiling, and odd, uneven floor, and deep cupboard by the bed, into which Bertie was afraid to look.

Strange though it all was, it was very pleasant to get in between the sheets smelling of lavender, in that great four-post bed with white curtains, on which were printed in pink the adventures of

Dick Turpin; and I remember well, as I closed my eyes and Mrs. Blossom put out the candle, that I made up my mind that, if my father had no objection, and I could keep on a horse at full gallop, I would be a highwayman when I grew up.

To be Continued.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbor best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

A KISS, NOT A BLOW.

"**H** STRIKE 'oo," cried a little boy in a sharp tone to his sister.

"I kiss 'oo," said his sister, stretching out her arms and putting up her rosy lips in a sweet kiss.

Tommy looked a look of wonder. Did his little ears hear right? They did for there was a kiss on Susie's lips. A smile broke over his angry face, like sunshine on a dark cloud.

"I kiss 'oo," he then said; and the little brother and sister hugged and kissed each other quite heartily. A kiss for a blow is better than tit for tat, isn't it?

THE CHURCH-GOING DOG.

MR. SWAINSON, in his work on the instincts of animals, says, "My little parlor dog never offers to go with me on Sunday, although on other days he is perfectly wild to accompany me in my walks. In my younger days I had a favorite dog which always accompanied me to church. My mother, seeing that he attracted too much attention, ordered the servant to shut him up every Sunday morning. This was done once, but never afterwards; for he concealed himself nearly every Sunday morning, and I was sure to find him either under my seat at church, or else at the church door. That dogs clearly distinguish the return of Sunday cannot be doubted."

Correspondence.

KNOX, Ind., March, 1st, 1874.

Dear Hope:—I have a hymn that I composed myself, I will write to the *Hope*.

O, Saints, be faithful and be just,
For God is near at hand;
Gird up yourselves and be ye strong,
Which God, the great, commands.

And when we see our Savior come,
In clouds with angels too,
O, Saints, be faithful and be just;
For God is always true.

Come sinners and obey the truth,
Which Christ our Lord has given;
For soon on earth he'll come to reign,
And take us home to heaven.

Little brothers and sisters I want you to pray for me that I may do better in days to come than I have in days that are past. From ABBY PRETTYMAN.

DELOIT, Crawford Co., Iowa.

March 4th, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—I have been reading the letters of my brothers and sisters and think they are very good. I was baptized a year ago last December; and my determination is to press my way onward and try to live in that way and manner that would be pleasing to my heavenly Father; to live in obedience with his laws and keep his commandments. We have no Sabbath School yet, but hope that we may have be-

fore very long. We have meeting every Sunday in the Saints' Church house; preaching at eleven o'clock and prayer and testimony meeting in the evening. There has been an Advent minister lecturing here for about a month; he has woke a great many up and they have began searching their Bibles. There is a great deal of sickness in this neighborhood. Mother has been quite sick, but is well now. Father has been off preaching for six weeks; he has just returned home. All of my father's family belong to the Church but two, and one is not old enough, and the other one once belonged, but turned back to the world again. From your sister, ELLEN DOBSON.

March 2d, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—My brother and I went to school this winter about three or four miles; but it was so far away that we could not have any Sunday School. I can not think of any more so good bye; God bless all the Saints. Your little niece, NANCY M. BALLANTYNE.

EMSWORTH STATION, March 6th, 1874.

Dear *Zion's Hope*:—It has been a long time since I have written to you. We have no Sabbath School of the Saints here, but we have a good Mission Sabbath School. I go to school, and am in the Fourth Reader. I was ten years old on Saturday, February 28th, 1874. I like to go to school, and to Sabbath School. Ma belongs to the Latter Day Saints Church, but Pa does not. I want all the little Saints to pray for him that he may become one also. I enclose fifty cents. CORA A. RICHARDSON.

NEWTON, Iowa, March 15th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—To-day is Sunday. It is a little cool. We should always keep the Sabbath holy; for it is the Lord's day. I am not baptized yet. I intend to write to the *Hope* a little oftener than I do. I go to a high school which has ten rooms in it. I study in the Third Reader, first part of Arithmetic and Geography. I think education is very good for little folks. I go to school every day and try to be a good girl. This morning death has made a mark in our midst and took one of our sisters away, it was Sister White. I am your sister in Christ, IDA DAVIS.

March 9th, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—Feeling a deep interest in the cause of Christ I pen a few lines for the *Hope*, though this is my first attempt. I have been taking this paper but a short time. My prayer is that our Branch may increase in number, and that we may all have our lamps trimmed and burning, that we may have part in the first resurrection; and not have cause to cry for the rocks to fall on us and hide us. Dear little Hopes, there are many by paths to lead us out of the strait and narrow way. I for one will try to learn my besetting sins and to guard against them; and pray God to help me to overcome them. Dear little Hopes, let us ever be faithful and do all we can to carry on this good and glorious work, and let us all pray earnestly for the Spirit to guide us into all truth. I subscribe myself your sister in the bonds of peace and love. MARY ELLEN DUNBAR.

MAQUOKETA, Iowa, March 15th, 1874.

Uncle Joseph:—I am eight years of age the 29th day of this month. My dear grandma has been so kind as to send for the *Hope* for two years for me. She thought I could make a rug and get it myself; so I did, and sold it for fifty cents. Please send the *Hope* to Carrie M. Maudsley, not to S. Maudsley. CARRIE M. MAUDSLEY.

DOWVILLE, Iowa, March 8th, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—I HAVE BEEN thinking for a long time whether a letter from me would be worthy of publication, but I shall never know unless I try. I love the *Hope* for the good instruction it contains. I have read the *Hope* ever since its first publication, and have learned many good things. Perhaps the dear Hopes would like to know where I live; I will tell you. I live away out here in Western Iowa where there are broad prairies. No doubt you have heard of them. I never saw much country; I have been in five counties, but I never should have been that far if I had not gone to conference. At present I live within half a mile of my birthplace. I would like to know where all the dear little Hopes live. I am trying to do right. Yours Truly, A. H. RUDD.

CAMERON, Mo., Jan. 23d, 1874.

Dear little readers of the *Hope*:—Wishing to make the acquaintance of the little Hopes of Zion, I write you through the columns of the *Hope* a short letter. I wish you all to be happy in doing good, in being loving and kind one to another, especially little brothers and sisters; and be very kind and obliging to your parents, and grand parents those of you who have them. This is the way that little children serve God, and there are many little children not of our faith who seeing how good our little folks are, will be led

to say, "Surely they are God's children;" thus showing how much good little ones can do. As this is but an introductory letter I will bid you good-by, promising to write again by and by. May the Giver of all our blessings guide all the little children of the household of faith, and help us all to do good. Yours in the gospel of Christ, AUNT LUCY.

AGENCY CITY, Feb. 27th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—My father is on a mission and is trying to preach the gospel to the people, that they should repent and be baptized. I like to go to meeting, but it is nine miles away, and it is hardly possible to go in the winter. I was sick in bed, I told my uncle to go to St. Joseph and have the Elders come; they laid hands on me, I got better the next day after, and the Spirit of the Lord was with me. My mother is thankful to you for the *Herald*. Your sister in Christ, BARBARA BEAR.

MONTROSE, Lee Co., Iowa, Feb. 22d, 1874.

Dear little Hopes:—This is Sunday, and I have just came home from Sunday School. I take the *Zion's Hope*, and I think it is a nice paper. I always look at the letters first. I will soon be twelve years old. My Pa is in California preaching. He has been sick, but is better now. He went away from home in October, and I guess he will be home next month. I remain your friend in Christ, LULIE E. ANDERSON.

PALMER, Christian Co., Ill.,

Feb. 23d, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—There are but eight Saints here; and seven of them live together, and one lives eight miles from here in Harvel. She comes every two weeks. We have sacrament every Sunday and prayer and testimony meeting every Wednesday night. We have our meetings at my father's house. Not many people come to our meetings, but what do come, say they are well pleased with their time, and promise to come again; but they don't come often. I wish that some of the Elders would come and stay with us awhile; none have been here since Elder Richard Groom was here. I wonder how many of the little Hopes has read the Book of Mormon through. I read it through in ten days. I love God's Holy Word; and I love the *Hope* and *Herald*. When we get them I always read the correspondence to see the progress of Zion. I am always glad to hear of the Saints in all parts of the world. From your sister in Christ, LYDIA EMMONS.

ATCHISON, Kansas, Feb. 22d, 1874.

Brother Joseph:—We have meetings here every Sunday, and also Wednesday evenings. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope we shall soon have one. I am in the Church. I take the *Hope* and I like the little paper very much. I was eleven years old on the 21st; and all the brethren and sisters assembled at our house in a surprise party. We were very glad to see them. The party pleased me very much. May God bless all the little readers of the *Hope*. I must close, so good-bye. Your brother in Christ, WILLIE WILLIAMS.

AN OLD RHYME.

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
A Sabbath profaned, whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower	...\$	25
Nellie Hougas	... 25	Willie Hougas	... 3	00
Lucy A. Griffith	... 50	Miss M. E. Kyte	... 50	50
Mary J. Rogerson	... 50	Franklin Henry Allen	... 1	00
Sarah Pidd Smith	... 25	John Cook	... 1	00
Richard Darlow	... 1 00	E. L. Kaster	... 50	50
J. W. Barson	... 1 00	Abednego Daniel Johns	... 1	00
Henry David Johns	... 50	Geo. Walton	... 35	50
Mary A. Butler	... 10	C. Eleason	... 50	50
J. Gilman	... 10	E. R. Evans	... 25	50
Willie S. Maloney	... 25	Miss Effie Walrath	... 50	50
Annie Hemming	... 50			
Geo. Adams	... 50			

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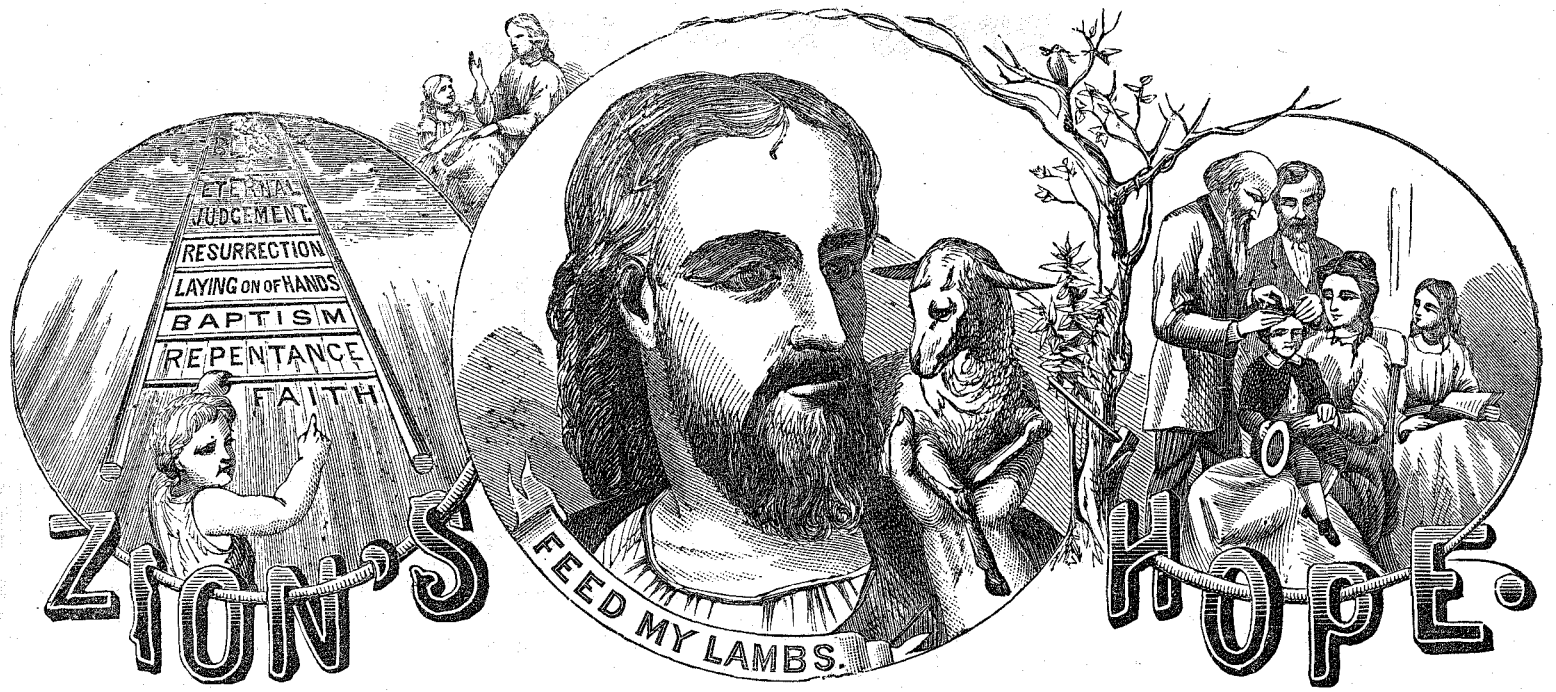
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

MATCHES AND MIGNONETTE.

ONE summer's day I was coming home from a pleasant country walk, and just about to ring the house door, when I heard a little voice behind me say, "Please, ma'm, won't you buy a box of matches? Only a penny for four boxes; please do, ma'm."

It was such a sweet little voice that I turned around involuntarily to look at the child. Her face and manner were as unlike most other little match-sellers that one generally sees, as was the clear musical tones of her voice. Very pale and thin the little face was, but it had certainly been washed that morning, and her hair was cut closely and combed neatly round her head. Her clothes, too, though very old, were patched well, and looked clean. The child looked at me with her great anxious black eyes, so that I felt obliged to stop and talk to her.

"What is your name, little one?" I asked; "and where do you live?"

"I am Nelly Blake, and live at Bailey's Court," was the answer.

"Have you a mother and father?"

Tears came into the great large eyes as she said, "No ma'm. Mother went up to live with God last week, and father—," here the child stopped, but, seeing I waited for her to finish, she added slowly and unwillingly, as it seemed, "I don't rightly know where father's gone, but I don't think he's gone *there*."

"And who takes care of you?" I asked next.

"We all take care of each other, please, ma'm."

"Who are 'all'?"

"Rhoda, Mary, Jem, and me, ma'm. Mother said we must all keep together if we could, and take care of each other."

After a few more questions I found out that Rhoda was a poor invalid, who could hardly do anything except love and cheer the rest. Mary took in plain needlework, and Jem was in a situation as errand-boy, and his wages just paid for the use of the room they all lived in.

"I thought, ma'm," said little Nelly, as she finished speaking, "I thought I would like to try and help a bit, and so I sell a few boxes of matches, and I take home a few pence most days."

I felt so interested in Nelly Blake that I promised to go and see her at home that evening. Her little face brightened considerably when she heard that, and she went away looking quite happy.

After tea that same evening I found out Bailey's Court, after some searching, but I could never describe to you what a place it was. Oh! it seemed so sad that a little child should live there;

that a little fresh young heart should open out amid such sights and sounds of evil; but I learnt to know afterwards how safely our kind heavenly Father can keep his little ones, so that the evil one shall not touch them.

I could not at first see any one whom I liked to ask a question of, and felt almost afraid to venture among the crowd of noisy men and women in the court. Presently, however, I looked up to the different windows, and, to my great surprise, what do you think I saw upon one window-sill but a box of fresh, sweet mignonette in full flower? I can hardly tell you how strangely pleasant the little bright-green spot looked in the midst of the wretchedness all round it. The flowers seemed to stand there like living witnesses of God's love and presence, reminding me how flowers were once used by the Savior to teach lessons of wisdom and goodness. They made me think of Jesus Christ's presence and daily life those three-and-thirty years on earth: purity and goodness in the very midst of impurity and sin.

Presently I saw a pair of eyes peeping out above the mignonette, and felt sure they belonged to Nelly Blake. In another moment she was at my side.

"Oh! ma'am, you've come then. I thought you would; Rhoda will be so glad to see you; we were just talking about it; this way, please, ma'am," and putting her little fingers confidingly into mine, Nelly led me up some very dark, narrow stairs, until we stopped before a low door.

The little room it led into was a great contrast to anything I had yet seen in Bailey's Court; much more like the sweet, pure mignonette than anything else. It was very small, but the boards were so purely white and clean, and the panes of glass so transparent and well kept; and then pleasant puffs of sweet air from the mignonette-box kept coming in from the window, which was open.

In one corner of the room upon a bed on the floor, still beautifully clean, a pale, delicate-looking girl was bolstered up, so that she could work a little. Her face was very sweet and patient, and she smiled very pleasantly as I went in. That was Rhoda; and then near the window sat Mary, the other sister, very busily shirt-making. She was a bright rosy-looking girl, something like Nelly in the eyes, but more healthy-looking than either Nelly or Rhoda.

I sat down by the invalid's bed-side, and she told me how their mother had died of consumption the week before, as Nelly had said. They did not know where their father was, he had left them some time before to get on in the world as well as they could. "My great trouble now, ma'am," said

the sick-girl, "is that I can do nothing to help, because of this cough and weakness."

"I am sure you do help, Rhoda," cried little Nelly, coming up closer to her sister, "I am sure you do; you love us all, and make us feel happy and content, like mother used to."

Rhoda smiled at her little loving sister, and smoothed her hair gently. "Nelly is quite a help to us," she said, "and sells all sorts of little things besides her matches. I am sorry to have her go out in the streets to do it among all sorts of people, but, as mother used to say, 'The Lord can keep his own,' and we trust him to keep Nelly while she is trying to do her duty."

They seemed such a loving, united little family, it did one good to see them. They smiled when I praised the flowers outside, and Mary said that Nelly had begged the seeds in the Spring, from a gardener who had been very kind to them, and Jem had nailed the box together from some boards his master had given him for firewood. "So you see, ma'am, they cost nothing but a little pains and attention, and mother always said they made the place feel better like, less wicked somehow."

"Yes," said little Nelly, "I think they do; the look and smell of them seem to awaken thoughts which send away the bad words and things we hear outside in the court."

"Yes, Nelly," said Rhoda, "they make one think of the hymn we were reading last night—don't they?"

I quite enjoyed my visit to these sisters, and often went after that evening. Rhoda seemed to grow weaker as the summer months went by, and dear little Nelly more loving and anxious. I found that the teaching of a prayerful mother had really been blessed to this poor child. Truly she was a little lamb of Christ's fold, and the example of her dying sister was also of use to her.

Autumn had come; the mignonette was fading, and we managed to get a few brighter flowers to take their place and keep the window-ledge gay and pleasant for the sick girl.

One evening I went as usual to see her, and found Nelly in her accustomed place when the day's work was done, close to Rhoda's pillow. Mary was gone out to take home some work, and we were alone. "I'm so glad you came this evening, ma'am," said Rhoda. "I think it won't be long before I go to my home in heaven; the doctor says it can't be many days. Don't cry, Nelly dear. You know we have talked about it before; it is our Savior's will, and Nelly must try and be willing too. You have been so kind to us, ma'am. I can never thank you here, but I wanted to ask you to do yet one more kindness, the greatest of all. When I am gone will you still come and see

Nelly and Mary? I want to feel that Nelly will be looked after—I mean her soul—that she may not forget she has to meet me and mother at the right hand of God by-and-by.”

She could hardly find strength for the last words. I soothed the dying girl with the promise that I would never lose sight of her little sister while we both lived. That seemed to comfort her quite, and she said once or twice, “Now, then, I shall die happily; that was my only earthly care.”

The next morning Nelly came up almost broken hearted to tell me that her sister was gone. “She is safe, ma’am,” sobbed little Nelly, “but I am so lonely without her!” There seemed to be a stronger tie between these two than any of the others. I went back with the little desolate sister to see all that remained of Rhoda. Very sweet and happy she looked, with her favorite flowers about her. She was now, as Nelly said, among “the never-withering flowers.”

Soon after her death, Mary got a situation as nursemaid in a comfortable home, and Nelly came to be my special attendant and charge. She is growing up as I believe Rhoda would desire, not forgetting the charge “to meet her mother and sister at the right hand of God;” and to this day I think we both love a box of mignonette almost better than any other flowers, and always think of the time when Nelly, a little match-seller, begged the seeds to make their home the brighter and happier for its sweet and fragrant blossoms.

THE MOON.

THE moon has ever been the theme of romance. Novelists draw imposing scenes in its bright light. Painters, too, delight to picture it hanging over craggy castle-walls—

“If thou wouldst see Melrose aright,
Come view it in the pale moonlight.”

To poets it has been the universal theme. How pretty even the words, “Moonlight on the water.” What a grand sight the full moon in the western sky at morn, when

“All is shadowless as heaven
And the glowing morn and the low west moon
On every thing shines even.”

Hear Byron:

“’Tis midnight on the mountains’ brown,
The cold, round moon shines brightly down.”

What a dreary world we’d have without it. The little child delights to wonder at it; and the faded eyes of age see it at mirror of glorious things. The philosopher finds it made just right for man’s best use—at the right distance and having the right periods. There is no life on its rugged surface, and we cannot conceive of the immortals having need of it. It is almost, or quite indispensable to man for whom all earthly things were made; so we can believe the sacred historian, that it was made to rule the night; and believe the words of the Psalmist, “He appointeth the moon for seasons.”

It cannot be considered strange that various nations worshiped it. Seeing it scale the mountain tops, and mount the ladder of the clouds; changing its circuit and its face, they could easily imagine it a thing of life, and worship it, because they were made to worship something, and conscious that there must be in nature something greater than themselves.

The Athenians, wisest of the ancient world, lost an army, and perhaps their nationality, because they would not move for three days after an eclipse of the moon.

Science has removed those superstitious notions. Men have measured its distance and its size, have weighed it as if in scales, and have turned their telescopes and cameras upon it and mapped it, and made pictures of its face, and given names to its mountains and plains.

The earth is thirteen and a half times larger than the moon, and the distance between them is about 239,000 miles. There is no water on the

moon, and no air about it, and for that reason there can be no living thing there; no tree, no shrub; it is a desolate world, and yet so bright. “’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view. There can be no twilight there, and the shadows of the rocks are black as jet, for air makes shadows light. Air and water have made the hills of the earth smooth; but the mountains of the moon are very rough and angular, and vastly higher than those of the earth. One range there is called the Appenines, a vast crater is called Tycho, and a vast plain is called the Floor of Plato. Some late teachers say the hollows and hills of the moon seemed to have been formed by meteors falling on it when it was soft. It is supposed that formerly it was a melted mass and has grown cold, and its volcanoes died out; that it is older than the earth, and is worn out; that it had its beginning, its life, and is now in its decline. It is a waning moon, drifting to its doom. The prophets speak of a time when the moon shall cease to give her light. I do not know what it means. I close by wishing you, “The abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.”

THE OLD TESTAMENT BOOKS.

The great Jehovah speaks to us,
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus, and Numbers, see,
Followed by Deuteronomy,
Joshua and Judges rule the land,
Ruth glean a sheaf with trembling hand;
Samuel, and numerous kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear;
Ezra and Nehemiah brave;
Esther then dares her race to save.
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms.
Ecclesiastes then come on,
And the sweet song of Solomon.
Isaiah, and Jeremiah then
Writes Lamentations with his pen.
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea’s lyres,
Join Joel, Amos, Obadiah’s.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
Then lofty Habakkuk finds room;
Then Zephaniah, and Haggai,
Zechariah rears his walls on high;
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

TWO GREENBACKS.

BY O. S. ADAMS.

GRENE led a useless life, and was guilty of enormous sins in the way of omission. The other passed through an honorable career of real service and well-doing. To be sure, greenbacks are not endowed with life and free will; yet how people bow to them, and strive to get them, and submit to their power!

The two particular greenbacks, the adventures of which it is the purpose of this story to relate, were each of the denomination of \$10. One was a bright new one, and was one of a thick pile that lay in the desk of a fat old fraud in the shape of a wealthy citizen, whose small eyes sparkled complacently as he contemplated his hoard, and whose false tongue pleaded poverty in reply to requests for the payment of honest debts. That greenback’s life was a very monotonous one. If it had had a tongue to speak it would have lifted up its voice in loud protest at being penned up in such a lonely place, and begged to be allowed to see something of the world instead of being doomed to the dreary, useless life it was leading.

Greenback No. 2 was a creature of more fortuitous circumstances. It was not so crisp and clean as the one that was kept in confinement, but its scars were honorable ones, won in a life of activity and hard service. We first behold it passing over the black-walnut desk of a large manufacturing establishment into the hands of an honest-looking man with soiled clothes and a dust-begrimed face. For convenience sake we will give the man a name—we will call him Luke Preston—though that is a matter of little consequence as regards the adventures of his greenback.

The first thing he did was to call at Skettle’s grocery on his way home and pay his week’s bill. This amounted to three dollars and forty cents, and handing over his ten dollar greenback he received six dollars and sixty cents in change. Further along he stopped at the meat market and settled up, paying out two dollars and ten cents, having then remaining four dollars and fifty cents. With these two debts off his mind he went home and sat down to a good supper which one of the best of wives had prepared for him.

“Lucy, did old Mr. Garland saw that wood this afternoon?” he asked.

“Yes,” was his wife’s reply.

“Then I’ll go round and pay him after supper.”

“It is so cold and stormy to-night I wouldn’t go out. He can probably just as well wait until sometime when you happen to see him.”

“No,” was Luke’s reply. “He has earned the money and may want it. It would be too bad to keep it from him. All he has comes from little jobs like this, you know.”

And after the meal was finished Luke made his way through a driving snow straight to the home of Mr. Garland.

“Good evening Mr. Garland. I thought I would just step around and pay you for sawing that wood. It’s a dollar, I believe.”

“Thank ye sir, thank ye,” exclaimed Mr. Garland, while his wife looked up over her spectacles from a pair of socks she was darning. “Yes, sir, that’s right. Much obleeged!”

“Not at all. It belongs to you.”

“Yes, yes. You’re right. But it ain’t all of them as looks at it in that way.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes; there’s lots of little debts standin’ out that I can’t collect; and there’s ’Squire Clinch, in particular, as had ten cord of wood in his yard, which I took the sawin’ of. I jest finished the job yesterday, and of course asked for my pay. But he allowed that he’d been doin’ me a great favor in givin’ me such a big job, and said I’d have to wait a week or two, as he was hard up.”

“’Squire Clinch too hard up to pay for his wood-sawing! That sounds like a joke.”

“’Tain’t much of a joke for me for I need the money. I had to borrow three dollars of John Brady the other day to buy some coal with, and he ought to be paid. But I had only enough to get a little flour with to-night, and I was wonderin’ how I’d put John off. Howsumever, I’ll give him this dollar, and perhaps he will wait for the rest. I was going to get a pair of new boots, too. These old things let most too much cold in when a man stands still all day sawin’ wood. But I’ll have to wait till ’Squire Clinch isn’t so hard up!”

“’Squire Clinch dosen’t act on the right principle,” said Luke turning to go. “I hope he will pay you before long. Good night.”

“Good night, and many thanks to you.”

On his way home Luke saw a light across the way in the village printing office. He crossed the street and entered.

“Good evening, Mr. Quill,” he said; “my time for your paper is just out, I believe, and I wish to pay for another six months ahead.”

“Ah, thank you, Luke; I wish all my subscribers acted on your plan.”

“Don’t they?” asked Luke.

“No, indeed. You would be surprised if I should mention the names of some of our most wealthy men who owe for from two to five years back.”

“Well, I hope that won’t ever be said of me. The rich ones, I suppose, think such small sums make no difference.”

“There is where they are mistaken,” replied Mr. Quill. “The life of trade is in these small sums. A poor man’s dollar is worth more than a rich man’s promise, any time; for material and labor cannot be had without money.”

Before returning home Luke bought some delicacies for a Sunday dinner, a weekly literary paper, and his wife’s religious magazine. Besides, he gave ten cents to a little beggar girl, who held

out a hand blue with cold from under the shreds of a tattered shawl. When he finally reached home his pocket-book felt considerably lighter, but his conscience was clear. Of the trifle over two dollars which he had left he laid aside two dollars to deposit in the savings bank, where there was already quite a respectable sum to his credit.

Meanwhile the various divisions of his ten-dollar greenback, now scattered about in different hands, began to chuckle. They said with one voice: "This is what I like. I'll see something of the world, and in all probability do some good."

Let us see how it was. The three dollars and forty cents which he had left at Skettle's grocery went to make up the quarterly rent which Skettle owed, and which was due that very night. He paid it to Mr. Balcom, the owner of the building, who, in turn, promptly handed it over to some workmen who had been making repairs. It so happened that a portion of it went to a carpenter who had a sick child, and who was thus enabled to purchase some needed delicacies, thereby, perhaps, saving the child's life. A dollar and a half of it went to a hod-carrier, who immediately took it and bought of Skettle sundry small packages of sugar, coffee, flour, etc. Skettle took this same dollar and a half and gave it to his wife, who wished to pay a woman for doing some little jobs of cleaning and scrubbing. Now, this woman was the hod-carrier's wife; so this dollar and a half of Luke's green-back went first to Skettle, then to the hod-carrier, then back to Skettle again, then to his wife, and then to the hod-carrier's wife. It is not presumable that it lay long in her hands. Curious, wasn't it?

And the two dollars and ten cents that went to the butcher? Why, this was paid to the boy who tended shop, who handed it to his mother, who in turn paid Carpenter Bailey for some repairs done on her little cottage. Bailey settled up his coal bill, the coal merchant paid one of his teamsters, the teamster walked straight to the butcher's shop and paid for his week's meat, and the butcher put the money with another pile and paid it to a farmer for a good fat cow. And what did the farmer do? Why, he went and bought a wagon at the factory that had paid the ten dollar bill to Luke Preston over its black-walnut desk.

And the dollar that went to Mr. Garland? He did as he had told Luke he should, paid it to John Brady as part of the borrowed sum. John Brady said he had need of the whole amount, but would get along the best he could. Of the dollar, fifty cts. went for provisions, and the other fifty to a poor old cobbler for mending Johnny's shoes. This had to be expended at the hardware store to replace a broken awl, and the hardware dealer paid it to a boy for shoveling the snow off his sidewalk. The boy ran home in exultation to his rheumatic mother to inform her of his good luck.

And the dollar that went to Editor Quill? He paid it to his "devil," from whose hands it went to a poor woman who had been making him a coat, and who held soul and body together by the earnings of her needle. The beggar girl to whom Luke had given ten cents bought a loaf of bread, and thus allayed the pangs of hunger that were torturing half a dozen brothers and sisters.

And the thirty-odd cents expended at the news-room went into a box of small change, which was subsequently counted and pinned in neat packages of \$1 each and sent to the News Company, where the supplies of papers and magazines came from. These small sums from five to forty cents enabled the dealer to maintain his little stand, greatly to the convenience of those who depended on it for their periodical supplies of reading matter.

To be Continued.

Live not to eat; but eat to live.

Do that which is right, speak that which is true.

Be fit to live, that you may be fit to die.

Cease to do evil, and try to do well.

To be of use, ought to be the aim of life.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER III.

I WISH I could tell you half that we did at Oatland,—for that was the name of Mr. Blossom's farm, or that I could make you feel a little bit of the fun Bertie and I had there; for we had enough and to spare. We were very good and well behaved the first two or three days, and Mrs. Blossom said, "She never *did* see such good boys!" but after that I am afraid our best manners were put away with the best china, and our good intentions (mine, at all events) were sent off with our first letter home, and Mrs. Blossom said, "She never *did* see such boys, no! she never *did*!" but she left off using the word good, and no wonder, for we were continually getting into some mischief or other; but whatever we did, she never lost her good temper, only when we came in plastered with mud from head to foot, or wet through, or when we upset a milk-pan, or shut up the cat in the dairy, she would lift up hands and eyes and say, "Lawk-a-daisy! well, I never!" As for Farmer Blossom his patience was never ending. The worst he ever said was, "Now, then, don't you go for to do it again." I do not know how many times we did not break through his trim hedges after birds'-nests, or let the cows into the long grass, or the pigs into the garden; but I do not remember once getting a rough word from the farmer.

We certainly had a very jolly time of it, and got as wild as young partridges. Soon after we got there, the hay-making began, and we used to be in the hay-fields from morning to night, when they brought in the last load of piled up sweet-smelling hay on the heavily-loaded yellow wagon, with Bertie and me on the top of it, with the elm-boughs brushing in our faces. Oh, it was glorious fun!

On Sunday we used to go to Silverhill church with the farmer and his wife, and sit in a narrow pew with very high sides to it, close under the reading desk, and Farmer Blossom used to put on his heavy silver spectacles, which he never used or seemed to need any other day in the week, and throw his head back and read out of a very large prayer-book from a long way off, and say all the responses rather slower than any one else, and a good deal louder.

Then, about half-a-mile from Oatlands, was a river called the Maddon, where Bertie and I went fishing. We used to make grand preparations, such digging for worms, and careful mixing of tempting morsels for bait; and Mrs. Blossom would fill a basket full of nice things for our dinner, and entreat us to take care of ourselves, and not to come home drowned; and Vixen always went with us, very business-like, with pricked-up ears and wagging tail; but, somehow, we were never very successful, and the large basket, we always took to carry home the fish, very often came back quite empty, and Mrs. Blossom would say, "There, now, don'tee go again to that nasty river; you don't do nothing there but get wet; and you haven't caught nothing yet but colds, and I get the shudders twenty times a-day, thinking as you may both be drowned; and then whatever would your poor dear ma say to me? I am quite sure as she'd never let you come again no more."

It was on one of these fishing expeditions that we first made the acquaintance of Joe Booth. We had been fishing all the morning, I do not think I had had a single bite, and a fish that had by accident caught itself on Bertie's hook had wiggled itself off before he could get it out of the water, and we were beginning to feel rather tired of the sport, and were very glad of Mrs. Blossom's basket as a change of employment and a relief to our keen appetites. We had found a snug place among a lot of willows and rushes, shady and cool, and we were just unpacking the food, and Bertie had given a shout as a good big gooseberry turnover made its appearance, when Vixen began to bark, and I heard a noise just behind me, and

saw a pair of bright eyes looking through the rushes.

"Who's there?" I cried out, while Bertie dropped the turnover in terror.

"Who be you?" was the gruff answer, "and what be you doing here?"

Bertie was quite prepared to leave dinner and fishing-tackle and run for his life, but I was too hungry, so I said, "Oh, I'm Tom Carter from Oatlands, and we've got leave to fish here."

Then the rushes were pushed aside and we saw, to our great relief, that the speaker, in spite of his gruff voice, was a boy not much bigger than I was, with a dark gipsy face, and black hair and ragged clothes. He did not look at all formidable when we saw him better, for he laughed and showed such a set of white teeth like the Italian boys who play the organs in London.

"Fishing, eh?" he said. "Well, how many have you caught, master?"

"Well," I replied, feeling rather ashamed to confess our want of luck, "we have not done much this morning. Its not a good day, and there's too much wind or something, and the fish don't seem to bite, and so —"

"Why! you aint caught nothing!" he said, kicking over the empty basket: "You must be duffers."

"I was beginning to feel angry, and getting hot and red, but he went on: "Lookey here, you let me have one of them rods and I'll show you the way, see if I don't. I know the river up and down, every inch pretty near, and I'll put you up to a thing or two. Come now."

"All right," I said, "but we're going to have some dinner first; would you take a bit with us, if you haven't dined already?"

"Dined!" he answered with a laugh, sitting down without waiting for any more asking, "no nor breakfasted neither. This is slap-up, and no mistake. I'm that hungry I could eat my head off, but I thought as I'd have to put my hunger in my pocket, for I never dreamt of getting such a blow out as this. Well, young 'un, I aint going to eat you," he went on to Bertie, who stood looking in alarm at our visitor; "fetch out them things out of the basket if you're agoing to, or else hand it over here."

"Here, give it to me," I said, taking the basket over to my side, for I had no notion of letting it get into the clutches of our odd companion, who had had no breakfast, and was not likely to remember our hunger, if he got a chance of satisfying his own.

"Here's bacon, and bread and cheese, and gooseberry turnover, and plenty of it."

I dealt out the slices of bread and bacon equally, but the stranger made very short work of his, and Bertie was so horrified at the way it disappeared down his throat, that he could not get on at all with his, and at last handed over a good half to Joe Booth, for so our visitor told us he was called, and the gooseberry turnover, and bread and cheese, also vanished in a wonderfully short time.

"Ain't you got nothing to drink?" he asked, after the last morsel had disappeared.

"Yes," said Bertie, "we've some milk."

"Milk!" said Joe, with a laugh; "why you don't say that old mother Blossom don't give you nothing better than that?"

"Well," I said, quickly, hoping to stop Bertie from letting out anything more, "of course we might have it if we liked, but the cider they make here is such wretched stuff, and as for the beer—"

But here Bertie interrupted, getting very red as he spoke. "Father said we weren't to have it."

"Oh—h—h!" said Joe, drawing in his breath with a long whistle, and I got up and began to busy myself with the rods, feeling angry with Bertie for saying what made me seem babyish in the eyes of our new friend. I would not take any of the milk when Bertie brought me the bottle, but pushed it away, saying, "I did not want any of that stuff." Joe did not seem to share my

feelings, for he took a good long pull at it, and seemed to like it well enough.

"Come on, now," said Joe, "let's have a look at your lines. Oh, it ain't much wonder as you didn't catch nothing with a hook like this; why it's big enough to catch a whale, pretty near."

So he set too and made all manner of alterations in our tackle, and Bertie and I stood by looking on, in great respect for his superior knowledge. Only Vixen did not like our new friend much, and kept sniffing at him in great suspicion, and growling and showing her teeth when he spoke to her; and she would not even take a bit of bacon that Joe offered her, to try and win her good opinion. All the time Joe kept chattering on, and he made us laugh by the queer things he said; and though we thought he was a very vulgar boy, yet even Bertie forgot his distrust, and asked questions, and talked away as merrily as I did. Joe told us that he lived on the other side of the common, and that his father was a squatter, and his mother a gipsy.

"What is a squatter?" Bertie asked.

"Why, he rigged up a little place on a bit of waste ground, all in one night, so they can't turn him out; and we ain't got to pay no rent, which is all the better for us, as we couldn't have paid it nohow."

"What does your father do?" I asked.

"Do? Why he can turn his hand to anything, pretty near; sometimes he thatches for a bit, or he can kill a pig, and cut it up; or he mends pots and kettles: or makes pegs and skewers; and mother takes 'em around to sell, and then we always has some geese on the common: oh, we does well enough most times, only just now times is bad, and we just live as we can."

"Do you go to school?"

"Not I! I'm too big. One don't learn much at school as is any good, and I mean to be a man as soon as I can; but come now, let's see if we can't catch a fish or two."

So he took one rod, and I another, while Bertie and Vixen looked on, and we tried all sorts of places where he said we would be sure to catch fish by the dozen, but in spite of the cunningly-arranged bait and small hook, only a few bites that led to nothing, rewarded our anxious watching of the floats.

To be Continued.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

THE world is full of beautiful things, planted by the bountiful hand of an all-wise Creator, the meditation of which gives us exquisite pleasure. The sparkling snow that makes our toes and fingers tingle with cold, is very beautiful. Who has not felt, as they have walked out after a fresh fall of snow, that lay as an even carpet of pure white, that it was beautiful indeed. And when the snow and ice are gone, and the warm days of spring burst the buds; and the trees and meadows begin to put on their dress of green, how we look around and behold a thousand things that ought to make our hearts glad. The tender grasses, the opening flowers, the budding trees, the song of birds, the hum of the busy bees, the cheering sunshine, all conspire to invite us out to view and enjoy the beauties of nature. And, as later in the year, the fields are covered with waving grain, and the farmer's sickle is heard gathering up the store which the hand of kind Providence has spread for his dependent creatures, how our hearts are again made glad. Then, when the forests of Autumn have turned the verdant foliage, and wavy meadows to russet brown, there is yet beauty left, and the changed appearance of the fields and woods remind us of the fact that as the seasons change, so we also are ripening for the grave. How I love to meditate on the beauty of nature. The grand old forests speak in a sublime language, telling of the majesty of their Maker. The hills, with their hollows and rills, and far reaching scenery, are full of pleasures for any who will but stop and notice

them. Often have I wandered from the haunts of man alone, in order that I might drink in the pleasures and beauties of hill and dale, of forest and rill; and O! how the heart swells with gratitude to the Almighty, whose hands have formed all these things; and how one sinks into insignificance in his own eyes, while his thoughts are thus engaged. The huge giants of the woods; the silent but irresistible river; the immovable and everlasting mountains, all over-awe us, until pride is for the time overcome, and the language of the heart is but a song of praise to the God of the Universe.

L. G.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Oh! I am so happy, a little child said,
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle bed,
'Tis morning, bright morning, good morning mamma,
Oh give me one kiss for good morning papa.
Only just look at my sweet canary,
Chirping his good morning to Mary.
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun, for you rise
Early to waken my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be.
"Happy you may be my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked back a clustering curl.
"Happy you can be, but think of the One
Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."
Mary looked smilingly up with a nod,
And said, "Mamma, may I say good morning to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may,
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies,
And two little hands that were folded together
Softly she laid in the lap of her mother.
"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light.
Oh! keep me from naughtiness all the long day,
Dear Savior, who taught little children to pray."

A DANISH LEGEND.

THE enemy once made a great attack on the island of Funen. One village only was spared; but that was also soon to be sacked and burned. Two poor people lived in a low studded house in the outskirts of the town. It was a dark winter evening; the enemy was expected, and in their anxiety they took the book of psalms and opened it to see if the psalm they first met with would afford them any consolation, or render them any aid or comfort. They opened to the psalm, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." Full of comfort they sang it, and strengthened in faith they went to bed and slept well, kept by the Lord's guardianship. When they awoke in the morning it was quite dark in the room, and the daylight could not penetrate; they went to the door, but could not open it. Then they mounted the loft, got the trap door opened, and saw that it was broad daylight; but a heavy drift of snow had in the night fallen upon the whole house and hid it from the enemy, who in the night had pilaged and burnt the town. Then they clasped their hands in thankfulness, and repeated the psalm, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." The Lord had guarded them, and raised an entrenchment of snow around them.—*Selected.*

Correspondence.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., March 20th, 1874.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I always like to read the *Hope*. The Lord is blessing us, and our Branch is increasing. There were three baptized on Conference Sunday. Pray for me, little readers of the *Hope*. I ever remain in the gospel of Christ,

JOHN GILLESPIE.

DETOUR POINT, Mich., Feb. 28th, 1874.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I have at length made up my mind to write to the *Hope*. I tried once before, and failed; but I have been reading the children's letters, and thought I would never learn if I did not try. I would like to be with a Branch of the Church. I am sixteen and have not been baptized. I love the Sunday School and the *Hope*, and will try

and do something to fill its columns. When we moved here there was lots of old books and papers, and some of them had very pretty little stories and bits of poetry that I think would be very pretty for the *Hope*. I will send them, and if you think them worthy, put them in the *Hope*. There is no Sunday School here. There are no members of the Church here, only mother and father. I have not been to school for nine years, so please excuse my poor writing. Good-by, the Lord be with you and your good work.

Yours truly, MATILDA CHAMBERS.

SACRAMENTO CITY, Cal., March 14th, 1874.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I thought I would write a few lines to you. I love to read *Zion's Hope* with all its nice pieces from the children. I am thirteen years old, and am a member of the Church. We have a good Sunday School here, and good, kind teachers.

JOHNNY WEBB.

CAMERON, Clinton Co., Mo., March 23d, 1873.

Dear Brother Joseph:—I have been thinking for some time of writing to our good little *Hope*. I am a member of the Church of Jesus Christ, and my mother is a member also, and so are all of the family but one little brother and one little sister, (they are twins), and they want to be baptized on their next birthday. I was baptized January 2d, 1873; and I try to keep the commandments of God, but sometimes I fear that I do not. I like to hear from all of those who take the *Hope*. My father is a teacher of this Branch. I think this is the true work of God, and I will cling to it as long as I live. I am thirteen years old.

Your sister in Christ, LAURA E. FLANDERS.

BINGHAM CANON, March 15th, 1874.

Dear *Hope*:—I have subscribed for you over two years, and have never written a line for your columns, because I am a little boy, only nine years old, and just commencing to write. My mother is a member of the Branch at Union, but we are now denied the privilege of meetings. I enclose fifty cents for the Roll of Honor. I earned it myself, and think that I cannot put it to any better use.

Your young reader, D. M. GRIFFIN.

ANAGRAM.

Het ady si sapt dna eong,
Eht envenig dhasse apaper;
O yma ew lal merebmer lwel
Eht ghint fo ethad ardws nrea.

Dna wneh rou sayd era sapt,
Dna ew morf mtie merevo,
O yam ew ni yht gnikmod sret,
Rehwe lal si ecepa dna eovl.

CRUMBS.

That which you have to do, do with all your might. It is better to do well than to say well. There is a time to speak and a time to act. The more we do, the more we are able to do. If you would be wise, be willing to be taught. We have naught to fear, but sin and sloth. It is better to be wise and not seem so, than to seem wise and not be so.

Try to think of that which is good, and you will not then think of that which is evil.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210	22 Ann Flower\$	25
Nellie Hougas	...	25 Willie Hougas	...	25
Lucy A. Griffith	...	50 Miss M. E. Kyte	...	3 00
Mary J. Rogerson	...	50 Franklin Henry Allen	...	50
Sarah Pidd Smith	...	50 John Cook	...	1 00
Richard Darlow	...	25 John Thompson	...	1 00
J. W. Barson	...	1 00 E. L. Kaster	...	50
Henry David Johns	...	1 00 Abednego Daniel Johns	...	1 00
Mary A. Butler	...	50 Geo. Walton	...	35
J. Gilman	...	10 C. Eleason	...	50
Willie S. Maloney	...	10 E. R. Evans	...	50
Annie Hemming	...	25 Miss Ette Walrath	...	25
Geo. Adams	...	50 D. M. Griffin	...	50

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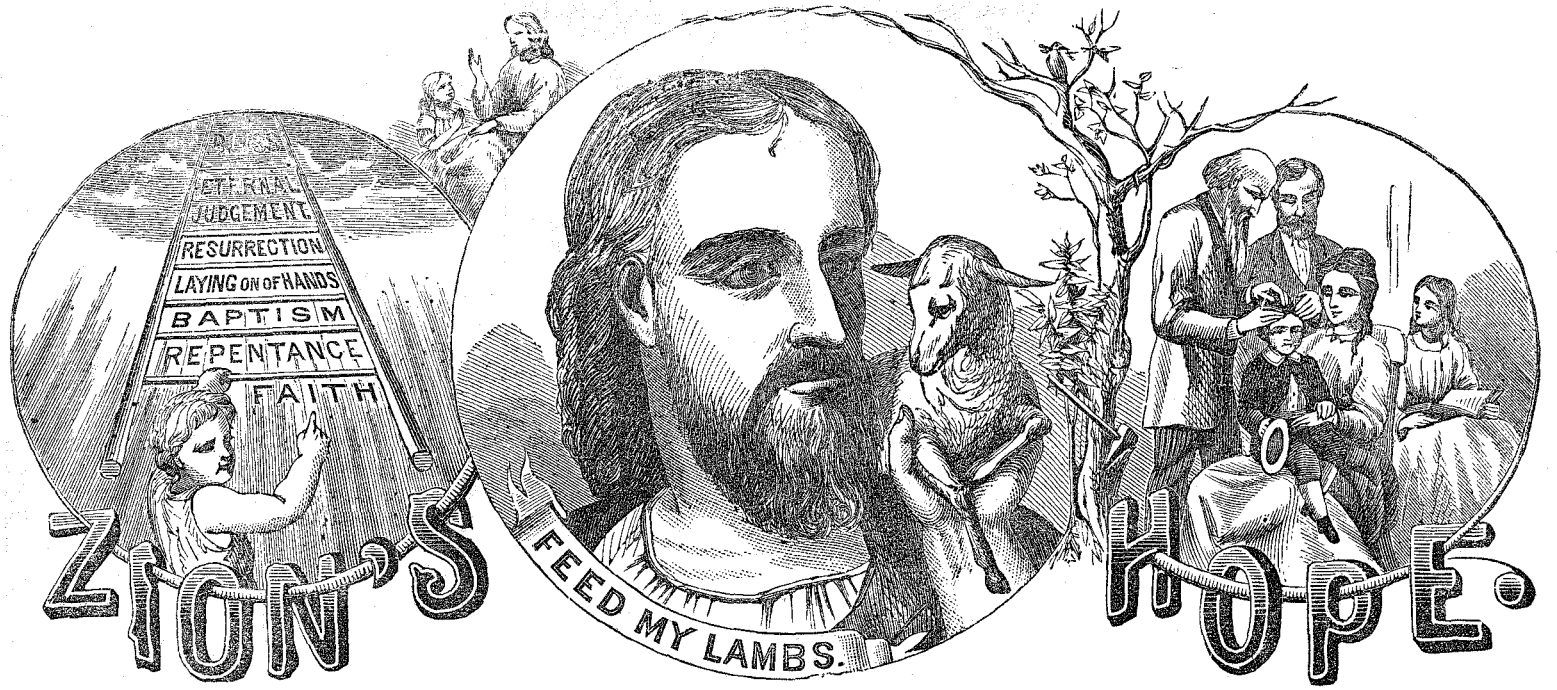
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

Vol. 5.

PLANO, KENDALL CO., ILL., MAY 1, 1874.

No. 21.

THE VOYAGE IN THE ARM-CHAIR.

(The old arm-chair which mamma ALLOWED to be used as the ship.)

Oh, pa! dear papa! we've had such a fine game,
We played at a sail on the sea;
The old arm-chair made such a beautiful ship,
And it sailed—oh, as nice as could be.

We made Mary the captain, and Bob was the boy,
Who cried, "Ease her," "Back her," and "Slow,"
And Jane was the steersman who stands at the wheel,
And I watched the engines below.

We had for a passenger grandmamma's cat,
And as "Tom" couldn't pay he went free;
From the fireside we sailed at half-past two o'clock,
And we got to the sideboard at three.

But oh! only think, dear papa, when half way,
"Tom" overboard jumped to the floor;
And though we cried out, "'Tom,' come back don't
be drowned,"
He galloped right out at the door.

But pa, dear papa, listen one moment more,
Till I tell you the end of our sail;
From the sideboard we went at five minutes past three,
And at four o'clock saw such a whale!

The whale was the sofa, and it, dear papa,
Is at least twice as large as our ship;
Our captain called out, "Turn the ship round about,
Oh, I wish we had not come this trip!"

And we all cried, "Oh, yes, let us get away home,
And hide in some corner quite snug."
So we sailed for the fireside as quick as we could,
And we landed all safe on the rug.

SPRING.

HT is spring again, and O! how beautiful is the scenery around us. Every thing reminds us of our kind Creator. The birds begin to warble, as though they were thankful too; and, as the tall trees of the forest throw their shadows over the earth, in the warm, bright sunshine, we all feel that spring has returned again, and O! what is more cheering to old and young than to see the leaves start on the trees, and the beautiful flowers begin to blossom. I have often heard the remark, "this wicked world;" but for me this world is beautiful. I do not think God made the world wicked. No, it is some of the people who are wicked. And why? Because they choose a wrong course, rather than a right one; and, in nine cases out of ten, they choose their course in the spring-time of life. Then they formed their characters; just as then we sow our flower and vegetable seeds, but as soon as they begin to grow, weeds also start, and if we do not watch and weed them well, we need not expect to find either beautiful flowers or nourishing vegetables. And so it is with our little Hopes. As soon as they are old enough to know right from wrong then the weeds begin to

show themselves. If we watch our gardens to keep the weeds down, how much more necessary that we watch our little ones which God has given us, to keep them from vice and sin of every kind; to teach them to be truthful and honest in all things. Not long ago I heard a friend tell of meeting, on the cars, an old lady who was very sorrowful. Getting into conversation with my friend, she told the cause of her sorrow. She had a grandson in prison. She stated that in his youth he had his own way, and now he had brought sorrow and disgrace upon a once happy household, and so it is with many youths who are left to have their own way. I hope that all the little readers of our paper are willing to hearken to their parents and teachers. Never get in the habit of swearing, or of using tobacco. Only a little while ago I saw a boy only five years old, and the people said that for three years he had used tobacco. He was so young that we could only pity the child. Dear little Hopes, it is the spring-time now with you, and now is the time to commence being useful, kind, and obedient.

AUNT ELLA.

[Continued from page 70.]

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

BUT to return to the image. If the arms portrayed a double kingdom, so will the legs represent Rome divided into the Eastern and Western empires; Constantinople being the capital of the Eastern, and Rome of the Western. Some centuries rolled by before the ten kingdoms which were represented by the ten toes of the image, were formed. These ten kingdoms are noticed in prophecies more than once; and it is certain that the Roman empire was divided into ten kingdoms. Although there might sometimes have been more, and sometimes have been less, yet they were generally known by the name of the Ten kingdoms of Europe. Once they were under the Roman scepter. Though some have had their names changed to please the fancy of him who conquered, yet this change of name did not destroy their existence; though others have had their territorial limits changed, yet the name is still there; though others have fallen and successors have been formed in their places, yet the ten kingdoms have still been there; though during an occasional few years out of a thousand there may have been more than ten, as some temporary power reared its head, seeming to claim a place with the rest, yet these have not caused the beast to have less than ten horns, because they were indeed to be partly strong and partly broken. They were to mingle themselves

with the seed of men, yet they could not cleave one to another, but were to be even as iron which cannot be mixed with clay. Reader, doubtless we have, in the above quotation, an emblem of the Ten Kingdoms of Europe in this our day; for this interpretation accords with the heterogeneous mixture. Pure clay is a non-conductor of electricity, having no affinity for iron, and these two could not cleave one to another. If we reflect a few minutes on the image standing before us, with its lower extremities composed of substances having no affinity for each other, what must be our conclusion. I answer that the word of prophecy, science and common sense, all tell us that it must have been destined to fall. Now, young reader, we have traced the outline of the image from the head of gold to the ten toes, they being the last part of the image formed. But hold! I remember that the prophet said: "Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, which smote the image on the feet that were of iron and clay, and break them in pieces." Dan. 2: 34. Not only the feet and toes, but the whole image was broken to pieces.

Dear young Hopes, do you ever think about this stone? When was the stone cut out, and is it still rolling? It surely will strike the image, and it will yet become a great mountain and fill the whole earth. This is a mystery to the world, but the saints of God have the promise of a knowledge of the mysteries of the kingdom, if they are faithful. Some of the learned commentators have said that this stone was Christ, but I fail to see how Christ could have been cut out of a mountain. But I will tell you that a record enclosed in a casing of stone has come forth from a mountain by the power of God, and that it contains the fulness of the gospel. By this, and the testimony of Jesus, will the Lord work a great and marvelous work, accomplished by signs and with wonders, and gifts. With the manifestations of God's power, and with the Holy Ghost, shall the earth be sanctified and cleansed from all its abominations, and be made a holy habitation for the Lord to dwell in. Is there a more powerful helper in the day of God's preparation than heaven-born truth? Surely truth has sprung out of the earth; righteousness has looked down from heaven, and they have met together and kissed each other. Surely the stone is rolling. But, again, what do we hear from the voice of prophecy? "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed; * * * * and it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever." O! dear reader, do we realize what we have just quoted? Will God set up a

kingdom, and will he set it up in the days of the ten kingdoms which now exist in Europe. He has not failed to do all else that he has said besides this, and I believe he will perform even this other that he hath said. He who can see a train of events so plainly as to picture the outlines of it over twenty-three hundred years in the future, can, with the same power, see the end of the indignation; the time appointed when God's kingdom will be set up, and Jesus will reign. Let heaven and earth rejoice and make ready for the Bridegroom! Let the gospel go forth unto the ends of the earth, even as the stone cut out of the mountain shall eventually fill the whole earth as the kingdom of God. Call upon the Lord in humble prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as in heaven." No one who loves truth; or who has read the prophecy or the long centuries of fulfilled predictions, and who is observant of present marvelous fulfillments, can believe that this all happened by chance.

Dear Hopes, I have now given you a brief sketch of the image, and of the fulfillment of the vision, and I hope that you may find it interesting; and that it will be the cause of further investigation. Remember, young Hopes, we are called upon to struggle for truth, wisdom, and intelligence; to seek after sound judgment, that our decisions may be in accordance with the word of God. No one can become skilled in any branch of useful knowledge, without thorough industry and research; and the acquisition of that which is most valuable generally calls for the most toil.

UNCLE JOHN.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER III.

Joe's patience was soon exhausted, and he left his rod and began to hunt for rats with Vixen,—who in meantime had become more friendly,—among the rushes and in the high banks. The afternoon was passing away, and we were beginning to think of packing up our traps and going home, when Joe came back, quite full of a new plan, after a long chase after a rat, during which he had got more torn and ragged than he was before. Vixen was so disgusted at losing the rat, that she went straight off home, in spite of our calling and whistling.

"Look here," said Joe, "it ain't no use fishing here, for there ain't no fish to catch. This bit of water has been fished downright dry and no mistake. Old Blossom gives any one leave to fish here, so it ain't no sport at all; but up yonder, over that ditch there, it's cram full of fish, so full as they can hardly find room to swim, and you've only to slip in a worm and there you have half-a-dozen great perch on your hook at once, and pull them out till your arm aches. That is something like fishing, that is!"

Bertie opened his great eyes very wide at this statement, but said doubtfully, "We haven't got leave to fish up there. It's not Farmer Blossom's land, and it belongs to some one who is very particular about the fishing, I forget his name."

"Oh, yes, I know, Colonel Morris; he's a regular old ruffian, he is. He makes no end of a row about his game and everything; but he don't mind so much about the fish, and, besides, he's away, I think, and it won't make any odds to him if he don't know. Come on! who's afraid?"

"But look there," said Bertie, pointing to a board fastened against one of the trees. "Trespassers will be persecuted."

"Oh, ah!" said Joe, they sticks that up everywhere; it don't mean nothing."

"But persecuted!" said Bertie, "it sounds so dreadful. They used to persecute the Christians, mother says,—burn them, you know, and pull off their arms and legs, and give them to the wild beasts."

"It's not persecuted," I said, as I came in front of the board, "it's prosecuted. What a goose you are, Bertie!"

"Well! what does that mean?" he asked.

"Oh, much the same anyway," said Joe.

"No, it doesn't," I burst out, anxious to show my greater knowledge, "it's quite a different thing altogether. It means, you know,—it means—;" but I could not get on, and Joe interrupted, "Well, whatever it means, they have to catch you first before they can do it; and they won't do that, for there ain't nobody there, so here goes."

"Stop a bit," I said, "it's too late to go there, we ought to be going home."

"Oh, yes, go home to Mammy Blossom like good little boys, and put on your pinafores and have tea."

"But I don't see how we can get across."

"Oh, that's it, is it? You're afraid to go across the ditch on that there hurdle. Oh, my! he's afraid! What a lark!"

"I'm not afraid, and I'll be over before you are now."

The two fields were divided by a wide ditch, through which a little stream ran into the Mad-don, and there was an old hurdle lying across it under the tree where the notice was put up. It was not a very safe bridge, but I was across it in a minute, Joe followed with his fishing-rod, and, after a minute's hesitation, Bertie came too.

"Come on," said Joe, "it's a little further on where the fish mostly lies."

So we walked on till we came to a small covert lying for some distance along the bank of the river, and here Joe declared was a prime place, and we crept in among the bushes and settled ourselves down on the bank with our lines and rods. The fishing did not quite answer Joe's description, but it was certainly better than we had before, and in a few minutes Joe had caught a good big perch, and I two little ones, and I had just hooked a third, and Bertie and I were in a great excitement over landing it, when there was a sound among the brushwood, branches breaking and brambles being trampled down, and Joe jumped to his feet as if he had been shot. "Look sharp!" he said in a loud whisper, "here's the keeper!" and leaving rod and tackle and everything, he was off through the bushes like a hare. My line flew up into the willow overhead, and got hopelessly tangled there, while the fish struggled and flapped in the air, hanging about a yard above our heads.

To be Continued.

HOME.

HIS is a small word, but it contains a good deal of meaning. It is old and sweet, and never grows stale. Little children, you who have pleasant homes; kind and religious parents, loving sisters and brothers, do you know how greatly you are blessed? Did you ever think as to what you would do without these blessings? Suppose you were homeless, and alone in the world, as many a poor child is. Think of it; take it home to yourselves. Does it not make you shiver? It does me; it makes the cold chills run over me. Poor little ones, may God protect them. We see every day on our streets, little boys and girls with torn clothes and dirty faces, having a general air of neglect; and sometimes they look pinched and drawn up with cold and hunger. These little ones need kind attention, and we should not forget to speak kindly to them, and we should never pass them unnoticed. They are very sensitive, and we should give them all the aid and sunshine we can. They may be homeless; or, if they have a home, it may be unworthy the name. A drunken father, and a sick and heart broken mother may be there. Poor dears! how my heart aches for them. This is why I would like to be rich, that I might feed and clothe these destitute little ones.

My dear little Hopes, you are young and thoughtless, and oftentimes you forget to appreciate the comforts you enjoy; and then the spirit of discord creeps in, and you often grumble if things do not go to please you.

Who is this we have here? O! it is no less a personage than that disagreeable old Captain Snarley. You have heard of him before, haven't you? Well, I do not believe you ever heard of his doing any good. Do not let him have room in your house, the house that God has given you; and let us never forget to return thanks to God for a christian home, wherein dwelleth purity and love. A.

THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP BOUNTY.

A GREAT while ago I read a story of the above title that impressed me very much. I will repeat a part of it for the pleasure of those young people who love to indulge their fancies; knowing, however, that I cannot give more than a mere glimpse of its beauty.

It was in the early part of this century that the British government sent the ship *Bounty*, under command of Captain Bligh, for a load of young bread-fruit trees, to the Island of Tahiti. It was the intention to transplant the trees to the British possessions in the West Indies. Tahiti is one of the Society Islands, and is situated in the South Pacific ocean. It is therefore distant from the West India Islands many thousand miles.

What is the Bread fruit, that it should be a subject of such interest and expense? It is a kind of fruit peculiar to the South Sea islands; grows on the bread-fruit tree; is about six inches in circumference; is round, and when baked is very much like bread; and is used as bread by the people of those islands.

Looking on a map of the globe, you will see that the largest extent of water on the globe is in the South Pacific. It goes by the name of South Sea, and it is dotted with islands. One group of these islands is called the Society Islands. Travelers give glowing descriptions of them. They have the rich and profuse vegetation of the tropics; yet the air is tempered by the winds from the sea, and by the cool shades of the mountains. Bright waters flow through the groves of palm trees. Delicious fruits and abundant fish supply the wants of the natives; so that they have little to do but to enjoy their pastimes of boating, bathing, dancing, and playing games. Rare birds make constant melody, and the senses are charmed by every sight and sound. Perpetual summer abides, and Milton's Paradise seems a reality, and its beauties but half told.

The *Bounty* lay several months at Tahiti, taking in her cargo; and in the meantime her crew established very friendly relations with the brown and barbarous, but gentle and interesting inhabitants. The life of the sailor is the hardest of all the sons of toil. His labor is by night as well as by day, and with no day or night of actual rest. He is exposed to fierce storms of the sea; to constant danger; and is subject to a tyranny that partakes more of the infernal than of human nature. The life of the islanders was the reverse of all the poor sailors had known—ease, freedom, peace, sport, and rest; children, innocence, home, fruits, and gardens; the sight of woodlands and the sound of song was their portion. No wonder the day of sailing was dreaded as the day of doom; no wonder if the free air of the balmy shore made them loathe the stench of the fore-castle. I can imagine that as they cast the last glance at the blue hills sinking in the waves behind them, that each took up the lament of Eve: "And must I leave thee, Paradise?"

First there was murmuring on board ship; then discipline was made sterner; and the third stage was holding secret conferences, and the fourth perfected mutiny. The mate took charge of the [ship; the boat was lowered, and the captain and those who chose to go with him were set adrift. The mate said to the captain, "I've been in hell this fortnight, Captain Bligh," and then the ship turned her course towards the island again, and the boat's crew, after the most daring adventures of the kind on record, reached Australia.

The mutineers were now aware that the penalty of their crime was death, and that their only hope was in eluding the pursuit of their government. They, therefore, induced a number of the Tahitians to join them, and took into their ship the animals and various possessions of the natives, and put out to sea. Sailing south-west, they soon came to an uninhabited island, now known as Pitcairn Island. Its shores were abrupt and dangerous; but they effected a landing, secured their goods, destroyed the ship, and were sole possessors of a new world. They were lost to the rest of mankind as much as if they had gone to a star. Many men have found themselves weary of the world, but not able to escape from it; but for these a little kingdom had been reserved. This island was in the condition of the world before it was inhabited, all perfect, and ready for Adam to take possession of. Some scientific men tell us that men and animals never were created, but grew up by a process they call evolution, and wherever there were conditions favorable to any kind of life, that there life would come into being. It was not so on this island; for through all the thousands, the myriads of ages, it was a fit abode of life, but remained desolate of living beings, excepting such as floated on the air, or drifted on the water from other places. This is a very important fact for the little folks to keep in mind when they are reading about the origin of tribes, and the dispersion of the descendants of Noah and Abraham.

Sir Thomas Moore, an English philosopher, once wrote a beautiful fiction called "Utopia." He imagined a pure people, with a perfect government, and having all things in common, living on a lone island, called Utopia. It was an old dream of the ages, revived. Plato had written something like it in ancient times. Since Moore's time, Lord Bacon wrote a fiction called "Atlantes"—a beautiful island where he was shipwrecked, and found a people enjoying superior blessings. Very many reflecting persons have found this world so poorly suited to their higher aspirations, that they have consoled themselves with schemes for its reformation; and some have said, "Oh, that I had wings like a dove! I would fly away, and be at rest;" others, "Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade, where rumor of oppression and deceit might never reach me more." The Lord has made known a purpose that far excels all these schemes of man, and which is intended to satisfy all his longings, his aspirations, his highest and best love. The Zion of the last days will be a fulfillment of all that the prophets have prophesied, and will be a realization of the dreams of philosophers as well. And it will answer the last prayer of the betrayed Lord for his disciples: "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Our islanders built themselves comfortable homes, and tilled the earth. Their herds multiplied in the woods, and they had the blessing of plenty, and might have the peace that all seek; but sin entered their Eden, as of old. They found a plant from which they could make strong liquor, and they gave themselves up to drunkenness. Strifes ensued, and the men destroyed each other till only two were left, and one of these died. In the meantime children had been born, and a new race was growing up. The man that survived the others was a sailor, and his name Adams. His situation was lonely. The sins he had witnessed, and the crimes he had participated in, affected him. I have likened the island to Eden, but Adams himself was like unto Cain; he was a refugee, and he had the brand of Cain upon his soul. A Bible and hymn-book had been preserved, and he read them and learned what a vile sinner he was in the sight of God. He learned to make known to God his griefs and sorrow; and there, on that lone island, away from human aid, he experienced the pardon of his sins, and gained the peace that passeth knowledge. His

life and all his impulses were changed. He became like the Master, a minister of good to others. He began dilligently to teach the truths so precious to himself to the women and children, and he taught the children to read. In the course of time a school-house and meeting-house were built. The children became men and women, tall of stature and bright of countenance; and of good manners and pure morals.

The British government searched in vain for the mutineers, and they became forgotten to the world. After a lapse of years, an English ship, sailing in those seas, by some chance or necessity, dropped anchor off the shore of Pitcairn Island. Soon the crew saw canoes leaving the shore and coming toward the vessel. In the canoes were the young men of the island. Coming along side they called out, in good English, "Give us a rope." They nimbly climbed on board, offered their hands, and expressed their happiness at meeting white men who could speak the language in which they had been instructed. Of course this was a great surprise to the ship's crew, and it led to many enquiries and explanations.

The news that this ship took back to England went around the world in haste; and here ends the story as I first read it. Byron has made the story the subject of a beautiful poem.

A lady, who is a descendant of one of the officers of the Bounty, has, quite recently, published a book detailing the after history of this peculiar people. Missionaries were sent to them, and also all the appliances of civilization. They became too numerous for their little realm, and most of them were removed to another island. The book is replete with pretty episodes of their loves, their trials, and their progress.

A sequel to this story, which set me to writing, is contained in the *Herald* of March 1st. It relates to the Island of Tahiti. Brn. Wandell and Rodger stopped a few days there, on their way to Australia, and found that a considerable number of the inhabitants were Latter Day Saints, who call their town Zion, and who are a good people. The brethren met elders there from three other islands. The account is very interesting, and I hope you will all read it, and be prepared for the next news from that far off region. There are beautiful predictions in the Bible concerning the isles of the sea. S. F.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S CHILD.

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Savior King!"
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!"

sung a sweet voice on the corner of the street.

It was a little girl, the daughter of an organ-grinder.

Two men stepped out of a *cafe* near by and stopped to listen. One of them was a skeptic.

"Where did you learn that song?" asked the skeptic.

"In the Sabbath School, sir," was the reply.

"And you don't suppose there is a happy land, do you?"

"I know there is," said the child, quietly but decidedly. "I shall sing there some day. My mother said so. She used to sing to me, till she was sick; then she said she wasn't going to sing any more on earth, but up in heaven."

The two men pitied the poor little girl, and followed her home. They gave her shoes and some money, and promised to come and see her again.

About a month afterward they again called at the gloomy home of the organ-grinder, having missed the child from her accustomed place on the street.

They found the old street musician was dead, and that his little girl was very sick.

She was filled with joy on seeing them, but supposing that they had come to hear her sing, she said—

"I wish I could sing for you, but it hurts me. It won't hurt me when I sing up there, will it?"

One of the men, who had a tender heart, shed tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the child. "I don't cry, I am so glad. Glad to get away from here. I used to be so cold in the long winter, for sometimes we had no fire, but mother used to hug me close and sing about heaven, and tell me the Savior would love me. I shall sing there, and it won't hurt me, and O, I shall be so happy!"

Then she was still for awhile, but presently the hands moved, the arms were raised, the eyes opened, and she said—

"I shall sing there."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, a smile lit up her face, and the spirit was gone.

The infidel wept as he stood by the little street singer giving orders to a servant about her burial, he said—

"It may be there is a better world than this, after all; I would give all I possess if at the hour of death I could be sustained by the simple faith of that child."

The man went out into the busy world again, but the words "I shall sing up there," followed him like an echo, coming back to him in moments of dejection, or amid the quiet of his home, and in the broken slumbers of the night. Years passed, and he became a Christian. His little act of charity, the visit to the organ-grinder's home, the pennies, the pair of shoes, brought even to him the hundred-fold reward—it saved his soul.

TWO GREENBACKS.

BY O. S. ADAMS.

THE two dollars remaining Luke deposited, as has been mentioned before, in the savings bank.

"Ah, ha!" exclaims some surly, short-sighted reader, who begins to see the point of this sketch, "so Luke Preston hoards up money too. Isn't it just as bad, in proportion, for him to consign his two dollars to idleness as for the 'fat old fraud' to keep his money so close?"

But pause and consider for a moment. The savings bank pays Luke five per cent. interest on his deposits, and how could it do that if the money lay idle in its vaults? No, such is not the case. The savings bank took Luke's money, and lent it to a well-to-do farmer in the way of building fences and barns and purchasing choice breeds of stock. The farmer laid out the money to good advantage and paid the bank seven per cent interest, the extra two per cent. going to defray the running expenses of the institution and affording its stockholders a small dividend.

Now about the time the farmer was ready to begin his improvements business was slack in the establishment where Luke worked, and there was a prospect of his being thrown out of employment for a month or more. But he chanced to learn that the farmer required some labor that was in his line, and straightway entered into an engagement with him. And so the money that he had put into the savings bank was loaned to the farmer and by him paid into Luke's own hands again, and Luke still receiving interest on it all the time.

And now we must leave Luke Preston's greenback to its fate. We have of course related only a tithe of its entire history, but we have seen it fairly launched on the tide of life, and the prospect is that its career will continue to be a busy one.

Now let us take a look at the idle greenback that lay in the desk of the "fat old fraud." This individual was none other than the same 'Squire Clinch that had refused to pay old Garland for sawing his wood. If he had paid this debt promptly, Garland would have paid Brady in full

and on time, and bought the boots he so much needed. As it was, he had to go without the boots and, in consequence, his feet were severely frostbitten while on a bitter cold day he was engaged in sawing wood. This was a great misfortune, for he was disabled, except to a limited extent, from following his usual avocation, and forced idleness brought with it a winter of hardship and dependence on charity.

But the ten-dollar greenback, along with its fellows, lay in 'Squire Clinch's desk for sometime. The 'Squire had in tow a grand stroke of business. He held a mortgage on a certain piece of valuable property, whose owner was embarrassed in his financial matters. The mortgage would soon become due, and then he meant to offer to buy the property at a price far below its real value, and in the event of his victim's refusing to come to his terms to threaten instant foreclosure. With this transaction in view (and he almost always had some similar scheme ahead) he kept his cash in readiness in his own private desk, preferring not to deposit it in a bank, as the times were rather "panicky," and the tighter and scarcer money was, the more the 'Squire thrived. He was a cautious, safe man—this 'Squire Clinch—and yet a bold and successful one, too. His wealth was increased year by year, for he was ever on the lookout to turn the misfortune of others to his own gain. Still the money lay in his desk, waiting for the accomplishment of his selfish purpose, while it ought to have been in circulation, and a portion of it, at least, paying honest debts.

But few there are who are without an hour of disaster at sometime in their careers, and 'Squire Clinch was no exception to the general rule. There was a burglary one night. The 'Squire's house was entered noiselessly, and while all the inmates slept his desk was silently and quickly opened. In the morning he found the lock lying on the floor, the lid tipped back and the greenbacks gone! A great alarm was raised and detectives set to work, but no clue to the money or robbers could be found. His money that had lain so secluded and, as he imagined, so safe, was gone beyond recovery. And with it went the ten-dollar greenback which we have mentioned. Instead of accomplishing the good it might have done, it was now serving bad purposes in thieves' hands. What a fate!

Which greenback was the more to be envied—that of Luke Preston, whose career carried it over so many checkered scenes, and whose passage in its multiform divisions from hand to hand was in every case a message of gladness, a token of honesty, and a promoter of prosperity, or that of 'Squire Clinch, whose only change from the dull monotony of its useless, selfish life was such a disastrous one?

Let those in whose care the destiny of greenbacks may be placed take warning from these two cases, and so act on the lesson taught as to make the world prosperous, their neighbors glad, and themselves richer in the return sure to follow!—*Rural New Yorker.*

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

AS I was taking a walk early in September I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The smaller stumbled and fell, and, though he was not very much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular, roaring boy-cry, as though he was half-killed, but a little, cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way, and said:

"Oh, never mind Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle.

Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that is because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

SUPPOSE.

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad 'twas Dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you dress for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Would it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once.

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking,
To say "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you?
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

PHOEBE CARY.

Correspondence.

BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON, Utah,
March 1st, 1874.

Bro. Joseph:—I write a few lines to my dear little friend, *Zion's Hope*; if you think them worth a place in that good little paper. This is my first letter to the *Hope*. I am a little girl, only eleven years old. I cannot go to school this winter, for there is none here. We live way up in the canyon, where the mountains are so high that we could not see the sun for nearly two months, only a little while in the middle of the day. The mountains are all white with snow now, and it is quite cold here. We were living at Union Fort, when Bro. David was out here last year, and how glad we would be to see him again.

I send fifty cents for the Roll of Honor. I will tell you how I earned it. My pa is running a saw-mill here, and I gathered up saw-dust for a man who wanted it to keep ice in for summer.

Please excuse this poor writing, I will try and try until I can do better.

With much love to all the readers of *Zion's Hope*, I will say good by for this time.

MARY OLIVE RAYMOND.

[This letter was nicely written, much better than some we get].—Ed.

SCOTTSVILLE, Indiana, March 30th, 1874

Brother Joseph:—Not having any work to do this evening, I thought I would like to write a few lines to the dear little brothers and sisters. I feel glad to see so many little letters from them, especially in the number for March 15th. I think we should continue to write for our little *Hope* that we all love so well, and that Bro. Joseph may not have cause to complain; and if some of our pieces are not worthy of a place in it, (I sometimes think my own are not), he can lay them aside; and let us all remember the advice our sister gave us in one of last summer's numbers. I think, as spring has once more come, she spoke of so many ways the little *Hopes* could get means to take our little paper. I'll not mention the ways, for I guess you have read them; so we must not let it die. Let us try and renew our sub-

scription when it expires, and do all we can in the work of our Master. We have been having a severe trial for sometime; Satan has been, and still is doing all he can, it seems, to overthrow the work of the Lord here; but the work is the Lord's, and he is able to carry it on. Yours in Christ,

SARAH A. GOSS.

JEFFERSON, Green Co., Iowa, March 21, 1874.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I write to let you know that we live in a nice little home nine miles south of Jefferson. It is a nice little town. There are no preachers here, nor do we know when there will be one. I am glad to see the work of God progressing in these the last days. The members here number four. There are others that will join by and by; they need some good Elder here. We have prayer meeting here every Sunday, at ten o'clock. The country here is thinly settled. There are but two families here that belong to the Church.

J. B. HATCHER.

NECHESVILLE, Anderson Co., Texas,
March 24, 1874.

Little *Hopes*:—This is the first time I ever attempted to write to the *Hope*, and I have been taking it for over a year, and love to read it. There are no Latter Day Saints here. My mother is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, but she loves to read the little *Hope*. My papa is dead. I have two little sisters and one little brother. They are younger than I am. I am twelve years old, and I am going to school. Mamma has to board me out to send me to school. I like to go to school, but I had rather not go from home; so nothing more at present. Your little friend,

M. MORROW.

Kewanee, Ill., March 27, 1874.

Dear *Hope*:—We have a good Sunday School here. My mother is a member of the Church; my father is not a member, but I wish many times that he was. I pray that God will bless him, with the Spirit to lead him to the path of duty. May God bless us all, is the prayer of your little *Hope*,

THOMAS EARLEY.

NORTH DARTMOUTH, Mass., March 29, 1874.

Bro. Joseph:—Bro. Thomas Smith was here in January. I like him very much. I love the dear little messenger, the *Hope*. There is no Sunday School here, we are so far apart.

Your sister in Christ, ALICE A. COTTAM.

Answer to Charade of April 1st.

1. Love. 2. Age. 3. Loveage. P. W.

Answer to Anagram of April 1st.

Priceless gem! the pearl of truth!
Brightest ornament of youth,
Seek to wear it in thy crown;
Then if all the world should frown,
Thou hast won a glorious prize,
That will guide thee to the skies.

AMY FORSCUTT.

ANAGRAM.

Ternpeanec si ot ealev
Eth nsi I volod foreb;
Nad wsoh htat I od ylrto rivege,
Yb nigod os on erom.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 22	Ann Flower\$	25
Nellie Hougas	Willie Hougas	25
Lucy A. Griffith	Miss M. E. Kyte	3 00
Mary J. Rogerson	Franklin Henry Allen	50
Sarah Pidd Smith	John Cook	1 00
Richard Darlow	John Thompson	1 00
J. W. Barson	E. L. Kaster	50
Henry David Johns	Abednego Daniel Johns	1 00
Mary A. Butler	Geo. Walton	35
J. Gilman	C. Eleason	50
Willie S. Maloney	E. R. Evans	50
Annie Hemming	Miss Effie Walrath	25
Geo. Adams	D. M. Griffin	50
J. Fyrandor	Janet Black	50
C. V. Butler	Alice Young	50

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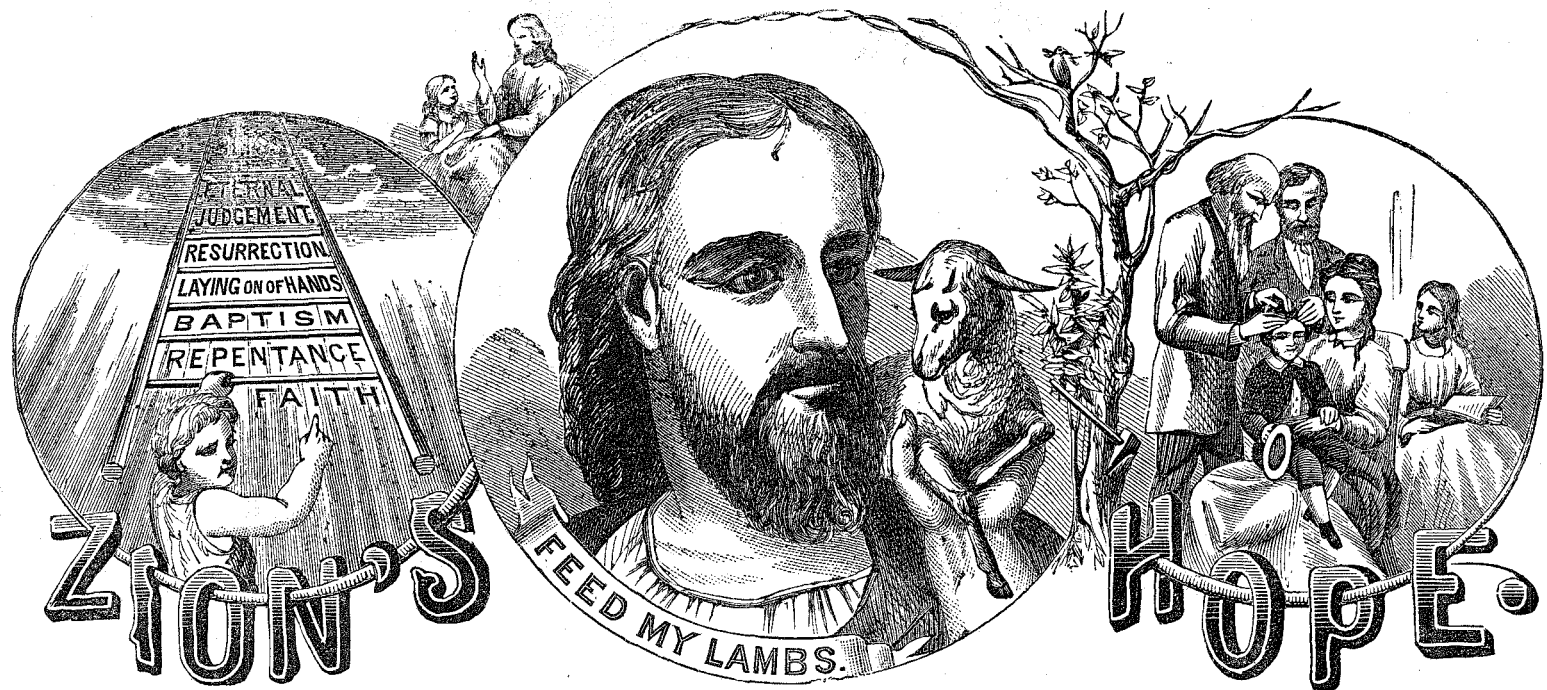
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

HISTORY OF A ROLLING-PIN.

DEAR little Hopes, in giving the history of a rolling-pin, it is not my purpose to tell all the particulars about how the seed first fell from a maple tree, sprouted and grew, until it became another large tree, which was finally cut down, sawed up, taken to a factory, and, by means of a turning lathe, made into such articles as our mothers roll out pie-crust and cakes with; how a merchant bought them, and finally sold one to a farmer's wife, who carried it home and placed it in her pantry, where it afterwards passed through many interesting scenes of kitchen life; though this might be considered a brief history of rolling-pins in general.

But I am going to tell you of one certain rolling-pin, which, after it was made, bought and sold, at last came into the possession of some Latter Day Saints, who, agreeable to the commands of God, took their journey to the land of Zion in Missouri. Like many others who travel from one place to another, with teams and wagons they "camped out", as they say.

One morning when camping in the town of Twinsburg, Summit county, Ohio, they gathered up their things, loaded into their wagons and went on their way, overlooking, however, a nice little rolling-pin, which was afterwards picked up by a good man of the town, who carried it home and gave it to his wife who kept and used it for many, many years. When her youngest son had grown to manhood, and became settled in life, the wonderful rolling-pin, which had long been an object of interest to the family, was presented to his wife. Still later in life, she with her husband embraced the gospel, and themselves became Latter Day Saints. From this time the rolling-pin became almost a sacred relic with them.

Years passed on till the winter of eighteen-seventy-four came round, when they too, with their team and wagons, took their journey for the borders of Zion. And this time the rolling-pin had a safe journey, and a short time ago, as I was showing it to some of the sisters, and giving them its history, one of them exclaimed, "Why don't you write to the Hopes about it?" Another said, "Yes, that would be splendid." So I consented to give you an account of it.

Now, dear Hopes, I trust you will not be like this little rolling-pin, which started for the land of Zion and "fell out by the way," for it was more "lucky" than people are likely to be who set out in the "straight and narrow way," which the Savior has pointed out for us to walk in, and then "fell out," and wander in by and forbidden paths; for very few who thus turn aside, are prospered

to get back into the true way, and at last reach the point for which they "set out." To show more plainly what I mean, I will tell you of some with whom I am acquainted, who set out to follow the Savior, were baptized when they were young, and for some years lived faithful, but after awhile they were thrown into worldly society, where they were beset with temptations, to which they finally yielded, disregarding the commandment found in the Book of Covenants, "not to follow a multitude to do evil."

Dear Hopes, let us pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit, for in the possession of this, worldly pleasures afford but little pleasure for us. Let us strive to be obedient to all the holy commandments, and endure through faith unto the end, for only such have the promise of eternal life.

Now, little Hopes, this is the first time I have ever tried to write for your valuable paper; and it may be Uncle Joseph will not think this worthy of a place in *Zion's Hope*. AUNTIE.

"I'M SO HUNGRY."

"I'M so hungry," said Maggie Jones. "Stop your crying, and clear out!" said the rough voice of her father.

Maggie, seeing her father's upraised hand, fled rapidly down the five flights of stairs of the tenement house in which she lived, into the street. She walked on sadly and wearily, not caring whither she went, glad to escape from the quarreling and fighting of her drunken parents. On and on Maggie went, until she came to a church, then she sat down on a curb-stone to rest and to watch the people enter.

"How beautifully every one is dressed, and how many children are going in. I wish I could go too. I must do something to make me forget, for I am so hungry," said Maggie.

While she was looking at her ragged clothing and bare feet, a gentleman came along and spoke to her. Maggie was a little startled, for she had never before been addressed so kindly. The gentleman found out her history, then taking her by the hand, led her up the long aisle and placed her in the front pew, while he went into the pulpit.

Maggie listened to every word he said. It was a meeting for the Sunday school scholars, and the Minister talked familiarly from the text, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." He described the gnawing pangs of hunger, and in a thrilling manner told how the little girl he had led by the hand had fled from her home; then he explained how it was to hunger and thirst after righteousness; it was to desire to do better, to

long for it more than we would for food when hungry. "If we ask for new hearts, God will hear our prayer," said he, "and will give us his Holy Spirit to teach us how to do right." Not one word did Maggie lose. She forgot all about herself, in listening to the story of Jesus' love.

When the congregation bowed in prayer, Maggie, for the first time in her life, prayed for a new heart, and the Savior heard her prayer.

When the children sang the closing hymn, Maggie stood with the tears streaming down her face, wondering whether in heaven there could be more beautiful music.

"Don't cry, little girl," said the minister, "I will take you home with me, and you shall have a nice supper."

"It is not that," said Maggie, "I am crying for, but because I am so happy!"

On the way home the minister talked very kindly, and the supper tasted very good. After that night Maggie never went to bed hungry.

ANNA E. EBELING.

WHAT I LOVE.

IT is now evening, and I am at home; in the "Deer Old Home?" and I am sitting at the old familiar table, trying to write an essay on "What I Love." Mother is sitting in her rocking chair; darling baby, May, is capering gleefully in her arms; brother Merton is preparing a composition for next rehearsal at school, and sister Clara is consulting Dr. Webster as to the meaning of some important word. The smaller children have retired for the night, while the lazy old cats are snugly curled up on the soft carpet, in front of the cozy fire. O! how I love these tranquil, pleasant evening scenes! Then the bustle of the day is over; then all is hushed into silence without, and then pleasant quiet and gentle mirth reign within. Blessed home! Father, mother, sisters, brothers; how I love you! Cherished, ever, be the sacred recollections of my childhood's happy home.

I love to read the dear little *Hope* whenever it comes to hand, and sincerely wish that it came much oftener. Those little "anagrams" and "conundrums" puzzle me a good deal sometimes, but I almost always make them out at last. That gives me real pleasure; and I often feel like writing an answer to some of them, but being so far away from Plano, I always fancy that some other little "Hopeful," living nearer by, will be ahead of me, and so I let the matter slip.

I love to go to school, and to game and romp, and to laugh and play with my schoolmates. I love my studies too, and to make advancement

therein; and to know that I merit, and enjoy the esteem of my kind and indulgent teacher.

I love to stand in the golden sunset, and to gaze upon the beautiful blue expanse which is stretched out like a boundless ocean, above and around everywhere; also to contemplate the grandeur and beauty of the heavens above, and of the earth on which we live. Dear, beautiful Mother Earth: "With all thy faults I love thee still."

I love the first bright tints of thy rosy mornings; thy gray shadowy twilights; thy gorgeous golden sunsets; thy gentle smiling Spring and mellow Autumn days; thy Winter blasts; thy Summer skies; and all thy varied scenery please me well.

I love thy lofty mountain peaks, as their hoary heads tower far above the fleecy clouds and shine like polished mirrors in the sunlight above; and I love all thy gently rising hills; thy verdant plains; thy forests dense, and thy grassy glens.

I love thy ever rolling seas; thy soft and placid lakes; thy seething, impetuous cataracts, and thy gentle, rippling rills.

I love the stately forest trees in all their native grandeur; and all the pretty little birds that twitter and hop about in their spacious, shadowy branches.

I love the modest, gay, and beautiful flowers which, as with jewels of loveliness, bedeck earth's bosom, perfuming the air with their delicious fragrance, and seeming to whisper peace and hope to man.

I love the beautiful blue sky; the twinkling stars, the silvery light of the Moon, and the genial rays of the Sun; but most of all, I love and adore that great all-wise and beneficent God, by whose almighty creative power all things were made, and by whose tender care and merciful providence they are continually preserved.

MARTHA A. M. PRICE.

THE PERFECT PRAYER.

HIF it were asked, "Of all the books that have been written, which is the greatest?" there could be but one answer, "The Bible." If it were asked, "Of all that is in the Bible, what is most admired, most-loved, and, in everyday life, is of the most worth to man?" we suppose the correct answer would be, "The Lord's Prayer." How simple in its language, how grand in the lessons it teaches, how tender in the love which it reveals, how precious in the confidence which it inspires! Like a beautiful picture, we like to look upon it again and again. Like a delightful song, our ears love to hear it repeated over and over. When weary and tired, discouraged, seemingly friendless, as each of us sometimes feels, how precious the words, "Our Father." When the world seems gloomy and dark, sin ruling, and sorrow the inheritance of men, how cheering to think of "In heaven." When we think of the good things we have from our Father's hand, his mercy, his love, his kindly care, the words leap to our lips, "Hallowed be thy name." Then as his love dwells within us, and we feel and know the light and joy of the life he gives, looking about us upon the wickedness and woe of so many of our fellows, how naturally we pray, "Thy kingdom come." When poverty threatens and want seems near, plans fail, and our labor yields no fruit, we think of the prayer he taught us, and confidently ask, "Give us this day our daily bread." When we have disobeyed the commands of God, forgotten duty, and in weakness or folly have done that which is wrong, with trembling lips we pray, "Forgive us our trespasses." When others do us wrong, and thoughts of the injury rankle in our minds, with what force are we reminded of our duty, by the words, "As we forgive those who trespass against us." When trying to do right, and yet in our weakness falling into error and sin, with anxious tones we ask that he will "Lead us not into temptation." When danger threatens, and that which we fear comes upon us,

we remember that he taught us to pray, "Deliver us from evil," and know that he will do it. Looking abroad upon our whole lives, and upon that of the world, recognizing his power, his ever-present Providence, with reverence we acknowledge, "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory."

How precious, indeed, the prayer our Savior has taught us. Infant lips have lisped it, their little cares have grown lighter, and growing up under its influence, their lives have become holy, happy and useful. Strong men, in the battle of life have been too weak to stand without its aid, but with it have achieved victories that only eternity can measure the grandeur of. Death and the gloomy grave have no terrors, when the light of this life grows dim, to those who can truly, lovingly say, "Our Father—thy will be done."

BABY THOUGHTS.

I guess the sunset is God's paint-box,
Don't you, mamma dear?
I wish he'd let me see him paint
The brooks so silver clear.
I would love to see him color
The beautiful blue skies;
I think the paint was just the blue
He put into your eyes.
I guess the brushes he must use
Are the little golden sunbeams,
And when they're falling from his hand
We catch their quivering gleams.
O dear! just think how many paints
God has with colors bright;
There's gold, and blue, and scarlet,
And purple, and pure white.
And green, and pink, and violet;
But I cannot name them all;
And how bright he paints the flowers
With his golden brushes small.
I guess the birds we see, mamma,
Are flowers with shining wings;
They whirl in circles through the air,
Like blue and scarlet rings.
And every spring, I guess, mamma,
God sends his angels round
To scatter through the earth and air
His blossoms o'er the ground.
I am almost sure the little stars
That glimmer through the night,
Are the stones that angels play with,
The baby angels bright.
I guess God takes the buttercups
And dips them in the sun,
Then drops them through the meadows,
When night is coming on.
I guess—I guess I'm sleepy;
Please ask the daisies white
To pray for me to heaven,
For I am tired to-night.
The sunny curls are drooping,
The baby's day is done;
Her head sinks softly on my arm,
Like a second golden sun.

LUCY INGERSOL.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER III.

"**B**OSH! never mind the rod," Bertie whispered; "let's run away as fast as we can. They'll catch us and kill us, if we don't;" and off we both went, in the same direction that Joe had taken, stumbling over low branches, tearing our clothes and hands with the brambles, beating our way through the wood, not thinking which way we were going, only trying to get away from the footsteps, that came nearer and nearer every moment in spite of our breathless haste. We were close at the end of the wood, and I had just jumped down a steep bank on to the open green turf and was preparing for a good run, when Bertie tumbled, and when he got up again he could not follow me; for he had hurt his foot somehow, and he turned as white as a sheet, and sat on a tree that had been cut down there. He could hardly keep himself from crying and sobbing out aloud; but he said "Run on, Tom, and leave me, for I can't go any further,

and tell mother—" and then he stuffed his hands into his mouth to keep himself from making a noise; for he thought that the man who was coming would be sure to kill him, and that he would never see mother again; and, besides, the pain of his foot was very bad. I did not know a bit what to do; but of course I would not leave Bertie behind. The noise behind us had stopped for a minute; I fancy the man had reached the place where we had been fishing, and had stopped to look at our tackle. I climbed up the bank again, and sat down on the fallen tree by Bertie's side, with a very beating heart, though I tried to hide my fear.

"He won't do us any harm," I said. "We can say that our father's a gentleman, and that we didn't know we were doing wrong, and that we thought the fishing was free all along the river, and that we missed our way, and he won't do anything to us.

"Oh, Tom!" said Bertie, "we didn't lose our way, and we did know the fishing wasn't free, and mother said only cowards tell lies."

"Oh, bother!" I said; "I felt vexed at Bertie as good as calling me a coward. 'Cowards cry when they are hurt if you like;' for Bertie was crying, and I did not know how painful his foot was.

But we had not time to say any more (and, indeed, it all took much less time in reality than it has taken me to tell it); for just then the bushes were pushed aside, and out came a great tall man, who, as we saw at once, was not the keeper, but a gentleman, and who we soon guessed to be Colonel Morris himself. He looked very fierce and severe; for he had a large black mustache, and thick eyebrows that nearly hid his eyes, and he had a great stick in his hand that he shook at us as he came up.

"Well," he said, in a very deep voice, "so you are thieves, are you, who come and take my fish and rabbits?"

I wished to say that we were not thieves, but that our father was a gentleman in London; but somehow, my mouth was quite dry, and the words would not come out, and I only got very hot, and felt as if I must either cry or be sick, my heart was beating so fast.

"I said I would catch you," the colonel went on, "and I have; and now I'll give you such a lesson that will teach you not to come theiving again." And then he caught hold of my arm and dragged me in front of him. Then Bertie jumped up, crying out, "Oh, don't! please don't beat Tom! He's so brave he wouldn't run away and leave me, and we're so sorry, and we were very bad to come, and we won't ever do it again."

And then Bertie tumbled down flat among the leaves, quite white, with his eyes shut, and I thought he was dead, and I screamed out, but really he was only fainting, for he had stood on his bad foot while he spoke, and the pain made him faint. The colonel let go of my arm in a moment, and picked Bertie up, and said in such a kind, gentle voice, quite different from the way in which he spoke before, "Poor little chap, he's got hurt somehow. How was it?"

And then he sat down on the fallen tree, and laid Bertie down flat, and bid me run to the river, and bring some water in my cap, and he sprinkled it over Bertie's face, which looked so dreadfully white and still, as I had never seen it look before. But by-and-by, when I began to think he was quite gone, he threw up his arms and gave a great sort of a sob, and opened his eyes, and then said two or three words very fast, so that I could not hear what they were, and then he sat up and looked round wildly. When he saw the colonel, he nearly dropped back again, only the colonel held him up, saying, "Hold up, my man, and let us see what is wrong with the foot," and his voice was so kind, and his face looked so gentle, that Bertie was not frightened, and let the colonel take him upon his knees and look at his ankle, which he said was badly sprained. The colonel kept on talking and asking questions, and he soon found out all about us; who we were, and where we came from, and how it was we came across the ditch to fish in his

water; but when he began to ask if we came alone, and who came with us, we were both silent, for any boy who has been to school, even for a very little time, knows that anything is better than telling tales, and as Joe had got off safely, there was no reason why he should get into trouble.

"Ah," the colonel said, "you don't like to peach; but perhaps I can make a good guess at who it is, and I would advise you to have as little to do with that boy as you can, for if I am right in my guess, he's always in mischief, and he'll be only to glad to take you with him. But now we must be thinking of getting home."

"I think if Tom would help me, I could get home," said Bertie.

"Nonsense!" replied the colonel, "I shall carry you."

"But I'm so heavy," said Bertie.

"Oh! dreadful!" said the colonel, making a queer face, as if he was lifting a great weight, "almost as heavy as a brace of pheasants."

And then he took Bertie up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and bid me run and fetch the rods and tackle, and make haste after him, and he set off at such a rate, that, though I made all the haste I could, and ran all the way home, he had handed over Bertie to Mr. Blossom, and had gone before I reached the farm.

PHYSIOLOGY.—NO. 5.

NUTRITION.

Classification of Food.—The process of supplying material fitted for the growth and repair of the living body is properly nutrition; but as the maintenance of animal heat is closely connected with this matter of nutrition, we shall consider them together, as parts of one process.

The crude material of nutrition is known by the general name of food. This consists of two classes of substances—that which supplies material for the growth, and also to repair the wastes of the tissues of the body; and that which, being consumed, constantly gives off heat to maintain the uniform temperature of the body. The first class, which resembles the white of an egg, is called albuminate food, the latter class is known as carbonaceous food.

THE MOUTH.

Its Functions.—The first act of nutrition is performed by the mouth, and is called mastication, and consists in crushing or grinding the food, thus making it fine, and at the same time moistening it with a fluid called saliva.

The mouth is lined with a smooth covering always kept moist, when in a healthy condition, by a glairy fluid known as mucus, and hence this surface is named the mucous membrane. This kind of membrane lines all cavities of the body which communicate in any way with the air; while all the closed cavities, and the organs contained in them are lined and covered with a dense, smooth, shining coat, called a serous membrane.

MASTICATION.

Classification of the Teeth.—The grinding of the food is done by the teeth. These are composed of a hard, bony substance, covered with a material still harder called enamel. There are two sets of teeth. The first, or temporary teeth, consists of ten in each jaw. They appear in infancy and continue six or eight years, when they become loose and are crowded out by the permanent teeth. Of these there are sixteen in each jaw, or thirty-two in all. The teeth are divided into four classes, as follows: The four front teeth in each jaw are called incisors or cutting teeth; the next tooth on each side of these is the cuspids, or canine tooth; next follow two bi-cuspids on each side; lastly three molars or grinding teeth in each jaw. The last of these on each side is called the wisdom tooth, because it does not appear until a person is twenty and sometimes twenty-five years old.

Salivary Glands.—The saliva with which the food is moistened while chewing it, is furnished

by a set of bodies called salivary glands, whose office it is to separate this fluid from the blood. The salivary glands are three in number on each side. The largest of these, called the Parotid gland, is situated behind the angle of the lower jaw and forward of the external or outside ear. It sends its Saliva into the mouth through a tube or duct, which opens opposite the second molar tooth in the upper jaw. The second pair, the Sub-maxillary glands are located on the inner side of the lower jaw a little forward of the angle on each side. The Sub Lingual glands are placed beneath the mucous membrane, forming the floor of the mouth, on each side near the base of the tongue.

Saliva, its Use.—The movement of the jaw in the act of chewing, excites the glands and they pour out the saliva. This saliva when mixed with food of the nature of starch has the power of slowly converting it into sugar. Now starch, which forms the greater part of bread, potatoes, and such articles of food, will not dissolve in water; but when converted into sugar it is very readily dissolved. It will be observed, then, that the saliva is not intended merely to moisten the food that it may be swallowed easily. Tea, coffee, water, or milk may be used for that purpose; but neither of these can be substituted for saliva without injuring digestion, for neither of them can change starch into sugar, or render it soluble in water.

E. M. WILDERMUTH.

WHEN SHALL I ANSWER NO?

- When FALSEHOOD fair entices thee
Against the truth to go,
No matter what the pretext be,
Be thy firm answer, No!
- When RASHNESS would thy tongue profane
With language vile and low,
O, make the gross temptation vain,
By inly answering, No!
- When PRIDE the silly wish declares,
That thou should'st fashion know,
And lifts thy head with empty airs,
Be wise, and answer, No!
- When ENVY would thy spirit chafe,
That others prosper so,
On calm contentment resting safe,
Expel her with a, No!
- When MALICE foul, or deadly hate,
Would turn thee on a foe,
And dark, revengeful thirst create,
In horror, answer, No!
- When sluggish SLEEP, with folded arms,
Would make thee health forego,
Rise up at once, resist her charms;
Act out the answer, No!
- When AVARICE would, with heartless speed,
Shut out the sight of woe,
And whisper joy from Mammon's greed,
Indignant answer, No!
- When filthy LUCRE lifts her hand,
Ungodly gains to show,
Though she should promise all the land,
Be thy prompt answer, No!
- When greedy GAIN or rash emprise,
Would have thee surety go,
Keep wisdom's words before thine eyes,
And firmly answer, No!
- When mad AMBITION would seduce
The right to overthrow,
And turn the selfish passions loose,
In mercy answer, No!
- When foul CONTEMPT of holy writ
Would in thy bosom sow
The wish to be where scorners sit,
Let conscience answer, No!

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A SABBATH school missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sun-burned face buried in her hands, her tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand, led

her toward a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water, bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed the tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said:

"Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"O, one of the neighbors' children; replied the missionary, a little school-mate, perhaps."

"No, sir; she's a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."

—*Evangelist.*

A SAGACIOUS DOG.

ONCE there was a little dog, and his name was Ponto. He was not a very good, nor a very useful dog; in fact he was sometimes quite annoying. He had one redeeming trait, he was a good natured little dog, always pleasant, and apparently happy.

Ponto acquired a reputation for cunning, or sagacity from the following circumstance. The people with whom he had his home lived on a farm two and a half miles from town. Every Saturday night, after supper, the boys would get out the horses and wagon and away they would go to town, leaving only one to look after the chores in the morning. When they first began going to town, Ponto was left to take care of himself all day Sunday, and of course he found it pretty lonesome. But one Saturday night when Ponto was called to be kept up till after the wagon was gone, he was missing; and it was not till they had got over half a mile on the way did he show himself, and then he kept ahead of the wagon clear into town.

Always after that, wet or dry, when Saturday evening came, Ponto would wait until sun down, and then, if the wagon went he would accompany it; but if the boys were late, he would put out alone and go to town. He did not follow the wagon on any other day; nor did he miss a Saturday, all summer and fall. In the winter the folks left the farm and lived in town. The next spring they went back, and this time they did not so often go to town; but every Saturday, as in the summer before, Ponto would go, stay till Sunday evening, or Monday morning, and then return to the farm.

Poor Ponto, one day one of the boys took a scythe to mow a rank of grass down to open the way for a mowing machine, and right in a corner of the fence where the grass was heavy and tangled, Ponto was at play or asleep; the boy who was mowing did not see him until he had struck him with the point of the scythe, and cut a great hole in his side. Ponto could not get well, and they were obliged to kill him.

Now, what was it that told Ponto when Saturday afternoon came? And why was it that the same habit was followed the second summer, only differing in this, that sometimes he would return to the farm on the Sunday evening, and sometimes not till Monday morning?

A RIDDLE.

A birthday present to my mother I sent,
The first day of this year;
Thinking, perchance, it would do her good
Thus from her daughter to hear.
The present she got, and will continue to get
Until the end of the year.
Now, little Hopes, tell the name if you can,
Of that which I sent to my mother so dear.
SISTER KATIE.

GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE.

WORK FOR THE YOUNG HOPES! ALL ON THE MAP OF NORTH AMERICA!

A YOUTH of fifteen, named ¹a river flowing into Hudson's Bay, determined to go out and try his fortune. So, armed with his gun, a satchel with provisions, and ²a river in Montana, in ³another river in Montana, he bade ⁴a cape south of Greenland to his parents, kissed ⁵a county in north-western Iowa, his little sister, and set forth. It was in ⁶a cape in New Jersey, and very ⁷a mountain near the Pacific, the sky was ⁸a lake in California and ⁹a range of mountains in Pennsylvania, the earth fresh and ¹⁰a bay in Wisconsin, and he enjoyed himself finely walking through the ¹¹lake in the southern part of British America. He felt very brave, and declared to himself if he saw ¹²a lake in British America, he would surely attack it.

By and by he saw a herd of ¹³another lake in British America, but his bravery all forsook him and he dared not fire at them, for fear of arousing new danger. About noon he came to the camp of some trappers and hunters in ¹⁴a river in Virginia plain, and resolved to join them. They were just cooking ¹⁵a lake near the lake of the Woods, to eat with their bachelor's bread and a broiled ¹⁶river in Iowa, which lay smoking on a piece of clean white bark near the fire. The men invited the youth to partake with them, so he took from his satchel some ¹⁷county in Georgia and an ¹⁸an island between Canada and Michigan, to add to the repast, and consented. These were rare luxuries to the hunters, and they never noticed the lack of ¹⁹a river in Montana, but he did.

In the afternoon they went out hunting, but killed only ²⁰a river in south-eastern Iowa, and our hero's only trophy was ²¹a river in Minnesota, which he picked up and pocketed to give his little sister, for he began already to feel homesick.

It was ²²cape west of Oregon next day, and he determined to return home. One of the men tried to frighten him, by telling him to ²³cape east of North Carolina, or he would meet ²⁴a territory near Texas, who might give him ²⁵a river in Kentucky, or carry him off. The way was ²⁶an island east of New York, and tedious, but he arrived home safely, and resolved to stay there till he was old and had ²⁷a cape south of Maine.

NOTE.—Supply the proper geographical names and read instead of italicised descriptions, to make correct language. PERLA WILD.

Correspondence.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa,
April 25th, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—I thought I would write and let you know that I had not forgotten you, or your little paper, the *Hope*. I am now about fifteen miles from home, teaching a small school; but I am not denied the privilege of meeting with the Saints, or of reading the *Hope*; as there is a small Branch of the Church here, and my cousin takes the *Hope*. It is always a welcome visitor with me, and I hope it ever shall be. It makes me rejoice to see so many of the little brethren and sisters take hold and help to forward the work of God; although it may seem but little, yet it is a great help. It gives me more courage, and makes us feel like trying to serve our Lord and Master with all our might, mind, and strength. We ought to feel thankful that we have such good instruction given us through the *Hope*, whose bright little columns sparkle, as it were, with gems of thought. We should try to profit thereby, that we may be able to meet each other in heaven, if not on earth.

Dearest Hopes, let us be faithful,
Try to please our Father dear;
That we all may meet in heaven,
When our work is finished here.

From your sister in Christ,

SARAH J. BALLANTYNE.

SEDGWICK, Iowa, April 5, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—This is Sunday evening; I have just returned from meeting. We have Branch meetings every Sabbath, and prayer meetings twice a week. There is a prayer meeting to-night at Br. Hopkins', but I am not going. Two of my brothers and one sister have gone. I have often wondered why there were no letters in the *Hope* from the Lamoni Branch. I have often thought of writing to the little *Hope*, but

this is the first time I have ever attempted to write. I have just read the *Hope* through this evening. The Lord is very merciful to us, and I think the work is prospering in this part of the land. There were four baptized about two weeks ago, one of my brothers and two sisters; our family are all in the Church that are large enough. We have not had any Sunday School in our Branch yet; but we are going to have one this summer; we organized one to-day. I think I shall love to attend. I have been in the Church almost three years. I was baptized by Br. Z. H. Gurley. I thank the Lord that I have had the privilege of hearing this Latter Day Work, for I truly know it to be the work of God. I feel thankful that I am worthy to be numbered with the Saints, and I hope and pray that we may all live humble and thankful, that we may have the blessings of God to attend us. God bless all the little Saints, is my prayer. CARRIE DENNIS.

KEWANEE, Illinois.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I have wanted to write for a good while, but I have been afraid to do so, because I thought that you would think me a very poor writer. I do so like to read the *Hope* and the letters of my dear little sisters that are very often in it. My father and mother are in the Church, but I am not baptized yet; I hope to be sometime. We have a nice Sunday School, and I love to go every Sunday. I shall be so glad when Br. Patterson comes home, for we shall like to see him.

SARAH JANE GARLAND.

BUTLER, Branch Co., Michigan,
April 2nd, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—It is with great pleasure that I take my pen in hand to write to the *Hope*. I am now twelve years old. Br. Kelley baptized me about nine months ago. I have not lived my religion as I ought to, but I am going to try to live better. I want the prayers of all the young Saints. As ever, your faithful friend,
ELNORA S. BAILEY.

BUTLER, Branch Co., Mich., April 2, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write for the *Hope*. I am now thirteen years old. Br. Kelley baptized me about eight months ago. I have not lived my religion as I ought to, but I am going to try to live better. As ever, your faithful friend,
FRANCES S. SIMONS.

BUTLER, Branch Co., Mich., April 2, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—I was baptized when nine years old. I am going to try to live better. As ever, your faithful friend,
EVA M. BAILEY.

BUTLER, Branch Co., Mich., April 2, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—As this is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*, I hardly know what to write. I am not a member of the Church. I hope to be soon. I take the *Hope*. I think it is a nice little paper. I like to read the little letters in it. Well, I won't write any more this time; so good bye.
FLORENCE G. PERRY.

GLENWOOD, Mills Co., Iowa, March 29, 1874.

Uncle Joseph:—My home is in the north-east part of this county, but I am staying here to go to school, and take music lessons. We have good meetings here, and I attend regularly. We have also a Sunday school. The scholars are few, but all take hold. I am a member of the Church; was baptized about four years ago by Br. J. R. Badham, and have tried to do my duty ever since. I like to read the letters from my brothers and sisters in the *Hope*; and I like to read the nice stories too. My father is an Elder, and is the President of our Branch. Br. Gordon E. Deuel is out in Nebraska preaching and has baptized fourteen, and I hope he will yet baptize more. I have not been as faithful as I should have been, but hope you will all pray for me.

I am yours ever in the gospel, ALMON HOUGAS.

CAMERON, Missouri, April 16, 1874.

Dear Little Readers of the *Hope*:—Agreeably to my promise in the *Hope* of April 1st, I will endeavor to address you a few lines. I see, by reading this good little paper, that many little children of the household of faith are trying to improve the talent that God has been pleased to bestow upon them; still the number should be greater. It is the duty of all little children to try and improve their minds by reading, writing, and endeavoring to cultivate a good behavior, and in being kind and gentle to all around them; especially should they not allow themselves when talking to make use of words that are not needed in order to tell what they wish to say, sometimes called by-words, or slang-phrases. There are many children, not very small, as well as the smaller ones, who do this; which is certainly wrong, and surely cometh of evil. Read Matt. 5: 37; also Jas. 5: 12. There is much written in the Scripture against the use of vain language.

Our little boys are perhaps more given to this folly

than girls; but, dear little Hopes, it is only a device of the evil one to make you do that which will displease God; he puts it into your hearts that it makes you appear manly, which is not truth. That which makes our little Hopes appear manly and good in the eyes of our blessed Savior, and of their earthly parents also, is to be humble, trying at all times to do good; and be obedient to those who care for and love them. I close, promising to write again.

Yours in the faith of Jesus, AUNT LUCY.

LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, April 19th, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—I fear I cannot write as well as some of my little brothers and sisters, but I will try; that is all that any body can do. We have a little Branch here in Leavenworth, and we have preaching every Sunday, except on the day of sacrament meeting; we have that the first Sunday of every month; and we have prayer meetings Sunday and Wednesday evenings; and we have splendid times here. My father and mother and sister and myself belong to the Church. I have a brother, but he is not in the Church, but we hope he will soon become a member.

I go to school in the country, and am the only one of the faith that goes there, and it is not very pleasant; but we must be satisfied. I hope some day to go to school where they are all Latter Day Saints. I enclose fifty cents for the *Hope*.

Yours in bonds, MARY J. HARMER.

MOORE, Ontario, April 17th, 1874.

Bro. Joseph:—My father has been so kind as to get the *Hope* for me to read, and I love to read the beautiful letters. My father and mother, and my sisters and brothers, all belong to the Church of Latter Day Saints, and I expect to be baptized when old enough. I am seven years now. I go to school and study in the third reader. I learned the first Psalm.

I remain your friend in Christ,

THOMAS W. ROBB.

STRING PRAIRIE, Lee Co., Iowa,
April 1, 1874.

Br. Joseph:—As I have not written for the *Hope* for sometime, I thought I would write to you again, to help fill up the columns of our little paper. We have a very nice Sunday School here, and as there were not Saints enough to have a school of our own, we united with all denominations, and have what we call a Union School. We have got up a subscription to try and get a new library for our school. We have the privilege of going to meeting every Sabbath. There is preaching at eleven o'clock; and every two weeks, at half past two, we have sacrament meeting. Your sister in Christ,
MAGGIE SHUPE.

BRYANT, Ill., April 5th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. It is Sabbath, and snow falls fast; we did not go to meeting to-day, but we seldom fail to meet on the holy Sabbath day to learn the word of God. We have no Sabbath School, but I hope we soon will have one. I have been going to school all winter. I am in the fourth reader. Ma is a member of the Latter Day Saints' Church, but pa is not. I want all of the little Hopes to pray for him that he may become one too. I was twelve years old on the 22d of January, 1874. I can not think of any more. May God bless all of the Saints. From your friend,
J. A. JOHNSON.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	...\$210 97	Miss M. E. Kyte...	...\$ 3 00
Lucy A. Griffith ...	50	Franklin Henry Allen ...	50
Mary J. Rogerson ...	50	John Cook ...	1 00
Sarah Pidd Smith ...	50	John Thompson ...	1 00
Richard Darlow ...	25	E. L. Kaster ...	50
J. W. Barson ...	1 00	Abednego Daniel Johns...	1 00
Henry David Johns ...	1 00	Geo. Walton ...	35
Mary A. Butler ...	50	C. Eleason ...	50
J. Gilman ...	10	E. R. Evans ...	50
Willie S. Maloney ...	10	Miss Effie Walrath ...	25
Annie Hemming ...	25	D. M. Griffin ...	50
Geo. Adams ...	50	Janet Black ...	50
J. Pyrando ...	1 00	Alice Young ...	50
C. V. Butler ...	25	Benj. Griffin ...	50
Effie Adams ...	25		

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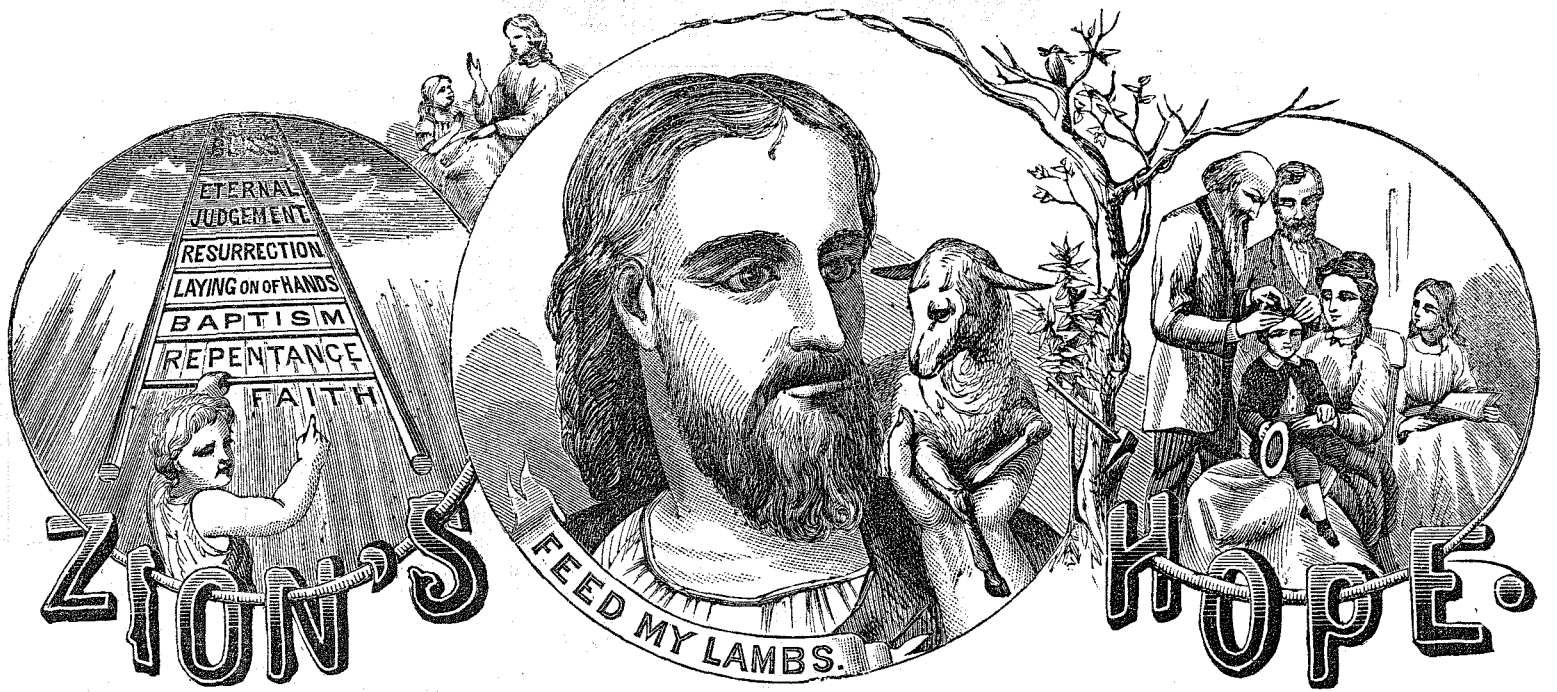
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

A LEGEND.

Years ago when our grandfathers
Trotted on their father's knee,
And the red man of the forest
Roamed a monarch wild and free,
Was a rude, rough, log-built cabin,
Near romantic Hudson's water;
And there lived Elijah Maynard,
With his darling wife and daughter.
Little Ruth of five bright summers,
Flaxen hair and heaven blue eyes,
Loved to wander after flowers
And to chase the butter-flies.
Once with earnest eye and gesture,
Looking up she says, "Oh, please
"Let me go with father, mamma,
"While he chops the great big trees!"
"Take good care of Ruth, Elijah,"
Said the mother half in jest,
While the sturdy pioneer,
Waits till little Ruth is dressed.
Now we'll go," she says, "Come father!
"Let me walk and not be carried,"
Holding on his finger pulling,
While he at the threshold tarried,
Waiting for the kiss wife gave him
Every day since they were married.
Now they're gone; and while the monsters
Crashed and thundered to the ground,
Little Ruth at a safe distance,
Gazed upon the scene around.
While Elijah's ax was busy,
And the chips flew thick and fast;
Little Ruth becoming weary,
Saw a butter-fly fit past.
Up she jumped, and quickly running,
Chased the insect round and round
Till worn out and weak, exhausted
Fell asleep upon the ground.
Soon the shadows grew like giants,
And the sun sank in the west,
Little Ruth was sweetly dreaming,
Like a birdling in the nest.
Then Elijah's work was over
Looking round he saw no Ruth;
"She has gone to see her mother,
"She was tired so soon forsooth."
Still our little Ruth was sleeping
Dreaming of the butter-flies,
While Elijah and the mother
Filled their home with anguished cries.
Long and anxiously they wandered
Through the woods so dense and wild,
Searching with their heart-wrung anguish
For their long lost darling child.
Loud they called but no one answered,
Not a human voice was heard,
Save the cruel mocking echo,
Throwing back the final word.
Soon the stars were brightly shining,
With a cold and glittering glare,
Shimmering through the trembling leaflets
On the cherub sleeping there.

By her side one shoe was lying,
She had dropped it in the chase,
On her foot was fast the other,
On her arm was pressed her face.
Soon a dusky form appearing
With a stealthy muffled tread,
Stopped and gazed upon that sleeper
In that wild unnatural bed.
Then Waconza the Oneida,
For 'twas he returning late,
Seized the sleeper all unconscious
Brought her to his dusky mate.
"See the pale papoose I've brought you,
"Come and view the happy sight!
"She will cheer the wigwam for you,
"She will be our soul's delight."
Morning came, and still the parents
Searched and tramped the sore woods through
No trace came of their lost darling,
Save that single little shoe.
Oh! how quick the mother seized it,
Bathing it with scalding tears,
While Elijah led her homeward
Silently with trembling fears!
"Little Ruth is torn to pieces;
"We shall never see her more,
"Never will she light our cabin
"Near romantic Hudson's shore."
Months and years rolled by without her,
And old age upon them grew,
And Elijah often found her
Weeping o'er that little shoe.
And our little Ruth, where was she?
In the far off wigwam rude,
Where Waconza the Oneida
By his hunting furnished food.
Soon was hushed her childish sorrow,
Soon forgot her dear old home;
And her needle work embroidered
Old Waconza's wigwam dome.
Moccasins of softest leather
Hugged her comely little feet,
And they called her Narramattah
For our little Ruth was neat.
She the belle of the Oneidas,
She Waconza's wigwam graced,
And the Indians straight as arrows
Came to woo the squaw fair faced.
All the while our Narramattah,
Kept her single little shoe,
For a score of years or longer,
Kept it all the long years through.
Often as she gazed upon it,
Through the past her thoughts would gleam,
And she had a faint remembrance
Which to her seemed like a dream.
Then Nononda of Oneidas,
Greatest, wisest, chiefest, best,
Heard of this fair Narramattah,
And enamored like the rest,
Started for Waconza's wigwam,
He a chief so proud, erect,
Came and saw and soon was conquered,
And in native dialect

Tried to tell her how he loved her,
"Narramattah, come," he said,
"I will give you strings of wampun,"
But the maiden shook her head.
Graceful, easy, artful, cunning,
Urgently his suit he pressed;
Naught but friendship could he waken
In fair Narramattah's breast.
Then Nononda faint and love-sick,
Started off with his canoe,
And went gliding down the Hudson,
Whither went he no one knew.
On, unmindfully he paddled
Till his limbs were tired and sore,
Then not knowing whither went he
Pulled his bark upon the shore.
Soon a pale face found Nononda,
Found him faint and almost dead,
Took him to his log built cabin,
Gently laid him on his bed.
Then Elijah, for it was he,
Stood and watched that dusky form,
Chafed his limbs so straight and manly,
Till the life-blood made them warm.
Then Nononda quick reviving,
Raised up with a vacant stare,
While his eye soon caught the form of
Narramattah's mother there.
There she sat, the aged mother,
Fifty winters o'er her head,
With her form bowed down with sorrow
While her hair was silvered thread.
Patient care and gentle nursing
Brought Nononda strength anew
And he saw that aged mother
Gazing on Ruth's little shoe.
Tearless now she held the keepsake
Through the cheerless years long fled,
Hope had long since died within her,
She believed her child was dead.
Many days Nononda tarried
Round the cabin without fear,
And he often joined Elijah
And they chased the fleeting deer.
Once when through the woods they hunted
As a clearing came in view,
"There," Elijah said, "Nononda,
"There we found Ruth's little shoe."
Then Elijah told the story,
While Nononda listened long,
Little dreaming he, the hero,
Would repair Waconza's wrong.
When they reached the log built cabin
And the mother showed her shoe,
Quick the thought came to Nononda,
Narramattah, that was you!
Like a new man was Nononda,
Bright again became his eye,
"I will bring your little daughter,
"I will bring her bye and bye."
But Elijah thought him raving,
"Sure our little Ruth is dead,
"And the hunt was too much for you,
"You are worse," Elijah said.

But Nononda journeyed backward,
To Waconza's wigwam came,
And he saw fair Narramattah
And it woke the old love flame.
And he talked about Elijah
And the gray-haired mother too;
How their hearts were wrung with anguish
When they found that little shoe.
Narramattah filled with wonder,
Sorrow, hope and anxious fear,
Dropped her needle-work and listened
Eagerly his words to hear.
Then came up the same old story,
Of his love so deep and true,
And at last he was successful
He who tried so hard to woo.
Then in true Oneida fashion,
These two hearts were joined in one,
And they paddled down the Hudson
With the early morning sun.

* * * * *
When they reached Elijah's cabin
Stopping quick his light canoe,
Then Nononda helped out gently
Narramattah with her shoe.
Soon the daughter saw the mother,
But no recognition came,
Till the little shoes together,
Matched and were indeed the same.
Then the gentle Narramattah
Pressed her brow with gesture wild,
And the mother's arms extending
Reached out towards her long lost child.
"Ruth!" was all the word she uttered;
"Mother!" Narramattah cried:
While their arms were round each other
Tears of joy they could not hide.
Old Elijah and the mother
By affliction sorely tried,
Tremulous with age gave welcome
To Nononda with his bride.
Then they kneeling in that cabin
Humbly breathed a thankful prayer,
While the little shoes together
Nestled in the corner there.
Long they lived in joy together,
Each one to the other true,
And our fair faced Narramattah
Always kept her little shoe.

Selected by W. B. FISKE.

HOW CAN I OBTAIN WISDOM?

BY fearing the Lord. Why? Because, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" which "is the principal thing." To "fear God," is to love him and keep his commandments; for in so doing, you will be able to "depart from evil."

Again you may ask, Why? Because, "the fear of the Lord is clean"—it endures "for ever;" there is nothing impure, sinful, or unholy in it. The "clean," said Peter, "escape from error."

Uncle, what commandments must we keep, in our "fear" and love of God, that we may "depart from evil" for ever.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is a commandment given over three thousand years ago, and nearly fifteen hundred years afterwards, the Savior while on earth, repeated the same command to the people and urged obedience to it; and more than sixty years after the Savior ascended to heaven, the apostle Paul repeated it again, for the benefit of the children; telling them "it is the first commandment with promise."

Little Hopes, you may ask, Why did Paul want children to keep this commandment?

For the reason that it is the will of God that they should, and that there is a promise coupled with it, that it "shall be well with them," if they obey it. "Children, obey your parents in the Lord;" "honor" the servants of God, with the honor that is due them. Read the twenty-third and twenty-fourth verses of the second chapter of II. Kings, and learn what happened to children who dishonored a servant of God. Paul was a wise servant; he obtained his wisdom concerning heavenly things through "the fear of the Lord;" and obedience to "his perfect law" through which (obedience) he obtained the testimony of the Lord, ("the Spirit of truth)," which can make "wise the simple."

Paul said there would be "perilous," (or dangerous) times in the last days, and one among the many evils that would bring about those perils would be the disobedience of children to their parents.

Now, little Hopes, we are living in the "last days," in the "perilous times," referred to by the apostle Paul. So, be sure that you are not numbered with those who are "disobedient to parents;" but rather "hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother." Honor God's servants, in hearkening to the instructions of the Lord given through them. Ask God for wisdom; he will give it "liberally," and "upbraid you not." Study the "law of the Lord." Believe in God, that he will fulfill his promises, through the Lord Jesus Christ; turn from every evil way, whether it be in thought, word, or deed. And if you are ever eight years old, honor the Lord Jesus Christ, by being baptized in his name, for the remission of your sins), with a determination to serve him all your days, and through further obedience, and the laying on of hands, by those holding authority, you shall receive "the testimony of the Lord," ("the Spirit of truth)," which will enable you to become wise unto salvation, though you be "simple" in the "wisdom of this world."

QUEER THINGS ABOUT BABIES.

A GREAT many curious things happen to babies in this round world of ours, that the readers of *Our Young Folks* probably never heard of. One thing is—planting them. This is done by the dark-skinned women of Guinea, and isn't half so dreadful as it sounds. The mother digs a hole in the ground, stands baby in it, and then packs the warm sand around him to keep him in place, as you would set out a rose-bush. It keeps him out of mischief, and he can play in the sand while the mother works. All day long he stays in his odd crib, and at night, when she is done with her work, he is dug out. When this agricultural mother wants to carry baby about, she ties him into a little chair, which she straps to her back. If it is some very grand occasion, he is dressed neatly in stripes of white paint, and ornamented with dozens of brass bracelets and rings on arms and legs. A funny looking baby he must be! If you don't fancy a crib of sand for a baby, what do you think of a big shoe, stuffed with moss to make it comfortable? The droll little Laps, cradle their babies that way. The shoe is large, of course, and made of reindeer skin. It comes up high at the back, like the slippers we wear nowadays, and is turned up at the toes. The moss with which it is stuffed is the famous reindeer moss, soft and white; and the odd little black-eyed baby looks very comfortable hanging from the tree, or slung across its mother's back. Perhaps this little baby who lives in a shoe is no more comical than the baby who lives in a fur-bag, another sober little black-eyed baby, away off in the shivery Esquimaux huts. Besides being cuddled up in a fur bag at his mother's back, this round faced little fellow wears a fur-hood, and looks like some strange kind of animal peeping out in the world. You may have seen the Indian baby, or papoose, bound flat to a board—poor little creature! One tribe, the Flatheads, make a rude sort of box of bark or willow-work, and wrap the baby—"little man" they call him—in a piece of blanket, strap him tightly to the box, and hang it across two sticks. Besides this, the unfortunate little fellow has a board bound over his forehead to make him a flathead. Even the Russian peasant mother cradles her baby on a square board, hung from the wall by strings from each corner, like the pan in a balance. In India the funny little black babies either sit on their mother's hips and hold on by clasping their hands over her shoulder, or take airy rides in a basket on her head. These babies are elegantly dressed in armlets, bracelets, anklets, and leglets, (if one might make a word), finger-rings, toe-rings, ear-

rings, and nose-rings. As to clothes, they don't need many when they wear so much jewelry. China babies—not dolls—but babies that live in China—are sadly in the way among the poor. Sometimes they are cradled in a bag on their mother's back, and sometimes they are tied to the backs of older children, who go about as if they had no such load. Many poor Chinese live in baots on the river, and the baby that comes to such a family is tied by a long rope to the mast. It is long enough to let him creep around, but not long enough to let him fall overboard. There is another curious custom regarding babies which prevails in some parts of China. If one dies, it is not buried, as older people are; it is thrown out carelessly, and crackers are fired off at the door. Here and there, at the corners of the streets, charitable people build small houses with openings to drop the neglected little bodies in, and that is all the burial they get.—*Young Folks*.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a funny way to make a friend, to trespass on his ground, and very nearly get flogged for it; but from that afternoon Colonel Morris was our friend, and he is so to this very day. He lived by himself, in a jolly little house at the other end of Silver Hill, and had no end of horses and dogs, and was always hunting, or shooting, or fishing, or driving about, only he found time in between to be very kind to people, and among others to Bertie and me.

The very next morning, his housekeeper, a fat, fussy, red-faced woman, came to the farm with a basket full of nice things for Bertie, jelly and hot-house grapes, and I don't know what besides. Mrs. Blossom was not quite pleased at this present; for she had taken Bertie under her own motherly wing, and she would have done her best to get the moon, if he had wished for it, and she tossed her kind old head, and smoothed her apron very fast, and wondered "if folks thought as she starved the blessed boys, that they should send a pack of kickshaws." But besides the kickshaws, there was a book full of amusing stories and colored pictures, and this was a great consolation to us; for Bertie could not walk for sometime, and Farmer Blossom used to carry him out into the rick-yard, and lay him on a hay-rick that had begun to be cut, and here we used to sit all day nearly, with Mrs. Blossom coming out every now and then to see how we were, and to bring Bertie some nice little thing. And I used to go foraging into the garden, and bring back great cabbage-leaves full of raspberries and gooseberries. Do you like gooseberries? If you do, you should go to Oatlands; for there never was such a place for them, of all sorts and kinds, and you could go on picking, and never see that there were any less. Bertie liked the hairy yellow, but I liked the smooth green best. And then most days the colonel came to see us. If he was on horseback, he would ride right into the rick-yard, and come on us without our hearing him, over the grass and straw, and then he would get off and fasten his horse to the paling, and sit down and talk to us, and as often as not he had got a book for us in his pocket. When he was driving, we would hear his voice, calling, "Hullo! Tom and Bertie! where are you, my boys?" And then I used to run to the gate, and sometimes he would say, "I'm going into Medington, and will take you, boys, if you would like a drive. Run and tell Mrs. Blossom that I will bring you back safe by tea-time." We always liked to go very much; for he drove a very high dog-cart, and a fast high-stepping horse called "Harkaway," and we used to spin along the roads at a fine rate, with his great deer-hound "Bersicker" by the side, and little Rags the Scotch terrier, scampering behind. And sometimes when the road was quite flat and straight, the colonel would let me take the reins for a little while, and then I felt a man indeed. One day

when I was driving, Bertie exclaimed, "Why, there's Joe Booth; Tom!" and I had the satisfaction of driving past him, thinking "He won't call me a I duffer now, expect;" but he only showed his admiration by putting out his tongue and shouting, "Oh, my! he's running away, he is!" and, after we were past, calling out "Whip behind" till we were out of sight.

The colonel laughed. "So that's Joe Booth, is it? Well, I fancied you and he had made acquaintance, but he's not the best boy in Silver Hill, by any means, and he will not do you any good if you have much to do with him."

"His father's a squatter," said Bertie.

"Yes, he is," said the colonel, "so we cannot get rid of him, though he's the pest of the place. However he is as often in jail as he is out of it, and if he got his deserts he would never be anywhere else."

"Is he in jail now?"

"No, he has just come out after three months' visit there."

"Oh!" said Bertie, "Joe said times were bad just now."

"Well," replied the colonel, "if he calls times bad when his father is in jail, I expect he finds them a good deal worse when he's at home, for he drinks till any money they earn is gone, and then beats his wife and Joe because there's no more. As we come back from Medington, we will drive round by the common and see where they live if you like."

The Silver Hill common had been enclosed by degrees and was mostly turned into great square meadows where a little gorse cropping up here and there, or bits of rough broken ground showed that it had not long been so neat and trim. But at the farther end, where the boundary mark stands which shows where Silver Hill ends and Hinton parish begins, there was still a rough bit of common left, with a big pond in the middle, and gorse and heather growing about. By the pond stood a queer little cottage built of wood, with a broken-down shed leaning against one end, roughly thatched with gorse, and under this shed, sitting on the side of a wheel-barrow, was a man in a fur cap smoking a black pipe. A flock of geese were flapping their wings and screaming in front, and a dirty woman was hanging out some ragged clothes to dry on a line.

"There are Booth and his wife," said the colonel, "the father and mother of your friend. I do not see Joe himself, but I venture to say that he is in mischief somewhere."

And so he was, for after we had driven on a little way we saw him struggling through a hedge with a gamekeeper after him.

"Well, West," shouted the colonel, "what has he been doing now?"

"Well, squire," the keeper answered, wiping his hot forehead, and letting Joe run off after a parting box on the ear, "you see there's no end to his mischief, and he's always in the coverts a-driving of them pheasants till the poor birds are quite wild, and a-throwing stones at the rabbits,—a young rascal!"

So we did not feel very proud of our new friend, though in my inmost heart I thought that the colonel was rather hard on him, and that, after all, it was rather a jolly adventurous life that Joe led. But my mind was chiefly taken up with my driving. It used to vex me that the colonel always took the reins out of my hands when we got near to Medington, or if we were going to meet any other carriage, and sometimes he would not let me drive at all, if Harkaway was fresh and had not been driven for a day or two. It was treating me like a baby, I thought. Why, some of the farm boys were not any bigger than I was, and yet they managed a whole team of horses, and said "gee-ho" and "whoa," and the great big creatures minded what they said every bit as well as if they had been men, and they used to ride the horses down to the pond, scrambling up on their backs with the help of a gate, and yet nobody said "Take care," or "you'd better not," and yet

Harkaway was not nearly so big as the cart-horses, though he did go so much faster. I used to dream sometimes that the colonel might not be able to go, and that he would say, "Here, Tom, you know how to drive by this time, just drive into Medington for me this morning." But this dream was never realized, though I did drive home from Medington one day in a very unexpected way. It was on Tuesday. I remember it because Mrs. Blossom was making up the butter, and I was watching her, and Tuesday was one of the churning days. Bertie's foot was nearly well, but he still felt it if he walked much on it, so we did not go very far from the farm. Mrs. Blossom was just making a little pat for me and one for Bertie, when the colonel drove up and called us to come with him, which we were only too glad to do. When we were in the dog-cart, he told us he was obliged to go to Medington on business, but that he should not be long, and we would drive back another way, and go and see the kennels where the fox-hounds were kept. Just as you go into Medington, when you get past the cemetery, there is a little inn called "The Marquis of Granby," and beyond this are some houses standing in gardens, and it was at one of these that the colonel had business; so he turned round the horse, and jumping out he gave the reins to me, saying the horse would stand well enough if we left him alone, and he would not be five minutes gone. So I settled myself on the driving seat and took the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and hoped that the passers by would think that I had driven the horse in. Bertie was sitting behind with his back to me. For a few minutes we were very quiet, and Harkaway was the same, only tossing his head up now and then when a fly settled on his neck; but by-and-by I began to find it dull and I said, "I say, Bertie, don't you think Harkaway will catch cold standing still?"

"Oh, no!" said Bertie, decidedly; "the colonel will be out directly."

To be Continued.

A RAT'S LOVE FOR A CHILD.

HERE is in Whitehall village a family who have a little daughter, two years and a half old, who has formed a singular attachment for a rat. Every day this little one goes into the wood-shed adjoining the house, where a large venerable-looking rat makes his appearance, when the innocent looking child proceeds to feed it from her chubby hand. The parents have caught their little one feeding its protegee several times of late, yet on the approach of any other than the little girl the rat scampers off to its hole. Several efforts have been made by the child's parents to dispatch this singular companion of their darling, for it was feared that the child may get bitten by it. Last Sunday the rat showed its affection and guardian care for the little one's comfort, as the following will show: The child's mother put it to sleep in its cradle in the kitchen, going to another room in the house, leaving the sleeping child alone. She was gone sometime. On her return she cast her eye at the child, when she was surprised to observe the rat standing perched upon the cradle, moving its tail over the little sleeper.

The mother wished to see what the "varmint was up to," stood and watched its movements, peeping through the door, which was only partly opened. She observed a number of flies above the child's face, when two lit on the little one, whereat the kind rat whisked them off with his tail. Wishing to make sure, the lady quietly called her husband, and the two stood watching the proceedings for at least ten minutes.

Every time a fly dared to alight on the little one's face that old rat's friendly tail would brush it away, like the guardian angel hovering about us, who, we believe is constantly brushing away dangers that threaten us poor mortals. It was thought safe by the child's parents to leave the child in charge of its singular nurse, and for one hour the

little one slept. When it awoke its mother went to take it up, and the rat jumped from the cradle and sped away through the half-opened door to the wood-shed. Since that time the child has been put to sleep in the kitchen to ascertain if the experiment would be repeated. Each time when left alone, with the shed door partially open, the old rat would enter and take up its position over the top of the cradle, watching the little sleeper, and brushing away the flies who dared to trouble its precious charge.—*Whitehall (N. Y.) Times.*

DAWN.

When the dawn of day approaches,
And all nature wakes to life;
When the birds renew their chorus,
And the air with sound is rife;
Sounds that tell us of the coming,
Of the daylight o'er the hill;
Then should we awake from slumber,
To the doing of *His will.*

When the midday heat oppresses,
And the herds have sought the shade;
Where the cooling water floweth,
Where the birds their nests have made;
When our labors weigh upon us,
And we fain would seek repose;
Turn we then to our kind Father,
With the burden of our woes.

When the shades of night are round us,
And the notes of toil are still;
When the birds have ceased their singing,
And the music of the rill,
Joins the gentle evening zephyr,
In a soft and tender strain;
Praise we then our Holy Father,
In a thankful, glad refrain.

Rest each day succeedeth labor;
Gladly hail the coming night;
Thankful that a wise Creator,
Planned such respite from the fight.
What a joy unto the weary!
Thus to rest from labor done,
But to those who never labor,
'Tis a bliss that is unknown.

Our whole lifetime is one daylight,
And the end thereof is night;
But to those who labor ever,
There's a rest prepared in light;
Let us then perform each duty;
That the night may bring us peace;
For the rest that God hath promised,
Faileth those who dwell at ease.

LACONTUS.

SILENCE OF THE FOREST.

WE often read in books of travel of the silence and gloom of the Brazilian forests. They are realities, and the impression deepens on a longer acquaintance; the few sounds of birds are of that pensive or mysterious character which intensifies the feeling of solitude rather than imparts a sense of life and cheerfulness. Sometimes in the midst of the stillness a sudden yell, or scream, will startle one; this comes from some defenceless fruit-eating animal, which is pounced upon by a tiger, cat or stealthy boa-constrictor. Morning and evening the howling monkeys make a most fearful and harrowing noise, under which it is difficult to keep up one's buoyancy of spirits, the feeling of inhospitable wildness which the forest is calculated to inspire, is increased ten-fold under this fearful uproar; often, even in the still hours of midday a sudden crash is heard resounding afar through the wilderness, as some great bough or entire tree falls to the ground. There are besides these, many sounds which it is impossible to account for. I found the natives generally as much at a loss in this respect as myself. Sometimes the sound is heard like the clang of an iron bar against a hard, dry, hollow tree; or else a piercing cry rends the air; these are not repeated, and the succeeding silence tends to heighten the unpleasant impression which they make on the mind. With the natives it is always the curupira, the wild man, or spirit of the forest, which produces all noises they are unable to explain. Myths are the rude theories which manhood in the infancy

of knowledge invent to explain natural phenomena; the curupira is a mysterious being, whose attributes are uncertain, for they vary according to locality. Sometimes he is described as an orang-outang, being covered with long shaggy hair, living in trees; at other times and places he is said to have cloven feet and a bright red face. He has a wife and children, (so say the natives), and sometimes comes down to the rocas to steal the mandioca. At one time I had a Mameluco youth in my service, whose head was full of the legends and superstitions of the country. He always went with me into the forest; in fact, I never could get him to go alone, and when he heard any of the strange noises above mentioned, he would tremble with fear; and would crouch down behind me, and beg me to turn back. He became easy after he had made a charm to protect us from the curupira. For this purpose he took a young palm leaf, plaited it, and formed it into a ring, which he hung to a branch on our track.

Selected by J. H. LAWN.

BITS OF THINGS.

The saddest thing to see or hear,
To waken a sigh or draw a tear,
Is an evil look on a fair child's face;
A young man running a sinful race,
An old man bent 'neath a load of crimes;
A maid forgetting to blush betimes;
A sinner wearing a saintly dress;
A mother robbed of her tenderness;
A miser making a god of gold;
A lamb that has strayed from the human fold;
Two hearts estranged that have beat as one;
Twelve wasted hours when the day is done;
A homestead ruined by sad neglect;
A parent treated with disrespect;
A faithful wife with a cruel mate;
A poor man driven from his brother's gate;
A sweet dove caught in a cunning trap;
A Samson shorn in a Delilah's lap;
A living drone in a busy hive;
A half starved nag on the daily drive;
A mortal going the downward road;
A man blaspheming his maker, God;
All these and many more we see,
Are the saddest sights in earth's history.

A KNOWING CAT.

DOT was the name of a cat that knew how to do what she was told, which is more than some children know. The family to which she belonged were, one winter evening, all sitting around the fire, with Dot in the midst. Her Master seeing she had got very dirty, (for during the frosty weather she had neglected to clean herself), took her up and told her so, and also put her through the whole process of cleansing herself with her paw. Pussy did not seem to relish this at all, so she jumped down and went away, highly displeased; but about a minute after, she came back, and then washed herself thoroughly—all except her face. Her master, noting this, took her up a second time, and put her paw over her face. Dot jumped down, and then set to work to wash it; after which, thinking she had done enough, she laid down and went to sleep.

THE LORD'S WALL.

ABOUT fifty years ago, one bitter January night, the inhabitants of the old town of Sleswick were thrown into great distress and terror. A hostile army was marching down upon them, and new and fearful report of the conduct of lawless soldiery were hourly reaching the place.

In a large commodious cottage dwelt an aged grandmother, with her widowed daughter and grandson. While all hearts quaked with fear, this aged woman passed her time in crying out to God that he would "build a wall of defence around about them," quoting the words of an ancient hymn.

Her grandson asked her why she prayed for a thing so entirely impossible as that God should

build a wall about their house that should hide it; but she explained that the meaning was that God should protect her.

At midnight the dreaded tramp was heard. An enemy came pouring in at every avenue, filling the houses to overflowing. But while the most fearful sounds were heard on every side, not even a knock came to their door, at which they were greatly surprised. The morning light made the matter clear; for just beyond the house the drifted snow had reared such a massive wall that it was impossible to get over to them.

"There," said the old woman triumphantly, "do you not see, my son, that God could raise up a wall around us!"

A LADY saw a driver angry with his horses for some fancied offence, about to lash them severely. She interrupted him by inquiring the way to a certain street, to a certain man's house, both of which she knew very well. But the driver, too gallant not to answer the lady's questions, had opportunity for his temper to cool, and restored the whip to its socket without striking a blow.

Correspondence.

PLUM HOLLOW, Fremont Co., Iowa,
May 4, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—It has been a long time since I wrote to the *Hope*. I thought I would write a few lines to the dear little paper. I love to read the letters that the little *Hopes* write. I always read the letters first when I get the *Hope*. The letters all have good instructions in them, and I love to read the *Hope* very much, and I hope that I always may take it. My desire is that the little *Hopes* may all pray for me, that I may hold out faithful to the end. Little *Hopes*, let us all pray for one another, and let us all keep our lamps trimmed and burning, that when Christ comes to make up his jewels that he may find us living faithful in his cause, and that we may reign with him a thousand years upon the earth, and that we may praise him with all the redeemed and blessed of the earth. I will close for the present. I send fifty cents for the *Hope* another year. From

EMALINE WOLSEY.

STARFIELD, Clinton Co., Mo.,
March 8, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I thought I would try and write a few lines to the *Hope*. I wish the *Hope* would come every week, for I love to read the letters from the little *Hopes*. I have been trying to get subscribers for it, but have not succeeded yet. I am trying to live faithful although 'tis very hard; but "try!" shall be my motto, by the help and grace of God. To-day is Sunday and I am alone, and I am very lonesome, and so I thought I would throw in my mite. Excuse all mistakes, as this is my first attempt to write for the *Hope*. Yours truly,

SARAH A. SUMMERFIELD.

SOLDIER, Monona Co., Iowa,
May 3th, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I thought I would say a few words to the dear little *Hope*. I love to read the letters of all my brothers and sisters. I am always glad when it reaches my home, and I wish it could come oftener. I have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints for two years. I am trying to serve the Lord, and I hope all the little *Hopes* will try and serve him. May God bless all the little Saints; good bye. From your little niece,

NANCY M. BALLANTYNE.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., April 29, 1874.

Dear Little *Hope*:—I am glad to see you improving. I like to read all the nice pieces of my brothers and sisters. We have good weather here now. I am now ten years old. I was eight when I was baptized by dear brother Green. Please excuse bad writing. I will try to do better next time. I have never written to the *Hope* before. So good bye; may God bless you all in my prayer.

MARY E. WEBB.

DEER LODGE, Montana, March 19, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I take my pen in hand to write a few lines to the *Hope*. I was baptized at Soda Springs when I was twelve years old. We moved to Montana. There are no Saints here. We have no meeting or Sunday School. We are in hopes that some will come here, so that we can have meetings here. We have had the little paper, which somebody has sent us, we do not know who. We live three miles from Deer Lodge City. This is all I have to say this time; so good bye.

I remain yours truly,

JOHN ELIASSON.

BOYER VALLEY, May 3, 1874.

Dear Hopes:—This is my first attempt to write to the *Hope*. We have no Sunday School here, but I hope there will be soon. I would like to go to Sunday School with the little Hopes. O, I would enjoy it so much. I like to hear about the Latter Day Work. I never have a chance to hear preaching; I hear my grandparents talk about the work. It seems beautiful to me, and I wonder why all cannot see and believe it. I have three brothers and one sister. I have not been baptized yet, but I intend to be before long, and try to live a better life. Elder J. R. Lambert preaches at Woodbine sometimes. I am in hopes to hear him sometime. I enclose twenty-five cents for the "*Roll of Honor*." Good bye, dear Hopes for this time.

EFFIE ADAMS.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA, May 3, 1874.

Dear Editor of the *Hope*:—I was baptized when I was nine years old, and I am now eleven. We live in the country, about nine miles from Council Bluffs. The prairies around here are getting green and beautiful. There is a small grove five miles from where we live and a large grove four miles on the other side; and we have a great many tame pigeons, and they are of almost all kinds of colors. We live by a spring that is generally called the "Cocoa-nut Spring." I think it was derived from a cocoa-nut shell that we kept at the spring to drink out of. I close. Excuse my mistakes.

CARRIE HANSON.

DEER LODGE, Montana, April 12, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I take my pen in hand to answer your card, which I received yesterday. I am receiving the papers, but I did not send for them. Somebody sent them to me. I have received your paper ever since December 1st. I wish you would tell me when they were sent for, and if they were paid for, for a year or not. This is from

Yours truly, AGUSTA ELIASSON.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 10, 2, 11, is what we all do.
My 1, 8, 3, 10, is a boy's nickname.
My 5, 4, 7, is what some men do.
My 9, 2, 4, 1, is what a servant is sometimes called.
My 6, 10, 8, 11, is what we eat.
My whole is the name of the Elder who baptized me.

ANAGRAM.

Ew lal imght od godo hwere ew onef od lil. Hetre si walays eth awd, fi reeht eb utb het liwr. Houhgt ti eb ubt a owdr ikndyl rbaehtde ro usprseesd Ti amy ugrad fof osem apin ro igew epeae of osem rbaets.

DERF. MANEAUYLOX.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O, may we in thy kingdom rest,
Where all is peace and love.

Given by Sarah J. Ballantyne, J. Wight, Mary F. Hilliard, M. M. Shupe, D. M. Griffin, Maggie Shupe, and Lydia Emmons, Clara Badham, Chas. W. Chapelow, Carrie Hanson.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$228 27	Francis Peglen	..	\$0 15
I. W. Peglen	..	10 Charles Cook	..	25
Ellen Medley	..	25 Albert Holasworth	..	25
Reuben Archer	..	25 E. J. Street	..	25
E. Wade	..	10 Mary Wade	..	5
Mary Ann Owen	..	25 John Sutton	..	50
Jemima Cook	..	60 Carrie Hanson	..	25
S. Hanson	..	25 D. M. Griffin	..	25

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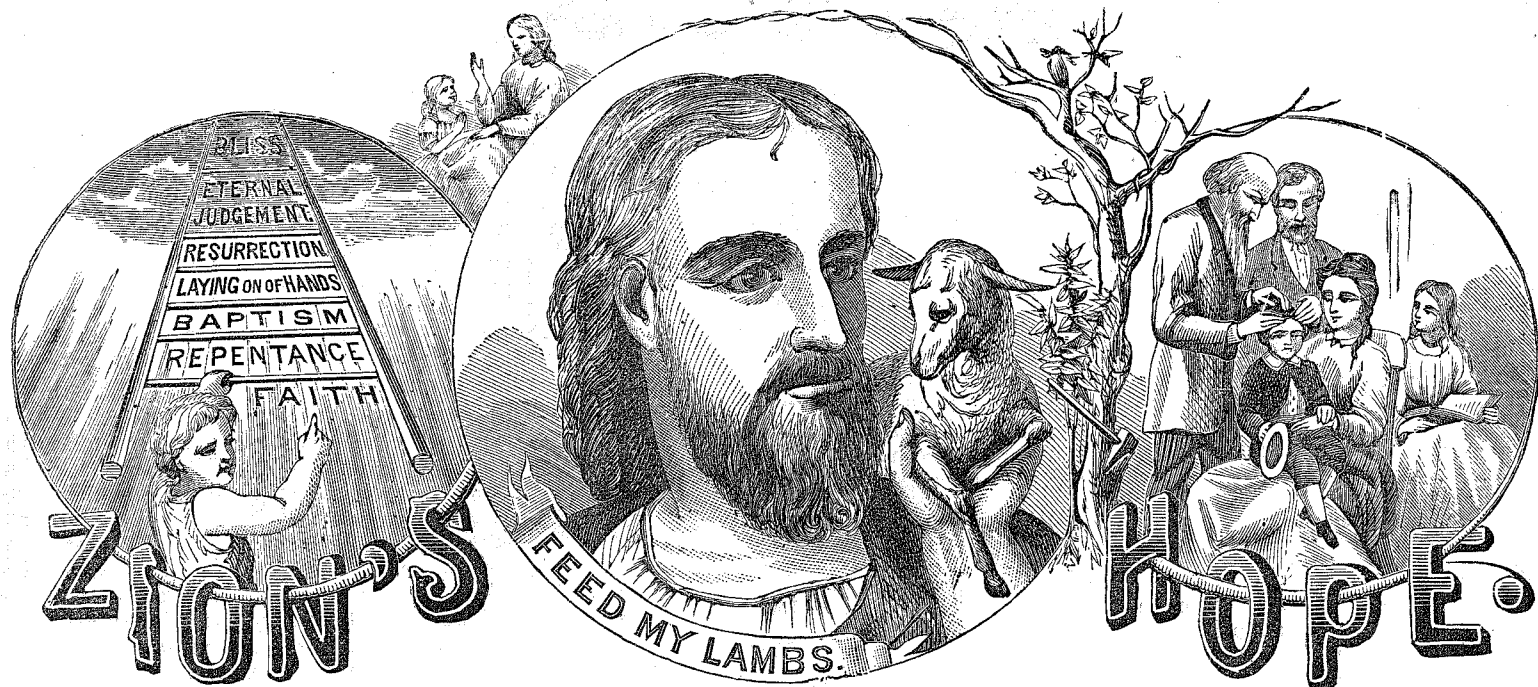
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"I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me."

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD is the sweet spring-time of life; and in after years, in manhood's prime, and in the autumn of advancing years, memory will re-create, or bring fresh to mind the blissful hours of long ago, and we seem to live our childhood over again. The child looks forward to manhood, and is usually impatient for the time to arrive when he can take an active part in the responsibilities devolving upon persons of riper years. But ah! he little realizes how many honey-drops of real happiness he permits to run to waste, while hope is pointing to the far distant future. A day comes, however, when memory paints the thoughts, the acts, the scenes of childhood anew, and the man would sometimes give all he possesses to live over again, in reality, even for a few days, the glorious spring-time of his life.

Why, bless your souls, little Hopes, the very flowers that bloom in your path to-day are larger and sweeter than those you will find in after years. Memory now brings to my mind old Dr. Wilson's roses. Great, magnificent, double, red roses, and I seem to smell their fragrance to-day, although I was less than four years old and am now forty-eight! I lived in a country of forests, and was used to seeing men fall big trees. So I loved to play at "chop down trees," and I had a little hatchet, with which I sometimes cut down saplings, or little trees in the woods. I also owned a knife that had many blades, a saw, a gimlet, and I don't know how many other tools belonging to it. I thought it truly a wonderful knife; and with this too I sometimes played "cut down trees," by cutting little bushes, to see them fall. But, unluckily, I tried the edge of my knife on the Doctor's rose bushes, and had made quite a "clearing" before I was discovered. (Did you ever know a child that did not sometimes get into mischief?) I presume the scolding I got helps memory to picture those roses on my mind to-day. But, though I have visited magnificent flower gardens, and seen thousands of roses reared with care by delicate hands, I have never seen any that seemed so sweet or so fair as those that I then cut down with my wonderful knife. And why? Because they were seen in childhood, and viewed as something wonderful, and memory paints them just as I saw them then.

The splendid pictures I saw in Aunt Betsy's parlor; memory painted them over many years after, and I felt I would give anything to see them again, for I never saw any afterward I thought so pretty. But when permitted to see the same pictures again, after an interval of thirty years,

they seemed "mere daubs," inappropriate and unnatural. The "prodigal son," in one of them, was receiving his portion from his father in an English mansion, in a room containing a large library of bound volumes, both father and son being dressed in the old English style, with short breeches, long stockings and silver knee-buckles. The "Prodigal in a Far Country," and the "Prodigal's Return" were as badly represented. Manhood seemed to say that the father and son should be dressed like the ancient Jews, and that the pictures should represent the manners and customs of the people in the days of our Savior. But memory had simply presented them as I saw them in childhood, when I thought I had never seen pictures so beautiful.

Just so it is ever. In childhood the days seem longer; the fields and the streams broader; the flowers fairer and sweeter than in after years. This is why one is always disappointed in visiting the home of his childhood after the lapse of many years. Memory sees it as he viewed it when a boy; but the reality is as he sees it in manhood. Some favorite dish that mother used to prepare, we remember with a longing desire to taste it again. But, if we have been deprived of it for years, no hand can prepare it so that it will seem equal to that which mother made. So ever the memory of childhood is sweet; but amid the vicissitudes and disappointments of after life how oft are we led to exclaim with the poet:

"Never again will roses blow,
Sweet as the roses we used to know."

Then, little Hopes, so live that amid the pleasant memories of childhood, buds of purity may blossom in your tender minds, to bring forth fruit unto holiness in after life. And finally may all your life be one of bright hopes, golden memories and noble deeds, meet to be gathered and treasured in the great harvest of life eternal.

UNCLE HARVEY.

TWO SIDES TO A STORY.

I.—OUR SIDE.

"WHY, you naughty, ugly thing!" screamed Mandy, "You've pulled the dishes all off the table. What will Aunt Lucy say? There, take that, [a shake], and that, [a slap]. Now, go away, you are always up to some mischief, and not as high as the table yet! I'll teach you how to meddle! But, come, come, don't cry so; hush up, or I'll tell your mamma. Here she comes. Sh—!"

"Mandy, what's the matter? Georgie, dear, what have you done? Come to me. There don't cry; it's all over now. Mandy, how did he do it?"

"Yes, Aunt Lucy, he did it. He's always up to some mischief, and it isn't my fault. The best china is broken, and the silver coffee-pot is banged in just like a band-box that has been sat on; and the coffee's all over the floor, with the salt and the sugar. Just see, Aunt Lucy, what he's done; and I watching him all the time, and never took my eyes off him; and then the minute my back was turned, up he goes and caught the table-cloth, and off it comes, and all done on purpose. And he's always making trouble when we don't know anything about it. But I knew he would, for I had just taken him away from there; and back he scurraables again as fast as he could go, for he don't know better. He ought to be whipped and give him something to cry for. I told him not to touch the table, a hundred times, and I am glad of it. I don't care if he is hurt, and —"

"Why, Mandy! Mandy!"

"I don't, aunt; and he might have been burned to death a minute ago; for I had just taken the chafing-dish off; and then what would have become of your new carpet? He will have his hands in every thing that's a going, and if there's nothing a going, he'll set it a going, and he can't let it alone for the life of him; he is just like his father, always trying experiments, and wondering how things would be, if they were just a little different from what they are, and trying of it on, and making a muss like his father has in the laboratory; what I don't like to see nor smell, nor any body else. Nothing but mischief comes of it; and I a picking up after him all day long. He's a 'chip of the old block;' and it's a great pity too. I don't care, only my new wedding dress is all greased with the cream. But never mind me while he is crying, for he done it right before my face and eyes, quick as a flash, the minute I told him to come away."

"There, my dear. Georgie, dear, hush; don't cry, my boy, any more. Wipe your tears; let me wipe them, and let me look into your eyes and see how it was."

"Look into his eyes, aunt! Fiddle-sticks! Look in your coffee-pot, and your China, and at my dress and your carpet. Look into his eyes!! He did it on purpose, I know he did. Look the other way, and give him a spanking, say I."

"Mandy, be quiet; you are angry; go down stairs."

Mandy went, but was purple with rage.

II.—THEIR SIDE.

"Now, Georgie, look up. You have done some mischief."

So Georgie's eyes looked up, half tearful, half funny; inquisitive, but shy and sorrowful. And

this is what his mother read in them. "Yes, mamma, I did it. But did I do it? I did not know I could do such things. What a terrible crash! I stood up by the chair, and I walked as straight as I could over to that great high table. I didn't tumble down once. The table was covered with great high things, shining in my eyes like stars. I could not see what was on the table, because it was so high. Once I sat way up on the top of a chair, and saw things, and had some of them in my mouth, with papa and you, and papa took my finger and wet it in my mouth, and touched it to something, and put it in my mouth again, and I ate my finger, and it was sweet and good. So I wanted to see something, but my eyes only came up to the edge of the table. I stood on tip toe, and I took hold of the dress of the table, just as I take hold of your dress. So I pulled just as hard as I could, and the dress of the table began to grow longer, and come off. I thought that was funny; so I pulled again, and it came off some more, and the things began to come right toward me, and look at me over the edge of the table. This is such a queer world, I don't understand it. So I pulled again, and the forks and spoons came tumbling down, just like you told me how to make my blocks tumble down, with a crash. Then Mandy said, "Do that again, if you dare!" So I pulled again, and down came the cups and saucers; and then Mandy gave a scream and frightened me, and the swill came out of the coffee-pot, and I sat down backward into the butter-dish. What makes things do so?"

MORAL.

To hear both sides of a question is essential to justice; but when children are the culprits, we never hear the other side, unless sympathy searches for it, and interprets it, and then half the story is *not told*.

"A CHILD WAS SORRY FOR ME."

A GENTLEMAN was standing one morning on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding by the hand a little girl seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about the opening of the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked upon before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom walked first, followed by two others, between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the State prison to be locked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said that he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try and rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking with a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat, and and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine, by the banks of the river, the poor man would be shut up in a gloomy prison all his life.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then turned suddenly away. But another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of the childish face. He watched it for an instant, his own features working curiously all the while; and then turned his head with an impatient motion, which told Alice that she annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward, she went almost close to the dangerous man and said earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man—I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you too."

One of the policemen caught her up quickly and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he had heard them, and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed in beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out so differently from what they all had expected to see.

"It is a simple story" said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me too; and her pity and his broke my hard heart."

THE GATE AJAR.

There is a gate that stands ajar
And through its portals gleaming
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Savior's love revealing.

CHORUS.—Oh! depths of mercy can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?

That gate ajar stands free for all,
Who through it seek salvation;
The rich and poor, the great the small,
Of every tribe and nation.

Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

Beyond the river's brink we lay
The cross, that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

HARDY AND FOOL-HARDY.

CHAPTER IV.

NOW, as we were standing in the full July sun, I need not have felt anxious about the horse catching cold.

"I think perhaps," I went on, "that I'd better walk him up and down like Morris does"

"Oh, no!" again said Bertie, more earnestly; "don't you know if you go on, you'll have to turn him round and you can't do that?"

"Yes, I can. How silly you are! I'm not such a baby as all that; it is only to pull the rein on the side you want him to go, and it is done in a minute."

"Oh, don't!—Tom, don't! the colonel won't like it."

"He won't mind," I said. However, I did not do it, but began whisking the whip about, much to Bertie's terror, and making the horse start and prick his ears.

"Look here, Bertie," I said, "do you know how the colonel takes a fly off Harkaway's head?"

And then I stretched out the whip and drew it sharply,—more sharply than I intended, across Harkaway's ears, and then Bertie gave a scream, and everything seemed to turn before my eyes, for the horse reared straight up, almost as if he would fall back on the carriage, and then started off at a gallop along the road. I dimly saw in that second the colonel rushing out of the house without his hat, and some passers-by stand horror-struck. The dust was flying round us, and the dog-cart rocking with the speed, and Bertie was screaming.

"Hold on tight!" I cried; "don't jump out, hold on tight!" and then he was silent, and clung to the strap that formed the back of the seat, and I kept my feet pressed hard down, and pulled at the reins, till my wrists seemed as if they would come off. How small I seemed! How weak and powerless my hands, with that great beast pulling and galloping in front! I saw people turn and

stop, and look after us; I saw carters run to their horses heads, and pull them out of the way; I saw a pony-carriage, full of terrified young ladies, go quite into the ditch to avoid us. And while all my sight, and strength, and thoughts, seemed set on the reins, such lots of things passed through my mind: father and mother, and the colonel and Mrs. Blossom, and the buttermaking and the two little pats made for us, and I wondered who would have them if we never came back, and what people would say.

Then we were up the hill, and on the flat bit of road where we had seen Joe, on the way to the turnpike. The turnpike! if it were closed, what would happen? Would the horse turn, or stop, or go over it? And if it went over it (for I knew it went hunting sometimes), what would become of us? And then I heard Bertie's voice. He was saying the prayers we said every morning, asking God to take care of us this day, and make us good boys till our lives' end; and it all seemed somehow to have a different meaning to what it ever had before, for "this day" might be so short, and "our lives' end" so near. I tried to say "Amen" when he had done, but no sound came out, only I think I said it somewhere in my heart.

That was the turnpike we whirled past then. The gate was open, and the kind old toll-keeper tried to catch at the rein as we passed, but it only made the horse swerve so that it jerked us nearly off the carriage, and he went on all the faster. Bertie was clinging to the strap with closed eyes, and quite silent now, and my head was beginning to get dizzy, and there was a sound of great bells in my ears, and my hands that still clung to the reins were feeling numb and dead, and I lost all count of the way or where we were, or which way we were going, when suddenly the gallop dropped into a trot, the trot into a walk, the walk came to an end, and Harkaway was standing looking over the gate into the stable-yard at the colonel's house, tossing his head, and neighing to a friend in the stable as if he had done nothing out of the common.

The groom ran out in surprise at our quick return without the colonel, and I and Bertie between us told him the story of the runaway, but he was more interested in the state of Harkaway's knees than in our feelings, and was soon busy wiping him down with a wisp of hay, making a good deal of hissing over his work; while Bertie sat on the granary steps, and I leant against the wall near him, both of us feeling very stupid and strange after the late excitement.

And so the colonel found us when he arrived twenty minutes after, having borrowed a horse and ridden out from Medington. He looked so terribly white and anxious when he came in at the gate, and his voice sounded quite hoarse and shaky as he came up to us and laid his hands on our shoulders and said, "Thank God! thank God!" several times; and then he sat down on the granary steps, and Bertie stood between his knees, and he took my hand and he said, "Tom, my young hero, you have behaved like a regular little brick, and your father may well be proud of you. I heard of your telling Bertie to hold on, and they told me that up to the very end you were pulling away trying to hold the horse in. I was an old fool," he went on, getting up and walking up and down, "to leave you with the horse; and if harm had come of it, I should never have forgiven myself, and I don't see now what right I have to forgive myself, for it is no thanks to me that you were not both killed. But I have often left that horse standing before and no harm came of it; but all the same, if anything had gone wrong I'd have felt myself your murderer and could never have looked your mother in the face."

I had felt so pleased and proud when he spoke of my being brave and of my father being proud of me; I thought I would have gone through all that danger again to hear him say "Tom, my young hero;" but as he went on, something seemed to throw a damp on my pleasure, and when I caught Bertie's eyes looking at me, with a look

that seemed asking and expecting something from me, I felt more like a wretched boy who would like to hide his head in his mother's lap and cry than a young hero who had driven a runaway horse. It is very hard to tell the truth sometimes, and it seemed impossible for me then to say what Bertie's eyes were asking. It was too hard for a hero, as I was then, to step down from his pedestal, and confess that he was not a hero after all, but only a mischievous disobedient boy, who had teased the horse and brought all that dreadful danger on himself and Bertie.

"Well," said the colonel, "you must make haste back to Oatlands, or Mrs. Blossom will hear of the accident before she hears of your being safe; and look there! there is one of the farmer's wagons which will take you both safely back and save Bertie's foot."

So he called to the carter and helped us both into the wagon, and bade us "Good-bye" in his pleasant way, and we made ourselves snug in the straw, and the wagon went slowly on towards Oatlands. Just as we set off, while the colonel still stood looking after us, Bertie caught hold of my arm and began,—

"Oh, Tom, do—"

"Do leave me alone," I said; "I'm tired, and my wrists ache as if they would drop off;" and then I rolled away in the straw and said no more, and Bertie was silent too.

The farmer and his wife made a great deal of me, and I had to describe our adventure to them and to the farm men, and I got happy again as I told of it and heard of their admiring remarks; but as I said my prayers that night, and thanked God for taking care of me that day, I remembered what mother had said, "It is harder, sometimes, to tell the truth than to fight with wild beasts," and I wished with all my heart that I had just stood up bravely and said to the colonel, "It was all my fault; Harkaway would have stood quite still if I had not teased and whipped him, and it was no fault of yours a bit." "But it is too late now," I said, with a sigh, as I went to sleep.

DON'T TATTLE.

CHILDREN, don't talk about each other. Don't call one schoolmate ugly, another stingy and another cross behind their backs. It is mean. Even if they are ugly, stingy or cross, it does you no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell faults—it makes you uncharitable—your souls grow smaller—your heart loses its generous blood, when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry the sins in your own heart, or else tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. If any one says to you, "Oh, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sakes, learn to make this a habit.

[The adult readers of the *Hope* will please take none of the above advice, as it is all intended for the children].—COMPOSITOR.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

THE following anecdote, which first appeared in the newspapers many years ago, is said to have been founded on an actual occurrence. Although it may not illustrate the democratic simplicity of Vermont to-day, it is nevertheless a good story, and good also for many years' longer life in the newspapers:

"Hallo, you man with a pail and frock, can you inform me whether His Honor the Governor of Vermont, resides here?" said a British officer, as he brought his fiery horse to a stand in front of Governor Chittenden's dwelling.

"He does," was the response of the man, still wending his way to the pig-sty.

"Is his honor at home?" continued the man of spurs.

"Most certainly," replied frock.

"Take my horse by the bit then," said the officer, "I have business to transact with your master."

Without a second bidding, the man did as requested, and the officer alighted and made his way to the door, and gave the panel several hearty raps with the butt of his whip—for be it known that in those days of republican simplicity knockers and bells, like servants, were in but little use. The good dame answered the summons in person; and having seated the officer and ascertained his desire to see the Governor, departed to inform her husband of the guest's arrival; but on ascertaining that the officer had made a hitching-post of her husband, she immediately returned and informed him that the Governor was engaged in the yard, and could not very well wait upon him and his horse at the same time! The predicament of the officer can be better imagined than described.

HOW GREAT ARE THE JOYS.

How great are the joys that await us,

In the home of the saved and the blest;

The cares and the fears that distress us

Are removed, and the weary find rest:

And hearts now so oft filled with sadness,

And so oft torn with anguish and woe,

Shall be filled o'erflowing with gladness,

And the joy of salvation shall know.

How oft we are toil-worn and weary,

And how oft do we faint by the way:

And the world looks so darksome and dreary,

And our home seems so far, far away;

The clouds have a silvery lining,

Although gloomy and dark they appear;

Yet above them the bright sun is shining,

And will soon pierce the clouds, never fear.

And the weary shall rest, and forever,

And the faint heart be cheered bye and bye;

And the glory of God shining ever,

Then shall chase the sad tear from each eye;

In that land is no sickness nor dying,

And where nations are never at war,

No longer for peace we'll be sighing,

For then peace shall prevail evermore.

MUCH FROM A LITTLE.

UNCLE E. was right, when he desired that "hundreds, yea, thousands, might commit that blessed psalm to memory," for he had realized its solemn importance, and understood what great blessings he would receive through a strict obedience to the precious teachings and commandments contained in it.

Little Hopes, we know not how deep an impression was made upon "Uncle E's" mind by the mere reading of a single verse of that Psalm; but this much we do know, that a great deal has already grown out of it, and how much more will spring from it—well, Who can tell?

Stop a moment, young Hopes, and let us enquire, what was the result of "Uncle E's" considerate reading of a single verse of Scripture?

Why, he thought deeply upon it, and he asked himself the important question, "Am I walking in the counsel of the ungodly?" He remembered the precious words of the verse he had read, when in another great city, and while there he related his thoughts and feelings to a friend; again he sought the volume of God's word, and committed the whole psalm to memory, doubtless desiring to live by the precepts it contains, that he might partake of the blessings promised in it.

In that precious psalm, it is stated that those who observe the law of the Lord, and "delight" in the same shall bear fruit. And the fruit that "Uncle E." bore was good desires for the young Hopes, (and all people), which led him to offer prizes to induce them to commit that precious portion of God's word to memory, that they also might bear fruit in holy desires and good works, in seeking to enlist others in the Master's cause.

But this is not all. More than forty young Hopes have written to Bro. Joseph, stating that they had committed the entire psalm to memory; besides stating many good resolves made by them, and saying many good things calculated to stimulate older persons in the Master's cause. Only

think of it, more than forty young Hopes struggling in their minds to obtain a prize; the offer of which sprung from a proper reading of a single verse of Scripture. Who can tell how much will grow from the planting of that little seed of the kingdom in the heart of "Uncle E.?" Surely that little seed fell on good ground. May it not only continue to grow in "Uncle E's" heart, but may it grow and bear fruit in the hearts of all the young Hopes, as seed fallen in good ground. Take courage, little Hopes, and learn to be wise, through treasuring up the word of the Lord, that thereby you may not be deceived.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth," and "fear God and keep his commandments; for this is the whole duty of man." "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."

That through the "fear of the Lord" you all may be able to stand "in the congregation of the righteous," is the desire of
UNCLE M.

POLL AND THE CROWS.

ONE morning, Mr. Herbert went out into the field near his house, and shot at some crows that were pulling up his corn. He killed two of them, and when he went to pick them up, lo! on the ground he beheld Poll, with a broken wing and leg. He had got out and got into the company of the crows, and was walking about among them very grandly, at the moment Mr. Herbert, while trying to kill the crows, shot and wounded him. When he carried the crows to the house, the children all said,—

"But how is this, father? Here is poor Poll, all covered with blood and nearly dead!"

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Herbert, "*bad company* has got poor Poll into trouble. If he had not been between the thievish crows, he would not have got hurt."

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert bandaged up the limbs of poor Poll, and it was weeks before he got well. Whenever any one asked him, "What hurt you, Poll?" "*Bad company*," he would reply in solemn tones. And if ever he heard the children quarreling, or too noisy and ill tempered in their sports, he would scream out, "*Bad company!*" and instantly good humor would prevail. Let children remember that, almost always, evil occurs from going into *bad company*.—*Kind Words*.

THE CHILD'S POCKET ETIQUETTE, IN TEN COMMANDMENTS.

THE following article, by George Francis Train, was originally published in *The Revolution* about three years since. It is too precious to be forgotten, and we hope our young readers will commit it to memory and practice its precepts:

1. Always say, Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, papa. No, papa. Thank you. No, thank you. Good-night. Good-morning. Never say How, or Which, for What. Use no slang terms. Remember that good spelling, reading, writing and grammar are the base of all true education.

2. Clean faces, clean clothes, clean shoes, and clean finger-nails indicate good breeding. Never leave your clothes about the room. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

3. Rap before entering a room, and never leave it with your back to the company. Never enter a private room or public place with your cap on.

4. Always offer your seat to a lady or old gentleman. Let your companions enter the carriage or room first.

4. At table eat with your fork; sit up straight; never use your toothpick, (although Europeans do), and when leaving ask to be excused.

6. Never put your feet on cushions, chairs or table.

7. Never overlook any one when reading or writing, nor talk or read aloud while others are reading. When conversing listen attentively, and

do not interrupt or reply till the other is finished.

8. Never talk or whisper aloud at church or other public gathering; and especially in a private room where any one is singing or playing the piano.

9. Loud coughing, hawking, yawning, sneezing, blowing, is ill-mannered. In every case cover your mouth with your handkerchief, (*which never examine—nothing is more vulgar, except spitting on the floor.*)

10. Treat all persons with respect, especially the poor. Be careful to injure no one's feelings by unkind remarks. Never tell tales, make faces, call names, ridicule the lame or the colored, mimic the unfortunate, or be cruel to insects, birds, or animals.

END OF VOLUME.

LITTLE HOPES:—This number closes the fifth volume of the HOPE. We want you to renew your subscriptions at once, if they have run out, so that we may keep our little paper going. We are sometimes sorry that we cannot put pretty pictures in the HOPE, but as we cannot meet the expense it is left without illustrations.

We want the Hopes, little ones and big ones, to keep their brains and hands occupied doing good, both for the paper and each other, and for the benefit of your companions who are not in the Church. Be continually on the alert to do good, and by and by, you will live to do good alone. It will be your meat and drink to do good to your fellows.

A MAN who had recently been elected a major of militia, and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of parade, to exercise a little by himself. The field selected for this purpose was his own apartment. Placing himself in a military attitude, with his sword drawn, he exclaimed: "Attention, company! Rear rank, three paces, march!" and he tumbled down into the cellar. His wife hearing the racket, came running in, saying, "My dear, have you killed yourself?" "Go about your business, woman," said the hero; "what do you know about war?"

THE ancient Saxons used to engrave upon certain square sticks, about a foot in length, the course of the moon for the whole of the year; such carved sticks they called al-mon-aght, literally, all-moon-head—hence our modern word almanac.

Correspondence.

PLANO, Kendall Co., Ill., May 20, 1874.

Dear Little Hopes:—Do not be discouraged if all your little letters do not appear in the columns of the Hope. There are many reasons why all are not published. One reason is, and a good one too, we receive more letters than we have room to publish; another reason is, many letters are of such a character that they are not suitable for publication; another reason is by the time we get around to some of them, they are too old for insertion, and some of them are written in answer to Anagrams, Enigma's and Puzzles, but in such cases the names of those sending answers are given.

Little Hopes, let us hear from you often. If all your letters do not appear in the Hope, do not be discouraged; but write again, always trying to do your very best. Spell correctly, write plainly, do not copy after any body; what you have to say, let it be your own thoughts and understanding of things. If you will all take an interest in our little paper, and manifest, or show, you feel an interest in it, by writing for it, and sending us suitable selections; we may make our little paper even more interesting than what it is. Let us hear from you often, is the desire of

UNCLE M.

IGONE VALLEY, Amador Co., Cal., May 13, 1874.

Dear Editor of the Hope:—While I look over the columns I feel a desire to write for the Hope. I am not a member of the Church, but hope I will be some day. There are no Latter Day Saints here; but about four years ago, Br. Green and Br. Crawley, also Br. Warnkey preached at our house, and I wish I could hear them again, or some other good Latter Day Saint,

for I know they preach the gospel. When we lived in Iowa, in the year 1844, Pa and Ma belonged to the church then called, The Church of Jesus Christ, the Bride, the Lamb's Wife. They do not belong to any church now. I love all my little brothers and sisters, and all of the Saints, and I dearly love to read our little paper. This is my first letter; please excuse all mistakes, and I will try and do better next time.

Little brothers and sisters, I want you to pray for me that I may do better in days to come than I have in days that are past. I want to serve the Lord so that I may be saved at the last day.

Yours hopefully, FLORA E. DAWSON.

LOWER LAKE, Lake Co., Cal., May 11, 1874.

Dear Little Hope:—I thought I would write you another letter and let you know that I had not forgotten you. I rejoice when I see so much interest taken in the cause of Christ. O, we should be thankful to God that he has directed our steps aright and given us grace to withstand the trials and temptations of this world. We have no Sabbath School here now, but I hope we will before long. We do not have preaching here very often. My father preaches here sometimes, but the people are not very much interested in religion, and they very seldom turn out to hear preaching. I read the anagram in the Hope of May the 1st, but I cannot send the answer in time for the next Hope. Good bye, and may God bless all the little Hopes, is the prayer of your sister,

HESTER E. COBB.

CANTON, Ill., February 11, 1874.

Dear Uncle Joseph:—I now send answer to Enigma, February 1st, 1874. Answer—Joseph the Martyr. From AMY FORSCUTT.

SAN BENITO, Cal., May 14, 1874.

Dear Br. Joseph:—I thought as mother had written, I would try to write a few lines. I am thirteen years old, and a member of the Church. We have had a good time at our meeting. I like the Saints. The Saints with two wagons passed down this way, going to Watsonville to hold meetings. Br. A. H. Smith and Br. Green were with them. I did not have a chance to speak to them, as I was at school, which I am sorry for. We take the Hope. I send the answer to anagram in Hope of May 1st. My love to all Saints.

ALICE C. LAWN.

PETROLIA, Humboldt Co., Cal., May 11, 1874.

Dear Editor of the Hope:—I love to read the Hope and the Herald, and I have been thinking of writing a few lines for the Hope for sometime, but did not know whether a letter from me would be worthy of publication or not, but I thought I would never know unless I tried. I love the Hope and Herald. I love to read the little letters in the Hope. We all ought to pray for the traveling Elders, that pass so many dangers in crossing the broad ocean to preach the everlasting gospel to the people. I hope some good Elder will come this way soon to preach the gospel to this erring people. I am not a member of the Church, but hope to be soon. Yours in hope,

EUENICE DOUGHERTY.

A SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

A creature once was formed by God,
Which showed his mighty power,
Who ne'er in paths of virtue trod,
Or name of Christian bore.

The laws he never understood,
Nor did the gospel know;
Yet he did miracles which God
Commanded him to do.

O'er sinners he did not lament,
Yet by a power divine,
Unto a man of God was sent,
To punish him for sin.

He had no hope of future bliss,
Nor feared his Maker's rod;
Yet did a living soul possess,
Which panted after God.

And though his great Creator's will,
He never once transgressed,
He shall no place in glory fill,
Nor mingle with the blest.

C. B. WHITLEY.

ANSWER TO "GEOGRAPHY PUZZLE" IN "HOPE" OF MAY 15TH.

A youth of fifteen named Nelson, determined to go out and try his fortune. So armed with his gun, a satchel with provisions and a powder-horn, he bade farewell to his parents, kissed Ida, his little sister, and set forth. It was May, and very fair weather, the sky was clear and blue, the earth fresh and green, and he enjoyed himself finely walking through the woods. He felt very brave, and declared to himself if he saw a bear, he surely would attack it. By and by he saw a herd of deer, but he dared not fire at

them, for fear of arousing new danger. About noon he came to the camp of some trappers and hunters in Black Warrior plain. They were just cooking white fish to eat with their bachelor's bread and a broiled turkey, which lay smoking on a piece of clean white bark near the fire. The men invited the youth to partake with them, so he took from his satchel some coffee and sugar, to add to the repast, and consented. These were rare luxuries to the hunters, and they never noticed the lack of milk, but he did. In the afternoon they went out hunting, but killed only a skunk, and our hero's only trophy was a shellrock which he picked up and pocketed to give his little sister, for he began already to feel homesick. It was foul weather next day, and he determined to return home. One of the men tried to frighten him, by telling him to look out, or he would meet an Indian, who might give him a licking, or carry him off. The way was long and tedious, but he arrived home safely, and resolved to stay there till he was old and had a bald-head.

CLARA BADHAM.

Answered by Robert Smith, all but the cape south of Maine.

"UNCLE P'S PRIZES,"

PROMISED IN "ZION'S HOPE," VOL. V., PAGE 55.

First Prize.—Any four children under ten years of age who will find and memorize, in the shortest length of time, the psalm indicated, shall be credited with twenty-five cents, and have their names entered upon the Roll of Honor. Following, are the names of those to whom the first prize was awarded; together with the length of time occupied by each in memorizing:

Waldo F. Christy 45 minutes, Mary E. Vallem 30. Charles V. Butler 35, Ferdinand W. Griffith 40.

Second Prize.—To any ten children of any age who memorize the entire psalm in the shortest length of time, is a credit of ten cents, and to have their names entered upon the Roll of Honor. Following are the names of those to whom the second prize was awarded, and the time occupied by each in memorizing:

Willie H. Dutton 14 minutes, Merrit W. Hart 30, Henry Deuel 30, Emaline Conyers 25, Minerva E. Conyers 23, Rebecca Williams 5, Adelia Weeks 35, O. M. Hatchen 30, C. M. Ackerly 10, Charlotte S. Smith 40.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

Repentance is to leave
The sin I loved before,
And show that I do truly grieve,
By doing so no more.

Given by Nancy Ballentyne, Clara A. Cherry, Alice C. Lawn, and D. M. Griffin.

ANAGRAM.

Ese het valesu uondar su liafign,
Ryd nad herdietw ot het round,
Huts ot hestolugths tolarms ligelan,
Ni a das nad losmen unods,—
Tyohu no gtelhn fo sayd gimsenrup,
How het satph fo lpeacurs rdate,
Wive su tale in tyueba oolignmb,
Redbenum own goman eth adde.

No eth rete fo file lanteer,
Dlor, tel lai rou pesho eb dayest!
Hist loena, orf reve naverl,
Reabs a feal hatt halls ton deaf.

LARCA LIACE HABADM.

Roll of Honor.

Previously credited	\$228	27 Francis Peglen	..	\$0 15
L. W. Peglen	..	10 Charles Cook	..	25
Ellen Medley	..	25 Albert Holasworth	..	25
Reuben Archer	..	25 E. J. Street	..	25
E. Wade	..	10 Mary Wade	..	5
Mary Ann Owen	..	25 John Sutton	..	50
Jemima Cook	..	60 Carrie Hanson	..	25
S. Hanson	..	25 D. M. Griffin	..	25
M. J. Williams	..	50		

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